

# **THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD DIARIES OF**

## **SYLVANUS GRISWOLD MORLEY,**

### **1914–1916**

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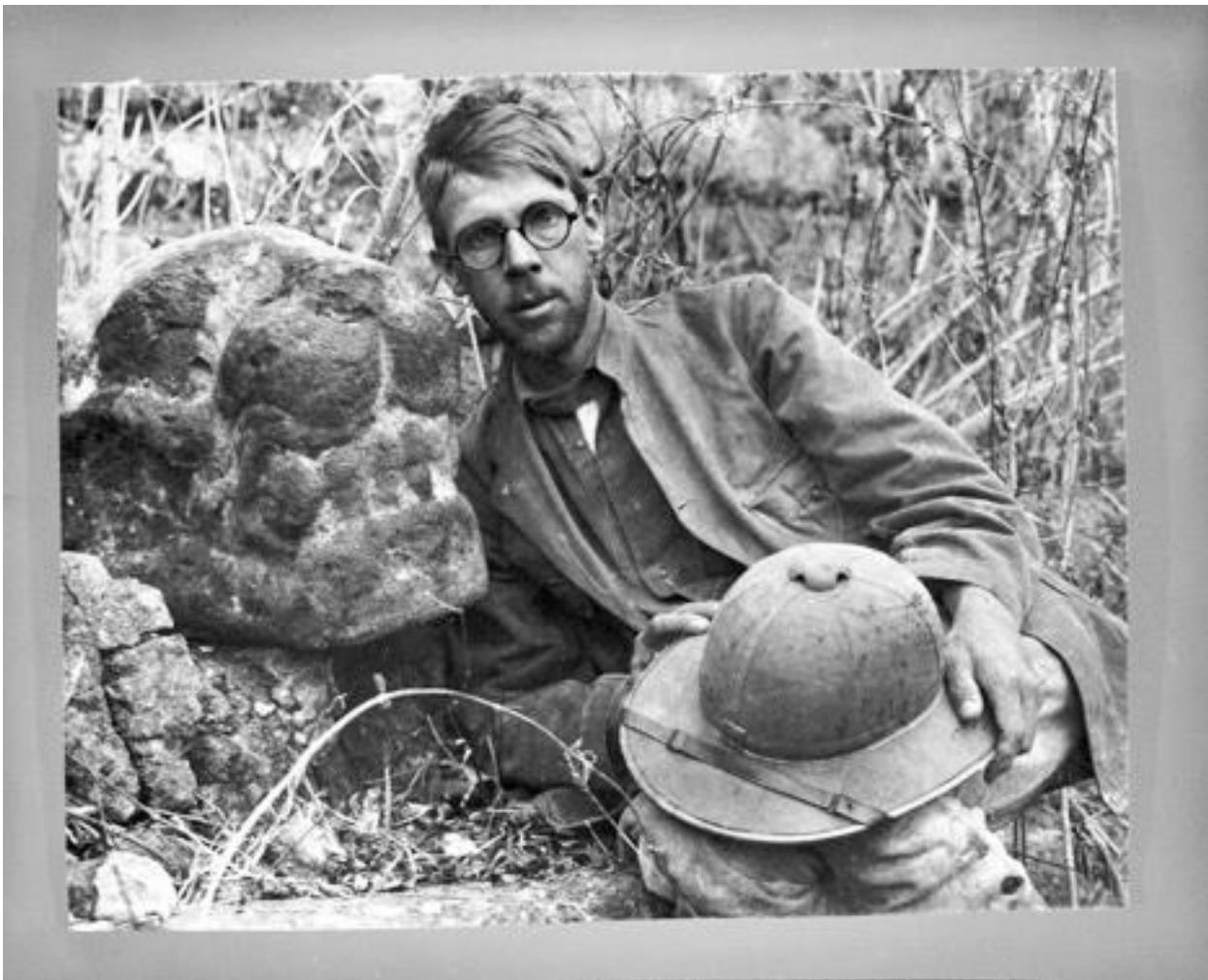
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*I never see these memorials of a long-forgotten people but that “sic fugit gloria mundi” comes to mind. Here they lie, buried in an all but impenetrable bush, long forgotten of man, the very names of their builders unknown. What endeavor, what tremendous effort went into their construction, and all for naught. Now, with vines creeping over their crumbling walls, massive trees rending their very foundations, these once holy places are become the haunts of wild beasts, eloquent testimonials to the transitory character of mundane pomp and vanities. “Sic fugit gloria mundi.”*

--- Morley, Monday, May 1, 1916



Sylvanus Griswold Morley at Copan, circa 1914.

## PREFACE

“To boldly go” might have been the motto and mission of Sylvanus Griswold Morley, well before the starship Enterprise launched in the Star Trek television series. The history of Maya archaeology, like that of any field, has its myths, legends, and heroic figures, and in Maya archaeology one of the greatest of these is Morley. Physically frail, short of stature, squeaky-voiced, and near-sighted, Morley is an unlikely mythical figure, but his stamina and boundless enthusiasm for all things Maya established him as one of the charismatic pioneers of the discipline.

Those of us working in lowland Maya archaeology today owe an incalculable debt to Morley, for he, along with Teobert Maler, Alfred P. Maudslay, and Alfred M. Tozzer before him, laid the foundations for much of what we know about this spectacular civilization and its jungle-decked cities. Perhaps, however, our debt is more specifically owed to the *chicleros* of Petén (northern Guatemala) and adjacent areas, who, beginning in the 1890s, travelled in mule trains along crudely hacked trails through the dense tropical forests to tap the sapodilla or *chico zapote* (*Achras sapota* or *Manikara zapota*) trees, the *chicle* sap of which is the base for chewing gum. The trails typically meandered through the ruins of archaeological sites, and so it was the *chicleros* who were intimately familiar with these places, the routes to reach them, and, most importantly for Morley, their carved monuments. Morley enjoyed many friendships with *chicleros* and *chicle* contractors, and offered them rewards on widely distributed flyers crying “*Ojo! Ojo! Ojo!*” (Figure P.1) for information on new sites and carved monuments.

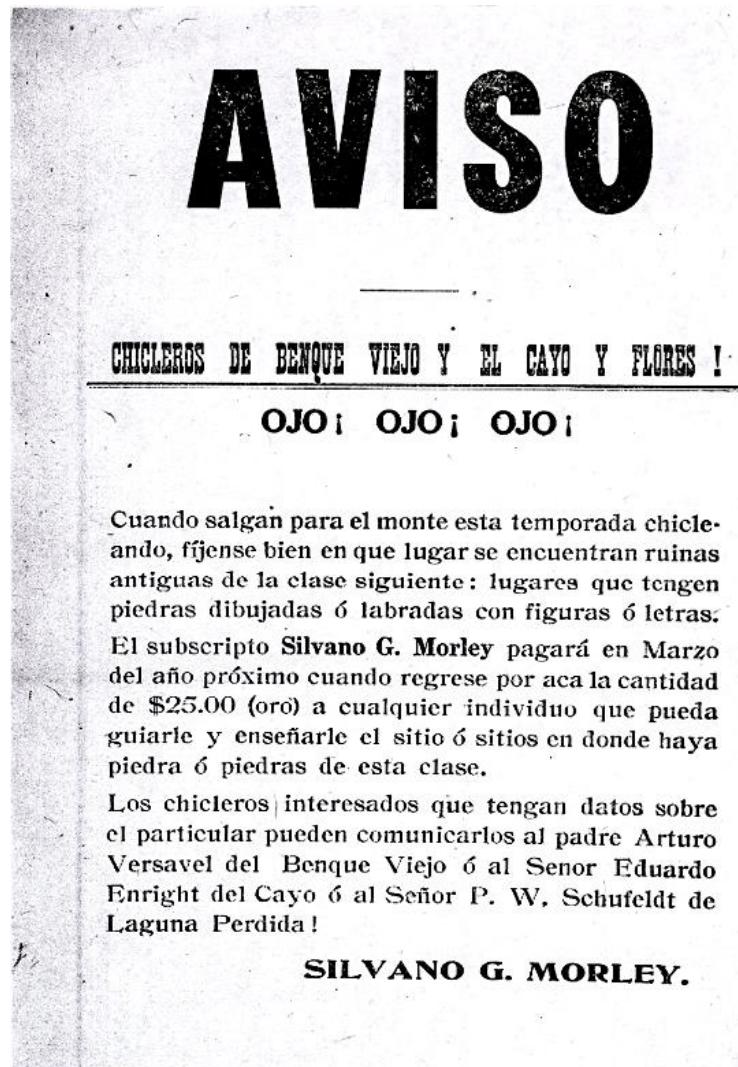
Thus, Morley, the redoubtable epigrapher perched uneasily upon mules or horses, plodded along these muddy trails, which he, seemingly without irony, called “roads.” The paths, often recognized only by mule tracks, led from waterhole to waterhole where *chicleros* camped, their thatch-roofed huts (*champas*) providing shelter in which Morley and a small crew of strong local men (his “huskies,” as he affectionately called them) could spend the night. Frequently, they got lost. At the time, 12–15 miles’ travel was “considered a day’s journey during the ‘dry’ season—less when the rains render the trails barely passable” (Ricketson 1933: 75). Rains early in the year arrive via storms from the north (*nortes*), but the tropical rainy season typically starts in late May, with heavy evening and overnight deluges. Rains in the southern Maya lowlands come from the Caribbean Sea in the east, sweeping first over Belize, then Petén in the afternoon, and heading farther west to the Usumacinta area and Chiapas by the end of the day.

Morley was one of the first to publish major scholarly and popular syntheses—even films!—presenting current knowledge of Maya hieroglyphic writing and calendrical systems. For example, in 1931 Morley invited Fox Movietone News, an early twentieth-century film news company, to film a tour of Chichen Itza, with Morley himself the talking head (narrator). The newsreel, never released at the time,<sup>1</sup> shows his physical frailty, high-pitched voice, and

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<sup>1</sup> The original footage is preserved in the University of South Carolina’s Moving Image Research

enthusiasm and delight at telling the world about the wonders of the Maya. After a century (or almost), we continue to refer to his singular contributions, such as *The Inscriptions at Copan* (1920), *The Inscriptions of Peten* (1937–38), and *The Ancient Maya* (1946)—this last currently in its sixth edition (Sharer with Traxler 2006). Equally if not more important, perhaps, is his masterminding of the great plan that brought about the entry of the Carnegie Institution of Washington into the field of Maya archaeology, which it dominated for more than thirty years.



*Original transferred to Rare Book Collection, L. Tom Perry Special Collections, 14 September 2012*

Figure P.1. One of Morley's posters offering *chicleros* a monetary reward for information about sites with carved stone monuments.

Collection. In 2019 Evan J. Albright edited it and published the finished product on YouTube ([https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e\\_5bRMeZ9E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e_5bRMeZ9E)).

Yet the sketchy printed details of his biography provide few clues to his humor, his dedication, his “boylike gusto,” his love of people, or the fact that he was a delightful raconteur. Sir J. Eric Thompson (1970: ix–x), in an introductory note to Ralph Roys’ (1943) *The Indian Background of Colonial Yucatan*, describes Morley as “an incurable romantic” with a “notoriously persuasive tongue,” “lovable but at times rather vexatious” and also verbose: he “would never use a paragraph if he could say the same in a chapter.”<sup>2</sup> Similar insights are gleaned from a compilation of anecdotes related by 59 of his friends and colleagues and published as *Morleyana* (Anderson 1950). That enough anecdotal information existed to be compiled into a book testifies to his colorful personality.

A portrait of Morley also emerges through his own words: the thirty-nine voluminous diaries written during his active years of archaeological training and fieldwork from 1905 to 1947. Morley was a compulsive recorder of facts and his jottings are a combination of work and travel diaries, recording the whos, wheres, and especially whens of his professional life. He was clearly a “man of means,” staying at the best hotels, eating at the best restaurants, having friends in high places everywhere, and enjoying a robust social life of card games, clubbing, dancing, and movies. In the society pages of the *Santa Fe New Mexican* (newspaper) for Saturday, July 27, 1912, “Sly Venus Morley” was identified as having attended a local event . . . was that his local moniker? But except for venting his frustrations while waiting for bits of information—life and communications in the early twentieth century were not as fast-paced as in the early twenty-first—Morley provided little deep reflection on his personal life and friendships. Nonetheless, he comes alive on these pages. Few of us who have worked in the Maya area can fail to identify with his exhaustion at the end of a day’s journey (or survey), his elation over a new discovery, his exasperation at insects and governmental permit-granting delays, his gratitude for a hot bath and a clean bed—although, thankfully, we no longer have to share his wrath at recalcitrant mules (see April 10 and June 10–11, 1914). His diaries have a subtle wit that make them entertaining reading, over and above the important data they contain concerning his discoveries and the historical context of the early years of Maya archaeology.

The preparation of the Morley diaries for publication began in the mid-1980s. Ward, then a graduate student in history at the University of Florida, had traveled in the Yucatán Peninsula, visited Maya sites, and read some of Morley’s writings. He wondered, from the perspective of a historian, why his complete diaries were never published, and approached Rice in the anthropology department. No answer came readily to hand and, after inquiring among archaeological colleagues about potential interest in such a project, we came to believe that there might be considerable historical value in publishing Morley’s personal journey—both literal and figurative—through the field of Maya archaeology. We decided to begin with the year 1914 as the start of his intensive work with the Carnegie Institution, and obtained copies of Morley’s handwritten diaries for 1914 through 1917 through the generous assistance of the Peabody Museum. Then, we set about transcribing the breviloquent handwritten entries.

After transcribing was complete, we edited the text. Because one of our goals was the presentation of the diary entries in an enjoyable, readable form, minor changes regarding

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<sup>2</sup> In his journals, for example, he always writes that he spent “the greater part” of the morning or day doing this or that, instead of “most” of it.

grammar and syntax were necessary. Editing consisted of revising frequent sentence fragments, correcting mistakes (frequent spelling errors), dividing run-on sentences into meaningful phrases, dividing run-on text into paragraphs, modernizing Mayan spelling (e.g., Ajaw rather than Ahau), adding GMT corrections (see Chapter 2) to Maya dates, inserting punctuation, and adding diacritics to Spanish words and names. In many instances, Morley's crabbed handwriting was illegible (Figure P.2)—after all, the field journal entries were often written around the nightly campfire in light pencil. He was also fond of obscure phrases and literary allusions, revealing that he was broadly educated, not just in the field of engineering but also in the humanities. And, like many of us, the longer Morley was in the field the more he lapsed into "Spanglish," needing translation.

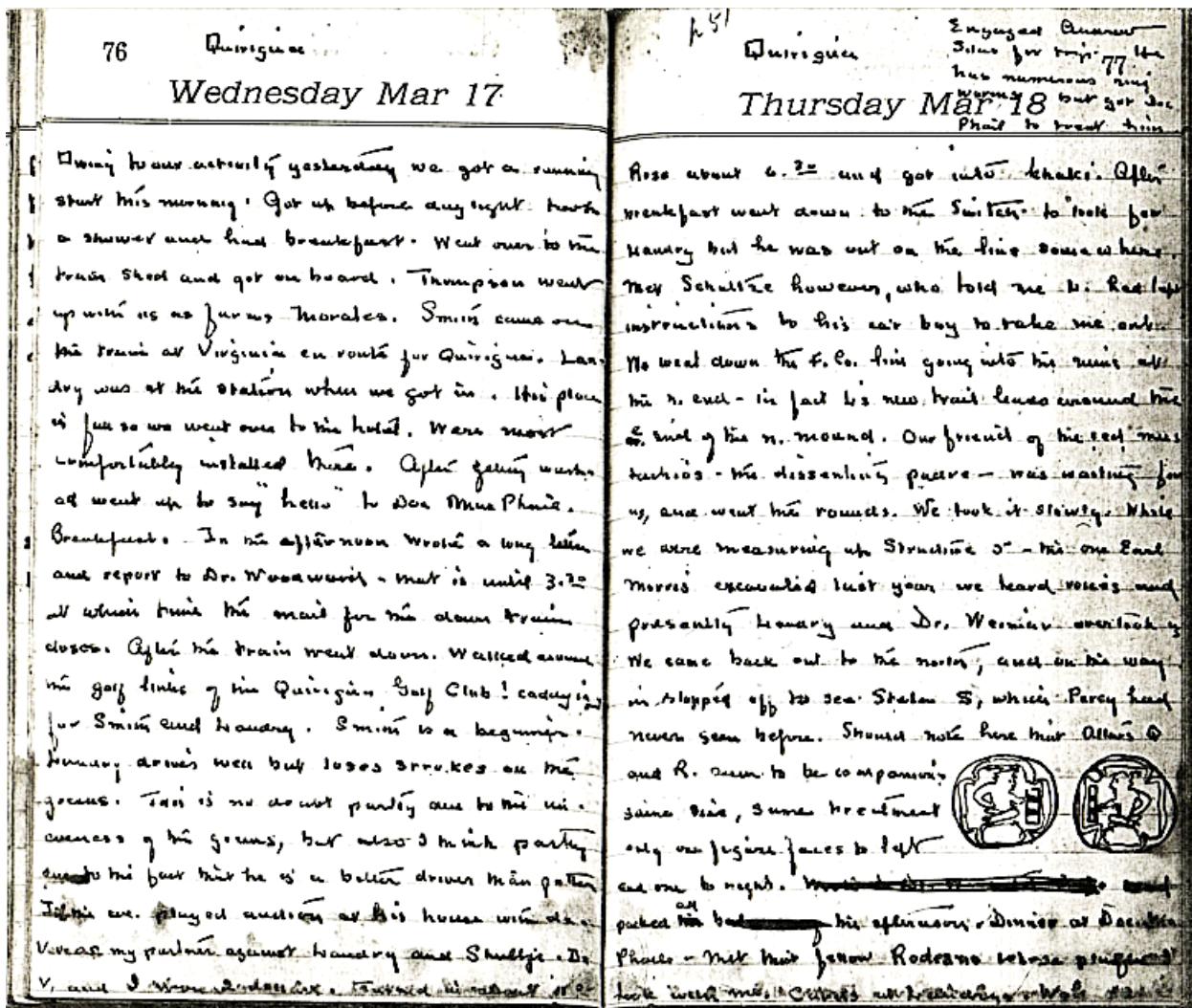


Figure P.2. Photograph of photocopied pages from Morley's 1915 diary, March 17 and 18, when he was at Quirigua (see Chapter 14). (Photo by Don S. Rice.)

Then, our work stopped. Ward graduated and moved to San Francisco in 1987; Rice moved to Carbondale, Illinois, in 1991; we lost touch. Hoping to eventually come back to the project,

Ward saved his Morley materials, including five rolls of microfilm of the typescript of the diaries, which had been transcribed throughout his career. Rice, who retired in 2011, had also kept the manuscript and related materials, unearthing them in 2018 during preparations for a move. Invention of the worldwide web and the internet since our initial efforts presented new opportunities for dissemination, so she retyped the 1914 entries with an eye to possible web publication. And then came serendipity: in late 2020, Ward contacted Rice, then back in Gainesville, through SIUC. And we immediately resumed work on the diaries, our efforts at contextualizing much more satisfactory with all the internet resources at our fingertips. Moreover, much of the material of interest is now in the public domain.

Nowhere has the internet been more useful than in sourcing illustrations for this volume, many of which are found in the Peabody Museum Archives (PMA). These include the Carnegie Institution of Washington (CIW) archives donated to Harvard University when the CIW closed its Division of Historical Research in 1958. Although many photographs were published in CIW reports, the originals in the PMA are of better quality, so we sought those rather than relying on scans or reproductions from published reports.<sup>3</sup> Sometimes it was not possible to fix the exact date of photographs in the Peabody holdings, so it should be noted that some images of stelae and sites may have been created during CIW expeditions other than the ones covered in this volume.

Another major source of illustrations is the corpus of Morley's own photographs and drawings published in his two major works on inscriptions: *The Inscriptions at Copan* (1920) and *The Inscriptions of Peten* (1937–1938). Both are in the public domain and are available in digital form at the Hathi Trust Digital Library (<https://catalog.hathitrust.org>). Sadly, the digital version of *The Inscriptions of Peten* does not reproduce the large fold-out illustrations and maps, but the editors of the present volume have copies of Morley's works in their personal libraries.

So here we are in 2021, the 1914–1916 manuscript complete. To aid the reader, we have included abundant footnotes and four appendices: Appendix A, a glossary for the Spanish words and phrases sprinkled about Morley's text; B, information on individuals mentioned in the diaries; C, information on places and sites mentioned; and D, Maya calendrical terminology.

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<sup>3</sup> The PMA Photo Archives are online at:

<https://pmem.unix.fas.harvard.edu:8443/peabody/exceptionreport;jsessionid=771682DF7C61E0CBC893DE36E97D599A?t:state:flow=bab9a19d-9e17-460a-8ab4-f5aded1e0571>.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Thanks also go to the late Robert and Florence Lister, who provided materials they had collected for their brief book *In Search of Maya Glyphs* (1970), and to Brett Houk and Astrid Runggaldier, who provided information about La Honradez.

We are grateful to Moise Lafleur, who kindly sent us materials from the Lafleur Family Archives relating to the tragic death of his great uncle in 1916 (Chapter 23).

And we thank Maurice Duran and especially Don Rice, who provided extraordinary assistance in making or improving illustrations and captions, and in reading portions of this text.

# PART I. INTRODUCTION

## CHAPTER 1

### SYLVANUS GRISWOLD MORLEY AND THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

#### **The Life and Career of Sylvanus Griswold Morley<sup>1</sup>**

Sylvanus Griswold Morley was born on June 7, 1883, in Chester, Pennsylvania, a small town south of Philadelphia. The oldest of six children of Benjamin Franklin Morley and Sarah Elinor Constance de Lannoy Morley, he was born into an academically oriented family. His paternal grandfather Griswold was a U.S. senator. His father, an army colonel, taught chemistry and mathematics at Pennsylvania Military College (Widener University since 1972) in Chester, and served as its vice president. His maternal grandfather, son of a Belgian Supreme Court justice, taught languages at the same institution, and an older cousin, also named Sylvanus Griswold (Small) Morley, was a student of Spanish language and literatures.

When Morley was ten years old his family moved to Buena Vista, Colorado, a small mountain town in the central part of the state, where his father began a new career in mining. Here he became friends with the children of the warden of the Colorado State Reformatory and together they spent time in the prison library. From his readings, including the works of Lew Wallace, H. Rider Haggard, and William H. Prescott, Morley developed an interest in Latin America, which blossomed into his career in Maya archaeology. At fifteen he began an influential correspondence with archaeologist Frederic Ward Putnam at Harvard University and the Peabody Museum, who responded to the youth's questions and enthusiasm with the suggestion that he read Hubert Howe Bancroft's *The Native Races* (1883), which he did. Despite this early introduction to things Mesoamerican, Morley—like many Maya scholars of later generations—initially developed a strong predilection for Egyptian archaeology and hieroglyphic studies, and desired a career as an Egyptologist.

His father opposed this choice, however, and young Vay, as he was known to friends, was

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<sup>1</sup> The details of Morley's life summarized here are drawn from multiple tributes and obituaries. These include discussion of his diaries (Kidder 1959), an exhaustive biography (Brunhouse 1971), and anecdotes compiled as *Morleyana* (Anderson 1950. See also Kidder [1950], Roys and Harrington [1949], Thompson [1949], and [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sylvanus\\_Morley](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sylvanus_Morley)).

prevailed upon to attend Pennsylvania Military College (PMC) (Figure 1.1). He graduated this institution in 1904 with a degree in civil engineering, and the surveying skills learned during these years doubtless served him well during his later archaeological endeavors.



Figure 1.1. Morley as a cadet at the Pennsylvania Military College.

While at PMC he was not without ties to archaeology, however, for his roommate from 1901 to 1903 was John Wetherill, younger brother of archaeologist Richard Wetherill who discovered the site of Mesa Verde in Colorado more than a decade earlier. Although the Southwestern United States was not the setting for Morley's most dedicated field efforts, at the beginning of his career he did engage in research in the region and was employed at the new School for American Archaeology (today the School for Advanced Research) in Santa Fe, New Mexico, from 1909 to 1914. In his later life he returned to Santa Fe for portions of each year, finally assuming directorship of the Museum of New Mexico in 1947.

After Morley finished at PMC and after the death of his father in 1903, his mother moved the family back east to Swarthmore, a southwestern suburb of Philadelphia. At this juncture, Morley decided to pursue his interests in archaeology. He chose Harvard as the institution where he would matriculate, no doubt in part because of the earlier friendly correspondence with Putnam, but also to study with the eminent Egyptologist, George A. Reisner. This plan never bore fruit, however, because early on he was urged to switch his geographical and cultural focus from Egypt

to Central America. Credit for this transfer may be attributed in part to Putnam, but probably more significantly to Alfred M. Tozzer.

Tozzer, one of Putnam's students, had begun studying linguistics in the Maya area, working with the Lacandon Maya in Chiapas, Mexico, from 1902 to 1904 under a fellowship from the Archaeological Institute of America (AIA). After seeing some early excavations at the cenote of Chichen Itza, Tozzer decided to move into archaeology, and is known for work at Tikal (1911) and Nakum (1913), but particularly Chichen Itza (1957). His translated and annotated edition of Bishop Diego de Landa's *Relación de las Cosas de Yucatan* (1941) may be his best-known work. Morley was one of four students in Tozzer's Anthropology 9 class in 1905, his first year of teaching at Harvard. Apparently convinced by his success in this class, by Tozzer's enthusiasm, and by arguments that there was more original work to be undertaken in the field of Mayan rather than Egyptian hieroglyphs, Morley embarked upon what were to be four decades of an adventurous and distinguished career as an Americanist scholar.

On January 31, 1907, Morley set out from New York for his first trip to the Yucatán Peninsula of Mexico, a journey financed by his devoted maiden aunt, Virginia Morley, who funded much of his education and maintained a supportive interest in all her nephew's efforts. During the four months he spent there, he visited and did some mapping at the ruins of Acanceh, Uxmal, Izamal, Labna, Kabah, Sayil, Loltun, Mayapan, and Chichen Itza, before heading westward out of the Maya lowlands to Oaxaca (Mexico). The visit to Chichen Itza, where he assisted with Edward Thompson's dredging of the cenote, was pivotal, driving his obsessive career planning and actual fieldwork for the next three decades (to 1940). While traveling, his B.A. degree from Harvard was awarded, *cum laude* but *in absentia*.

Not long after his return from Mexico, Morley left for a two-month summer field season in McElmo Canyon in southwestern Colorado under the direction of Edgar Lee Hewett. In this arduous effort he was accompanied by fellow students A. V. Kidder and John Gould Fletcher, the latter getting along poorly in the field and becoming a poet. Kidder, however, became a well-known archaeologist. He (Kidder 1950: 96–97) writes of that first association that Morley's "endless persistence, and resolute failure to be discouraged . . . boundless energy and meticulous attention to detail . . . resulted in keeping Fletcher and me, sometimes from sheer sense of shame, at our work. The drudgery of note-taking . . . was assumed by Morley." This fieldwork resulted in his first publication (Morley 1908).

Back at Harvard, Morley held the AIA fellowship in American research from 1908 to 1909. During this interval he was concerned with future job opportunities and traveled to Washington, DC, where Hewett provided him with introductions that were later of inestimable significance: to Drs. William Henry Holmes and Frederick W. Hodge, both of the Bureau of American Ethnology (BAE) at the Smithsonian Institution. Hewett was also able to promise him employment at his newly founded School for American Archaeology (SAA) in Santa Fe. During this same period Morley completed his master's degree, awarded in June 1908. His thesis, never published, was titled "The Four Principal Gods of the Maya Codices and Their Name Glyphs." He did not pursue a PhD—at the time, only a handful of universities offered a doctoral degree in anthropology—although in 1921 he was awarded an honorary doctorate from PMC. Eric Thompson (1964; below) records a contretemps in Morley's academic career that may have played a role in his decision not to pursue a doctorate at Harvard.

Morley's college life was not all study and ruins, his diaries remind us. He dated a series of young ladies and then in 1905 he met Alice Williams (to whom he often refers, as to many married adult females, as "the little woman"). By the fall of 1906 his courtship of her was a relentless pursuit, and with the happy news from Hewett that he would have a job in Santa Fe, they were married on December 30, 1908. Before Morley secured the position with Hewett, he had arranged with Alice's grandfather, Senator Jacob Gallinger of New Hampshire, for introductions to influential officials at the Smithsonian Institution and the CIW to inquire about the possibilities of future employment.

The year 1909 was a busy one for Morley. He and Alice moved to Santa Fe to assume his position at the School for American Archaeology and they had a beloved daughter, Alice Virginia (named after his favorite aunt), known as "True." Morley was interested in reviving traditional Santa Fe architecture and, having a degree in civil engineering, he was active in renovating several historic properties including his own house (Figure 1.2). Now known as the Roque Lobato House, after the soldier for whom the structure was built in 1785, Morley's former home retains some eighteenth-century features. It sits on Washington Avenue, a few blocks northeast of the plaza, and is a National Historic Landmark.



Figure 1.2. Morley's house shortly after his 1909–10 renovation.

In 1910 Morley traveled twice to the Maya area. One visit was to Yucatán to measure the orientations of buildings at Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and Kabah, but he came down with malaria and

the study was never completed. The other visit was to Quirigua, in eastern Guatemala, with Hewett and another acquaintance from Southwestern field research, photographer Jesse L. Nusbaum. Morley served as Hewett's assistant in his SAA excavation project at Quirigua, which was on United Fruit Company land along the Río Motagua. Afterward, he made the first of many grueling trips on mule-back into Honduras to visit Copan, the site with which Morley will forever be intimately identified; indeed, the town of Santa Rosa Copan made him an honorary citizen in 1919. His visit was part of an exhaustive quest to record all Maya dates, which brought him back to the site time and time again.

The Quirigua project under Hewett continued in 1911—with Morley accompanied by Alice—and in 1912. During this interval, Morley published numerous articles in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, *Scientific American*, and *National Geographic Magazine*. Although he did not participate in later projects at Quirigua, Morley maintained the contacts and friendships he developed there.

In 1913 he visited Tulum, on the east coast of the Yucatán Peninsula, where he noted unusual murals but was unable to locate a stela or lintel<sup>2</sup> carved with hieroglyphs mentioned earlier by George P. Howe (1911). This monument was later found to have been buried on the beach nearby for safety (Chapter 19). At the conclusion of this trip, he stopped in Mexico City to begin negotiations with Mexican authorities for a concession (permit) to excavate at Chichen Itza. He was held up at this early stage by his lack of an institutional affiliation as a signatory, and Dr. Robert S. Woodward, the president of the CIW, cautioned him to make no commitment involving the Institution. It was not for another ten years that a concession was negotiated, in part because of the political uncertainties and real dangers associated with the Mexican Revolution.

In 1914 a major turning point was reached for Morley: After years of obsessive planning, near crippling anxiety, and political infighting (Chapter 4), he was finally awarded the coveted position of research associate in the CIW and thus began his and the Institution's momentous roles in the development of Maya archaeology. During a five-month expedition to Petén and British Honduras, now Belize (Chapters 5–8), he visited many sites in the central area and the western Pasión/Usumacinta riverine zones; he also visited Quirigua (Chapter 9) and went to Santa Rita in northern British Honduras with Thomas Gann, the territory's chief medical officer.

In most of these travels he was accompanied by Herbert J. ("Joe") Spinden, who became a lifelong friend. Spinden has an interesting back story: born in South Dakota, he worked on the railroad and participated in the Alaska gold rush before ending up at Harvard in 1902 (Stuart 2011: 188). He shared Morley's interest in hieroglyphics—specifically date glyphs—and art forms, and developed his own solution to the vexing question of correlating Maya and Christian calendars (Chapter 2). Spinden also published numerous studies on the chronological sequence of the stelae of Copan. His *A Study of Maya Art, its Subject Matter and Historical Development* (1913) was a standard reference for decades and republished in 1975.

Morley had another active year in 1915. He embarked on a field season of more than four months visiting La Honradez, which he had wanted to visit at the end of 1914 (but was unable to because he couldn't find mules; see June 10–11, 1914) and Cancuén, and a return to Copan. In

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<sup>2</sup> A lintel is a horizontal support across the top of a doorway. Usually of wood but also stone in the Maya area, these were frequently carved with texts and images.

these travels he was accompanied by an assistant, J. P. (Percy) Adams, who had served as the surveyor on the 1911 Quirigua expedition. The first of the major publications to come out of Morley's epigraphic research, *An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs* (Morley 1915b), appeared this year. In addition, beginning what was to be a continuing research interest, he proposed a chronology of Maya history at the International Congress of Americanists meetings. His professional successes were countered by personal disappointment, however: his marriage to Alice, which had been crumbling since 1913, ended in divorce in October.<sup>3</sup>

The year 1916 was tumultuous, with many ups and downs. Morley visited Copan with an entourage that included Holmes, who, despite his advanced age, climbed about the ruins in preparing the drawing used as the frontispiece for his later *Inscriptions at Copan*. Another member of the expedition was Samuel K. Lothrop, a Tozzer student who worked under Holmes. Morley paid a second visit to Tulum (Chapter 19), bringing along Gann to copy the murals and finding the buried monument. He also discovered the site of Uaxactun (Chapter 21), 26 km north of Tikal, with its early Stela 9 (AD 328), a revelation that led to a twelve-year CIW program of explorations beginning in 1924. This triumph was overshadowed by the tragic death of the team physician, Dr. Moise Lafleur (Carpenter 1950), when the party was ambushed on its return from Uaxactun to Belize by Guatemalan troops pursuing rebels (Chapter 22).

Morley's pursuits changed in 1917. The international wrangle between the United States and Guatemala occasioned by Lafleur's death was never satisfactorily settled, with the result that the CIW decided not to send Morley on further expeditions to Guatemala for a time. That decision ultimately proved irrelevant, however, for by this time the United States had entered World War I. Morley joined the staff of the Office of Naval Intelligence and undertook survey expeditions in search of potential German U-boat bases for the duration of the war. Accordingly, in 1917 and 1918 he traveled widely, but little archaeological work was undertaken. Morley's journals provide extensive descriptions of the Central American republics during the first decades of the century, with particular emphasis on the Caribbean coastal regions of Honduras and Nicaragua. He retired from the Navy in March, 1919.

From 1919 through 1921, Morley's field efforts were primarily devoted to Petén, northern Guatemala. The highlight of 1919 was surely his being made an honorary citizen of Copan, and in the next year his second major publication, *The Inscriptions at Copan*, appeared, which remains, 100 years later, a definitive work on the inscriptions of that important site (Fash 1991: 53; see also Agurcia Fasquelle and Veliz 2010). Also in 1920, he headed to Guatemala with Carl Guthe, arranging a concession for the latter to excavate at Tayasal. Tayasal refers to both the peninsula dividing the northern and southern basins of Lake Petén Itzá and the archaeological site at its western end. Earlier, Morley had believed (wrongly) this latter was Tayza or Taiza, the last Itza stronghold of Maya resistance to Spanish control, which fell in 1697 (Jones 1998). By this time, however, he was convinced that Taiza was Flores Island in the lake's small southern basin, an attribution that is beyond doubt today. Morley visited only two other sites, Petipet and Xultun (see Zender and Skidmore 2012), in 1920.

In 1921 Morley spent five months in Petén visiting Naranjo, Tikal, Uolantun, Ixlu, and

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<sup>3</sup> Alice filed for divorce on the grounds of "desertion" (i.e., Morley's fieldwork travels; Brunhouse 1971: 92) and subsequently married Theodore Newton Espe, a family friend.

Piedras Negras. During these travels he met two individuals who were to play minor roles in his career. One was William Gates, who later that year became the Director of Antiquities for Guatemala. A difficult person, Gates proved to be a formidable impediment during negotiations for a permit for excavations at Uaxactun in 1923. The other was Paul W. Schufeldt of the American Chicle Company. While visiting Schufeldt at Laguna Perdida in 1921, Morley discussed with him the significance of rural house mound distributions and the problems of estimating ancient Maya population sizes outside the major centers. Schufeldt (1950) reported that in cutting thousands of acres of forest to grow crops for *chicleros* and mules, he saw Maya residential mounds everywhere. Morley, interested primarily in sculptured monuments at the large ceremonial centers rather than in scattered rural residences, was at first skeptical of the idea of high settlement densities but later altered his views. Also in 1921, Morley received an honorary doctorate from his alma mater, PMC, but was not awarded a hoped-for governmental appointment as minister to Guatemala.

In 1922 Morley paid his first visit to the ruins of Kaminaljuyu, on the western outskirts of Guatemala City, as well as visiting Quirigua, Tulum, Tancah, and Xelha. While traveling in Petén he discovered the site of Naachtun.

The year 1923 was a banner year for Morley, comparable to 1914 in its long-term career impact. He finally negotiated the concessions for excavation at Uaxactun, although his attempts to sidestep the troublesome Gates by working with a friend, Adrián Recinos, ultimately led to further delays. With considerably less trouble he arranged the concession for Chichen Itza with Mexican authorities, signed on July 6, 1923. This was achieved despite a major kerfuffle in Mexico concerning Edward H. Thompson's apparent smuggling to the Peabody Museum of artifacts—including gold—from dredging operations in the site's Sacred Cenote.<sup>4</sup> Otherwise, the year seems to have been filled with socializing, endless parades of visitors to Chichen Itza (including higher-ups from the CIW in February, and later a visit from his sister Elinor), and the development of a firm friendship with the then-governor of Yucatán, Felipe Carrillo.

Plans finally came together for both major projects, Uaxactun and Chichen Itza, in 1924. The concession for Uaxactun was signed and a two-month first season began in February under the direction of Frans Blom (Black 1990). Morley never participated in active fieldwork at this site. Instead, he devoted most of his time during the next seventeen years to Chichen Itza, his holy grail since 1907, serving as director of the project from 1924 to 1940.

In July of 1926, while in Santa Fe, he met and fell in love with Frances Rhoads. They became engaged the following year, Morley indulging in both romantic sentiment and career nostalgia by presenting Frances with an engagement ring on the summit of the Castillo at Chichen Itza on March 19, 1927, twenty years to the day from his first visit to that location. They were married on July 24, and settled into a newly built residence at the site for the duration of his work there.

A decade later his five-volume series, *The Inscriptions of Petén* (1937–38), was published, the culmination of more than two decades of scouring the dense tropical forests on mule-back in search of hieroglyphic texts. In 1946 he published the first edition of his monumental work on

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<sup>4</sup> For discussion of these and the nearly 300 objects from Thompson's "excavations," see the catalog accompanying a traveling interpretive exhibit (Coggins and Shane 1984). At the time, Thompson actually owned Chichen Itza or, more accurately, the land it occupied (Albright 2015).

Maya history, archaeology, and ethnology, *The Ancient Maya*. This volume, although incorporating some ideas about Maya chronology and organization that have since been shown to be erroneous by later generations of scholarship, has been revised and republished six times<sup>5</sup> and continues to be a major reference work on all Mayanists' bookshelves. As with everything Morley, *The Ancient Maya* has a backstory: an effort to write his autobiography, requested by CIW, did not come to fruition<sup>6</sup> so Morley instead wrote *The Ancient Maya*, which infuriated the CIW. Carnegie refused to publish it and McMillan also declined, after which Stanford got the prize.

In 1947 Morley was appointed director of the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe, and he planned to retire from the CIW in late 1948. By late summer of that year, however, the decades of malaria, dysentery, "biliaryness," and general wear and tear brought by the rigors of life in the field finally took their toll on his always fragile constitution. After a series of heart attacks, Sylvanus Griswold Morley passed away on September 2, 1948, in Santa Fe, at 65 years of age.

### **The Carnegie Institution of Washington and Early Maya Archaeology I: Conflicts**

Morley carried out most of his studies in the Maya area while he was on the staff of the Carnegie Institution of Washington (CIW), founded by Andrew Carnegie in 1902. A scientific research organization, the CIW had a powerful impact in shaping the course of Maya archaeology for three and a half decades. Indeed, the very entry of the institution into the field of Maya archaeology was powered by the unflagging efforts and creative vision of Morley. Administratively, Maya archaeology was under the aegis of the Division of Historical Research, directed by noted archaeologist A. V. Kidder beginning in the late 1920s. The historical division was housed not in Washington but rather on the Harvard University campus in Cambridge, Massachusetts, next to the Peabody Museum. The proximity of these two institutions led to some collaborative efforts as well as to the donation of the Division's archives to the Museum upon the former's dissolution. The CIW began cutting back its archaeological activities shortly after World War II, finally ending this line of investigations and dissolving the Division of Historical Research in 1958.

In the early twentieth century, however, the CIW's historical division was entangled in behind-the-scenes political infighting and machinations. The protagonists in the conflicts were the AIA and Peabody Museum in Boston/Cambridge, and the CIW and BAE/Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC. The focus of the maneuverings was a Central American Fellowship, established by the AIA in 1901 with the encouragement of Charles Bowditch, a

<sup>5</sup> The first edition of *The Ancient Maya* (1946) was quickly followed by a second edition in 1947, then a third revised by George W. Brainerd (Morley and Brainerd 1956). Subsequent revisions were published approximately a decade apart: for the fourth edition revisions were undertaken by Robert J. Sharer (Morley, Brainerd, and Sharer 1983). Sharer also helmed subsequent editions: the fifth (Morley and Sharer 1994) and the sixth (Sharer with Traxler 2006).

<sup>6</sup> The backstory, told by Edwin Shook to Stephen Houston (Shook and Houston 1990: 249), is that "Morley being Morley, his notebooks also reflected his great interest in the ladies. Between marriages, he had been rather a free spirit, and he'd record such encounters as though he were recording a hieroglyph. Unfortunately, his second wife [Frances Rhoads] didn't approve. She insisted that we cut out all those little juicy tidbits . . . ."

wealthy Boston businessman interested in the Maya and lavish supporter of the Peabody. Tozzer held the fellowship until he moved to Harvard in 1905, at which point the AIA and the fellowship advisors (Bowditch, Putnam, and Franz Boas—an influential German anthropologist at Columbia University in New York) faced a dilemma in selecting the next fellowship recipient. The preferred candidate (Robert Lowie) withdrew, and the alternative candidate was Edgar Lee Hewett.<sup>7</sup> Neither Boas nor Bowditch were happy about Hewett; Boas was unfavorably impressed with a lecture he had recently given and shared his opinion with Bowditch. Hewett's main supporter was Jesse Fewkes, a Southwesternist.

Hewett was given the fellowship for one year in 1905. His plans for the year met with little enthusiasm, however, as they included establishment of a School for American Archaeology in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Most of the AIA leadership was deeply affronted that interests in archaeology were expanding westward out of the control of the elites of the Northeast—Boston, New York, Washington—to local studies and archaeological societies in the Midwest and Southwest. The founder of the AIA saw this as a “great calamity” and “grave danger” (Charles Eliot Norton to Bowditch, 1906; quoted in Hinsley 1986: 222). Nonetheless, the AIA secretary (Francis Kelsey) supported the movement to local and regional interests, and backed Hewett.

When Bowditch discovered, in the middle of Hewett's fellowship year, that he had not yet gone to Mexico, he was furious. By 1912 two competing camps had formed: Bowditch, Boas, and Putnam, the eastern establishment opposed to the founding of Hewett's new school, versus Fewkes, Kelsey, and others in the AIA in favor. By 1912 both sides had grown increasingly intransigent, attracting followers. Tozzer joined the side of Boas and Bowditch, criticizing Hewett's “self-aggrandizing political and publicity campaigns, his lack of knowledge even of southwestern archaeology, his baleful influence on young men,” and his presentation of Spinden's discoveries about Maya art as his own (Hinsley 1986: 227).

Meanwhile, the Carnegie Institution was having its own problems.<sup>8</sup> Already a respected scientific research institution, its endeavors were largely directed toward natural sciences but social sciences and history had feet in the door. In 1907, however, when five learned societies<sup>9</sup> prepared a joint proposal for \$20,000 to study anthropology in the Americas, the request was denied. Two years later, one of the members of the CIW executive committee, New York civil engineer William Barclay Parsons, proposed a department of Central American archaeology within the Institution, with Hiram Bingham chosen to draw up the plans. Nothing came of this initiative, and plans did not begin to solidify until 1912, when in December of that year the committee voted a grant of \$20,000 for support of anthropological research.

A subcommittee consisting of Parsons, Woodward, and Charles D. Walcott was created to develop plans for proceeding in this new direction. Some disagreement was evident as the committee tried to select one or more scholars to draw up planning reports for the project.

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<sup>7</sup> This account about Hewett and the AIA is drawn from Hinsley (1986).

<sup>8</sup> This account is drawn largely from Brunhouse (1971: 63–78).

<sup>9</sup> These societies were the American Anthropological Association, Archaeological Institute of America, American Folklore society, Anthropological Society of Washington, and American Ethnological Society of New York. The Society for American Archaeology was not among this group, as it was not founded until 1934.

Parsons, favoring Central American archaeology, rejected Inka scholar Bingham (1922) as a contributor and finally Albert E. Jenks and Morley were asked to prepare proposals. Woodward, who was hostile to Morley's Chichen Itza program,<sup>10</sup> invited a well-known anthropologist from Cambridge, England, William H. R. Rivers, to participate in planning.

Because Morley was in Yucatán in early 1913 the meeting of the CIW subcommittee with him and the other American anthropological consultant, Jenks, was deferred until early June. Jenks, Morley, and Rivers were then charged with preparing reports for the fall meeting of the CIW executive committee. In these reports, published in 1913 as Publication 200 of the CIW, Jenks suggested many areas in the western Hemisphere and Pacific islands where anthropology could be carried out, especially arguing for physical anthropology. Rivers urged the immediate need for studies of Melanesia (because of rapid acculturation), belittling (as a diffusionist might be expected to do) Americanist studies in general and Morley's Chichen Itza project in particular. Although some scholars have commended Rivers' as the more worthy program, Morley's forceful and enthusiastic plan for Chichen Itza was ultimately the most convincing to the committee.

A similar, yet different, account of these years is given by Eric Thompson<sup>11</sup>:

Charles P. Bowditch, a wealthy Bostonian with a great interest in the Maya calendar, was one of the principal subscribers to a fund which supported work of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, in the Maya area, and thanks almost entirely to his generosity and personal intervention . . . A veritable Maecenas of Maya research, he was withal a very forceful man. Publication by Peabody Museum of Maler's reports on Piedras Negras and Yaxchilan in 1901 and 1903 had been followed almost immediately by Bowditch's privately published commentaries on the hieroglyphic texts illustrated in them.

Maler's materials on Altar de Sacrificios, Seibal, Cancuen, and Naranjo, with sundry small sites, were published in 1908, the cost again being largely met by Bowditch, but these reports were not followed by any commentary by Bowditch . . . However, in 1909, Morley, then a student at Harvard, published in the American Anthropologist "The inscriptions of Naranjo, northern Guatemala," a thorough discussion based on Maler's material. A footnote to Morley's paper states "work done in partial fulfilment [sic.] of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of Anthropology, Harvard University."

Bowditch was extremely annoyed; he felt that as the leading backer of Maler's work, he had prior right of comment on the results. On this he received the backing of Putnam, director of the Museum. Bowditch was not the man to seek or accept any explanation he thought had been done him [sic.], and it is probably not

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<sup>10</sup> Woodward, a physical scientist, may have been hostile to archaeology in general, or at least to the collection of artifacts, which he felt was an activity better left to museums, of which there were four as part of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

<sup>11</sup> This account is excerpted from the original English text of an article written by Thompson, which was translated into Spanish and published (Thompson 1964). The English version was never published, and the typewritten manuscript exists among the Morley papers in the archives of the CIW.

fortunate that in his The numeration, calendar systems and astronomical knowledge of the Mayas, published the following year, Bowditch mentions practically every person who had contributed to Maya glyph research except Morley, and Morley's paper on the Naranjo inscriptions is omitted from the bibliography.<sup>12</sup>

Morley's chances of being employed on Maya research by the Peabody Museum had vanished, as, too, had his expectation of obtaining a Ph.D. from Harvard. Prospects for a career in the Maya field under the auspices of the [School for American Archaeology] were not bright.

.... [When it came time for the CIW committee to consider the submitted plans for future research, a trustee—probably Parsons—was sent to consult with Putnam and Bowditch at Peabody.] The opinion elicited by the visiting trustee was that the [Morley] project was excellent, but that Morley was not the man to carry it out. It was recommended that Alfred Tozzer be appointed in his stead. This was a most ungenerous position; Morley had shown considerable promise at Quirigua and elsewhere, and the whole project had been his .... One can only conclude that the Naranjo business still rankled with Bowditch and Putnam supported him ....

H. J. Spinden happened to be in Santa Fe when the Naranjo paper was mailed to the editor of *American Anthropologist*, and suggested Morley should get a release from Bowditch before mailing it. Had Morley acted on the advice, there would have been no upset. Presumably he would have found a niche in Peabody Museum, and, content with his lot, would not have submitted the Chichen Itza Project to Carnegie Institution. Whichever way we look at it, a seeming trifle had very great consequences.<sup>13</sup>

## The Carnegie Institution of Washington and Early Maya Archaeology II: Fieldwork

The decades of Maya archaeology dominated by the CIW have been dubbed the “Carnegie Era,” the first part of the longer “institutional period” in the history of Maya studies.<sup>14</sup> This term refers

<sup>12</sup> Kidder (1950: 93–102), however, claims that Bowditch funded several of Morley's later expeditions, so perhaps their relationship was not permanently soured. The degree to which it might have been damaged by Morley's association with Hewett, disliked by the power-brokers at these institutions (see below) is unclear.

<sup>13</sup> Thompson ends with a footnote: “For those reluctant to accept that a single triviality can divert the course of history, one might, perhaps, note the great Cambridge–Santa Fe tension which endured nearly half a century. This arose in Frito de los Frijoles [NM] in 1907 when Tozzer, like some New World Oliver Twist, asked for a second helping of bacon at Hewett's camp and was refused, and on his side failed to attend Hewett's evening talks to the students.”

<sup>14</sup> Oswaldo Chinchilla (2012: 60) calls it the period of “imperialistic archaeology.” For discussion of this and the general history of Maya archaeology, see Hammond 1983: 20, also 1982: 9–66; Bernal 1977; Hay et al. 1982; and Marcus 1983a. In their *A History of Maya Archaeology* (1980: 83–129), Gordon R. Willey and Jeremy A Sabloff refer to 1914–1940 as the “Classificatory-Historical

to the fact that between roughly 1924 and 1970, massive programs of excavation and reconstruction at large sites, combined with publication of the findings, were pursued not only by the CIW but also by museums, especially the Peabody Museum, and other universities and research institutions. Apart from the individual role of Morley and the sites with which he is most closely associated—particularly Copan and Chichen Itza—the CIW is known for its Maya projects at highland Kaminaljuyu and lowland sites such as Uaxactun and Mayapan. In addition, smaller projects of survey, mapping, and monument recording were carried out at Bonampak, Coba, Piedras Negras, and Tayasal.

Perhaps the Carnegie's most dramatic contribution to Maya archaeology is the long-term plan of excavations represented by work at Uaxactun, Chichen Itza, and Tayasal. This scheme, developed out of Morley's early discoveries of dated inscriptions (see also Graham 1986), was designed to investigate the three major periods of Maya florescence, then known as Archaic (now Preclassic and Early Classic), Old Empire (Classic, particularly the "Great Period" or Late Classic), and New Empire (roughly Postclassic). At the time of selection of these sites, they were thought to be most representative of these eras and thus the most useful in advancing our understanding of Maya history. Work on the Tayasal Peninsula was carried out by Carl Guthe in the early 1920s (Guthe 1921, 1922) as part of investigating the last stronghold of the Itza Maya, which fell to the Spaniards in 1697 (Jones 1998; Means 1917).

## **Uaxactun**

The projects undertaken by the CIW during their pre-eminence in Maya research provided a training ground for many of the great Maya archaeologists, established the foundations of much of what we know about the Preclassic and Classic periods of lowland Maya prehistory, and supplied the necessary background data for later projects at these sites. The work at Uaxactun, from 1926 through 1937, involved the participation of such luminaries as Frans Blom, Oliver Ricketson, Edwin Shook, A. Ledyard Smith, George Vaillant, and Robert Wauchope. The project's accomplishments were lasting, and include methodological as well as substantive achievements.

Perhaps the most significant accomplishment of the Carnegie Uaxactun project was that it achieved its stated goal of developing a greater understanding of the Preclassic period. The site had been selected for major work on the basis of what was then thought to be the earliest dated stela in the lowlands, Stela 9, with an Initial Series date of 8.14.10.13.15 8 Men 8 Kayab' (April 9, 328).<sup>15</sup> Vaillant's test pits under Classic plaza floors yielded a series of earlier constructions that resulted in the division of Preclassic ceramics into two phases and a ceramic sequence (Smith 1955) that has stood as the benchmark for comparative studies through Petén for decades. Shook returned to Uaxactun in the 1970s for more excavations and reconstruction of the famous structure E-VII-sub in the Group E "observatory complex," first discovered during the CIW project (Ricketson and Ricketson 1937). For recent investigations of Maya E-Groups, see contributions in Freidel et al. 2017).

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Period" in American archaeology with over-riding concerns for dating and chronology-building (and little mention of the Carnegie's role).

<sup>15</sup> More recent research has shown that the earliest Long Count date is AD 292 on Tikal Stela 29.

## Chichen Itza

Morley's cherished hopes for having the CIW begin work at Chichen Itza in 1914 were dashed by infighting at the CIW but also by the political situation in Mexico—the Mexican Revolution. To his dismay, he was not able to get permission to begin his program until 1923. Once underway, however, the project lasted from 1924 through 1937, beginning with Earl Morris's work on the Temple of the Warriors and the Caracol (Morris 1931). This enormous undertaking, with its focus on major architectural and monumental excavations as well as restoration, tested Morley's managerial skills for the better part of two decades. Like the Uaxactun project, work at Chichen Itza involved the participation of many of the greatest lights of Maya field archaeology, including Ricketson, Blom, and Waughope, who had been at Uaxactun, and H.E.D. Pollock, Earl Morris, and Karl Ruppert. Eric Thompson participated during the 1926 field season before moving to other research in British Honduras/Belize.

As for achieving a clear understanding of the “New Empire” or Postclassic period, the excavations at Chichen Itza cannot be judged highly successful,<sup>16</sup> although a subsequent CIW project at the Late Postclassic site of Mayapan provided a fuller picture (Pollock et al. 1962; more recently Masson and Peraza 2014). The Carnegie venture was not initially undertaken within the context of assumptions concerning two major cultural divisions that guided later interpretations of Chichen: a Late Classic “Maya” period with ties to sites in the Puuc hills to the west, followed by a period of “Mexican” (Toltec) influence. Morley himself steadfastly underplayed the role of outside influence on the Maya. Questions concerning the chronology of Chichen Itza continue to plague archaeologists (e.g., Volta et al. 2018), partly because the CIW project failed to develop a reliable chronology of occupation and construction of the site, such as that achieved for Uaxactun (Smith 1955).

Nonetheless, the CIW work at Chichen Itza did result in delineation of a complex series of cultural developments at the site (see Tozzer 1957), forcing attention to the apparent intermingling of Maya and “foreign” (non-Mayan) elements. The CIW Chichen Itza project can also be lauded for its efforts to bring about interdisciplinary collaboration, involving natural science studies, ethnographic investigations (e.g., Roys 1933[1965], 1943[1972], 1957), and experimental studies of maize production. At the end of the twentieth century, Mexican archaeologists of the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia and others carried out continuing research and restoration at Chichen (e.g., Schmidt 2000; Taube et al. 2020).

The Chichen Itza project succeeded on another level close to Morley's heart: its reconstruction presented the modern world with an example of the grandeur of a major Pre-columbian metropolis. Throughout his career, Morley's professional focus was divided—one side strictly scientific, the other aimed at popularizing Maya civilization. He published articles in various magazines (*National Geographic* in particular) and his masterwork, *The Ancient Maya*, explained the Maya to a lay audience as much as to students and scholars. Morley viewed his work at Chichen Itza (see Preface) as a showcase for visitors to see the achievements of the Maya and, thereby, cultivate greater interest in the archaeology of Mesoamerica in general: public interest would provide fuel for additional decades of archaeological investigation. More than two

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<sup>16</sup> Chichen Itza is now considered to have flourished in the transition between the Late and Terminal Classic into the Early Postclassic.

million tourists visited Chichen Itza in 2019 (Statistics.com), but the experience is probably not what Morley had envisioned. Today, as they stroll along the ancient causeways connecting different parts of the site, visitors face a carnival-like horde of merchants hawking trinkets. In this regard, perhaps Morley and the CIW were a bit too successful.

### Copan and Quirigua

Although Morley had a long and personal association with the site of Copan, he never led a major excavation there. His epigraphic studies were carried out after the early Peabody Museum project in the 1890s and before the CIW-sponsored explorations under Gustav Stromsvik (1942) began in 1935. Justly famed for its beautiful architecture, distinctive sculptural style, and extended inscriptions such as those on the Hieroglyphic Stairway (Fash et al. 1992), Copan has seen more recent work by U.S. and Honduran archaeologists focused on excavation, reconstruction, and epigraphy (e.g., Bell et al. 2004; Fash 1991). As a result, many of the dates first recorded by Morley can now be set into dynastic histories recording the names of the site's rulers and their activities (for Copan, see Martin and Grube 2008: 190–213; for Quirigua, see Martin and Grube 2008: 215–225; Looper 2003).

The Carnegie Institution was not affiliated with research at Quirigua, but that site is where Morley began his active fieldwork in Maya archaeology. From 1910 to 1912 he was Hewett's assistant in the project sponsored by the School for American Archaeology and actively supported by the United Fruit Company. Victor Cutter, manager of the Guatemalan division, encouraged Hewett's project and provided support.

### Morley and Carnegie in Historical Perspective

Both Morley and the Carnegie Institution played prominent and pivotal roles in the early history of Maya archaeology and, with the advantage of hindsight, it is as easy to overstate their contributions as it is to exaggerate their shortcomings. As in any consideration of the significance of historical figures, it is important to remember the context of their work.

An early negative assessment of the role of the CIW appeared in 1940 in a collection of papers by distinguished anthropologists and archaeologists—including Morley—published as a festschrift for Tozzer, the Peabody Museum archaeologist and Morley's former professor. In this volume, the eminent Harvard anthropologist Clyde Kluckhohn (1940) delivered a stinging critique of the Carnegie's decades of research in the Maya area. Describing the scholars in this field as little more than "slightly reformed antiquarians," Kluckhohn (1940: 44) claimed that in their work they "ignore the categories 'methodology' and 'theory' almost entirely . . . . If they use the word 'theory' at all, they tend to use it as a pejorative synonym for speculation." He continued by elaborating the differences between 'historical' (fact-gathering) versus 'scientific' (developing and testing theories) interests in anthropological research, accusing the CIW researchers of "methodological and theoretical naivete" in focusing on the former, particularly with respect to "the Classic Maya collapse" (Kluckhohn 1940: 50):

. . . the light in which the members of the Carnegie staff view various specific questions reveals fairly consistent historical rather than scientific interests. Take,

for example, the problem of the end of the “Great Period” and possible evacuation of Petén and Usumacinta sites. The many references to this in the writings of this group indicate a desire to explain these phenomena in all their historical uniqueness rather than a wish to extract from the events whatever bears upon the recurring regularities of human behavior.

Kluckhohn’s comments had a ring of truth, for CIW archaeological projects were not designed primarily toward theory-testing but rather toward trying to flesh out the chronological framework of Maya history. His objections, while valid, were ahead of their time by a matter of two to three decades, for in fact very little archaeology carried out anywhere in the 1940s could be termed “scientific” in Kluckhohn’s sense. What is particularly prescient about his criticisms, however, is that he effectively set forth an early position paper for later major changes in Americanist archaeology that would be called “the new archaeology.”<sup>17</sup>

These criticisms aside, the CIW programs made many outstanding contributions to Maya archaeology, most of which remain definitive studies. Morley, the CIW, and Kidder together must be credited with developing a viable, well-organized plan for starting archaeological research “from scratch” in truly pioneering efforts to obtain basic data through excavation at Maya sites, while operating in a difficult political (frequent rebellions and uprisings) and logistical environment. To those of us accustomed to travelling by jet or over paved roads with 4-wheel drive vehicles, and instantaneous communications through email, texting, and internet services, reliance on telegrams and mules—the beasts craftily absconding at any opportunity—to get the work done is nigh inconceivable.<sup>18</sup>

Carnegie projects were well funded and backed by a commitment to long-term efforts. The Institution was also committed to making its work accessible, hence the emphasis on site preservation and reconstruction for public appreciation and, after the fieldwork was finished, thorough publication of the findings for scholarly dissemination. In addition, Carnegie officials were uninterested in amassing artifact collections and their excavations do not have the onus of “mining” sites for exhibition specimens that all too often tainted early archaeological explorations. At times the Carnegie efforts can be seen as visionary: Foreshadowing the recent advances in wide-scale surveying using LiDAR technology, in early October 1929 Ricketson and Kidder (1930) spent five days doing aerial reconnaissance over the eastern Yucatán Peninsula with Charles Lindbergh.<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>17</sup> This debate between archaeology as historical reconstruction (“particularism”) versus archaeology as an elucidation of cultural processes (“processualism”) was a part of “the new archaeology” of the 1960s and 1970s. Important early contributors to the contentious literature of this period include Lewis Binford (1962), Kent Flannery (1967), and Walter Taylor (1983).

<sup>18</sup> (Clearly an entrepreneurial “rent-a-mule” service, with dependable attendants, was needed.) Even through the 1970s in central Petén, “roads” for vehicles were simply muddy bulldozer cuts through the forest, erratic air travel involved DC-3s and dirt runways, electricity was dependent on noisy and temperamental generators, and spotty international telephone service required a visit to, and a long wait at, public facilities of the state-operated Guatel agency.

<sup>19</sup> Flights (in a Pan Am Sikorsky amphibious aircraft) departed from Belize City and overflowed the Tikal/Uaxactun/Yaxha area of Petén, the Chichen Itza/Merida area of Yucatan, the coastal

What comes across strongly in Morley's early diaries is the ostensibly close (but less than amiable) connections between early lowland Maya archaeology and Southwestern U.S. archaeology, with many of the pioneers in the former trained by practitioners of the latter. Indeed, the conflicts over the AIA fellowship that erupted between the "eastern establishment"—AIA, Peabody Museum/Harvard, Smithsonian Institution/BAE—and the fledgling archaeological societies gathering strength throughout the U.S. (see Chapter 1), metastasized into a long-lasting and deep(ly buried) schism between North American and Mesoamerican (especially Maya) archaeology. The powerful and politically connected oligarchs (Bowditch, Putnam, Woodward, Holmes) who helmed these and other organizations in Boston, New York, and Washington determined the future directions of the CIW and American archaeology in general. Employment opportunities for ambitious neophytes such as Morley lay in their sometimes callous-seeming hands.

The individual role of Sylvanus Morley and his ideas is more complex to assess. His unrelenting quest to bring home what he called the "epigraphic bacon" on his explorations through the lowland forests must be lauded for their daring and persistence, but—again in hindsight—can be criticized for their narrowness. In his fieldwork, Morley was interested in Maya calendar dates and dates almost exclusively, and unfortunately, some of his date readings were wrong (see, e.g., J. Graham 1972: 43). More recent coverage of the inscriptions is available in the volumes of Ian Graham's *Corpus of Maya Hieroglyphic Inscriptions*, published by the Peabody Museum. Indeed, with his focus on recording as many inscriptions as possible, in many ways Graham was the successor to Morley, at least in spirit.

Morley apparently started out his studies believing that, besides calendrical dates, the inscriptions contained historical information, but at some point he seems to have grown discouraged with the possibility of ever reconstructing a history of the Maya from their own writings. He adopted the position, favored by Thompson, that the texts were largely calendrical and astronomical records. Indeed, as many as fifteen glyphs laboriously carved in stone may be devoted to precisely situating an event in Maya time. But the bulk of the texts deal with other matters. Unfortunately, Morley's detailed drawings of inscriptions focus almost exclusively on those that he understood and could decipher: ones dealing with calendrics.

Morley and Thompson, who joined the CIW in 1936, shared many similar ideas about the Maya. Because they were the leading Mayanist scholars of the early-to-middle twentieth century, they—especially Thompson—exerted a powerful and perhaps even stifling influence that hindered acceptance of new ideas and interpretations. Both shared a highly romanticized view of the Maya, seeing them as peaceful and absorbed in little besides celestial contemplation and astronomical minutiae. They both felt that the figures depicted on stelae were gods or calendar priests, rather than historical individuals; that the society was a theocracy ruled by these priests rather than by secular rulers; that warfare was alien to these philosophers and astronomer-priests;

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Coba/Tulum/Cozumel region of Quintana Roo, and northern and southern Belize (Kidder and Ricketson 1930: Figure 1). Known sites were easily spotted in the "unbelievably dense" forests of the south, and the archaeologists gradually learned to distinguish other sites from natural hills by vegetation color and squarish plans or arrangements.

that the populace was fed by a simple system of swidden or slash-and-burn agriculture. They both thought that the inscriptions were ahistorical and that the writing was non-phonetic.<sup>20</sup> The two had differing views, however, about what has come to be known as the southern lowland “collapse” at the end of the Late Classic period: Morley thought the abandonment of Petén was a consequence of overuse of the tropical forest in agricultural pursuits, whereas Thompson was more inclined to attribute the decline to an uprising of the peasantry against the elites.

They also had different notions about the nature of Maya society and architectural centers, and this can account in part for Thompson’s beliefs concerning the collapse. The features of the Classic centers and the implications of their functions for Maya social structure were matters of debate in the early years of Maya archaeology. The early explorers, including Morley, called the centers “cities,” with the implication that they had large permanent resident populations exhibiting significant social class differentiation. In the late 1920s and early 1930s, however, Thompson (1966, 1970; see also Becker 1979) promoted two positions that opposed this view, and his ideas endured in both popular and scholarly conceptions of the Maya. One is that the society consisted of two classes, harsh priests and oppressed peasants; the other is a model of the sites as uninhabited religious centers, the people living in small agricultural settlements in the hinterland. The concept of “vacant ceremonial centers,” whose plazas and causeways felt the tread of human footsteps only on ritual occasions, was not supported by archaeological data. Nonetheless, it was so pervasive that in George Brainerd’s revision of *The Ancient Maya* (Morley and Brainerd 1956), he excised the word “city” from the volume. Today it is known that the Classic centers were occupied by thousands of people, representing various social positions, but with low residential densities (see Chase et al. 1990; Graham 1999; Isendahl and Smith 2013; Marcus 1983b; Sanders and Webster 1988).

Archaeological and related research in the Maya lowlands since the middle twentieth century has focused on many of the opinions and topics addressed by Morley and Thompson. These include settlement (e.g., Ashmore 1981), demographics (Culbert and Rice 1990; Webster 2018), the southern Classic collapse (Aimers 2007; Demarest et al. 2004; Ebert et al. 2017; Webster 2002), agricultural systems and practices (Harrison and Turner 1978; Puleston 1982), warfare (Brown and Stanton 2003), and especially epigraphy. Since the path-breaking studies of Heinrich Berlin (1958) and Tatiana Proskouriakoff (1960), it has been recognized that Maya inscriptions are historical. With those insights and dramatic steps in decipherment, it is now possible to read what the Maya said about themselves. We now know about their kings and their accomplishments, about their cities and their political fortunes, about gods, dynasties, wars, eclipses, myths, and rituals (Martin and Grube 2008; Martin 2020). These historical writings, like all historical writings, give us a biased view: “winner’s history” and illumination of only the elite tip of the societal

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<sup>20</sup> Now, however, Maya hieroglyphic writing is recognized as a mixed logo-syllabic system. That is, the “glyphs”—signs or graphemes—are primarily logographs (words) and syllabographs (syllables formed by a consonant and a vowel; primarily phonetic). Logographs are usually “main signs” and phonetic syllables typically appear as “affixes” left of (prefix), above (superfix), below (subfix), or right of (suffix) the main sign. The writing is in the Ch’olti’an subgroup of the Ch’olan family, sometimes referred to as a prestige language called Classical Ch’olti’ (Robertson 2010).

iceberg, although “household archaeology” (e.g., Wilk and Ashmore 1988) began to shed light on the lives of the bulk of the population. These decades of achievements have been built upon the pioneering advances of the intrepid Sylvanus Griswold Morley and the Carnegie Institution of Washington begun more than a century ago.

## CHAPTER 2

### COUNTING TIME THE MAYA WAY

Time was a source of fascination—some might even say “obsession”—for the Maya, as it was for Sylvanus Morley. Indeed, Maya mathematics and calendrics are among their most stunning achievements, and archaeologists continue to be impressed by the systems’ extraordinary complexity and precision. The Maya viewed time—the days and larger units—as animate beings, presided over or embodied by various supernaturals or patron deities having positive and negative aspects. They registered time’s passage through two main calendars in addition to other measurements recording movements of the moon, Venus, and other natural phenomena.

Maya (and greater Mesoamerican) counting and calendrical systems are similar to Western systems in some respects, and very different from them in others. To understand Morley’s work, it is necessary to understand Maya counting and calendars.<sup>21</sup>

#### Counting: Bar-and-Dot Numbers

The Maya were literate and numerate: that is, they developed a hieroglyphic script and they understood arithmetic; their astronomical calculations suggest advanced mathematical abilities as well, such as algebra and geometry. Their script is known from texts laboriously inscribed in stone and wood and incised or painted on pottery. The existing Postclassic codices indicate that much writing took place on perishable media, such as paper made from the bark of fig trees (*Ficus amate*) or even leaves of plants (Houston 2000: 148). Regrettably, these fragile texts survived neither millennia of tropical heat and humidity nor the thoroughness of Spanish conquistadors’ efforts to eradicate all traces of Maya idolatry, and only four are known today.

Maya numbering and counting systems were vigesimal, that is, based on 20 as opposed to today’s Western base-10 decimal system. It is commonly thought that vigesimal systems originated by counting the total number of fingers and toes in the human body. The Maya recorded counts by a system of dots for quantities one to four, and a bar for units of five. In keeping with the body-enactive viewpoint, the dots might have represented a fingertip spot and the bar a hand held flat. A count of nine consisted of a bar plus four dots; ten was two bars; thirteen was two bars plus three dots; and so on through nineteen. For larger numbers, usually multiples of 20, a vertical “positional notation” was used.

The Maya, like all Mesoamerican peoples, recorded time by counting days: *k'in* means both “day” and “sun” (and also a category of priests who may have been charged with tracking time).

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<sup>21</sup> For more on Maya time and calendrics, see Aveni 2010; Earle and Snow 1985; Justeson 2010; Rice 2007; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 99–120; Stuart 2011.

Like days in Western calendars—for example, Thursday the 5th—Maya days were given names and numbers. Days were bundled into larger units of various sizes, some resembling months, which were also named, as well as years, decades, and longer periods. All these units were thought to have animate patrons and bear a sacred burden—the burden of time, a part of the cosmos. Sometimes they were personified, depicted as human-like, bearing their burdens on a tumpline.

The Maya are often heralded as one of the few ancient civilizations to have employed the concept of zero (Blume 2011; Justeson 2010). In texts, zero is usually represented by an oval that may be a shell, a trefoil, or what is called a “head-variant” (personified) form.

## Two Main Calendars

Mesoamericans registered dates in two main calendars, one of 260 days and the other of 365 days, approximately a solar year. Any day was specified by its unique number and name (or month name) in both calendars simultaneously. Both calendars recorded the passage of time as cyclical. If, at first, the Maya system seems strange, we need only recall cycles of time in Western calendars: 7 repeating day names in a week, four times in a month, preceded by numerals 28 to 31; and 12 repeating month names in a year. Morley, in his 1915 book on hieroglyphics, created an often-republished diagram that illustrates the interaction between the two calendars as a set of gears, the cogs meshing to produce the specific day names (Figure 2.1).

The Mesoamerican 260-day “calendar” is better described as a ritual or sacred “almanac.” It is believed to have been invented earlier than the 365-day calendar. The Maya version, which scholars call the *tzolk'in*, or “order/count of days,” consists of a repetitive cycling of 20 day-names preceded by numbers from 1 to 13: for example, 1 Imix, 2 Ik', 3 Ak'bal, and so on to 13 Ben, using all 13 numbers. The next day is 1 Ix, then 2 Men, 3 Kib to 7 Ajaw, Ajaw being the twentieth or last day name. The cycle begins again with 8 Imix, 9 Ik', 10 Ak'bal, etc. Because 13 and 20 have no common denominator, the cycling proceeds until the same number and day name (1 Imix) recur:  $13 \times 20 = 260$  days. The day names are always depicted within a cartouche, and their senses or meanings are drawn from natural phenomena. They are widely shared in Mesoamerican calendars, often in the same order, and the total may reference the period of human gestation, a possibility supported by the practice of ceremonially naming children by the day of their birth.

The Maya 365-day calendar, the *ha'b* (or *ha'ab*, *ja'ab*), is a count of 360 days (a *tun* or “year”) plus five. It comprises 18 *winals* of 20 days with the same name (as are the days in Western months: June 1, June 2, etc.) prefixed by a number from 0 to 19 (sometimes 1 to 20). Because the *ha'b* was only an approximation of the solar year, and also the agricultural year, it gradually fell behind the annual seasonal changes of the solar year. Thus, a given “month,” say K'an'kin, might fall at the end of the dry season (time for planting) in one year but 200+ years later it occurs near the end of the rainy season.

In addition, ancient Mesoamerican daykeepers or calendar priests deemed it necessary to better approximate the solar year (today known to be 365.2422 days long) by adding an extra “month” of five days to the 360-day count. These days, known by the Maya as *wayeb'* (“unlucky days”), were a time of dread and foreboding. As Morley (1915b: 46) writes, “Persons born in this

unlucky period were held to be destined by this fact to wretchedness and poverty for life. These days were, moreover, prophetic in character; what occurred during them continued to happen ever afterward. Hence, quarreling was avoided during this period lest it should never cease." Franciscan missionary Diego de Landa (in Morley 1915b: 45–46) quotes a contemporary sixteenth-century source in describing the *wayeb'* days: "Some call them . . . the sorrowful and laborious days or part of the year, for they [the Maya] believed that in them occurred sudden deaths and pestilences, and that they were diseased by poisonous animals, or devoured by wild beasts . . . or some other kind of misfortune would happen to them."

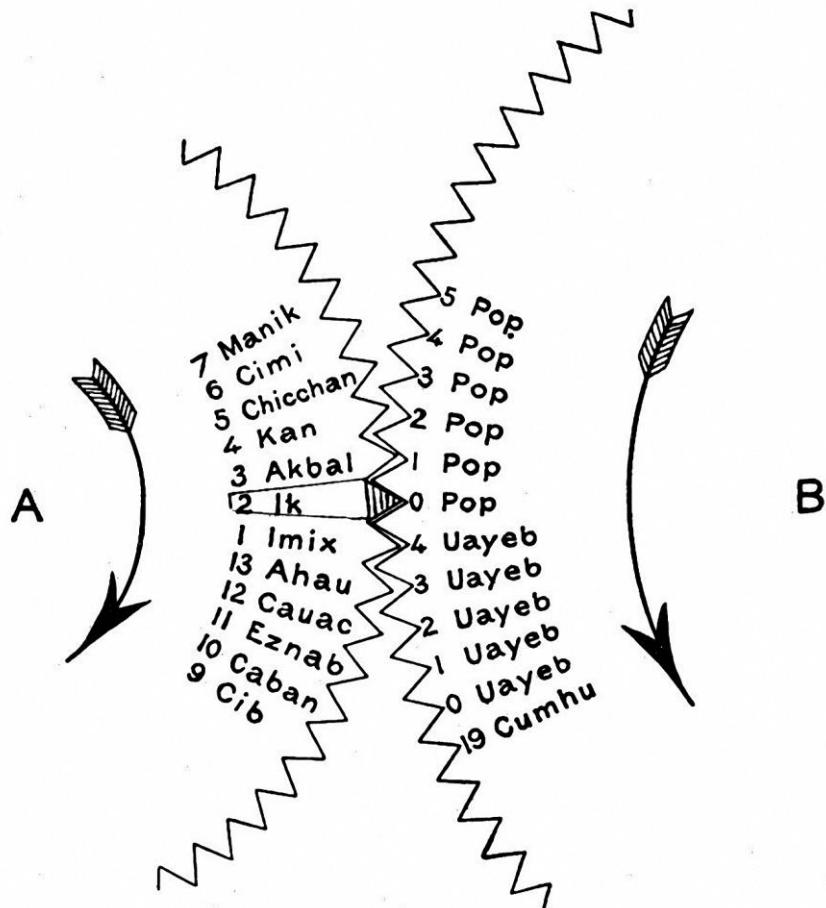


Figure 2.1. The interaction between the 260-day *tzolk'in* (A) and 365-day *ha'b* (B) calendars (Morley 1915b: Figure 21).

Combining the two calendars, *tzolk'in* and *ha'b*, created the Calendar Round. This is a period of 52 years or 18,980 days:  $260 \times 365 = 94,900$  days; divided by five (the least common denominator) gives 18,980 days. In other words, it takes 18,980 days, or approximately 52 years, for the same *tzolk'in* day name and number to occur with the same *ha'b* day name and number as that on which the cycle began. The Calendar Round was observed throughout Mesoamerica, particularly by the Aztecs/Mexica. They believed that the world would end at the end of a Calendar Round, and they celebrated sunrise the next morning with a new fire ceremony.

## The Long Count

The Maya (and also the Late Preclassic Olmecs along the Gulf coast) developed a singular system for recording time's passage, known as the Long Count. The Long Count records time as a linear, rather than cyclical, phenomenon: a count of elapsed days since an arbitrary starting date, fixed at August 11 or 14, 3114 BC in the Western or Gregorian calendar. The glyph for these periods may be an arbitrary symbol or the head of some real or imaginary creature. The numerical prefix represents the number of elapsed days in these units.

This is where the bundling of days and positional notation are important. From largest to smallest, the five common bundled counts are:

<i>bak'tun</i>	20 <i>k'atuns</i> , 400 <i>tuns</i> , or 144,000 days
<i>k'atun</i>	20 <i>tuns</i> , or 7,200 days (nearly 20 Gregorian years)
<i>tun</i>	18 <i>winals</i> , or 360 days (note departure from base-20)
<i>winal</i>	20 days or <i>k'ins</i>
<i>k'in</i>	one day

This order of the units is also the ordering—the vertical positional notation, read from top to bottom and left to right—of dates carved into stelae. The *bak'tun* is at the top, with the *k'atun* next, and so on. Dates are typically presented in two columns of glyph blocks, each block having two parts: the glyph for *bak'tun*, *k'atun*, and so on preceded by a bar-and-dot number coefficient. Less commonly (and more frequently in the Early Classic), the coefficient was not a bar and dot number but rather a “head variant” or personified form, in which profiled human- or animal-like heads represent the count. The units of time can also be represented by heads or as “full-figure” glyphs, emphasizing their animacy. The glyph following the number of *k'ins* in a Long Count date is the day name and number in the *tzolk'in*. This is followed by a series of other time-related glyphs sometimes called the Supplementary Series—two glyphs naming the Lords of the Night; five glyphs recording information on moon age and lunation<sup>22</sup>—and ending with the day number and month name in the 365-day calendar.

The bundling of days into discrete units facilitated counting of enormous numbers of them, and calculations of the dates of events in mythical history sometimes reached millions of days. For example, Tikal Stela 10 has a remarkable expanded Long Count recording over 5,000,000 years: 1 *k'inchiltun* (1,152,000,000 days), 11 *kalabtuns* (of 57,600,000 days), 19 *piktuns* (of 2,880,000), 9 *bak'tuns*, 3 *k'atuns*, 11 *tuns*, 2 *winals*, and 6 *k'ins*, a date deep in mythic history (see Figure 7.3). In Morley's time, these Long Count dates were commonly called “Initial Series,” being so named by Alfred Maudslay (today they are simply called “dates”). Consisting of a standard formula for presenting the beginning of the Long Count, they are typically preceded by an oversized

<sup>22</sup> It was Morley who first recognized this lunar association in his analysis of the full Supplementary Series (Morley 1915b: 152, 1916: 367). Before his discovery, it was thought to be a calendrical adjustment specific to the city in which the text appeared.

(spanning both columns) ornate glyph known as the Initial Series Introducing Glyph, or ISIG. A central element of the ISIG is the name glyph or head of the patron of the month in which the date of interest occurred.

It is in calendrics, especially the Long Count dating system, that the significance of zero becomes apparent. Zero as a month prefix indicates the ritual “seating” of the days of the month, much as a ruler is seated in office. In Long Count dates, zero preceding the glyph for a unit of time indicates that that unit is “full” or “completed,” with no “leftovers” in the count of its days. Thus, the concept of zero or null must have existed by the time of development of the Long Count.

Figure 2.2 shows the Initial Series inscription from Quirigua Stela E (Monument 5). The ISIG is in the position AB1, with the name of the patron for the month Kumk'u. The Long Count follows in positions A2 (9 *bak'tuns*), B2 (17 *k'atuns*), A3 (0 *tuns*), B3 (0 *winals*), and A4 (0 *k'ins*). Note the use of trefoils for the zero prefix of these units. The day name in the 260-day calendar (13 Ajaw) follows in A5. The *ha'b* day 18 Kumk'u of the 365-day calendar ends the inscription in position A8. Thus, Maya Long Count dates incorporate, albeit widely separated within their many glyphs, the two day-identifiers of the Calendar Round. Archaeologists express Long Count dates in a transposed, horizontally written, shorthand version of vertical positional notation: as 9.17.0.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 Kumk'u, for example. The counts of completed time bundles are expressed from left to right, instead of top to bottom.

In the Maya cyclical view of time, the completion of larger units—that is, reaching a full count of days in the unit—signified renewal: the endings of old cycles were simultaneously the beginnings of new cycles. New, numbered *bak'tuns* occur approximately every 400 Gregorian years, a “Great Cycle.” Classic period dates fall in the last half of *Bak'tun* 8 through the first third of *Bak'tun* 10. Twenty *k'atuns* of 20 years cycle through a *bak'tun* of 400 years: Quirigua Stela E, for example, celebrates the completion of 17 *k'atuns* in *Bak'tun* 9. *K'atun* cycles were particularly important: 13 *k'atuns* comprise approximately 256 Western years (often rounded to 260 in general discussions), each 20-year *k'atun* is named for its ending day and the same named *k'atun* cannot recur for 256 years. Period-endings—of full *k'atuns* and 10-year half *k'atuns* (*lajuntuns*; and sometimes 5-year quarter *k'atuns*, or *hotuns*) were significant anniversaries, much like the ends of years are significant today. In archaeological shorthand, these dates would be seen as, for example, 9.17.10.0.0 or 9.17.5.0.0. Such period-endings were frequently celebrated by the erection of carved, dated stelae and other rituals, increasingly so in the Late Classic period.

The Long Count ceased to be inscribed on stelae, and to be used in general, around the end of the ninth century. The many glyphs of the Long Count were first reduced to simply the number of the *k'atun* plus the ending date in both the 260-day and 365-day Maya calendars of the Calendar Round. Later, the inscription was abbreviated still further to the “Short Count.” By this system, a date was recorded only by the ending day (in the *tzolk'in*) of the 20-year *k'atun* in which the event(s) occurred, as, for example, K'atun 8 Ajaw. *K'atun* cycling and short-count dating was the chief instrument for recording time through the Postclassic into the Colonial periods.

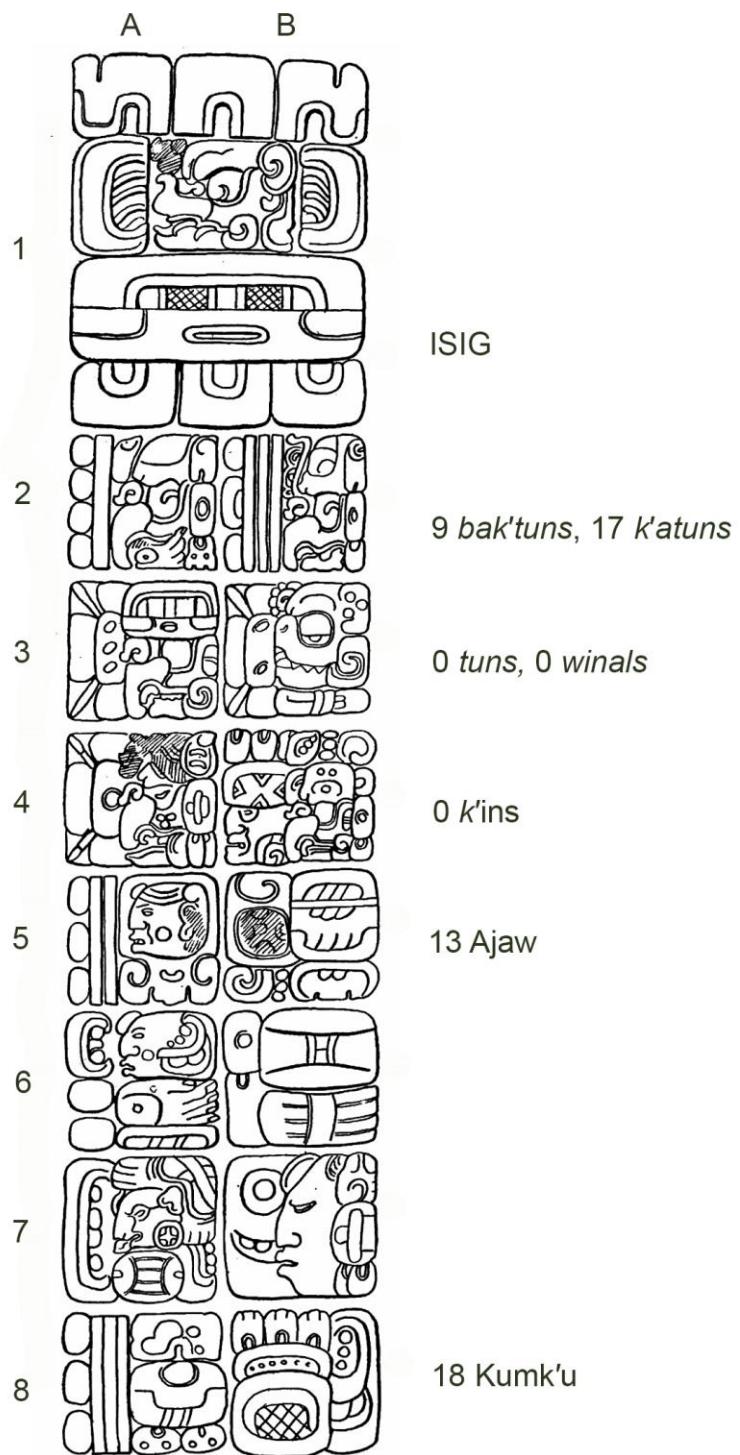


Figure 2.2. A Maya Initial Series Long Count date from the east side of Quirigua Stela E (Monument 5).

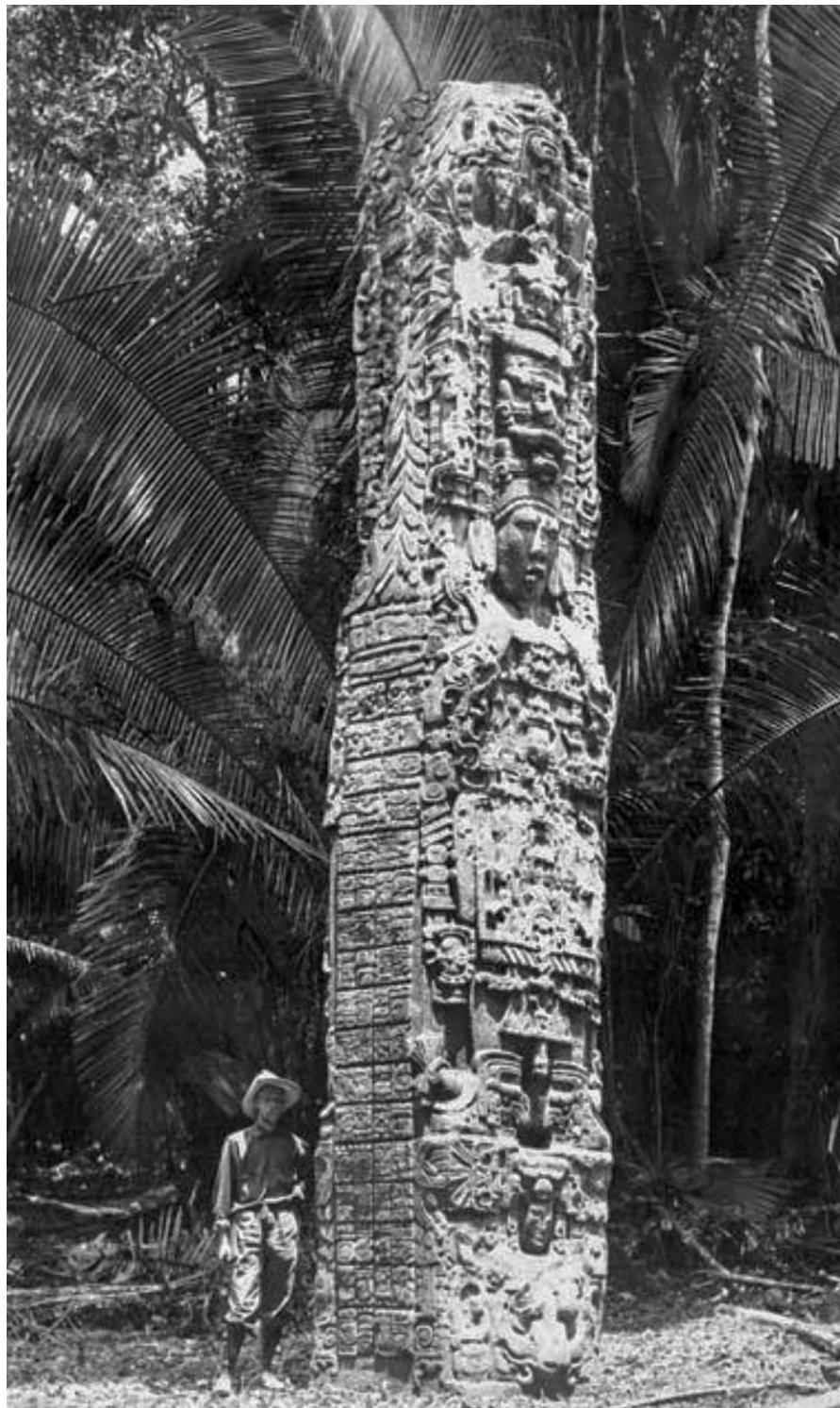


Figure 2.3. Morley standing beside Quirigua Stela F, carved of sandstone. Note Initial Series inscription on the side.

## The Calendar Correlation Problem

A significant problem for early Mayanists was that of correlating the calendars, linear and cyclical, with the modern Western (Gregorian, Christian) calendrical instrument (for overviews, see Chase 1986; Makemson 1946; Stuart 2011: 186–192). Scholars—especially Morley—were obsessed with establishing a chronology of Maya civilization: How old was it? When did it flourish? When did it decline? From his first years in the field, Morley spent much of his time working out the dates on the Maya monuments specifically to investigate these “when” questions.

The search for answers began with study of Colonial-era writings, which registered certain recent events of known date, such as the arrival of the Spanish conquerors or the founding of Mérida in Yucatán. Spanish clergy and others asked the Maya to name the days of various event in their calendars. For example, in the sixteenth century, Bishop Diego de Landa recorded the Maya *k'atun* days of events occurring on known Christian dates in his *Relación de las Cosas de Yucatán* (ca. 1566; Tozzer 1941). In principle, this should permit back-calculation to days in the Classic period. At the end of the nineteenth century, two correlations between the Maya and Christian calendars were propounded, both based on the three books of the Chilam Balam that incorporate dated material.<sup>23</sup>

One correlation was proposed by Charles Bowditch (1910), another by Eduard Seler. Both counted *k'atuns* backward from the fixed date in 1593 mentioned in the Chilam Balam texts, and correlated them with Maya dating. But no simple Rosetta Stone this: the Maya dates given in the Chilam Balams are not the full Initial Series dates of the Classic period. Rather, they are expressed in the “Short Count” system, specifying only the named 20-year *k'atun* in which an event occurs. And because the same Calendar Round day repeats every 256 years, the actual year the event occurred remained unclear. With Classic monuments, it is possible to look at an Initial Series date and figure out the number of years the monument predated 1593, plus or minus multiples of ~260 years. In Postclassic and Colonial writings, the problem was to determine which specific 20-year *k'atun* mentioned in the Chilam Balam books corresponds to 1593. Did a particular K'atun 8 Ajaw refer to the one at 10.10.0.0, or 11.3..0.0.0, or 11.16.0.0.0, and so on? And was it the beginning or ending date of the *k'atun*?

Morley was strongly dissatisfied with both the Bowditch and Seler correlations. For example, the Bowditch correlation was based on the Cycle or Bak'tun 10 Initial Series inscription found by Thompson on a lintel at Chichen Itza: 10.2.0.0.0 3 Ajaw 3 Keh. His calculation put the lintel 170 years before the generally accepted date for the founding of the city known from later writings, and placed the date of Stela 9 at Copan (9.6.10.0.0 8 Ajaw 13 Pax) at AD 34; the Seler correlation dated the same monument to 1255 BC. Morley was not even thoroughly convinced by the solution proposed by his friend Joe Spinden. Spinden advocated a particular correlation (known as “12.9”)

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<sup>23</sup> Sixteen Chilam Balam books exist, each named for the Yucatan town where it was found. These “prophetic histories” are late sixteenth-century compilations of earlier prophecies, plus medical and other data, including many historical events that occurred during colonial times.

of the Maya and Gregorian calendars that yielded dates 160 years earlier than others. This variant was not widely accepted, however (Stuart 2011: 190). Morley discounted the Seler date as preposterous and questioned the Bowditch formula, so he set to work and proposed his own correlation (Morley 1910), which tied the IS date at Chichen Itza to AD 599.<sup>24</sup>

The correlation most widely accepted today is known as the Goodman-Martínez-Thompson or GMT correlation (see Bricker and Bricker 2011). Its authors were Joseph T. Goodman (1905), Juan Martínez Hernández (1926), and J. Eric S. Thompson (1927, 1935). Goodman owned and edited a Nevada newspaper, but had many interests in Maya writing and calendrics; he identified the “head variant” glyphs for Maya numbers, for example (Sharer and Traxler 2006: 136). His efforts at correlation began with a comparison of the “Archaic” (Early Classic) calendar with the history of the Xiws (see Stuart 2011: 187–188), a powerful Maya lineage group in colonial Yucatán that was in conflict with the Itza lineages. Goodman’s conclusions form the basis of the GMT, a correlation modified by the Yucatecan Mayanist Juan Martínez Hernández (1926). Martínez was the inspector of archaeological monuments from 1913 to 1915, and a friend of Morley’s (see Thompson 1960a).

Archaeologists adopted a procedure used by astronomers to record celestial events, which was to assign Maya dates a “Julian day number.” Julian day numbers refer to a count of elapsed days since the beginning of the “Julian Period,” or since January 1, 4713 BC. Even this system has its difficulties in determining correlations precisely to the day, and two “correlation constants” are commonly used. These express the Maya base date as either 584,283 Julian days or 584,285 Julian days after January 1, 4713, and both have their partisans. (There is also some support for a 584,286 constant; Martin and Skidmore 2012). The result is that the GMT is not a single correlation, but rather a family of correlations. The three constants differ by only two to three days, as easily seen by looking at the last digit. This means that the Maya base date of 13.0.0.0.0 (or 0.0.0.0.0) 4 Ajaw 8 Kumk'u is either August 11, 13, or 14 of 3114 BC. In the early 1950s, two wooden lintels from Tikal were dated by the new radiocarbon method, and both supported the Spinden correlation (Taylor 2000: 8). Later dating of ten beams from Tikal supported the GMT, with an error factor of  $\pm$  34 years (Thompson 1966: 40).

Morley still adhered to his own correlation in his 1920 publication *The Inscriptions at Copan*. He felt that the matter of a final correlation was still unresolved by the time of his 1937–38 *The Inscriptions of Peten*, although he had by then abandoned his own formula. In Appendix 14 of his massive volume, he provides two possible dates for each monument listed—the Spinden correlation and the now widely accepted GMT. His own was nowhere to be found.

Here, we give the GMT date equivalents correcting Morley’s original estimates, using the 584,283 constant, as published in the most recent (sixth) edition of *The Ancient Maya* (Sharer and Traxler 2006: Appendix A.1).

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<sup>24</sup> The GMT year is AD 869 for this Chichen Itza date.

## CHAPTER 3

### COMMENTS ON THE MORLEY DIARIES

Sylvanus Morley's professional interests centered on the arcane calendrical information that preoccupied the lowland Maya, and the dates and numbers he sought during his arduous treks through the tropical forests fill the pages of his early diaries. Yet the diaries contain much more than that, for they record historical events and observations, and personal reactions to people, situations, and happenings that reveal a warm, sociable individual. Over time, Morley's journals moved from terse outlines of times and events (limited by writing in journals with small, dated pages), and became increasingly long and detailed (in unlabeled notebooks)—except for the lack of information on his “mission” during the World War I years (see Harris and Sadler 2009). They provide a great deal of what would now be called “color commentary” surrounding his professional pursuits.

Perhaps the most notable characteristic of Morley's writing is his sense of humor, his dry wit apparent in choice of words and sense of timing in recording amusing incidents. Many of these incidents are those in which his frustration or discomfort is at the forefront; chief among these circumstances are references to detested activities such as sailing, sleeping in hammocks, and riding mules. One gets the feeling, though, that even while he was upset about events he was able to maintain a balance and perspective that, if only in the retelling in his journal, allowed him to recognize the incongruities contingent upon pursuing his chosen life's work. For example, on reaching a ranch near Piedras Negras on May 9, 1914, he counted “fifteen men, twenty-seven mules, and seventy-two cows,” commenting that “I felt we were among friends.”

For the times that went well and for the things that interested him, Morley had a childlike, bubbling enthusiasm. He enjoyed buying clothes and going to the “picture show” and, being a sociable sort, he particularly loved surrounding himself with friends, telling stories, playing bridge (“auction”), attending parties, and dancing—all of which are discussed in detail in his diaries. Quite preoccupied with his stomach, he makes particular note of meals and food items, such as chutney or pomegranates, he enjoyed, commenting on the quality of virtually every meal eaten in the field (and at home) and his frequent attacks of “biliaryness.”

Morley had an extraordinary tenacity and determination to pursue what was important to him. This is particularly evident in the early diaries, first when he was tormented about obtaining a Carnegie Institution appointment and later when his plans for work in Mexico were threatened by civil war. The program he developed for a project at Chichen Itza was audacious and creative and he faced considerable obstacles in getting it approved, yet he persisted. His later decision to record all the Maya hieroglyphic inscriptions and dates, while ambitious and original, was actually simply a stopgap: a desperate effort to avoid losing the coveted Carnegie post after it was clear that his original project could not be carried out in the foreseeable future.

In those early days, Morley might have felt at a bit of a disadvantage, being young and lacking a PhD degree. Yet no potential rivals—the only possible one being Alfred Tozzer, and later Kidder—had come up with any scheme for long-term research, much less one so broad and with such potential impact as Morley’s. It is unclear how he felt about the role of a doctoral degree in his academic training, for this is not mentioned in the diaries. Certainly, at the time of his work a PhD was not the essential credential it is for most archaeologists today, and many of the earliest Maya archaeologists had only a master’s degree. Only a few institutions offered a doctorate in anthropology at the time and tuition was expensive. What these archaeologists lacked in advanced education was more than compensated by vast amounts of practical field experience and personal familiarity with sites and monuments and local personnel. And because they were pioneers, training largely consisted of studying each other’s works, including, importantly, simply how to get to the sites. Travel to Maya ruins in those early days of exploration was a punishing ordeal in the absence of paved roads, signage, and airplanes. (Viewed from another perspective, however, fewer known sites meant less travel to visit them.)

One interesting twist, given Morley’s focus on Maya dating and calendrics, is that he also seemed to have a fixation with time and numbers and mini-anniversaries in his personal life. For example, at Pennsylvania Military College he was cadet 124, a number that ever after held special significance for him. In his journals, whenever the number 124 came to his attention, such as a page number (e.g., the journal page for Monday, May 4, 1914), he circled it with the notation “my number at PMC.” He was also careful to note what he was doing on the same date a month or a year or more ago, for example being in Merida (Yucatán) for celebrations. For years, he noted in his diary the anniversary of May 17, the horrific day in 1916 when his expedition was ambushed by Guatemalan troops, resulting in the death of Moise Lafleur, the expedition physician (see Chapters 18, 22). The hour at which he went to lunch or dinner, and the hour at which he retired, were dutifully recorded. Curiously he rarely mentioned the times he awoke, but the delays in starting out—usually because of AWOL mules—were regularly and irascibly noted. Many diary entries were written the next morning to record the previous day’s events. In a few instances, he left pages blank to fill in later (but never did).

Morley clearly anticipated the needs of future Maya archaeologists in his journals, for he wrote on Sunday, March 8, 2014, “For the benefit of future travelers—perhaps myself again, who knows—I am going to keep track of the various stops or huts in the forest.” He also carefully recorded times and distances in his peregrinations. Indeed, in *The Inscriptions of Peten* (Morley 1937–38), before discussing each site, he wrote extensive descriptions of his exact route along the *chicleros’* trails: each stop along the way, the time and distance between stops, locations of *aguadas* and *champas*, which rivers were crossed, occasionally characteristics of the forest, hills, and so on. The inclusion of this material, clearly taken directly from his diaries, was a valuable contribution, because in the early twentieth century the only way to find a specific site was to follow such detailed directions.

In his last years, Morley was the director of the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe. During this time, a meticulous typed transcript of his entire original field-journal output was finalized. We can only speculate as to whether the typescript was produced for eventual publication (for example, in the autobiography CIW wished him to write) or simply to provide a more usable

copy for future research, but Morley must have considered it an important endeavor given the hundreds of hours (and multiple typists) required by the project.

After Morley's death, the typed version of the diary was held at the Museum of New Mexico on loan from Morley's wife, Frances. Upon her death in 1955, Frances' will instructed that it be delivered to Alfred Kidder for deposit at the American Philosophical Society, which Morley had joined in 1943. At the time, Kidder was unaware of the location of the original diaries, and even as late as 1959 he speculated that they may have been destroyed or lost (Kidder 1959). He did not know that the original, handwritten journals had been donated to the Peabody Museum at Harvard. Accordingly, two unpublished versions of Morley's diaries currently exist. For the preparation of this volume, 1914–1916, we obtained both versions. Our initial transcription was from his original, hand-written notebooks—a difficult task indeed: his handwriting is often as difficult to read (Figure P.2) as the weather-worn hieroglyphs he was transcribing in the jungle. However, we soon discovered that the typed version is extremely accurate. The one difference between the two is that the original has occasional hand-drawn illustrations; the typed script leaves space for these. Morley himself made abundant hand corrections in the typescript, some of which are dated and initialed, indicating that he was working on a typed version as early as 1935. We feel that the massive effort involved in typing and editing thousands of pages of diary—as well as the details of times and distances—indicate that Morley must have intended them for some form of publication to aid future explorers, to entertain an interested public, or both.

An attempt to publish the diaries was made in the 1960s by Robert and Florence Lister (1970), anthropologists at the University of New Mexico. They used the APS typescript version and published selections from five years (1916, 1918, 1920, 1921, and 1932). Their extracts are clear and concise, but they appear to have given the journals a substantial edit, eliminating many passages for the sake of space. Robert L. Brunhouse (1971), in his biography of Morley, also made extensive use of the diaries to reconstruct Morley's life on a day-by-day basis.

It should be understood, however, that Morley's daily records were not necessarily penned with a reader (or publication) in mind. We have deleted nothing from his original writings, even though some comments about people and events would surely have been excised if Morley himself had been in charge of publication. Thus, we have left what are clearly racist or colonialist remarks in the text—for example, reference to a “darkey” and “coon town”; Belizean workers are “boys” and Maya are “Indians”—although as editors we distance ourselves from them. His repeated sexist remarks about the attractiveness of women he meets are annoying—particularly young women but also old: he refers to two elderly sisters as “smoked herrings.” Similarly, we condemn his and Spinden's breaking of a stone from the Hieroglyphic Stairway at Yaxchilan—not to mention the damage they caused to some lintels (e.g., at Naranjo; March 11, 1914)—to remove it for transport to the United States. These comments and incidents reveal Morley's attitude toward the world, the context in which he wrote, and thus his fundamental approach to anthropology. For better or worse, Morley was a man of his times.

Nonetheless, we remained mindful that our goal was to publish his *archaeological field* journals, and therefore we took a more flexible approach to deletion when dealing with passages about his dentist's painful treatments, results of on-going bridge (“auction”) games, and the like. These deletions were broad, covering weeks of time, rather than parts of days.

## PART II. THE 1914 DIARY

### CHAPTER 4

#### INTRODUCTION: MORLEY'S 1914 DIARY

The signal achievement of 1914 for Sylvanus Morley was his appointment as a research associate at the Carnegie Institution of Washington (CIW), by its president Dr. Robert S. Woodward (Figure 4.1).

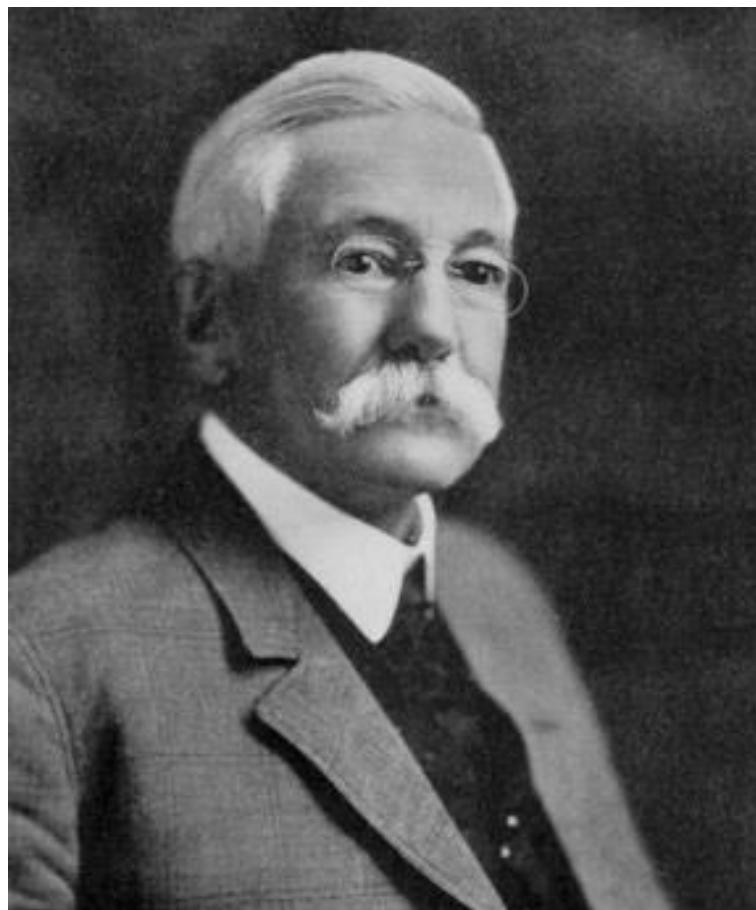


Figure 4.1. Robert S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Morley's appointment was preceded by deep anxieties that permeate his early 1914 diary entries. These worries related to a decade of behind-the-scenes political infighting and machinations, of which he could only catch unsettling glimpses through sporadic letters and telegrams. As discussed in Chapter 1, the AIA, Peabody Museum, CIW, and BAE/Smithsonian Institution were embroiled in disputes about the next AIA Central American Fellow and planning for future research in this new area. This was the fraught situation in the CIW, embodied in the person of Edgar Hewett, in which Morley found himself and his ambitious Chichen Itza plan. He had established a personal friendship with Hewett and his wife in Santa Fe, and participated in Hewett's field school. But Morley soon learned to distrust him.

For Morley, the months following submission of his plan to the CIW were agonizing, as seen in his diary. His restrained but nonetheless happy entry for January 16, 1914, reads in part: "Rarely, I think, are the aims so clearly defined in life as mine have been. Ever since visiting Chichen Itza seven years ago this year, it has been my fondest wish to someday excavate the city. And now the action of the executive committee makes this mission of mine possible." But besides Woodward's opposition to the plan and his sluggishness in calling the executive committee to action on the three proposals, Morley had to contend with other factors working against him. One was his youth relative to the other candidates; another was a lack of support from the perfidious Hewett, who failed to give him a letter of recommendation and who may have been jealous of Morley's impending success (or aware of his own *persona non grata* status with Charles Bowditch and the Northeast scholarly power structure). Third, even after the CIW executive committee voted in mid-December in favor of Morley's scheme (with Parsons and Walcott supporting it; Woodward favoring Rivers'), Morley could not be assured that they would actually recommend him to direct it. An executive committee member, probably Parsons, consulted with Bowditch and Putnam at the Peabody Museum and, sure enough, they recommended Alfred Tozzer—not Morley—as the man to carry it out. Again, Morley's association with Hewett may have played a role in their favoring a member of the Eastern establishment for the post.

Yet another threat to Morley's plans for archaeological research, not only in Yucatán but also in Petén, was the Mexican Revolution (see <https://www.loc.gov/rr/hispanic/mexico/timeline.html>). Lasting from 1910 to 1920, the Mexican Revolution (civil war) began in dissatisfaction with and opposition to the long dictatorship of general and president José de la Cruz Porfirio Díaz Mori, who ruled from 1877–1880 and 1884–1911, a period known as "the Porfiriato." Upon Porfirio Diaz's ouster, Francisco Madero became the thirty-third Mexican president. One of Madero's military officers, Victoriano Huerta, joined rebel forces against Madero and assassinated him in Mexico City in 1913, becoming Mexico's next dictator. This sparked the revolution, which spread, over the years, to multiple social sectors and geopolitical areas of the country.

U.S. President Woodrow Wilson's policy toward Huerta left no doubt as to which side the United States supported. Rather than limit his opposition to non-recognition, Wilson took advantage of a seemingly minor incident to send troops to the principal port city of Veracruz on the Gulf of Mexico. A landing party from the American naval ship *Dolphin* stationed off Veracruz had come ashore at Tampico (another port town north of Veracruz) to acquire some badly needed gasoline, but they wandered into a restricted area and were arrested. The party was soon released

with an apology from the Mexican government, but the commander of the American fleet off Mexico, was not satisfied. Meanwhile, in Veracruz a German ship was about to land a shipment of arms for the Huerta government. This, together with the supposed insult at Tampico, gave President Wilson a pretext to invade Veracruz in April 1914 and occupy it for seven months. Because the Mexican Customs House was located in the port, Wilson's invasion removed from Huerta's government its only sure source of income. Huerta resigned in July and died in U.S. custody in Texas.

For Morley, with all these circumstances working against him, we see in the 1914 diary that he—age thirty at the time—was deeply discouraged by the lack of support from virtually all his old associates, save Frederick W. Hodge. Finally, however, he was notified of his success in securing the Carnegie position; significantly, the notification came through Hodge, not from CIW officials. An eagerly awaited letter from President Woodward was not sent to him until six months later.

When Morley finally embarked on his 1914 trip to Petén, the situation in Mexico had deteriorated to such a point that it was clear the original CIW plan was unworkable. His belated letter from Woodward gave him the charge of working on a bibliography of Central American antiquities until such time as the Mexican situation improved. In a subsequent meeting in Washington with Woodward, Morley argued persuasively in favor of his ideas for making a comprehensive compilation of Maya inscriptions. Woodward ultimately agreed to support this plan, doubtless appeased because it did not involve artifact collecting.

The 1914 expedition began in mid-February (Chapter 5) when Morley caught the United Fruit Company steamship from New Orleans to Belize—Belize City, the coastal capital of the British colonial territory then known as British Honduras. The diary entries for early January were made in Santa Fe and mention numerous friends and acquaintances, some of them archaeologists preparing to depart for Belize; many were such influential figures that their biographies can be found on the internet today. More significantly, his journals also relate the political machinations of the CIW situation and the eastern establishment—a “good ol’ boy” network if there ever was one (Hinsley 1986; cf. Brownman 2013).

In Belize, Morley joined up with Joe Spinden and the two took off for Naranjo, Seibal, and Altar de Sacrificios (Chapter 6). Naranjo, in eastern Petén, is a large city discovered by Maler in 1905, and was visited by Morley shortly thereafter. His study of readable dates on 20 of Maler’s 32 stelae at the site indicated an occupation in three periods (Morley 1909). Subsequent archaeological and epigraphic research at the site confirmed the three periods—Early Classic, Late Classic, and early Terminal Classic—revealing that they were separated by episodes of defeat in war by powerful neighbors Tikal, Calakmul (Campeche), and/or Caracol (Belize) (Martin and Grube 2008: 70–83). The Hieroglyphic Stairway of Structure XVI, on the back side of the western pyramid of Naranjo’s E-Group, celebrated the period ending in AD 642 and tells the story of defeat at the hands of Calakmul, but the stones may originally have been set at Caracol.

Morley and Spinden next headed through the savannas southwest of Flores and then by canoe up the Río de la Pasión to Seibal/Ceibal and Altar de Sacrificios in western Petén. Both sites were later investigated by the Peabody Museum, Altar in 1958–1963 and Ceibal in 1963–1969, under the direction of Gordon Willey. Both sites yielded ceramic and other evidence of early occupation beginning in the Middle Preclassic period and ending in the Terminal Classic. Both

were involved in regional political intrigues and conflict, and their iconographic programs suggest incursions of “foreigners” (Graham 1972, 1990; Schele and Mathews 1998: 175–196; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 407, 520). Morley and Spinden had intended to visit Piedras Negras on the Mexican side of the Usumacinta, but were discouraged by the reported presence of Mexican rebels downriver.

In April and May Morley and Spinden undertook expeditions to Tikal and Ixkun, and then down the Río Usumacinta to Piedras Negras and Yaxchilan (Chapter 7). Tikal, a large and beautiful site in central Petén, needs no further introduction. It is a popular tourist attraction, heavily restored since the University of Pennsylvania excavations in the 1960s and subsequent Guatemalan work, and its architecture, inscriptions, and history have been widely published (see the Penn Museum *Tikal Reports* series, e.g., Coe 1990; also Harrison 1999; Martin and Grube 2008: 25–53; Sabloff 2003). Ixkun is a small site in southeastern Petén, earlier visited by Alfred Maudslay, and Morley found only two stelae to study. This area is still poorly known, although recent epigraphic suggest political machinations between Ixkun and Sacul, both subordinate sites within Ucanal’s orbit (Carter 2016).

After receiving word that the political situation was safe and stable along the Río Usumacinta, Morley and Spinden set off on their second trip downriver to visit Yaxchilan and Piedras Negras. These rivals were the two most powerful centers in a region that included a hierarchy of sites, such as Bonampak, Lacanha, and El Cayo among others, many of which had defensive features (see Golden et al. 2008). The ruins of Yaxchilan, occupying what is nearly an island encircled by a great horseshoe bend in the river, sprawl along the left bank. It is better known for its beautiful carved lintels (59 are known) than its stelae, but it also has five hieroglyphic stairways. Most were erected by the Late Classic ruler known as Bird Jaguar IV, AD 752–768 (Martin and Grube 2008: 128–132). Stela 6, the date of which Morley transcribed, was erected by Bird Jaguar IV as a tribute to his grandfather, Bird Jaguar III. Part of the text had been obliterated: its “front face had been entirely erased and re-carved,” part of a reworking of the site’s historical record to glorify Bird Jaguar III and the legacy of Bird Jaguar IV (Martin and Grube 2008: 122, 128–129).

Piedras Negras, probably originally called Yo’kib’, lies 25 km downstream from Yaxchilan, on the right bank—Guatemalan side—of the river in the Sierra del Lacandon National Park. Visited by Maler (1901) in the late nineteenth century, the site is best known from Tatiana Proskourikoff’s (1960) study of its stelae. She famously discerned that the images and texts—including identification of glyphs for “birth” and “accession”—inscribed on Maya monuments referenced real historical events and named personages, primarily kings and queens, rather than priests or gods. Excavated in the 1930s by the University of Pennsylvania, Piedras Negras saw little subsequent work until the early 2000s (Chinchilla and Houston 1993; Clancy 2009; Golden et al. 2008; O’Neil 2012; Stuart 2005). In the interim, the site was heavily looted in the 1960s, with stelae sawed into pieces, carried into Mexico, and then sold (Yates n.d.).

Morley spent June in traveling to various smaller sites in Petén and resting in Belize before a trip to Quirigua in the south. He hoped to visit Copan on this trip but instead returned to the United States in early July. Most of the July portion of the 1914 diary was entered in Pennsylvania, where Morley was visiting family before returning to Santa Fe.

## CHAPTER 5

### 1914: STATESIDE PREPARATIONS AND TRAVEL TO BELIZE

#### Thursday, January 1

I was at the De Vargas Hotel for their celebration—danced the New Year in under the effulgence of an artificial full moon. I was home [see Chapter 1] at 5 a.m., up again at eight, and down at the museum [of New Mexico] by nine where I listened to old Judge McFie spin the “true story” of the Judge Fountain murder,<sup>25</sup> now these twenty years gone by. We also talked of our junior senator’s connections with the same. I wrote a letter to [Frederick W.] Hodge setting forth certain points which should be borne in mind in setting up the forms for my *Introduction [to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs, 1915b]* and I might add that I celebrated the going out of the old year by expressing [mailing] to him the manuscript<sup>26</sup> and plates for the *Introduction*, thus bringing to a close the writing of a book started just two and a half years ago, on August 4, 1911.

I came down to write a more personal letter to Hodge but fell in with the pleasant company of Kenneth [Chapman; see Chapman and Barrie 2008] and Carlos Vierra and thus whiled the afternoon away. The Laughlin wedding and reception was very pretty and Grandma Jones<sup>27</sup> went with us. Afterward we went to the Santa Fe Club and wound up nine strong—John and Rich [Ritchie], May Spitz, Espe, Pollock, the MacGillivrays, Celice, and J.G.M.—at a spread at the Majestic. We were home at 1 a.m.

#### Friday, January 2

A letter from Hodge says there is nothing new to report. It seems as though this suspense will never be over. Two weeks from yesterday the Executive Committee of the Carnegie Institution will meet, and by two weeks from today I should know their verdict<sup>28</sup> through telegram from Hodge. Well, that is one of the things that the future holds unrevealed.

I was greatly surprised to have a phone call from Alice right after lunch to the effect that Cousin Herbert and his wife were here—I went right up to the De Vargas and got them. We went automobiling all afternoon (Figure 5.1) and had them up for supper in the evening. About 7:00 the Rio Grande train came in and a little later Griswold and my new cousin phoned up from the De Vargas. They were too tired to come up, however, and Cousin Elizabeth was all in, having

<sup>25</sup> Fountain, a member of the New Mexico House of Representatives, prosecuted cattle rustlers. In early 1896 he and his son were ambushed near White Sands, their bodies never found.

<sup>26</sup> The manuscript was submitted to the BAE, Smithsonian Institution, in longhand and in pencil.

<sup>27</sup> We have been unable to determine the identity of this frequently mentioned person.

<sup>28</sup> Verdict on Morley’s proposal to the Carnegie Institution for long-term work at Chichen Itza.

retired at the hour of 4 a.m. They all left at once. Alice made True a mattress and coverings for her doll's bed, and we both turned in early—for a change.



Figure 5.1. Morley automobiling with Alice, Aunt Virginia, and True, around 1914.

### Saturday, January 3

I spent the greater part of the day entertaining my cousins. I went up to the hotel for them about 9:30 and took them down to the museum, which I showed them from east to west. We spent some time out in Carlos Vierra's studio and I also took them down to see the relief map. Afterward we came up to the house and had lunch about 12:30. Cousin Herbert and I got together on genealogical matters and had a pleasant *junta* [meeting]. We both feel that our studies have reached a point where our notes need to be re-compared and digested, and an outline of the family started. We saw Cousin Herbert and Cousin Elizabeth off on the 3:30 train for Albuquerque. Griswold and Drusilla were up for supper, and afterward we four went to the picture show. As usual I slumbered—but was soon awakened by Helen Van Ness who said, "See who is here." It was Jesse Nusbaum. It certainly seemed good to see him again. We came home and went to bed early but I was nervous and did not go to sleep at once.

### Sunday, January 4

I came down to the museum about 10:00 and had a long confab with Jesse about the Carnegie Institution work. He showed me a letter from Hodge, saying that he thought there was no need for hurry and that it was only a case of wait and everything would turn out all right. Jesse himself says the same. I read him Hodge's letter [to me] and his opinion of it coincided with mine, i.e., fishing. In the afternoon I walked down to the plaza with Alice and True, picking up Griswold

and Drusilla at the De Vargas. We said goodbye to them at the museum, and later met Jesse and Helen Van Ness. We talked with them for a while and then all of us went over to Hoover's for a chocolate. Afterward Alice, True, and I came home. We had some of the famous "Major Grey's Chutney" for supper, but we both thought we liked the "Royal Bengal" better. I took daughter to the movies in the evening and saw the D's. Before retiring, Alice and I split a pomegranate, which was delicious.

### Monday, January 5

I went over to the bank the first thing this morning and arranged with the major about my bonds. Then I came back and wrote a long letter to Hodge, defining clearly what I hoped for and wanted, and what I thought my previous training had fitted me for. After lunch, Abe Spiegelberg came in and said he had run down the "*Muralla*" at last. It was a walled enclosure running from the southeast corner of the Plaza west along Palace Avenue to Grant Avenue, north along Grant Avenue to Federal Avenue (south side of Federal Building), east along Federal Avenue to Washington Avenue, and south along Washington Avenue to the Plaza.<sup>29</sup>

In the afternoon I started the chapter on the Quirigua inscriptions. About 4 pm, there began a great hubbub over the dance rehearsals for tonight; they wanted me to figure in the minuet, but I intimated my talents did not run in that direction. Old Saulings was in with some Council reports in that Marracer's hand to be type-written. I am having it done for him. We went to the Women's Club "dance program." Jesse tripped the light fantasy! Afterward I was at the Club for perhaps three-quarters of an hour.

### Tuesday, January 6

I worked all day on the Quirigua inscriptions.<sup>30</sup> The significance of Joe Spinden's observations [see Chapter 2] as to the sequence of stelae C, H, F, and 4 also occupied me. I have already placed C and H at 9.17.2.0.0 [January 11, 773] and 9.17.12.0.0 [November 20, 782], respectively, and by putting stelae F and 4 one Calendar Round [see Appendix D] later, the following important relationships develop:

C =	9.17.2.0.0
F =	9.17.2.13.0      one <i>tonalamatl</i> <sup>31</sup> later than C
H =	9.17.12.0.0      two <i>hotuns</i> later than C
4 =	9.17.12.13.0      one <i>tonalamatl</i> later than H, and two <i>hotuns</i> later than F

I believe these last, much-disputed monuments are now in their correct positions in the Long Count [see Chapter 2].

<sup>29</sup> The large defensive wall of the Spanish presidio at Santa Fe, surrounding the central Plaza, originally the Plaza de Armas required by the Laws of the Indies, plus residences, chapel, etc.

<sup>30</sup> Morley was already at work on his 1920 publication *The Inscriptions at Copan*, which included material on Quirigua.

<sup>31</sup> Morley probably means *tonalpohualli*, the Nahuatl (Aztec) count of 260 days in their sacred almanac (Maya *tzolk'in*). *Tonalamatl* refers to bark-paper writings (*amatl*), a "book" or section of a codex probably used for divination based on auguries for these days.

After supper we went to the picture show and saw a very lugubrious reel called "The Stigma," which has as the center of attraction a leprous lady as the heroine. Afterwards we went over to the Club for a while. We came home about 10:30 and I read myself into a sick headache which lasted the night and left me miserable.

### Wednesday, January 7

This was another day of waiting, rewarded by a short communication from Mr. Parsons on the noon mail, beginning "very many thanks for your letter of Dec. 24th with its enclosure." He returned the originals. I hope everything will turn out all right, but I worry, worry, worry all of the time. It will be at least another ten days before the committee's action reaches me, if even by then.

Carlos Vierra is getting across his Uxmal canvas, and by the time [Edgar] Hewett returns I think he will have it nearly completed.

Alice and I stayed at home all evening; we were both tired and turned in about four in the morning after splitting another pomegranate. But not to sleep—when I have insomnia it shows that I am greatly worried, and worried I am. I believe Hewett would stoop to any means to defeat me in this project, and he is now with them in Washington. And so I worry. I almost hope the word will be definite either for or against as a result of the meeting because this suspense is killing me.

### Thursday, January 8

This morning I continued work on the Quirigua inscriptions. Carlos Vierra is getting along famously with the Uxmal canvas and I rather look to see it completed in another week [Figures 5.2, 5.3].<sup>32</sup> Jesse didn't come around all morning and it was not until afternoon that he showed up. He seems to have a touch of malaria, heavy feverish eyes, hard breathing, etc.

At noon Mrs. Wilson received a lovely communication from Hewett telling about Harry Dorman and the fight at Montreal. From her letter it looks like a complete victory for the director [Hewett].<sup>33</sup> Mrs. Wilson is busy superintending the cleaning of the room next to mine which is to be Donald Beauregard's. It looks as though he would soon be here. In fact, everything will probably happen at once. Well, things cannot start too soon. The suspense is just getting me.

Alice and I spent a quiet evening at home and then turned in early, about 8:30. Tonight we did not split a pomegranate.

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<sup>32</sup> Vierra was commissioned to paint six murals of Maya cities for the 1915 Panama-California Exposition in San Diego. Morley provided photos and advice to further their preparation.

<sup>33</sup> Hewett and Morley were in a complex dispute with Dorman about architectural preservation in Santa Fe, with Dorman attacking Hewett personally and publicly on several occasions. Eventually, Dorman involved Tozzer, then went to the annual AIA meeting in Montreal to argue for a new full-time director of Hewett's School for Archaeology (Sze 2001: 15).



Figure 5.2.. Carlos Vierra painting his panorama of Uxmal.



Figure 5.3. Carlos Vierra's panorama of Uxmal, now in the Museum of Man, Balboa Park, San Diego, a building constructed for the 1915–1916 California-Panama Exposition.

### Friday, January 9

Early this morning there came a curious telegram of warning from Washington: "Make no affiliations in the C. matter. This is a danger signal. Await further advice." I cannot imagine what

this can mean. Is it a warning against Hewett? I sent the following reply, "Have made no affiliations whatever. Will make none. Will preserve absolute secrecy and keep free from all entanglements. My case is in your hands. Am awaiting further instructions." I think I will hear by Monday.

Donald Beauregard showed up this morning and he looked miserably—tall, gaunt, and thin. I went up to the sanatorium with him to help him look for a room. They had plenty available, and nice ones at that, but their prices were too steep, \$60.00 to \$90.00 a month. He made no selection yesterday. We went to the De Vargas to dinner as Espe's guest, and later had Mrs. MacGillivray as ours at the theater where we saw "Mutt and Jeff in Panama."<sup>34</sup> Of all the sorry females with no voices, this was the *plus ultra*.

## Saturday, January 10

I worked out a new arrangement for the treatment of each monument in "Maya Chronology" as follows:

### Stela B

Location	Center of Great Plaza
Date	9.15.0.0.0 4 Ajaw 13 Yax
Text	Photograph (Maudslay, etc.)
References	Bowditch, Goodman, Morley, Seler, Thomas

Then follows the discussion of the inscription.<sup>35</sup>

I had a confidential talk with Jesse. I think we will understand each other about his heart affair eventually.

Alice's dancing school opened tonight with about sixteen or eighteen people there. I think she may have as high as twenty-five or even thirty when it gets started. I helped out by filling in as one man. It seems the garden is more Adamless than Eveless, about two to one being the proportion of the former to the latter. About ten we all went over to the club and stayed until 2:30 in the morning. We heard a very pleasant tune, and everybody voted the affair a great success. I took Don Beauregard as my guest.

## Sunday, January 11

Alice [daughter] got me up early because she wouldn't stay in bed any longer, and I was afraid of the open fireplace; little sister makes the day begin pretty early.

After breakfast I went down to the garage to see the new Buick 6, but it was not there, so I came back to the museum where I found Rudin the Semite in a linguistic confabulation with an Indian from the Sr. K's school. He said Judge McFie let him in. Chapman came in about that time and we two adjourned to the studio and spent the balance of the morning talking of men and affairs. I saw by the *Journal* at noon that Ojinagua [Chihuahua, Mexico] was evacuated last night at 10:00 and so ends Victoriano Huerta in northern Mexico.

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<sup>34</sup> A popular musical stage play based on the cartoon characters Mutt and Jeff.

<sup>35</sup> This references Stela B at Copan and its description, for his *Inscriptions at Copan*.

Alice, daughter, and I slept all afternoon. About 4:00 Jesse and his lady came up to look at mother's house. True and I went with them. After supper we went to the moving pictures—just we three—and the films were very good, particularly a comic by Bunny, in which he plays golf.<sup>36</sup> We went to bed almost as soon as we got home—True immediately, myself very shortly, and Alice not long thereafter. I think the house was quiet by ten.

### Monday, January 12

An important letter from Hodge arrived this morning which relates that [Alfred] Tozzer is now being pushed strongly for the position, but Hodge thinks it is a 100 to 1 shot that he will win. He believes the outcome may be that Tozzer will get the direction, with me as second in command. This arrangement would be more satisfactory than any other provided I cannot get the directorship myself.

A telegram from Hewett to Walters advised that Vierra should get ready to leave Sunday night, as should Bradfield. A letter from Hewett says [Earl] Morris, [Ralph] Linton, and [Neil] Judd are to proceed him to Quirigua. Together with Brad and Carlos, they will make a large, if not specialized, field corps. I wrote Hodge a special delivery reply.

I felt miserably all day. It seems these last few days that I am especially prone to dyspepsia or biliousness. All the worry has certain reacted on me.

Two old ladies from Cambridge and Mrs. Hutchins are to arrive up at the house. They knew Alice, Aunt Katherine, etc., and they were sisters of the auditor of the Carnegie Institution. We showed them the house. Later I bought an old [illegible] from Roberto which he said he had found in the north Torreon of the "Garita."

### Tuesday, January 13

Last Friday's telegram is explained: a letter from Hodge tells that Tozzer is being boosted for the position by Charles Bowditch, F. W. Putnam, and Clark Wissler. That gets me. I wired back that his activity in the cenote work would certainly disqualify him if it were known.<sup>37</sup> The thing is now in the lap of the gods and all I can do is wait. One encouraging feature is that Hodge's letter of yesterday was mailed on the same day [the 8th] as this letter, and his tone was far more encouraging: "a 100 to 1 shot."

I went through all my check books today and finished straightening out my desk. I started to select some "before" and "after" Mesa Verde negatives for sepia enlargements which Jesse promises to make tomorrow. My office is again messed up because they are putting in a skylight for Beauregard's room. In the confusions, however, Jesse managed to take a photo of me at work on my desk.

Grandma Jones and Espe came up this evening for dinner and we played bridge afterward—

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<sup>36</sup> *The Golf Game and the Bonnet*, a 1913 short, starring silent film star John Bunny.

<sup>37</sup> Tozzer, a friend of Edward H. Thompson who dredged the Chichen Itza cenote, may have assisted in smuggling some artifacts to the U.S. Although his role is not fully known, Morley was concerned that if Mexican authorities suspected a scandal, it would be harder for the CIW to negotiate a permit.

"auction." I believe we played five rubbers in all, and Grandma and I only managed to take one of them. We turned in about 11:00, both of us pretty tired.

### **Wednesday, January 14**

The first news of the day was sad: Bertha Louise [Mrs. Samuel] Cartwright passed away early this morning, some sort of kidney trouble, I believe. I spent the greater part of the morning cleaning up, writing checks, etc. I finished picking out the negatives for the sepia enlargements of the Mesa Verde work. In case I go to Mexico City, these will prove useful in securing the concession for Chichen Itza. The photo Jesse took of me yesterday is the best that has ever been made of me [Figure 5.4]. The pose is natural and unstudied, and is "true to life." I got off a lot of bills with their checks and am working on another batch. A letter from Mr. Hodge, received last night, asks me to prepare a 500- to 1,000-word article on the glyphs to be embodied in his letter of transmittal.



Figure 5.4. Morley at his desk, January 13, 1914.

In the evening I went down to the museum where Carlos Vierra and I looked over plates showing Copan and Quirigua in order to decide all the points of view for these two canvasses. Both sites will be viewed from the east. With Kenneth and Percy Adams, the four of us had tea in the studio afterward. I got home at 11:30.

### **Thursday, January 15**

This is the day, though I can hardly hear before tomorrow. I am good for nothing, my anxiety is

such. When I try to concentrate, my heart jumps into my mouth. A thousand times I look at my watch; if it reads ten, I think "twelve in Washington." And so it has been all day. I have done my best and now the only thing to do is wait.

As I couldn't concentrate on anything, I asked Jesse to do those enlargements for me, and we turned out quite a number. What I particularly wanted was a set of "before" [reconstruction] and "after" views of Spruce Tree House [Figure 5.5] and Balcony House [at Mesa Verde]. If things come my way, I think they will be used effectively in getting the concession from the Mexican authorities.<sup>38</sup>

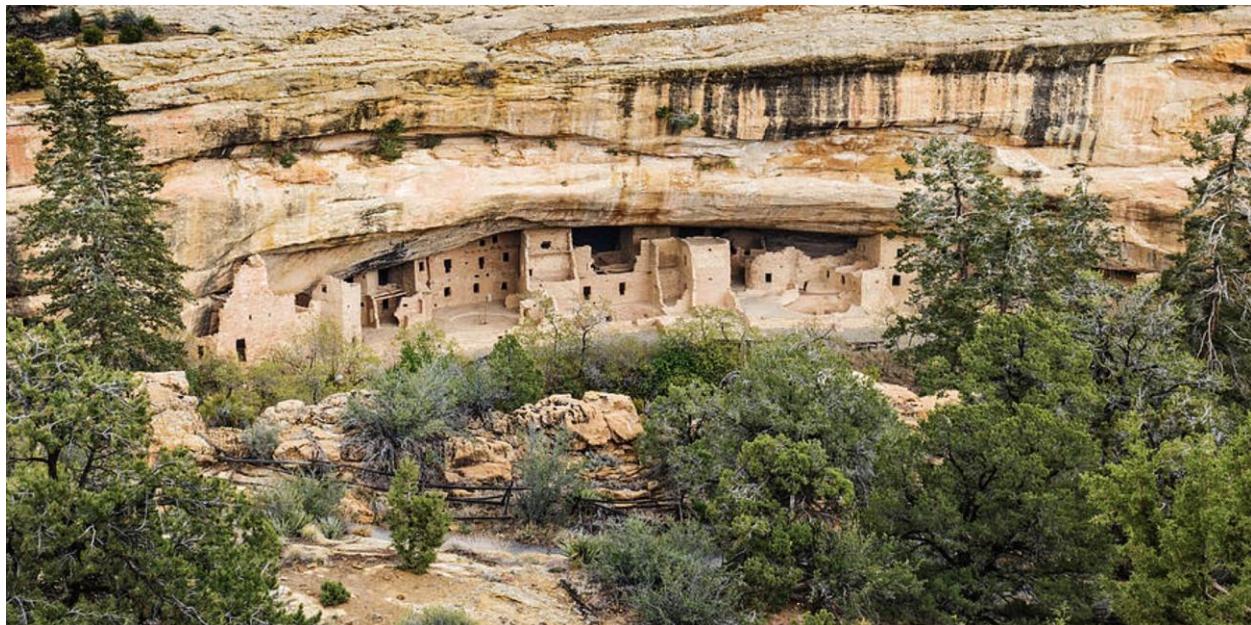


Figure 5.5. Spruce Tree House cliff dwelling at Mesa Verde, Colorado.

To make the time pass quickly we had John March, Ritchie, Espe, and May [Spitz] up to play "stop" [word game] in the evening. We had a real jolly party and Alice had some tasty refreshments at its conclusion: beer, crackers, camembert, and olives. Then we played the gramophone to them for a while. They all left about 1:00 and we turned in immediately thereafter.

### Friday, January 16

They gave it to me. Early this morning the following telegram came from Hodge: "Decision of Committee in your favor will probably be called east soon." It has seemed all day as though my horizon wasn't big enough to hold me. This means that my sole ambition for the last seven years is about to be realized. Rarely, I think, are aims so clearly defined in life as mine have been. Ever since visiting Chichen Itza seven years ago this year, it has been my fondest wish to someday

<sup>38</sup> Morley had worked under Hewett on these Southwestern sites and, because of his home base in Santa Fe and his involvement in the archaeology community there, he remained peripherally involved in the archaeology of the Southwest for much of his career.

excavate the city. And now the action of the executive committee makes this mission of mine possible. A second telegram from Hewett in the afternoon began, "You win in committee etc." confirming the glad tidings.

From the wording of the two messages, it rather seems that I may have been given the appointment outright—that it is not made second to [Jesse] Fewkes or anyone else. I think it probable that there will be an advisory committee, but from these two messages I believe I have been given the directorship. It means everything to me. I do not expect definite word until Monday or Tuesday when the first Washington letters will arrive. In the meantime, I can wait in peace, with a big load removed from my mind for the first time in months.

### Saturday, January 17

Early this morning further confirmation of the good news came in the shape of a telegram from Mr. Holmes, "Congratulations committee selected you, etc." It seems to me that this really leaves little doubt as to what was done. It hardly seems likely that Fewkes would be put in charge with me under him, especially in the face of these three telegrams. Earliest word from Washington cannot come until the day after tomorrow, and even that is rushing it.

Alice and I went to Mrs. Cartwright's funeral in the afternoon at the Episcopal Church. It was crowded.

Hewett arrived in the late afternoon on the train and arranged for a "conference at eight." His telegram of yesterday was based on one he had received from Mr. Holmes, so there was nothing new. He, of course, laid the whole blame on the Tozzer/Franz Boas combination [see Chapter 1], omitting all reference to his own contra-activities. Fewkes' name wasn't mentioned, but in view of what I knew his omission of it was significant. The whole object he was after, it seemed to me, was to poison my mind against Tozzer. I will wait until I have a conference with Holmes before believing this.

I had a nice talk with Jesse at the club afterward. He will be hurt before he is through, but in the end it will be all for the best, even his.

### Sunday, January 18

I went down to the museum this morning about 10:00. Brad and Beauregard were there; Jesse and Abe showed up later. Brad is very much exercised about his having to go and Mrs. Bradfield is very much opposed to it. Hewett threw me into an uneasy mood by telling me he was going to send a night letter to Holmes asking him if Thursday's action was definite enough to warrant my resignation [from the School for American Archaeology] and Earl Morris's appointment to my position. I pointed out to him that our news was unofficial and as such, I also judge, confidential. Later in the day I succeeded in dissuading him from this step, or at least postponing it until tomorrow. That gives me time to hear from Dr. Woodward if he wrote Friday. If not, why, Hewett will wire Holmes tomorrow night.

As Filopila, the maid, was feeling miserably, we ate dinner at the De Vargas. Afterwards we walked up to Mrs. MacGillivray's. I stopped off at Hewett's and walked down to the museum with him. I stayed there all afternoon and had another heart-to-heart with him and found out more of the alternative plans that turned up. And a channel full of rocks it was. In the evening I

took True and Jessie Ann MacGillivray to the movies—the latter was up to the house for supper with True.

### Monday, January 19

It seems the buffets of fate are never to end in this Carnegie matter. There came this morning two letters, one from Hodge written the day before the meeting, and one from Holmes dated the day after. Fortunately, the former arrived after Hodge's telegram of congratulations, for the letter was pessimistic enough saying the feeling had gained ground in Washington that I was a tool of Boas!!! Mr. Holmes explained how the whole fight had arisen, but told also how he had quashed it at the meeting of the committee. My old friend, Mr. Bowditch, was the chief cause of my trouble. I am now anxiously awaiting some sort of word from the Carnegie Institution: Mr. Hewett wants to know if I can release the Institute fellowship so Earl Morris can have it before he sails for Guatemala—January 28—so I have wired Mr. Holmes for more definite information.

Mrs. Wilson had her little faculty tea today, and we were all present except Jesse and the Bradfields. The latter are divided (Mr. B on his way to New Orleans and Mrs. B here, while Jesse has a return of his malaria).

### Tuesday, January 20

I am still waiting for official notification, which did not come today. I must say this role of Cincinnatus at the plow<sup>39</sup> is getting on my nerves. If I am to serve my country, I would like a little advance information. I received the reply from Holmes for my telegram of yesterday. Hewett suggests he may have had to confer with Dr. Woodward before replying. At all events, I rather looked for a letter from Hodge who has not written me since the meeting. Hewett will not leave until tomorrow noon, so I have one more chance to hear from Washington before he goes. Hewett heard from Aleš Hrdlička in that one Hartmann<sup>40</sup> was on his way here with information indicating "the goods on Boas." Hewett is staying over for this.

I packed all day, perhaps with the vague hope that sympathetic magic might hasten Dr. Woodward's notification. I didn't feel much like the Elks' dance, so we had a quiet evening at home. I read the closing chapters of *The Black Arrow* [Robert Louis Stevenson, 1888]. This is my nth time with that classic. Next, I took the cream out of *Captains Courageous* [Rudyard Kipling, 1897] and was well into *The Jungle Book* [Rudyard Kipling, 1894] before I finally got sleepy. I turned in after ten.

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<sup>39</sup> Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus (ca. 519–430 BC), an elderly Roman statesman, left his farm (plow) to take over the state after an invasion, returning to the plow after the crisis ended (458 BC). He is considered an example of virtuous leadership. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lucius\\_Quinctius\\_Cincinnatus](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lucius_Quinctius_Cincinnatus)

<sup>40</sup> Carl Vilhelm Hartman (1862–1941) was a Swiss botanist and museum anthropologist who worked for Putnam and Boas at the World Columbian Exposition (1893). Later, he held a position at the Carnegie Museum (one of what are now four museums of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh) from 1903 to 1908. He carried out ethnographic and archaeological work, including antiquities collecting, in El Salvador, Guatemala, and particularly Costa Rica.

## **Wednesday, January 21**

I am still waiting for word from Washington, but again none came. Hewett suggests Holmes is conferring with the Carnegie people. I worry a great deal, though he thinks needlessly.

This afternoon a committee of twenty-five organized a permanent committee to look after the matter of entertaining the nineteenth session of the [International] Congress of Americanists here next October. Extra sessions are to be held in Denver and Santa Fe. The important point before the meeting this afternoon was if we could guarantee \$1,000.00. In a short space \$1,005.00 was raised: Water and Light Co. gave \$250.00; Regents Museum of New Mexico \$250.00; De Vargas \$100.00, etc. It was all raised in sums of \$10.00 or more.

Hewett was busy getting ready to go. I came down at 6:30 in the evening, and with Jesse we had a conference on the [Panama-California] Exposition. I went up to Hewett's house for supper and later walked with him to the train. Chap [Kenneth Chapman] met us at the depot and after Hewett left, we walked back to the museum and went out to the studio. We had a pleasant evening there with Vierra. It was close to eleven before we finally broke up. I went home, but read in bed before going to sleep. This worry has made me sleepless.

## **Thursday, January 22**

A disquieting and discouraging telegram came from Holmes this morning as follows: "Statesman against asking concession now can go to Guatemala." I suppose this can only mean that the Carnegie Institution will not inaugurate the work this year. I immediately forwarded the wire to Hewett asking whether he wanted me here or in Quirigua. The receipt of Holmes' message is very discouraging in the face of his former telegrams. I cannot help feeling that now is a good time to strike on the concession and if one waits on a solution to the political situation in northern Mexico, no one can predict when the work will commence. I am at least the one chosen to do the work, but when? There is much preliminary work to be done, and I could even spend two or three months in Yucatán unofficially to good advantage looking over the ground—it would all help when the work was formally organized. I think Hewett will suggest this to Mr. Holmes, and I will myself when he writes me.

We had dinner at the MacGillivray's and afterward all four of us went to the movies and the club. We went home about one.

## **Friday, January 23**

A telegram from Hewett came early this morning as follows: "Am urging taking you to Washington soon meantime continue as arranged." This means, as indeed he indicated before he left, that he believes I should be taken on by the Carnegie people at once even though the actual work of getting the concession is not to be started now. There is a great deal of preliminary planning which can be, and indeed should be, done in advance. Perhaps even a trip to Chichen Itza could be advantageously made. At all events, there is enough preliminary work to do to start now. This is what Hewett thinks and, of course, I agree. He is now urging this course upon Mr. Holmes. If he is not successful, I do not know what to do. He says I can stay here, but I am very

anxious to put in a field season this year, perhaps with Joe in the Peten country. It will be my last opportunity if the Carnegie work does go through, and I am certainly going to suggest a Peten trip if it does.

Alice had Espe up for dinner and then we went to the pictures. Afterward, while a lot of them went over to the club, I went over to the museum and said goodbye to Carlos Vierra, who leaves this morning for New Orleans. Mr. Springer also came in with Donald Beauregard and Chapman. I went back to the club at eleven, got Alice, and went home.

### **Saturday, January 24**

Things were considerably simplified this morning by a telegram from Hewett which Ruth Laughlin received, saying he would be back here again Wednesday [January 28th] and that they would not sail until February 5. I am very glad of this as it gives me an opportunity to hear from Holmes and Hodge and the Carnegie Institution before Hewett goes. It also gives me another opportunity to confer with Hewett before he goes. It is not improbable that he may want me to go instead.

I worked on the Yaxchilan texts all day and I believe I will be able to do more with them now. I know better how to go to work on this.

Mr. Springer came in just before noon and I questioned him about the Carnegie work. He said that so far as he could ascertain, everything was coming out OK, and that I "was the one mentioned for the work." He told Kenneth much the same thing.

In the late afternoon I had tea with Don, Mrs. Watson, Mr. Watson, and that Washington friend of the Judds, Fullerton. I stayed at home with True in the evening while Alice went to her dancing class. I read a book on Assyria, Babylonia, and Palestine, and turned in about 9:30.

### **Sunday, January 25**

In the morning I came down to the Post Office and in my newly acquired Box 313 I found a letter from Mr. Holmes. He tells me the concession is now the thing worrying them, and that politicians advise waiting until the Huerta government collapses. He mentions a Mr. Leo Rowe of Philadelphia, who Dr. Woodward thinks will be of great assistance in securing the concession when the time comes. Mr. Holmes advises my going to Quirigua and says I can be summoned whenever the Mexican situation clears up. I will take this up with Hewett when he comes back from San Diego on Wednesday.

After dinner I walked down to the Plaza with Alice and True for the band concert. Afterwards Phyllis Mayne and Mrs. MacGillivray joined her while I came over to the museum. Kenneth told me that Springer assured Jesse of his support for us in the Carnegie Institution matter. Alice had Phyllis up to supper last night and afterward, as Espe's guests, we all went to the picture show. And then it was to the club. There was very little doing, although Alice managed to amuse herself until eleven, when we went home.

### **Monday, January 26**

No news from anywhere. I continued work on the Yaxchilan texts which, by the way, are in bad

condition. Many of Teobert Maler's photographs have such heavy shadows that the relief is lost, particularly in glyph details.

About noon Mrs. Wilson phoned up and said that Dr. Samuel Eliot—the son of Harvard's ex-president—would be at her house this evening and she wished to have a few friends in very informally. We went up about eight and found ourselves—as usual—the first on hand. Later the Supreme Court and their wives arrived and still later Bronson, Harry Dorman, and Dr. [Carl] Bishop came in. The latter does not seem to have changed in the least, the same gay debonair fellow as always. He knows Maudslay, and Al Bronson's sister-in-law is a cousin of Maudslay. Dr. Eliot was most pleasant and affable and I am sure the evening passed rapidly for everybody.

### Tuesday, January 27

Alice was miserable this morning as a result of a cold in her bronchial tubes. It hurt her to cough and she felt poorly all over. On my arrival at the museum, I phoned Standley Small to go up and see her.

About 10:00 Dr. Eliot came in and I took him all over the museum. He appeared to be very much interested in the San Diego work, especially the Maya exhibits. He thinks that the idea of exhibiting large paintings of the different centers will have a great educational value. I took him down and showed him the map.

In the evening we went to *The Common Law*, a melodrama with a milk and water ending based on Robert W. Chambers' novel [1911] of the same name. In the novel everything was bad enough, but the dramatized version we saw last night was even worse. We went over to the club for about an hour afterwards. It was just 12:00 when I went to bed.

### Wednesday, January 28

I rose feeling miserably, biliousness I guess it might be called. Alice's cold is still troubling her so she did not leave the house all day. I wrote a long letter to Mr. Holmes in the morning and another to brother in the afternoon. In Mr. Holmes' letter I laid before him a plan to go to the Peten district this winter in case the Carnegie Institution does not go on with their work now and in case Hewett does not want me at Quirigua. I will take this plan up with Hewett at the close of the week.

Alice asked Grandma Jones and Mrs. Hewett up for dinner and afterward we played auction. They left about 10:00. Alice has put the settee in the middle of the living room in front of the fireplace, and the bookcase where the settee used to be. I think it greatly improves the appearance of the rooms; at least it is a change.

### Thursday, January 29

Again, I worked on the Yaxchilan texts. It is becoming increasingly clear to me that I ought to see the originals before writing up the inscriptions there. Indeed, the plan I proposed to Holmes in my letter today is undoubtedly a good one, and I will do the best I can to put it through.

This afternoon Phyllis Mayne came up to dinner and later we all three went to the picture show to see *The White Ghost of Disaster*—the Titanic film. Personally, I thought it very well done though Jesse thought it rather poor. However, I liked it in spite of expert opinion to the contrary.

I went over to the club meeting afterward and stayed later to play bridge. Espe and I played against Dr. Bishop and Frank McKane. By 3:00 when we stopped, we had managed to lose \$4.00. I never saw such poor hands. The only good one I held was the first one dealt in which I had 100 aces. It didn't keep up after that, however.

### **Friday, January 30**

I got up early as usual in spite of the lateness of my retiring. Phyllis stayed at the house all night. I am still at work on the Yaxchilan texts and made an important discovery. The three lintels in Structure 42 are exactly like three in Structure 1, each having the same subject matter and the same dates, lintel for lintel.<sup>41</sup> This appears rather significant to me and other parallels may be found. At least I am looking for them.

Mrs. Wilson and I had tea about five but no one else showed up. She told me the circumstances surrounding the amalgamation of the American Academy at Rome and the School of Classical Studies, etc. In the evening we went to the Dixie Minstrels. A frost. Afterward we went down to the club. We saw Jesse, who said Hewett came in on the 6:00 train. I will have my interview with him tomorrow.

### **Saturday, January 31**

I saw Hewett about 10:00 and we decided I should go into the Peten country as the Central American Fellow.<sup>42</sup> He cannot give me all the fellowship, however, as only \$250.00 of it is left. I will get the Fruit Company pass, however. The trip will cost me about \$200.00, but I believe I will get that much good out of it and it will increase my usefulness to the Carnegie people. I cannot tell when I will get off, but am planning to leave here about Thursday or Friday of next week. I want to be in New Orleans a day or two, and this will allow me to make the [Fruit Co.] boat of February 12, which will put me in Belize on Sunday, February 15. I am very enthusiastic over the plan and hope many new dates will result from it. I am feeling miserable again today—it seems to be a kind of biliousness which I cannot throw off. I went to bed at 9:15.

### **Sunday, February 1**

I had another conference with Hewett and on this occasion, he came out against my going to Peten on the grounds that my absence from the country at this time and the remoteness from telegraph communications would seriously jeopardize my chances with the Carnegie Institution. I pointed out that this could hardly be, as Mr. Holmes favored my going, but he said that Holmes

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<sup>41</sup> Structures 42 and 21 are in a group with Structure 33, and each has three doorways topped by lintels (Lintels 5–7 in Structure 1; Lintel 41–43 in Structure 42). All are part of a massive building program associated with ruler Bird Jaguar IV to honor his father, Itzamnaaj Bahlam III. The scenes primarily show Bird Jaguar facing another person in ritual dances, one (in Structure 33) with his son, the future Itzamnaah Bahlam IV (Martin and Grube 2008:129; Tate 1992).

<sup>42</sup> This appointment was a significant milestone in Morley's career. For the first time he would lead his own expedition instead of serving in a junior capacity under the direction of Hewett. Brunhouse (1971) calls the appointment the end of his apprenticeship.

was not aggressive enough. The upshot of the conference was that he is opposed to my going on the grounds that by doing so I imperil my own future. It hardly seems that way to me, as all I would want to know is whether they will use me this spring or not. However, I bowed to the inevitable.

Hewett left this evening at six, leaving me pretty blue, so blue in fact that I didn't go to the picture show with True. I stayed home and read instead *The Tower of London* [William Harrison Ainsworth, 1840]. It is interesting enough. I went to bed fairly early, about 10 or 10:30.

### **Monday, February 2**

It occurred to me that to stay here waiting for the revolution to end in Mexico was a bootless proceeding, and the Carnegie people have intimated that there will be nothing going forward until Huerta is out of the way. For this reason, I framed two telegrams, one to Hewett and one to Holmes. In the former I asked that if definite word came from Washington this week that the Carnegie would not act, would he arrange for transportation in New Orleans and to wire a reply. The second asked Holmes to secure definite information as to whether or not I would be summoned east this spring, and if not, did he approve of the Peten trip, and if so, would he wire. I sent both of these as night letters tonight and then sat back on my haunches. Even yet I do not know whether I am to go or not. It is only a question now, however, of the kind of replies I get in answer to these two telegrams.

Alice and I spent the evening together at home.

### **Tuesday, February 3**

I settled myself down to a long day of waiting. As neither of my telegrams was delivered until this morning, I hardly expect to get a reply before tomorrow morning. In the meantime, I am just marking time. I spent the greater part of the afternoon in getting ready for my remarks tonight before the Archaeological Society of New Mexico. I brought in Carlos' two paintings of Chichen Itza and Uxmal, Alice's gold idol, a jade bead, my copper ring, some incense, a head from an *incensario*, a bone carved with glyphs, and my three facsimiles of the Maya codices. The festivity began at 9:00 and I guess I must have spoken for an hour and a half. I burned some incense for them. Alice and I stopped at the club for a moment for a lemonade. Angus MacGillivray was there receiving congratulations for his son and heir.

### **Wednesday, February 4**

Well, it is decided at last. There came a telegram from Holmes this morning as follows: "Permit the first step impossible now the place is yours. No danger for Peten trip hope Hewett has funds for you." This solved the question very nicely. Holmes definitely says the place is mine and equally definitely says the Peten trip can do me no harm. I sent Hewett a day letter today to the St. Charles [hotel] at New Orleans quoting Holmes' message *in toto*. I arranged at the bank for some money and continued my packing. All my boxes are now full and I am beginning to get the stuff together for my trunks.

I came home early with True, who was down at the museum with me all afternoon. She had

lots of fun writing on Jesse's typewriter. In the evening we took True to the moving picture show. Mrs. Hewett phoned us asking us up to dinner tomorrow night.

### **Thursday, February 5**

The Elks' dance was indefinitely postponed because of the sinking condition of Mike Stanton [manager of the Elks Theater]. We were asked up to the Hewett's for dinner by Grandma Jones—Jesse was also there. Afterward we went up to the Spitzes'. On our way we met Helen Van Ness out walking with some old man. I did not know who it was but we didn't think it looked well since she is supposed to believe the sun rises and sets on Jesse.

At the Spitzes' we had a bully time. There was Alice and myself, Florence and Frank Marron, Espe, Ritchie March, and John [March]. We played "stop" amid a great deal of fun. The "collation" afterward was great. May had some baked or broiled oysters—I do not know which—that were delicious. And knowing my failing she saw to it that I had more than my share. We came home about 12:00, walking up Hillside Avenue as far as the corner where Ritchie, John, and Espe turned off.

### **Friday, February 6**

I was pretty busy all day arranging the last odds and ends before I go. While I was out in the afternoon, who should show up but Ray Morley. I tried to get ahold of Alice, but he had already phoned her and she had already asked him up for dinner. He seemed well—has lost his beard, which works a decided improvement on his face. After dinner I was to have seen George Armijo about running for city council, but I postponed it until tomorrow.

After dinner Ray did not stay late, as Alice and I had all the packing to do. Poor little woman cried after he went, she felt so badly. I really had some room left in one of the trunks, but I will probably fill it up before sailing at New Orleans. After packing, which took us until nearly 11:00, I went down to the De Vargas and got some lemons so Alice could make us some lemonade. We turned in about midnight.

### **Saturday, February 7**

This is the last day at home. I got up early and went down to the museum, where I did the thousand and one last odds and ends. Ray Morley did not leave last night so he and Jesse Nusbaum were up for lunch. Afterward it was time to dress and so they left. Alice and True and I left about 2:30 for the train, stopped a moment at the museum to say goodbye, and then went on down to the station. Brian Boru Duma was there, and just as the train came down Jesse, Percy Adams, and Don Beauregard came tearing up. I kissed the wife and my baby goodbye, and shortly thereafter the train pulled out.

I picked Ray up at the penitentiary. He rode with me as far as Lamy. Andy was on board also. I said goodbye to Ray and the last New Mexican I knew at Lamy and, at 4:40 or thereabouts, the train came in. I had dinner at Las Vegas [New Mexico] and I turned in early. There is a poor tubercular chap opposite who coughs and coughs.

## Sunday, February 8

We had breakfast at Dodge City [Kansas] and it was very cold—the weather, not the breakfast. A cold wave had been predicted and had arrived; it was now down to the neighborhood of zero as we passed through. I had lunch at Hutchinson [Kansas]. Last night opposite me there was a poor tubercular patient, who coughed and coughed and coughed. He was clearly going back to his home to die. The greater part of the day I devoted to writing a long letter to mother.

The train arrived at Kansas City at 6:45 and Howard, Alfred [Toll], and his wife met me. We went up to the Toll residence (paters) and spent the evening there. I also found that I had missed the 11:30 train, or rather that it had been taken off altogether, so I stayed there all night. I spent a very pleasant evening and topped it off with cheese and crackers with Emily and Howard. It must have been considerably after twelve when we finally went to bed.

## Monday, February 9

I breakfasted with some of the Tolls. Mr. Toll had gone down to the office and Emily did not show up; the rest were around, however. I went over to Howard's rooms and then down to the office. Here I saw Alfred, his father, and Mr. Lee, his uncle, and said goodbye. Alfred and Howard both came down and put me on the 10:00 train for St. Louis.

Mrs. Wulffing met me in the electric [car]<sup>43</sup> at six-thirty and we went right out to their house. I found Hildegard and Lucy both in Europe, so Helen was the only one at home. After a pleasant after-supper visit, Mr. Wulffing and I went up to the Washington Café to meet Dr. Shipley, and with him we had a conference. We fixed up the details of the fellowship stipend, and he told me he had done some yeoman service in winning over Mr. Brookings—one of the trustees<sup>44</sup>—to the Carnegie Institution project. He wanted to know all about how Hewett stood in Santa Fe. I told him he was the best man for the position. We left him about eleven and came back to the Wulffing's and went right to bed.

## Tuesday, February 10

I said goodbye to Mrs. Wulffing about nine in a little snow storm, and came down to the office with Mr. Wulffing. There he ordered for me an automatic [gun]—at wholesale price—quinine, etc. It was a big help. Before leaving he gave me a check for \$200.00 to buy pottery or other antiquities for the St. Louis Society. I came down to the station and had the Harvey House lunch there, and after buying some magazines, went aboard my train.

We left at 1:30. My vis-à-vis across the aisle was a very blond married lady whose husband had bid her adieu at St. Louis. She sat next to a traveling man. From the scraps of conversation I picked up from time to time, they got along famously. I was led to anticipate an interesting climax only most unfortunately the lady left the train at Memphis at 11:20 that night, and her *inamorata* had to go on. I went to bed about ten rather tired out, with the prospects of a busy day tomorrow.

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<sup>43</sup> The Detroit Electric automobile was produced by the Anderson Electric Car Company between 1907 and 1939. The top speed was about 20 miles per hour and the car could go up to 100 miles on a single charge.

<sup>44</sup> Robert S. Brookings, a philanthropist and founder of the Brookings Institution.

## **Wednesday, February 11**

This was my busy day. We reached New Orleans at 10:45 in the morning and I came right up to the [Hotel] St. Charles. After arranging for a room, I went over to the Fruit Company office and who should I meet there but my British Honduras friend, Dr. Thomas Gann [Figure 5.6]. He is going down, by luck, on the same boat as I will. After a hurried conversation we agreed to meet the next day and if possible, arrange to occupy the same cabin.

Apparently no word had been received as to my pass, so Mr. Parkes—Mr. Ellis' assistant—wired to the Boston office for instructions. I phoned up Stephanie Levert, who asked me out to dinner; I went to the matinee by myself and saw Nazimora in *Bella Donna*: the stars and support were fine, but the vehicle was weak. I went out to Levert's about six and had a very pleasant evening there. I met her father, who is a nice old gentleman, two sisters-in-law, and two friends. We played auction in the evening and I won 65 cents.

This morning when I reached the St. Charles, I found a goodbye wire from Alice and True. It also conveyed the news of poor Mike Stanton's death. I was in bed a little after eleven.

## **Thursday, February 12**

This was another of my busy days. I got up early and after breakfast went over to the United Fruit Company's office and arranged for a stopover at Belize. Then I started on a shopping tour for the last few things. This was finished about 10:00 and I took a taxicab down to the wharf. Fortunately, everything was there and I went aboard with my luggage.



Figure 5.6. Dr. Thomas Gann.

Dr. Gann was already down and we saw the purser about table sittings and the change of Dr. Gann to my room, or vice versa. He told us the latter depended upon the willingness of the occupants who shared our cabins. We looked up mine, a nice Englishman, who gladly changed with Dr. Gann on learning our desires. Very kind of him, I thought, as he changed from a lower to an upper.

I wrote three bread-and-butter notes before leaving to Mrs. Toll, Mrs. Wulffing, and Miss Levert, and also notes to Mr. Holmes and Judge McFie. I also sent a letter out by the pilot at the mouth of the river to Alice. Then I ate what may be my last square meal before Sunday sometime. I turned in about ten.

### **Friday, February 13**

I felt pretty seedy the greater part of the day—each time I cross the Gulf I become more convinced that I am a very poor sailor. When I got up this morning a stiff headwind was blowing, though it did not kick up much of a sea. I ate a sparing breakfast and then took to my deck chair where I stayed all morning. I started to eat lunch, but after the clam chowder I decided to repair to my cabin where I lay down and slept all afternoon.

Just before dinner I got into an interesting discussion with the Englishman who gave up lower eighteen to Dr. Gann so we two could be together. He thinks Wilson's policy in Mexico is very destructive but believes Europe will give us our way this time, or at least until the Constitutionalists have had a chance to prove their mettle and have failed. I stumbled into a hornet's nest when I opened this discussion with him—he is violently anti-American.

I ate a better supper, but sparingly. The head breeze has gone down and I feel much better. I watched a poker game until about eleven and turned in.

### **Saturday, February 14**

This morning the sea was a placid as it ever could be and I felt correspondingly fit. I got up early and after breakfast wrote for a while. Just before noon we passed Contoy Island and shortly later [Isla] Mujeres. Dr. Gann and I had talked so much about Tulum and the inscribed lintel that the captain decided to take the inner passage, i.e., between Cozumel and the mainland. About 1:00 we were off the northern end of Cozumel and shortly thereafter I sighted San Miguel. It is slightly over ten months since I was last here, and what an eventful ten for me.

All afternoon we hurried southward. It was nip and tuck whether we would reach Tulum before sunset, and just exactly as the sun went down, we were abreast the Castillo [Figure 5.7].

Through the Captain's glass we could see the white walls of the Castillo, the watch tower or outlook to the north, and the ravine heading in between the two, where, according to both Howe and Parmalee, they buried the inscribed lintel. I went to bed about ten.



Figure 5.7. View of Tulum from the Caribbean Sea as it would have appeared from the deck of Morley's coastal steamer.

### Sunday, February 15

This was my first day in Belize [City] for this trip [Figure 5.8]. We sighted the town about 9:00, but it was about eleven or a little after when we landed.



Figure 5.8. Belize City in 1914.

I went directly to the hotel and looked for word from Joe Spinden but, *no hay*. Then I went out to the Fruit Company office and found a letter from Alice which had come down on the same boat with me. She misses me, she says, and poor little True, very much so. I ate lunch with Dounes and then looked up Johnston. I found him with his father-in-law and his wife's family. Mrs. Johnston is a very nice little woman with a very cute baby. I spent the afternoon with them and

had dinner about seven before coming back to the hotel with the boys. I heard that Raymond Merwin may have been to Tulum—I will try to find out if this is so. I phoned Dr. Gann after dinner and he says he is not going out for a week, so I will have a chance to see him further. He has asked me over to tea tomorrow at three. I will find out more then.

### **Monday, February 16**

I sent a telegram to Mr. [Carlos] Melhado's agents at El Cayo to find out whether Merwin had left there yet, and a reply came back about five in the afternoon that he had left early this morning. Lovely luck. I called on the Millwards' agent, a Mr. Gegue, and found that Joe expected a letter from them in Zacapa on the steamer of the 9th from here. I wrote Joe four letters, one to [Puerto] Barrios, one to Zacapa, and two to Guatemala City—certainly one ought to reach him somehow. We—Gann and I—tried to find out whether Merwin recovered the Initial Series stone while at Tulum, but Peter Vásques, the man who went with him, has gone north again.

I had tea with Gann and Harrison at three and talked over pros and cons. Gann thinks Merwin took the stone, though I do not. I went with them out to the polo and golf clubs at about four and watched a tennis match; we came back about six and had dinner at seven with Dounes and Landsberry. Later I worked on the Peabody reports until after nine.

### **Tuesday, February 17**

Time hangs heavily; I wish Joe would show up. I deposited \$500.00 this morning with Melhado, and if Joe doesn't come in by the next steamer I will go upriver next Monday. I spent a part of the day running Peter Vásques to ground. I found him at his home up toward the hospital and discovered that in all probability Merwin did not get to Tulum. In fact, they seem to have had some trouble with the Mexican officials. Vásques says they visited a place on the mainland behind [the site of] El Meco. He seemed to feel quite sure they did not see Tulum.

I saw Dr. Gann after lunch and was with him until about six. Then, as it was late, I had to hurry dressing for the Johnstons' dinner. Ed Johnston came over and he took me back to his house in his machine, a little heap of antique vintage, but decidedly there with the grads. Moreover, this appears to have only cost him \$40.00 a month. I saw Corry Price and [Wallace] Kevlin on my return.

### **Wednesday, February 18**

This morning I wrote to mother and Howe; asked the latter for information about Tulum. After breakfast I looked up a map of the colony and finished my writing. At noon I shaved and after lunch I went down to the motorboat which took me over to Boatman's. Here we shipped Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Boatman, the father and mother of Mrs. Boatman, and young J. R. We all went up the Belize River to the Botanical Station about nine miles from the city. The gardens are very prettily laid out and they contain a good-sized collection of tropical flora. We stopped for a few minutes at Mr. J. R. Boatman's plantations on the way down. He is putting it chiefly into coconuts.

We got back to town about 5:30 and I went to the Rices'<sup>45</sup> for dinner. His youngest daughter, Doris (aged thirteen), is very pretty. Afterward the Johnstons came over and we went to the picture show. They show six reels for fifteen cents here, though I did not think the service was particularly good or the house particularly [illegible].

### Thursday, February 19

I finished writing my letters this morning and then took a nap; I ate lunch at 1:00 before going to tea with Dr. Gann at three. Afterward we had a nice long archaeological chat. Johnny Hunter came along and we went out to the golf club. He and Gann had a match on and I trailed along behind—it was my first experience with the game and I really believe one could become very fascinated by it. After the match was finished (with Hunter way in the lead, eight holes up, I think) we came back to the club and Hunter left us.

Later Gann, Landsberry, and I came down together. I stopped in at the hospital to get a permit to go on board the *Coppename* when she goes through tomorrow. Gann came in again this evening and we had another archaeological session. He left around 10:30 and I turned in shortly afterward.

### Friday, February 20

The steamer did not get in until about 9:00, at which time I went out to meet her. Neither Hewett nor Joe were on board. [Dr. M. C.] Landry was, however, and of course he told me all about Quirigua. It seems they have discovered another stela there—an old one, he thinks—with a figure on one side and glyphs on the other, very much sealed off. I also saw Wilson, who was the secretary of the Legation. He was returning to the States on vacation. In the afternoon I went up to see Gann and rode out with him to the tramp steamer *Belvemon*, which he inspected.

I came back and after dinner I went over to the Rices' for a while and then to Morlan's to the Belize Chess Club. I haven't played chess for years, but fools rush in, etc. I lost two games, but should have had the second but for an idiotic move. Would must close this for bed. I am pretty tired.

### Saturday, February 21

There came from Joe Spinden this morning a cablegram from Guatemala City as follows: "Arrive next steamer, Wait." This has caused me to change my plans somewhat. Instead of leaving the day after tomorrow for El Cayo, I will postpone it a week so as to meet him next Friday. We will probably go up together a week from next Monday. I went out to the putting contest in the afternoon where I met a Miss Lind, who was one of the contestants. She is quite pretty and *poco fresco* [a little cool]. After the tournament was over, I watched the concluding game of the Central American Tennis Championship series. The Golf Club got it.

I had dinner with Eddie Johnston and his wife and then we all went over to the Rices' and went to the movies. A year ago tonight was the first of the Carnival Balls at Merida. I met the Molinas for the first time there. My, how much of happiness, worry, and disappointment I have

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<sup>45</sup> No relation to PMR.

had in that time; in the whole though, with the successful culmination of the Carnegie Institution matter, the first I think predominates.

### Sunday, February 22

Sunday was mail day and I heard from True, Alice, Brother, and Howe, who are exactly the four I will write to on the next boat. I went over to Landsberry's and read a great part of the afternoon, but came home to sleep for the later part of the day. I went over to Rices' about five, and as I was going in the gate I saw Eddie Johnston's machine in front of the Boatmans' house. The Boatmans were to have arrived on today's steamer, and I imagine they must indeed have come in. Later the Johnstons came over to the Rices' for dinner and confirmed the report of the Boatmans' arrival. We had a fair time at the Rices'—they are very hospitable and it helps make the days go quicker in this dead-alive place.

I was sort of worried over what Alice wrote about True: she had a very heavy cold and had to have Standley Small see her, but had there been any serious danger she would surely have cabled to me before this.

### Monday, February 23

While I was talking to Mr. Rice, Mr. Boatman passed in his electric [see note 43] and asked me over to dinner tonight. In the afternoon, about 4:00, I went out to the golf club with Landsberry and watched him play golf for a while with a Mr. Meyer. I came across that Miss Lind again and talked the rest of the afternoon with her. I saw her father yesterday but she is much better to look at than he. I also said goodbye to Gann this noon. He is to sit on the lid at his end until we get off for Corozal from here, which will be in about six weeks or two months.

In the evening I had a delicious supper at the Boatmans'—turkey, vegetables, and some delicious apples. A Mr. and Mrs. Blake came in, and also a Mr. and Mrs. Morlan. We talked the greater part of the evening about Maya archaeology, a subject in which Boatman is really interested. He has some good books, too, including [Daniel] Brinton's [1882] *Chronicles* and [Desirée] Charnay [1887].

### Tuesday, February 24

I read the greater part of the morning—just killing time until Joe shows up. I got myself dressed after lunch and went out to the golf club with Landsberry about 4:00. He had a match on with Bennedett, to whom he lost. I talked with Mrs. Towie the greater part of the afternoon, and about 6:30 our carriage came for us. We picked Laux up at the polo club and all of us came down together. I had supper here at the hotel, and afterward went over to the Boatmans'. We talked of Maya archaeology, that Mullikuk family book, and many other things. I had one of those wonderful apples before I came home.

A year ago tonight was the *Baile de Etiqueta* at Merida. That was Shrove Tuesday a year ago. Who can tell where I will be a year hence? I earnestly hope it will be in Chichen Itza.

While here at the hotel this afternoon, Kevlin introduced me to the two smoked herrings, Ivy and Nelle, Olson and Jonson, respectively. The former was the better looking of the two.

## **Wednesday, February 25**

This morning that chap Parker, who came down on the boat with me, came over. He had just returned from El Cayo and brought back an interesting account of the matters there. He also had gone out to the ruins of Benque Viejo. He is very interesting himself—indeed he was present at the finding of the remains of Buddha in northern India several years ago and has also worked in archaeology in Ceylon and elsewhere. We talked all morning and after lunch as well. On his advice I purchased a machete and several other little things.

In the afternoon, about four, I went over to the Boatmans' for tea. They asked me to dinner, but I had accepted their hospitality so many times that I could hardly accept again. Instead, I had dinner with Landsberry and got up to him the "juice of the grape." In the evening I went to the movies with the Johnstons and the Rices and saw nearly two miles of film. I came home about 10:30 and was in bed by eleven.

## **Thursday, February 26**

I spent the greater part of the day getting my letters ready for tomorrow's boat north. This week I wrote to True and Alice as usual, and mother, Howe, and Holmes. I was still writing in the late afternoon when Eddie Johnston came for me to go automobiling with him. We went all over town, but on the cemetery road coming back the car hung up—something wrong with the gasoline feed into the carburetor. The place was a hell of mosquitos and sand flies, and before he got it fixed we were both bitten to blood. When she was feeding again, we got in and came back *muy pronto*. I was with them for dinner—and a very nice one it was, oyster stew among other delectables. I spent the evening with them and came back to the hotel about nine, but I didn't finish Alice's letter as I was too tired. I will close it tomorrow before the steamer leaves.

## **Friday, February 27**

Joe came today, and with the more or less news he found that the new stela [Stela S] at Quirigua is almost surely 9.15.15.0.0 9 Ajaw 18 Xul [June 2, 746]. He also saw the stela George Gordon describes as "stela in an enclosure." The date on this appears to be 9.10.19.5.?; the *k'atun* is surely 10 and the *tun* looks like 19—the cycle coefficient plus the fleshless lower jaw. This date is just eight *winals* earlier than Stela 10 and makes it the fourth stela which has been found dating from K'atun 10 (together with Stelae 19, 10, 15, and 2). It can well be understood that we didn't do much planning—that is, constructive planning—as there was much to discuss of a more personal character. Something was said, I gathered, about the young archaeologists being very theoretical, etc. Among the other things I learned was that the Jacksons and Hewett himself, were on board the boat that brought Joe over. They all went up to Antigua [Guatemala] after coming back from Copan. I went up to the hospital to have tea with Dr. Harrison, but he was not there. I was very tired and turned in rather early.

## CHAPTER 6

### THE EXPEDITION TO NARANJO, SEIBAL, AND ALTAR DE SACRIFICIOS

#### Saturday, February 28

Joe came down about seven and found me sound asleep—and did he heap reproaches on my head in consequence! After fiddling away some time, we got down to work. In the morning we saw the Colonial Secretary and got a letter from him to the District Commissioner at El Cayo. I introduced Joe to Carlos Melhado, with whom he will do his banking, and bought Joe supplies at Lewis's. Just about noon Parker joined us. He has not been to Tulum; I gathered he will not go. He wants us to look him up when we come up at El Cayo.

In the afternoon Parker, Joe, and I packed, or rather I packed and Joe looked on, the lazy scoundrel. All the medical outfit slipped into one box and that in turn with the Peabody Museum stuff went into a large oil tin box. Parker and I had this out on Millward's scales and it totals sixty-three pounds, which is well under one *cargador's* [porter's] burden.

We went to tea at Parker's place and then out to the polo club to see the last game of the year. After dinner I went over to the Rices' with Joe and then took Doris to the pictures, where Rice himself joined us a little later. We stayed there a few minutes after coming out. I packed one of my sailor bags before going to bed.

#### Sunday, March 1

The mail did not get in early Sunday forenoon, so I went up to Joe's and we compiled our list of equipment, stores, etc., that we will have to buy tomorrow. About 1:30 we walked down to the MacMillans' where Parker had asked us for dinner. We had a good square meal there consisting of some delicious chicken pie. From there we went directly to the Boatmans', Parker going with us. He stayed on there past ten, but since we had been asked to the Rices' we had to move on earlier. The Johnstons were over there for dinner and we had a very pleasant time.

I got a postage-due letter from Hewett in which he warns me against Joe. Had he been half the friend Joe was, I would be in far stronger standing with the Carnegie Institution. He also says it is doubtful whether I will get a pass home via New York. Well, that was the least of my troubles.

#### Monday, March 2

I spent the greater part of the day in laying in supplies and attending to the thousand-and-one odds and ends that are left in getting ready for a two-months' plunge into the bush (Figure 6.1).

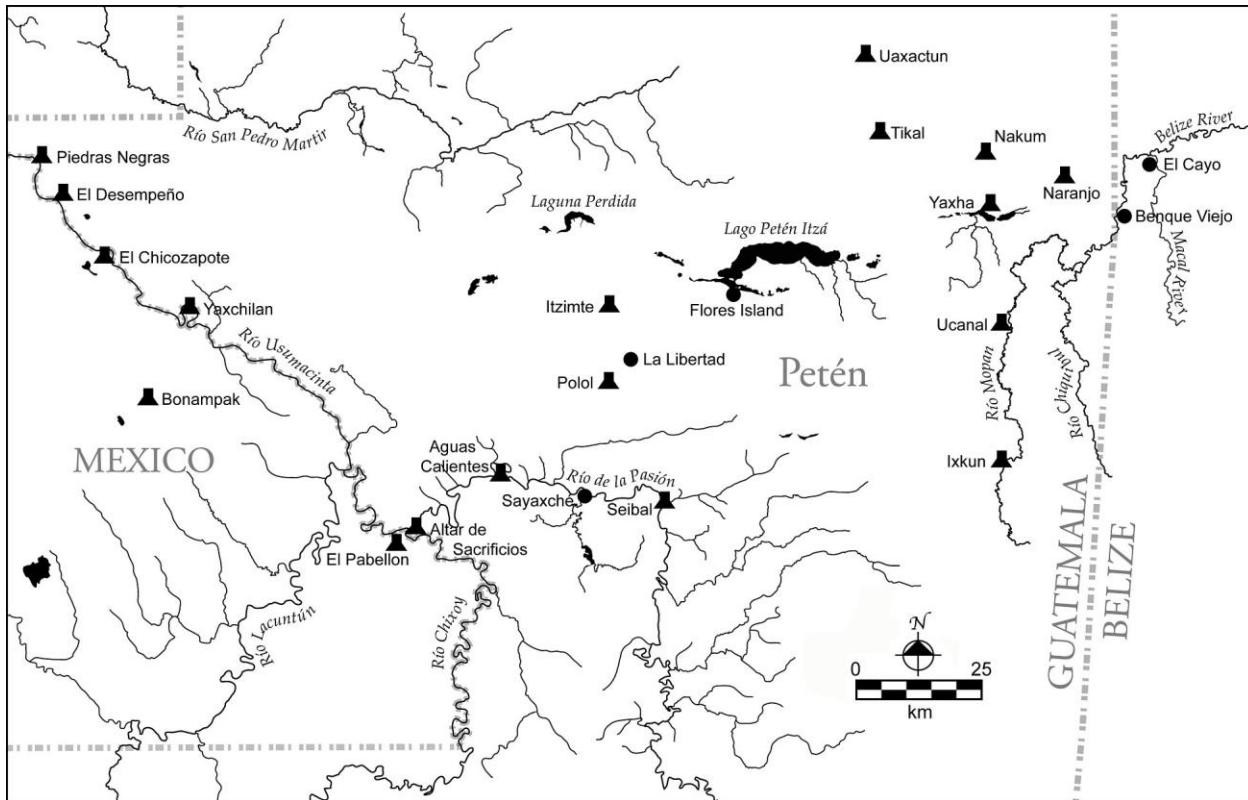


Figure 6.1. Map of Petén, northern Guatemala, showing important rivers, archaeological sites, and towns (circles) in Morley's journeys through the region. Map by Don S. Rice.

We saw the sculptured stone that Pablo Guerra, the *comandante* of Plancha Piedra, had sent down to Dr. Davis. It turned out to be one of the slabs of the Hieroglyphic Stairway (inscription 12 in Maler's numeration).<sup>46</sup> The carving is perfectly beautiful with glyphs as fine as those at Palenque. I photographed this four times with varying combinations of stops and times to try out the Kodak. The results were very satisfactory [Figure 6.2].

We thought we would get off [for travel to El Cayo via *The Tennefly* motor boat up the Belize River] at midnight, but the agent told us it would be 8:00 tomorrow morning before we could get out. I spent the evening in saying goodbyes. We went to the Rices', the Boatmans', and Johnstons', and the MacMillans', and at the latter place we got our lunch. We went home—i.e., to the International [hotel]—and turned in early.

<sup>46</sup> This step is from the Hieroglyphic Stairway at Naranjo, discovered by Maler in 1905. It was commissioned by the ruler of Caracol as a monument to his conquest of Naranjo and to celebrate the 9.10.10.0.0 period ending in AD 642 (Martin and Grube 2008: 73, 92). It is not clear that the Stairway was originally erected at Naranjo, however, and stylistically similar steps have been found at Ucanal and at Caracol. The step pictured is now in the collections of the Museum of the American Indian in New York City.



Figure 6.2. The step from the Hieroglyphic Stairway at Naranjo, which Morley photographed in Belize City.

### Tuesday, March 3

Well, we came very near not getting off at all even today. I went down at eight this morning and Brookes told us the boat would leave at noon sharp. At twelve, though, it was to go at three. Finally, it went at about half an hour after the Melhado boat had gotten off. We went only about a mile upstream when something broke in the steering gear and we had to turn back to Belize [City]. This greatly disgusted me, and against Brookes' violent protest we changed our baggage (that is, the personal stuff) over to Harley's boat, *The Thistle*, which was just getting started, i.e., at six, and we went up in that.

Ingloriously enough, however, when we were tied up at Jones Landing for the night, at about 11:00, Brookes' boat passed us. We were roundly ragged by the outfit as follows, "Is your boat broke?" "What for you do go ahead?" My hammock was far from comfortable and I didn't sleep much.

### Wednesday, March 4

All day long we were traveling up the river. We started from Jones Landing about six in the morning and tied up at White Sand Bank at about 9:00 that night. At noon we passed over the Great Falls, where we had to warp ourselves through the shallow waters. A little above this point we saw an alligator on the bank, basking in the sun. He was too happy even to move. I slept the greater part of the afternoon, and had supper about seven. Just as evening fell we passed two motorboats going our way, but neither of them was *The Tennefly*. It passed through the place we anchored about 4:00, putting them between four and five hours ahead of us.

I spent the morning writing to True and Alice, intending to send the letters on the next boat

we intercepted heading down. We passed one motorboat going out, but I neglected to send them off, thinking there would be others, but we passed none. We lost our lone passenger—a colored gentleman, one Mr. A. Campbell, who was a contractor—at Banana Bank, which we passed about 8:00. We did not turn in until we had tied up for the night at White Sand Bank. There are no mosquitos here.

### Thursday, March 5

All day long we warped up the river and it became very apparent we had made a blunder in transferring ourselves and our personal luggage from *The Tennefly* to *The Thistle*. *The Thistle* draws far more water, and as a consequence we had to warp over many a shallows where *The Tennefly* sailed through without scraping. At 2:00 we were at Mount Hope, and in a drizzling rain our captain had about two tons of our cargo transferred to a pitpan.

Just at dusk we reached Duck Run. Here the captain decided to tie up for the night, but as it is only an hour's walk over to El Cayo we decided to push through on foot. We walked the distance in forty-five minutes and had to ask *The Tennefly* boats to put over for us in a dory. Soon we saw Merwin and Bishop, who had not yet left for the bush.<sup>47</sup> Merwin insisted on our stopping with him. Our arrival was the signal for an alcoholic celebration—all four of us had too much and poor Joe was quite ill as an effect. I went to bed all jumbled up.

### Friday, March 6

Merwin, Joe, and Bishop were all asleep when I got up, so I went downtown and presented my letter of introduction to Eduardo Savala. He is a pleasant, rather good-looking chap. He promised to put in motion the machinery necessary for us to get some mules. Later the boys got up, more or less with a *goma* [hangover], though as for myself I was feeling fine. Poor Joe had a recrudescence of the symptoms of the night before. Merwin sent a wire to Father [Arthur] Versavel to look up a guide for Naranjo, which trip we have decided to take first. He also introduced me to a Mr. Smith who has a mahogany camp on the road to Dolores [in southeastern Petén]. He describes what are clearly a stela and an altar, saying it is a "stone with figures on it." We will stop off and see it on our way to Ixkun. Toward evening we began to get our stuff together on the off chance that we might get off tomorrow. Just as we were going to turn in, one of the Starkey brothers turned up with a friend. We were, of course, all dead tired, but they did not stay long and we turned in early.

### Saturday, March 7

Merwin and Bishop still predicted that we would not get off until Monday, but things began to look promising about 9:00. Finally, about two, all five of our mules having arrived, we weighed anchor and set off for Benque Viejo [Figure 6.3], from which point we will make for Naranjo.

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<sup>47</sup> Merwin and Bishop led one of two—the other being Morley's—Peabody Museum expeditions. Merwin's expedition visited Ucanal in April and was the first scientific study of that site. Having heard of possible inscriptions, Morley was eager to visit the site as well.



Figure 6.3. Carl Guthe's expedition leaving El Cayo in 1920. Morley's 1914 departure would have looked the same.

On our way over to Benque Viejo we met Father Herman, to whom I had a letter. He told us to go right over to the Coconut as soon as we got to Benque. We passed through Soccotz, a little Maya village about a mile east of Benque, at which latter place we arrived around 5:00. We found Father Versavel to be a charming host who made us comfortable and at home in no time. We thought our baggage had left before we did, but when we got to Benque it was not yet there. As it grew late, I finally phoned up Eduardo Savala, but just after I had put the call in Joe announced it had arrived. Father Versavel is interested in archaeology and has the beginning of a good little library on the subject.

### Sunday, March 8

This will be our first night in the bush. We are encamped at a place called La Aguacate, about four leagues from Benque. One mule, the *arriero's* [muleteer, driver of a mule train], has run off home, but the pack animals are ok, thank God. We left this morning at 10:20 and reached here at 3:20, after just five hours' traveling, during which we did not average an inch more than two and a half miles an hour.

For the benefit of future travelers—perhaps myself again, who knows—I am going to keep track of the various stops or huts in the forest. Benque Viejo to Sayha is one league, Sayha to Dos Aguadas also one league, and Dos Aguadas to here (La Aguacate) one and a half leagues.

In opening up my photographic outfit I had the misfortune to find that the screw to my tripod

is lost. Joe fortunately has a tripod, but I really must have one too. It may be possible to obtain the kind of screw I want at Benque, but I have my doubts. As I write these lines a group of parrots is shrieking over at the edge of the little aguada, the horses are munching *manaca* palm (corozo, cohune), and Joe and I are relaxing with our pens.

### Monday, March 9

We got underway about 7:30 and the road continued as before. After leaving La Aguacate we fancied we saw some mounds, and after leaving El Rodeo, just one league out, we crossed over a high hill, much higher in fact than many of the ridges yet encountered. At 12:30 we passed some mounds that turned out to be the ruins of Naranjo [Figure 6.4].

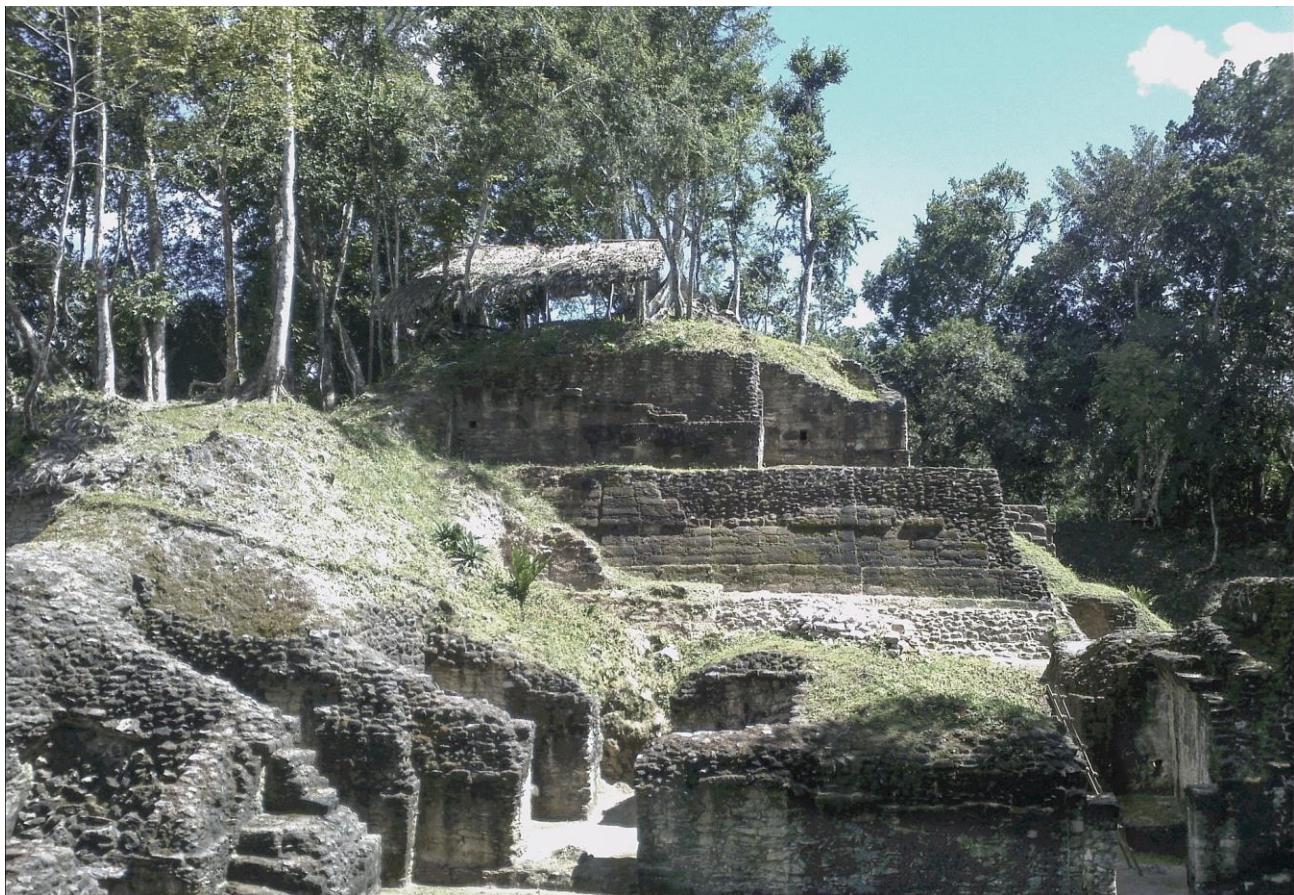


Figure 6.4. Restored Structure B-5 at Naranjo.

Presently Jorge showed us some fallen stelae which turned out to be [Maler's] numbers 6, 7, and 8. We pushed right on to Maler's cave,<sup>48</sup> which was rather a disappointment—moreover there

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<sup>48</sup> This small cave north of Structure A17 was used by Teobert Maler as his home during his three-month visit to Naranjo in 1905.

was no water nearby. Because of this latter consideration we sent Jorge out to look up this necessity, and after some time he returned reporting an aguada situated not far off. We moved camp to its side, where the two boys threw up a *champa* [thatch-roofed hut].

After lunch Joe and I took the map and went off to look up more stelae. We found 1, 2, 3, and 4—had already seen 6, 7, and 8—and also located 9, 10, and 11, plus the Hieroglyphic Stairway.<sup>49</sup> We desisted for the day with these to our credit. It rained hard in the night.

## Tuesday, March 10

We began the day early by going to [Naranjo] Stelae 10 and 11 and following around behind the mound of the Hieroglyphic Stairway. In this way we reached Stelae 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18. After a protracted hunt for 19, we gave it up and continued on, finding 20 without difficulty. After 20 we had a hard time finding the rest. Joe went scouting and finally succeeded in locating 24, and right nearby were all the others: 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 21, 22, and 23. These latter are on three sides of a very narrow court [Figure 6.5]. I believe 25, 26, and 27 stand behind 28, 29, 30, and 31, and not in front as I have shown [in notes].

I will not digress here on the beauty of the stelae: some of them are very fine indeed, particularly 32, 7, and 10, all of which date after K'atun 19 [that is, after AD 810]. I was pleased to be able to verify my reading of 8 Ajaw 8 Xul for Stela 32, which deciphering thus makes it the latest monument now known in Cycle 9. I spent the afternoon working on stelae 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, and 7, and shall start photographing in the morning. I was in bed at eight p.m., *muy temprano*.

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<sup>49</sup> These stelae (plus numbers 12–18) are all in Group B; the Hieroglyphic Stairway is on the west side of Structure B-18. Naranjo has been heavily looted: by the 1920s, many sculptures had been removed (some to the British Museum); in the 1960s, stelae were broken into smaller pieces for sale on the underground market; in 1972, 19 remaining stelae were removed for safekeeping by Guatemalan authorities. A 2002–2004 Guatemalan project to assess the degree of looting discovered 270 tunnels and trenches (Fialko 2009).

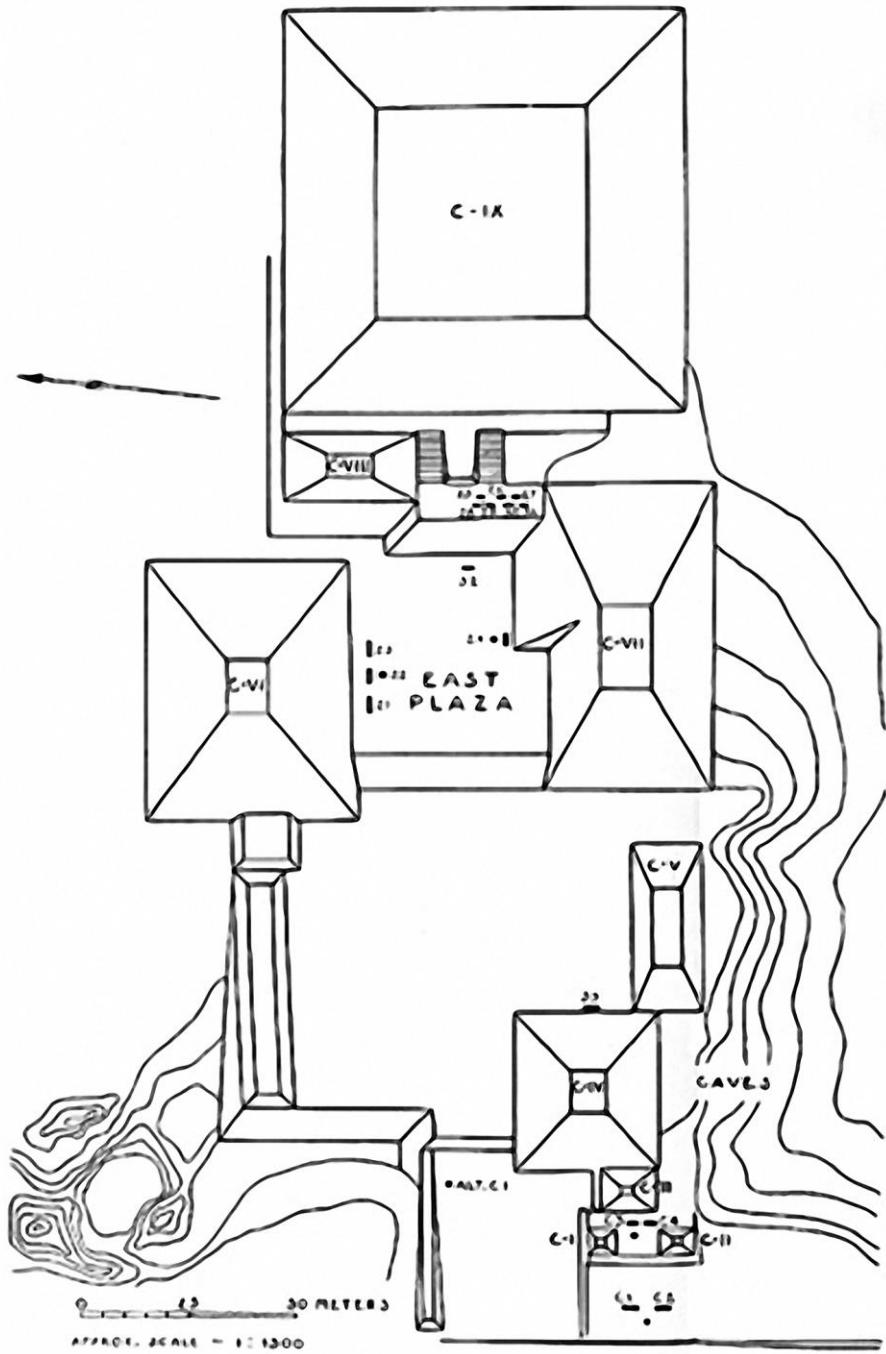


Figure 6.5. The Eastern Court (Group C) complex east of the main part of Naranjo.

## Wednesday, March 11

I worked out the Initial Series on Stela 6, which turns out to be 9.17.1.0.0 9 Ajaw 13 Kumk'u [January 17, 772]. Joe decided to take out the reused lintel on the Hieroglyphic Stairway and is testing his hammer on it to reduce it—he broke it into a number of smaller pieces. The fractures show, however, that the breaks were all along old cracks. He is going to try to take it out when we go. I left Stelae 10 and 11 until tomorrow morning, and went up to Stelae 12, 13, and 14, none of which presented any difficulties.

Stela 18 is impressive; it seems to show a K'atun 14 date (Figure 6.6). Considering the grand task ahead of us, I don't think we can possibly get away before the end of the week, and indeed perhaps not until Monday. Now that we are here, we might as well stay until we are finished, and I see that much work lies ahead of me on the inscriptions alone.

## Thursday, March 12

It rained hard in the night and kept at it even after we got up. In fact, it delayed us going to the ruins. About eight, however, the sun came out and we set off for the east end of the city. I worked all morning long on Stela 30—my old nemesis—but could not make the thing come out right. I think I have found the reason for all my trouble with this text in an error of the old scribe in recording 12 Chuwen instead of 7 Chen. This has caused me infinite trouble for four years, and after discovering the ancient mistake I think I may be able to work out this text.

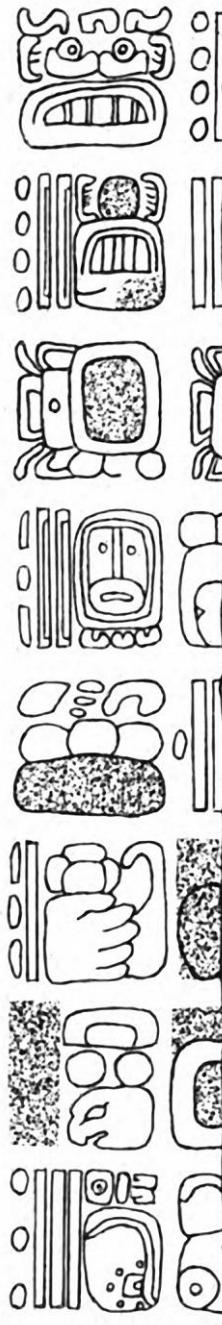


Figure 6.6. Morley's drawing of Naranjo Stela 18. Note that the second (right) column of the IS is largely missing.

After lunch I took the boys up to the eastern court<sup>50</sup> [Group C] and, with Joe helping, we all tried to turn over Stela 21. After exhausting both our bodies and our tempers, we got it about half way up. The closing date of what had been a long text showed very clearly as 13 Ajaw 18 Pax. This probably is the *hotun* ending 9.13.15.0.0 [December 29, 706]. It is a pity I couldn't see what the Initial Series was, as it would have helped. Stela 21 thus fits in between [both in date and location] Stelae 22 (9.13.10.0.0 [January 24, 702]) and 23 (9.14.0.0.0 [December 3, 711]). It has been a successful day.

### Friday, March 13

I went up to the Eastern Court and continued work on Stela 30. After four years of trying, I at last worked it out completely but not until I was able to show that the ancient scribe had made an error. I worked on Stela 32 also, and found its starting date. I verified Stela 29 also and discovered an Initial Series on 28, but it is in bad condition and I could not do much with it.

After lunch I went with Joe to the top of one of the *cerros* [hills] and found there a part of a façade with a mask panel on one of the corners. The big discovery of the day was the Initial Series on Stela 18 [Figure 6.6]. This I discovered after working on it for some time, when it suddenly dawned on me that the inscription was composed of a double column instead of a single one. The date is 9.14.15.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Sak [September 15, 726].

About suppertime the *chicleros* came back. After they had eaten, I went over and offered to pay them fifty cents apiece if they would help us turn over two stones, i.e., Stelae 18 and 21. They said they would, and I am hoping for some luck on 21 in particular.

### Saturday, March 14

This was largely a day lost. A heavy rain set in before midnight, and when we got up in the morning it was pouring cats and dogs. Poor Joe's *champa* leaked and in consequence his bed was soaked. After a rather gloomy breakfast—my luxuries are giving out—we sat around and finally, the *chicleros* being ready, set off for Stela 18 which I had them turn so as to expose the side. This had some fine glyphs, but no dates, the Initial Series being on the other side as I described yesterday.

Next, I took our husky force to Stela 21 which we had great difficulty in raising. When it finally did "go up," however, we found it had an Initial Series. This is pretty badly weathered but I believe I am able to read it at 9.13.1.3.19 5 Kawak 2 Xul [May 29, 693]. It was a miserable day for photographing, however, and I am afraid I will not get much from my exposures. In the afternoon Joe and I joined forces and with Joe in the lead we succeeded in finding Stela 5, which was the last of the monuments to find.

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<sup>50</sup> Twelve stelae, numbers 21–32, were erected in this easternmost architectural complex (Group C). Six of them (21–23, 26, 28, 30) were raised by ruler K'ahk' Tiliw Chan Chaak, who came to power at age five as a figurehead for the rule of his mother, Lady Six Sky, daughter of the king of Dos Pilas (Martin and Grube 2008: 74–78). Lady Six Sky was brought to Naranjo to invigorate the royal dynasty, and she became a powerful "warrior queen."

## Sunday, March 15

We spent the morning in working over the stelae at the eastern end of the city. After a final siege with 21, I practically proved its Initial Series was as I read yesterday. In the afternoon, however, quite unexpectedly, and from another monument—Stela 31 [Figure 6.7]—came full confirmation. I was sitting astride the latter and had just given up the attempt to read it when it commenced to rain hard. The Initial Series for which I had been looking so hard and so long suddenly leaped out of the wet stone. It turned out to be 9.12.10.5.12 [4 Eb 10 Yax; August 28, 682],<sup>51</sup> the same Initial Series as recorded on Stelae 24 and 29.

Furthermore, on the same monument was reached the date 3 Kawak 2 Pop, which is reached in the calculations on 29. This also proved to be exactly one *k'atun* later than the Initial Series of 21, and the same as the Initial Series on Stela 2. All these interlocking dates on Stelae 2, 3, 21, 22, 24, and 29 rendered practically certain my earlier readings [Morley 1909] reached from a study of each individual text. So, this closing day of work at Naranjo brought my work to a most satisfactory close, having discovered eight new Initial Series and read six.

## Monday, March 16

This was a very hard and trying day which nearly did both of us in. We walked from Naranjo into Benque, a distance of twenty-two miles. The distance itself was nothing, but the road was legion. It was muddy, even watery, up hill and down dale; it was slippery and last, if not least, it was overgrown with treacherous roots which threw one if one's foot were caught. Both of us had several hard falls. Toward evening these spills used up precious energy.

We got up at four in the morning and the first mishap of the day was the loss of one of our mules. This catastrophe occurred through Salomon's rank carelessness. He had it all harnessed and ready to go when it escaped and dashed down the trail toward Benque, which was the last we saw of it until we ourselves hit Benque. About 5:30 we reached Father Versavel's hospitable roof and soon were considerably heartened by a glass of his famous Irish whiskey. After an equally famous dinner, I was ready for bed and turned in before eight.

## Tuesday, March 17

I got up early to find our *arriero*, Salomon, is a *goma*. His excuses for money for food, tobacco, etc., are only a pretext. This morning he was beastly drunk in the *tienda* [store] of one Domingo Espat. We got Father Versavel to help us as we relocated Jorge, but by the time we got the mules together and hired another to replace the one Salomon let go, it was 2:00. We started off, and by a little after four, were at El Cayo. We were greatly surprised to find Merwin and Bishop still here; they are planning to go out to Smith's house tomorrow or the next day.

I was much disappointed at not hearing from Alice; it makes the second week. However, a letter from Harrison, the army clerk at Quirigua, says Hewett took some of my mail. Mail is expected here tomorrow or the next day.

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<sup>51</sup> This is the date Lady Six Sky, from Dos Pilas, arrived at Naranjo.

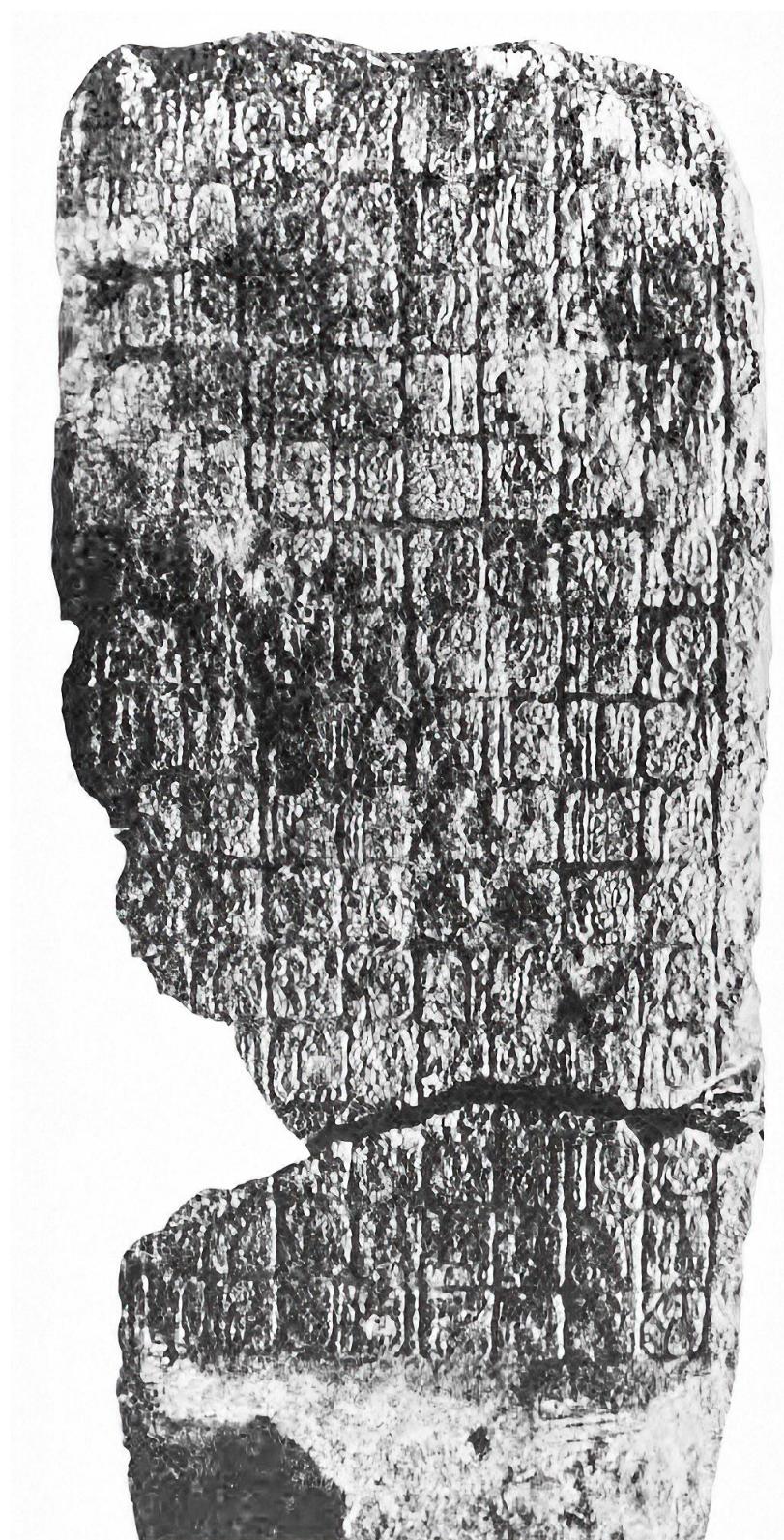


Figure 6.7. Morley's photo of the text on the back of Naranjo Stela 31. The front bears an image of Lady Six Sky.

### **Wednesday, March 18**

A thunderbolt dropped out of a clear sky today about noon in the shape of an official communication from don Pablo Guerra wanting to know why we had taken a carved stone out of Guatemala! Eduardo Savala brought the letter and said a messenger was waiting to take back a reply. I advised Joe to go over and see *don* Pablo and get his good will by being quite frank and open. So about 1:00 he and Bishop started out—they were to phone us at seven with the results of the conference. We lay around the afternoon and until eight in the evening, but no message came. I could not help feeling a little worried as this may prove awkward for more work in Guatemala this season. The mail got in about nine, but the post office being closed we will have to wait until tomorrow for our letters. I earnestly hope I will get word from Alice.

### **Thursday, March 19**

A letter from Alice arrived. My little daughter has been real sick with a heavy cold, but was better when Alice wrote the note, which was on Washington's birthday! Think of it, nearly a month ago! Joe and Bishop showed up a little before noon and reported all difficulties had been smoothed away. We think *don* Pablo has not communicated with the next higher authority.

In the afternoon all four of us went down to the river and Joe and I had a much-needed bath. In the late afternoon we went up to Dr. MacKey's and Merwin and I arranged for a little party for tonight to speed each other on our various ways. The same was duly solemnized but not roughly so. I tried hard all day to get in touch with Pinedo González—the owner of our mules—but could not. I think we may have to stay over here another day.

### **Friday, March 20**

Merwin and Bishop got off for Sal Si Puedes with Smith, and after breakfast we set out looking for our mules. Don Amado reported he would have none in before Monday. We were about to give up in despair when Mr. Whaite told us he saw some in front of the Turk's,<sup>52</sup> *don* Emilio Awe. We repaired in haste to *don* Emilio's and, after some palaver, we engaged seven mules and two men for \$70.00 gold for the trip [to Flores, Petén], *don* Emilio to find his man and assume all the risks of the road. We spent the remainder of the day in packing our food, clothing, and equipment; what we didn't use we either gave to Auntie Chon outright or left in her keeping until we get back.

The evening we spent in saying goodbye to the Hudsons. We went up there for a while but were so tired and sleepy from the experiences of the day that we excused ourselves early. We are promised an early start in the morning, but knowing the country and its people, I would not be surprised if it were late before we finally shake the dust of El Cayo.

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<sup>52</sup> Morley frequently refers to non-native people encountered in his travels as "Turks." These are people of Middle Eastern (especially Lebanese) descent who emigrated to southern Mexico and Belize (and elsewhere in the Americas) after the 1860 Syrian civil war and related conflicts.

## Saturday, March 21

We were to make an early start but, as per usual, did not get off until after nine. Our *arriero* stayed behind to add another mule to the outfit. When we reached Benque, Joe made his peace with don Pablo—not so difficult after all—and after waiting awhile for the pack mules (they came eventually) we moved on.

A very pleasant surprise awaited us on the other side of Benque. Pancho reported the mail had come on *El Cacique* but had been put with our newspapers, and so don Eduardo had missed seeing it. I heard from Alice; she and True were both ok. I also heard from Howe, giving information about the [Tulum] lintel and also the article. This, together with a pile of New Orleans papers from March 4 to March 12 was very heartening as a stirrup cup.

It had need to be as our *arriero* refused to go beyond Plancha as he wanted to spend Saturday night carousing in Benque, which he did. Joe and I, chafing at our bits, whiled away the evening at the Guardia playing casino. It rained hard in the night, a fact which caused me some concern over the conclusion of my work tomorrow.

## Sunday, March 22

Things looked very black for a while this morning. When I got up, Pancho had not returned, but about 7:30 he did appear. He went to look for the mules in the corral and claimed to find one missing. He must needs set off for Benque at once to look the stray beast up. I told him that if he were not back within an hour, I would go over to Benque myself and telephone don Emilio. While he was away the other boy—Próspero—found the missing mule in another corral! Pancho returned presently, and by a quarter past eight we were on our way. The road led through thick jungle for the greater part, but toward the close of the afternoon we skirted the eastern end of Lake Yaxha.<sup>53</sup> It was a pretty sight glistening through the trees.

At 4:15, after we had been in the saddle for exactly eight hours—and this is no figure of speech either, for I had not dismounted once—we came to the *pueblo* of Yaxha which now numbers ten families, perhaps fifty souls in all. I made arrangements with one of the village *señoras* to cook us supper, which we had in due time. We were both half famished, and her smoked chicken tasted good. I went to bed about 8:00 in the common shelter of the village where all travelers sleep.

## Monday, March 23

We got an early-ish start, and for the first half hour this [trail] led along the shores of the lake. This early getaway, however, was lost before an hour had passed because of Pancho's attempt to find a "shortcut." This led us abreast of the little island of Topoxte and there [the trail] ceased in an impenetrable bush. We had to retrace our steps and thus the time was lost. The lake would

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<sup>53</sup> This was probably Yaxha's sister Lake Sacnab to the east. Morley next describes continuing on to the tiny community of Yaxha, at the narrow isthmus separating the two lakes. This settlement, now abandoned, was evidently a common stopping point for travelers passing between Flores and Belize.

have been beautiful but for a fine drizzling mist which obscured everything. We could distinguish the site of Yaxha clearly on the top of a high hill on the north side of the lake.

After leaving the lake, our road was monotonous enough over ridge after ridge, all buried in a thick bush. Toward the close of the afternoon, we saw the four little lakes marking the end of our journey. The last of these, and the largest, Macanche, is beautiful. I wish I had more space to speak of the colonial darkey, John Gilley—a fugitive from the King's officers—with whom we passed the night.

### Tuesday, March 24

This morning we got a truly early start and did not lose it (7:00). After about an hour's going we saw the road leave for Remate from whence one goes to Tikal. Another hour brought us to the lake shore. Lake Petén Itzá is a beautiful sight with the forest-clad hills rising abruptly from its north shore. The road along the *playa* [shore, beach] was very warm, with only occasional plunges into the bush.

About 9:30 we crossed over the high land [the Tayasal Peninsula] between the two arms of the lake. This high headland showed abundant traces of having once been a large city, mounds, etc. Crossing this, we passed what had every appearance of being a cenote, a deep waterhole, surrounded by high hills on every side, and then Flores itself came into view [Figure 6.8].



Figure 6.8. View of Flores Island from the Tayasal Peninsula, looking to the south. Note large cenote in the foreground, just behind the lake-edge community of San Miguel (not visible), and haystack (limestone karst) hills in the background.

It is a picturesque little thatch-roofed city of a thousand souls perched on a nearly round island. A soldier who was putting off for the island took us over in his *cayuco* [canoe] and soon we had looked up the only American, a Dr. Boberg, some relation by marriage to don Clodeveo [Clodovego Berges],<sup>54</sup> the *jefe político*, to whom he presented us. After that, all our difficulties vanished as if by magic.

### **Wednesday, March 25**

I awoke very much rested and after breakfast we went to the customs house where the rest of our stuff had been taken the night before. This was released and carried to our house, i.e., the quarters of the Guatemala Company. We next looked up Dr. Boberg, who had arranged an interview with don Clodeveo at four in the afternoon. We wrote letters and packed the greater part of the day. At four we had a most satisfactory interview with don Clodeveo, who promised us aid in securing mules [for the trip to Seibal]. He also said he would give us letters to the authorities on the [Subín] river.

It transpired at seven that the mules were to be had and, if the muleteer recovers from his *goma* sufficiently, we will get off tomorrow. That he may better accomplish this, he [the muleteer] is locked up in jail. Interest and speculation now centered on the question as to what will be his condition in the a.m.

### **Thursday, March 26**

About 9:00 the owner of the mules informed us that his muleteer had sufficiently recovered from his *goma* to make the *viaje* [trip, travel]. This was good, though unexpected news. We hurriedly finished our packing and letter writing, giving the letters to don Belisario Baldizón, who leaves for Belize early tomorrow morning. I settled our board bill, paid for the mules in advance, and finally, about 11:30, rowed across to a *playa* near San Benito where the mules were in a corral. It was 12:30, however, before we pulled out.

We left the boys about half a league out and rode on ahead—we did the twenty-one miles in just five hours. The road was uninteresting, for the most part passing through savanna. Don Clodeveo's letter to don Manuel Otero at La Libertad, our terminus, brought us generous hospitality, a good supper, and comfortable quarters for the night.

### **Friday, March 27**

We got a good early start (7:00) from La Libertad. After three leagues we entered the bush, and after a league more we left the telegraph line, turning off to the left. Another half league brought us to the [Río] Subín. Here the cargo mules crossed before we could stop them, thus wetting the lower parts of the packs. Fortunately, nothing was injured. We pushed on from here through the bush for two and a half leagues to the [Río de la] Pasión, and a league down to Sayaxche. A *grito* [shout] brought us a *cayuco*, and soon we were on the other side, this after about eight and a half to nine hours of traveling. Our letter again brought us generous hospitality from don Félix, the

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<sup>54</sup> The surnames Berges and Boburg [not Boberg, as Morley spells it] are well-known in Flores.

man in charge while don Romualdo is away. He thinks everything can be arranged satisfactorily and tomorrow we hope to get up the river to Seibal. So far, our schedule is working like a charm, though I knock on wood as I write this last line.

### Saturday, March 28

By 7:30 we were on our way up the river [east] for Seibal in a large *cayuco* named *La Gaviota*, which must be about four tons. We had, in addition to the four *bogas* [rowers], a *práctico* [pilot, guide] who had been to the ruins twelve years ago! The poor chaps bent to their task nobly, however, and only paused twice to eat. We arrived at 1:30, which made six hours on the way, from which a half hour has to be deducted for stoppings. They call it four leagues.

Arrived here, we had some to-do getting started for the ruins of Seibal. Finally, at 2:40 p.m., Joe and I, with our imported *práctico* and a local brother of the same persuasion, set out through an old *milpa* [cornfield] path which bore off to the south. A mile of this went by and then we entered the bush: two miles farther and we came to some hills.<sup>55</sup> Our guide climbed these, and after beating around a bit he uncovered Stela 1. We returned to the house [encampment?] as it was late. Don Romualdo was here. He is very pleasant and said he would extend us every aid.

### Sunday, March 29

This was a hard day's work, though very satisfactory. We got to the ruins about 7:30, but it was not until after nine that all the monuments had been found (except for Stela 4) and we had settled down to work. Joe started on Stela 1 and I began on Maler's three or four glyph stelae, numbers 12 through 14. These turn out to be not glyph stelae at all, but panels of what was probably a hieroglyphic stairway. There were five panels in all, of which Maler only figured parts of three. One interesting feature was a Cycle 8 date [8.19.0.0.0 10 Ajaw 13 K'ayab; March 23, 416], but a distance number of 1.6.16.7.17 brought this up to 9.15.16.5.17 5 Kaban 10 K'ank'in [should be 5 Kaban 10 Keh]. I also found what is probably an entirely new variant for K'ank'in, i.e., a glyph which looks like a tiger or dog head. I spent the forenoon in assembling the several sections which go to make up these five panels. In the afternoon I took notes on these panels, as well as on Stelae 5, 6, 7, and 1. We left the ruins about 4:30 and it was nearly six when we reached the *montería* [logging camp], both of us very hot and sweaty. I took a good wash with our carbolic soap and then spent the evening in calculations arising from the day's work.

### Monday, March 30

We reached the ruins at about a quarter to eight, and after a few necessary preliminaries said to be especially necessary in the tropics, I went to work on Stela 3. I followed up that job with work on Stelae 8, 9, 10, and 11 [at each side of Structure A-3, Figures 6.9, 6.10].<sup>56</sup> I drew the dates in some cases. About 10:00 I went over to my five panels and took some final measurements and

<sup>55</sup> Today Ceibal can be reached by road from Flores, or by a beautiful trip upriver from Sayaxché followed by a steep climb up the riverbank through enormous *ceiba*, mahogany, and other trees.

<sup>56</sup> These four Terminal Classic stelae stood at each side of Structure A-3, a radial temple: square in plan, with stairways on all four sides.

drew all the dates, leaving the ruins about 11:30 to arrive at the *montería* after a warm walk shortly before one. I think our trip has been very successful and my best result was the assembling of the five glyph panels, the deciphering of a Cycle 8 date, and the finding, I think, of a new variant for K'ank'in.



Figure 6.9. Ceibal Structure A-3: top, before excavation; bottom, after reconstruction in 1964.



Figure 6.10. Structure A-3 at Ceibal today, surrounded by Stelae 8, 9, 10 and 11, all covered with protective thatch.

After taking several photographs (of don Zaragosa Penados and his wife and twins, and our cook, Vera Gallegos) we set off down the river at just 2:30. In spite of our shelter, it was hot as hell. We arrived here in Sayaxche at 7:15, four hours thirty minutes on the way. Supper was over. I heard rather disquieting news from don Romualdo to the effect that five to eight mules and sixty-five men had been seized at Desempeño by the [Mexican] rebels. This is above Piedras Negras and it may cause us to leave out that site this season, though we hope not.

### Tuesday, March 31

We are to have a *tour deluxe* [to the Río de la Pasión area sites], I fancy. Don Romualdo has taken charge of everything—men, provisions, and even the boat. We got under way about 9:30 after saying goodbye to everyone at Sayaxche. We are in the same *canoa* that we went to Seibal in, i.e., *El* [sic] *Gaviota*. About eleven we had a delicious breakfast of tortillas and frijoles. Hunger, perhaps, had sharpened the appetite, but the food certainly seemed delicious. I worked and slept all day as we crept down the Pasión.

I made a careful study of Maler's text on Piedras Negras and am convinced that there is promise of a quick return there. He speaks of two "Initial" glyphs quite frankly. There are upwards of thirty-three or thirty-four texts with which I may be able to do something. It did not

get so hot today as it did the day we went up to Seibal, but nevertheless in just a little while the perspiration began to stream forth.

From five to seven in the evening, the river was at its best; a very new moon shed an astonishing amount of light on the water which was a placid as the proverbial mill pond [Figure 6.11]. The sunset was also beautiful and its reflection in the water even more so. At seven, after going ten leagues for the day, we reached La Florida, don Ermitano Manzanare's place, where in his corn house we very comfortably passed the night.



Figure 6.11. Along the Rio de la Pasión after leaving Ceibal.

### Wednesday, April 1

This was a very unlucky day. Just about noon we reached Plancha Piedra [a different place from the one at the Belize border] and met a band of refugees coming upstream, practically fleeing before the rebels who are cleaning up all the *monterías*, seizing the mules and stores, and drawing off the people. They are bent for Tzendales on the Río Lacantún [a western tributary of the Río Usumacinta in Chiapas] where it seems the Romano brothers have a big *montería* and *bodega*. Felipe Domínguez, the rebel chieftain, has some private grudge against the Romanos and hence this raid.

It has caused us great disappointment as here we are at the mouth of the Pasión with a good boat, a willing crew, well supplied, and in good health, yet obliged to turn back because of this rebel chief. It seems the better part of wisdom, however, and tomorrow morning we will turn back upstream.

About 2:30 we reached Altar de Sacrificios [Figures 6.12, 6.13], and after beating around the bush a bit we found the stelae. The Initial Series ones (7, 4, and 5) are the best preserved. Stela 5, the one Maler does not figure, however, is so far gone I am afraid we cannot do much with it. The

presentation is very unusual: it has a large introductory glyph over three vertical columns. Joe found a huge new stela that was fallen down and was badly broken. We will turn it over tomorrow.

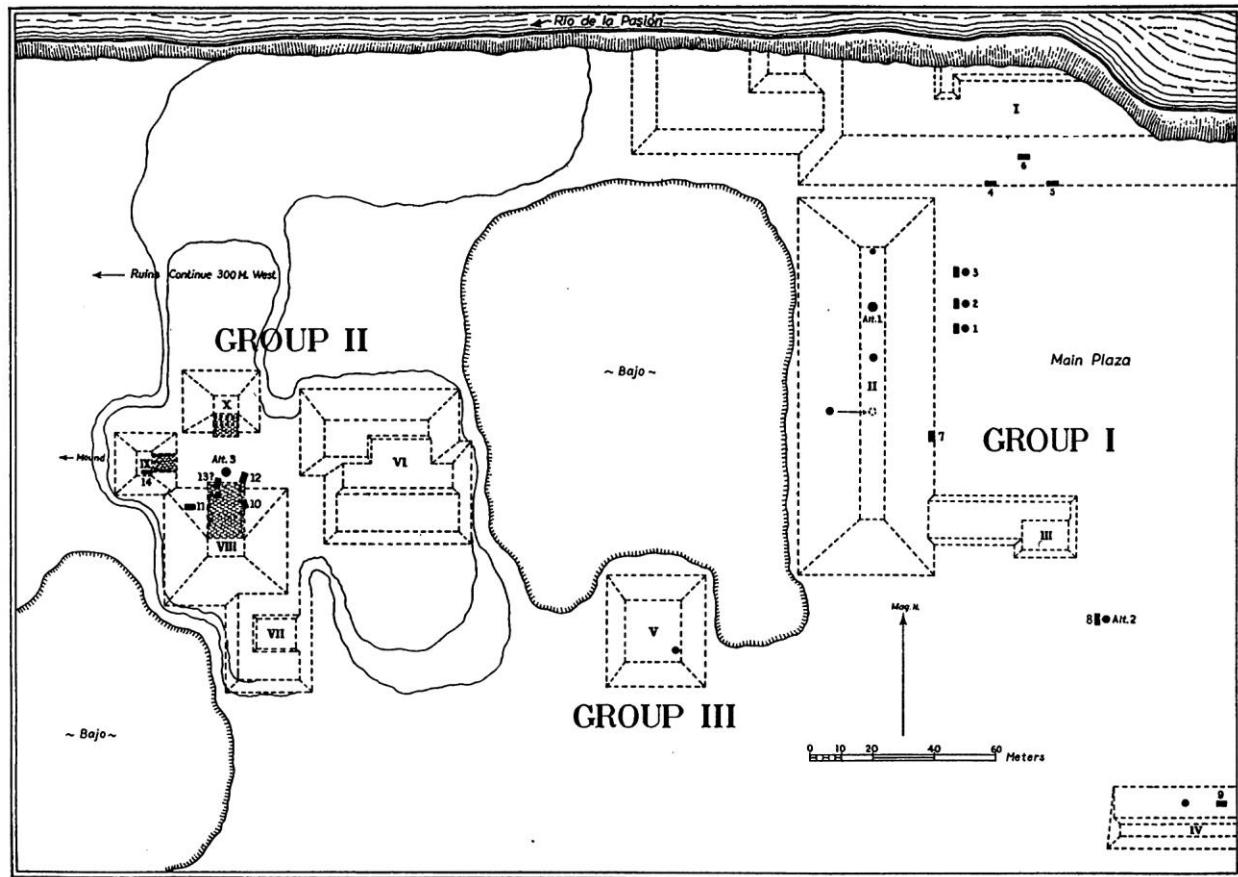


Figure 6.12. Morley's site map of Altar de Sacrificios, drawn on a later visit.

### Thursday, April 2

A most miserable night—it is no figure of speech to say that neither of us slept a wink. The itching all over my body was interminable. This, I believe, was due to a myriad of fleas which infested the pigs which swarmed our shelter. It was with very great reluctance that we turned back, but [with] the firm determination to return within a month's time if the *rebeldes* return to Tenosique.

About six we left for the junction of the two rivers,<sup>57</sup> a peaceful spot, and scarcely believing that the peaceful strip of bush across the river could possibly be the blood-strewn Republic [Mexico] to our north, we began our journey upstream.

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<sup>57</sup> The Río de la Pasión and the Río Salinas (or Chixoy, or Negro) join to form the Río Usumacinta, which is the boundary between Chiapas (Mexico) and Petén. It flows north to the Gulf of Mexico.



Figure 6.13. The famous round Altar 1 at Altar de Sacrificios. This picture is probably from the Maler expedition.

About 9:30 we reached Altar de Sacrificios. Here, with repeat labor, the boys succeeded in turning over another fragment of Joe's stela. This showed a grotesque headdress and probably indicates the presence of a standing figure on the other fragments which, however, we were unable to turn over. I washed the upper fragment which had a date, and this shows to be 6 Ajaw 13 Muwan, K'atun 14. The date of this new monument is, therefore, 9.14.0.0.0 6 Ajaw 13 Muwan [December 3, 711]. The Initial Series on Stela 5 (not figured by Maler) lands to within one day, I think. It is 9.10.1.13.17 or 18 [October 29 or 30, 633], or within two years of Stela 4 which is located near it. I made no further attempt to decipher the round altar as it is too far gone. We left Altar de Sacrificios, known locally as San Felix, and encamped by about 5:00 at a pretty bank just opposite an old *montería* of don Manuel Otero called Santa Marta.

### Friday, April 3

We got underway early and during the morning passed the bunch of refugees whom we met going. They were building a new camp which the *jefe* told me was to be called "Ya lo veremos" ['soon we will see it']. About 1:00 we reached [the site of] Aguas Calientes, where we found all the men but one absent. Fortunately, though, this chap knew where the monument known as "El

Rey" [now Stela 1] was. We set off toward the east through *milpas*, and after ten minutes of walking we came to the bush.

Here the boy quickly located "El Rey". It was a little disappointing from the back, but when we got the front uncovered it was a gem. From its style it seemed to both of us to be very late and this turned out to be the case, for at the bottom of the west side I found the record end of K'atun 18, which was preceded by 11 Ajaw 19 Mak. This satisfactorily dated the monument but I had some trouble with connecting this date with the others on the stela until I found that the last distance number, 13.18 (west side), was to be counted backward and not forward from the date next preceding it in the text, namely 3 Etz'nab 11 Chen. This worked out right, then, and gave me as my final date 9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Mak [October 9, 790].

We came back happy, but very, very tired. After supper we fixed our beds on the riverbank, but by eight in the evening the sky clouded over and it began to thunder and lightning, so we moved up to the thatched hut. It was a wise move for no sooner had we got settled than the bottom fell out of the sky.

### Saturday, April 4

As Joe is making a careful drawing of the front of the Aguas Calientes stela [Figure 6.14]—we dare not trust to photographs—we were unable to leave the site until after lunch. We got over to the ruin a little after six this morning. It was murky and muddy and recalled our Naranjo experience. While Joe was drawing the main figure, I drew all the glyphs and made a sketch map of the part of the group where the monument occurs. By noon Joe finished the front, but not the back, so we had to stay over. This caused us the loss of a day in our itinerary, but I did not regret it as it will give us more time at Sayaxche. On the back, the monument has a face in profile strongly recalling the "round" heads found in Structure 1 and Quirigua two years ago. The dates, 9.18.0.0.0 [October 9, 790] and 9.19.0.0.0 [June 26, 810], make this not improbable.

Joe returned to the ruins alone after lunch, but had finished his work and was back before 2:30, at which time we started off. At first, the boys thought they would be unable to make San Juan Acul, but they pushed on through under the light of a brilliant moon, and we got in at seven. By 8:30 we were installed under our *pabellones* [mosquito nets] on the river bank. It rained toward morning but not heavily.

### Sunday, April 5

We got an early start from San Juan and before noon were in Sayaxche. Don Romualdo was greatly surprised to see us, and when he learned the cause of our return and the loss sustained by his company—the Guatemalan—he sprinkled the air with a choice line of Spanish, and among his contributions I recognized several old favorites: *cabrona*, *chingada*, and *carajo* (nasty words [Eds.: which we leave untranslated]).



Figure 6.14. Spinden's 1914 drawing of Aguas Calientes Stela 1, front. Note the ruler's feathered headdress and sky-serpent bar, feathered wristlets tied with stone celts, rattlesnake pectoral across his chest, belt and loincloth, club in his left hand, and tasseled sandals. A bowl of chipped stone (obsidian?) spear points lies at his feet.

We had a big dinner and then I took a nap until Joe roused me to go down to the river and take some photographs. He took two beautiful views, but neither of us is optimistic as to how they will turn out. We have had such moist, and at the same time, hot weather that I have serious doubts as to whether we are going to get anything or not.

Joe also photographed don Félix's twins. It was his turn to shoot up the native population as I had used a roll the day before yesterday to take don Ermitano Manzanero and his et cetera. This

included two young children of don Manuel's.

We played casino until half past eight when we were both overcome with sleepiness and so turned in. I don't know what we would have done down the river without Joe's deck of cards; we whiled away many a weary hour with them at casino.

### Monday, April 6

We ferried across the Pasión a little before eight, but it was fifteen minutes later before we finally started out through the bamboo brake<sup>58</sup> or jungle, which skirts the river opposite Sayaxche. This is really dangerous, for if a mule should stampede, the low hanging branches with their long, curved thorns could easily cut the animal's (or the rider's) throat. I know I got a good thrust in the chin with one.

We had no trouble at the [Río] Subín. The boys unloaded the mules and the same man who had ferried us over took us back. After a little lunch on the north bank of the Subín we left the pack animals to follow at a more leisurely rate and we ourselves hurried on ahead to La Libertad. We got in at just 3:45, having been on the road seven and one-half hours.

We passed don Amado González on the way to La Libertad. He was our friend at the mouth of the Pasión. He told us of two new ruin groups, one above his place and the other at Pabellón below the junction of the [Río] Chixoy and the Pasión, both on the Mexican side.

When we reached don Manuel's, he gave us a hearty welcome but thought it great *broma* [joke, trick] that we should have returned at all. He promised us a letter to don Luis Felipe Domínguez when we return. We had a big supper and enjoyed a good night's rest.

### Tuesday, April 7

We left ahead of the pack mules at 7:30 for Flores, which place we reached, or rather, we got to San Benito, just as the bell was striking 12:00. We got a man to ferry us over and went first to Boberg's, but he wasn't in. Next, we went down to the *señora*'s and had lunch. Afterwards we came back to Boberg's, who had a big mail for us. I heard from Alice—four letters—and True, bless her heart, wrote two; also mother, Con[stance, sister], Abe Spiegelberg, and Shipley wrote. All in all, it was a good mail though I am worried to know that the little woman's [Alice's] neck is no better. True also had been sick but was well when Alice last wrote.

At first Boberg was quite sure we could get off to nowhere tomorrow, neither to Ixkun nor Tikal, as it was Holy Week (same began yesterday). The Ixkun trip was out of the question, as he sent his boy up to have the mules come down from his ranch—but these couldn't get in until Thursday. I then suggested we take the Tikal trip first, but *no hay gasolina* ['there is no gas']. Finally, he said that the customs house man had some but that he, the doctor, would see himself in hell before he would ask him for a tin of it. Not feeling the same, I went up and asked him. After a little palaver he loaned us a tin, and with this as an anchor to the windward it looks as though we will get off tomorrow for the ranch first, and thus to Remate.

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<sup>58</sup> This is not true bamboo, but a dense thicket of thorny shrubs known as *subín*, which gave the river its name.

## CHAPTER 7

### THE EXPEDITION TO TIKAL, IXKUN, PIEDRAS NEGRAS, AND YAXCHILAN

#### Wednesday, April 8

One delay after another this morning postponed our departure from [Flores] Island until after 12:00. Finally we got off, however, and by 2:30 we were at the doctor's ranch at the eastern end of [Lake Petén Itzá]. Here we had lunch and he then sent out his *gente* [people] to gather in the mules. This consumed the rest of the afternoon, and by the time he finally got them started around the end of the lake for Remate it was after sunset.

We had to stop at Ixlu to get another mule, and before we got away from that place (without the mule, however) it was well on toward 7:00. A beautiful, nearly full moon floated in the sky and made the short ride over to Remate a pleasant prelude to the strenuous days coming. At Remate Dr. Boberg provided us a guide, one Jacobo, who is said to know the ruins very well. We also learned of a ruin group a short distance this side [south] of Tikal where there are said to be structures and stones with glyphs. We will investigate the rumor if possible.

Finally, after a long, long wait, the boys with the mules showed up after having been on the road for three hours. The Ixlu mule will be brought over early in the morning. We said goodbye to Dr. Boberg, thanking him for all his kind offices and watched him chug out over the lake.

#### Thursday, April 9

The first *broma* was the non-showing up of our last mule. This was to have arrived at six, but did not get in until two hours later. I had already engaged another when Vicente brought it in. As it turned out, though, the extra one was needed. The man from whom I hired the extra mule told me of a fine ruin group which he called Ichmicahil—three days north of Yaloch. I questioned him closely and from what he says I believe there can be no doubt but that he refers to [La] Honradez.

We got off about ten after eight, but at the first hill—not more than fifteen minutes out—Vicente's white mule lay down in the road. We had to shift her cargo to the new mule I had rented. We traveled until 2:00 and by then we had reached Ixtinto where there was water. Jacobo—the *práctico*—swore the next water, La Pita,<sup>59</sup> was too far off to make that night and so we had to stop there. This will probably mean that we cannot make Tikal by tomorrow night.

Mindful of our Naranjo experience, I had Aureliano tie all five mules securely. Joe and I slept

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<sup>59</sup> These two named places Morley mentions on the trail from Remate toward Tikal, Ixtinto and La Pita, no longer existed in the last half of the twentieth century. Regardless of exactly what route the trail took, it has always been an extremely arduous, steep climb up the face of the escarpment on the north side of Lake Petén Itzá, even on the modern (since 1978) asphalt road.

at the edge of the bush. The fleas were appalling. As supper was over very early, we got right under our *pabellones* even as early as 6:00. It did not rain.

### Friday, April 10

This was another very hard and discouraging day. We got off at 7:10, but immediately after leaving Ixtinto the road petered out to a very much over-grown path—totally obscured at times. Indeed, the *práctico* and an extra hand we had picked up at Ixtinto—the sole inhabitant—lost the trail several times before we got to La Pita. Also, before we arrived at La Pita the white mule of Vicente had again laid down under cargo and her load had to be shifted. While this was going on, Joe let go of his horse for a moment and it thereupon seized the occasion to gallop back toward Ixtinto. Joe gave chase, as did Aureliano, but before we were on our way again an hour and a half had been lost.

After this the road was lost half the time. Detours had to be made, which consumed time and temper. About 3:30, after five hours of cutting and hacking through this bush, we emerged on a broad trail which came from the southeast, probably from Yaxha.<sup>60</sup> It was easier going after this, and we made an aguada by a quarter past four, at which place we are now camped. The boys say it is four hours' heavy going from here to the [Tikal] ruins.

### Saturday, April 11

Shortly after starting (at 7:30) the good trail petered out, leaving us a heavily overgrown path which frequently disappeared altogether. Our going along this was desperately slow, and in fact by eleven we had not made more than five miles. Our new hand, José, returned to us at this time with a fine deer, fat and well-nourished. He also got a *kambul* before we started.

At this point Jacobo thought it best to halt and do some scouting, so at 11:15 he, José, and Joe set out. They returned in about two hours with the good news that the ruins were only about a five minutes' walk farther on, and an aguada full of water had been found about a half an hour off, perhaps a little less. We got ourselves together again and pushed on to the aguada.

While José and Aureliano were taking care of the dinner and mules, Joe and I returned with Jacobo to the ruins. We saw all the stelae except 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 15, and 16. Jacobo and I climbed Temple 1, a massive pyramidal structure [Figures 7.1, 7.2] The stelae are all small and for the most part clearly Archaic.<sup>61</sup> I was glad to be able to verify the fact that Stela 17 has two Initial Series on it recording exactly the same date.

We had a most delicious venison steak for dinner.

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<sup>60</sup> This may be an old trail that passed on the north side of Lakes Macanche and Salpeten, which may have Postclassic origins (e.g., facilitating trade with the peninsular Postclassic community of Zacpeten, in Lake Salpetén). Today the modern paved road between the Belize border and Flores is paved, as is the narrow, overgrown trail from Remate to Tikal that Morley followed.

<sup>61</sup> In the early twentieth century, periods of Maya history were designated Archaic (now Early Classic), Old Empire or Great period (Late Classic), and New Empire (Postclassic).



Figure 7.1. View of Tikal looking west from the top of Temple I, before restoration. Temple II is in the foreground, Temple III to the left, and Temple IV in the distance. Note the tall crests or “roof combs” that topped the structures. These usually were decorated in stucco with glyphs and other ornamentation.

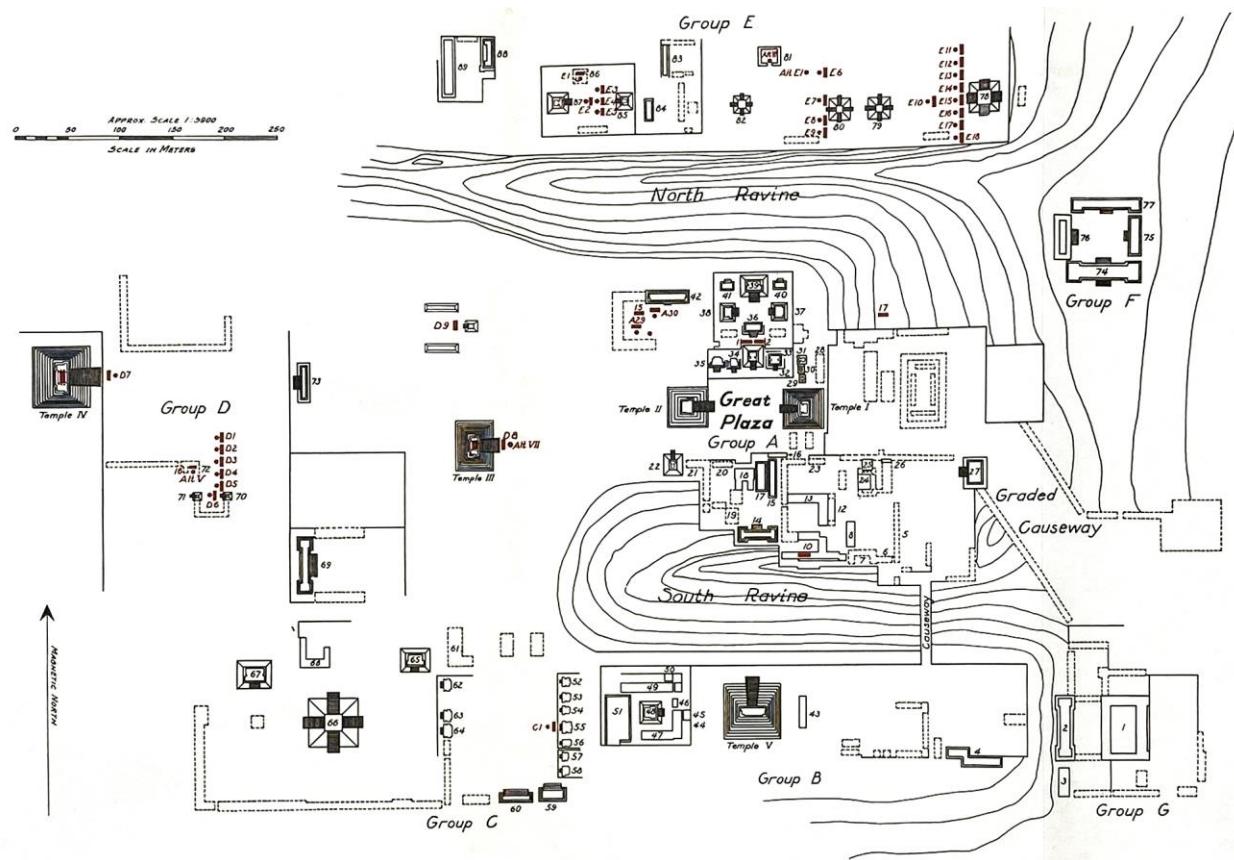


Figure 7.2. Morley's map of Tikal (after Merwin).

### Sunday, April 12

Easter Sunday was spent in hard work. I went first to Stela 17 and drew both of the Initial Series dates. This took me the first half of the morning. Next, I began to draw the entire east side of Stela 10 (Figure 7.3), the one showing the remarkable count recording over 5,000,000 years, i.e., 1.11.19.9.3.11.2.6.<sup>62</sup> I got all this done save two glyphs before we went home to lunch.

Just after lunch I made the big discovery of the day and also what will probably be the big discovery of the trip, namely that Stela 11 had the Initial Series 10.2.0.0.0 3 Ajaw 3 Keh [August 15, 869] recorded on it. Of this reading there can be little or no doubt. It turns out so important [because it is late: Terminal Classic] that Joe has decided to draw the figure entire.

Later in the afternoon I succeeded in deciphering an Initial Series date on Stela 5. It proceeds from the day 3 Lamat 6 Pax on the west side at the top, and reaches 9.15.13.0.0 4 Ajaw 8 Yaxk'in

<sup>62</sup> This expanded Long Count records time's passage in units of millions of days, for a date deep in mythic history.

[June 12, 744]. The [distance] number is 9.11.12 as I remember it. I made a drawing of the Initial Series myself.

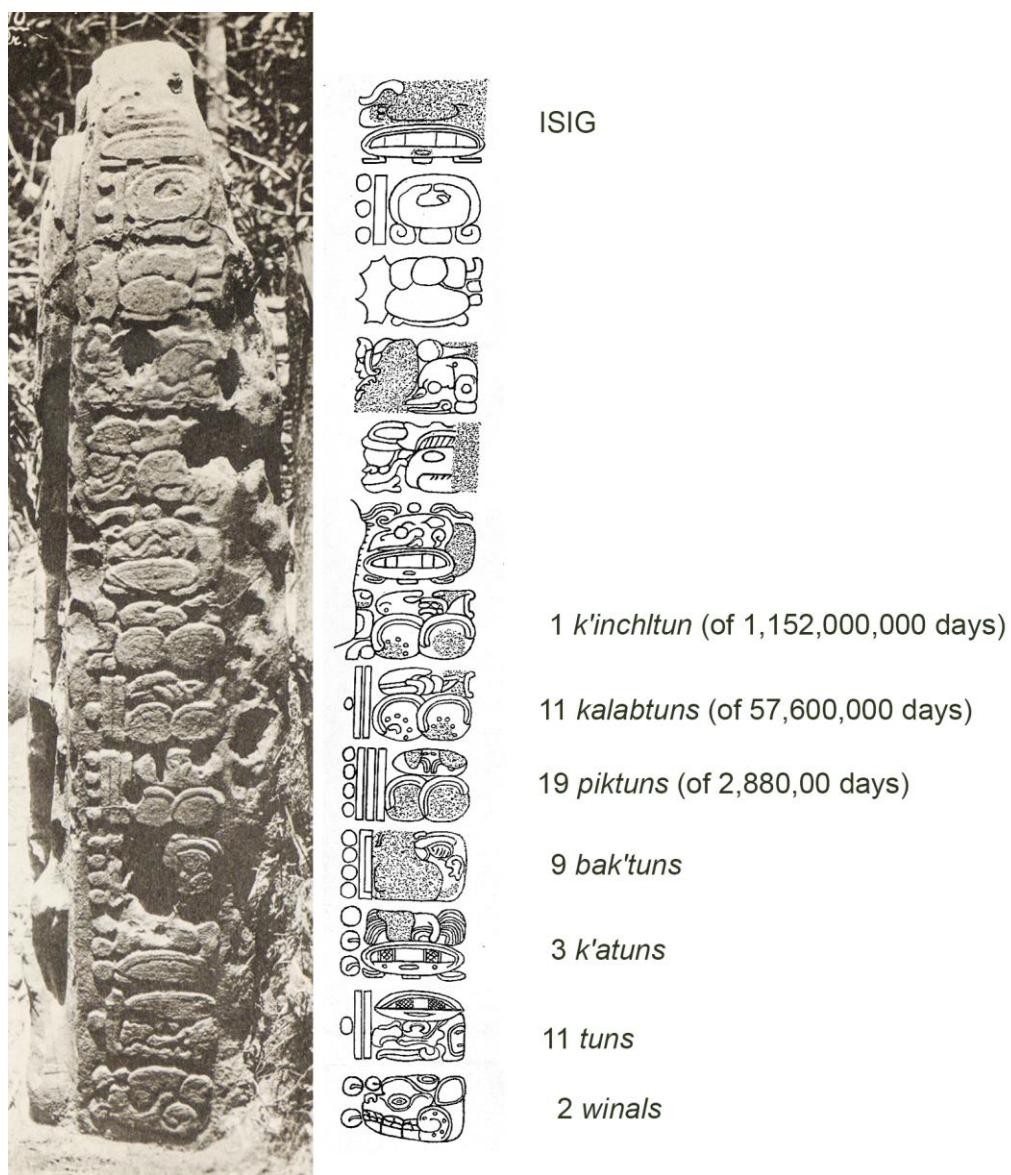


Figure 7.3. Maler's photograph and Morley's drawing of Tikal Stela 10 showing the expanded Initial Series.

We closed work for the day by climbing Temple II. A part of the lintel figured by Maler was still on the floor, but the face has been carried off. *¿Quien sabe donde?* [Who knows where?] We came back to camp somewhat after five, pretty well tired out by the exertions of the day.

#### Monday, April 13

I spent the morning in finishing Stela 10 and in exploring—looked up Stelae 6 and 7, also. At

about 11:00 I called to Joe and, together with José, we went to Temple IV [Figure 7.4], which is on the other side of a deep ravine. The ascent was hot and toilsome and we were glad to reach the top. There is only one chamber, and that has a plain lintel.



Figure 7.4. Tikal Temple IV before clearing and restoration.

At noon, while reading Maler, I found a reference to a beautifully carved sapote lintel in the third story of the Palace of the Five Stories (see Appendix C). We decided to investigate this [later]. The first thing after lunch was to work again on the Cycle 10 Initial Series on Stela 11. I drew this a second time very carefully (Figure 7.5) and Joe is drawing the figure. He says the style is highly flamboyant and late. I took a number of photographs of it.

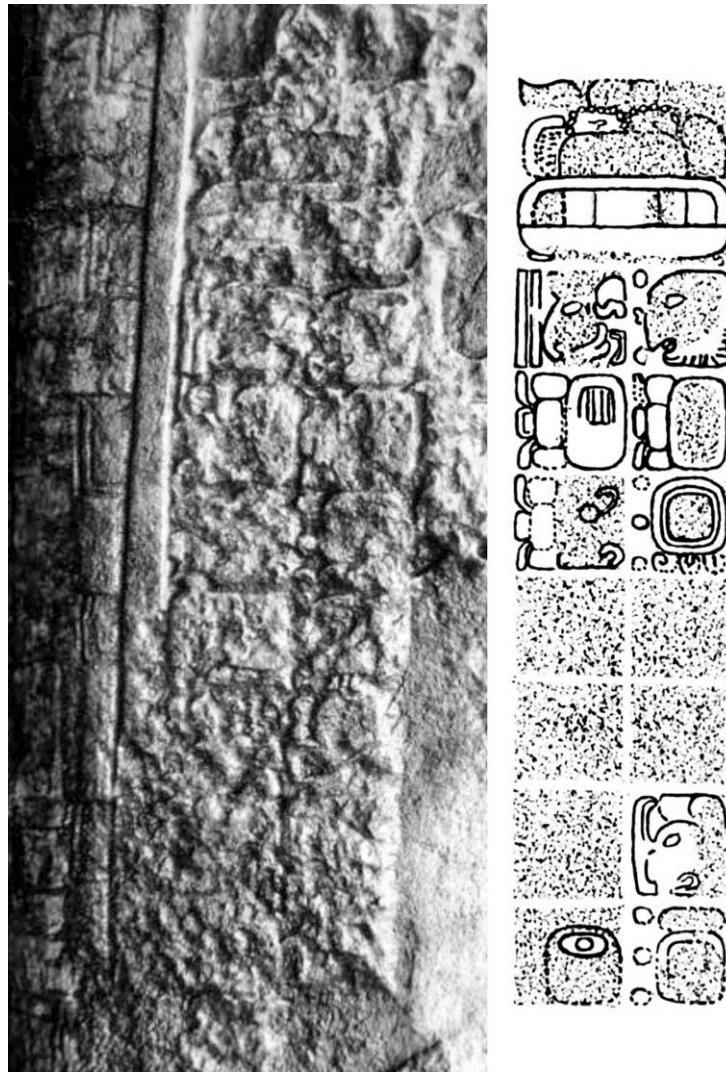


Figure 7.5. Photo and drawing of the IS date on Tikal Stela 11.

In the late afternoon we went over to the Palace of the Five Stories<sup>63</sup> and in the middle of the third story I found the carved sapote lintel mentioned by Maler. Only two beams of it were left (Figure 7.6), but those two were wonders. Fortunately, a date was decipherable; it is 1, 2, or 3 Ajaw, 3 or 13 Mol. I think it is either 9.15.10.0.0 3 Ajaw 3 Mol [June 28, 741] or 9.15.12.1.0 2 Ajaw 13 Mol [July 8, 743]. It is a nice contribution.

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<sup>63</sup> Structure 5D-65 to the west of the Palace of Five Stories is known as “Maler’s Palace” (Figure 7.7) because he lived there during his fieldwork at Tikal in 1895 and 1904 (Coe 1967: 58, 59).

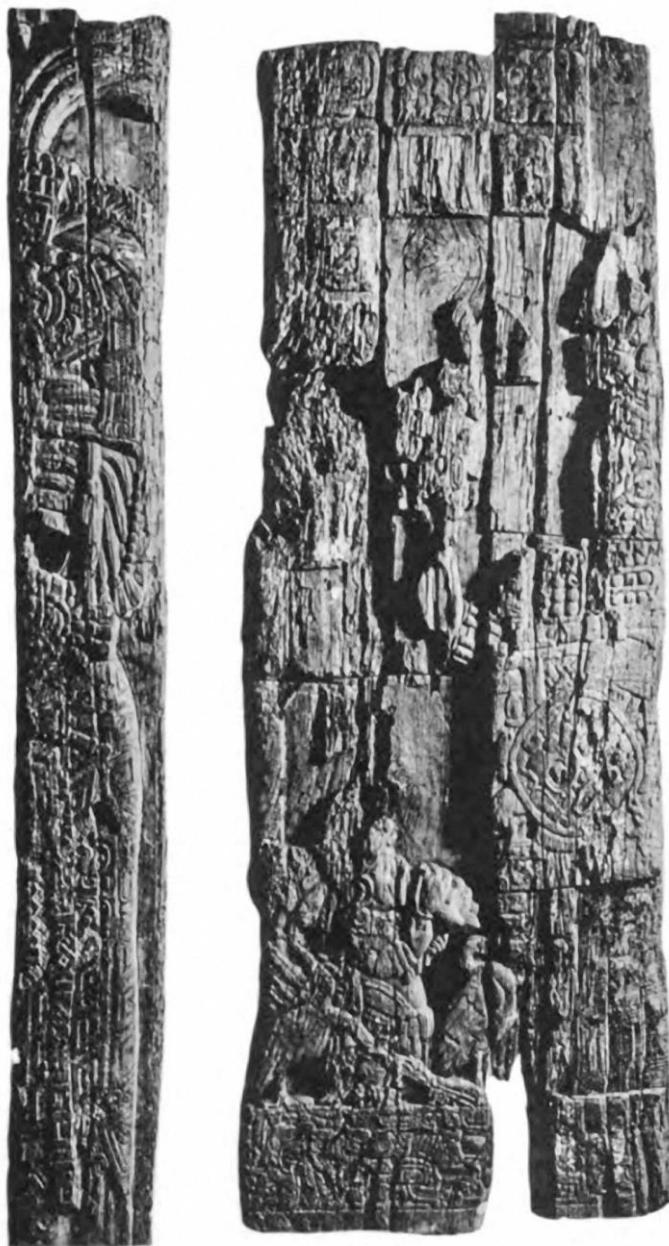


Figure 7.6. Left, fragment of carved wooden lintel from Temple II; right, Morley's photograph of the wooden lintel on the third story of the Palace of the Five Stories.



Figure 7.7. North face of Tikal Structure 5D-65 at the southwest end of the Central Acropolis. Maler called it the Palace of the Two Stories; it is now known as Maler's Palace.

After all this I did not feel particularly fit. José saw a tiger<sup>64</sup> while he was with Joe, who was then working at Stela 1. This is the wild, wild bush.

#### Tuesday, April 14

I felt simply punk today, and so did Joe. It must be the simply impossible cooking of our boys. Everything tastes badly and as a consequence this morning both of us were half sick with biliousness. However, we went first to Temple III and climbed it. Next to Temple IV—it is the highest of the group—and we climbed it.

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<sup>64</sup> This feline was probably either a jaguar, *Felis onca*, or an ocelot, *Felis pardalis*.

Then we began to look for Stela 16 (Figure 7.8). We had just about given this up when Jacobo found it. It is difficult to explain how such a beautiful monument and altar [Altar 5] could have occupied such an inconspicuous place in the ancient city.<sup>65</sup>

I photographed both of them and drew the period-ending date on Stela 16. I also drew the very clear signs for Muwan and Mak that I found on the altar. I was very seedy indeed by this time, but came back to the Temple of the Five Stories and copied the date on the lintel there.

At lunch I was all in, so I took some fruit salts and, after eating, had a twenty-minute siesta, after which I felt much improved. We did a lot of final work in the afternoon. I looked up Stela 15, drew Stela 4, photographed the Initial Series of 11, and finished off by climbing Temples I and II again. By the time I got back to camp I was again all in. I rested up, though, and felt better by dinner time, which neither of us relished.

### Wednesday, April 15

We left the ruins at 7:25 am. Joe had gone on about half an hour before with José to see some façade decorations on Structure 55. He caught up with us, however, just as we reached the ruins. José, who now went ahead, bagged a female peccary of goodly proportions. The head of the creature recalled to my mind the animal head which appears in the next to last glyph of the Supplementary Series. I must find out the Maya word for peccary [*chitam, kitam*] and other homophones also. Jacobo next took the gun and before we had gone much farther he had brought down a *kambul*—that black bird with a bright yellow excrescence on its bill.

We made Ixtinto at 3:55, or after just seven and one-half hours of traveling. As we were doing between two and one-half and two and three-quarter miles an hour, I figured that we did about twenty miles in all. Ixtinto, where I am now hurrying to finish these lines, is a hell of *garrapatas* and fleas. I never saw so many of the latter before in my life! We are both looking forward to a more or less sleepless night as a result of the attacks of these plagues.

We had some of the peccary for dinner—it was good but tough. It is now 5:00 and by seven we will be in bed, and by 7:30 asleep, if we are allowed to.

### Thursday, April 16

We got off ahead of the pack animals at 7:07 with Jacobo, leaving Aureliano and José to pack. After going on a little, Jacobo had to retire to the bushes and told us to go on ahead. He did not catch up to us until we very nearly reached Remate. Once or twice I thought we had surely lost our way, but finally there came a break in the trees and we saw the lake [Petén Itzá] far below us. Shortly after this Jacobo caught up with us.

We reached Remate at 11:07, or after just four hours on the road. I estimate the distance at ten miles, the total distance to Tikal being about thirty. We had breakfast at a don Tomás

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<sup>65</sup> Stela 16 was erected by the early Late Classic ruler Jasaw Chan K'awil I (682–734), formerly known as Ah Cacao or Ruler A (buried under Temple 1). This monument was paired with Altar 5 in Group N, one of Tikal's distinctive twin-pyramid groups. Stela 16 and Altar 5 celebrated the ending of K'atun 6 Ajaw in AD 711.

Masada's—most delicious frijoles, tortillas, eggs, and coffee. Afterward, at about four, Jacobo brought us over to the doctor's ranch in a *cayuco*. Here we encountered a contretemps in finding Antonio Pinzón gone to Flores.



Figure 7.8. Maler's photo of Tikal Stela 16, south face, showing ninth-century ruler Jasaw Chan K'awil I.

As I write this the sun has just gone down in a most gorgeous setting of salmon pinks, oranges, reds, and golds and framed by a blue, blue sky and lake. We are in a quandary as to how we will act. We can either go by *cayuco* tonight or by mule tomorrow.

## **Friday, April 17**

Jacobo was sighted with his craft just before seven, and when he got in and had been shown what to take in the *cayuco*, Joe and I pulled right out at 6:55 a.m. The road from the doctor's *rancho* strikes the main El Cayo road just where the latter comes out on the lake shore. We reached Petén [sic: Flores]<sup>66</sup> at 10:55, just four hours on the way. It grew very hot toward the last and we could see that the dry season was at its height. I found Petén unchanged.

Dr. Boberg was still there, but he plans to get away Monday or Tuesday for Sayaxche and thinks he will then be able to bring back the latest news from the river for us when we return from Ixkun. It seems the *federales* [Mexican military officers] fell upon the rebels at Tenosique and drove them up the [Río] San Pedro (Mártir). One gang of which was at Santa Margarita scattered up the river and the whereabouts of it is not humbugging us. Don Manuel Otero arrives tomorrow and we wired don Félix at Sayaxche today for further information. Our mail from El Cayo came after we had gone to bed. It had no personal letters for me, but it contained prints of my Naranjo negatives which were, I can say with all modesty, bully.<sup>67</sup>

## **Saturday, April 18**

This has been a glorious day of loafing. It has been so long since we have had a day devoted to doing nothing in particular that it seemed good to just loaf. I wrote a long letter to mother, another to brother, a third to my Trudy bear, and a fourth to Eddie Johnston. In the latter I asked its recipient to kindly let the air and sunshine in on my clothes down in my trunk in Boatman's office at Belize.

After lunch, Antonio—Dr. Boberg's boy—came in with two mules from the ranch, a *colorado* [red] and a *blanco* [white]. These are now on the north shore of the lake but will be brought around to the south shore tomorrow. About 5:00 I went over to San Andrés<sup>68</sup> with Dr. Boberg in the motor[boat]. There is a nice old Spanish Church over there and in nosing around it I found a fine carved [stone] altar support [Figure 7.9]. I am going to try and buy this and take it out with me. Don Manuel Otero is in town and Dr. Boberg is going to see him tonight and try to find out the exact condition on the river. He promised to stop in here on his way home and give us the latest news.

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<sup>66</sup> It is interesting that Morley refers to Flores as "Petén," which is now the name of the political unit comprising all of northern Guatemala. At the time of the 1697 Spanish conquest of the Itzas, their capital was known informally as "*nopeten*," or big (*noj, noh*) island (surrounded place; *peten*). The Spaniards renamed it Remedios and built a fort there. In 1831 the island was again renamed after a highland politician, Dr. Cirilo Flores, and it became the capital of the Department of El Petén in 1882.

<sup>67</sup> These and other photographs taken during the 1914 expedition were published in *The Inscriptions of Peten* (Morley 1937–38).

<sup>68</sup> A small town on the north shore of Lake Petén Itzá, founded as a mission after the 1697 Spanish conquest of the Itzas, with the forced resettlement of Maya in surrounding areas.



Figure 7.9. The carved stone used as an altar support in the old Spanish church at San Andrés, Petén.

### Sunday, April 19

Another day of loafing chalked up to our credit. After breakfast, Joe and I crossed over to the mainland—[the Tayasal Peninsula; see Appendix C] between the north and south arms of the lake—to examine the site there. This consists of a number of mounds of various heights and shapes, which extend from the very tip of the peninsula eastward for a mile or more. These mounds show no cut stone, though on their tops is usually to be found a pile of small irregular stone—perhaps the remains of some concrete construction.<sup>69</sup> In addition to the mounds, the ancient builders leveled off the ground extensively, making large platforms, plazas, etc. The pottery we found was very crude<sup>70</sup> and resembled the stuff from Flores which Millward had sent to Joe. I was unable to find anything which suggested that the city was either earlier than, or contemporary with, the Great Period [i.e., Late Classic]. I believe that it is very likely that this site was occupied in connection with the island itself about 1450 when the Itza came south after the destruction of Mayapan. I think Joe is now coming around to this opinion too.

<sup>69</sup> The reason for Tayasal's unimpressive architecture is that the Itzas built their temples and other ceremonial buildings at their island capital, and mainland sites featured smaller structures. Similarly, Flores yields more decorated Postclassic pottery than do mainland sites.

<sup>70</sup> Maya pottery is all low-fired earthenware; potters lacked glazes and kilns for firing. Postclassic pottery appears "crude" in comparison to that of the Classic period, because it lacks the intricate, human-figure polychrome decoration and glossy surfaces of the Late Classic.

## Monday, April 20

I saw don Manuel Otero at breakfast. He says everything is perfectly safe down the Usumacinta now, and I told him to look for us at La Libertad in another ten days. We went around to the doctor's and found everything in readiness. We finished packing and the doctor's boy came up and brought the things down to the boat. Our *arriero* is a pleasant looking chap called Felipe.

We left from Pueblo Nuevo—the same place we departed from when we set out for Sayaxche<sup>71</sup>—at 9:50. Three hours' traveling over low ridges brought us through the bush to the edge of the savanna. We had an hour's going through this latter hot and dry country before reaching Santa Ana [southeast of Flores, in the eastern savannas]. After leaving Santa Ana a pleasant little thunderstorm overtook us and gave us a not-unwelcome wetting. We went another one and a half hours and we were at Juntecholol. We found shelter in the jail lodging house, in which I am now writing these lines. We are going to cook our own supper here as no one in the village will prepare a meal, “no hay frijoles, no hay carne, no hay arroz” and “no hay nada.” [‘There are no beans, no meat, no rice; there is nothing.’]

## Tuesday, April 21

We got up at 1:10 a.m. and were off by 3:00, a Turk (see note 52) and his woman being with us. I was somewhat indignant because this former used Felipe as an *arriero* when we started, but that was nothing to my rage when I discovered about a mile out that Felipe had rented his own saddle animal to the Turk and was himself on foot. I stopped the procession and after some words turned Felipe back to the village where the Turk delivered up his horse. We went on. This lost us an hour and a half and it was 4:30 before we got on our way.

It was nearly 3:00 in the afternoon when we sighted Santo Toribio, and it had been a long, hard day. En route, at the Río San Juan, we came up with one old gentleman and his son, who turned out to be the *comandante* of Dolores. This was a piece of good luck and we made friends as best we might—I talked to the old gentlemen all the way.

We found the tail end of the Santa Toribio celebration still in progress in the form of a *baile*. We walked over to this and saw the sweating couples swaying in the mazes of the dance. We retired very early as our day's labors, about eighteen hours long, had considerably tired us. Our boy was even too tired to go to the dance.

## Wednesday, April 22

We got off at 7:20 for Dolores. The road wound through bush all day long and it was heavy going. We were six hours on the way. When we reached Dolores, we presented our letter to the schoolmaster, but his wife was sick and he told us to come around *más tarde*. Knowing what that meant, we decided to shift for ourselves. We located the *alcalde*'s house, he whose *milpa* lies near the ruins

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<sup>71</sup> On the trip to Sayaxche they left from closer to San Benito. Pueblo Nuevo, now known as Santa Elena, lies to the east.

of Ixkun. His kindly wife and daughters got us together some kind of a meal, and afterward his boy guided us out on the path toward the ruins. Here we soon encountered his uncle, who we engaged to take us to the ruins. It was then 2:15 and after two hours' hard going, we came to the place where the ruins should have been, but they were not there. As it was then nearly 4:30, we couldn't beat around much, so we decided to return and make camp beside one of the little streams the next day.

We got back just before seven, very tired out. In the meantime, the *cabildo* had been opened and Felipe had a good dinner ready for us. The *alcalde's* wife made some fine fresh tortillas. We engaged three men, including our guide of the afternoon, to go with us tomorrow.

### Thursday, April 23

We started off six strong for the ruins at about 7:30: Joe and myself, Felipe, Samuel, Flavio, and an old, old man named Victoriano who had been one of Maudslay's men. We reached the Río Ixkun about 11:00 and encamped by the side of a little stream on the other side of the river. The three new hands went out to look for the ruins while we made camp. They returned in about an hour's time with the pleasing news that the site had been found. Samuel says we were practically in the midst of them yesterday.

After lunch we set out for the ruins. The stelae are very, very much larger than one gathers from Maudslay's illustration [Figure 7.10]. I was also very much discouraged with the stela he figured [Stela 1, Figure 7.11]. The date is clearly 9.0.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 something, of course an impossible combination [although it could be 13 Keh; December 9, 435]. I suggest 9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Tzek for this date [it would be 18 Mak; October 9, 790]. Joe, as usual, located the next monument. This proved to be very much weather-worn. I can just make out a Calendar Round date at the top, 9 ? 9 Sip. I could not repress a feeling of discouragement at not finding more stelae. It had seemed as though Ixkun would surely be more promising. Our camp is a pleasant place, a very short walk from the ruins.

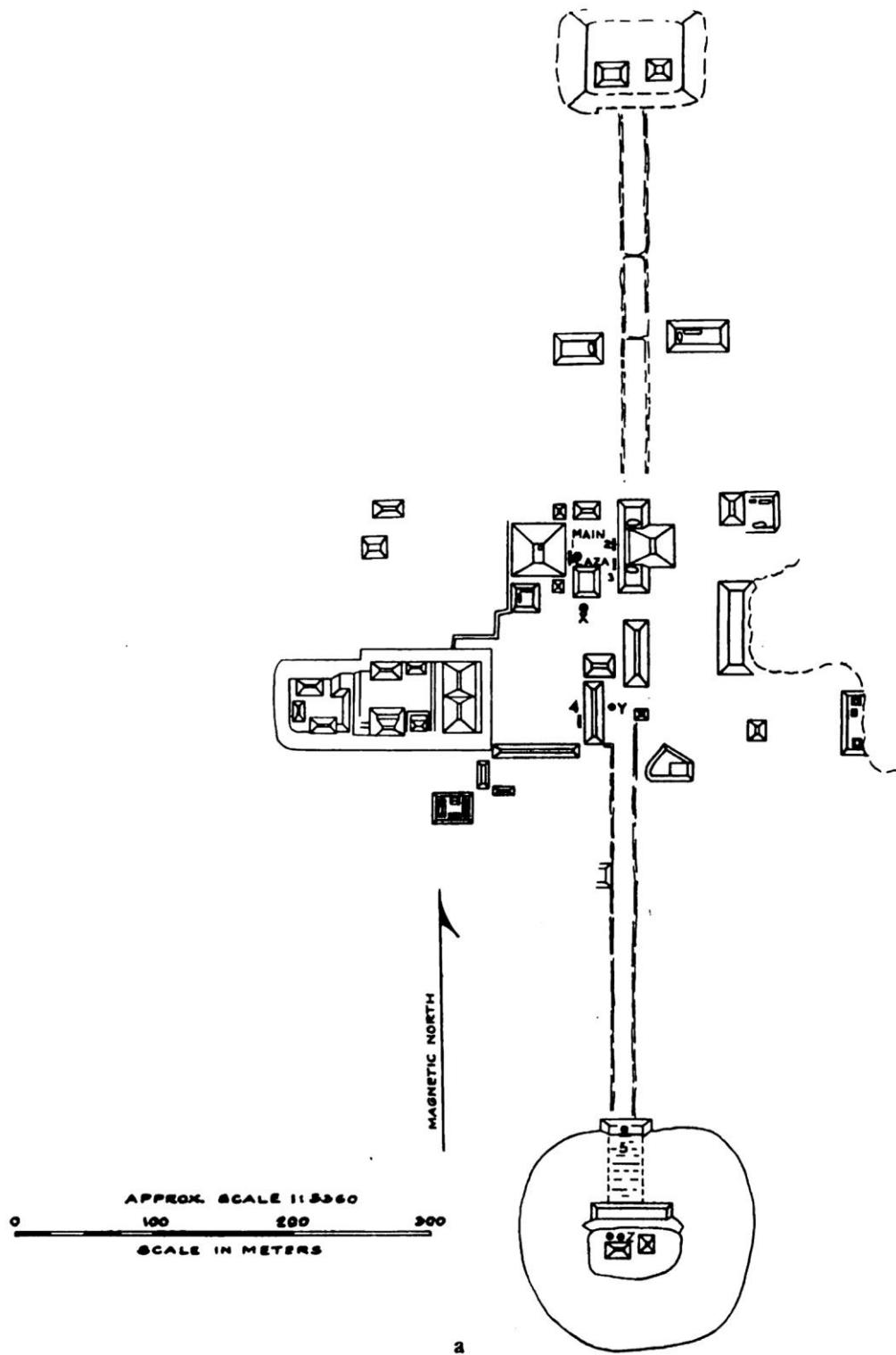


Figure 7.10. Map of Ixkun after Maudslay.



Figure 7.11. Morley's photograph of Ixkun Stela 1.

### Friday, April 24

This morning, with map in hand, and while Joe was making a drawing of the stela he had found yesterday, I began looking up the other stelae mentioned by Maudslay. I turned my attention first to the two in the same court as Stela 1. One of these I found buried under a rotten log [Stela 3]. After Samuel and I had hacked this off, it showed the upper half of a large figure, human, headdress, etc. Nearby I found another large stone face down [Stela 2; Figure 7.12]. On clearing, this proved to be quite large and broken into three fragments. I called Joe and with the help of the boys we turned the upper fragment. It showed (much to my delight) a very clear Initial Series, 9.17.9.0.13 3 Ben (6 K'ayab) [December 19, 779].<sup>72</sup> The carving had been covered with exceedingly hard plaster and then painted red. We turned the second fragment without difficulty, but the third proved too much for us, even after lunch. So, I sent Flavio back to Dolores for three more new hands and some *viveres*, ours having begun to run low.

After lunch Samuel and I went up the Southern Acropolis and found a figured stela there.

<sup>72</sup> Although Morley called the inscription "very clear," he struggled to fix an accurate date, deciding eventually that the ancient scribe had made an error. In *The Inscriptions of Peten* (1937–38, II: 174–177) he discusses his reasoning and assigns the date 9.17.10.0.0 12 Ajaw 8 Pax.

This has a band of glyphs above and below, but they seem to be too weathered to do much with.



Figure 7.12. Morley's drawing of Ixkun Stela 2.

## Saturday, April 25

I copied the Initial Series on Stela I and started to copy the inscription on Stela 2—the newly found Initial Series. Toward the middle of the morning Flavio returned from Dolores with three other huskies, and with the combined aid of everybody we succeeded in turning over the remaining piece of the monument. Unfortunately, as Samuel observed, it only had one row of glyphs, but this showed a date.

There was nothing else for the three additional hands to do, and so after lunch we sent them back to Dolores. They had brought some *viveres*, including a chicken from the *comandante*, so we fared well. We took some photographs in the afternoon, but a heavy shower sent us to shelter under a rock ledge of the acropolis at the south end. Here it rained cats and dogs. On our return to camp we found everything soaked: bedding, bed, clothes, pillow, *pabellones*, in fact everything. Victoriano, who had been left at camp, did not get a *champa* built in time to protect our impedimenta. We spent the late afternoon and evening in drying out our clothing as best we could. Even with all the rain we had at Naranjo, I never had so damp and moist a night as this. How exposed films can survive without the intervention of some miracle, I cannot make comment.

## Sunday, April 26

This is our last day at the ruins of Ixkun which, by the way, is the Maya word for that thorny palm [*Cryosophila argentea*] called *escoba* in Spanish. I spent the morning in finishing my photographic work and in copying the inscriptions on Stela 2. Soon we were back at camp, and Felipe had lunch ready. Although the sky was black with an impending rain, we set out for Dolores. We had not gone very far, however, before the bottom fell out of things. We were a sorry spectacle indeed, heading through the bush. The rain kept up hard for the first hour, or until we reached Demasio's *hutto*. Here it ceased and everybody fell to on sugar cane, the eating of which we continued as we went on our way.

We arrived at Dolores and photographed the church [Figure 7.13] and village. I studied the bells in the church, two of which bore the following inscriptions; the third was plain.

Upper band, small bell:	INSAGIADA POY EL IL <sup>mo</sup> S <sup>oy</sup> RADA AÑO 1718
Lower band, small bell:	A LA YGLESIA DE N <sup>r</sup> S <sup>ra</sup> DE LOS DOLORES LA PROV DEL YINZA AÑO DE 1718
Upper band, large bell:	AÑO DE 1718
Lower band, large bell:	SEÑORA DE LOS DOLORES ORA PORINOBIS

The bell in the *cabildo* was newer—it had on it "DEL PETEN 1747."

There was a muster of the available men for service in the army.



Figure 7.13. Refurbished Colonial church in Dolores built in 1708.

### Monday, April 27

A strenuous day, in the words of the immortal Theo. We left at 7:15 and it soon developed that all of the *bestias* were pretty weak, the three days of *corozo* palm [*Attalea cohune*, *Orbignya cohune*] fronds at the ruins having proved insufficient for their nutritional needs. It was a slow, grueling day. As we approached the halfway point, one of the red cargo mules showed repeated signs of giving out. It cried shrilly at short intervals and finally fell down under the cargo. Felipe shifted the load to another mule, putting only a saddle on the poor *colorado*. Soon, under even this light cargo it petered out. We left Felipe to get it in, if possible, and pushed our way on to Santo Toribio with the two other Dolores boys. We arrived about 2:25, a little over seven hours on the road.

A little girl had just died in the village, and in looking for maize I entered the hut where the body lay. It was surrounded by candles; a villager was making a box out of rough lumber in the same room. This bit of the raw quite took the starch out of me and has given me a fit of the blues which still has hold of me as I write these lines.

About three or a little after, Felipe showed up carrying the saddle on his back. He reported that after bleeding and frothing at the mouth, the poor old *colorado* died. He said no doubt a snake had bitten it. This, coupled with the shrill neighs the animal had given, seems to be probable. The other boys thought the same.

Joe and I made out the inscription on two church bells here.

## Tuesday, April 28

This was a long, long, hard day, just as the one we had a week ago today when we covered this same distance, i.e., Juntecholol to Santo Toribio [about 35 km]. This time we again got up early, 2:30 a.m., and by 4 a.m. we were ready to start. Just at this juncture, however, it was discovered that the little mule, Felipe's "Flaccito," had strayed off. The boys set out to look for this, though it was still dark, and in about a half hour's time they found it on the Dolores road. At 4:50 we started. We made El Chal at 7:30, just four leagues out. We were averaging one league every hour and ten minutes. At 11:50, or just seven hours out to the minute, we reached Boca del Monte. Another very hot hour on the savanna brought us to the big water hole, where we watered the animals. From here Joe and I pushed ahead, making Juntecholol at 2:50, or after ten hours in the saddle; the boys arrived forty minutes later. I am now penning these lines in the very *cabildo* where I made the entry a week ago today. We are both tired but are going to push on again in the *madrugada* [early morning].

## Wednesday, April 29

I got up about two a.m., but it was 3:30 before we were under way. Joe walked on ahead—indeed I did not see him again until we reached Flores, six *triste* hours later. It was a long six hours, too. We passed through Santa Ana about daybreak, and reached Pueblo Nuevo about 10:00. As we were going to leave from San Benito on our next trip, Felipe and I pushed on to there. He discharged our cargo on the *playa* [lakeshore] and soon I was in Flores. Here I found a letter from Alice, one from Constance, and several others—but no newspapers. Boberg says it will be perfectly safe for us to make the trip down the river.

We were both greatly tired out, and spent the time leisurely. After a good dinner at the sister of *doña* Rosa's—the latter herself has gone to the wedding at La Libertad—we went back to the *casa* Guatemala [Company] and spent the remainder of the day in writing letters.

About 4:00 I took a good bath. I went to bed early, pretty well tired out. It has grown noticeably hotter here, and Dr. Boberg says it is going to be a hot month of May.<sup>73</sup> The Boberg children are preparing for the May *fiesta* [festival, party] the day after tomorrow.

## Thursday, April 30

Today there is very little to record of interest. I spent by far the greater part of the day in writing letters, getting things ready to pack, etc., etc. In the afternoon I climbed the belfry of the church and examined the lines of the bells there. Two of the three have the simple cast inscription "AÑO DE 1718" and the third is plain. Just before supper, Joe and I split a bottle of Splits Milwaukee beer [sic: Schlitz, "the beer that made Milwaukee famous"]. As it was going down, I remarked that it had a most extraordinary flavor, somewhat acrid. After supper down at Boberg's, I suffered

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<sup>73</sup> May can be excruciatingly hot in the lowlands. It is the final month of the dry season, before the rains come, and it is typically the month of burning the *milpas* in slash-and-burn agriculture, filling the air with smoke and ash and making it difficult to breathe.

from indigestion and when I went to bed this grew worse. After two hours of great discomfort the attack culminated in violent nausea, and after throwing up my very heels I felt much better. I finally got to sleep about eleven and rested well. All arrangements are made for setting off and we hope to leave here on schedule.

### **Friday, May 1**

One thing after another kept occurring so that we had a close shave of not reaching La Libertad at all today. To begin with, we knew the distance was short [28 km] so we did not hurry at all. However, by 12:00 we were finished with all the preliminaries, packing, outfitting, etc. and set out for San Benito. Once arrived here we discovered that Felipe was in *duress vile* [jailed] at Flores. I went back for him and found Dr. Boberg in consultation with don Clodeveo: it seems poor Felipe is accused of carrying off a mule on the Dolores trip. I set them right about that, explaining the animal's death, and Dr. Boberg went his bond. Soon we had an order for his release.

It was five minutes before 3:00 when we left San Benito. The packs were very badly distributed and kept falling, etc., and the pack mules lay down in the road and had to be dragged along by lariats. All this delayed us to such an extent that it was very nearly 10:00 when Felipe and I dragged the red pack mule in—Joe had already gone ahead with the white mule. Don Manuel's generous hospitality provided us with a good supper, however, even at this late hour.

### **Saturday, May 2**

We left La Libertad at 7:55 and nine and one half hours later were in Sayaxche. Can I say more? We burned up in the savanna for three hours, and burned still more for another hour in the bush before the Sayaxche road turns off to the left. The [Río] Subín has gone down only a very little. A *grito* brought the most pessimistic little colored boy in the world, who finally got us across [the river]. We left at just 1:00 and it was 5:30 exactly when we got here [Sayaxche]. Felipe had dragged behind with the red cargo mule and did not show up until about an hour later. We gave the customary *grito*, and soon a *canoa* put off from the other side [of the Río de la Pasión].

Don Romualdo was very glad to see us, I thought. He, perhaps not without some conceit, is still much troubled about the situation down the river. Poor man, I fancy his is the losing side. To Yaxchilan, yes, he says, it is *libre*. *Abajo, nada esta cierto* ['unoccupied. Downriver, nothing is certain']. We cannot get off tomorrow as I had hoped because it is Sunday. I went to a *baile* with Felipe in the evening but came back to bed before the actual dancing had started.

### **Sunday, May 3**

This was a long day of waiting, which I utilized for writing. I wrote to Mrs. Jackson, Sis, Holmes [below], Loraine Morley, and a short note to Alice. It was very warm all day long, and in the morning I was so lazy that I didn't even write—played casino with Joe instead. We are both getting extremely expert, and I think we could beat the boys down at the "Corners." Don Romualdo was called away on a sick call up toward Seibal and did not get back until the middle of the afternoon. I saw Angel Lara—he is laid up with a lame back. He says he will go down the river with us, even if the other *bogas* do not.

Since we were here the company has acquired a phonograph (a Victor [Victrola?]) and after

supper the boys played it all evening. Some airs were familiar, "Dollar Princess,"<sup>74</sup> "La Paloma," national hymn of Mexico, etc. We turned in early; there was nothing else to do.

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Sayaxche, Peten, Guatemala  
May 3, 1914

My dear Mr. Holmes:<sup>75</sup>

We start tomorrow down the river for the ruins of Yaxchilan and Piedras Negras, to be gone for about a month. We attempted this trip about five weeks ago [but] were obliged to turn back at the mouth of the Río de la Pasión because of rebel activities around Tenosique, which pueblo has changed hands several times in the last few months.

This trip is turning out far more successfully than I could have foreseen. We have visited up to the present time Naranjo, Tikal, Seibal, Altar de Sacrificios, Aguas Calientes, and Ixkun, and have found something new at each. I can report eleven new Initial Series and as many Period-ending dates from these sites, as well as correcting or confirming many of the earlier readings.

Perhaps my most important discovery is the finding of a Cycle 10 date at Tikal. The date in question is on Stela 11 and records very clearly the Initial Series: 10.2.0.0.0 3 Ajaw 3 Keh or about 600 AD according to my correlation of Maya and Christian chronology. [869 GMT]

At Aguas Calientes (a hitherto unreported site) we found a beautiful stela, which Spinden pronounces to be one of the finest in the whole Maya area. The date, which is quite clear, is late, i.e., 9.18.0.0.0, thus agreeing with the position in the artistic sequence. At both Altar de Sacrificios and Ixkun we were fortunate enough to discover new and hitherto unreported stelae. These I have been able to date in both instances.

As the excessive heat is very hard on photographic apparatus, we are not trusting to the camera alone to record these new finds, but are drawing practically everything that has not been published. As there is a great deal to be done and our time is very limited—how limited, your own experience will doubtless vividly recall—we have divided the work as follows. Spinden is giving all his time to the art and architecture, and I am devoting myself exclusively to the inscriptions and chronology. He has drawn about a dozen complete figures up to date, and I have copied all the new Initial Series and other dates, glyph for glyph. The two lines of work, however, touch at every point and by this division of labor we have practically doubled our field efficiency.

We are now en route for Yaxchilan and Piedras Negras, where it is evident from Maler's description, there is much new material. We plan to spend about a week at each site, and before we can get back up the river and over to Flores, it will be the first of June. There still remains about a two to three weeks work in the northern part of British Honduras, so that by the time this is done, and I have paid a flying visit to Quirigua to see what has been uncovered there, it will be on toward July first.

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<sup>74</sup> *Dollar Princess*, a three-act musical, premiered in 1909 in London and was a hit on Broadway. The title refers to rich American heiresses. The 1909 recording can be found on YouTube.

<sup>75</sup> The text of this letter, from Morley to Holmes, was typed into Eric Thompson's (1964) article about the entry of the CIW into the field of Maya archaeology (see Chapter 1).

I am planning now to return to the States via New York so that I can come to Washington and talk with you about the state of the Carnegie project and possibly see Dr. Woodward should that seem advisable. I have had no further word from the Institution since Mr. Parsons wrote me in December after the annual meeting of the board, requesting me to submit a report on how to inaugurate the research. In passing through New York when I return I should very much like to call on Mr. Parsons, if I can do so without any impropriety or appearance of intruding myself in this matter. Would appreciate your advice on this point.

Little news of the outside world penetrates this remote district. Mail is irregular; telegraphic communications uncertain; and newspapers are not. We know very little even of the war in Mexico.

As for the Carnegie matter, [I have not heard a word since your most encouraging letter which reached me just before I left Santa Fe].<sup>76</sup> I hope all continues satisfactory, and that it only awaits more peaceful conditions in Mexico to go forward.

I am returning to the States much later than I had originally planned. But I have found so much new material which has an important bearing on my field, and conditions in these countries are so uncertain—today we have peace, tomorrow not—that even at the cost of considerable discomfort and additional financial outlay, I feel it is my duty to stay here gathering these facts until I am driven out by the coming of the rains.

If I can prepare an authoritative report on Maya chronology as a result of this season's activities, I will be amply repaid.

Will be greatly obliged to you, Mr. Holmes, if you will let me know before I leave British Honduras whether you will be in Washington during July. Hoping that I may see you there then, I close

Very Sincerely Yours  
Sylvanus Griswold Morley

Address  
Care of Carlos Melhado and Sons  
Belize, British Honduras, C.A.

#### Monday, May 4

Just a month ago today we left Sayaxche for Flores because of the rebel *broma*. I see at the head of this page [in his diary] a good number, i.e., no. 124. That was my number at old Pennsylvania Military College and it ought to bring good luck on our trip down river.

We got off at 7:50 and had only been going a few moments when I discovered that Angel is under strict orders himself not to go below Tres Naciones. I am sorry, as he is an excellent *patron*. At San Juan de Acul we picked up the baggage of the American or Canadian—whatever he is—who is on his way down to the main *montería* at Filadelfia—another good omen, by the way. He says there are three Americans there.

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<sup>76</sup> Thompson notes, in relating this letter, that the material in the square brackets had been penciled through.

Moonlight on the river was beautiful, and the boys pulled late so that we could sleep at La Florida, which final port we made about 11:00. We went right up to the hut we had occupied before. I did not get to sleep very early as my wrists were on fire with the heat rash which broke out on them yesterday. It is very, very painful.

### Tuesday, May 5

A year ago today I saw the 5th of May [Cinco de Mayo] parade in Mexico City.

In the morning I presented my letter to don Ermitano's *cargador*—one Juan Choc—and got some bananas, plantains, and sugar cane. I also picked up my measure which I left here a month ago. We got an early start and did not stop all the way down[river] to the mouth, which we reached at exactly 8:20. Altar de Sacrificios looked as when we last left it—just the same shore as all along the river; no vestige of the city can be seen from the water side. We stopped at the *boca* [mouth] for about an hour and a half, the miserable collection of huts there rejoicing under the name of "Nueva Esperanza" [new hope]. "Última Esperanza" [last hope] would have been more appropriate. However, I must not be too ungenerous as we bought and cooked the larger part of our supper here.

About 5:00 we pushed on down to Pabellón, a half league below. The *encargador*, Encarnación Sánchez, said the *piedra labrada* [worked stone] was very nearby, and in the closing half hour of sunlight we walked over to the corral, which is the fenced-in summit of a good-sized mound. Indeed, here the monument lay [Figure 7.14].



Figure 7.14. Stela 1 at El Pabellón showing the IS date.

It is not over five feet high, but it has a beautiful Initial Series on one side and a Supplementary Series on the other. The former reads 9.10.0.0.0 1 Ajaw 8 K'ayab (January 25, 633].

The figure on the front, Joe says, faces the observer's left, and has a feathered headdress, [and] a posterior ornament of a grotesque face. The style, apparently Archaic, is satisfactory correspondence with the very early date.<sup>77</sup>

## Wednesday, May 6

We got underway at six and got down to the mouth of the [Río] Lacantún about eleven. Here we encountered the first *broma* of the day—there was no *canoa* or crew who could make the rapids safely. As Angel was under strict instructions not to go below the mouth with the *Gaviota*, I had to put back to Tres Naciones, perhaps half a mile upstream, and negotiate with the *encargador* José Díaz Revueltín, for a *canoa*. This I secured and then had a fine dinner prepared by his wife, a pretty girl from San Juan Bautista.

We returned to Nuevo Guatemala, and after shifting our cargo from the *Gaviota* to the new boat, a nameless maverick of the river, we got off at 3:45. The ride downriver was beautiful. The river narrows and flows swiftly between sharply sloping hills. We got in at seven and found our second *broma*: *No hay canoa ni bogas ni patron* [There is no boat, nor oarsmen, nor boss]. Mr. Strim, the manager, is not here—and his wife, a French girl, goes up to Enrique Torres' place tomorrow. Poor girl, she has heard rumors of rebel attacks and so is going to take herself out of trouble's way by going up into Guatemalan territory. We are to be passed on tomorrow with another letter to don Manuel Villanueva—here we are assured of a fine *canoa*, good *bogas*, and experienced *patron*. We hope for the best but expect the worst. *Vamos a ver mañana* [we'll see tomorrow].

## Thursday, May 7

We got underway a little after six and about three hours down we passed a *canoa* belonging to don Manuel Villanueva. The *patron* said don Manuel was at El Gueco. As this was to be reached from San Felipe, a place two leagues above Tres Marías, we put in there. Marius acted as *práctico*, and after a brisk walk of thirty-five minutes through the bush, i.e., about two miles, we reached El Gueco only to find don Manuel away. However, the obliging *encargador* sent a boy to tell him two Americans had arrived. In a short time, he and his partner, don Pancho, arrived and they proved to be exceedingly pleasant Spaniards. In company with don Manuel, we turned back to San Felipe and were soon on the river again, headed downstream.

We had a good big dinner at Tres Marías and then went down to Yaxchilan by boat, a matter of ten minutes downstream from Tres Marías. In beauty of execution, the lintels far exceeded my expectations. Indeed, they were beautiful. Maler's headless Quetzalcoatl in Structure 33 is also a wonderful piece of carving. I found a new Initial Series which looks like 9.19.2.2.5 [7 Chikchan 13 Yax; July 30, 812 GMT]. It is the only instance I know of where only the Initial Series appears on a monument, i.e., eight glyphs in all. We saw the Hieroglyphic Stairway, but the glyphs are in pretty bad condition. I also saw both fragments of Stela 1; I think there is surely an error in the *k'atun*, i.e., 11 being recorded for 16.

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<sup>77</sup> This is by Morley's inaccurate correlation; a GMT date of 633 is early Late Classic.

## Friday, May 8

This was a pretty exciting day, all told. We got under way fairly early in the *Alicia*, which ought to prove a good omen for the coming trip. *Alicia* is a lucky name for me, seeing as those I love most bear it. So swift runs the Usumacinta here that in a short time we were at the rapids [Figure 7.15], and going over these consumed about two hours because it was necessary to discharge cargo and carry it for about 100 yards. It was hot going after leaving the rapids. The river narrows down and runs very swiftly, and in one of the many rapids we got drenched when a whitecap hit us broadside.



Figure 7.15. Rapids on the Río Usumacinta.

We reached Desempeño about the middle of the afternoon and found don Jesus Vásquez was away. Our other letter, the one from don Manuel Villanueva, however, to don Estanislao Reyes, we were able to deliver in person, and as it turned out, his hospitality probably saved us serious trouble whereas that of Jesus Vásquez might not have.

We had a fine bath in the river, a good supper, and in the dusk of the early after-sunset were swinging peacefully in don Estanislao's hammocks. Suddenly a head poked its way through the door and asked—rather brusquely, I thought at the time—for Estanislao. He was just then bathing. Shortly afterward he came back, and as I told him of the visitor there filed out of the bush about a dozen mules and five men. "Los Maderistas" [followers of Mexican president Francisco Madero], he said quietly. And so they were. They are on a foraging expedition up to

Anaite by land. Estanislao explained who we were and the leader, one don Apolonio, said we would not be disturbed, but we both feel uneasy.

### Saturday, May 9

Well, nothing happened last night and I hurried getting off so as not to "presume too much on good nature."<sup>78</sup> The Maderistas were a pretty ragged-looking crew, poor chaps. I gather there are no wages and they live by what they take. At the last minute we had to cut our baggage almost in half so as to get it on the two mules.

In the weeding-out procedure which this made necessary, we had to abandon our beds and take along hammocks, a proceeding we are bound to rue. And finally, we got under way. The going was very heavy and wet, and it took us four hours. There are not so many hills, but the road was very muddy; several heavy showers while we were en route considerably increased this condition, besides wetting us to the skin.

We got to Piedras Negras about noon and found a big *mulada* belonging to don Manuel Villanueva there. There were fifteen men, twenty-seven mules, and seventy-two cows. I felt we were among friends.

After a brief rest, one of the *mulada* boys guided us to the ruins and soon we found ourselves at the middle group. The first hasty examination revealed two new Initial Series, one on Stela 16 of 9.17.0.0.0 [13 Ajaw 18 Kumk'u; January 22, 771], and one on Stela 13 at 9.16.15.0.0 [7 Ajaw 18 Pop; February 17, 766]. A shot—the signal agreed upon—called us back for food. We returned to the same group after eating, and I worked on these for the rest of the afternoon between the heavy showers which continued to fall at intervals.

### Sunday, May 10

The first thing we did today was to get the three boys from the *mulada* to help us raise Stela 14 so that its Initial Series could be photographed [Figures 7.16, 7.17].

These chaps were worthless and the three of these together did less than our own boy Santiago. I worked hard on this monument but could not determine the terminal date. The numerals are of the head-variant type. With Stela 12—the fine, handsome stela with the cap[illegible]—I was more successful. I found three factors which gave me its date very satisfactor[il]y as 9.18.5.0.0 [4 Ajaw 13 Keh; September 13, 795]. I worked on the other monuments of this group, but they were too far gone to do anything with.

I was working on Stela 23 in the late afternoon when Joe returned from his search for the far group, which he had found. He took me up there and I was able to decipher a number of new Initial Series dates on the spot: Stela 10 is 9.15.0.0.0 [4 Ajaw 13 Yax; August 20, 731] and Stela 11 [Figure 7.18, right] reading 9.15.0.0.0. The glyphs on the square altar in front of Stelae 9, 10, and 11 are gone, but on the four legs they are still beautifully preserved, in mint state, as Parker would say. The calculations lead up to 9.16.0.0.0 [2 Ajaw 13 Tzek; May 7, 751] as the final date. I think I will have no difficulty with the calculations. In the other group (with Stelae 1–8), I noticed a few Initial Series stela (8, 7, 5, and 4), but as it was pretty late I did not stop to decipher them. I am

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<sup>78</sup> A line from John Townsend Trowbridge's 1853 novel *Hearts and Faces: Or, Home-life Unveiled*.

anticipating a hard day's work tomorrow, and I do hope I sleep better than last night (which was not at all). My back is lame from trying to fit it to the curves of a hammock.



Figure 7.16. Morley's photograph of Piedras Negras Stela 14 at the base of Structure O-13.

### Monday, May 11

I started in note-taking before 6:00—beginning with the square altar in front of Stelae 9, 10, and 11. Soon I had finished that, so then I did 10 and 11, and then finally 9. Its Initial Series is 9.15.5.0.0 [10 Ajaw 8 Chen; July 24, 736]. After this I moved over to the other group where I worked the rest of the day. Stela 5 had an Initial Series of 9.14.5.0.0 [12 Ajaw 8 K'ank'in; November 6, 716] and Stela 4 has one of 9.13.10.0.0 [7 Ajaw 3 Kumk'u; January 24, 702], although a Secondary Series brings this up to 9.14.0.0.0. Only the terminal date of the Initial Series on Stela 6 is left to do and it is very clearly 2 Ajaw 13 Sip, probably followed by the *hotun* ending sign, in which case it is almost certainly 9.12.15.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Sip [April 12, 687]. The Initial Series on Stela 7 I did not work on, however, as it was getting late and Joe and I wished to look up the other monuments. It reads 9.14.10.0.0 [5 Ajaw 3 Mak; October 11, 721], but again a Secondary Series brings this up to 9.15.0.0.0 [4 Ajaw 13 Yax; August 20, 731]. We set off to look for the rest of the monuments and with Joe in the lead—he is both skillful and lucky at this sort of thing—we found the rest in due time.

I took a bath in the afternoon. We are simply devoured by all kinds of insect pests, particularly *garrapatas*. My *colmoyote*, or screw worm, is not dead yet in spite of the boys'

applications of tobacco; it gives me a tinge every once in a while. This, together with the other nine plagues of Egypt, hard, hard work, long, long hours, and no sleep in my unspeakable hammock is all gradually wearing on my vitality.

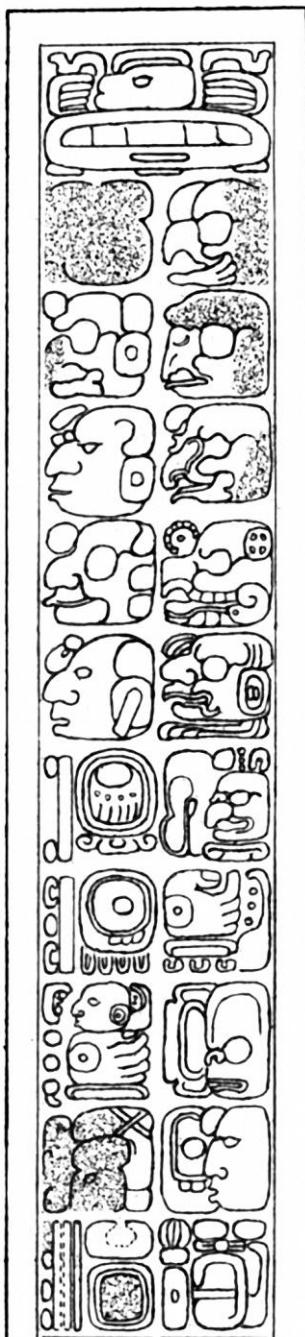


Figure 7.17. Morley's drawing of Piedras Negras Stela 14. Note head variants for time units.

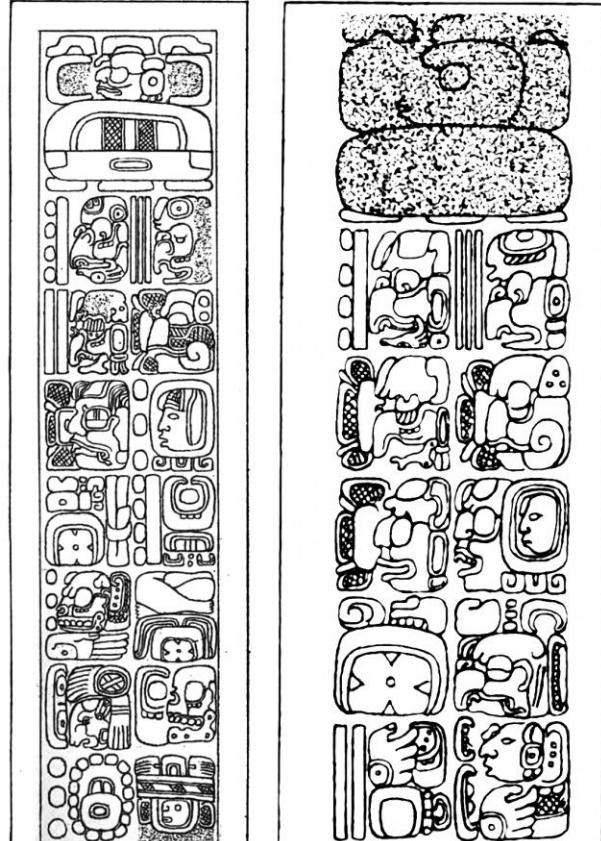


Figure 7.18. Morley's drawings of the Initial Series on the sides of Piedras Negras Stela 10 (left) and Stela 11 (right). Note the head glyphs for the time units.

## Tuesday, May 12

I was back at the far group bright and early, and continued work there. Stela 1 yielded an Initial Series of 9.13.15.0.0 [13 Ajaw 18 Pax; December 29, 706], Stela 2 one of 9.13.5.0.0 [1 Ajaw 3 Pop; February 18, 697], and Stela 3 recorded 9.14.0.0.0 [6 Ajaw 13 Muwan; December 3, 711]. I also succeeded in working out the Initial Series of Stela 8, i.e., 9.11.12.7.2 [2 Ik' 10 Pax; December 30, 664]. I took some photographs here.

The horses to take us back arrived before noon with don Estanislao. He says everything is quiet along the Potomac.<sup>79</sup> The Maderistas went up the river as far as Anaite and brought back with them twelve head of cattle, but they left this morning for their camp on the Río San Pedro at Progreso. I was thankful to hear this news as I did not want to run into them again.

In the afternoon I took Santiago and went over to Stelae 32–37 where I worked out the Initial Series on Stela 37 as 9.12.0.0.0 [10 Ajaw 8 Yaxk'in; June 29, 672]. Of the Initial Series on Stela 35, I am not so sure. I think it is 9.11.4.8.? After finishing these two monuments, I returned to the far group and finished there.

When I got back to camp, I had don Estanislao put some tobacco on my screw worm. After several applications, this *sin verguenza* [shameless one] died and before going to hammock—alas, I cannot say either to bed or to sleep so villainous is my hammock—the boys removed half of him. In death, as in life, he is likely to give me more trouble. Tomorrow we are planning on getting away at noon.

## Wednesday, May 13

As quickly as it was light, I got up and, after our customary bounteous repast, got off to work. I went first to the far group where I did some final notes on Stela 8 and I finished 7 and the round altar. Next, I moved on over to the middle group and photographed 12, 16, and 13. I also worked on 14—I think the *k'atun* coefficient is surely 17 on this monument. On the way in, I stopped at Stela 22 and was happy to add its secret to my collection: its date is 8 Ajaw 8 Sotz' and it has the *hotun* ending sign. The last thing I looked up was Stela 29. This is marked 9.15.15.0.0 [10 Ajaw 8 Chen; July 24, 736], but I could not find the lower part of the monument.

I got back to camp about eleven, and by 12:30 we were under way for Desempeño.<sup>80</sup> The walk took us just three hours against four going out. Our experience has been uniform in this respect, namely that we make much better time going back than coming out. We were both all in after reaching Desempeño, though we feel considerably revived by the fine supper don Estanislao's wife prepared for us consisting of a *kambul* and a chicken with garnishments. We saw all our old

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<sup>79</sup> This expression comes from a poem, published in 1861, about a soldier patrolling the Potomac River in Washington, DC, after the first major battle of the Civil War, the Battle of Bull Run, at Manassas, Virginia.

<sup>80</sup> Morley visited Piedras Negras on four subsequent expeditions (1921, twice in 1929, and 1931). In total, he spent more than four weeks at the ruins, making Piedras Negras his most studied site in Petén (see *The Inscriptions of Petén*).

friends, Jesus Vásques, don Rafael, etc. We hope to escape carrying the latter and his large family up the river with us tomorrow.

For the first time in four nights I go to bed in a cot. How I hate hammocks!

### Thursday, May 14

We got a good early start from Desempeño. I found out from don Estanislao that our bill is \$35.00 Mexican. This, he said, we had better settle in Tres Marías. I could not refrain from heaving a sigh of relief when we pulled away from Desempeño. Another time we might not fare so well at the hands of the Maderistas.

The boys poled hard [going upstream] and under a cloudy sky we made good time, so that by 11:30 we were at Chico Sapote. We had intended to make this our first night's stop, but we had reached it so early, and the day was so clear, that we had the boys keep on. We all helped over the rapids, which are just above Chico Sapote. The river had risen a little, and it was not necessary to discharge cargo except to go around one rock, making necessary only one very short portage. We noticed the river was about six or eight inches higher than when we came before, and we both expressed the hope that it would not rise too quickly so as to delay us in getting out.

We made camp a short distance above the rapids on a high bank of sand on the Mexican side. I tried to do a little work on the calculations on the Piedras Negras dates, but the swarming of insects soon drove us to the shelter of our *pabellon* which we had swung from some small poles that the boys had set in the sand bank.

### Friday, May 15

Sometime after midnight it started to rain. It had threatened all evening—thunder, lightning, etc., but we hoped it would pass over. Such luck was not ours, however, and soon we were *mojado* [wet]. After this dampening had been accomplished, the shower passed over and the moon lightened up again behind the clouds. It made the *madrugada* seem imminent, at least so Alejandro swore. I showed him by my watch that this was not the case, but he remained unconvinced.

With our beds and bedding soaking wet, it seemed best, perhaps, to move along even at the early hour of three. So, after *desayuno a la luna* [breakfast by moonlight] we started. I think we got under way shortly after 4:00. Until we got above Anaite, it was very hard going. Several times the boys had to get out and pull around sharp corners where the water hurled itself along. With all the hard work it was about 11:00 when we made Anaite and shortly thereafter we breakfasted.

From then on, the going was easier and we got into Tres Marías at a quarter of two. We found don Manuel Villanueva had gone the day before. We went out to the ruins of Yaxchilan and saw Stelae 2, 4, 5, 6, and 7, all more or less broken except 6, which was face down. We also found Lintel 26 and I think I can work its Initial Series out all right as the cycle [*bak'tun*], *k'atun*, tun, and month glyphs are clear.

### Saturday, May 16

This was another hard day of work which began in the morning with work on the Hieroglyphic Stairway of Structure 5, where I set Alejandro to digging to uncover the faces of the steps.

Meanwhile, I set out with Santiago for Structures 1, 2, 3, and 4. Beginning here and going along slowly, I copied the dates on lintel after lintel. This took the greater part of the day and the results, perhaps, are not going to prove overly satisfactory. A Calendar Round is extremely difficult to place with certainty even if the reading is sure, which it not always is.

While we were working on Structure 1, don Pancho Vela (don Manuel's second-in-command) came up to see us. He is very deaf, but we managed to get along anyway. He came over from El Gueco to see us and to find out when we were going back. He also asked if there was anything he could do and we told him we would like a *cuadrilla* [gang] to turn Stela 6. This, he said, Alejandro would do for us in the morning. He returned to El Gueco in the afternoon.

After work in the afternoon, I set out from Structure 19—the Labyrinth—and took Alejandro and Santiago to find the Small Acropolis. In climbing down, we swung far to the east, and much to my surprise we found ourselves at Structures 35, 36, and 37. By the end of the day I felt miserable, tired, and nervous.

### Sunday, May 17

I had a peculiar sinking feeling last night which scared me—it felt as though I were snuffing out and couldn't help myself. I got Joe up for the light. First, I thought it was fever, but as I was sweating like fury, I knew it couldn't be that. I finally came to the conclusion it was indigestion, pure and simple. Perhaps gas pressing on my stomach.

We set out for the ruins seven strong, all told, for the purpose of turning Stela 6. Alejandro rigged up the tackle but the way he had it set up, the force was being exerted laterally against the stone, and they couldn't budge it. I suggested that they get it started with *palancas* [levering it] and then pull it up. This was tried and we had the satisfaction of seeing her swing upright. After the feat the *cuadrilla* returned to Tres Marias, only Pancho and Alejandro remaining behind.

In the afternoon all the boys knocked off, so Joe and I went back by ourselves. After a little work on Lintel 26, I joined Joe at Structure 33 where I helped him measure the roof comb [Figure 7.19]. After this we set off to look for the three south temples and after a hard climb along the ridge we found them. Stela 11 [Figure 7.20], the beautiful standing monument in front of Structure 40, has another Initial Series.

### Monday, May 18

In the morning went back to the three southern temples which we located yesterday afternoon. I found that there had been an Initial Series on Stela 10, but unfortunately the break had occurred in such a way that the *k'atun* coefficient had scaled off. I could do nothing with it, of course. Counting this date, we will now be able to report four new Initial Series for the site, this one and those on Stela 1, Stela 11, and the little round altar near Stela 11.



Figure 7.19. Yaxchilan Structure 33, reconstructed, with its roof comb.



Figure 7.20. Maler expedition photo of Yaxchilan Stela 11 in front of Structure 40.

The Initial Series on Stela 11 worked out very satisfactorily as I read it yesterday, 9.16.1.0.0 11 Ajaw 8 Tzek [May 1, 752]. Because the other Initial Series on the monument is just the same, I copied it all (every glyph) even including the Supplementary Series. This latter will be of great value in comparing the Supplementary Series and the Initial Series when recording the same date.

In the afternoon we looked up the Small Acropolis, and while copying some glyphs on the side of the altar belonging to Structure 44, I had a very close call—quite the closest indeed since I have been in the field this time, and one of the closest of my life. We had propped the altar up on edge with a stone. It was lying face down—I had my head underneath it looking at the Initial Series terminal date. In doing this I must have hit the supporting stone, for suddenly the heavy monument fell, nearly crushing my head like an eggshell.

### Tuesday, May 19

This was sort of a finishing-up day for me. I went back to Lintel 26 [Figure 7.21], which was in bully light for photographing, and took several exposures of it.

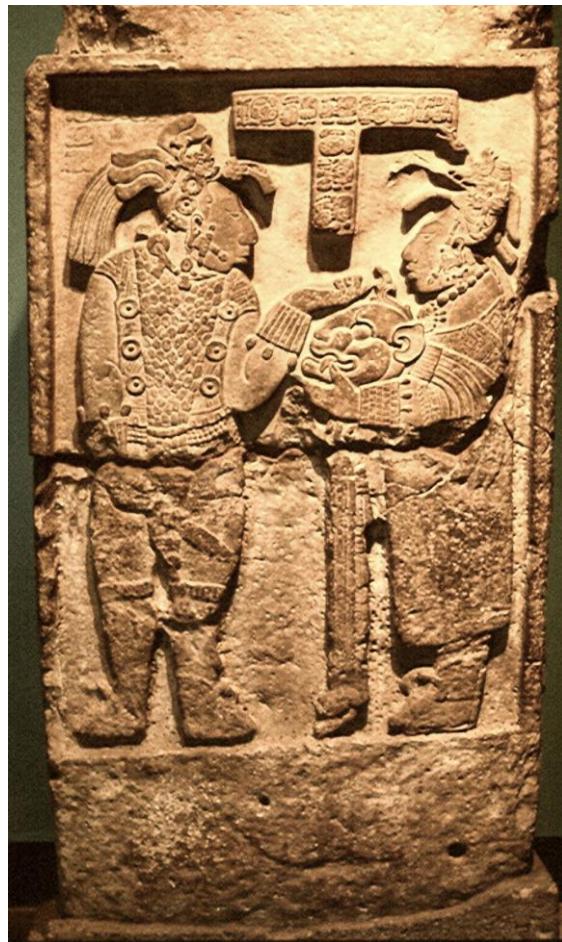


Figure 7.21. Yaxchilan Lintel 26 (Structure 23), which Spinden wanted to cut and carry out with the expedition. It shows ruler Itzamnaaj Balam IV (Shield Jaguar III; 769–800) and his wife or consort.

Joe tried sawing off one of the ends. His weapon worked all right, but after an hour's work he gave it up as a bad job as thus lightened, the half he was working on would weigh over 300 pounds—much too heavy to get out via Flores and Belize, at least on this trip.

I am almost positive the date on Stela 6 [Figure 7.22] is 9.11.7.10.13 5 Ben 1 Sotz' [2 Ben 1 Sip; April 6, 660]<sup>81</sup>. All the face numerals [head-variant glyphs] work out best at these values.

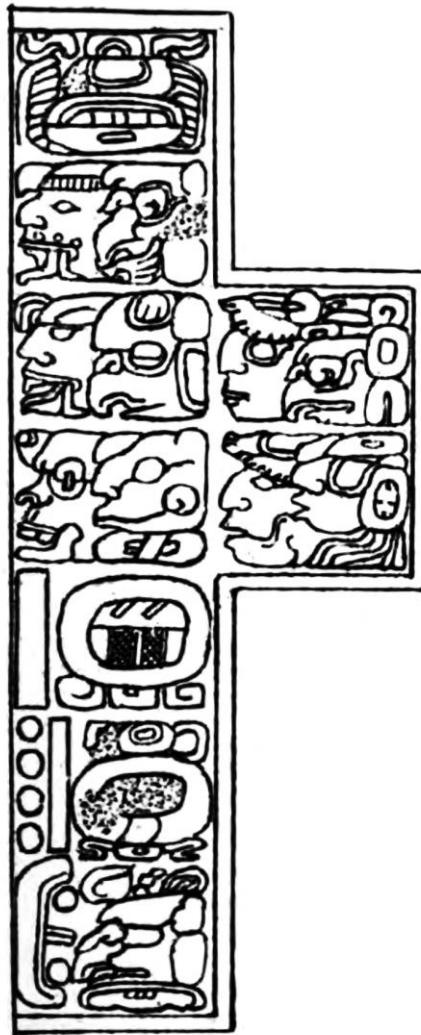


Figure 7.22. Morley's drawing of the date on Yaxchilan Stela 6, showing personifications of numbers and time units.

After lunch I did not return to the ruins, though Joe did. He came back early, however, before 4:00. I spent the afternoon in packing, writing up my notes, and getting ready to leave. About the middle of the afternoon Alejandro returned from San Felipe whither he had gone to get oars for our journey up river; it seems we used up a set on our previous trip. He tells me that don Pancho

<sup>81</sup> Carolyn Tate (1991: 107) gives the date as 9.11.16.10.13 5 Ben 1 Wayeb'.

Vela cannot get off, but will meet us at Tumba when we go up the river tomorrow. The night closed in cloudy, indicating rain for the morrow.

### Wednesday, May 20

We got underway at just 5:30 this morning: back to our old friend the *Alicia*. As it grew lighter the day broke overcast and it continued so until its end, which was well for us as we were eleven hours on the river from Tres Marías to Filadelfia, another winning name as it turned out. We saw don Pancho at Tumba, *medio camino* [mid-way]—five hours out—and after settling with him for the absurdly low sum of \$50.00 (which covered everything) we returned to the *Alicia* and continued on our way upstream.

We reached Filadelfia at 4:30 and found Mr. Strim back, together with his second-in-command, an Englishman, a Mr. Turner. The latter has been in Mexico for many years and had worked in Yucatan; of course, we had many mutual acquaintances. Mrs. Strim had returned from her peregrination up the river on which she had reached La Libertad. We had a delicious supper—the first civilized meal in a moon—such things help in the eternal spirit. I had a round of tortillas and frijoles. Mr. Strim told us of several ruin groups up toward Tzendales way, one called Santa Elena. He gave each of us a set of Caribe [Lacandon?] arrows. I turned in at 9:30, pretty well tired out.

### Thursday, May 21

We were a little late in getting off this morning—i.e., 6:30 a.m.—but the breakfast Mr. Strim's Chinese cook provided was so appetizing that we lingered over it. The trip upstream was broiling hot in patches. The old sun glared down and the Usumacinta glared back in such a way as to take the starch right out of us. After eight hours of going, we finally reached Tres Naciones.

The *bodeguero* José Díaz Revueltín was upstream somewhere with his people, but his wife—the talkative little Tabascaña—mixed us up a fine apple *refresco* [cold drink] which, with some *ciruelas* [plums], was very refreshing. She at once steered the conversation into photographic channels and lost little time in reminding me of my promise. As Joe had a film already in and was ready to finish it that way, I turned the lady over to him. She repaired to the bodega and fixed herself all up, assumed a "*posición artística*"—I quote her verbatim—and was snapped.

I turned in about 9:00 pretty tired out after having done nothing during the day. It is the boat that does it, I think.

### Friday, May 22

We got an early start at 5:50 a.m. *Desayuno* coffee sweetened with extract of *panela* [unprocessed dark brown sugar] and hardtack served to get us on our way. The river did not seem to be any higher as a result of the tremendous drenching this neck of the woods came in for last night: at one point I thought the tin roof would surely crash down on us. I think the rainy season must have started all right. We had breakfast at Italia and then pushed right on up the river.

I went ashore at Providencia to see the two and one-half foot-high "clay doll" which Encarnación Sánchez told us was coming down. An *antiguedad* [antiquity] all right, but in very

bad condition and furthermore was made of red sandstone.

Just above Providencia we met don Manuel Villanueva on his way down. He brought the most heartening news on the Mexican situation that has been heard for many a moon. On the 18th a Huerta emissary, one from Carranza, and representatives from Brazil, Argentina, Costa Rica, and the United States all got together in Washington to try and untangle the Mexican affair.<sup>82</sup> Up to yesterday no more news had come. The fact that they are together in conference, however, is distinctly encouraging. After thanking don Manuel for all his many kindnesses and wishing him goodbye, the two canoes drifted apart and we soon lost sight of him around a bend in the river.

We reached Pabellón about 4:45 to find another *encargador* in charge, Encarnación Sánchez having left that very day to take command of another *rancho*. As there was still an hour and a half of daylight, we went out to the stela and started to draw the glyphs [see entry of May 5]. I turned in about half past seven.

### Saturday, May 23

A rather broken-up day, all things considered. We were drenched last night. The miserable hut at Pabellón leaked like a sieve, and when the bottom fell out of the sky around midnight, the stored-up torrents overwhelmed us. As soon as I finished breakfast—the funeral baked meats of last night's chicken—I went over to the stela and finished drawing its glyphs. After photographing it and taking measurements, I returned to the boat and we set out for the mouth of the Pasión.

When we reached the hopeless little huddle of huts called Nueva Esperanza we landed and tried to locate the old man, Marciano Marius, who was supposed to know where the ruins were. Our chase for him led us first to a sugar mill which lies about a mile above the point, and then by *cayuco* clear up to the island above Altar de Sacrificios. And when we finally found the *viejito*, he knew nothing of the ruins, so we returned to the mouth of the Pasión where we had left the *Alicia*.

Next, we went up to Cedro on the [Río] Chixoy, about two leagues above the mouth, to look up Andrés González, our first informant of the mythical ruin group. We arrived here and he gave us a good dinner but said he had been unable to find out anything about the ruins. After a good meal we turned back down the Chixoy to the mouth and then back up the Pasión. We made Plancha Piedra at just 5:55, exactly three hours after leaving Cedro, and two hours after leaving the mouth. Already the sky was darkening with heavy rain, and mindful of last night's experience, we lost no time in looking up a dry sleeping place.

### Sunday, May 24

It lost no time in raining last night, and it hadn't finished after we got up. We ate our frugal repast of beans, rice, and *totoposte* [tortilla chips] and were soon underway by 5:50. The day held few incidents. There is nothing in the big bend of the Pasión between Plancha and La Florida, and nothing happened. We met an itinerant baker paddling downriver to dispose of his wares and

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<sup>82</sup> This meeting, the ABC Conference, took place in Niagara Falls, Canada, from May 20 to 27. It succeeded in its principal objective, avoiding war between the United States and Mexico.

we tried to buy some, but they wanted to discount our Mexican paper so heavily (by one-third) that we didn't close the momentous deal. At La Florida we tried to get a chicken, bananas, and eggs, but "*no hay*" sufficed to silence our hopes for the last two, and although there were chickens-a-plenty, their owners wouldn't or couldn't change our Mexican money.

We reached Calatrava—Enrique Torres's *montería*—about 2:00 and it was hospitable there, for they soon saw to it that we had a fine meal. Think of it, tomato catsup on the table! *¡No es posible!* After this, all thoughts of pushing on to Aguas Calientes were abandoned and we decided to stop at Calatrava for the night. It started to rain before dark, and when we went to bed it was pouring cats and dogs. A happy omen for tomorrow, we both thought—I guess not.

### Monday, May 25

We got off about six and in no time were in Aguas Calientes. We went ashore here to visit our stela once more. I wanted to copy one of the day signs and Joe wanted to try photographing it again. We found the broken fragment had fallen down, but it had come to no damage. After about fifteen minutes of work, we returned to the boat and continued on our way upstream.

We stopped for breakfast just below Paso Real, and while eating this frugal repast—very frugal this time as we only had cold beans and *totoposte*—a heavily loaded *canoa* passed going downstream. This carried don Manuel Otero's son, of whom Enrique Torres spoke yesterday. At Paso Real a heavy shower came up and drenched us to the skin—it literally didn't leave a dry stitch on me. We pushed on, however, through the thick of it, and in an hour we emerged on the other side. The boys caught two turtles in a shallow pool by the water's edge.

About a quarter to four we landed in Sayaxche after an absence of three weeks to the day. But what a full 21 days! We found don Romualdo had not returned from the *monterías* up-river yet either. Finally, Dr. Boberg had not forwarded our mail and so there wasn't a letter for us. We noted that the Pasión is very much higher.

### Tuesday, May 26

We did not get an early start because Félix Espinosa was slow in making up our account. Then the *arrieros* were late in getting their stuff together, so that it was 8:50 before we were under way. A big *mulada* was going out and we got ahead of it to avoid a delay at the Subín. The bamboo brake [see note 58] was more dangerous than ever as the heavy rains had made the branches hang much lower. I regard this league stretch along the north bank of the Pasión as one of the most dangerous pieces of the country we have seen yet. We got to the Subín [river] at 12:40 and by 1:10 were on our way to the other side. The river was lower than at any of our other three crossings.

After leaving the Subín, Joe and I pushed on ahead, reaching La Libertad at 3:35, or just six and three-quarters hours on the way. Don Manuel Otero gave us an early welcome, but in response to my question as to the result of the conference at Washington he said there was no news. We sent Boberg a telegram in case he should be on the verge of sending us our mail.

At about 5:00 the *arriero* came in and at six Joe and I ate. We made arrangements for mules with Alberto Baldizón. About 6:30 it commenced to rain hard and was still at it when I fell asleep two hours later.

## Wednesday, May 27

We couldn't get an early start because don Alberto's men couldn't find the mules on the savanna—indeed it was 9:40 before we finally got under way. The sky looked very threatening and we pushed on at a hard, grilling trot. This, I might add here, took the hide off certain tender places on each of us before the day was over. We passed through one tiny drizzle at Cimarron and we reached San Benito at 1:30 (three hours, fifty-five minutes in the saddle) in a blaze of sunlight, but there were heavy rain clouds banking up in the southeast.

The doctor's two boys met us in the new motorboat, *La Perla*, and we were soon on the other side [Flores]. There was mail and a-plenty: two sweet, loving letters from my Alice, a dear one from Muz, and nice ones from Earl Morris and Mrs. Wilson. The latter conveyed the sad, sad news that Don Beauregard is given only two months to live—cancer of the stomach. It seems too terrible.

Just after we got in, a heavy rain set in and continued until about five. When it cleared, the two Boberg boys went over to San Benito and brought our baggage back—fortunately the things were not wet. The newspapers brought us up to April 16, or just before the *choque de Vera Cruz*.<sup>83</sup> The next bunch should be of absorbing interest. I went to bed early, but suffered so from indigestion that it was 3:00 before I fell asleep.

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<sup>83</sup> Literally “clash at Veracruz” (Mexico), also known as the Tampico Affair. After United States sailors had a conflict with Mexican forces loyal to dictator Victoriano Huerta, near war broke out between the two countries (see Chapter 4).

## CHAPTER 8

### TRIPS TO OTHER SITES IN PETÉN AND A REST IN BELIZE

#### Thursday, May 28

I wasn't good for very much today as I passed a bad night: I lay around watching Joe work. Later I went down to the doctor to find out what chance we had of getting off tomorrow, but was told there was none. Doc thought we might get off, with luck, on Saturday, though he frankly did not know where six mules were coming from—we needed three for Joe to go to Tikal, and ditto for me. After lunch we went down to don Clodeveo's where Joe got some money. Afterward I went up to the house with don Clodeveo, and after a whiskey and soda and a little palaver on purely social topics, he got out the book on Naranjo and Tikal he had promised me earlier at his office.<sup>84</sup> A digestion of the Yaxha text showed up two possibilities: Stela 7 and one of the sides of Stela 6. As I will be so near the site on my way out, I feel practically obliged to stop off there and look these up. I agitated the question of mules again, but Dr. Boberg has none in sight. Tomorrow I am going to look myself.

#### Friday, May 29

I started out the first thing this morning looking for mules, from this man to that, from one possibility to another. There are *muladas* leaving daily for El Cayo, but these take from five to seven days for the trip, and to make it in less humbugs their outfits—in fact they won't do it. Finally, I got wind of a shoemaker who had *dos caballos de silla* [two saddle horses]. When I called at his *casa* he wasn't in, but his son thought the old man would rent them with no difficulties. Indeed, the son offered himself as *arriero* provided he could get off from certain secretarial duties in one of the little *tiendas* where he is employed.

Later in the day I saw his father and arranged for his mules. Unfortunately, the boy found he couldn't go as he is the gas collector and is back on collections, which have to be in by the first. This came near to humbugging everything again. But finally, just before giving up in despair, we got wind of an Anselmo somebody. When we summoned him, he didn't come, but he accepted the job and said he would be on hand in the morning.

#### Saturday, May 30

There seemed to be some chance of our getting off, even from the first. The boy, Anselmo, was

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<sup>84</sup> This almost certainly refers to one of Maler's Peabody Museum publications released between 1908 and 1911. Maler (1908a, 1911) was the only scholar who had published on the site of Yaxha before Morley visited in 1914.

out looking for the doctor's old mule early—that was the first report. About the middle of the morning this animal was found, and it looked more as though we would set off. I went up to the *jefatura política* and said goodbye to don Clodoveo, taking the opportunity to thank him also for all his kindnesses. His letter certainly was the "open sesame" to the [Pasión] river. I said goodbye to all our friends and we then pulled out in the *Alpha* about 1:30. There was a head wind blowing which kicked up quite a sea so that we were wet before reaching Ixpop. Shortly after getting in, our mules and the two boys arrived. At last, the start tomorrow seemed certain.

Just about dusk, Joe and the doctor left in the *Alpha* for Remate where they will spend the night. Joe hopes to leave in the morning to Tikal. We settled affairs with the doctor: in addition to the \$50.00 I had already paid him, I owed him only \$25.00 more; surely, I have used up \$75.00 of his mules in covering these *petenero* leagues these last two months. I thought his price very reasonable.

### Sunday, May 31

This was a hard and grinding day—eleven and a half hours in the saddle. I got up before daylight, and after light refreshments consisting of coffee, beans, and cakes (Peek Frean and Co., the "Loose Wiley" of this country<sup>85</sup>), we got off at 6:25 a.m. Joe's Tikal outfit was with us for a part of the time, but they turned off on the Remate road after about a league of going. I couldn't refrain [from] a thought of poor Peter Gilley in *duress vile* in the Petén jail for having tried to kill the lady who gave us breakfast that morning. I have some of the letters he wrote the doctor, and they are marvels.

The crosses marking the leagues from Petén [Flores] passed very slowly. It seemed to me as though the leagues had five, instead of three miles to them, but everything has an end, even in these long June days, and at just 5:55 p.m., exactly eleven and a half hours in the saddle, we reached Yaxha. Don Clodeveo's letter ensured us of a good meal, but there was no corn for the *bestias*. I slept in the open-sided house the Petén government provides for travelers here.

### Monday, June 1

We got up before daybreak, and after a quick *desayuno* we were soon underway down the lake, four strong: the *alcalde*, two *bogas*, and myself. We went first to a newly discovered site, Islote [Piedras Perdidas], at the western end of the lake on the southern shore, just opposite Topoxte in a piece of bush. There were some well-preserved structures of the Tikal type, but I could find no sculptured stones on my brief visit. We stopped at Topoxte on the way up the lake, but I could find no traces of buildings [cf. Figure 8.1]; I fear the history of the temple is lost.<sup>86</sup>

<sup>85</sup> The British company Peek Frean produced "cakes" and biscuits (cookies) for shipment, particularly to tropical countries. "Loose Wiley" refers to the American Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., founded in 1902, which competed with the National Biscuit Co. (Nabisco). In 1946 it became Sunshine Biscuit, Inc., known for Hydrox sandwich cookies (like Oreos) and Cheez-it crackers.

<sup>86</sup> Morley must have visited one of the smaller islands (now called Cante and Paxte) of the Topoxte group. On the largest island (Topoxte proper), the large, main Postclassic temple Structure C (Figure 8.1) has been reconstructed (see Bullard 1970; Wurster 2000).



Figure 8.1. Southwest corner of Postclassic Structure C at Topoxte, which since has been reconstructed.

The boys breakfasted on the *playa* below the ruins of Yaxha. We got to the ruins about eleven and then spent three weary hours chasing all over the top of the ridge. I found Stela 7 and an unnumbered figured monument and also several plain ones. I do not think I saw the Main Plaza at all. By this time, I was feeling punk. I felt sure I had a fever so we returned to the *chiclería* below the ruins for breakfast. We reached Yaxha [the little community on the isthmus] at two and the thermometer proved my feelings. I decided to put out at once and we were underway at 3:15. We reached Santa Cruz at 5:15, and by this time I had a fever of 102. I loaded myself up with quinine.

By bedtime, 7:30, I began to feel a little better and my fever was down a degree. The pain in the back, legs, and shoulders are like malaria. There was a small *mulada* stopping at the aguada.

### Tuesday, June 2

This morning I felt very much better and we got a good almost-before-daylight start, i.e., 5:35. It is just as well we didn't attempt to make Gavilán yesterday as it was a good two leagues farther on. I passed Felipe Cetina on the road. He was as much the *hablador* [talker] as ever and even fatter than before, if that could be possible.

We passed through Plancha ok, and were soon in Benque. The river had risen so that we had to discharge our cargo and cross in a *cayuco*. I did not wait for the reloading, but instead went right up to Father Versavel's. We had a pleasant meeting and soon a very delectable repast which I will not forget. He says Merwin and Bishop have been gone for about a month.

I went down to phone up El Cayo and talk with Smith to see if it is worth my while going out to his place to see Ucanal. Smith said, when I finally got him on the phone, that Merwin found a lot of stelae, some with glyphs on them. As luck would have it, he is going there tomorrow so I made arrangements with him to stop for me at the padre's.

Next, I phoned Eduardo Savala and asked him to send my mail over. Tomorrow I will use my old Peten mules and so I had Anselmo give them maize tonight. I met Dr. Mackey's successor, a pleasant chap by the name of Lewis. Also, I sent a telegram to Gann.

### Wednesday, June 3

Smith calls it thirty-three miles to the site [Ucanal], but to me it seemed far more. In all it was another long, long hard day. I was up early and had a sponge bath and an early breakfast—gotten most kindly by the sisters.<sup>87</sup> I went down to the post office and mailed all my letters.

Smith showed up a little after eight, but it was another half hour before we pulled out from the other side of the Mopan. Smith, Anselmo, and I were on the expedition. We stopped at Plancha just long enough to have a friendly glass with don Pablo Guerra and were on our way. About three leagues out we had breakfast, and after that it poured rain for the rest of the day, *aguacero* after *aguacero*. Soon I was drenched to the very skin. League after league, we plodded on through the rain. Occasionally it stopped, but only to come down still harder.

About 5:30 (after nine hours of miserable going) we reached the old *montería* of Santa María. Here we left the mules in the *potrero* [pasture] and went the remaining league on foot. We got in about seven-thirty. Smith staked to some dry clothes and I was soon sitting down to a good hot supper, which considerably heartened us after the trials of the day. I was wet through to the skin—literally not a dry stitch was left on me.

### Thursday, June 4

The ruins are about two leagues farther up the Mopan [River] from Smith's place. With a guide

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<sup>87</sup> Four Pallottine missionary sisters (of the Catholic Apostolate) arrived in Benque Viejo in 1913 at the request of Father Versavel. They were to have travelled a year earlier on the Titanic, but they missed the sailing. The Pallottine sisters remain active in Benque to this day.

and Anselmo, I started off about seven. The road led along through the thicket which borders the Mopan. About five miles from camp, we crossed Ucanal Creek, and about a mile farther we came to the ruins, to which Merwin will probably give the same name. I was more than repaid for my visit, although I only got one date. This was on the monument Merwin turned over [Stela 4; Figure 8.2].



Figure 8.2. Upper part of Terminal Classic Ucanal Stela 4. Note asymmetrical upper edge and warrior with atlatl (throwing stick) and darts "floating" above the ruler. In 1972 Ian Graham moved this stela to the Museo Nacional de Arqueología y Etnología in Guatemala City.

The text opened with the date 5 Ajaw 3 K'ayab, and although its position in the Long Count is not declared, I think there can be little doubt but that this is 10.1.0.0.0 5 Ajaw 3 K'ayab [November 28, 849], the same date as recorded on stelae 8, 9, 10, and 11 at Seibal. There were four other sculptured stelae and one sculptured round altar, but as these had all fallen face up they were too effaced by the weather to read. In addition, there are four plain stelae—of which two are *parada* [standing]—and one plain round altar which I did not see. We got back to camp about 2:30. I took six pictures of the dated stela, but with all the rain we've been having, *quien sabe* how they will turn out? I am going back [to Benque] tomorrow.<sup>88</sup>

### Friday, June 5

We got an early start for Santa María, where we had some little difficulty in catching the mules. By half past seven, however, they were ready and, bidding Smith goodbye, we rode off. The first two leagues on to Sal si Puedes—where Lisbey has his *montería*—is hard going through bottom lands, bamboo brakes [*subín*], etc. We reached Smith's old *montería* about eleven and ate lunch there. After leaving, the rain descended upon us, and while it did not fall so heavily as on the day before yesterday, we nevertheless got pretty wet. The sun was shining when we passed through Plancha, and after a seven hour's ride we were in Benque once more.

I found in my mail two bully letters from Alice and daughter. One note, more or less courteous in nature, came from Hewett, as did a note from Major Paten that he would pay Alice \$100.00 a month as I wished. Father Versavel was not fasting, so we had a big, bounteous repast, bounteous being spelled with a capital B. I read and talked to him until after ten.

### Saturday, June 6

After breakfast—about 10:00—we set out for El Cayo. Father Versavel rode with me as far as Xocots [San José Succotz]. Before leaving Benque, I paid a parting call to don Pablo. At the bridge beyond, my Peten mule took fright—I think at the covered part—and it absolutely refused to cross. Here I had a devilish time. The beast would lead or drive, and finally it took both the help of a boy who came along and the unsparing use of a club to get the animal across.

I got to El Cayo a little after eleven and went directly to Eduardo Savala. There were no more letters, but I did get a big heap of papers. I called at the telegraph office, but my wire had not gone through because the line between here and Belize has been down for eight days. On my way down to Auntie Chon's, I met Father Bennet. He looked better than he did when I left.

Auntie Chon was glad to see me. Merwin left a note saying one of the Guzmán brothers, or don Chincho, could help me about getting a guide to Honradez. I started this matter this afternoon by looking up Leandro Guzmán.

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<sup>88</sup> Although a Carnegie Institution team returned to Ucanal in 1923 under the direction of Oliver Ricketson, Morley himself never visited the site again. Ucanal has recently been investigated by Christina Halperin (Halperin et al. 2020; Halperin and Martin 2020).

## Sunday, June 7

I started out my 31st birthday with a hard, twelve-mile tramp with Leandro Guzmán looking for a ride for Honradez, but in the end we did not find our man—just half an hour before we got to his place he had left for a ten-day trip into the bush. Leandro showed me the exact spot where Eleuterio Hernández, the alleged *chiclero*-bandit, was shot by the colonial police, who had been hidden bravely in the bush to catch him. After breakfast I went back to Leandro's and we continued our search for a guide. As he cannot go until Wednesday anyhow, I am going out tomorrow to Chunvis [now Chunhuitz]—five or six leagues out—where there is a sculptured stela: Leandro has seen it himself and he says it has glyphs.

As I was coming back to the house around five, whom should I meet coming down the street but Joe and Father Bennet! I was very glad to see the former and he reported a successful trip to Tikal. He says there is a brand new *chiclería* at our old camp. I told him about Chunvis and he is going out with me tomorrow.

After getting a guide, one Vicente, and thinking everything was set for the morrow, he turned up—just as we were going to bed—and said his boss would not let him go. I had to dress again and go downtown, look his boss up, oil the Vicentian palm, and rearrange for him to go. However, all is well that ends well, and if I don't die or something like that, we will probably get off for Chunvis. My only comment is “*¿quien sabe?*”

## Monday, June 8

Our guide showed up at six as per promise, but owing to the unfortunate *burasco* [*burlesco*, “burlesque”] of *perfecto* showing up before schedule, we had to secure new mules. Don Amado González had promised these, but it was 9:25 before we finally got off. About two miles out Joe's beast went lame and he had to turn back. Vicente and I continued, however, and we reached the Rancho Buena Vista after an hour and forty minutes' going. Here we crossed the Mopan over an excellent ford. Beyond this our road led through exactly the same kind of bush as the road we traversed exactly three months ago today (i.e., March 8). What an eventful three months!

We reached Chunvis after five hours even, and we immediately pushed on to an aguada near the stela. After tying the horse, which was about played out, we set out for the ruins and after a short walk Vicente ran them to ground. A five minutes' search revealed the stela. It was a bitter disappointment to me. It once had a double row of glyphs on the back, but as the back had tilted upward these were almost entirely effaced. Indeed, I could not tell whether there had been an Initial Series or not—I rather thought not.

We returned to the main camp of Chunvis where a *chicle mulada* was stopping for the night. Here we ate and slung our hammocks. I felt low in spirits.

## Tuesday, June 9

We were astir by about 3:30. I didn't sleep a wink in my wretched hammock and the experience will be my last. I am going to carry my cot to Honradez with me—if I go—no matter how much work it entails. When we got up, a fairly bright moon was shining but a succession of *aguaceros* blotted this out around 4:00 and so we ate by the flickering lamp of our *chiclero* friends. It was just

4:40. It was the real *madrugada* and one of the earliest starts I have made in the country.

By dint of tremendous physical exertion on my part, I beat our record out by half an hour—that is, I made the return trip in four-and-one half hours and thus was lucky enough to intercept Joe before he left on *The Tenafly*. Kidd somebody, Manuel Otero's American assistant at La Libertad, went down with him. It seemed as though I was losing my last friend as I watched Joe stream down the river.

The rest of the day I spent in trying to find out whether I am going to Honradez or not. Toward evening, after innumerable humbugs of every sort, it seems that I will get off day after tomorrow. Leandro Guzmán, after four days of "coquetry" at last gives in. Moreover, I have secured one *bestia* outright and a really good one, i.e., a white man's promise, of another.

I spent that evening with Father Bennet, but I came away before nine very exhausted with the various chores of the day.

### Wednesday, June 10

The greater part of the day went in searching for mules. Early in the morning, Mr. Whaite, the "King of the Cayo"—literally, too, as he owns all the town—promised to help me, and with Vicente—yesterday's guide—aiding me to secure his brother-in-law's mule, it looked like a possible pair. Toward noon, Mr. Whaite reported he had a man and a mule. This proved true on investigations, and I engaged the mule. About four o'clock the wretch turned up with the story that his mule had a sore back and could not be used. I at once went to Mr. Whaite with this tale and he obligingly started out to hunt for another with me. After several blind alleys had been investigated, as a great personal favor he promised me his own horse—animal number one was at last secured. After going up to Rafael's [Vicente's brother-in-law] two or three times, at last I found him at home. After supper I engaged his mule—animal number two secured.

On the strength of these successes, I wound up my account at Habet and Savala, drew out my balance, said goodbye to Dr. Lewis in the afternoon and to the Hudsons and Father Bennet in the evening, and, after getting all of my things together against the morrow's packing, I went to bed thoroughly exhausted by the day's labor.

### Thursday, June 11

Many, many changes of plan came about today. I got up the first thing this morning, intending fully to make an early start, i.e., get off before seven at the latest. After breakfast I went down to get the other horse from that chap Rafael. I stopped at Leandro's a moment and to my amazement he wasn't up yet. I called and he replied that Rafael, at the eleventh hour, had refused to rent his mule!!! I posted up to Rafael's pretty damn quick to demand an explanation for such a breach of faith. He calmly told me the San José trip was too hard for his mule and that he had already rented it at 6:30 p.m., if you please, to a Mr. Silsbey. I gave him hell and then tried to get Silsbey to let the mule go, but after I succeeded in this, Rafael again refused me. What I told him he was cannot be reported here. Suffice it to say that it was sufficient.

This experience very much disheartened me. Of course, I could get no other mule and so reluctantly I abandoned the idea of the trip. A motor boat was going down [the Belize River] to Belize [City] at ten, and I made on it without more ado. I found Dr. Lewis was to be a *compañero*

as far as Banana Bank and from there to Yalbac. This put another idea into my head. I decided to stop off at Banana Bank and ride on with him tomorrow to San José, and, if I fail on Honradez, I can go overland to Corozal [in the far north of Belize]. So tonight, behold me sleeping at Banana Bank with the doctor and a Mr. Burns—the local agent of the Belize Estate and Produce Company.

### Friday, June 12

I had some little difficulty getting all my things on one animal and this delayed our start from Banana Bank until about seven. Finally, however, we were off. The road continued through cleared country along the river bank for about a mile until we reached Cocos. Here the doctor paid a call. After leaving Cocos, we had to unsaddle the mules and swim them across Saturday Creek, which was greatly swollen by the recent rains. We rowed across in a dory one by one. After this, the road led through flooded bottoms which were very slow and heavy going. At 12:30, just four and one-half hours after leaving Cocos, we reached Yalbac but we didn't tarry long here.

I said goodbye to the doctor and, after crossing the swollen river in a dory, I went on to the Indian [i.e., Maya] village of Yalbac. Here I found a boy with a mule willing to take me right on to San José that afternoon—the boy was Epifanio Zip's brother. I ate lunch at his wife's house and we set off at 2:00 for San José, I mounted on top of my pack. This was very devilishly uncomfortable riding, too, but we only had one bad hill. Fortunately, it did not rain, although it was just seven—i.e., five hours later—when we reached San José. Thanks to Mr. Hudson's letter, I was permitted to sleep in the courthouse.

### Saturday, June 13

I have had to abandon all hope of going to Tsotskitan and Honradez,<sup>89</sup> which is a very bitter disappointment. I feel sure I could have picked up at least one or two dates there. I found that Tsotskitan is two days hard going through thick bush. Moreover, the man to whom I had a letter from Father Bennet now lives in Orange Walk [south of Corozal], and finally, to cap the climax, it rained hard all night and was still at it when I got up. In view of all these things, I felt I would have to give the trip up—though had I been able to get a guide who knew the ruins, I would have gone in spite of all these obstacles.

We left at seven and put in the hardest day I have had on the entire trip—June 13 all right. To begin with, it rained cats and dogs all day long. Next, the road was submerged half the time, and finally, the way I was perched high on my pack I was most uncomfortable. At four we reached Robert Wade.

I found here that six miles farther on, at Hill Bank, there was an Englishman, so I decided to push on on foot. I reached there at 5:30 after a final and complete drenching. A Mr. Fraser, superintendent for the Belize Estate and Produce Company, took me in, gave me a bath, dry clothes, a square meal, and a good bed.<sup>90</sup> These things constitute about as close an approximation

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<sup>89</sup> Morley was able to reach La Honradez, with a full complement of mules, in 1915 (see Chapters 12 and 13).

<sup>90</sup> Eric Thompson relates a story (see Chapter 1) told to him by "Red" Fraser, who met Morley at the door to his home: "'There stood a short little man in a huge poncho with rain cascading off

to heaven as it is possible to achieve on this mundane sphere. At least so it seemed to one in the condition I was in.

### Sunday, June 14

I had intended to push right on to Corozal today, but the cheer was so bounteous last night, I am so tired this morning, and Fraser's house was so comfortable that I allowed him to persuade me to stay over. Moreover, I will lose no time as he is going to let me have a motorboat and I can go clear through to Corozal in one day [on the New River]. This will cost me twelve dollars. This rest was not unwelcome, as yesterday about did me up.

All day long I lay around and read and read and read. The printed word—which I hadn't seen in any quantities for something like four months—certainly looked good to me. We had a delicious breakfast at 10:00, talked all the rest of the morning, and at five had tea. Then it was more talk, more reading, and finally at seven, a whacking good dinner. These four repasts, together with a day of loafing, repaired in a measure the ravages of yesterday, and it was with a clear conscience and satisfied body that I turned in about 9:00 to get a good rest for the next stage of the journey.

### Monday, June 15

Early this morning I got off for Corozal. Fraser had staked me to a generous supply of magazines and so I passed the time quickly. A short distance down the lake [New River Lagoon] we stopped for a colored family who rode *sur moi*, I fancy. This clan consisted of an elderly negress, a rather buxom and not unpretty *octo-roon*<sup>91</sup> of sixteen or seventeen, two small boys and two small girls. When I ate my lunch they gave me some of theirs—turtle—which was delicious.

During a rain storm I went ashore for obvious purposes and in reboarding the boat, an oar fell off and gave me a hard thump on the head. Sometime toward noon we passed Indian Church [the site of Lamanai] where there are said to be some fairly extensive ruins. About 4:00 we reached Orange Walk, where I dispatched a wire to Gann. Wallace Kevlin was also here.

It was dark when we reached the mouth of the New River and a fairly high sea [at Chetumal Bay]. I was worried at the looks of an ugly black cloud which spelled squall to me, but we made port with nothing worse than a good wetting. I found Gann at his picture show. We came home before it was over and he got me a cracker and jam supper.

### Tuesday, June 16

This morning we began to lay plans looking toward going up the coast, if that is possible now. I have decided that I will go down on the *Edgerton* tomorrow if we cannot find someone to go up

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him . . . . The sole of one of his boots was tied on with string, and his hair was showing through a hole in his hat.' . . . [Fraser] could not stop him talking. Although shivering with cold and wet from head to feet he insisted on telling Fraser of his work in the Peten, the condition of the trail and how Maya glyphs worked. Fraser finally had to almost throw him into a hot tub."

<sup>91</sup> In the racist classifications of the time, a person who is one-eighth black by descent.

to Tulum. In fact, I will probably go down anyhow and then return later if the coast is clear, or if the stone [at Tulum] has been brought to Corozal.

I left my good clinical thermometer on board the motorboat last night, but when I went down to the wharf to get it, the boys were already gone. My only letter was one from Joe to the effect that a New York boat leaves [Puerto] Barrios on June 29. I shall try to make this. We got wind of a San Pedraño who has a boat here. We are going to put the Tulum business up to him.

In the late afternoon Gann and I called on Mr. Schofield, the *jefe* who owns Corozal, and later we took a walk. The town stretches along the strand and does not extend over two or three streets back of the water. I spent the remainder of the evening in chatting with my host. His man, Esquivel, reported late in the afternoon that the San Pedraño was too drunk to present himself today, but that he would be all right tomorrow.

### **Wednesday, June 17**

Toward the middle of the morning the San Pedraño turned up in tow of Esquivel. He proved to be a worthless drunken sort of an individual, utterly craven and afraid to make the trip. After innumerable excuses, all of which we successfully combatted, he finally came out with his true reason, "*yo tengo miedo*" [I am afraid]. There was no hope of asking anything with such a spineless nincompoop so we let him go.

The *Edgerton* got back from Orange Walk after lunch, and I will leave on her tonight for Belize [City]. I am to see Peter Vásques when I go down there and see if he will undertake the trip for us.

About 5:00 we took a walk out to see Santa Rita Corozal where Gann found his wonderful wall paintings. The District Board has uncovered a big mound for road material, but as yet nothing has come out of it but a stray bead or so. In the evening we went to the movies and saw a pretty good film called *The Death of Britannicus*. Afterward Gann went down to the boat with me. As she is very crowded, I put up my cot on the upper deck and turned in shortly after we got under way. About eleven I woke up and found we were anchored for the rest of the night because one of the channel lights was out.

### **Thursday, June 18**

A short little sprinkle fell about 5:30 and wakened me for the day, although it did not wet me. I couldn't doze off again so I got up. Mr. Boatman's brother, Roy, was on board. I had a supply of magazines and they lasted me until my arrival in Belize [City]. We were scheduled to stop at Northern River for fruit, but there was none so we continued on without landing.

We got to Belize about three and I went right over to Melhado's to get my mail. I had letters from Alice, Con(stance; sister), Holmes, and Hodge. Holmes said he had forwarded copies of my last letter to him to Dr. Walcott, Dr. Woodward, and Mr. Parsons. I saw Peter Vásques, with whom I will talk later. I briefly outlined the plan to go to Tulum and he says he will go. Just before supper I went over to a barber shop and sacrificed my beard—it was some votive offering.

Later I again saw Peter Vásques and outlined my plans to him more fully—he will probably go on his next trip. I may possibly get off tomorrow on the New York boat. I saw my photographs at Read's and, as a whole, they are bully. I think my percentage of loss from all causes will be less

than ten percent—a damn good record for this vicinity. I was glad to see Landsberry and old Mr. Pierce again. Of all old friends, whom should I run into but Matheson; I was very glad to see him again. Just as I was going to bed, who should come in from Stann Creek but always dapper little Mr. Matos.

### Friday, June 19

I went over to Mr. Boatman's office and while I was there, Chamberlin—the Fruit Company steamship agent—came in and I inquired about the *Saramucca*. I discovered, to my surprise, that she makes both Tela and Puerto Cortez [Honduras] before Barrios, at which latter point she is not due until Monday. This did not look good to me so I decided to stay over until the regular New Orleans sailing, which leaves on Monday. This gave me some leisure time and did not push me so hard to get ready.

I went out to the banana boat to see Bradfield, whom Boatman told me was going through. Boatman went out with me, but he returned at once, sending the boat back for me. It seemed very good to see Brad, but I am sorry to say he looked miserably. His face was very thin and he appeared very much pulled down. He had finished the packing of all the crates of casts, some sixty in number, and they will follow him on the next boat.

Just as luck would have it, I met that fellow Scott, who came down on the boat with me, a sort of industrial expert for the Empire State Bank. He was returning to New York very much disgusted with conditions in Honduras.

I went over to Boatman's for tea and had a very pleasant *al fresco* dinner under their upstairs pergola. A Mr. Hunt, the Scotch *dominie* of the Presbyterian *kirk* [church], was also present. He leaves next week for good. They are planning some sort of an elaborate send-off for him at the Government House.

### Saturday, June 20

This morning Mr. Boatman went around with me to some of the shops to look up suitings. I saw a beautiful serge at Hofins and Hildebrand, but did not get it. However, at Brodies' I bought one of those fine-thread blue and white cloths that Alice is so fond of. I had my boxes sent over from Carlos Melhado's, and before closing time I went over myself and closed up my account there, drawing out my balance and winding things up in general.

There is a very nice Fruit Company chap here by the name of Kidd—he is in Lufkin's department. I remember his face from two years ago but I had never met him before.

In the afternoon we got up a game of bridge, a Mr. Dahlgren, a Mr. Jones, that Heath fellow, and myself. I lost seventy-five cents. Landsberry and I had planned to go to the club, but when 5:00 came I was so interested in my bridge game that I begged off. Landsberry himself was more than willing, as he was an interested watcher. We played until dinner, after which we adjourned to Heath's room, i.e., "the third story front," and played until about midnight. I won \$3.50.

It was after one when I turned in—I was sorry as I have to get up at 4:30 to go on the Boatman fishing trip: Mr. Boatman asked me just before dinner to go trolling tomorrow outside—ominous word—in *The Milton*.

## Sunday, June 21

Mr. Boatman's boy awakened me at a little after four and it did not take me long to dress and get down to the mobile wharf. Besides the boys, I was the first there. Presently a Mr. Harry Anderson and his fishing traps appeared, and a few minutes later Mr. Boatman himself, swinging along jauntily in outing costume, came around. We soon got off and had some coffee while we were going out to the keys.

Mr. Boatman had no sooner thrown his line overboard than he had a bite and pulled out a fair-sized mackerel. This looked like the beginning of a big day, but look again. After passing outside the keys this luck deserted us, and for two mortal hours we ploughed up and down through a heavy sea, only catching one red snapper as recompense. As a result of this pitching and tossing, I very quickly lost interest in the fishing and indeed was soon hard put to keep my lunch down.

About ten we got back to Sargent's Key where [we] had Boatman's mackerel—it was delicious and it must have been, for even in my unhappy state I enjoyed it. After breakfast we put back out to sea—good fishing grounds, they called it—where for another hour I went through hell. Boatman caught one more fish, a king fish, making the total for the day three. After this we turned back and reached Belize a little after 1:00. I felt pretty much upset as a result of this little pleasure party.

Once back I played bridge and had dinner with the Boatmans. This, the summer equinox, was the longest day of the year, and in fact the morning was interminable.

## Monday, June 22

I got up early to finish my packing, and after coffee I went downtown to finish up my last errands. I decided to get the serge at Hofins and Hildebrand. I sent Father Versavel some coffee, paid for my photographic work, and subscribed to those magazines for Dr. Boberg. I saw Mr. Boatman about eight, and he very kindly put his motorboat at my disposal. I finished packing about twelve, and after saying goodbye to all the fellows, including Landsberry—he is a very nice chap—I went to the boat. I ran in for a hurried *adios* to Mr. Boatman first. He certainly has been kind and hospitable to me, and I am deeply indebted to him for many, many thoughtful attentions. I also said goodbye to Roy Boatman, who looked somewhat better.

Mr. Dahlgren went down on the boat with me. Everything was crowded: seventeen passengers were turned back at New Orleans. Among those who came on board at Belize were Shaw, Matos, Kidd, the *comandante* of Flores, his mother-in-law, wife, and daughter. José Moran, the pleasant engineer we met first at Flores, and one of don Clodeveo's nephews were also on board. I sat at a very uninteresting table. In the evening I played bridge with Dahlgren against Mr. Shaw and a Mr. Lutch. We lost.

## CHAPTER 9

### TO QUIRIGUA, GUATEMALA, THEN TO SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA

#### Tuesday, June 23

I slept on my cot in the smoking room and was very glad to have it along with me. I got up before five and saw the lights of [Puerto] Barrios twinkling in the distance. We were ashore by six and then came the customary harangue to get the trunks through customs and on the train to Quirigua before it left.<sup>92</sup> It is very convenient now with the new wharf because the baggage cars are run right out to the end of the pier where the steamer docks.

I saw several fellows I knew—Thompson, Heil, Brown, and Garceaux. On the train I met Mr. Cutter, who was traveling with a Dr. somebody of the Harvard Medical School. We talked together all the way up. At Virginia a bunch of the ladies came down to meet the new bride—Hughes' wife—and at Quirigua there was another delegation composed of Mrs. Landry, Mrs. Benson, Miss Landry, and Miss Weldon. Mrs. Landry gave me a very kind welcome and had me come right up to the house. The children have grown very fast! Landry came in later and so did Livsey. I think I have mentioned all the people I know.

Quirigua is much changed from the place I used to know. Everything is cleaned off and the new \$100,000 hospital dominates the situation effectively. It ought to look like the Walls of Panama<sup>93</sup>—it cost enough.

In the late afternoon Landry took the Hugheses down to their new home, "Tehuana Farm." It lies across the [Motagua?] river at the foot of the "A" line. Miss Landry, Miss Weldon, and I went along as the escort of honor. I turned in early as the day was rather long.

#### Wednesday, June 24

Mr. Cutter's threat about being up here at five was only a joke after all, and it was nearly eight when Smith came chug-chugging into the station [Figure 9.1] where I was talking to Kline. He used to be the conductor on the Barrios—Guatemala City line, but he is now superintendent of the

<sup>92</sup> The rail line to Quirigua was part of the Northern Railroad of Guatemala, which ran between Guatemala City and Puerto Barrios, and was operated by the United Fruit Company by concession. The United Fruit Company owned Quirigua and the surrounding lands, and because of easy access the site was probably the most visited Maya site up through the 1920s. A hotel and golf course added to the attractiveness.

<sup>93</sup> The legendary Walls of Panama were the fortifications surrounding Panama City, breached by the English buccaneer Henry Morgan in 1671 in the most daring pirate raid of the seventeenth century (see Ward 1993).

Quirigua–Bananera Railroad. Without loss of time, the car was switched over onto the other track and we started down to the ruins.



Figure 9.1 The now abandoned train depot at Quirigua. After the parallel highway was built, the rail line ceased to be profitable and ceased operations in 1996.

I got off at the southern end of the grounds, and after plunging around in the dense bush of that section long enough for the H.M.D. to tear his brand new \$5.00 silk shirt, we finally struck the substructure of Structure 1. I was, of course, disappointed to see the Initial Series corner fallen in [Figure 9.2], and equally distressed to note that the vegetation has not been kept down.

I saw Earl's [Morris] dig. What we called Structure 6, I do not know what it is. It has walls on top which enclose a room, though they only stand about two feet high. Structure 5 was a fine building, though not, I think, up to the class of [Structure] 1. I left Smith and the doctor on the main line to look for the new stela (Stela S) but I did not find it. In the afternoon, when Landry took Miss Weldon home in the motor[boat], he dropped me on the line again, but a second time I failed to find it. This time out that post had blown down.

In the evening I played bridge with Landry, Weare, myself, and an Englishman named Flintoff, I think. I lost. I think indeed that my partner threw me in two vital plays where rubbers were at stake.



Figure 9.2. The Initial Series Introductory Glyph (ISIG) on the corner of Structure 1 at Quirigua before its collapse.

### Thursday, June 25

About 7:30 Landry took me down to the end of "B" line [en route to the site of Paraíso, in Honduras]. Fortunately, there was an old man waiting there to take Garceaux over when he should come on the morning train—we pressed him into immediate service. We passed the mouth of one river on the right which was going downstream—it was called the Jubuco—and only a few hundred feet below on the same side [of] the Río Morja we turned up the latter. A short distance above the mouth we came to the Mixco camp. Here Landry introduced me to the *mandador* and left me.

This chap, Sunderland, was from New Hampshire and knew Grandpa Griswold. He told me the old man is running again for the Senate—I wish him luck. After a bully breakfast, the mules appeared and I got a guide, Pancho Ortiz by name. We left at 12:45 and reached Lancetial so early (2:45) that we decided to push right on to a house two leagues nearer Paraíso so as to cut down the journey tomorrow. The road was very good—much better than I had dared hope—and we made good time, getting in considerably before five. We passed the *dueño* of the house and his woman en route for Lancetial. He told us to make ourselves at home. When we got there, we found two boys and an old hunter, the latter empty-handed. One of the boys belonged to the house. We stopped here for the night.

## Friday, June 26

We left El Rancho—the name of the house where we slept—at 5:22, to be exact. At first the road continued on up the more or less level bottom of the Río Morja valley. Presently, however, we began to go up a very high, steep, and muddy hill. At just 7:45, our road led us back to the River Morja again and here we breakfasted on the fowl we bought last night. At 8:07 we continued on our way. The road again led up another steep and slippery mountain and after two hours and thirty-two minutes of this, we came down again to the Morja which we now crossed.

An hour later we were at Paraíso. Here a great disappointment awaited me. The so-called sculptured stones were only two heads and a torso, all parts of façade decoration as the tenons at their backs clearly showed [Figure 9.3]. There was a nice little box with glyphs on its side. I photographed all of them. There is a good-sized plaza with one high pyramid mound; remains of walls show in various places about the *pueblo*.



Figure 9.3. Morley's photographs of sculptured stones at Paraiso.

I find that I am now within a day of Copan and I want awfully to go over, and yet I dislike much to lose a week, because if I go there, it means I cannot make the boat north on July 2. At present, even as I write this in the *alcalde's* house, I am undecided as to just what I ought to do. This may be the last chance I get to visit Copan for some time, and ought I to pass it up?

## Saturday, June 27

I decided against the Copan trip: it would delay me another week and cannot cost me less than \$50.00. I left Paraíso a little after five and checked off the stations I kept track of yesterday. I found that we traveled at about the same rate of speed. We lunched at Limon or Limonal, and pushed right on through Lancetial to Mixco where we arrived a little before three, making exactly nine and a half hours on the road and exactly nine hours of traveling. Just after leaving Lancetial, a heavy rainfall overtook us and for the next two hours we ploughed through, drenched to the skin. Sunderland was surprised to see me back so soon.

After a bite to eat, we pushed on over to Tehuana, crossing the Jubuco in a dory full of holes. Hughes and his bride were at Quirigua, but his time-keeper took me in. I phoned Landry to send

down a car, but he wasn't in. Mrs. Landry, however, very kindly got word to someone, and presently my old friend Kline's car came down for me and soon I was back in Quirigua. Mrs. and Miss Landry were there. After a good bath I felt considerably better.

In the evening a Mr. Evans, the laundry superintendent at the hospital, and a Dr. somebody came over—I thought they would never go. Today I did about twenty-seven miles on a mule, and I was tired.

### Sunday, June 28

Landry took a number of the boys down to Virginia this morning to practice baseball. They are going to pick the players for the team which is to defend the division's honor in the game with the Tela division boys who come up to play on the fourth of July, so every prospective Ty Cobb<sup>94</sup> went down with him. I wish I would be here for the fourth as they are planning quite a big celebration down at Virginia.

There were only a few of us at lunch: Mrs. Landry, Miss Landry, Livsey, and myself. I spent the greater part of the afternoon sleeping. That little sixty-mile jaunt over to Honduras took more out of me than I suspected, and last night's sleep was not enough to put me on my feet. Even this day of relaxation did not rest me up completely.

Landry came back before night and after supper we had a game of auction. Tyvie, an Englishman from Jamaica, and Flintoff, an Englishman from England, came over and after cutting for partners it fell out that it broke on national lines—Landry and I to play against Tyvie and Flintoff. America won right merrily, in all something over \$2.00. The two English chaps' plays did not run together and two or three very bad declarations put them so badly in the hole as to leave us big winners.

### Monday, June 29

Landry was too busy to take me down to see Stela S today, but he promised to show it to me tomorrow. I spent the greater part of the day in reading *It Never Can Happen Again* by William De Morgan [1909]. I picked this up and started to read at it in a half-hearted sort of way, but the man's unusual style, more than his plot, finally enlisted my interest and I ploughed in.

At 4:00 Landry went down to the port. Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Burdette came over in the late afternoon and we walked back with them as far as the [train] switch. I wrote a letter to Alice and True, and mailed it in time to make the down train. After this I saw Benson who does not seem to have changed a bit. The Bensons are one of the nicest couples in the division.

In the evening I tried to get up a bridge game over at Weare's, but couldn't make it work out. As a result of Landry's blowing up, all the time-keepers in his district are working on their time sheets (contract) which should have been in today. Flintoff was hard at work on his and had no time for bridge. Weare, Schultz, and Collins—the man who had such a violent crush on Ruth Laughlin—were sitting in a three-handed poker game and there was no disturbing them. Tyvie would have played but we lacked two others, so I had to give it up.

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<sup>94</sup> Tyrus Raymond "Ty" Cobb (1886–1961) is a famed baseball player, primarily as an outfielder for the Detroit Tigers (1905–1927). Known for great batting, he is in the Baseball Hall of Fame.

## Tuesday, June 30

I read until train time on *It Can Never Happen Again*. Though the story does not move swiftly, it travels surely. At 10:00 we all went down to the train to meet Landry, who went down to the port last night to meet his cousin, another Miss Landry. Rather a pretty girl, and very popular with the men—or so I should judge from the way they all greeted her as the train pulled out. I called it an international salute as Germans, Americans, and Y.B.'s took part.

After lunch, Landry finally took me down to the new stela (Stela S). We rode down on mule-back and he left me. I drew the Initial Series and photographed this monument. It rained, though not hard. Stela S is the oldest of the period markers at Quirigua and records the date 9.15.15.0.0 9 Ajaw 18 Xul [June 2, 746]. The quality of the stone is very poor, and both the figure on the east side and the glyphs on the other three sides are pretty badly effaced.

I got back to the house about 4:00, took a shower, and read on William De Morgan until dinner. After dinner, Landry had a bridge game arranged. Weare and Tyvie came over. Flintoff couldn't come, poor chap, because he was still at work on his time sheets. Landry and I managed to lose all of our winnings of the previous evening. While we played auction the two Miss Landrys played the Victrola. The phonograph *obligato* cost Landry and me money.

## Wednesday, July 1

After breakfast I got ahold of a *maniella* through Schultz and went down to the ruins. I went in by the main line (north end) and walked the length of the park to the Temple Plaza. I put my two *maniella* boys to work looking through the debris for the fragments of the hieroglyphic cornice of Structure 1. Unfortunately, the part containing the Initial Series had fallen. After a long hunt, during which my huskies soldiered considerably—or at least one of them did—they found all the missing fragments. I drew the entire Initial Series and Supplementary Series so that now I can make a fairly complete restoration of the hieroglyphic text of this temple. I also photographed the doorways again, as well as the Supplementary Series. By this time I was soaked through. The sun came down directly and the three of us were all fagged out.

On the way back to the *maniella* I stopped at the molding shed and picked up a cast which shows the day sign of the terminal date of the Initial Series, i.e., Ajaw, on the east side. This I took home with me.

I reached Quirigua in time for lunch and then spent the afternoon until train time packing. Louise Silas came around and I showed her Alice and True's pictures. I said goodbye to everybody and took the 4:00 train. The laundry superintendent I met the other night was going down to the port, and I talked with him for most of the time. I saw all the fellows down there. They put me in room 9 with Evans in the Fruit Company house. I found no letters for me—they were probably sent to Virginia.

## Thursday, July 2

This was a day of waiting. Early in the morning I said goodbye to Evans who returned to Quirigua. I sold him my thirty-two [.32 Winchester gun] for \$20.00. As quick as the *comandancia*

was open, I went over and got a permit to leave the country; it cost twenty-five cents. I had a good chat with Thompson and heard a lovely one on Hewett of how he tried to climb up the side of a Fruit Company steamer but couldn't make it. He was winded. I saw and talked with Heil also. He is going to the Tela division with Cutter as his private secretary—the same position he has filled here.

I finished *It Can Never Happen Again*, wrapped it up and sent it to Landry, and then had lunch with Mosely and Kidd. Some mail was sent up to me at Virginia yesterday, and then phoned for it to be sent back on the night's train.

I had my baggage inspected about four, and shortly afterward went on board. My cabin-mate is a mining engineer, a Mr. Buel, from Berkeley, California—1170 Oxford Street—who has been in Honduras for the last two months inspecting mining claims there. The other passengers were not interesting. Some doubt is being expressed as to whether we will be allowed to land at New Orleans because of the alleged cases of bubonic plague there. In case we are not, Galveston or Mobile will be our port, probably the latter. Thompson came on board about 8:30 and said the down train was in, but it brought no letters for me—gross inefficiency somewhere.

### Friday, July 3

Our ship arrived off Belize [City] about seven, though it was some time before the quarantine boat put off. That sore on my right foot has been growing worse. Buel, my cabin-mate, said it looked like a ringworm, and so after Dr. Harrison was through inspecting the passenger list, I asked him into the cabin and showed it to him. He said it was a ringworm, all right, and gave me permission to go ashore. I got permission for Buel to come with me.

When we landed, I first went to Dr. Davis to get some salve for my foot. He was not in, but an assistant fixed me up. Next, I went over to the hotel and saw everybody: Landsberry, Heath, Peter Vásques, etc., and also Mattheson. I had some beer with the fellows and then phoned up Boatman who came over to the office with Mrs. Boatman and the boy. They both looked much better. Roy also was on his feet once more. J.R.B. fixed it up with me to return to the *Merowine* on the Fruit Company launch so I could—and did—stay until the last minute.

Chamberlin came out on the launch with the ship's papers. He told me Shaw, who is to be Cutter's successor in the management of the Guatemala Division of the United Fruit Company, had asked him to be his secretary. He is going to go over about the middle of the month.

We were under way before noon. It was quite hot and, as I was tired, I went to sleep. Buel bought a fine English hand-made suitcase in Belize for \$12.00.

### Saturday, July 4

This was another uneventful day. There was beautiful weather, but I felt enough current and movement of the water to cause me some little uneasiness. I had planned on doing a lot of work on Bowditch, but with the slight gastric disturbance, the funny heat, and a tired, tired feeling over my body, I didn't get around to it. Instead, I slept all afternoon. A wireless was posted on the bulletin board to the effect that the bubonic plague scare in New Orleans was over and that we would be allowed to land there without trouble.

My cabin mate, Mr. Buel, is very companionable and pleasant. He tells me many of his adventures, amorous and otherwise. The war in Mexico humbugged him as many another of us. He had a mining deal framed up—the sale of some property near Guadalajara—and then the revolution broke out and messed the deal. He stood to make \$90,000.00 if the thing went through but unfortunately it did not, and at present writing everything still hangs fire pending the return of peace to Mexico. So, archaeology is not the only business which this distressing war has interrupted.

The glorious fourth passed uneventfully, and except for a little bunting at dinner and a patriotic ice named after the Father of his Country, I would never have known the difference.

### Sunday, July 5

This was the last day on board and everybody happy; the sea was perfect and everybody enjoyed themselves. I finished *The Purchase Price*; verdict? *No bueno*.

About four we sighted the *boca del río* [mouth of the (Mississippi) river]. It seemed good again to be under the stars and stripes. As we entered the river, perhaps a theoretical mouth as its course was only defined by stone jetties, we could see coast stretching off on either side, far ahead of us to the right and left. About six we made quarantine, and everybody successfully passed the ordeal. The quarantine man (who is to head the fight against the bubonic flea's host) came on board and went up[river] with us.

After supper there was a beautiful moon and everybody was on deck. Little children, mostly boys, yelled in choruses from the banks or from dories as we passed up the river. "Throw us some bananas!" Those are the words, but the pitch is inimitable. This chorus rose and fell, swelling and sinking until it blended with the croaking of the frogs, of which there seemed to be not a few. A young mother going to Mesa, Arizona, told me her little story—unhappy marriage, domestic little woman united to a handsome rounder; her name is Tailor or Trailor.

### Monday, July 6

We must have docked shortly after midnight, for when I woke up we were along the side of the dock and had been there for some time. About 7:00 we were allowed to land. The customs man was very obliging and we were soon all through. I wired to Alice and True as soon as I got in.

Mr. Buel, Mrs. Salmon, her son Tony, Beryl Cutter, and myself all drove up to the St. Charles [hotel]. Buel and I took a room for the day. He went out with me while I did some shopping, collars, and straw hat. He even got our laundry done almost while we waited. We all had a belated lunch—breakfast at Kolb's.

In the afternoon we went to the movies and had supper at Kolb's, after which it began to pour. We all went down to the train depot in a taxi, all except Beryl Cutter who went up to visit an old friend for several days. This old friend is a garrulous old Scotch woman, and when Beryl introduced me to her, she (the old lady) leapt to the conclusion that I was "the intended." Indeed, Beryl so led her to believe. It was quite a mix-up all around and I joked the life out of her for it afterwards.

## **Tuesday, July 7**

Today was a long and tiresome day. We woke up [on the train] somewhere between [sic.] Alabama and Georgia--the others, Buel, Mrs. Salmon and Tony, were all up before me. I joined them at breakfast where a most curious coincidence developed. Mrs. Salmon said she knew a young woman from Swarthmore. She couldn't remember her name, but said she had met her through a girl named Helen Price! Then a great light dawned on me. I then told her my sister's name and she remembered her. She said Helen Price had brought her out to her West Philadelphia home one time. It made me feel quite at home.

We took a little walk in the train station at Atlanta. I felt so off my feed at luncheon that I hardly wanted to go in, so I killed the afternoon reading and sleeping, chiefly the latter. We all assembled at dinner again. In spite of the fact that I wanted to get to bed early, I was up late chinning with Buel until after twelve; for this I was mad at myself because I was good and tired.

## **Wednesday, July 8**

We were a little late in reaching Washington, but after checking Mrs. Salmon, Tony, and her baggage, Buel and I went up town to The New Ebbitt. We took a room with a bath and straight away proceeded to clean up. Buel did some phoning to his parties and I phoned up Mr. Holmes. He said to come over whenever I wanted to.

After breakfast I said goodbye to Buel, who has been a very pleasant traveling companion, and went over to the National Museum. Mr. Holmes was very pleasant and showed me a most encouraging letter from Dr. Woodward in which the latter said some very kind and flattering things about me. I saw Hodge afterward and ate lunch with him at the Museum Restaurant. After eating, I returned to the Smithsonian with Mr. Hodge and saw Fewkes, and later had dinner with Mr. Hodge at the Cosmos Club.

After trying to run down Emily Johnson's address all day, I finally succeeded in locating her at 6707 Georgia Avenue. I went out there after supper. She was out autoing when I arrived, but came in a little later. She looks very badly, indeed she is a nervous wreck. The brother, Toner, is no better either. Mrs. Johnson is very flesh and kind-hearted. I had a date with Hodge at the Cosmos at ten or eleven, but arrived too late to catch him. I slept at The Ebbitt.

## **Thursday, July 9**

I went over to Droop's the first thing and paid my bill. Next, I went over to the Smithsonian, but neither Mr. Hodge nor Dr. Fewkes were there. I talked to Miss Clarke for a while and when Dr. Fewkes came in I had a long talk with him. He is heartily in accord with my plan for the Carnegie Institution project. I phoned up the Carnegie Institution and made an arrangement to come out after lunch. I again saw Mr. Holmes about eleven and told him my plans, and later I went in and saw Neill Judd. Here Mr. Hodge joined me, and we all three went to lunch together.

Afterward I went to the Carnegie Institution [Figure 9.4] where I saw Mr. Gilbert, the secretary. He told me he thought my prospects to be taken on at the Institution at once were

excellent. I met Mr. Barnum also—he is the editor. He turned out to be a mason, Scottish Rite,<sup>95</sup> and after saying goodbye to Mr. Gilbert I walked with him up to the new 33rd-degree temple. We had a good look at this and then we said goodbye.

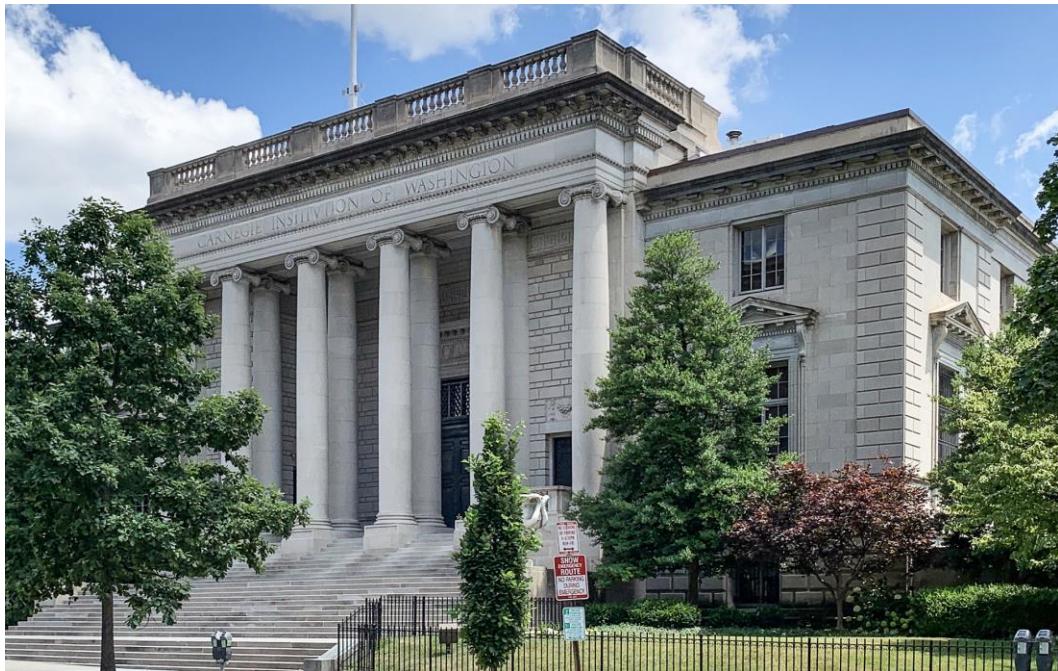


Figure 9.4 The Carnegie Institution of Washington Administration Building.

I returned to The New Ebbitt where I met Johnson. I went out to his house for dinner, and it was a REAL ONE. I spent the evening there and joined Hodge at the Cosmos Club around eleven. After beer and sandwiches, he came down to the Union Depot with me and saw me off on the midnight train [to Philadelphia].

### Friday, July 10

We must have reached Broad Street [in Philadelphia] very early. I got up at 6:00 and made the 7:11 down to Swarthmore. Everybody was still in bed, but soon I had them roused out. The strange female in bed with sister Alice when I got her up turned out to be Ray Johnson. All the family were well except for poor little Sarah who looked miserably. I spent the morning with [sisters] Elinor and Alice. A little later I phoned Con who lives in Rose Valley and she came over about the middle of the morning, bringing Mrs. Sidwell with her.

In the afternoon I was overpowered with sleepiness and went upstairs and took a nap. While I was thus making up for lost time, Ray and Mrs. Sidwell slipped off for Wayne [town]—they left a little chagrined that I hadn't even waked up to say goodbye.

Harry Fussell [husband of sister Constance] came down from Philadelphia and he and Con

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<sup>95</sup> See [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History\\_of\\_Freemasonry](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_Freemasonry);  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scottish\\_Rite](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scottish_Rite).

and my only little Nevvy stayed for supper. The latter, by the way, is a bright little chap and looks to me to be the image of his Grandfather Fussell.

### Saturday, July 11 – July 23

[The entries during this nearly two-week period cover time spent with his mother, sisters, and friends in Swarthmore. The big news came on Thursday, July 14:

I finally got home in the pouring rain a little after four, and here there awaited me that letter from Dr. Woodward for which I have been worrying for six months almost to the day. I am offered a position at \$200.00 a month to work up a bibliography of Central American archaeology in Washington, "pending the end of the war in Mexico." It is a very big thing and already I can see that it will involve sweeping changes in my whole life. For instance, it will almost certainly involve a change of residence from Santa Fe to Washington and many, many other things. I wrote a special delivery about it to Alice tonight and went down in the pelting rain to get it off today; I want to hear from her before I go down to Washington, which will probably be on the 24th.

Morley also visited a tailor to have suits made; had many dentist visits for a crown, to fill some cavities, and other work; went shopping in Philadelphia; attended sister Alice's wedding; played "golf" (apparently croquet) and bridge; and generally socialized. On the 22nd he heard from Joe Spinden who was in Philadelphia and met him for dinner. "He looks terribly. He has had dysentery and malaria and has lost thirty pounds.")

### Friday, July 24

I caught the trolley over to Morton and made the 5:59 [train] up to west Philadelphia. The Federal Express [train] from Boston was already in and I went right aboard. My little séance with Joe the night before last has completely upset me and I am down to a rigorous diet. I got into Washington at 9:25 and went right up to the National Museum. Mr. Holmes wasn't in, though his secretary said he would be back shortly so I went over and saw Hodge. We had quite a conference about my coming interview with Dr. Woodward. When I got over to the Bureau [BAE] this morning, I found a call from Toner Johnson there. I phoned him and he wanted me to go out there to dinner, an invitation which I accepted.

I ate lunch (tea and toast) with Hodge and Neuman and the National Museum café. Afterward I went over to the new building and saw Mr. Holmes and had a satisfactory talk with him. Later I dropped in on Judd, who is the same as ever. I came back to the Smithsonian and saw Gurley and Fewkes. The proofs of the illustrations for my paper [*Introduction*] are very good.

I met Johnson at five, and went right out to his place where they were hardly expecting me. In spite of a perfectly delicious dinner, I could do no justice to it because of my complaint.

### Saturday, July 25

Today was the day of my long hoped-for interview. I phoned the Carnegie Institution about nine, and finally after a second call I was able to get in touch with Mr. Gilbert, who told me to come right over. I went into Dr. Woodward's office about ten and was there until nearly one in the

afternoon. We talked about many things. He was kindness itself. He at once gave up the idea of a bibliography when he saw my notes, and said lots of flattering things about the work, among others that it was perfectly clear to him that the preparation of this book on the chronology was the thing that should be taken up first before anything else. And that furthermore, I could do it anywhere I pleased. Of course, I chose Santa Fe, and he thought it a good idea.

Well, after many pleasant things I left his company and had lunch here at The Ebbitt. Then I went up to the Capitol to see Grandpa Griswold. He looks much better than when I was here last year. I had a long talk with him and he was highly pleased with my position. We talked at some length about Alice and finally he asked me up for dinner tomorrow. Tonight, I ate by myself here at the hotel and afterward I saw *Of Mice and Men* by myself in the evening.

### Sunday, July 26

After an early breakfast and a more or less hasty perusal of the paper—it was filled with the war crisis between Austria and Serbia—I worked all morning on a letter to Dr. Woodward setting forth the work I believe should be done right now in getting this research underway.

About noon I got dressed and went to Grandpa Griswold's, 2113 O Street. He has rented an already-furnished house and it is very pleasant. Jenette is in Europe. Dinner was O.K. I showed him Alice's pictures and, in fact, left one with him. As he was going down to the Capitol we rode downtown together. I left him at The Ebbitt.

I wrote some more in the afternoon and then went down to the Union Depot and made the 5:05 out to Garrett Park [a Maryland suburb of Washington], Hodge's place. All his family look well; Emmelon, the little girl, is too pretty, sweet smiling little face. I had a very pleasant dinner there, and then Mrs. Hodge, Mr. Hodge, and I talked up the evening. I came home on the 9:49 and was in bed by 11:00.

### Monday, July 27

I went over to the Smithsonian Institution the first thing in the morning and went over my illustrations with Mr. Gurley and Mr. Gill. There was very little change to make in them and I think we touched on all points in connection with them. I looked up some references in the Bureau [BAE] library and then went to dinner with Mr. Hodge. The heat was stifling in the little basement restaurant over at the National Museum, and Hodge and I were for going elsewhere, but that didn't seem practical, so we stuck it out.

I said goodbye to Hodge and Neuman in front of the Smithsonian, and then went over to see Mr. Holmes. He was in a most genial humor and kept me until about three, at which time I had to leave for the Carnegie Institution. I got out there a little after 3:00 and had a long conference with Dr. Woodward. He thinks I had better get to Santa Fe as soon as possible because of my health. I arranged to have a final conference with him tomorrow morning and after that I will get off for New York tomorrow night.

Toner Johnson met me at The Ebbitt and I went out with him and had dinner. As I am going tomorrow, I asked them to go to the theater tomorrow night before my train leaves.

## Tuesday, July 28

The first thing I did this morning was to invest in a "Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen" just like the one Alice gave me for Christmas, and which I had been unlucky enough to lose at Desempeño, way off in westernmost Peten. Next, I got a pair of tortoise-shell glasses. By that time it was nearly ten so I went out to the Carnegie Institution and had a last conference with Dr. Woodward. It was most satisfactory and I think we understand each other clearly, at least I hope I will give satisfaction and the Institution my best efforts.

I had a final lunch with Hodge and afterwards felt miserably—the malaria commenced to come out on me. I must have had several degrees of fever. I went up to Gurley's and made a few last arrangements with him about the proof. Here I said goodbye to Fewkes, Swanton, Gill, Hodge, and all of them. Then I went over to the National Museum and had a final conference with Mr. Holmes, saying goodbye and also bidding the same to Judd. I went up to the Capitol to bid adieu to Grandpa Griswold and then came back to The Ebbitt. I went over to the Cosmos Club and stayed until five, but Carroll did not come around. At 5:00 I met Johnson at the Ebbitt and went out with him to supper. In the evening I took him and Emily to see *Why Smith Left Home*. I said goodbye to them on 9th Street.

## Wednesday, July 29

Got into New York early and went right up to the Art Students' League. It was locked, so I took my bags over to the Engineer's Club across the way. Then I went out and had breakfast at Child's Restaurant<sup>96</sup> and then came back to the League and camped there until Kenneth [Chapman] showed up. He took me all over the building, into a classroom where a model in the nude was posing, and, in fact, all over the building. Later we took a walk in Central Park and still later I had a lunch—my second meal at Childs today.

We went up to the American Museum after dinner to see Joe, but he did not come in all day. I had a talk with Goddard and took up the question of whether or not I could publish my results at the American Museum. He rather favored the idea if it can be arranged amicably with Hewett.

We came down to the Manhattan Hotel about 5:00 and I took a room there for the night. Wallace Springer met us in the lobby at six, and we had dinner together down in the Grill Room. In the evening we went to see *Potash and Perlmutter*.<sup>97</sup> It was screamingly funny; all the principals were Jews, that is, the men and one or two of the women. It was the first good show I had seen for six months and I enjoyed it correspondingly. We had a round of drinks in the Manhattan Grill afterward.

## Thursday, July 30

I overslept this morning. When I went down to the Grill for breakfast, it was nearly ten. I got up to the American Museum a little after ten and found Joe closeted with Goddard. We discussed the question of my publishing with the American Museum and Goddard is going to take it up

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<sup>96</sup> See [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Childs\\_Restaurants](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Childs_Restaurants).

<sup>97</sup> *Potash and Perlmutter* was a 1913 Broadway play based on a 1909 comedy novel about a Jewish family tailoring business that involves a murder. It was later made into a movie.

with Professor Osborne, the president of the museum. Chap came a little later and went to work in Mr. Mead's room.

After finishing with Goddard, Joe and I went into the library, and later down to the Mexican Hall. By the time we had gone through this carefully, it was after twelve. We looked Chap up and the three of us repaired to The Endicott where we found Goddard already lunching. After lunch I worked down in the Mexican Hall the greater part of the afternoon. I said goodbye to Goddard at about five, and a little later Joe, Kenneth, and I came downtown together. I got off at 42nd Street and came over to The Manhattan and packed my baggage—I also gave up my room.

Wallace showed up at six and shortly afterward so did Joe and Kenneth. We had supper in the Grill at the Manhattan and afterward went to *The Follies of 1914*. The show was like every other annual folly, music, nonsense, and pretty girls—and plenty of each. After the show, Joe took us all over to the Harvard Club where we had a round of very harmless drinks, particularly Ken and I. I said goodbye to Wallace and Ken at 42nd Street, but Joe came on down to the Pennsylvania Railroad station with me where I caught the 12:30 train for Philadelphia.

### **Friday, July 31**

I got up in Broad Street Station and had my breakfast there, then telephoned the folks that I would be down sometime during the morning. I am miserable with this trouble (summer complaint [malaria]). I had to put in some time before the stores opened, so I walked down to the Santa Fe office and saw about my ticket to New Mexico. On the way I stopped at [F.A.O.] Schwartz' and bought daughter a set of enameled dishes for which she had asked. At Wanamaker's I bought a couple of ties for myself, a dress for True, and two dresses for Alice: one really very handsome made of black satin. Mrs. Lindsay, an old resident of Chester and one of the buyers in Wanamaker's imported dress department, assured me it was of the new fall models. *Trés gentil*.

I came down on the 10:45 and got off at Morton and finished my journey over by trolley. Found all well but mother, who is just recovering from the trouble which is now afflicting me. Martha Comfort was also here. Muz phoned Con and she came over with Buddy in the afternoon and Harry came over for supper. They all went home in the early evening. I spent a great part of the afternoon in packing my trunk, and in the evening I was very tired and went to sleep early, even taking some of mother's medicine for my trouble.

### **Saturday, August 1**

For the most part I spent a quiet day at home, but in the morning Lybs and I went downtown. I called at the station and got a package—the enameled dishes I bought for True yesterday at Schwartz's. After we got back, Martha read *The Men of Iron* by Howard Pyle [1891] to us for the rest of the morning. Wallace Springer didn't wire, so our trip to Atlantic City is off. I phoned Eleanor to that effect. About lunch time I got a telegram from Alice asking when I would be home, to which I wired back, "on August 6 or 7." If I do not get home until the later date it will be exactly six months to the day since I left Santa Fe.

Martha took Sarah down to Chester about the middle of the afternoon. Shortly afterward Jean came over with an evening paper. The war situation is hourly growing more tense, and it looks as though Germany will soon mix in. Just before supper, Lybs, mother, and I had a round

of golf [croquet], Mother acquitting herself with great credit. I felt much better all day today, and tonight I even ventured to eat something besides tea and toast. After supper I took a nap, and later we rounded out the day with a game of 500, Muz, Alice, Jean, Lybs, and I playing.

I have decided to go west on the 10:25 Monday morning. I will stop over a few hours in Harrisburg with Jean.

### Sunday, August 2

Muz beat us all to the paper this morning and was the first to tell the family that Germany had declared war against Russia, which will probably soon involve France and England. I spent the greater part of the morning in reading the war news of the day. Things look very black indeed and I hardly see how a general war can be averted. It would indeed be base of England and France to desert their colleague of the Triple Entente now.<sup>98</sup>

Constance and Harry were coming over to dinner, but they did not show up at the dinner hour so we dined without them. Just as we had finished eating, they came in. It seems they hadn't realized it was so late and, Constance-like, they procrastinated. We put a cold dinner out for them, and as both were very hungry, they fell to with right good will.

After lunch Con, Harry, Lybs, Eleanor, and I had a number of rounds of golf. Later in the afternoon Con and Harry went over to coon town to get a girl to do their washing, and Harry and Jean went off on a walk. The rest of us lay around and read or wrote or slept as our various fancies dictated.

### Monday, August 3

I went up to town early with Lybs and Eleanor (8:10) and got some glasses at Limeburner's [an optical store] and then I hurried down to the Santa Fe, where I found they could not sell me a ticket from Pittsburgh to New Mexico. I bought some toilet stuff at Even's and six pounds of "gummy" at Wanamaker's. I got back to Broad Street and checked my baggage, and then over to Limeburner's again and then back to Broad Street.

Alice met me at the Bureau of Information and the three girls came out to the train to see me off. I pulled out at 10:25 a.m.

Jean met me at Harrisburg (12:45) and we went directly to the Hotel Dauphine where we had a fine *table d'hôte* lunch. After looking at the war bulletins, I went up to the capitol and met Jean's friends in the highway department. Later she took me all over the capitol. I guess there is little doubt that there was graft—and a good bit of it—connected with the Pennsylvania state capitol building, but it struck me they had been handed no lemon for their \$13,000,000.00; far from it. We sat on the river bank for a while in the afternoon and again in the evening. There are big improvements going on there. I left Harrisburg on the St. Louisian about half past ten. Jean saw me off.

### Tuesday, August 4

This was a long day with little or nothing of interest to record here. Early in the morning, in fact

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<sup>98</sup> And so began World War I, which had great impact on Morley's career later in the decade.

in the dining car at breakfast, I met a young married pair, a Mr. and Mrs. Bonham. He is cashier to the Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives. She was rather pretty and both were distinctly pleasant. They gave me a lot of information about rents in Washington, and I tucked it away in my cranium against the day Alice and I and our little True may have need of it. They left the train at Terre Haute, Indiana, and from there were going to Evansville where Mrs. Bonham lives.

I got to St. Louis just before six, but no Mr. Wulffing was there to meet me. I tried to reach him by phone, but was no one was at the house either. After a light supper at the Harvey Lunch Room, I went out on the incline leading to the station and watched the world go by. All kinds of people hurried on, each intent on their own little affairs. Hurry, worry, flurry. What was it all about? I went on board the sleeper before nine, and was in bed before we pulled out at 9:10.

### **Wednesday, August 5**

I woke up early outside of Kansas City. When I got in, a very brassy brass band was vociferously welcoming visiting delegations of Eagles who are holding their annual aerie here this week. I got in touch with Alfred Toll after breakfast and he asked me to come right up to the office. He looks very well. I found that Howard is east on his vacation, though I believe he is expected back next week. Alfred phoned up his wife and made arrangements for us all to lunch together somewhere. Mr. Toll—P.R., his children call him—came in. He looks prosperous too. I met a Mr. Elliot in their offices. He has mines in Honduras and he knew all the Quirigua bunch. In fact, he was at Quirigua in March.

Besides Alfred and his wife and myself at lunch, there was Emily Toll with a friend. We had a jolly party. I bid them goodbye at the store where we lunched, and said goodbye to Alfred at his office a few minutes later. I made the 2:35 Santa Fe west. This train goes by the Ottawa cut-off, coming back to the main line at Emporia where I wired Alice. We ran through a rain storm hereabouts, but it did not amount to much. It cooled the air somewhat, however.

### **Thursday, August 6**

This was a day of changing plans. I ate breakfast in the Harvey House at La Justa and, armed with a magazine and newspapers, I started to kill the day. We passed through Trinidad, and Raton. After the later stop, a wire was put in my hands from Percy Jackson saying they were all at Cimarron and could not get back to Wagon Mound in time to meet me, so I should not stop off. A little later a gentleman boarded the train with a letter from Cousin Alice saying that they were much disappointed that they would miss me, but that they were over at the Nairns' and could not get back in time to meet me. This latter communication reached me just before I got to Wagon Mound and I had to hurry to get a telegram off there to Alice to let her know that I would get in today instead of tomorrow.

The rest of the day dragged. At Vegas I got a bottle of milk and a sandwich, and whom should I see but Twitchell. The last lap, Vegas to Lamy, fairly crept by. I was the first off the train and there was my little girl running toward me and the little woman just behind her. It was such happiness to see them after this long, long separation. We came right up to Santa Fe and Filopila had a fine supper ready for us. I was home.

## **Friday, August 7**

Just half a year ago today I left Santa Fe, six months ago back on February 7. We got up fairly early and before we were dressed, Durand had delivered my trunks. I unpacked them and gave Alice and True their presents. Alice was very happy over her dresses and agrees that they were both very pretty.

Toward the middle of the morning we walked downtown together; she left me to go to the dressmaker's and I went over to the museum, surprising everybody with my arrival. I saw Watters and Vera Rathbun first, next Mrs. Wilson, and finally Hewett. Toward the close of the morning, I started out to look for a suitable room to work in. I went first to the Claire, then over to the Laughlin block, and finally over the Catron block. Frank Lavau showed me a room in the latter place for \$12.50, but as all its light comes from skylights it was undesirable. The best room is one over at the Claire opposite Hayward's office at \$10.00. I practically closed with Hayward for this at 4:00 in the afternoon when I went back to see him. I went over to see Standley Small before coming home. He looks much better than he did when I left here in February. He said his three weeks in the hospital in Pittsburgh had helped him mentally.

We did not stay up late as we were both tired. It seems good to be once more under my own roof after six month's wandering.

## **Saturday, August 8**

I spent the morning at the museum with Mrs. Wilson, explaining my notes to her. She is a most appreciative listener and enjoyed it very much—I mean I did. I came down again in the afternoon, but came home early.

In the evening Alice and I went to the social meeting of the club. There were not too many out, but such as came seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Mrs. Brooks came down with us. I taught a number of the ladies the Aeroplane Glide.<sup>99</sup> They all seemed to catch on to it very readily and it was much enjoyed.

I think there was some kind of a feud brewing, though just what I did not gather. Mrs. Wright said something that offended Mrs. Reneham and then there was the devil to pay. Mr. Kegel told me Mrs. Reneham would break up that partnership yet. It seemed that there was a good bit of friction, apparent even to an outsider.

## **Sunday, August 9**

This was not a particularly successful day. It was quite late when we got up, and everything went wrong. Dinner was bad enough, but worse was yet to come. Afterward, about 2:30, we took sister to the matinee of the movies and then I went over to the club while Alice brought home some of the flower bowls from the night before. True and I came on and when she [Alice] got home we had quite a racket. She went walking later by herself leaving True with me. I amused daughter first by playing blocks with her and second by reading.

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<sup>99</sup> Morley learned the Aeroplane dance in Swarthmore from a friend of his sister Constance.

We had a very light supper—milk and crackers—which, however, was quite sufficient. We were both very tired and turned in about half past seven. We were both of us asleep by nine as neither of us heard curfew.

### **Monday, August 10**

I began to move into my new office the first thing this morning. I sent Durand up for the buggy and then over to the museum for the things there: boxes of books, the swivel chair, and a bookcase. Meanwhile the janitor was scrubbing out the room and by the time he was finished I was ready to move in. Mr. Hayward is allowing me to use the flat top desk and table, so I am about complete. I got most of my books unpacked before lunch and finished the rest afterward.

I bought some office supplies at Wellmer's, and when I went down to the *New Mexican* to get some paper I ran into Harry Dorman. He introduced me to the new editor of the *New Mexican*, a Dana Johnson, and then came over to the office with me. We later adjourned to the club and had some beer. After he went home, I watched a game of bridge that pitted Espe and Morton against Gilly Otero and Levi Hughes. The latter seems to be holding the same rotten hands he did six months ago.

### **Tuesday, August 11**

I spent the greater part of the morning in putting the finishing touches on my office, getting in some letter writing, and finally, going over to the Court House and finding out what my taxes are, or will be. Our treasurer told me \$110.35 with promises that they will be lower next year.

After dinner I went down and saw Carl Bishop, who had in the meantime been up to the Court House. He said they were O.K., so I paid them by check. I came home early because I thought I might be of some assistance to Alice in getting ready for tonight. The guests did not begin to come until 9:15, but we all had a great time dancing and playing bridge. I very much appreciated Bronson's coming and Standley Small. Neither of them go out often, and this was a distinct compliment. Everybody left by one o'clock.

### **Wednesday, August 12**

I went through my diary and made extracts from it for my coming talk before the summer school. I also went through my negatives, and a few of Joe's that I had, and culled out some—sixteen—that I will use. I could not get in touch with Parkhurst as he had gone to Santa Clara to see the Indian Dance, and so the making of the slides had to go over until tomorrow. All the proofs for Bulletin 57 are in now, and I hope to get at the correction of it in a few days.

About 4:30 I went over to the Santa Fe Club and got into a game of bridge, two double rubbers, and won seventy-five cents with Major P. against Gov. T. and Espe, and \$1.80 from the same pair with Levi Hughes. The ex-governor was largely to blame for their losses.

In the evening Alice and I went over to the Brookes' for a while, and afterward came home early with the Brookes' baby while Mrs. Brookes went down to Dr. McFie's with Sydney.

## PART III. THE 1915 DIARY

### CHAPTER 10

#### INTRODUCTION: MORLEY'S 1915 DIARY

In Morley's brief 1915 field season, he visited the sites of La Honradez in extreme northeastern Guatemala, and Copan in northwestern Honduras. This was his first full-scale expedition under the aegis of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which remained his employer for most of the rest of his long career. Accompanied by J. P. ("Percy") Adams, he traveled through the former British colony known as British Honduras (now Belize, since its independence in 1981), starting at Corozal [town] in the far north. From there they traveled by boat south along the northern Caribbean coast to the town of Belize (once the capital, now called Belize City), and then by riverboat up the Belize River to El Cayo/Benque Viejo del Carmen (Figure 10.1) on the western border with Guatemala.



Figure 10.1. Benque Viejo in the early twentieth century.

Subsequent journeys were by mule, with all the usual headaches of finding, feeding, loading, and otherwise wrangling the cantankerous beasts to do their bidding.

The journey to La Honradez began, not by crossing the border at Benque—border crossings occasioning much disgruntlement for Morley, because of all his equipment (see March 16 and Chapter 18)—but by going north through Belize to Branch Mouth and then northwest into Guatemala along lesser trails through the forest. After a brief stay at La Honradez, he and Adams traveled by boat and train south to Copan in Honduras, the site with which Morley will be forever associated. From there they headed northwest, back into Guatemala, by boat and mules, through the mountains of the Department of Alta Verapaz into southern Petén to visit the site of Cancuén.

In this diary, Morley labeled his entries with not only the date but also his location.

### **La Honradez, Petén, Guatemala**

La Honradez (“the honesty”) is a medium-sized Classic-period site approximately 80 km (50 mi.) north-northwest of El Cayo and 29 km (18 mi.) north of Holmul. By 1976, when explorer Ian Graham visited, travel was mostly along a “seasonally passable” road newly cut by the scores of lumber companies extracting mahogany and other timber from the forests (<https://www.peabody.harvard.edu/cmhi/site.php?site=La-Honradez>). At the time of Morley’s visit, however, there were only a series of muddy mule trails, primarily used by chicle gatherers, on which his party got quite lost.

Perched on an elevation, La Honradez is one of many sites in the once heavily occupied, broken terrain of northwest Belize and far northeastern Guatemala known today as the “Three Rivers Region” (Figure 10.2; Scarborough et al. 2003). These rivers—Río Azul/Blue Creek, the western and northern border of the region; Booth’s River, the eastern border; and Río Bravo in the middle—are all north-flowing tributaries of the Río Hondo. Earlier, the site was explored in 1910 by the Eighth Peabody Museum Expedition, led by Teobert Maler, who reported carved stelae and made a sketch map. Other distinguished visitors after Morley include Frans Blom in 1929, Eric Thompson in 1931, and Ian Graham in 1976 and 1984, with most interest focused on its stelae. Because of difficulties of access, La Honradez has only recently been targeted by excavation projects and many large structures are “still standing tall and well preserved (including wooden lintels, presumably chicozapote) and full corbels” (A. Runggaldier, personal communication to Ward, 2021). Nonetheless, the site has suffered extensive looting.

Mapping of La Honradez reveals a plan similar to that of many other sites in the Three Rivers Region, such as La Milpa (Hammond 1991; Tourtellot et al. 2002) and Dos Hombres (Houk 1996): a “large open plaza [Plaza A] at the north end of the site core and an acropolis-type group . . . at the south” (Houk 1998: 9). It has an unusual attached “double” ballcourt and three radial causeways lead east, north, and south from the plaza to groups of smaller structures (see Figure 13.2). The tallest temple structures stand about 17.5 m, and Tozzer noted a quarry northeast of Plaza A with two sculpted altars, one broken. La Honradez appears to have experienced major Late Classic construction, also suggested by its nine stelae in Plaza A. Those monuments have

been renumbered by the various visitors to the site and, as Morley noted, Stela 8 had broken into pieces. He was able to date five stelae to the Late Classic.

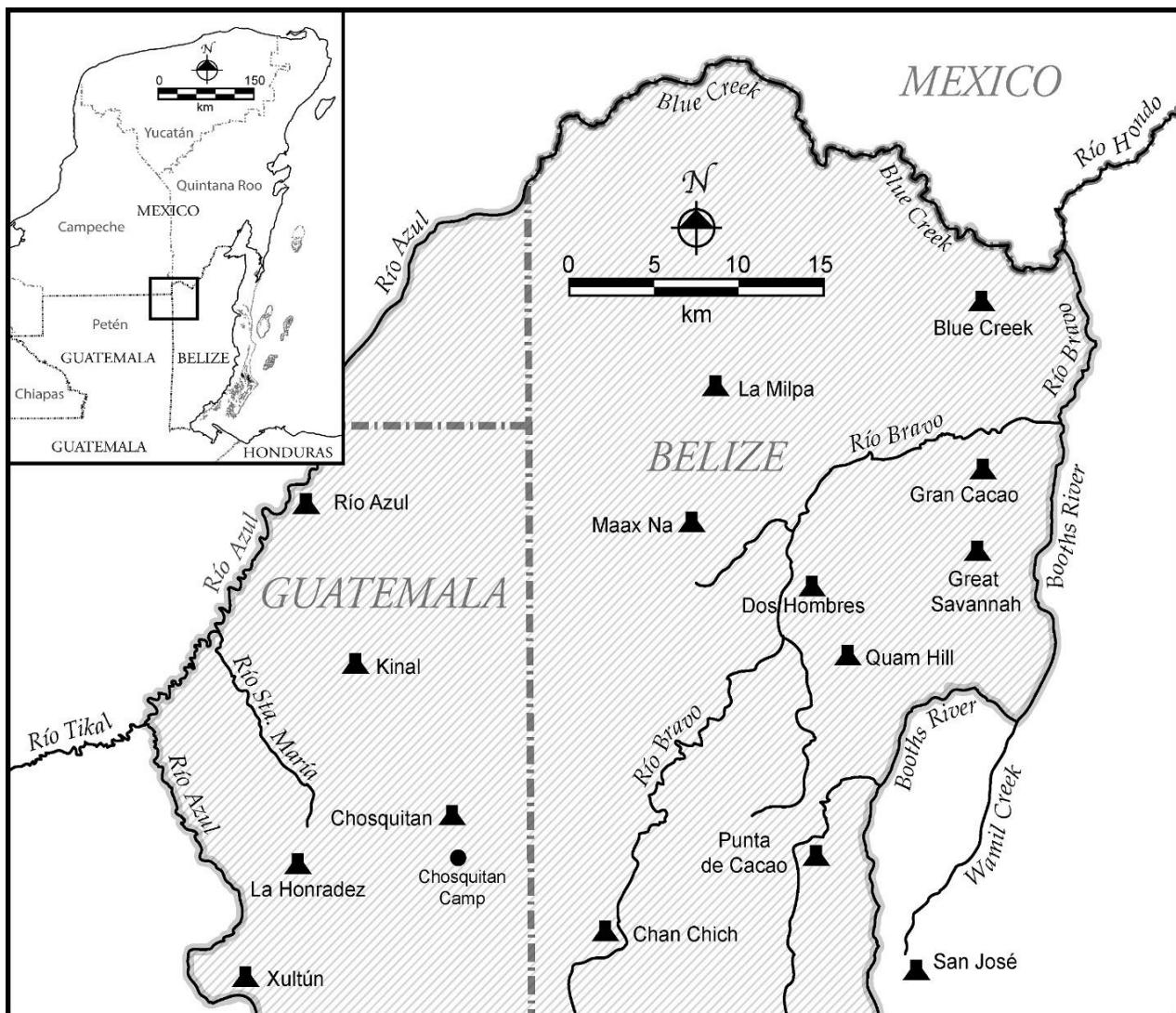


Figure 10.2. Map of the “Three Rivers Region” of northwest Belize and northeast Petén, Guatemala, showing La Honradez and related sites.

### Copan, Honduras

Copan is a long-occupied site in the “Southeastern periphery” of the southern Maya lowlands, in northwestern Honduras. It sits in the floodplain of the small Río Copan, which eroded sizeable sections of the eastern edge of the center’s construction, and since has been diverted. The site is best known for its beautiful Late Classic architecture and sculpture of light greenish trachyte (a

fine-grained extrusive, volcanic rock), but the area began to be occupied in the Middle Preclassic period (beginning ca. 900 BC). Copan's location was favorable for control of trade of obsidian from the Ixtepeque source (in southeastern Guatemala) and jade from the Motagua valley to the north, the latter through its late satellite, Quirigua.

Copan first became known through the travels of John Stephens and Frederick Catherwood (1841), and was excavated in 1885 by A. P. Maudslay and the Peabody Museum (see Fash 1991: 49–53). As Morley noted in a letter to the CIW President (see Chapter 15),

Copan contains about forty percent of all the known [thus far] hieroglyphic texts, but in spite of this importance, its inscriptions have been but very incompletely published. Mr. Maudslay published photographs and drawings of the more important monuments in his *Biologia Centrali-Americana*, but the work of the Peabody Museum in 1892–96 brought to light a large amount of material which had escaped his attention. Most of this has never been even studied, much less reproduced in drawings or photographs.

Since Morley's day and the Carnegie investigations in the early twentieth century, there have been numerous projects at the site (see Fash 1991: 53–62) and the inscriptions, in particular, have drawn sustained attention (see Agurcia Fasquelle and Veliz 2010). As a result of late twentieth-century epigraphic studies, much of the Classic history of Copan and the names of its dynasts have been worked out (see, e.g., Martin and Grube 2008: 191–213). The dynasty was established by K'inich Yax K'uk' Mo' (Ruler 1) in AD 426, apparently with some influence or interference from Teotihuacan, and its heirs ruled for 384 years. The city may have been known as Xukpi by its residents.

Morley makes much of the stelae with the Long Count date on or around the period-ending of 9.11.0.0.0, AD 652. These early Late Classic monuments—eleven stelae and four altars—were erected by the twelfth ruler in the line of the founder, K'ahk Ut'i Witz' K'awiil (nicknamed Smoke Imix), Copan's longest reigning king (AD 628–695). Some of these were raised in the main plaza, whereas others were positioned in the eastern and western valley entrances to the city, distant from the Copan main group (Martin and Grube 2008: 201). These include Stela 10, Morley's “western piedra pintada” (painted stone), and Stela 12, the eastern piedra pintada. Interpretations of them vary: territorial markers (Spinden), solar markers (Morley), ancestor commemoration (Proskouriakoff), or defensive communication system (see Fash 1991: 101, 104).

In his letter of April 28 to President Woodward of the CIW (Chapter 17), Morley mentions a new date on a stela fragment that “goes back to Katun 6, approximately 280 A.D.”<sup>100</sup> He does not give the identifying number of the monument or the *bak'tun*, and the identification of K'atun 6 is presumably that in the second position of the Long Count notation, that is, 8.6.x.x.x. Several Copan stelae, including 4, 17, and I, record dates in that *k'atun*, referencing AD 159 and 160. It is not clear if these early events were historically (factually) “real” or mythical, but they may reference the founding of the Xukpi kingdom (Fash 1991: 86, 87). Note that the dates are retrospective; the stelae were carved and dedicated in the Late Classic.

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<sup>100</sup> Morley used a now-discredited calendar correlation, and we correct his dates using the widely accepted Goodman-Martínez-Thompson (GMT) correction (Sharer and Traxler 2006: 114, Table A.1; see Chapter 2).

Inscriptions are found on three stairways at Copán, one of which is the great Hieroglyphic Stairway on the west side of Temple 26. Morley worked with the other two, considerably smaller: one on the south side of Temple 11, facing into the West Court, and the other, smaller still, behind Stela D on the north side of the Great Plaza (see Chapter 15). Little recent work has been done on these texts.

### Cancuén, Petén, Guatemala

After leaving Copán, Morley traveled a circuitous route through Petén, visiting Cancuén briefly, then numerous other sites before departing through Belize (Figure 10.3).

Cancuén, first explored Teobert Maler in 1905, is primarily a Late Classic site known for its enormous palace structure. Strategically located in southern Petén at the head of navigation of the Río de la Pasión, Cancuén played an important role in north–south trade (obsidian, jade, cacao, salt, feathers) between the Maya lowlands and highlands. The center occupied a peninsula formed by the winding course of the river, and had perhaps as many as seven ports, apparently controlled by nobles. The city had a violent end around AD 800, its royals and more than 50 members of its nobility massacred and the site abandoned (see Demarest et al. 2014).

For Morley in 1915, the usual departure delays, in this case from Livingston<sup>101</sup> and then en route northwest to Cancuén, meant that Adams was forced to leave the expedition early, because his wife in Santa Fe was expecting the birth of their baby. Morley pushed ahead without him, mostly on foot rather than on mule-back, but only spent a day at the ruins and left no diary entry about what he found there. His published report in the *CIW Yearbook*, however, mentions that he found a new altar at Cancuén and two new period-ending dates (Morley 1915a: 345).

Morley departed Cancuén on May 14, but left no journal entries. He headed through southern Petén to Seibal on the Río de la Pasión, where he discovered a new stela; from there he traveled through the savannas, where he visited the still poorly known site of Itsimte, and then to Flores. While at Flores he found two monuments with period-ending dates and visited Motul de San José on the north shore of Lake Petén Itzá. En route from Flores to El Cayo, he stopped at the sites of Yaxha on the northern shore of Lake Yaxha and at Nakum to the north.

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<sup>101</sup> Livingston is a small coastal town in Izabal, eastern Guatemala, at the mouth of the Rio Dulce where it joins Amatique Bay (the Gulf of Honduras). It lies northwest of the port town of Puerto Barrios.

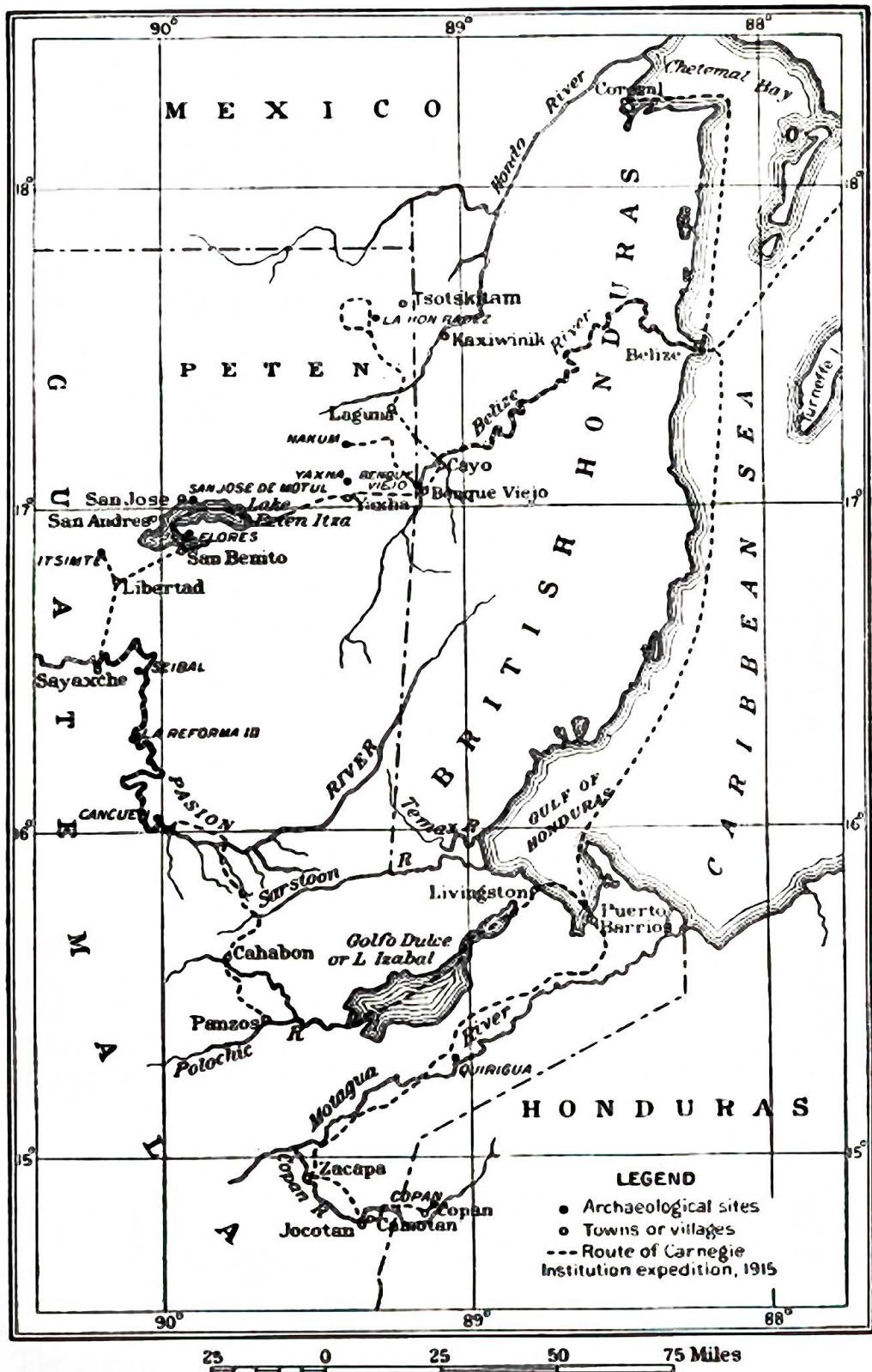


Figure 10.3. Map of 1915 Carnegie Expedition.

## CHAPTER 11

### TRAVEL TO BELIZE

#### Monday, February 1

#### Washington, DC

This was a very busy day. I got up early and finished what little packing I had left to do. After breakfast I went right out to the Carnegie Institution, and got there almost before the janitor. Mr. Barnum came in first, then Mr. Wirt, and finally Dr. Woodward. After conferences with all three, I came downtown to get my money (\$700.00). I bought my railroad ticket and was back at the Cosmos Club just in time to see Mr. Hodge, with whom I had lunch.

Next, I went down to the Bureau [of American Ethnology] with him and saw Gurley for the last time, and here I made such arrangements as I could about Bulletin 57.<sup>102</sup> I went over to Carl Woodward's [Bishop's?] to say goodbye, and then on to Brentano's to order the *Literary Digest*. By this time, I was due out at Carnegie again. I said goodbye to all of them and then came back to the Club where I fell in with Hodge and Mr. Holmes. The evening was their open night, and I saw Cook, Swingle, Barnum, Clark—in fact, everybody I knew.

I went down to the train station about 10:30, after a half hour of auction [bridge] with Clark and a Dr. Washington. I was greatly surprised to have Judge Pope greet me at the train shed. He was en route from New York to Santa Fe via Atlanta.

#### Tuesday, February 2

This was a long and tiresome day [on the train] with nothing of interest to record; I lounged around reading for most of it. I was a bit car sick and seedy, which was perhaps the leftover from my malaria. Time hangs very heavily. I met two interesting fellow travelers, and to cap the climax, our train was well on to being three hours late even in the morning. The porter holds out very slight hope of making this up. We are a heavy train of about eight or nine solid steel sleeping cars, which our engineers have found themselves unable to stop/start without an unpleasant jerk in almost every instance.

In the afternoon I was taking a nap when Judge Pope awakened me to say goodbye. He was leaving at some station in South Carolina to see a sister. He goes on to Atlanta tomorrow to pick up Mrs. Pope and then the two of them will travel west to Santa Fe. I gave him my best regards to distribute and said goodbye. Nothing further of interest came up to enliven a very dull day.

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<sup>102</sup> This is his *An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs* (Morley 1915b), Bulletin 57 in the Bureau of American Ethnology's series.

## Wednesday, February 3

I reached New Orleans at eleven o'clock and came up to the St. Charles [Hotel; Figure 11.1] in a bus; Percy Adams met me at the door and I was certainly glad to see him. We got a double room with a bath and then went over to the United Fruit Company and got our tickets for the passage south. I phoned up Stephanie Levert, but she was not in.

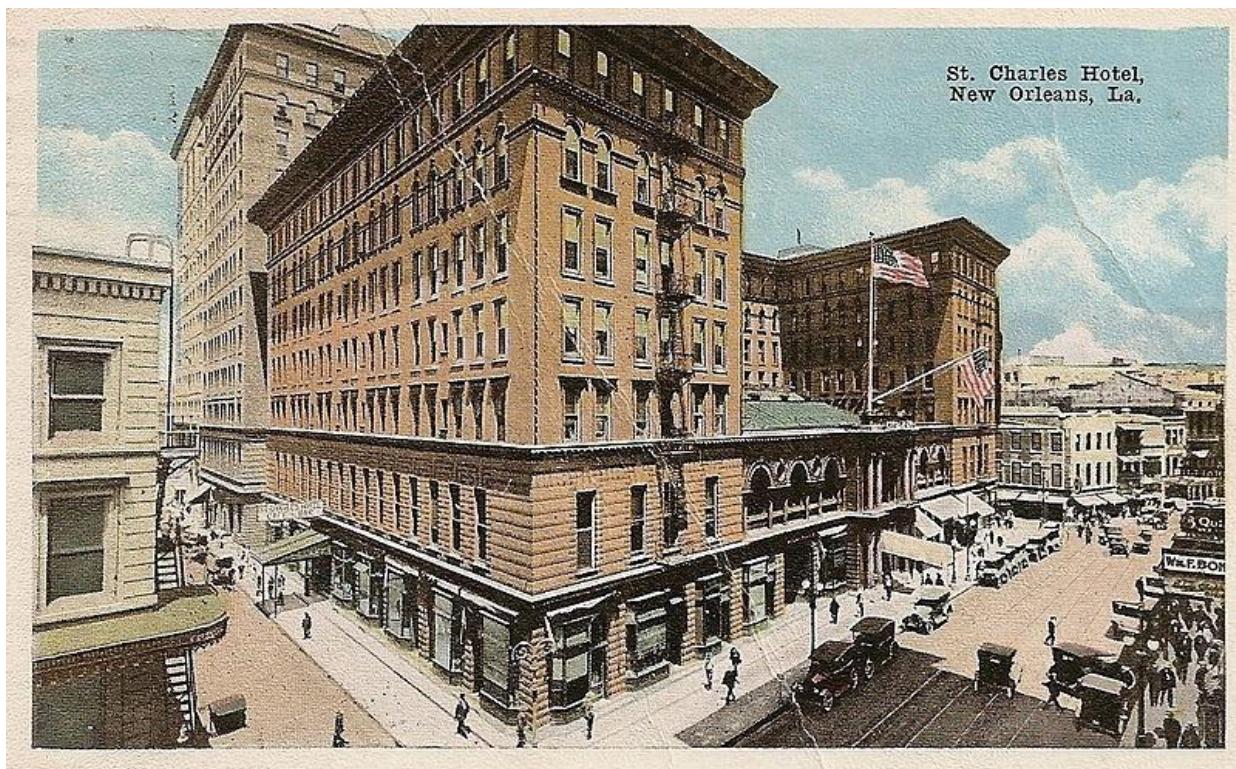


Figure 11.1. Postcard, the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

We went to the Orpheum in the afternoon and saw a fairly good bill with May Erwin<sup>103</sup> as the headliner. When I returned to the hotel, I phoned Stephanie again and when I got her she was very indignant with me for not going out there. I asked her to suggest to me a good supper at Antoine's instead, which she did.

Adams and I went over there about seven, and we ordered the exact meal Stephanie had given me. It was beyond words, one culinary marvel after another followed in quick succession, ending up with an orange brûlée which made any orange curacao I ever tasted flat and tasteless in comparison. The whole menu was: oysters a la Rockefeller, pompano a papillote, fresh fried potatoes, duck, omelette soufflé, and orange brûlée. In the evening we saw Margaret Auglain in *Lady Windermere's Fan*.<sup>104</sup> It was bully. Paul Sauwood told me I would like it when I was in Boston, and he did not misjudge.

<sup>103</sup> May Erwin (1862–1938) was a Canadian actress, singer, and vaudeville star.

<sup>104</sup> *Lady Windermere's Fan* was a four-act comedy written by Oscar Wilde and first performed in 1892. It was turned into a movie in 1925.

## Thursday, February 4

We got up early and [had] breakfast at the Grill Room, where the service is quicker. I left Adams packing his trunk, while I went out and made a few last purchases. Fortunately, everything has arrived—Adams' passport and bed. Adams was so busy he couldn't go out autoing with Stephanie and Miss Miltonberger. They came for me a little after nine, and we took a long and pleasant ride through the suburbs.

I got back to the St. Charles a little after ten o'clock and found Adams in the lobby with everything ready to go. We went right down to the dock whither our baggage had preceded us. We chatted with the girls for quite a while before going aboard, and finally we showed them over the ship. At about 11:30 we bid them goodbye and waved them off in the car.

There were few passengers aboard, especially very few ladies. Miss Leaven, daughter of the American minister to Guatemala, is one of them. I wrote a host of letters—a good many bread and butters. There were fifteen in all between New Orleans and the mouth [of the Mississippi River]; I sent them ashore with the pilot. It was very, very rough when we went out into the Gulf, so I went to bed at once.

## Friday, February 5

This was a very miserable day indeed for me. The rough weather we encountered last evening at the [sand]bar kept me up all night, much to my discomfort, so that by breakfast time I was little in the mood for anything to eat. I took the repast, however, though I left the table to go down to my deck chair for the rest of the day. I read through *The Sunken Submarine*,<sup>105</sup> a tale of a French submarine which sinks with all on board. After seven or eight days during which two survivors go through a series of highly improbable incidents, she comes to the top and, in due time, they are rescued. It served to kill time most effectively, however, and after all, that was what I wanted.

We had a very nice table—what little I have seen of it—with the exception of one grouchy German who does not mix in.<sup>106</sup> One very pleasant gentleman is a Mr. Norman Hessaltine of Brookline—a Harvard man. I slept all afternoon and turned in early. I will be very glad when the sea part of our journey is over.

## Saturday, February 6

We turned south along the east coast of Yucatán during the morning, and about eleven o'clock made [Isla] Mujeres, where I pointed out the ruins to Mr. Hessaltine and the others. I had a pleasant chat with Miss Leaven during the morning. She knows practically everybody in Guatemala City that I do, and many more besides. After picking up Cozumel, a *norte* began to

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<sup>105</sup> *The Sunken Submarine* was an adventure novel by Captain Danrit, a French writer who followed in the tradition of Jules Verne.

<sup>106</sup> Morley seems to have held a deep dislike for Germans, whom he frequently encountered because they were leaders in the sciences in the early twentieth century. The origins of this sentiment are unclear (related to the role of Boas in securing his CIW appointment? Chapter 4), but it became stronger in 1917 with the outbreak of World War I.

blow and I was more or less ill at ease with my stomach. Adams seems perfectly impervious to this motion of the sea, and he has been unaffected since we left.

During the afternoon, we passed the *Coppename*,<sup>107</sup> which left Belize yesterday. I did not see her as I was asleep at the time, but Adams told me of it. Owing to the *norte*, which persisted even after night had fallen, the weather is anything but tropical. When the south is cold it penetrates more than it does up home. I think everybody is happy over the prospect of going ashore tomorrow. It has been a sort of *triste* passage right from the start. I turned in early.

## Sunday, February 7

It was nine or ten o'clock before we sighted Belize [City]. Dr. Harrison came out and inspected the boat, after which we all went ashore. After landing, while waiting for the customs official to turn up, I got in touch with [Thomas] Gann. He wants me to come up to Corozal so as to talk over the Tulum matter. I think I will go up tomorrow.

I next went over and said hello to Mrs. Boatman, who asked us over to tea. Boatman himself was up at Bulkhead. Then I was over to Eddy Johnston's, after which it was time to come back to the hotel and get lunch. I met Matheson over there.

At three, Adams and I went up to Dr. Harrison's for tea, and later—about five—we went over to the Boatmans', stopping for about ten minutes at the Rices' on the way. Mr. Boatman and Roy were not yet back from Bulkhead when we got there, so we waited a while. But when seven o'clock came around and there was still no sign of them, we sat down to dinner—a delicious feast of squab, etc. We stayed for quite a while after dinner, but as the men didn't show up by nine, we left. Just as I was turning in at the hotel, Matheson came in and woke me up for a nightcap in Steele's room. It was well on toward midnight when I finally got to bed.

## Monday, February 8

I got up about half past six as we had a good bit to do before leaving for Corozal. I left Adams measuring the cots for nets while I took the photo of the Tulum lintel over to Peter Vásques for "campaign purposes." When I got back to the hotel, I picked Adams up and together we went down to Carlos Melhado's. He will do our banking for us again this year. Thence we went to the laundry, and thence to Melhado's again to see about a call I had put in for Eduardo Savala at El Cayo. The line was down, of course, which seemed quite like old times. After a few more errands, we went back to the International [hotel] and had breakfast before making for the hospital, where we had to report.

One more trip downtown finished our list of errands, and 11:45 or 12 we went aboard the *Corozal*, a fairly miserable little craft [Figure 11.2], which *gottes willen*, will take us to Corozal. We got off about one-o'clock, Frazier, the man in charge of the Belize Estate and Produce Company property being aboard. He is the pleasant chap I met at Hill Bank last year.

I read all afternoon, and after dinner sat on deck with Adams, Frazier, and Bryant, this last

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<sup>107</sup> The *Coppename* was part of the United Fruit Company's "Great White Fleet," named after the Great White Fleet of battleships sent by Theodore Roosevelt on a muscle-flexing world tour in 1907–1909. Fruit Co. posters showed their fleet as a line of steamers conquering the tropics.

another Englishman. About 8:30 we bumped the bottom so badly that the captain was afraid to go farther; we anchored for the night.

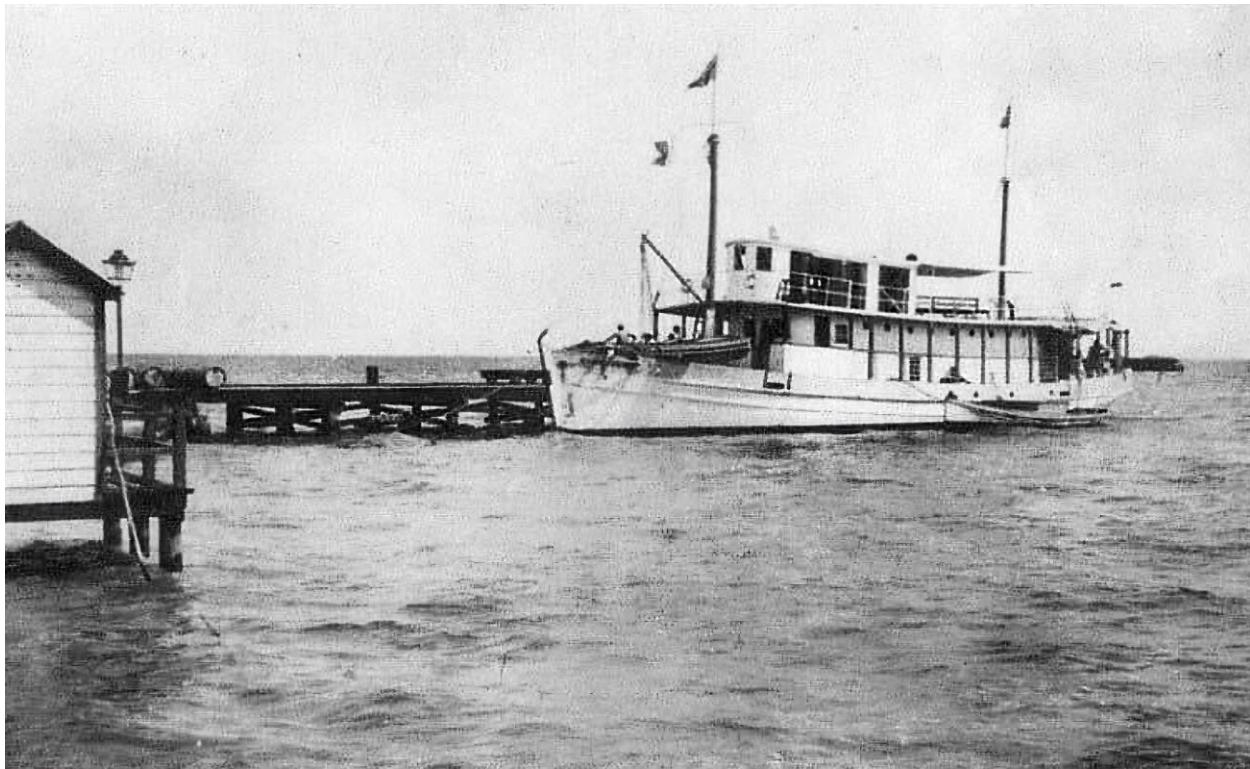


Figure 11.2. The *Afri-Kola* at Corozal wharf (c. 1916), like the *Corozal*, was one of several small vessels in passenger service in British Honduras.

### Tuesday, February 9 En Route Corozal to Orange Walk

A long day. Its break found us anchored off Rocky Point Light and its close pushing our way up the New River somewhere between Corozal and Orange Walk. But to go back . . . after last night's worry and sleeplessness I was far from it. The crew began to waken between 5:30 and 6:00, but it was nearly 6:30 before we were actually under way. After rounding Rocky Point, we encountered a choppy sea, which soon had me reduced to the level of a deck chair. Finally, about 11:30 we reached Corozal, where I found to my dismay that to be with Gann, I would have to accompany him to Orange Walk.

I had breakfast with Frazier and Bryant at Corozal, and about 2:30 after a long wrestle with the anchor we finally got off, only stuck on the [sand]bar at the mouth of the New River for three mortal hours. It was not until well after sunset that we finally ploughed through the bar and headed [upstream] into the river.

It was a beautiful evening and not too cold—a big relief from the low temperature of last night. I was so tired out that I went to bed about eight o'clock. Got a [mosquito] net from Frazier's man Gentle and was quite ship-shape. Caledonia was the last stop I remember and was very drowsy even then.

## **Wednesday, February 10**

### **Corozal**

I woke up alongside the wharf at Orange Walk which seems to be the same *triste* place that it was when I was here six months ago or seven. We had tea on board and then went ashore. First called on the D.C. [District Commissioner, in this case, of Orange Walk District], a Mr. McCall. Later I went with Dr. Gann up to the [Wallace] Kevlin house at the other end of the town where the greater part of the family was ill. Indeed, one of the American wives was in bad shape with an attack of "malignant tertian."<sup>108</sup> Mrs. Hudson was a fat lady of Yucatán extraction.

I loafed around the D.C.'s until about noon when we all went aboard. Tried to get in touch with Cayo again but failed. On our way downstream one of the Kevlin girls, now a Mrs. Venable, was with us, en route for Belize. A very pretty bride of 18.

At the bar we [got] stuck again as last night but only for two hours this time. The same huffing and puffing of the engine, the same mucking in the primeval ooze, and the same rising of H<sub>2</sub>S [hydrogen sulfide] to pollute the air. Finally, after much maneuvering with the anchor, the captain brought us through, and in another half hour we were in Corozal. I met Mr. White (Menger Co.) on the wharf. Went direct to Gann's and to bed.

## **Thursday, February 11**

### **Corozal**

I slept well. It's a big relief to be off such an infamous craft as the *Corozal*. I shaved and bathed the first thing, and after several archaeological discussions with Gann, finally got dressed. Laziness and loafing were clearly indicated. About eleven, on our way down to breakfast, we stopped at the convent to see Father Bennett but he had gone to some neighboring parish to be away two days, and may not be back before we leave tomorrow or Saturday.

We walked up to the end of the village to show Adams the town. I read most of the afternoon. Toward evening watched Gann, and Miss Schofield, and her two brothers play tennis. Gann plays fairly well. About seven we wandered over to supper at Apolonio Vásquez's. Athol, the D.C., was there and the three of us sat together. After supper Athol came back to the house with us where we all spent a pleasant evening. The conversation turned on many things, chiefly abnormalities.

As usual I grew sleepy, and we all broke up and turned in early, about ten. Slept under two blankets as the cold weather, *el norte*, has ameliorated.

## **Friday, February 12**

### **Corozal**

Another day of rest and loafing. I am making the most of these while they lay around, as next week we will be in the bush and under steam. After our first meal—"coffee" it would be, only

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<sup>108</sup> Malignant tertian, also called falciparum malaria, is a severe form with a prolonged and usually irregularly spiking fever.

there is no coffee at it but tea and jam and biscuits—we stayed there at Gann's, reading. I went through *If I Were King*,<sup>109</sup> which wasn't so bad, though a better play than book.

About eleven we foregathered at breakfast. Then back to Gann's to loaf and read the rest of the afternoon. About four o'clock we took a drive. Gann wanted me to see a neighboring *chultun* with a brick-lined vent or chimney. On our way back we noticed a boat like the Irish *Lassie*, and not long after we got home Bryant himself turned up and said we would leave at 3 a.m. tomorrow morning.

We all had dinner together at Apolonio Vásquez's, and afterward gathered for the evening at Gann's. We packed the suitcase before turning in to as not to delay when Bryant's man calls us early in the morning. Bed about eleven.

### Saturday, February 13

#### Belize [City]

Morning found us still in Corozal. Toward midnight a wind and rain came on, and Bryant's captain didn't want to start. We had "coffee" with Gann and were getting ready to spend another day in Corozal, when Bryant himself appeared and said we would sail at eight. Then there was a scramble to get ready, and a hurrying down to the wharf. We weighed anchor at 8:15 and for a while I was all right until we rounded Rocky Point. Then a heavy northeast wind kicked up a high sea and I lay down for the rest of the voyage, hard put to it to keep body and soul together. Many times I was near to relieving myself, but each time when it seemed as though my moment had come, we ploughed into calmer water and I was saved.

About five we passed the infamous *Corozal* northward bound. A large fish (20 lbs.) leaped in the open window just before we got in, hit against the opposite window which was closed and fell in the boat. Reached Belize [City] at 9:15 p.m., the dry land reeling under my feet.

### Sunday, February 14

#### Belize [City]

Our last day in Belize [City]. I got up leisurely and after a good bath had breakfast. I walked over to Boatman's just about the time the flag went up on the lawn in front of the Court House indicating that the mail had been sighted. I stayed for about an hour and then promised to return to dinner. After reaching the hotel, I met a nice old lady, Mrs. Wilse, [Arthur] Carpenter's aunt, i.e., the chap who is with Merwin. She came all the way down from Boston specially to see him. Percy bathed while I chatted with her. On our way over to Boatman's we stopped at the Melhados' for the mail but there was nothing doing but a note from Alice Kurtz and a line from Mr. Lufkin saying that I could deposit my funds with him.

After a fine turkey dinner at the Boatmans', we returned to the hotel and started packing. Dinner time found us still at this laborious task. We went over to the Rices' in the evening to say good-bye. Met Mrs. White, who seems to be the prettiest of the three girls.

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<sup>109</sup> *If I Were King* was a 1901 novel and play about a low-born Medieval French poet, who has a series of adventures with King Louis XI and his court. The book was made into a movie in 1938.

## **Monday, February 15**

### **Belize [City]**

I had a list of commissions about two inches long to fulfil before leaving. Even to choosing our boat [they would be traveling west-southwest up the Belize River to El Cayo]. We had four candidates, the *Bellona* leaving at noon, the *Cutter* and *Critic* leaving tonight, and the *Casique* leaving tomorrow noon. We chose the *Critic*.

I spent the morning buying supplies at the Belize Stores, and also in finishing our packing. A lot of belated letters delayed by fines reached us in the morning. A letter from Hodge tells me that he has put me up for resident membership at the Cosmos [Club]. In the afternoon I had a haircut and took care of a few last sundries. I paid our bill at the hotel and the Belize Stores and went down to the *Critic*. The Captain said it would be 5:30 before we could get off.

We were just returning to the hotel to write some letters when Boatman met us in the machine and took us over to tea at his house—a most welcome diversion. Just before six they phoned over from the boat that all was ready and Boatman took us to the wharf in his car. The river was beautiful and as Adams picked up the new moon over his left shoulder, we felt that good luck should surely attend us.

P.S. I delivered Codd his pictures taken four years ago in May.

## **Tuesday, February 16**

### **En route Belize [City] to El Cayo**

Not much sleep as the boys were shouting back and forth most of the night. One incident that occurred early in the day was the shooting of a turtle, which later was served for dinner. All the boys accused the marksman of having pulled off an accidental shot.

I spent the greater part of the day in writing letters: daughter, mother, Hodge, Mrs. Wilson, Boatman (Mrs.), Lufkin, Wulffing. Later in the day our same marksman shot a heron. Toward the close of the afternoon we reached Roaring Creek, where we met Matheson. He had just returned from El Cayo and reported Merwin as somewhere out in the bush. We saw several crocodiles<sup>110</sup> during the day.

Toward nightfall it grew very threatening and looked like rain. At dusk as we were hugging one shore, a large branch projecting therefrom ripped out two stanchions, one being just opposite my head. At Spanish Lookout a number of barrels were unloaded, giving us more room for our cots. "Man overboard" was one of the startling features of the night. He was rescued all right, however. I turned in about 12, after leaving Spanish Lookout.

## **Wednesday, February 17**

### **Benque Viejo (2 hours to Benque)**

Many changes of plans. I woke expecting to find myself at Cayo, but instead we were anchored just below Duck Run. However, we got under way by daybreak and by 8 we were at Cayo.

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<sup>110</sup> Probably *Crocodylus moreletii*, native to the lowlands.

Went up to Aunty Chon's first and told her to get a good breakfast. Next, in going up to Leandro Guzman I found Smith, who told me Merwin was out at Ucanal. I decided to go out there tomorrow. Was unlucky enough to find that Leandro had left that very morning for the bush. Tried to get mules for the Ucanal trip but the same old story.

Finally, in despair I phoned up Father Versavel at Benque to see what he could do for me, and to my surprise he told me Merwin was there. I got into touch with him, and found there was nothing to take me out to Ucanal. I decided to go over to Benque for the night. Finally succeeded in getting two mules from Amado González.

We left at 4:30, taking over Merwin and Carpenter's mail from the D.C.'s. Met Carpenter half way over. A bigger piece of luck was the meeting of a Xocots/Soccotz [Maya] Indian with mules. Practically closed with him for five for Saturday.

A pleasant meeting was in store at Benque. Father Versavel and Merwin were unchanged. I turned in early, tired out.

### **Thursday, February 18**

#### **El Cayo**

Everybody slept tight. We had a good breakfast at 8 and set out for Cayo. On the way over we stopped at Xocots to see my Indian of yesterday, but he had already left for Cayo. His wife gave me the pleasing intelligence that he is intending to come with us.

Got to Cayo about 11. Then began the customary hunt for more mules and guides. J. R. Smith promised me three saddle mules, and after repeated conferences with Natalio Guzman (Leandro's brother) persuaded him—at \$2.00 per diem—to guide me to his brother's camp. I later secured the services of one Elario Díaz who knows where the Aguada de Honradez is. Between him and Leandro we ought to be able to locate the ruins from these. This looks as though everything was fixed. I saw the Xocots boy about the cargo mules. His name is Roque Baldes and he promises to be on hand not later than 9 o'clock Saturday morning. Now unless some unforeseen humbug arises, we ought to be off by Saturday.

In the evening we all three [Morley, Adams, Merwin] went up to Dr. Lewis's and stayed until one o'clock, though I tried to come home earlier.

### **Friday, February 19**

#### **El Cayo**

Fortunately, we could rest today, as all our arrangements appear to be made. I visited Leandro, Elario, and saw Roque when he was over from Xocots to clinch everything. I advanced the latter \$25.00, so I guess he will show up tomorrow OK.

After lunch I loafed some more. About four Adams and I went down to the river to take a bath. The water was just right. Our bodies looked clean and white compared with Merwin who is all bitten up, and looks like a speckled trout.

After bathing we came back to the house, and then went downtown to make a few final arrangements. Saw Father Hermann, though he was not in when we called. Saw Eduardo Savala about some saddles and then came back to Tia Chon's for dinner. Merwin is all knocked out, he says, a disagreeable cold in the head.

After dinner we talked of a game of auction with Lewis and Hudson, but after sitting up so late last night my cot looked better to me. I turned in fairly early, and the last thing I remember was Percy and Merwin swapping improbable stories over a friendly bottle. I think I must have fallen asleep before they reached the impossible.

## CHAPTER 12

### LA HONRADEZ

Saturday, February 20

#### *Champas midway between El Cayo and El Chorro*

One never starts in these countries when one plans to. Our original idea was to start about 9:30 and sleep at El Chorro, but things came out differently. Roque Baldes didn't show up until 10:30, which was to have been expected—and Elario Díaz until nearly 12:00, after the usual delay over saddles, etc. It seemed best to eat breakfast at Tia Chon's, particularly since our pack animals didn't get off until nearly 12:00.



Figure 12.1. A mule train leaving El Cayo for Petén in the early twentieth century.

At one, however, we got off ourselves and a half hour's ride brought us to the Branch Mouth where one fords the Mopan [River, a tributary of the Belize River]. By the time this was accomplished it was two o'clock, and reaching El Chorro before nightfall out of the question. We set out, however, from the Branch Mouth to go as far as we could.

We are eight men and nineteen mules strong. Adams and I, Leandro Guzman, Elario Díaz and his boy, a Tabscaño, Roque Baldes and his boy (the last two being Maya), and last but not least a Jamaican darkey, Robert Kenyon, an inheritance from Merwin. Only nine of the mules are

ours. About five we made a group of *champas* near an aguada two leagues beyond Cayo, and still 2 leagues from Chorro, and here we camped for the night. It was the usual first night out, too. Temper and trails.

**Sunday, February 21**

**Laguna [de Yaloch]**

Called camp at 5:30 and by 8 we were under way. Everything went off smoothly. No mules had strayed in spite of their lack of *ramon*; nothing was left behind but one small spoon and packing was finished expeditiously. We passed Chorro at 10:00, i.e., a league an hour. It used to be a village of Indians, but a machete killing there caused everybody to move. Four hours later of solid bush going [Figure 12.2], we came out on the shore of a little lake—perhaps a mile long—and presently we were at Laguna.



Figure 12.2. Trail through the bush leading to La Honradez, c. 1915. Note man and mule in left center of the photo.

I presented my letter from don Clodeveo to the *alcalde* and everything was at our disposal. We laid in more beans, rice, sugar, and salt. The boys left the cutting of their *ramon* so late that as a result they could find no *ramonal* again, so our mules went supperless again. This time I had to

buy 4 *almudes* of corn at 50 an *almud*. One of the cargo mules strayed but Roque believes it will not go far.

Sent for a boy, Candelario Pérez, who was with Eleuterio Hernández at Honradez. If he could be located, we wouldn't have to go on to Leandro Guzman's. Neither of us feeling particularly fit—in fact, Adams threw up his supper. It is doubtless biliousness.

## Monday, February 22

### El Tigre

Complete change of plans due to the arrival of Candelario Pérez. This boy was the *encargador* of Eleuterio Hernández's first camp at the aguada of Honradez, remembers Ally's<sup>111</sup> visit there, and indeed knows where the ruin itself is. I engaged him on the spot, and so we didn't have to go on to Leandro's camp looking for him. I paid off Natalio and thanked him for his kindness.

Later (8:30) the mules were finally ready and we set out, our destination being El Tigre, a group of *champas* about four leagues distant. The road led through dense bush, and parts through low-lying sections which must be veritable swamps in the rainy season. About half way we passed through a stony section which only supported a short bush like that in Yucatan. Also passed several groups of mounds, one rather large. We got off the trail once but by retracing our steps were quickly on the way again.

Just before two we were at El Tigre, having spent 5½ hours on the road. I think we did very little better than four leagues, however, as the road was very heavy. Got some honey from a *colmena* [bee]hive just before dinner. Turned in about nine.

## Tuesday, February 23

### Jato Escondido

Got a good early start and passed a number of mounds before we reached the Río Holmul. Here, as the river was low, we were able to cross without unloading. Here also, Robert came on a misadventure. His horse balked at crossing and started to lie down so that he was obliged to dismount in midstream and get wet in consequence. On the other side, just as we were leaving, another *mulada* came in from Tsotskitam [Chosquitán]. They told me of large ruins they had seen near Paixban at the *chiclería* of Esteban Gómez, 11 *jornadas* outside of Yaloch. Besides the usual *casas altas y huecos* there were *figuras de reyes y reinas*, which may well have been stelae. I want to look this up next year.

About three o'clock we reached Jato Escondido, Elario's *chiclería*. This is a very dirty place with nothing to recommend it. Even the *ramonal* is half a league off. We saw a good bit of chicle in the raw just as it comes out of the cauldrons after bleeding and cooking.

We started to turn in early but the discussion of various questions by the different *chicleros* kept me awake until after nine.

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<sup>111</sup> Apparently a nickname for Alfred M. Tozzer, who was the first archaeologist to visit La Honradez in 1910, when he led the Eighth Peabody Museum Expedition.

**Wednesday, February 24**

**Jato de Saloman**

The trail led back to the fork which we took yesterday to get out to E's *chiclería*. After watching an Indian boy from Corozal in the colony climb and bleed a chicle tree [Figure 12.3] we finally got under way after nine o'clock—the latest start we have yet achieved. When we got on to the main road it was fairly easy going.



Figure 12.3 A *chiclero* tapping a tree for chicle, the sap used to make chewing gum.

Just before reaching Corozal Elario showed me where the old road—the one Ally came by—turned in. To me, it looked better traveled than the one we had come by.

It was, of course, out of the question to make La Honradez tonight getting such a late start. So, when we reached Jato de Saloman and found good water there, it seemed best to stop. Near

where I slept there was a little mound where the boys told me there lay a *muerto*, a poor *chiclero*, the victim of some machete fight.

In the night Percy reported the camp was visited by a troop of monkeys. The evening was beautiful because of the moonlight.

### Thursday, February 25

#### La Gloria: The Humbug Begins

It was raining when we got off, and everybody was grouchy at the dampness, but worse was yet to come. We traveled for a long time, until it seemed as though the aguada must be within a stone's throw, and then at 12:00 sharp, the trail forked and both boys, Candelario and Elario, agreed we had lost our way. It seems we had been following a well-marked and newly made trail for some time and both boys agreed it was leading toward Tsotskitam. A hasty council in the pouring rain developed the fact that the nearest water was about two leagues off at a place called La Gloria, and thither Elario soon led the way.

Here another misfortune awaited us. Every *jato* had been burned. As the sky looked very threatening, we rigged up Adams's tarpaulin over one of the frames and were very comfortable. I am bitterly disappointed that we failed to reach Honradez today, but it seems as though fate were against us. Tomorrow we are to go by a roundabout road known to Elario. I hope we get there. We must have been very close today when we had to turn back.

### Friday, February 26

#### Río Saptam: The Humbug Continues

After our long detour through new roads, at 10:00 we reached a new *chicleria*, El Porvenir, made by people from the colony [Belize]. Here they thought our aguada was about four hours on. Bravely we started. Not more than 15 minutes outside of El Porvenir we passed through quite a considerable group [of mounds]. And in fact, for the next 2½ hours we passed many mounds. At 12:55 we reached the Río Saptam and were crossing it to go on to Elario's aguada when Candelario swore up and down we had actually passed Honradez or rather had gone around it and were now on our way to San Miguel, a *jato* about five leagues farther north. It was then one [o'clock]—and on consultation with Percy it seemed best to camp at this creek, while Candelario and Elario went back to El Invierno, which Candelario was sure he could reach from here.

This was done. And about four, Candelario and Elario returned with the good news that El Invierno was only a league off and that they had opened the old road to there. This was good news indeed, as La Honradez is only a league south of El Invierno. It seems that we have actually made almost a complete circle around the latter.<sup>112</sup>

### Saturday, February 27

#### La Honradez at Last: The Humbug Ends

Candelario, Elario, and I got an early start, going ahead to work out the trail ahead of El Invierno

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<sup>112</sup> He meant to say "the former," as is clear from a later entry. Morley often switches them.

to La Honradez. Percy was to follow with the cargo mules. After 50 minutes going, during which we crossed the creek Saptam a number of times, we reached El Invierno. Continuing for about 15 minutes we crossed a small mound—I thought it the one Ally described—and a little farther on Candelario thought it time we turned into the bush to the west. Sent Elario ahead to find the aguada, and left a note for Percy in the middle of the trail.

We struck into the bush, going southwest, and finally picked up an old *picado* ["chopped"; a crude trail] which Candelario said led to the ruins. Sure enough, we presently picked up some mounds and after a half hour's going—the main group [Figures 12.4 – 12.6]. We found Ally's House A, and the Great Plaza, and 6 of his 10 stelae.

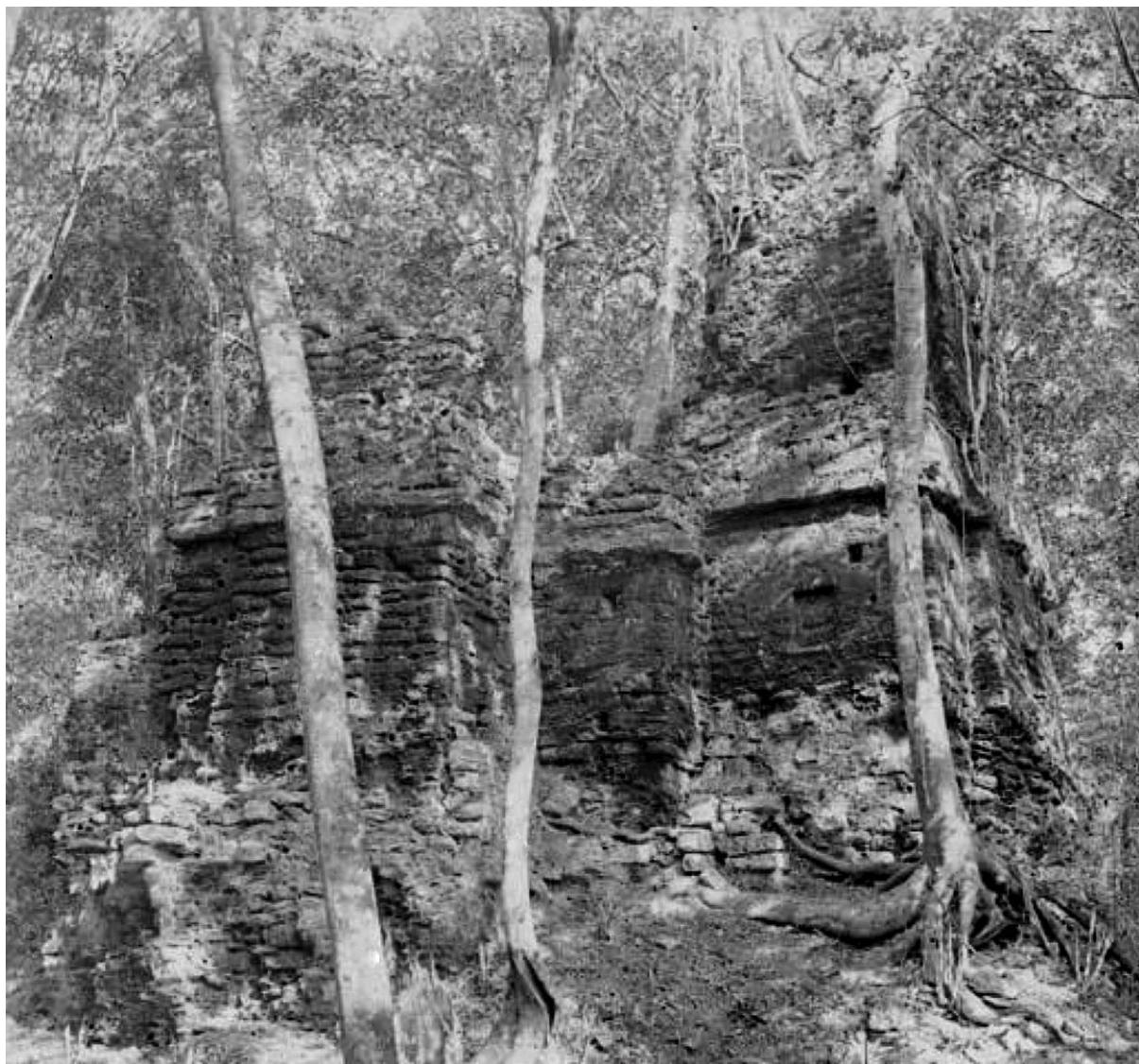


Figure 12.4. Photo of standing structure Casa A at La Honradez from the Tozzer 1910 expedition.



Figure 12.5. The Temple of the Three Towers at La Honradez.

We returned to the trail and then on to the aguada. Where Robert reported "no water" just as we were preparing to go to the ruins and camp there, Candelario located some water in a new aguada just north of the old one, and here a camp was soon made. After a square meal all around we all went back and made a good broad trail to the ruins. This consumed the rest of the day; indeed, it was five o'clock when we got back. I turned in early, well satisfied.



Figure 12.6. La Honradez Structure A-21.

**Sunday, February 28**

### **La Honradez**

Provisions running short, I sent Elario on horseback to a *jato* called El Duende for rice, sugar, beans, and coffee. Candelario, Percy, and I went to the ruins. I settled down to a close study of Stela 7 [Figure 12.7; Tozzer's Stela 6] and finally worked out its I.S. as 9.17.0.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 Kumk'u, approximately 500 AD [AD 771 GMT].

Having drawn and described this monument, I moved on to Stela 6. But this proved difficult; indeed, I am afraid it will escape accurate decipherment. The same unfortunately will probably apply to 5, 4, 3, 2, and possibly 1, though I have hopes of dating the last mentioned. It appears to be in K'atun 14.

After discouraging attempts at deciphering 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6—at least 6, 4, and 1 surely have I.S.—we looked around for Ally's 7 and 8, our 8 and 9.<sup>113</sup> We finally found these buried partially in the detritus fallen from Mound 23.

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<sup>113</sup> Some of these stelae have been renumbered by subsequent expeditions. See Graham 1984.



Figure 12.7. La Honradez Stela 7 (Tozzer Stela 6), looted fragment now at the San Bernardino County (CA) Museum, held with the knowledge and consent of the government of Guatemala.

Any hope of dating them quickly disappeared when I saw what little was left of the sides. The sides, and consequently the hieroglyphic inscriptions presented on them, are almost totally destroyed here [Figure 12.8].<sup>114</sup>

Elario returned about 7:00, reporting no provisions of any sort to be had at El Duende.

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<sup>114</sup> Graham (1984) notes in his *Corpus* that the quality of limestone of the La Honradez stelae is often low, being soft and porous, hence their poor condition.

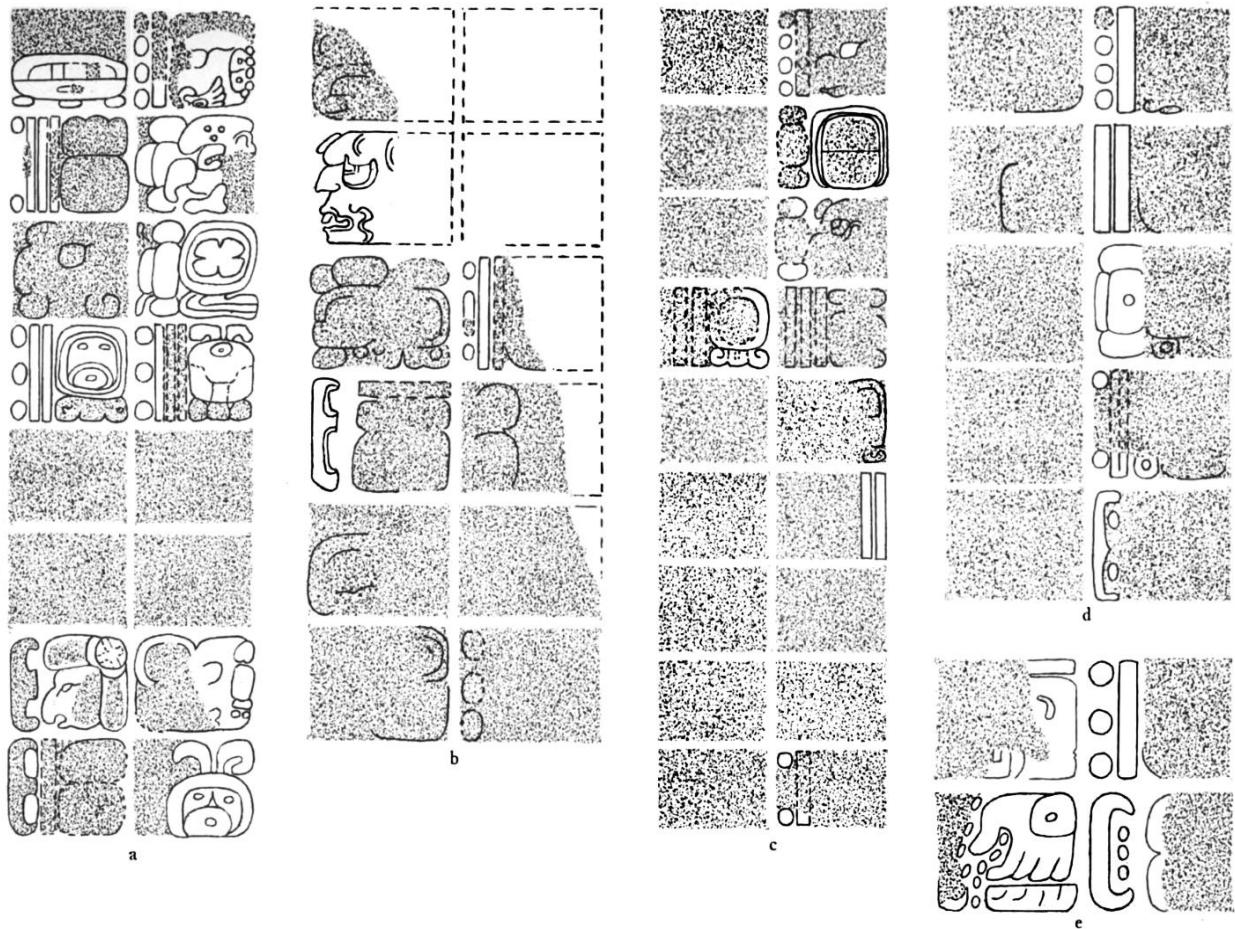


Figure 12.8. Morley's drawings of the poorly preserved inscriptions at La Honradez: (a) Stela 7 left side; (b) Stela 1 left side; (c) Stela 5 left side; (d) Stela 4 left side; (e) Stela 4 right side (Morley 1937–38: Plate 12).

### Monday, March 1 La Honradez

Prevailed upon Elario to go to Tsotskitam [Chosquitan; see Figures 10.2, 10.3] this morning and he got off just as we were going out to the [site]. It was a rainy, mucky day clear through. What these people call *el norte*. However, it was not altogether wasted, as we took a number of photographs. It rained, rained, rained all day long and in consequence we were thoroughly soaked.

We left the ruins about 4:15 and were in camp before five. Candelario had returned from the bush but without either game or ruins. [Or at least *mesas con letras* [stones with writing], for which he had been searching under stimulus of a \$5.00 bonus if he found them. As I say, he did not.

The evening closed in loweringly. Rain and mist. Something I ate at dinner, probably pickles and a little cognac which we took when we got in from the ruins, turned my intestinal tract inside out. Six times. I had no fever with this disturbance, fortunately, and the very violence with which the offending material was thrown off perhaps indicates I am in good condition. It was a wretched night all through and the trees kept dripping, dripping, dripping.

## Tuesday, March 2

### La Honradez

Another day of rain and, as they say down here, "of humbug." I was too weak to get off to the ruins early, but about eleven had my mule saddled and made shift to get over. Adams was thoughtful enough to suggest taking my camp-chair, and this made things much easier for me when I finally got down to drawing out at the ruins. I drew Stela 1 and Stela 4. The former is probably 9.14.5.0.0 12 Ajaw [AD 716 GMT]. The latter is very badly effaced indeed. All I can make out is 9.?10.?0. As it seems to be the best workmanship here, it must be later than Stela 7 (i.e., 9.17.0.0.0). I place it provisionally, therefore, at 9.17.10.0.0, 9.18.10.0.0, or 9.19.10.0.0. The unfortunate loss of the *k'atun*, day, and month signs prevents final dating, though any one of these would have fixed the date beyond question. After doing about a half day's work, 12-4, at the ruins we returned to camp.

The weather looks clearing and the boys predict the sun tomorrow. Toward evening Elario returned from Tsotskitam bringing wheat flour, beans, and sugar. He reported 50 *chicleros* left there today.

## Wednesday, March 3

### La Honradez

A long day at the ruins. The first thing we did was to turn Stela 5 so I could see the I.S. side. With the aid of Candelario, Carmen, Robert and Adams, and myself, we turned it over. Our labor was not unrewarded, for I made out enough to probably read it as 9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Mac [AD 790 GMT]. I think this is fairly certain. I finished my note-taking on the monuments and photography. Adams made some cross-sections of the east and west ends of the Great Plaza.

I give below what seems the best reading of the several monuments which it is possible to do anything with. I think this arrangement will stand, and I look for Joe to confirm this with the artistic sequence. The seven monuments which show the front design are all very similar.

9.14.0.0.0	Stela 1	probably
9.17.0.0.0	Stela 7	sure
9.17.10.0.0	Stela 6	perhaps
9.18.0.0.0	Stela 5	probably
9.18.10.0.0	Stela 4	probably

We left the ruins about 4:45 and were in camp shortly after five. Elario left us this morning for his *chicleria* (Escondido) and from there he goes into El Cayo. We turned in early against a probably strenuous day tomorrow.

## **Thursday, March 4**

### **Corozal**

Got underway at 8:00. Packing went forward expeditiously and, barring a row with Robert, we got off very nicely. Robert has been spoiling for a good talking-to for three days, and he got it this morning. As a result, he has been very chastened all day.

When we came out, we found that the place where we turned back a week ago today was only 25 minutes from camp! And we lost two whole good days finding the aguada—in fact, so far as the ruins are concerned, we completely encircled them during the past week!! Elario going out yesterday had obligingly blocked all the trails save the one we were to take, and thanks to his care we soon struck back into our former route—through Jato de Saloman (see Feb. 24) this time fortunately—and on two leagues further to Corozal by the side of that large aguada.

We got in at 12:50 or a little under five hours on the road. Much to our surprise the pack mules with Roque, Carmen, and Robert got in less than 20 minutes later. We had tea at once and dinner toward night. This is a filthy place with every sort of creeping thing in greatest abundance. Took photos here.

## **Friday, March 5**

### **Río Holmul**

A very wretched night indeed. The fleas were terrific. We got under way about eight, after the usual disagreements between Robert and Roque. For the first two hours everything went well. We passed Tasital as per schedule and then came to a branch in the trail. The righthand trail was the old one to Horqueta-Ramonal, etc., but it bore no fresh mule tracks, so Candelario thought we had better follow the best-used trail. His arguments reduced to English were “all roads lead to Rome,” Laguna being Rome.

We followed this new trail for four hours during which time it swung from south to southeast to east, and to northeast, to north, and finally to northwest. This was too much for Adams and me, and at 2 we called a halt at a tree marked Jato de Elario Díaz. We started for this in desperation when we finally met a *mulada* coming out from El Jato. They told us where we had humbugged ourselves, and after troubles too numerous to mention, we finally got on the right trail. Even this held surprises for us, however, as about four Candelario called my attention to the fact that we were back on the trail we originally came out on.

We finally reached Río Holmul about five, and here we decided to camp for the night. Turned in before eight o’clock.

## **Saturday, March 6**

### **Laguna**

I took some pictures as our *mulada* crossed Río Holmul. We took the El Tigre trail for about 15 or 20 minutes and then struck off to the right—“on a more direct trail,” according to Candelario. This started promisingly enough but about an hour out, it forked. First, we tried the right-hand fork, which looked very dubious, heaven knows. Next, we tried the left-hand fork with the result

that we were soon going northeast! In perplexity, we returned and took the righthand fork again. Finally, after two hours of doubt this continued south and southeasterly so continuously that we felt confident we were on the right trail at last. Curiously enough, sometime after noon Candelario called my attention to the fact that we were on our first trail out. Where the El Tigre trail had come in, however, was a matter none of us could tell.

Reached Laguna at 2:00. The sun was out and it was a pretty sight. A drunken darkey mistook me for Lind of Belize. I called on my patient, the Turk's wife, and found her better. She, however, was at the moment suffering from malaria. Gave her quinine, 15 grains. Had a very circumstantial account of a "stela with a king on it" west or northwest. Informant's name is Placido Castillo.

### Sunday, March 7

#### El Cayo

And still the hoodoo about trails continues. We got started about eight, and had been on our way for just an hour—mucking through very heavy trails, when the forest broke right ahead of us and there before our astonished eyes lay Laguna. It seems that Carmen had taken the wrong trail at some fork and made a loop. Roque pounced upon him verbally and finally, after an hour's loss of time, we started again.

This time, although he lost his way again, he got on to the old trail to Cayo and we continued. At just 2:00 we reached the *champas* where we slept the first night out from Cayo, two weeks ago last night. Beyond this point Roque refused to budge another inch, saying it was late and his mules tired. So, we took the trail out of this [illegible] and came on in.

It was between five and six when we got to Cayo. Got some mail at Tia Chon's. Valentine from little daughter, also a letter from Juan Martínez saying my paper had been put into Spanish, and that Carranza<sup>115</sup> had turned over the archaeological remains in Yucatan to the State authorities. Saw Hudson in the evening. We had to sleep in hammocks, as our beds are back on the road, and it made me *poco triste*.

### Monday, March 8

#### En route El Cayo to Belize [City]

We decided to rush right back to Belize on the earliest motor boat available, but Roque, who had promised to be in not later than 11, did not show up until 1. We were all ready to go down to the boat long before this [Figure 12.9]. Two boats, *The Thistle* and *Arethusa*, seemed available, and we promised our patronage to the one that started first. The proved to be *The Thistle*. Phoned goodbye to Father Versavel, and went up to the D.C.'s to show the ladies our tea outfit. Met Mr. Morlan at the telephone office. He had just come up on the *Arethusa*.

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<sup>115</sup> Venustiano Carranza, leader of the "constitutionalist" forces in the Mexican civil war, became president of Mexico in 1914 and served until 1920. His action giving the government of Yucatán control over archaeological concessions (permits) would make Morley's negotiations for the Carnegie concession at Chichen Itza—still his top priority—easier.



Figure 12.9. The landing at El Cayo c. 1915

We finally got off from Cayo at 2:20. Going down is very speedy compared with coming up and we slipped over rapids, which had cost us an hour or more delay coming up. About six we ran into a submerged rock, which punched a hole in our side below the water level. This like to have foundered us, but we put in to a bank and our captain soon had the hole patched. This discouraged him from further night running, and we put in at Roaring Creek for the night. I slept on my cot and Adams on some chicle bales.

### Tuesday, March 9

#### Belize [City]

We got under way about daylight. Matheson's camp was too far off to see him so we did not go out there. We had a cup of tea for "coffee" fortified by our own larder.

About noon we passed a boat, the *Cayo*, laid up with a hot-box, her pump out of kilter. George Wulfsohn was on board and transferred to our ship. Our captain stopped farther down the river to make a little trip to a neighboring cane field. He returned in about 20 minutes laden with the sweet stick. Adams and Mr. Messiah, a Jamaican from El Cayo, obligingly cut up and fixed a lot of this for us.

Here the boat George W. had left overtook us and for the next two miles we had a keen race. We gradually drew away from her, however, and were well in the lead when lower down our captain stopped at a bank for gasoline. Here, our opponents passed us and we did not see them again.

We got into Belize about seven and went right up to the hotel. Supper was over but Salomon gave us something. We were tired and did not go out afterward. Turned in about nine.

NOTE: There are no more diary entries until five days later on March 14 (Chapter 14).

## CHAPTER 13

### PRELIMINARY REPORT ON THE RUINS OF LA HONRADEZ, PETÉN, GUATEMALA

March 17, 1915

by Sylvanus G. Morley

#### Environment

The ruins of La Honradez are located in the sharply rolling country in the northeast corner of the Department of Petén, Guatemala, about 15 miles west of the boundary between Guatemala and British Honduras, and perhaps twice that distance south of the boundary between Guatemala and Mexico.

This region is traversed by a number of limestone ridges, or chains of hills, reaching an elevation of about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, though not more than half that height above the general level of the surrounding country. The general trend of the ridges is north-northeast by south-southwest.

From El Cayo—at the head of navigation on the Belize or Old River—northward, a progressive change in the character of the country is to be noted. For the first twenty-five miles, i.e., to the Río Holmul, the vegetation is “tropical forest,” according to the Huntington<sup>116</sup> classification. Large trees, dense undergrowth, and a tangle of *lianás* [vines] abound. Particularly frequent is the corozo or cohune palm [*Attalea cohune*, *Orbignya cohune*] with its long and graceful fronds sweeping the trail at every turn.

This tropical forest extends some three or four miles beyond the Río Holmul to the foot of the range of hills which borders the northern side of the river plain. This range, by a sharp ascent, reaches an elevation of 300 or 400 feet above the river plain, and beyond this, for as far north as the expedition went, the country continued hilly, and the soil much shallower. This change is responsible, no doubt, for the rarity with which the corozo palm occurs north of the valley of the

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<sup>116</sup> Ellsworth Huntington (1876–1947) was a geographer at Yale University interested in the role of climate on human history, and human adaptations to different environments. His early fieldwork was primarily in Asia and arid climates of the Near East, but he also published a [highly racist] article on agricultural development in the tropical Americas (Huntington 1914) that Morley may have seen. The Yale Archives records correspondence between Huntington and Morley in 1915. Our thanks to Don Rice for unearthing this information.

Río Holmul. The soil here is only about a foot deep, and rests directly on the limestone beds which underlie the whole region. The corozo palm requires considerable soil, not less than two feet, to do well; and for this reason, it does not grow in the region in question. Large areas of low bush—Huntington's “tropical jungle”—are frequent. In these places the soil is often less than a foot deep. Farther north, this “jungle” gives way to even a sparser vegetation—Huntington's “tropical bush.” In short, the region visited by the Carnegie Expedition stands midway between the dense tropical forests of southern, western, and central Petén, and the comparatively low bush of northern Yucatán. In the midst of this middle country, and apparently beyond the summit of the range just noted, are located the ruins of La Honradez, well in the drainage of the Río Hondo.

### Archaeological Remains

All this region formerly supported a dense population—probably actually “dense” as compared with the present population of the United States, and certainly “very dense” as compared with the present scattered population of the area. This point is indicated by the number of mounds encountered along the trails followed by the Peabody Museum Expedition of 1910 and the Carnegie Institution Expedition of the present year. These trails, it must be remembered, were cut through the bush quite without reference to the proximity of archaeological remains. They are simply the routes followed by chicle cruisers in their search for sapote trees from which chicle—the essential ingredient of chewing gum—is extracted. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that mounds have been found everywhere these trails have been cut.<sup>117</sup>

The route of the Peabody Museum Expedition of 1910, from Laguna to La Honradez, shows almost a continuous line of mounds, while the different route between the same two points followed by the Carnegie Institution Expedition disclosed the same condition. The mounds on either route are certainly no more than three miles apart, and usually less than half a mile apart. Indeed, it is probably safe to conclude that further exploration of this region will reveal the presence of mounds practically everywhere.

Reference to the accompanying map [Figure 13.1] will show that these minor archaeological sites appear to have two centers of maximum frequency—one in the vicinity of La Honradez, and the other around Seibal and Holmul.<sup>118</sup> This is particularly true in the case of La Honradez, which is literally surrounded by closely connected clusters of mounds—one could almost say, its “suburban districts” [often referred called “sustaining areas” in settlement pattern surveys.]

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<sup>117</sup> Morley is assuming, probably correctly, that these mounds are remains of Classic occupation. But during the Postclassic and early Historic periods (ca. AD 1100–1740), uninvestigated in Morley's time, there was considerable interaction between the populations of what are now eastern Petén and western Belize. In 1696, Spanish father Andrés de Avendaño y Loyola, trying to return to the mission site of Tipu from Tayza/Flores, but lost because his Maya guide abandoned him, wandered through some of this area (Rice and Rice 2018a: 170). Early chicle trails may have followed these less traveled routes.

<sup>118</sup> As with numerous Corozal toponyms, named for plentiful corozo palm trees, many places are named Seibal (Hispanicization) after the ceiba tree. For the site of Holmul, see Merwin and Vaillant (1932) and Estrada-Belli (reports submitted to FAMSI, e.g., [www.famsi.org](http://www.famsi.org), 2003).

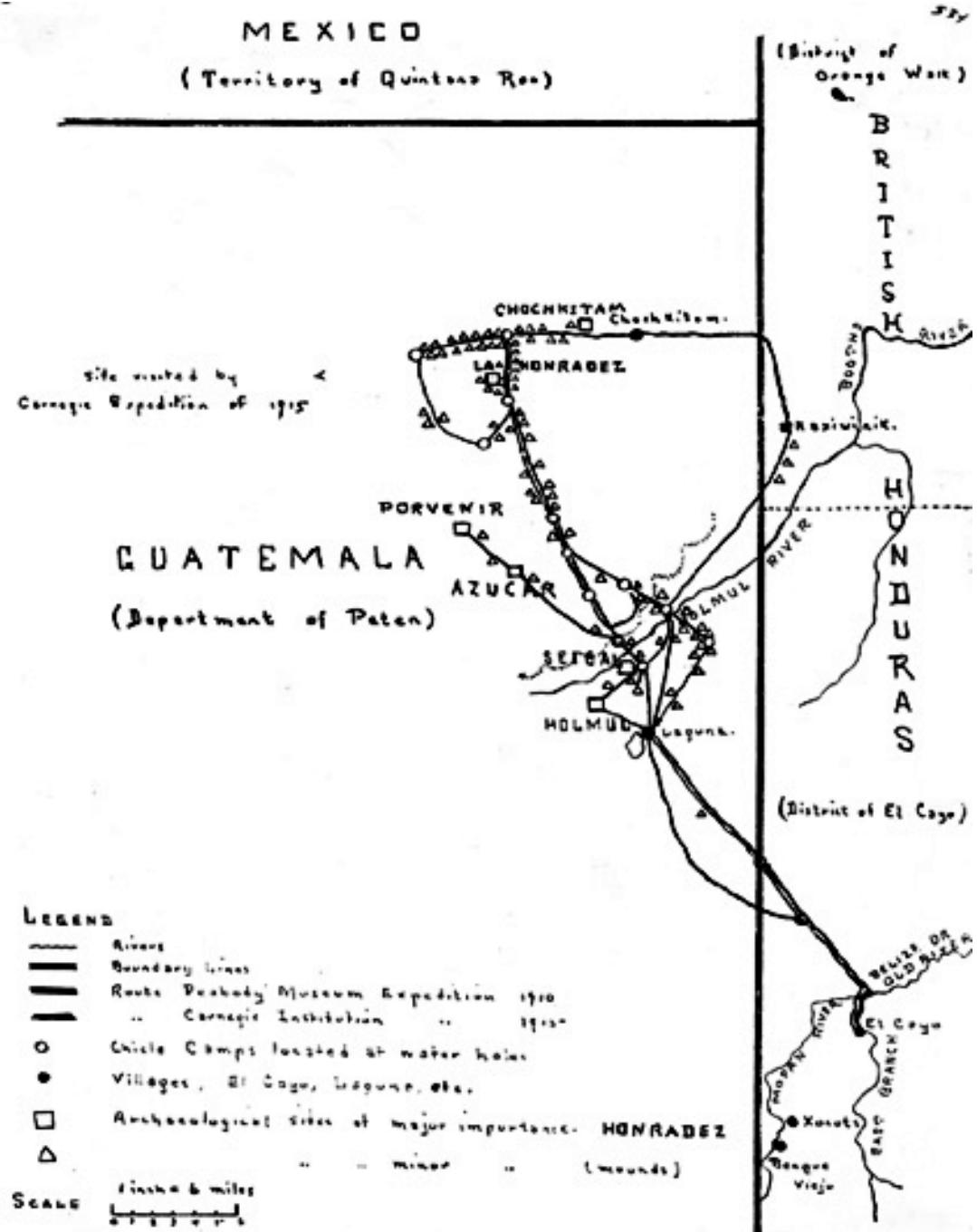


Figure 13.1. Morley's hand drawn map of sites visited by the Carnegie Expedition of 1915. The main group itself, even without these "suburban districts," is fairly large. Dr. Tozzer shows fourteen plazas in his sketch map (see Figure 13.2), and it is likely a thorough exploration would disclose others.

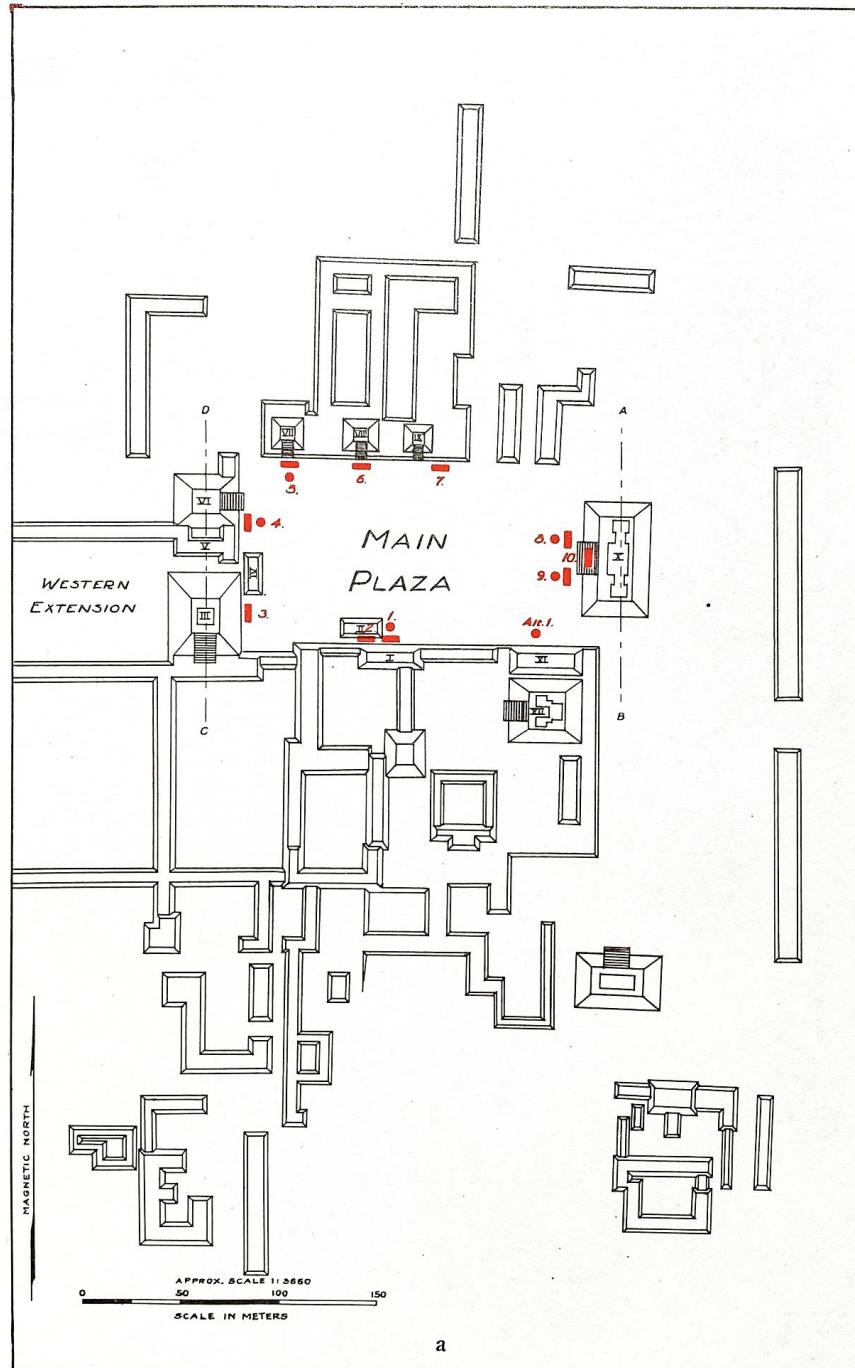


Figure 13.2. Plan of the main group at La Honradez based on maps by Tozzer and Blom.

The religious, and probably the civic center of the city as well, was the Great Plaza, an area of about 375 feet [114.3 m] east and west, and 225 feet [68.6 m] north and south. Around the four sides of this enclosure are arranged all of the nine monuments thus far discovered at La Honradez—three on the north side, two on the east side, two on the south side, and two on the west side [Figure 13.2].

The north side is occupied by a long terrace surmounted by three mounds, numbers 25, 26, and 27, and by two disconnected smaller mounds, numbers 28 and 29. This supports a loft and now almost entirely destroyed temple. The south side shows an unbroken terrace from whose summit, at varying heights, rise Mounds 1, 6, 2, 3, 24, and 30. The southwest corner is occupied by a very high pyramid, the temple on whose summit is now entirely destroyed. The west side is filled with a small pyramid, E, with two low flanking terraces, one north, and one south.

The monuments, or stelae, which were the chief concern of the present expedition, as before stated, are arranged around the sides of the Great Plaza. Five are standing, numbers 1, 3, 4, 6, and 7. The remaining ones are fallen and, in the case of Stelae 8 and 9, have had their sculptured faces completely destroyed by the pounding of stones falling from the temple on Mound 23 just behind them [east side of the plaza]. This destruction has advanced so far that only a few plumes [of a headdress or costume] can be distinguished on Stela 9, and nothing on Stela 8. Stelae 1, 4, and 5 have round altars in front of them; the rest do not show this feature.

The material of the Honradez monuments is a very inferior grade of limestone [see note 114]. This has been quarried in such a way that the plane of the strata is parallel with the front and back sides [faces] of the monuments in every case. The sides, therefore, intersect these strata at right angles, and as they are of different consistency and hardness, the process of erosion has made of them a series of ridges. Unfortunately, in every instance the dates were inscribed on these narrow sides with the result that, in most every case, they have been destroyed.

A close study of the originals disclosed the presence of at least four Initial Series, and probably five, to wit, those on Stela 1?, Stelae 4, 5, 6, and 7. Of these, one can be deciphered with certainty—Stela 7—and three probably—Stelae 1, 4, and 6. Stela 6 is perhaps correctly read as given below. These readings follow:

STELA	MAYA DATE	MORLEY DATE	GMT DATE <sup>119</sup>
1	9.14.5.0.0 12 Ajaw 3 Mak	ca. 445	716
4	9.18.10.0.0 10 Ajaw 8 Sak	ca. 530	August 17, 800
5	9.18.0.0.0 11 Ajaw 18 Mak	ca. 520	October 9, 790
6	9.17.10.0.0 12 Ajaw 8 Pax	ca. 510	November 30, 780
7	9.17.0.0.0 13 Ajaw 18 Kumk'u	ca. 500	January 22, 771

Of the remaining monuments, Stelae 2, 3, 8, and 9, the last two, as already stated, have been almost entirely destroyed, and the first two—2 and 3—are in but little better condition. Stela 2 is shattered and only one fragment shows sculpture traces. All the glyphs belonging to the Initial Series have been destroyed.

Both sides and the back of Stela 3 have been broken off, carrying with them all traces of the Initial Series, if one ever was present. Starting with the one sure date, 9.17.0.0.0 on Stela 7, it is possible to place the city of La Honradez chronologically with reference to the other great centers

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<sup>119</sup> Morley's readings, using his now obsolete correlation (Morley 1910), have been converted using the GMT correlation (Chapter 2). Note that Morley's dating puts these monuments in the Early Classic period, whereas the modern correlation has them all in the late Late Classic.

of the southern Maya field. It was the contemporary of Tikal, Naranjo, Quirigua, Copan, Seibal, Yaxchilan, and Piedras Negras. The style of the carving, as well as the date deciphered on Stela 7, definitely fixes it to the Southern, or Old Maya Empire [i.e., Classic civilization], in spite of its close proximity to the earliest of all Maya colonies in Yucatán—Bakhalal.<sup>120</sup> There is nothing in the art, architecture, or hieroglyphic writing of the city to suggest a relationship with the north. All of its affiliations and sources of inspiration, on the contrary, are to the south. In short, La Honradez was founded, and probably abandoned, before the rise of the great northern metropolises, Chichen Itza and Uxmal.

That perhaps is the single most important point established by the expedition. The location of the city—so far to the north—pointed to the possibility that it might be a connecting link between the old civilization in the south and the later civilization of the north. Such transition cities are practically unknown, the old part of Chichen Itza being the only one which has yet been found. A reading of the Initial Series on Stela 7 and the close similarity of the art motives at La Honradez with those of the other great southern cities effectively disposes of this question.

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<sup>120</sup> The Book of Chilam Balam of Mani mentions that a group of Maya migrants “discovered” Ziyah Caan Bakhalal (“heaven-born” Bak’halal) in a K’atun 6 Ajaw, and ruled there for sixty years (see, e.g., Bowditch 1903). This migration was thought to precede that which led to “discovery” of Chichen Itza. Bak’halal has been Hispanicized to Bacalar, as in Lake Bacalar, Quintana Roo.

## CHAPTER 14

### QUIRIGUA AND COPAN

#### Sunday, March 14 Belize [City]

As soon as we got up, we heard the New Orleans steamer whistle. About nine or ten, the passengers came ashore. The ones I saw were a Jewish travelling man, Acton, and a Mexican, said to be on some secret governmental mission.

I walked over with Steele to get his mail, and about eleven got ours from the Melhados. Letter from Alice. Also *Literary Digest*. Nothing much appears to be doing in the war line [the French/German front in Flanders].

After this, Steele, Hobson, Landry, and I played auction at the Interoceanic. By and by the Jewish traveling man Acton—represents a large New York house called Davis and something—strolled in. Still later when Steele had to drop out, Acton dropped in. We played until 6:15 and then I was the \$2.80 winner.

I went over to Boatman's for dinner, but B. and A. were out autoing. Mrs. Morlan and I tried to entertain each other for a while. We ate dinner upon what I call the Boatman roof garden. A rain drove us under the shelter of the eaves but we finished the meal—a delicious one—in the open. Talked for an hour or so and then went home. Bed by 10.00.

#### Monday, March 15 En route Belize [City] to Puerto Barrios

Attended to a few last errands. Paid the Belize Stores their bill, the hotel theirs, etc. I got into conversation with the Mexican who came in yesterday, Manuel Centurion. He says his brother is the private secretary of Eleuterio Avila—the last governor of Yucatán. Told me all about my Carnegie Report and how favorably disposed the governor was to it, but I stood pat. The Fruit Co. people when we walked out there to get our tickets wanted to get aboard by one. But mindful of previous humbugs of this nature, I told our boys to wait until 3:00.

I finished packing slightly before and, after bidding good-bye to everyone at the hotel, went over to Boatman's. Mr. B. met us at the Court House and took us over to his house, and then back to the Customs House dock, where our boat was waiting.

Very few interesting passengers on board. The Archbishop of Guatemala and suite went over with us. He had just returned from an episcopal visit to Flores. We had an interesting time of it hobnobbing at dinner over the trip, trails, etc.

Turned in about 10, after listening to some good music in the Social Hall.

**Tuesday, March 16**

**Puerto Barrios**

We made port before daylight. At least our stateroom steward awakened us before it was light and we were then offshore. After coffee onboard, we went ashore and started through customs. This procedure went ahead swimmingly until they came to the locker with the film boxes, soups, batteries, etc. Everything else passed except the two rolls of papier maché. These things were held for duty so we had to stay over in the port.

Breakfast at the Fruit Company mess, then a call on Benson. Saw Lufkin also. My money is here and I can have it as I want it. I saw Mrs. Benson for a few moments.

At eight we went over to the Customs, though it was nine before our things were brought in from the wharf. After inspection I paid duty on all films, German soups, lead pencils and coffee, and 5 rolls of toilet paper. The batteries and lamp (one of them) were held. The duty amounted to \$6.35. I bought our railroad tickets after this ordeal and checked our stuff to Quirigua.

After lunch we saw the Bensons a little while, then I made out our expense account. We moved over to the Tropic Hotel<sup>121</sup> about four, before Heil phoned down that we could not occupy Fruit Co. quarters. Turned in early, rather tired out.

**Wednesday, March 17**

**Quirigua**

Owing to our activity yesterday, we got a running start this morning. I got up before daylight, took a shower, and had breakfast. We went over to the train shed and got on board. Thompson went up with us as far as Morales. Smith came on the train at Virginia en route for Quirigua. Landry was at the station when we got in. His place is full so we went on to the hotel and were most comfortably installed there. After getting washed up, we went up to say "hello" to Doc MacPhail. Breakfast.

In the afternoon I wrote a long letter and report to Dr. Woodward—that is, until 3:30, at which time the mail for the down train closes. After the train went down, I walked around the golf links of the Quirigua Golf Club caddying for Smith and Landry. Smith is a beginner. Landry drives well, but loses strokes on the greens. This is no doubt partly due to the unevenness of the greens, but also, I think, partly due to the fact that he is a better driver than putter.

In the evening I played auction at his house with deVeveas, my partner, against Landry and Schultze. DeV. and I won two dollars. Turned in about 11:00.

**Thursday, March 18**

**Quirigua**

I rose about 6:20 and got into my khakis. After breakfast I went down to the switch to look for Landry, but he was out on the line somewhere. I met Schultze who told me Landry had left

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<sup>121</sup> The hand written and typed version of the diaries differ regarding the name of the hotel. The hand written version calls it the Tropic, whereas the typescript version calls it the Oceanic.

instructions to his car boy to take me out to the ruins. We went down to the Fruit Company rail lines going into the ruins at the north end—in fact, Landry's new trail leads around the east end of the north mound. Our friend of the red mustachios—the dissenting padre—was waiting for us and we went the rounds. We took it slowly. While we were measuring up Structure 5—the one Earl Morris excavated last year—we heard voices and presently Landry and Dr. Weimar overtook us. We came back out to the north, and on the way in stopped off to see Stela S [Figure 14.1], which Percy had never seen before.



FIG. 8—Stela S: *a*, front (south); *b*, back (north).

Figure 14.1. Morley's photos of Quirigua Stela S.

I should note here that Altars Q and R seem to be companions--same size, same treatment, but one figure faces to the left and one to the right.

I packed all the afternoon. Dinner was at Doc MacPhail's. Met that fellow Rodenzo, whose plaques I took with me. Cards at Landry's. I won \$2.00.

I engaged Andres Silas for the trip. He has numerous ringworms, but got Doc MacPhail to treat him.

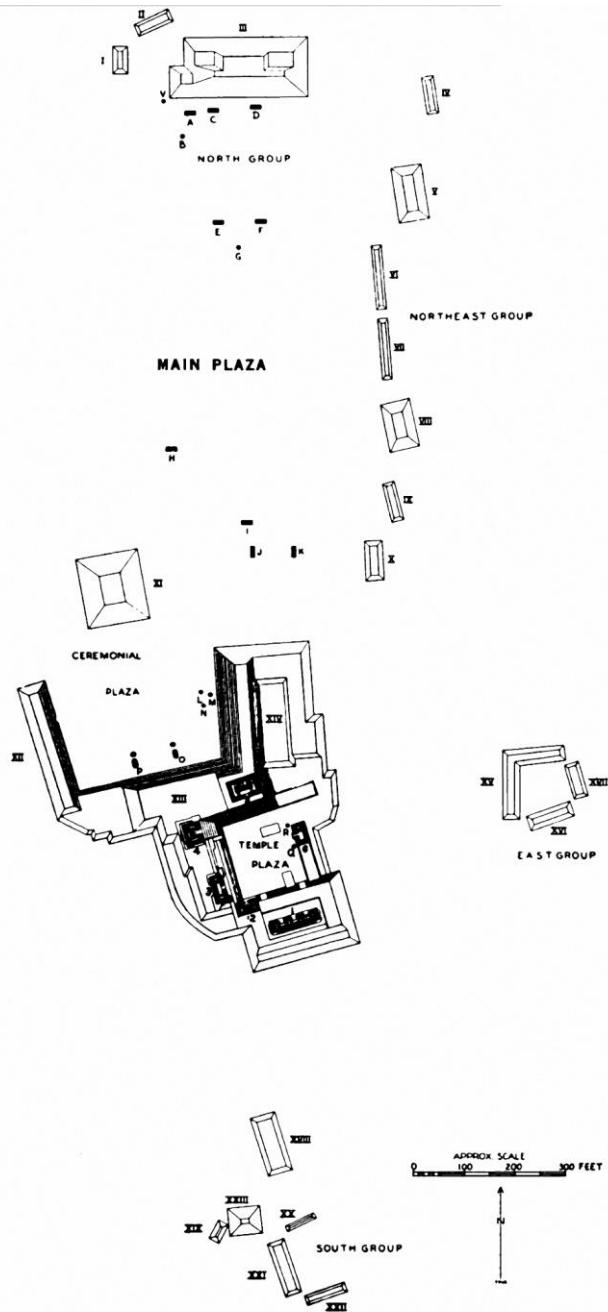


Figure 14.2. Morley's Quirigua site plan.

### Friday, March 19 Zacapa

Got up early and finished packing. Next, I went down to the Commissary and bought some food. The order came to \$30.00. A nice chap, Strauss by name, a friend of Ruth Laughlin's, packed the stuff for me. I took my clothes up to the Hospital, left my wallet at Landry's office, got *pabellon* from Louise Silas, and went back to the station.

The train got in at 11:00 and who should get off but my old friend Kelly, the Episcopal rector. Also going up to the city on board was Winslow—Tar Heel. He's very anxious to take the Cahabón<sup>122</sup> trip with us and thinks it can be managed OK. Also met Harrison, Superintendent of the Los Andes district headquarters at Virginia. He wants to take the Cahabón trip too. I had dinner with these fellows at Landry's and then went on to the city. After dinner we walked up town, looking for an American dentist, Dr. Johnson. We found him and also a Jewish merchant named Levy. They put us on the track of some mules, though several outfits proved unavailable until we struck pay dirt about 5:00. The mules we engaged are in Chiquimula, but the boy went for them this afternoon. With luck we will get off at noon tomorrow. Turned in at 10:00 after a gramophone concert.

### Saturday, March 20

#### Jumunga

I lay around the hotel all morning. Adams went uptown to see if everything was moving, and came back at eleven-thirty with good reports. We had lunch at the hotel at 11:30 and about noon went over town. Here we had to lay around another two hours until the boy came in with the mules from Chiquimula.

About 2:30 we set out. It was furiously hot at first, but soon clouded over, and about two hours out, *mirabile dictu*—it poured. We were drenched to the skin. About five o'clock it was apparent that we couldn't make Anchor before nightfall, so we decided to stop at Jumunga, at which pueblo we put up in a second heavy downpour. We did not want to unpack our outfit, but the inhospitable inhabitants refused to sell us any food, not even a tortilla, so we appropriated a deserted kitchen and were soon having a delicious supper of Andrew's cooking.

The two mule boys, Chico Aviles and Cayo Quien Sabe, are bright young chaps and made us perfectly comfortable for the night. It was moonlight and cool and refreshing after the rain. Andrew anticipated violence from the inhabitants, but I was too tired to care.

### Sunday, March 21

#### Jocotan

A long, tiresome day. We got underway about eight, and toward noon reached Teporinte, well the other side of Anchor. As some of the cargo mules had already shown signs of petering out, we stopped here for breakfast. On again before one.

About three, when we were still some nine miles out of Jocotan, the cargo mule as well as Andrew's mount began to fail. From this point on matters grew steadily worse until, as we climbed the last hill, I thought three of the animals would burn out altogether. I sent Chico for help. Adams drove two mules, I took another two, and Andrew and Cayo each drove one. Adams

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<sup>122</sup> The Río Cahabón originates in the mountains of central Guatemala in Baja Verapaz and flows eastward into the Río Polochic, a tributary of the Motagua. Morley apparently intended to use this route to travel to the site of Cancuén, in far south-central Petén. Today the river is a popular rafting site because of its dramatic rapids.

and I made the river first, meeting Chico who returned just before we crossed. He had already brought supper and engaged another 5 cargo mules for tomorrow.

It was just dusk as we came into the plaza at Jocotan. We went to a friend of Chico's, a young tobacco merchant by the name of Mariano Vásquez. We had dinner at a nearby house, and turned in early, very tired out but thankful enough to be at Jocotan. We might well have been stranded at some miserable hut by the wayside.

### **Monday, March 22**

#### **Copan**

Got up at 4:30 to get an early start. But false delusion—we did not get away until 8:00. The new cargo mules caused the delay. When they finally arrived, they started out bright enough all right. Chico, against everybody's advice, rode one of his own tired outfit. Poor little Cayo had to turn back with Chico's mules.

It's a long day at best, and we took it so slowly that we didn't dare stop for breakfast. I hoped to see the monument at Hacienda Grande—Stela 19—but couldn't delay to look for it. Stopped for a moment to look at Stela 10 as we came over the brow of the hill. Here, Andrew and I pushed on.

We got into Copan at just five o'clock, and found the village celebrating the tail end of a three-day fiesta, with *bombas* [fireworks], etc. I looked up the *alcalde*, who proved to be an old acquaintance, and presented my credentials. I asked if we could sleep in the schoolhouse. He said yes, but not tonight as it was occupied by the visiting padre. I saw the latter and obtained his permission to sleep in the corridor. The rest of the *mulada* came in about half an hour later. Ate at doña Julia's.

### **Tuesday, March 23**

#### **Copan**

All things considered, we passed a very comfortable night in the corridor of the *escuela*. Chico got off before daylight with his *mulada*. Right after breakfast we went down to the ruins, first making arrangements with the padre to meet him there. Our first discovery took place before we left the plaza. The church has just been torn down, and in the process of demolition two Archaic<sup>123</sup> altars turned up which had been built into the altar. I am afraid I will be unable to date these, though each has a panel of 9 glyphs. They are clearly Archaic in style.

I went the rounds of the monuments that were most interesting to me, and in the two oblong altars at the southern end of the Western Court (Altars H and I [Figure 14.3]) I found a treasure trove. Each has an Initial Series on it. These are not readable at first sight, but I feel sure I will be able to work them out with the help of a Secondary Series on each. Each has the date 9 Ajaw 18 Sotz', which may correspond to the I.S. 9.12.10.0.0 [AD 682 GMT]. While I was drawing the

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<sup>123</sup> In the early days of Maya archaeology, the term *Archaic* was used to refer to the Early Classic period. Today, Archaic refers to a pre-agricultural, pre-sedentary, generally pre-ceramic period of mobile hunting and gathering throughout the Western Hemisphere.

inscription on one of them, our friend, the padre, turned up. We passed the time of the day with him, and he finally left us taking the road to Santa Rosa.

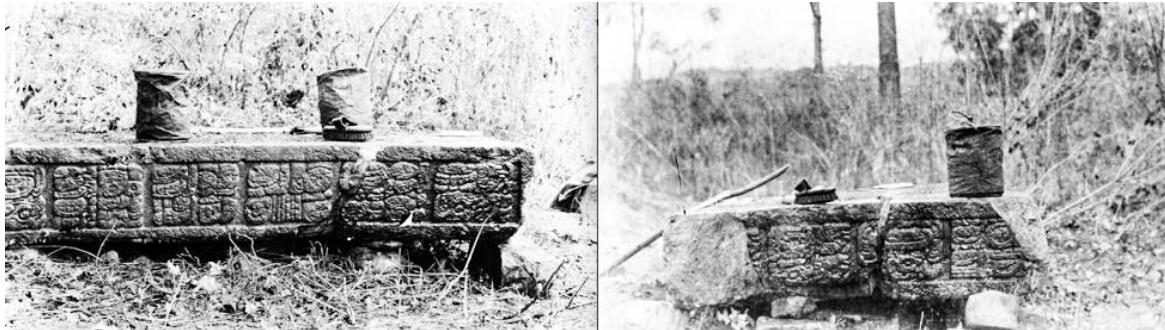


Figure 14.3. Copan Altar H' (left) and Altar I' (right).

When we got back to the village, we found that Andrew had moved everything into the schoolroom just vacated by the padre. He told us we were wanted over at the *cabildo*, and after washing up we hurried over—*just as we were*. I marched into the *cabildo* and was just sitting down when the *alcalde de policia* spied my machete. “Five dollars fine,” he said, before other proceedings were even mentioned. “Entering a tribunal of justice armed.” I protested ignorance of the law, and my haste to come over when I had been summoned, but to no purpose. “*Cinco pesos de multa*.” So I had to go over to the room, take off my machete, and bring back \$5.00 sols. After this I had to produce my passports, show my letter from Membreño, etc.<sup>124</sup> Finally a letter was drawn up to the *jefe político* at Santa Rosa setting forth my business, etc. When this was taken down to the *alcalde municipal*, don Juan Ramón Cueva, to sign, he was acquainted with the circumstance of my fine and he very kindly remitted it. I asked to be allowed to present it to the municipality, but he wouldn’t allow it.

Finally, both Adams and I were asked into a house for a *trago*. I proposed the first, health “*a los autoridades de Copan*,” which we all drank standing. The next proposed to “*a los extranjeros científicos*,” which we all quaffed. Finally, on the last round I proposed “*a la república más bonita de America Central, Honduras*.” To cap the climax, we were asked to a ball that night. Everything was very *alegre* and no word of further fines arose. In the afternoon Adams and I went down to the ruins for a few minutes to gather a little data on the I.S. I found in the morning. But in spite of repeated efforts, I was unable to work them out when I got back.

In the evening we went to the *baile*, and in my juliets, duck trousers, and a happy smile danced with each *señorita* once, and my devoirs overcame home. I think the incident of the fine, and the toasts, capped with the *baile*, have created a very cordial feeling toward us here.

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<sup>124</sup> Alberto Jesus Membreño Vásquez was vice president of Honduras from July 28, 1915, through February 1, 1916, during the 1915 Morley Copan expedition. At some point before that expedition, Membreño was the Honduran minister to the U.S. in Washington, and was visited by Morley to secure a letter of introduction.

**Wednesday, March 24**

**Copan**

Doña Julia's place is getting fairly impossible. In connection with the restaurant business, her husband—if such the man living with her really is—runs a grog shop. In consequence of this latter, there is always a sour odor hanging around the house, and several men in various stages of inebriation. I think we will mess [feed] ourselves after this. Spent all day long working on the two oblong altars in the Western Court. Finally succeeded in working out the calculations on the western one, which I have called Altar I [I']. They are chiefly interesting because the secondary series involves a distance number composed of over 1,000 years.

I.S.      9.13.0.0.0 8 Ajaw 8 Wo  
              7.1.13.15.0 9 Ch'en 13 Kumk'u  
              2.10.16.3.0  
              9.12.10.0.0 9 Ajaw 18 Sotz'

There is a glyph block in front of the Initial Series Introducing Glyph with some sort of distance number, but I cannot connect this with any date on either side of these altars. I feel very much encouraged over getting out this reading. It is very unfortunate that one corner of this altar is missing. Adams assembled it for me, but repeated searches failed to discover the missing fragment.

**Thursday, March 25**

**Copan**

Doña Julia's grows worse. We have decided to make this our last day at her hospitable board. Worked all day on Altars H' and I', which I finally succeeded in deciphering. The two are closely connected, indeed the distance numbers before the I.S. Introducing Glyph of I' connects to the I.S. of H' with the I.S. of I'. I give all the calculations below for the sake of clarity:

H'      I.S. 9.12.8.3.9 8 Muluk 17 Mol  
              2.13.4.4 Backward  
              9.9.14.17.5 6 Chikchan 18 K'ayab  
              1.14.11 to I.S.  
              9.12.10.0.0 9 Ajaw 18 Sotz'

I'      I.S. (9.13.0.0.0 8 Ajaw 17 Mol)  
              11.14.1 to I.S. of H'  
              I.S. 9.13.0.0.0 8 Ajaw 8 Wo  
              7.1.13.15.0 9 Ajaw 13 Kumk'u  
              2.10.16.3.0  
              9.12.10.0.0 9 Ajaw 13 Sotz'

At supper tonight we broke the news gently to doña Julia that we would eat there no more after today. Told her we had bought a lot of *viveres* with us from Zacapa and we wanted to use them up here so we would not have to carry them back. Parted good friends.

**Friday, March 26**

**Copan**

First meal in our own house this morning. Andrew was very successful.

The hardest day yet. We got away from here about 9:00, four strong: Carlos Martínez, Arnulfo, Adams, and myself. Adams heroically carried 40 lbs of water from the river just above the main group up to Stela 12 [Figures 14.4, 14.5], the Eastern Piedra Pintada, which was our main objective for the day.<sup>125</sup>



Figure 14.4. Copan Stela 12, the Eastern Piedra Pintada. The large section on the top bears the inscriptions (see Figure 14.5).

About 10:30, Carlos and I reached the summit of the hill and he told me to wait a bit until he found the stela. This proved to be a harder task than he had anticipated, for it was just 12:00 when he gave a *grito*, the signal agreed upon when he should have found the monument. In the

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<sup>125</sup> At the time of Morley's visit, Stela 12 still had vestiges of red paint, so much so that this monument earned the nickname the Eastern Piedra Pintada; Stela 10, seven km to the west, is also painted and bears the nickname Western Piedra Pintada. Morley (1920: 33) notes that "all Maya inscriptions were originally painted red, although other subjects such as the human figure and its elaborate clothing...appear in a variety of colors, including several other shades of red, brown, yellow, blue, green, and black."

meantime, Adams had reached the top of the hill in a towering rage from fatigue and heat. He cooled off soon mentally and physically.



Figure 14.5. Closeup of Copan Stela 12, showing upper section with inscription.

It was just one when I started to draw the inscription, and just after five when I finished. I had the satisfaction of dating the monument at 9.11.0.0.0 beyond any doubt [AD 652 GMT]. The I.S. is probably 9.10.15.0.0. The first date appears as a period-ending on one side. I never saw so many *garrapatas* in my life—was literally covered.

The sun came down in bucketsful, and we were both burned out by the time we got back to the village. Andrew had a good chicken all ready for us, and we both voted him an excellent chef.

## Saturday, March 27

### Copan

I went first to Stela 2 [Figure 14.6] and drew what I could get of it, had to let the I.S. go until after lunch to get the sun on it. I have reached the conclusion that the glyph after the last glyph of the S.S. [Supplementary Series] is neither the month sign nor a day sign, but an unusual glyph with a coefficient 9. The same sign occurs on Stela 3 in the same position. I drew a very short inscription on Altar L, also part of the inscription on the Altar of Stela E, and also the terminal date of Stela E. In the afternoon Andrew came down and we turned Stela 2 over after I had drawn and photographed the I.S. I drew the terminal date, which records the *k'atun* ending 9.11.0.0.0 12 Ajaw 8 Keh [AD 652 GMT], as does Stela 12, which we did yesterday. The two monuments are very similar, and indeed may both have the same I.S.

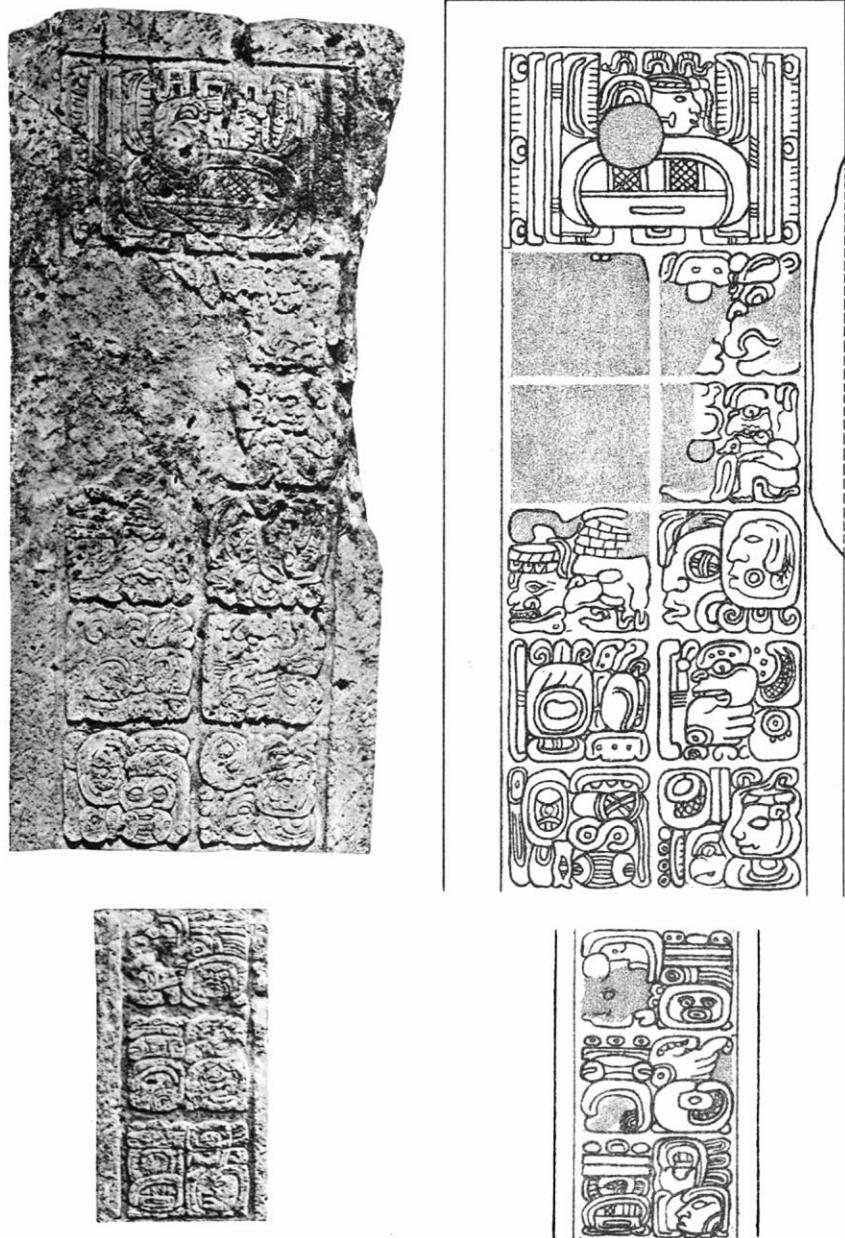


Figure 14.6. Morley's photograph and drawing of Copan Stela 2.

Came home early and went down to the Río Copan and bathed. When I was here in 1910 one could bathe in the Sesemil<sup>126</sup> just by town, but now Arnulfo says that it is *prohibido*. Since my first fine here, I have been careful of disobeying the law. The bath was very refreshing, the water being quite cool. It was close on to nightfall when we got back to our *casa*.

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<sup>126</sup> The Sesemil is a small creek that runs along the eastern side of the town of Copan and enters the Río Copan near the modern bridge over the river.

**Sunday, March 28**  
**Copan**

We went first to Owens' grave<sup>127</sup>, where I drew the two Archaic stelae there, 16 [Figure 14.7] and 17. The former [correction: latter] is surely in K'atun 6—the *k'atun* coefficient is a bar and dot number showing very clearly. The other may be either 9.4.9.17.0 5 Ajaw 8 Yaxk'in or 9.7.2.12.0 5 Ajaw 8 Yaxk'in. The style of both is very Archaic.



Figure 14.7. Morley's drawing of fragment (back) of Copan Stela 16.

In the afternoon Adams did not come back, as someone had to stay and make preparations for our banquet. I came down with a new boy—not too good—and drew the I.S. of Stela E [Figure 14.8]. Returned to the village about 5 and found our quarters scrumptiously [scrupulously?] clean. Preparations for the banquet were going forward famously. The chicken was done, etc., etc. Don Juan and his brother-in-law, don Rafael, came at six sharp and about seven we sat down.

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<sup>127</sup> John G. Owens, a Harvard archaeologist, passed away at Copan and was buried there.

Adams mixed a high highball for our two visitors, in consequence of which they were both very *alegre* by the time we sat down. Everything passed off smoothly, Andrew "doing himself proud" as chief chef, ably seconded by Arnulfo. During the meal I asked if we might clear the debris from the hieroglyphic step in the Western Court and received a very gracious permission. Our guests left immediately after dinner.

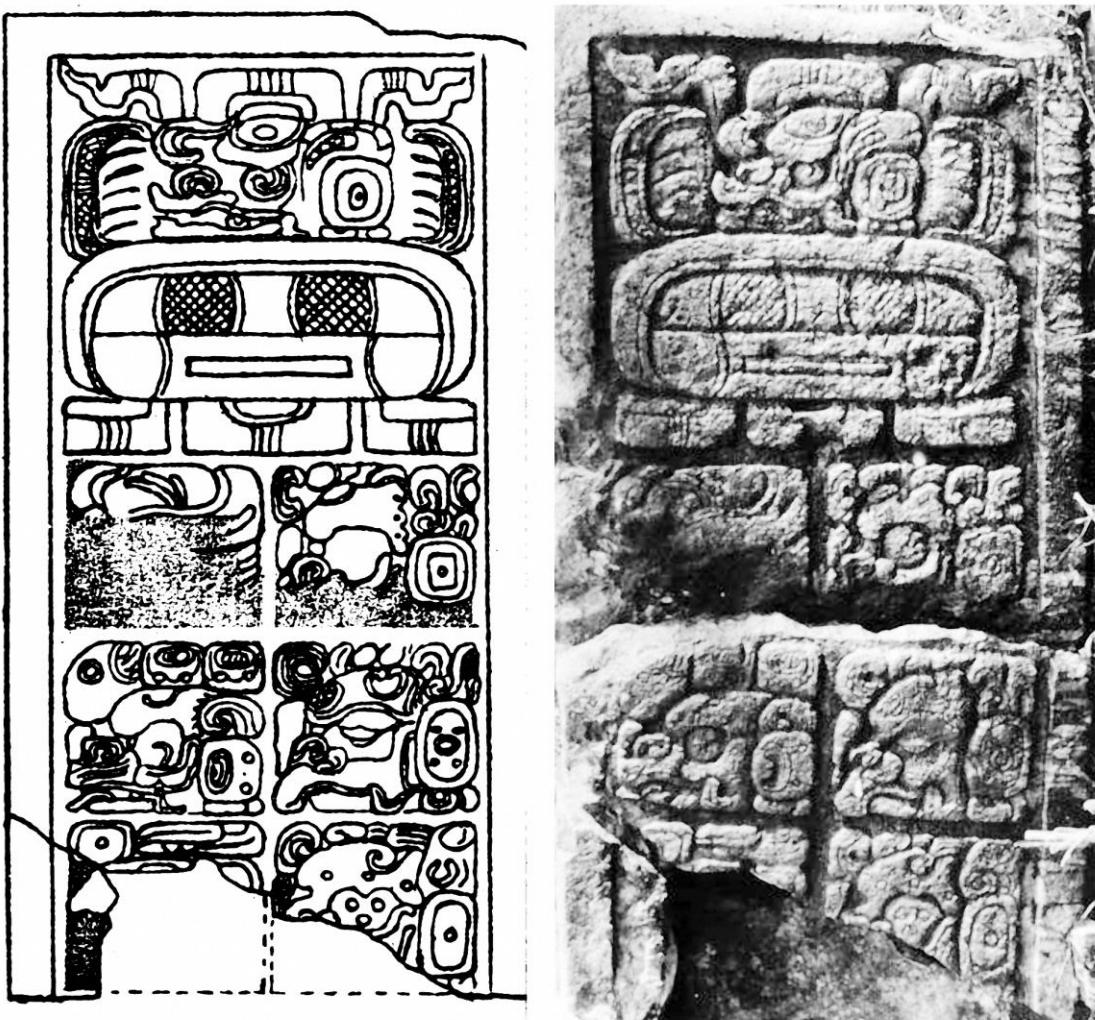


Figure 14.8. Copan Stela E Initial Series inscription, Morley's drawing and photograph.

### Monday, March 29

#### Copan

I started work on the Altar of Stela I. I worked on one side while Adams and Andrew raised the other to get it up out of the dirt. Before we let Andrew go back to the village, we made use of him in raising Altar G. We had a visit from several *caballeros* and *señoritas*—someone of the party amused himself by taking a swipe or two with his machete at Stela H. This particular party was

en route for the *Semana Santa* festivities at Esquipulas.<sup>128</sup> I hope the local saint remembers the hombre who used his machete so maliciously.

The calculations on the Altar of Stela I lead from the I.S. of the stela to the next nearest *hotun* ending, both distance number and terminal date being clearly set forth on the altar: 9.12.3.14.0 5 Ajaw 8 Wo (distance number of 1.4.0 to) 9.12.5.0.0 3 Ajaw 3 Xul [AD 677 GMT].

Just before noon, don Juan showed up, as per agreement, to look at the hieroglyphic step we wanted to clear. He seemed to demur, but finally took the view—which I held—that it was “cleaning,” not excavating, and said we might go ahead. In the afternoon, I drew the Altar of Stela 1. This begins with the I.S. 9.9.10.10.0 13 Ajaw 13 Sak and leads by a S.S. 10.0.0.0.0 1 Ajaw 8 K'ayab. The sun beat down fiercely all day long and I was very fagged at night.

## Tuesday, March 30

### Copan

My mule was ready at 7:30 and as Carlos Martínez, the guide, had come at 7:15, I did not wait for Adams, but pushed on ahead, leaving him to bring the lunch. We did not make very fast time, as Carlos had to stop and pass the time of day with everyone coming into town. However, about 8:30 we reached Hacienda Grande<sup>129</sup> and, having made arrangements with a boy to bring water over to the monument, we set out again.

This stela [Stela 19; Figure 14.9] is located on an artificially leveled hill in a little valley—Hacienda Grande. I must have passed within 100 yards of it during the first trip I came to Copan—1910—for it lies not far from the old road. The I.S. is exceedingly clear as 9.10.19.15.0 4 Ajaw 8 Ch'en [AD 652 GMT]—all except the month part. The I.S. Introducing Glyph is the most involved I ever saw.

I was particularly fortunate in finding a fragment of a circular altar. This has the date 4 Ajaw 8 Ch'en very clearly, the same as the I.S. terminal date. I think it very probable that a S.S. brought this forward to 9.11.0.0.0 [AD 652 GMT]. The sun beat down very fiercely, and we were in it steadily from 7:30 to 6:00. While I drew the inscription, Adams mapped the site. I was very tired when I got back, in fact, the nearest I have been to “all in” yet here.

## Wednesday, March 31

### Copan

We got an early start from the village at 7:00, headed for the western Piedra Pintada—Stela 10. There were four of us, Adams, Andrew, Arnulfo, and myself. I started copying the inscription about 8:30. As soon as the two boys got up the hill, I sent them on to Hacienda Grande for some water.

When they came back Andrew brought the news that there was a man, who was coming

<sup>128</sup> The Semana Santa, or Holy Week, festival is one of Central America's largest religious celebrations. The basilica of Esquipulas houses the famous Black Christ and is a significant pilgrimage destination during Easter.

<sup>129</sup> Hacienda Grande (Group 9), 3.5 km west of the main ruins, has at least seven stelae. Several groups of monuments surround central Copan, some as far as 14 km distant.

over shortly, who knew where two new stelae were. This chap, one Silvestro Hernández, came shortly and repeated questioning failed to shake his story. At a place called El Cerro de Flores on the river, about 1.5 leagues from Hacienda Grande, he says there are two stelae: “*piedras paradas con figuras de mujeres*” (standing stones with figures of women). The story is very circumstantial, and forthwith I made arrangements with him to take us out tomorrow.



Figure 14.9. Copan Stela 19 with the very elaborate Initial Series Introducing Glyph.

We started back before one and arrived before two. It was very hot returning. I did not work in the afternoon—the first half day off since we got here. In the evening I made arrangements for the mules for the first thing in the morning so that we can get a really early start. Dr. Eduarte is giving us one mule, don Rafael the other.

## **Thursday, April 1**

### **Copan**

A good April Fool Day *broma*: We got up at 5, preparatory to leaving at six and with great good luck had just started out at 6.50. In fact, we had only just crossed the new bridge, and were still in the city limits, when we met the little Hernández boy from Hacienda Grande, coming in with the news that as it was Holy Thursday, Silvestro had decided that he couldn't go, but that he would go on Saturday. There was nothing to do, of course, but to come back. I tried to persuade Carlos Martínez to take us up to Stela 13, but he wouldn't budge an inch because it was Holy Thursday.

I gave the doctor and don Rafael their mules back and compromised on Stela 7 for the day. This was deeply embedded in mud behind a house near the SW corner of the village plaza. It took us two hours to get it turned.<sup>130</sup> After Adams had done over the hard work getting it started, we farmed it out at 1 Sol for the turning to a group of four spectators who quickly put it on its side. I spent about four hours drawing the I.S. and S.S. The date is 9.9.0.0.0 3 Ajaw 3 Sotz' [AD 613 GMT]. I am very bilious. It has been April Fool all day.

## **April 2, Good Friday**

### **Copan**

No work doing at all today. Pinto didn't show up, and we were led to infer that *El Señor le castigaría* [the Lord would punish him]. We felt we could safely run the gamut of these possible castigations, so Adams, Marius, and I went down to the two altars of Stela 5. Here I wanted the fragments of the east altar of Stela 5 brought together. I drew and photographed while Adams and Marius pasted the pieces together. Marius felt quite sure the Señor would castigate us, but we persisted. A number of natives passed, but at mention of work they literally fled.

In the afternoon, we three returned again. Adams and Marius assembled the fragments of Stela 5 for me, and then raised the west altar of Stela 5 so I could draw it. After this, Adams and Marius came in leaving me to finish my drawing out there. On my way back to the village, we saw a crowd in the plaza. There were some children dressed up, but the thing was buffoonery of the crudest nature. I could not help but reflect that the Church festivals appeared to have fallen on evil days.

## **Saturday, April 3**

### **Copan**

The most unkind cut of all. We got a start by daylight and were at Hacienda Grande [to see Silvestro's monument] before seven. Here our guide was not at all inclined to make the trip. It was *muy lejos* (very far), *muy retirada* (very remote), etc., etc. Finally, we got him to go, and finally after an hour and a half delay, we started. Up, up, up went the trail. About ten, we rounded a

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<sup>130</sup> Stela 7 had been moved from its original location in 1874 by Guatemalan troops under Col. Vicente Solis, to erect it in the town plaza. During the move the stela broke and Solis abandoned it in a field. Clementino López later purchased the field and kept the stela at his house.

corner of the mountain and there, fully seven or eight miles across the Copan valley, loomed a huge crag or pinnacle, broken off from the main cliff. The boys told us this was the monument. Adams was wild. I was crushed. After all those weary ten miles to have to go back with only a natural cliff. But I know when I am beaten in these countries, so we turned right back without further loss of time.

Got back as far as Stela 10 for breakfast. Afterward, I did some work on the two Archaic altars found with the stela. We got home about 2:30, dead tired out after the hardest twenty miles I ever did. We certainly laid a heavy strain on the family of Hernández, to which our guide belongs. In no uncertain language we defined it.

### Easter Sunday, April 4

#### Copan

Easter Sunday—the village was very quiet after its noisy and tumultuous night spent in doing Judas to his death. All night long the band played and *bombas* were exploded. Many small boys added to the general noise and disorder by shouting and groaning. After our tired day, we wished to sleep, but as the band posted itself just outside our windows, that was out of the question. When we went out into the plaza, there was Judas—an uncouth figure of straw and old clothes—hanging from the big ceiba [tree] in the middle. About noon they cut him down.

In the afternoon, while I was drawing Altars T and U, don Juan came and asked me if I would come over to the *cabildo* and arrange about the *tarifa* for my visit. I took Marius over with me and together we made out very successfully. All the leading citizens were assembled—but this was a far friendlier crowd than the day I was fined. After reading the law—i.e., what the *jefe político* had written, my *tarifa* was set at \$120 Sols, about \$44.00 gold. Thus, everything was arranged satisfactorily, and more important still, don Juan reiterated his promise about the laborers for tomorrow.

### Monday, April 5

#### Copan

We started excavating the stair [of Temple 11] on the north side of the Western Court. This was started years ago by either Maudslay or Gordon, probably the latter, though he says nothing of it. Earl Morris and I continued the excavation in 1912, to be finished this year under Adams. We have don Carlos as captain and four of his men, together with two others.

I left Adams in charge of the work and went over and drew Stela 3 [Figure 14.10]. This is very hard going. The glyphs are very intricate and almost all the detail is perfectly preserved. Adams joined me by and by, rendered desperate, he said, by the slow, time-killing devices of don Carlos and his six *mozos* [young men].

In the morning I sent a boy up to Hacienda Grande to ask the Hernández boy if he would come down and be our house-boy. We learned definitely that Pinto is not coming back. This was quite a disappointment, as we all have become attached to him. The [other] Hernández boy was back at the house when we returned from the ruins. He went out to the ruins with me in the afternoon. Somehow, I think he won't last—he is too *caballero*. He carries a big silk handkerchief, which is highly perfumed. Of such, house-boys are *not* made.



Figure 14.10. Copan Stela 3 at the time of Morley's early work.

### Tuesday, April 6

#### Copan

Work continued on the excavation of the hieroglyphic step [Figures 14.11, 14.12]. We are reaching a more interesting zone. They finished clearing away the debris of Morris's work of three years ago, and began to get into new dirt. Some of the sculptured fragments of the southern façade of Temple 11<sup>131</sup> above continue to come down from time to time. These are carefully laid aside against the time when someone will restore the design. Unfortunately, the first two or three glyphs to the west of the central ornament are almost entirely gone—I certainly hope it is not an indication of what I am going to find further over.

In the morning and afternoon, I worked over on Stela 3, which I finished. I stated previously what this work was. In drawing out the bottom glyphs, I finally deciphered the date of the puzzling monument, namely 9.11.0.0.0 12 Ajaw 8 Keh. It belongs with the other bunch, Stelae 2, 11, 19, 13, and 10. The city must have experienced a tremendous impetus in both architecture and art at this time as there are more stelae dating from 9.11.0.0.0 [AD 652] at Copan from any other, not excepting 9.17.0.0.0 in the Great Period.

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<sup>131</sup> Temple 11 is also known as Temple of the Inscriptions, from the hieroglyphic texts adorning its walls. Morley discusses prior excavations of it in his April 28 letter to Woodward (Chapter 17). Dedicated in 9.17.0.0.0 [AD 771], the temple was completed in AD 769 by Yax Pasaj Chan Yopaat, Copan's sixteenth and last dynastic ruler. It was a model of the cosmos, the stairway symbolizing a descent into the Underworld (Martin and Grube 2008: 209).

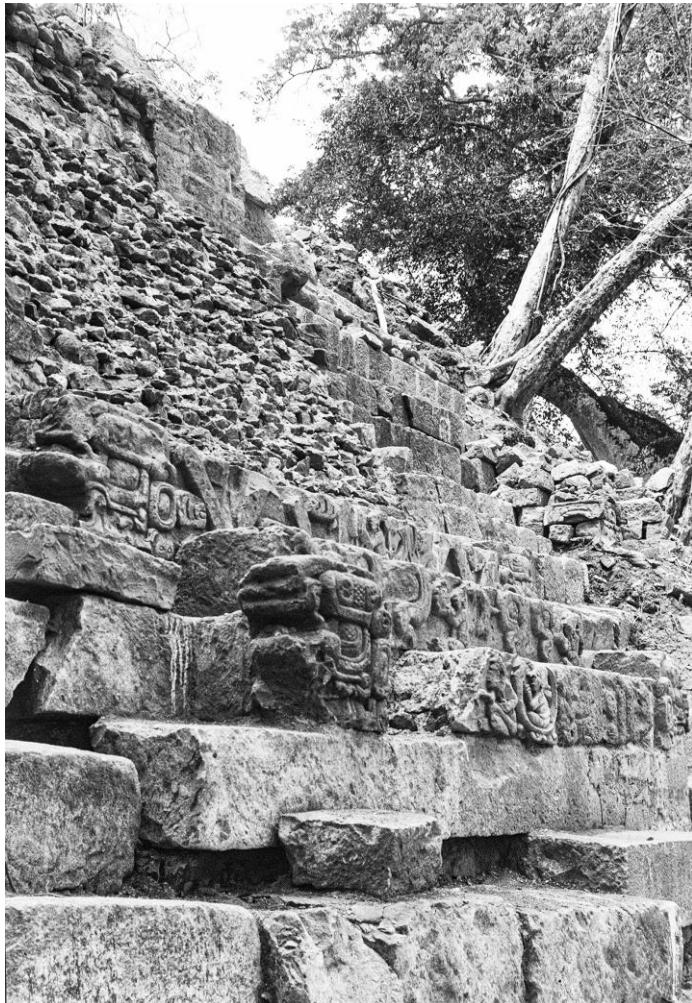


Figure 14.11. The hieroglyphic stair of Copan Temple 11 after restoration in the 1940s.  
See also Figure 4.14.

**Wednesday, April 7**

**Copan**

They finally got almost across the hieroglyphic step today. Unfortunately, there was not an I.S. at the left end as I had hoped. Instead, there appears to be a Calendar Round date 6 Ajaw 8 Wo or Sip, the exact position of which I do not yet know. Don Juan was down and was much interested in the work. He wants the boys to dig below the central element in hopes of finding the human head which was once there. I am not sanguine of its ever being found, as it looks to me as though the blow which broke it shattered it at the same time. I want them to go still deeper in front of the left end to uncover the ornament corresponding to the stooping figure on the other side. I think more of this left one will be preserved than was of the right one.



Figure 14.12. The Hieroglyphic Stairway of Temple 11 at Copan after excavation and restoration.

In the afternoon Adams, the Hernández boy, and I worked on Temple 21a, where I drew the hieroglyphic step entire, and also the glyph on the corner of the doorway of Temple 18. This is a big Ajaw sign with the coefficient of either 1 or 6, probably the latter. Perhaps this is the same day 6 Ajaw as Temple 21a.

### Thursday, April 8

#### Copan

I finished work on this hier[oglyphic] step [at Temple 11] on the north end of the Western court. Also finished with the Hernández. With the heat we are now having his odor became too overpowering and, his parents opportunely showing up, it seemed best to let him go. Excavation of the stairway showed the ornament above the hier[oglyphic] step to the left was better preserved than the one to the right. We can now tell that the kneeling figure grasped something in its hand. Unfortunately, the block above is gone so we cannot tell what it was. There is another block showing the forearm better, too. Will start drawing the stair tomorrow.

As I said, having let the Hernández boy go it became necessary to get another. So, after supper, taking Marius with me, I went over to doña Julia's and put up a strong talk for Pinto, offered to pay her 2 *reales* in addition to the two for him if she would allow him to go. This bait proved too much for her avaricious soul and Pinto returns to us tomorrow for the remainder of our stay, which bids fair to extend at least another ten days.

### Friday, April 9

#### Copan

Work having finished last night on the hier. step [Temple 11] on the north side of the Western Court, I commenced drawing these this morning. I put the gang under Adams cleaning the debris at the base of this hier. stairway. This work went much more rapidly than I had anticipated, and by noon they had finished.

After lunch, having arranged everything before lunch with Carlos and don Pablo Urrutia—the owner of the stone fence opposite Stela 5, which I want to take down—the boys started work on this new job. It consists of taking down every single stone in the fence opposite Stela 5 and its two altars, and subjecting them to a rigid examination to see if any found their way back into the wall. Finally, we rebuild.

I worked at the ruins with Chico all day. It is a big relief to have got rid of the odoriferous Hernández, and again when we have to select a new house boy, he must be without artificial odor.

When I came back from the ruins, I had hoped they would find something [at the fence] but such was not the case. Well, the walls shall be thoroughly examined even if everything is a blank.

[NOTE: There are no more diary entries until April 18; the pages are left blank.]

**Sunday April 18**  
**Copan**

I was to devote my time to the Archaic stelae around the village, and Adams, Marius, and Pinto went to the Shrine of the Toad [Figure 14.13; see Chapter 17].



Figure 14.13. The Shrine of the Toad; toad is at left.

I started out all right. I found a missing fragment of Stela 15, which I had carried over to the *cabildo* and put in its proper place. Next, I went over to the house where Stela 19 [stood], and instead of finding all the fragments there belonged to one and the same monument, found instead that there are three different stelae represented in part: (1) Glyphs on all four sides, (2) figure on front—glyphs back and sides, and (3) carving on front—back and sides plain. A thorough search of all the houses hereabout might disclose other fragments of these early monuments.

I felt very miserable indeed. In fact, after dinner when I tried to draw Stela 15<sup>132</sup> I felt so

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<sup>132</sup> Morley recounts the story of Copan Stela 15 in *The Inscriptions at Copan* (1920: 86–87). Many of the stone buildings in the town of Santa Rosa de Copan were built using stone mined from the ruins. Fragments of Stela 15 were incorporated into a wall surrounding a garden, then reused when that wall was taken down, and included in the building of a house. They eventually were removed from the house wall and placed for safekeeping in the *cabildo*. Morley found another

nauseated that I had to come in and lie down to keep from throwing up. And so it always goes when you need your maximum efficiency—your stomach has to go back on you. I felt better toward nightfall, but thought it wiser to eat no dinner.

### **Monday, April 19**

#### **Copan**

This was the day don Juan wanted Adams to go over his ditch. As don Juan delayed, Adams came down to the ruins and started to make the last two molds that we wanted. I went right to the Great Plaza, and started work there. When I came back to the Court of the Hieroglyphic Stairway, I found Adams, Marius, and don Juan had gone. Adams had finished his mold-making, however, and left a boy to take care of the fires in front of the molds. We hope by this process to have them dried out.

Next, from here Elario and I went over into the Eastern Court, where I photographed—and partially drew that all-glyphic altar at the foot of the Jaguar Stairway leading to the terrace between the Eastern and Western Courts. In the afternoon I returned to the ruins again. It was nearly nightfall when Adams came back. It seems they didn't even look at the ditch; only rode all over a piece of land, which don Juan is buying.

### **Tuesday, April 20**

#### **Copan**

As don Juan wanted Adams again, he did not come down to the ruins with me. He thought he would be back by noon so he could take the molds off in the afternoon and leave by the morning as we had planned. I went first to the hier. step behind Stela D [Figures 14.12, 14.14].

Here Dr. Eduarte found me, and carried me off to see the quarries. After losing me a precious hour, he came to the conclusion that he could not find the place, and so we came back, he to the village and I to the ruins. Next, I went over and worked on the altars at the west end of the Court of the Hieroglyphic Stairway. I found two new hieroglyphic altars; unfortunately, no dates are preserved on either. We didn't go home until after two. Elario, Pinto, and I had to get our own lunch! After lunch I photographed and described the two red Archaic altars—i.e., those that were in the church—returned to the ruins and photographed Stela E, and was back working on Stela 15 at the cabildo when Adams returned.

As it was then after six and too late to go back to take off the molds, we decided to stay over for another day. This will give me time to finish up a few odds and ends.

### **Wednesday, April 21**

#### **Copan**

Staying over this extra day has enabled me to accomplish a lot of work which I should hate to have left unfinished. Went out to the ruins early and started to draw all those altars (late) around

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fragment of Stela 15 in a mound associated with Stela 7, from which discovery he deduced the monument's original placement.

the west end of the Court of the Hieroglyphic Stairway. Adams came down and took off the molds, most of which turned out beautifully. I drew three hieroglyphic altars, one new and two shown in part in a plate of Maudslay's. Then I went over to the hier. step behind Stela D and finished there. This practically finished all at the ruins.



Figure 14.14. The sculpted "Hier.-step" behind Copan Stela D, at the north end of the Great Plaza. See figure 14.11 for a closer look at the inscribed stair risers.

I returned to the village and after lunch set myself to finishing my drawings on Stela 15. This was a long, arduous job and took me until sundown. Adams and Marius filled in the afternoon with packing.

After supper many of our friends came to say goodbye to us and presently don Juan and don Rafael. We thereupon turned everybody else out to conclude our business with them. After these affairs were all settled, they bid us good-night and we turned in, very tired out.

**Thursday, April 22**

**Teoporinte: A difficult journey**

We were ready early enough but the mules were not—as usual—and it was eight o'clock before we got underway. We were to take the short cut by way of Tapuan. The roads go together until you come to the ford over the Copan River—here the Jocotan road turns to the left. We, however, stayed on the right bank (going downstream). It was a devilish road, and by five o'clock, after four mortal hours on it, we were much disheartened to come out just opposite Jocotan! We couldn't even get across because the river was up.

There was nothing to do but to push on, of course, to a place called Laguna, a league farther on, where the boys said there was both *zacate* [grass for the mules] and water. When we got there, about seven o'clock, we found neither. We stopped for an hour for a dry supper and then pushed on by moonlight to Teoporinte. As both of the mule boys were actually burned out, Adams and I gave them our horses and we walked. It was very hot and humid. Four more hours brought us to Teoporinte where we camped for the balance of the night. We found some boys en route to Copan from Zacapa.<sup>133</sup> I had some tea before I turned in.

**Friday, April 23**

I rose in the dark at four, but before we had finished breakfast and loaded up, the sky was lightening. We pushed ahead of Marius and the cargo mules, though they kept up with us as far as Jumunga. Here we pushed on faster.

Just outside Zacapa occurred an incident that might well have had a fatal termination. We heard a shot when we were about half a mile out, and presently there hove into view around a sharp turn in the road, a drunken officer wildly waving a six-shooter which went off from time to time quite casually. We came on him so suddenly there was nothing to do but to push right on by him, which we did. Fortunately, in the cycle of his movements he had fallen forward on the pommel as we pulled abreast him, so he did not notice us until we had actually passed him. Then he pulled up and in a drunken voice said "*buenos días*," to which I replied "*adios, amigo*," and with that we whipped up our mules and did not cease to belabor them until we passed the next turn in the road. The danger lay in the off chance of an accidental shot getting us.

We reached Zacapa in good time for the down train and we got to Quirigua at four. It had been eighteen and a half hours actual going from Copan to Zacapa. At the Quirigua hospital I had dinner with Dr. MacPhail and Dr. Sweschert of New York. This has been a long, hard day.

Carpenter was on the train going down to Barrios and then back to the States. He said he had left Merwin in Quirigua. I sent the molds on by him, as they will thus reach Cambridge more quickly.

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<sup>133</sup> Zacapa is the capital of a Guatemalan department of the same name, southwest of Izabal and Quirigua. It is a mountainous, dry area. The name "Zacapa" is probably best known in Guatemala from Ron Zacapa, Guatemala's award-winning rum that is produced far to the west in Quetzaltenango.

## CHAPTER 15

### PRELIMINARY REPORT ON THE INSCRIPTIONS OF COPAN [1915]

The Copan inscriptions, or better, those under observation, are presented upon 66 monuments divided as follows: 16 from the Archaic Period, 14 from the Middle Period, and 36 from the Great Period.<sup>134</sup> The inscription on the Hieroglyphic Stairway of Mound 26 [10L-26], which is about fifty times longer than the average text, is included in the last total, though only counted as one monument. If its contents had been recorded on stelae and altars as usual, the number of monuments from the Great Period would be more than doubled.

As a result of the investigation, I have found 42 Initial Series dates, distributed as follows: 9 from the Archaic Period, 12 from the Middle Period, and 21 from the Great Period. This number, large as it is—comprising more than a fourth of all known Initial Series—would doubtless be considerably augmented by a further study of the originals.

In addition to the foregoing, there are a number of period-ending and Calendar Round dates—the latter chiefly in the Great Period, when Initial series dating seems to have broken down<sup>135</sup>—which swell the total number of dates of all kinds to about 125.

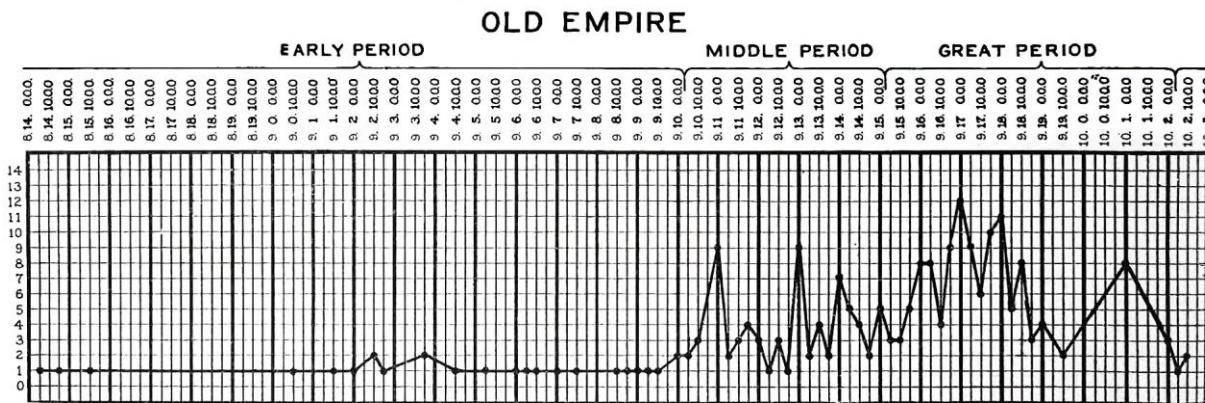


FIG. 70.—Diagram showing the chronologic distribution and frequency of all dated monuments in the Old Empire.

Figure 15.1. Diagram showing "Old Empire" date distribution.

<sup>134</sup> As shown in his diagram (Figure 15.1), Morley begins the Middle Period by Maya dates that correspond to AD 642, and the Great Period to 741 (GMT).

<sup>135</sup> The carving of elaborate Initial Series (and Long Count) dates declined in the late Late and Terminal Classic periods, replaced by the use of abbreviated "Calendar Round" dates. In the latter, dates are recorded only by the month (*winal*) and day names and numbers on which events occurred, not the full count of elapsed *bak'tuns*, *winals*, and so on. The Calendar Round consists of 18,980 days, or approximately 52 solar years (see Chapter 2).

The distribution of these is graphically shown in the accompanying diagram [Figure 15.1], in which the heavy vertical lines represent the ends of successive *k'atuns* or 7,200-day periods in ancient Maya chronology, and the lighter vertical lines the ends of successive *hotuns* of 1,800-day periods. The other set of coordinates shows the number of times dates occurred in any given *hotun*; the first ordinate above the horizontal axis indicating one date; the second, two dates; the third, three, etc. The accompanying dates in Christian chronology are according to my correlation of the two calendars. They are probably correct to within 20 years and possibly even 10.<sup>136</sup>

In order to interpret the resulting "curve" correctly, it is necessary to bear in mind that the data upon which it is based are as yet incomplete. Further investigation will certainly bring to light other inscriptions; and still others have doubtless been destroyed. Consequently, in any attempt to explain the existing lacunae in the sequence of dates, allowance must be made for missing dates, which future discoveries may supply.

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To interpret the accompanying diagram correctly, each one of the three periods there presented must be taken as a unit by itself, for only in this way can the minor variations, which must result from future discoveries, be discounted.

Viewed in this broad light, the history of Copan may be restored somewhat as follows:

As early as the first or second *k'atun* of Cycle 9 of Maya chronology (the latter half of the second century AD [late fifth century GMT]), the tribe of people who later founded Copan were in possession of the valley of the Copan River and adjoining region.

The earliest certain date is 9.4.10.0.0 (ca. 250 A.D. [AD 524 GMT]) on Stela 15,<sup>137</sup> but there are a number of other monuments—Sculptures X, Y, A', and B', and Stelae 12, 16, and 18—which are clearly still earlier. However, none of the latter probably antedate the birth of Christ.

At this early epoch, the main group does not seem to have been founded. The valley was occupied by a number of scattering settlements, none probably of any great size. This scattered occupation continued all through the Archaic Period and well into the Middle Period, the crowning achievement of which was the foundation of the main group or possibly the enlargement of an earlier settlement there, to dimensions far exceeding anything previously attempted.

The first evidence of increasing prosperity is in 9.11.0.0.0 (ca. 380 A.D. [AD 652 GMT]), when the current *hotun* ending was marked by four different monuments. Heretofore only one monument had been erected on these occasions, and on many (if we are to judge from existing data) none at all. Throughout the Archaic Period, with the exception of the last *k'atun* (9.9.0.0.0 to 9.10.0.0.0), the monuments are scattered and the dates few, rarely more than one to a *hotun*.

Shortly after the beginning of the Middle Period, however, the tribe felt itself able to attempt

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<sup>136</sup> As noted (Chapter 2), Morley's (1910) correlation is no longer used, replaced by the GMT correlation.

<sup>137</sup> An earlier date appears on Stela 20, 9.1.10.0.0, AD 465 GMT.

something out of the ordinary and four different monuments recording the date 9.11.0.0.0 were erected at different points in the valley. The fact that no two of these are at the same place strongly indicates that there was as yet no central or main group. From this date onward, also, the monuments become more frequent.

The earliest monument *in situ* at the main group is Stela I, which was erected in 9.12.5.0.0 (ca. 405 A.D. [677 GMT]), or twenty-five years later. That the Great Plaza does not antedate 9.12.5.0.0 is evident from the fact that the terrace on the east side is built around Stela I, leaving the latter standing in a niche or recess in it.

With the foundation of the main group, or the expansion of a previously existing settlement there, the tribe seems to have entered upon a period of increasing prosperity and wealth, clearly reflected in the sculptures. There is scarcely a *hotun* after 9.11.0.0.0 until the end of the Middle Period, that does not have two or even three and four dates recorded as having occurred in it.

The Great Plaza and associated structures were completed before 9.15.0.0.0 (ca. 460 A.D. [731 GMT]), the beginning of the Great Period. This event seems to have been commemorated on at least a half a dozen different monuments, and ushered in the final period of the city's occupancy. Art, architecture, sculpture, all the various activities of a semi-civilized state now flowed in broad and generous lines; and all the following *hotuns* were filled with dates, sometimes as high as 13 in a single 1800-day period.

The erection and dedication of Stela D, the next *hotun* marker, in 9.15.5.0.0 (ca. 465 A.D. [736 GMT]) marks the close of building operations in the Great Plaza for a couple of *k'atuns*. After this latter date, the center of architectural and sculptural activity shifted a hundred yards farther south, and the Hieroglyphic Stairway next absorbed the greater part, if indeed not all, of the energies of the artisan class.

This was the most magnificent construction at Copan, and possibly even in aboriginal America. It was completed and dedicated on the *k'atun* ending 9.16.0.0.0 (ca. 480 A.D. [751 GMT]).

Twelve years later, in 9.16.12.5.17 (ca. 492 AD; [AD 763 GMT]), there occurred an event of transcending importance, since although it does not end an even *k'atun*, *hotun*, or *tun* of Maya chronology, it is recorded more times than any other. It appears on eight different monuments, being the closing date on three, the opening date on four, and a middle date on the last. Unfortunately, I can advance no plausible explanation of the nature of this event, and must leave the point for future investigation.<sup>138</sup>

By the next *k'atun* ending—9.17.0.0.0 (ca. 500 A.D. [AD 771 GMT])—Copan had reached her zenith. The 1,800-day period immediately preceding was the most active in the city's history, no less than three large temples and a number of smaller monuments being completed and dedicated on its closing day.

There is a marked falling off in the number of monuments during the next *k'atun* (9.27.0.0.0 to 9.18.0.0.0), and ten years after the latter we reach the latest sure date: 9.18.10.0.0 (ca. 580 AD [AD 800 GMT]) on Altar G<sub>3</sub>.

During this last 30 years of the city's occupancy, a number of monuments were erected in the

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<sup>138</sup> Morley couldn't have known then why this date appeared so frequently, but it was the June 763 date of accession of Ruler 16, Yax Pasaj Chan Yopaat (Martin and Grube 2008: 209).

Great Plaza, which seems to have been the center of building operations when the end came. After 9.18.10.0.0 the dates suddenly and unaccountably cease.

The events or circumstances which brought about the abandonment of the city are unknown, and until further evidence is available, speculation is hardly profitable. I might note in passing, however, that the same condition found here at Copan prevails in all the other southern Maya cities, namely, the abrupt cessation of dates without accompanying traces of decline or decadency in the later monuments.

Concerning Copan's position in the ancient Maya world, it may be stated with considerable assurance that she was one of the pioneers of the civilization. Indeed, at only one other city, Tikal in northern Guatemala, have earlier monuments been found, and the earliest date there antedates the earliest at Copan by only 35 years. Undecipherable Archaic inscriptions occur at both sites, and it is difficult to say which is the older of the two. No other site, however, can lay claim to greater or even equal antiquity.<sup>139</sup>

Tikal was also Copan's rival in size as well as age. The former was the great northern metropolis, the latter the mistress of the south. No other site compares in size with them, though it is difficult to say which of the two was the larger.<sup>140</sup>

In hieroglyphic inscriptions, Copan far excelled her northern contemporary; in fact, there are more inscriptions at Copan than at any other two sites combined. Hence the tremendous importance of her monuments.

She seems to have been the first city to break away from Initial Series dating, and was probably also one of the first to be abandoned. Her latest sure date is 70 years earlier than the closing date at Tikal (10.2.0.0.0, ca. 600 A.D. [AD 869 GMT]).

Artistically, she was far ahead of Tikal, and all things considered should be given precedence over her rival, whose contemporary she was from the very earliest times down to the latest.

Respectfully submitted,  
/s/ Sylvanus G. Morley  
Research Associate, Carnegie  
Institution

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<sup>139</sup> Morley proved this statement false in his 1916 explorations, during which he discovered an early stela at Uaxactun. All three sites, Copan, Tikal, and Uaxactun, are known to have had Middle Preclassic (ca. 900/800 to 400 BC) occupations, and Tikal's early Stela 29 dates to AD 292.

<sup>140</sup> The "size" of a site can be assessed in many different ways: area, population, number of buildings, volume of construction, and so on. Copan is actually not a particularly large site, and subsequent decades of research at Tikal have shown that the city is significantly larger on virtually all measures.

## CHAPTER 16

### TO CANCUÉN

#### Saturday, April 24

The trouble with my tooth, the one which Dr. Groff filled with that gold inlay, seems to be rapidly coming to a head. So, I have decided to go up to Zacapa tomorrow morning when Dr. Johnson returns and have it fixed. It is too long a chance to take it will behave for another month—while I am off on the Cancuén trip. Besides, I have too vivid a recollection of the hell I suffered between Barrios and New Orleans some three years ago.

I spent most of the day in reading and a little in packing. Dr. Johnson came down on the afternoon train and I told him of my fix. He says he is going back up tomorrow and that I can return with him to Zacapa and he will fix me up. Much as I dislike the thought of going back up there, I will gladly do so if I can get any relief for my tooth, which is hurting me considerably.

I went to bed early, though after I turned in I talked some time with Daniels about our trip to Graciosa.

#### Sunday, April 25

My tooth isn't going to wait very much longer—probably until this afternoon, however. We went down to the commissary before the train came in, and I bought the supplies for the Cancuén trip. As Matos was coming up on the train, I decided to ask him for a discount. Dr. Johnson and I got on the train when it came through, and we were in Zacapa by noon.

After dinner, I went up to his office and he did the preliminary work on my teeth. He found that the filling had been pressing on the nerves and that these were now inflamed—indeed, an abscess was even in formation. He put something in my tooth to kill the nerves and will take them out tomorrow.

I went out riding with Soledad in the afternoon and stayed with him and Rafael Levy for dinner, which was delicious. After dinner a heavy rain threatened and, in fact, I had to run from the town to the hotel—a mile—to escape being drenched. I wrote a long and important letter to Alice before I went to bed.

#### Monday, April 26

This was a long day. After the heavy rain of last night, everything was very cool. I went up town early and Dr. Johnson put the finishing touches on my teeth—he extracted two nerves—and I must admit that he did this without pain. I got my money changed at Levy's and finally ate lunch with them. They have been very kind to me and their cook is far better than the one at the hotel.

Rafael Levy took me down to the station in his dog-cart. I saw that Vásques Jones at the

station, and he showed me the *Libro Azul*<sup>141</sup> which is to be out next month. I left on the down train and picked up Adams with all the baggage at Quirigua. Marius also got on the train. We got to Barrios in good time and had dinner at the Fruit Company mess with Daniels (who also came down with us). We saw Tommy, also.

I slept over at the Hotel Occidental, the same musty-smelling hostelry as it was six weeks ago. I think we are all ready for getting out tomorrow.

### Tuesday, April 27

Adams made final arrangements in Barrios and we left our trunks in a little outhouse just beside the Fruit Company's main office building. We asked both Tommy and Daniels to keep their eyes on them.

About eleven, or a little after, we went on board the Livingston boat, and soon we pulled out. The ride over is very short, lasting about two hours. Mr. Reed, the American consul, was on board and I questioned him about the Río Graciosa. He only remembers back to the [eighteen] nineties, but says there was a canal there long before his time. Furthermore, it's the only canal he knows anything about.

When we got to Livingston [see note 101], I looked up a Mr. Willard, the manager of the Railroad and Steamship Company, and found the boat [up the Río Dulce] goes tomorrow. Next, I wired Mr. Champney,<sup>142</sup> an American coffee *finquero* [owner of a farm/ranch, or *finca*], asking him for horses to get us over to Sepacuite. One other white man, an Irishman named Murphy, is going up the river. He is going to be the engineer on the railroad out of Panzós.<sup>143</sup>

### Wednesday, April 28

This was a first class *broma*. We rose at three, had coffee, and we were all down at the waterside by four. The engine was acting cranky, however, and after innumerable false starts, the engineer jammed her in some way and broke an arm. This means a whole day's delay, for if one doesn't start from here very early, one doesn't reach Panzós by nightfall. So, we passed another day in Livingston. I spent most of the time in writing goodbye letters, and also a report to Dr. Woodward of what had gone on since my Honradez letter [Chapter 17]. This took me the greater part of the day. I bought some biscuits for tea while en route.

In the evening I went up to Mr. Reed's to find out a little more about the country around

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<sup>141</sup> The *Blue Book* was a detailed description of Guatemala in 1915, published in both English and Spanish by Searey and Plaff Compnay, New Orleans. Because of the pervasive presence of the United Fruit Company in the economy of New Orleans, there was an extensive local market for this kind of book.

<sup>142</sup> Kensett Champney was the region's largest coffee grower and maintained a large plantation at Sepacuite, a small town in Alta Verapaz.

<sup>143</sup> Panzós, a town in Alta Verapaz, is the site of an infamous massacre of some 140 Q'eqchi' (Kekchi) Mayas by the Guatemalan army on May 29, 1978, during that country's civil war. The massacre resulted from a dispute over indigenous land rights. See <https://nacla.org/article/guatemala-peasant-massacre>.

here. He says that the country between here and San Luis (Petén) is unfit for occupation, being *bajiales* (low, swampy areas)—no-more—all low and unsuited for settlement. He showed me a stucco head from somewhere in Petén, but could not say exactly where it was found.

### Thursday, April 29

Again, the *broma* of yesterday repeated itself: Again we rose at three, again we were down by the waterside by four, and again the engine refused to start—until broad daylight at seven. Finally, however, she began to chug-chug regularly, and bidding goodbye to Livingston, we were off. The trip through the Río Dulce is beautiful, high limestone cliffs overhung with vines rise on both sides and give a vista of beauty. Presently the river debouches into the *golfete*, really just a widening in the river.<sup>144</sup> Here our German friend left us.

Farther on where the *golfo* proper begins, we passed on the right bank the Fuerta de San Felipe, an old Spanish fort [Figure 16.1].<sup>145</sup>



Figure 16.1. Castillo San Felipe de Lara, Izabal, Guatemala.

The gulf widens out from here on until it looks like a great inland sea. We passed Mrs. Potts' place, but did not stop. It was after one, indeed, before we crossed the bar of the Polochic River. We did not reach Panzós until after eight. We found Mr. Champney had sent mules over for us, and the railroad's manager offered us a bunk in the railroad house, which we gladly accepted.

<sup>144</sup> A long narrow lake now called El Golfete ("little gulf").

<sup>145</sup> The "golfo proper" is the Golfo Dulce, also known as Lake Izabal, the largest lake in Guatemala. The fort is the Castillo de San Felipe de Lara, built in 1644 by the Spaniards to store and protect trade goods against the British and French pirates plying the Caribbean coast.

## **Friday, April 30**

We got up by moonlight and looked around for coffee, but *no hay*. Murphy's new boss got ahold of him to bear him off up the right of way, and so we parted company. We went down to the waterside with Champney's boy, and there a Belize Englishman (three fourths chocolate drop) very kindly offered us coffee. I find these Belize people uniformly nice and always willing to help one.

At last, we got off. At first our road wound through the foothills of the Polochic valley. Gradually, we began to ascend, and after interminable windings we came out around the flank of a mountain on the other side of which the boys said lay Sepacuite. We found out afterward that the summit is 4,000 feet above sea level, and we went up 2,000 feet at a clip.

On the other side, just over the pass, is Sepacuite. Here, the two Champney cousins welcomed us cordially, and we met an Englishman—a [Robert J.] Burkitt—who speaks the Kekchi [Q'eqchi'] language. Everything, food, welcome, etc., was very American, and we felt we were indeed in friendly hands.

## **Saturday, May 1**

One of the first things I did was to get out my table and start to work on my proof,<sup>146</sup> on which I did quite a bit of work. Burkitt, the Kekchi-speaking *Inglés*, showed me the perspective drawings [of Copan] he is doing for Gordon. They are beautiful pieces of draughtsmanship. He is a queer chap, dippy about phonetics and phonetic spelling. Hence, the legends on all these drawings are spelled phonetically, "ov" for "of"; "theze" for "these," etc. I think Gordon may have to do a little expurgating before they finally see the light of print. The drawings themselves are impeccable and so far above any map I ever saw that I quite decided it's what I want at Chichen.<sup>147</sup> No word came from the Champney's man at Oxec, but as we cannot get away anyhow until the day after tomorrow, I was quite reconciled to the silence. They serve very good meals here.

## **Sunday, May 2**

Adams and I had breakfast by ourselves, and then we went down to the office to see if any work had been received from the Champney's man at Oxec. Word came that one Nicolás Vásques would supply us with ten *cargadores* at \$125 *billetes* a day (about \$3.00 gold). We closed the deal by telegram.

After lunch, the Champneys took us up to the new big house [Figure 16.2]. This is very American in appearance, both within and without. No expense has been spared at any point. The woodwork is of mahogany or cedar, much of it hand carved; there is a tin roof and stained-glass

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<sup>146</sup> This proof was almost certainly of his 1915 *An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs*. Morley does not say how or when he received the proof.

<sup>147</sup> Morley was sufficiently enamored of beautiful architectural drawings of Maya sites that he founded a group called "Friends of Chichen Itza" to support Tatiana Proskouriakoff's travel to sites to prepare her beautiful restoration drawings, because CIW would not (Shook and Houston 1990: 250). She later joined the staff of the CIW.

windows; a wonderful bathroom, a billiard room, a pianola, a diamond point Edison phonograph, besides a drawing-room gilt Victrola—I must pause—and wall paper. But it is all very attractive. The color scheme is good and the wicker furniture in the big living room upstairs is particularly inviting and attractive. We spent a very pleasant afternoon here listening to a lot of good music.

I went to bed rather early as we will have a hard day ahead of us.



Figure 16.2. Kensett Champney's new house in Sepacuite circa 1935.

### Monday, May 3

Our packing was quickly over—Marius had rearranged everything the night before—by eight o'clock, after bidding goodbye to the Champneys and Burkitt, we set out. At first our road wound up through the little valley in which the Champneys had built their *casa principal*, but soon we went straight up over a little hill, and after going through a pass we commenced a long, long descent into the Cahabón valley.

We reached Sepanguin—an *annexa* of Champney's—at lunch time. They had kindly telephoned (!!) over, and a very much appreciated repast consisted of chicken, tortillas, rice, and coffee. We got underway again just at noon. Now our road wound down, down, down for three hours to the banks of the Cahabón River. We crossed this in a dugout after unsaddling the mules. One more high hill separated us from Cahabón, which place we reached about five.

We went straight to Mr. Curley's house. He proved to be a genial Irishman who at once made us at home. We met our man, Nicolás. He is not very promising.

## Tuesday, May 4

The usual *fregado* [annoyance] commenced early. There came a note from Nicolás Vásques saying he could not possibly get off before Saturday. Mr. Curley sent for him at once, but it was after dinner before he came. Mr. Champney's boys returned to Sepacuite during the morning and we sent our mail out by them.

In the afternoon, I went up to look at the church [Figure 16.3]. It is, or rather was, a large structure about 200 feet long, crowning an eminence which in turn commanded the town.



Figure 16.3. The old Spanish church at Cahabón.

Mr. Curley remembers when the roof was still on it. Now it is fallen, and the whole structure seems on the way to destruction. They estimate a new roof would cost \$2,000.00 gold. Thus, the old Spanish missions are falling into decay everywhere throughout this country. We called on the padre, a weak-looking little man, who gave us permission to see his church.

It was fairly hot and humid every day. Adams and Marius bathed in the evening at a nearby swimming hole.

## Wednesday, May 5

We watched the *cabildo* pretty closely and about nine, seeing that it was open, we went over with

Mr. Curley to sign the contract with Nicolás. He was not there but while the *comandante*, Onotre García León, sent a policeman (!) for him, we made friends with him. This was not hard to do with Mr. Curley's ready Irish wit and general *simpático* manner. By the time we had made up with the *comandante*, Nicolás came and we read the contract over to his nibs [a self-important person]. Then Curley persuaded our friend, the merchant who was with the *comandante* when we came to copy the instrument, and finally Nicolás and the *comandante* and I signed it, making it legal.

I corrected more proof in the afternoon until four, when I photographed the *comandante*, Nicolás and his family, and some daughters or something of doña Katrina's. I went to a swimming hole in the late afternoon and had a bath. Adams, Marius, and the merchant's secretary went with us.

### Thursday, May 6

I got up early and by about seven went up to Nicholás's to see about the *mozos*. They were all ready and came down to Curley's for the baggage at once. We were quite a cavalcade when we finally pulled out: eleven *mozos* loaded with baggage, but not *aguardiente*, thank God—to the gunwales; then came Adams, myself, Marius, and Nicolás bringing up the rear.

At first the road wound up and over a number of foothills, each growing a little higher. We passed a distillery where all the boys bathed and then up again, this time to the true or real pass. When we reached this, we could see ranges of hills, smaller to be sure, but other hills to be climbed stretching northward toward Petén. All the tune we had been bearing northeast, and finally way off to the east appeared a gap in the hills through which we were told our road led.

About four-thirty, after interminable windings, we stopped in a defile under a huge cliff of limestone. Here we camped for the night. Our valley leads down and out into the drainage of the Sarstoon [River; Río Sarstún in Spanish], bearing here more east than northeast.

### Friday, May 7

This was not a very satisfactory day at all. We got underway fairly early, and soon passed the road leading off to the right to Chial. We wound down a valley which ran northeast and southwest, and finally came to a stream, the Chiyaxon ("at the blue bird"), and from here we gradually swung around to the west or northwest, finally crossing another stream, the Maracoj. Later we crossed still another larger one called the Chimenja, where we breakfasted.

Later, about three-thirty, after a very short day, we stopped at a *galera* [clearing] on top of a high hill. This was our stopping place. We were dismayed to find we were still four days from Cancuén. It became evident at once that Adams or both of us would have to turn back. We decided that he would certainly, and I decided to go back with him. Oh, but it was Dead Sea fruit,<sup>148</sup> that. To have come all these weary miles only to turn around for four day's bush going—with the certainty that I would have to do it again someday to be thorough—staring me in the face. With these unpleasant thoughts I turned in early.

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<sup>148</sup> Dead Sea fruit: "something that appears to be beautiful or full of promise but is in reality nothing but illusion and disappointment" ([www.dictionary.com](http://www.dictionary.com)).

## Saturday, May 8

After a night of worry and indecision, I finally woke up at three o'clock (fell asleep about midnight) and decided my duty was to go forward even if Percy has to go back. He wanted me to return, but I said so many factors (duty, time, condition of roads, proximity of sight, and all that) pointed my way for me. I got up at four and wrote to Dr. Woodward, Alice, True, Lufkin, May, Paten, and Hodge, and then we repacked everything. Adams turned back from here with one *mozo* and hammock and his personal outfit. We said goodbye on the edge of the little *galera* where we had slept, and then my trail led downhill across a new *milpa* and into the bush where I waved a last goodbye. I will miss him very much. He has been so good-natured, kind, and agreeable, but the Big Event would not delay and he must be there with Marian [Adams' wife] when the time comes.

Where we passed from one [river] drainage—the Sarstoon—into the other—the Pasión—remains a mystery to me. We crossed several very low ridges and then came on along long stretches of bush-going without watercourses. Finally, after five and a quarter hours of going without water, we lunched beside a hole where a little of the precious fluid stood.

We continued until four-thirty, at which time we had been actually going forward for six and one-half hours. We camped for the night by the banks of the Ruble Mui, a tributary of the Bolonco. It rained a little about midnight.

## Sunday, May 9

We left our camp by the Río Ruble Mui ("under the sapodilla") at 7:10. At first the trail continued along the west bank, but after some time the Ruble Mui wandered off farther to the north, and we continued northwest. After one and a half to two hours' going, we crossed the Río Bolonco, where we fell in with two *mozos* from Porvenir, which is now abandoned as is Cancuén, I learned.

Just at noon on the dot, after three and three-quarter hours going forward, we climbed a little grass-grown eminence on the south shore of the Río Pasión or Santa Isabel or Cancuén or Chajchiniac and were at El Porvenir, where we stopped for lunch. At two-o'clock we crossed the river in a *cayuco* and then continued going northwest. We had scarcely started when the advance guard heard the noise of a couple of baboons [howler monkeys]. Indeed, this sounded like a regiment. Various chaps shot at them, and after eight *tiros* [shots] finally one was brought down. We did not wait for the kill, but pushed on with José Xim, the old faithful guide.

Water was very scarce, and coming to a waterhole three hours later, we camped beside it for the night. I am now back in Petén for the first time in two months. I am worried over my loose bowels.

## Monday, May 10

This was a more or less unsatisfactory day. We got a fine early start at six-thirty a.m., and walked and walked and walked. At first, the road led through a plain covered with dense forest with lots of corozo palm. Some three hours out, however, hills began. These were not over 100 feet high, but some were quite steep. The man at Porvenir Viejo told us these were not far from Porvenir

Nuevo so we plucked up heart. We ate after five hours and twenty minutes actually going forward.

After lunch, there were more hills, but the road finally approached the river and came into an area of old roads, and by the side of a stream where we were resting, we saw a boy who quickly disappeared into the bush. Nicolás ran him down and found that the *montería* was still farther ahead. After seven hours and thirty-five minutes going with night and a storm about to overtake us, we camped by the side of a stream.

### Tuesday, May 11

We were up betimes and off at 6:50. A forty minutes' walk brought us to the much-desired *montería*. Here, the *encargador*, don Ricardo Villardo, received us kindly. I made known my wants—a guide to Cancuén—and he told me, in addition to giving me a guide, that three leagues below lived one Domingo Koch who knew where the ruins were. Also, I heard of a stela called El Piedra del Padre near Tzuncal. I think I may go out that way, thence to San Luis and Punta Gorda.

Bidding goodbye to don Ricardo, we set out to the west again, leaving the river. After three and one-half hours of hard walking—the boys took four and one-half for it—we reached the house of Domingo Koch. I presented don Clodeveo's magic letter and it proved an open sesame for everything—the ruins, clean clothes, *totoposte*, etc. I was overjoyed to learn that the ruins are nearby, and after a half hour's rest we set out.

A mile west and on the river we found the site. More of the stelae tomorrow. I am thinking Maler's Stela 2 is probably 9.18.0.0.0 [AD 790 GMT]. The big find is a gem of an altar about two feet in diameter. It has the date 4 Ajaw 13 Keh very clearly (probably 9.18.7.0.0) [AD 797 GMT]. It has two figures facing [illegible].

**NOTE:** The diary for 1915 ends here. Some information about Morley's time in Cancuén is contained in his *Inscriptions of Peten*. He spent two days at the site (May 11 and 12)—the first explorer to visit since Maler's expedition in 1905. Morley writes of his arrival at the site:

When I first saw Stela 2 on the afternoon of May 11, 1915 . . . , after a six day's tramp overland through the bush from Cahabón in the Department of Alta Vera Paz, the head of the "mule navigation" in this region, I was just on the point of throwing myself on the ground beside a fallen monument to study the inscription when my servant, a Belize Negro named Andrew Silas, divining my intent, grasped my shoulder. There, on the ground beside the monument, was coiled a smallish pit viper better than half a meter in lengthy, one of the dreaded genus *Bothrops*, the bite of which is usually lethal [Morley 1937–38, II: 232. For readability we changed this extract from third to first person.]

While at Cancuén Morley photographed and drew Stelae 1 and 2, both of which had been reported by Maler, and he discovered Altar 1. All three monuments lacked Initial Series dates, but all had period-ending dates which Morley ascribed to 9.18.10.0.0 (Stela 1); 9.18.5.0.0 (Altar 1); and 9.18.0.0.0 (Stela 2).

On subsequent pages Morley wrote the itinerary of the trip through Petén back to Benque Viejo:

Wednesday, May 12	About a mile due east of the ruins of Cancuén
Thursday, May 13	El Porvenir Nuevo
Friday, May 14	La Esperanza
Saturday, May 15	La Reforma
Sunday, May 16	Between Palo Alto and Seibal
Monday, May 17	Seibal
Tuesday, May 18	Sayaxche (a small town at the crossing of the Río Pasión)
Wednesday, May 19	La Libertad (a small town in the savannas south of Flores)
Thursday, May 20	La Libertad
Friday, May 21	Flores (capital of Petén)
Saturday, May 22	Flores
Sunday, May 23	Flores
Monday, May 24	Flores
Tuesday, May 25	[Illegible]
Wednesday, May 26	[Illegible]
Thursday, May 27	[Illegible]
Friday, May 28	Benque
Saturday, May 29	Benque

Between May 25 and 27, he was doubtless in the Yaxha area, and likely visited the site of Nakum, a short distance to the north.

## CHAPTER 17

### MORLEY LETTERS TO WOODWARD, 1915

Letter of April 28, 1915

Livingston, Department of  
Izabal, Guatemala  
April 28th, 1915

My dear Doctor Woodward:

Mr. Adams and I returned from Copan five days ago, having been gone just five weeks to the day. I had not planned originally to spend so much time there, but so much new material came to light, and working conditions were so ideal that I believe the extra time was well invested.

We took our own cook with us, a negro boy from Belize, and thanks to the letter which I had secured from Señor Membrano, the Honduran Minister at Washington, we were comfortably quartered in the schoolhouse.

The preparations of our food, therefore, and more important still, the boiling of all drinking water, was under our immediate supervision, and I am glad to be able to report that neither of us was ill during the entire five weeks there.

Copan contains about forty percent of all the known hieroglyphic texts, but in spite of this importance, its inscriptions have been but very incompletely published.

Mr. Maudslay published photographs and drawings of the more important monuments in his *Biologia Centrali-Americana*, but the work of the Peabody Museum in 1892-96 brought to light a large amount of material, which had escaped his attention. Most of this has never been even studied, much less reproduced in drawings or photographs.

Here, then, is where I spent most of my time, drawing texts which have not been published. I found six altars and two stelae which have never been reported. I was able to decipher four new Initial Series and correct a number of earlier readings. I gave special attention to texts from the Archaic and Middle Periods, and was able to collect several new dates from each. One, a fragment, goes back to K'atun 6, approximately 280 A.D.

As stated in my report of last December, the main group seems to have been founded, or at least greatly enlarged, in 9.11.0.0.0 (380 A.D.) [AD 652 GMT]. On this date several large monuments seem to have been dedicated. I gave four at that time—Stelae 2, 10, 13, and 19. I find now that two others, namely Stelae 11 and 3, are to be added to this class.

Stelae 3 and 13 begin and end with the single date 9.11.0.0.0. The second pair, 2 and 11, begin

with a date well on toward the close of K'atun 10, each ending with the date 9.11.0.0.0. The third pair, Stelae 10 and 19, begin with dates 300 and 60 days, respectively, earlier than 9.11.0.0.0. I believe in each case the interval between the opening date and 9.11.0.0.0—in each case was less than a year—was closed by a secondary series on the associated altar. In fact, I found part of such a series on a fragment of a circular altar near Stela 19.

At least it can be stated with considerable confidence that these six monuments were erected or dedicated on or very near the date 9.11.0.0.0 12 Ajaw 8 Kej [October 12, AD 652] of Maya chronology.

Another important part of our work was the clearing away of debris, fallen masonry, etc., which covered the hieroglyphic step[s] on the southern slope of the pyramid or substructure of Temple 11. This step had been about one-third uncovered by the Peabody Museum in 1892–96. When Mr. Morris and I were at Copan in 1912, we excavated about a sixth [it has six steps]. This year we uncovered the remaining half. I made a careful drawing of the entire inscription which is over 60 feet long. Unfortunately, it was not an Initial Series, though the date is quite clear as 9.17.0.0.0 [AD 771], nevertheless. I had a gang of six men working at this point nearly a week.

Another piece of work of rather an urgent nature was that of fitting together—so far as is possible—the fragments of the inscription which covered the jambs of the southern and northern doorways of Temple 11.

This temple was excavated by Mr. Maudslay in 1885 and a very beautiful step in the north corridor was removed by him and sent to England. It is figured in *The Biologia*, vol. 1, plate 8, I believe. It came from the rise of the step marked "A" in the accompanying plan [Figure 17.1a]. The jambs of the two outer doorways of this same temple (B, C, D, and E in the sketch) were sculptured with a panel of glyphs. Each panel was four columns wide, and probably eight glyphs to a column. These were sculptured after the wall was erected and the parts of one glyph sometimes appear on several blocks of stone. The failure of the wooden lintels of these two doorways caused the roof of this temple to fall, and when this occurred these doorways were badly damaged. Indeed, many pieces of these [sic] hieroglyphic mosaic fell out of their respective places and have disappeared. Doubtless extensive excavation would uncover them in the debris at the base of the pyramid.

Some parts of the mosaic, however, fell forward into the doorway (F and G) and I recovered a number of such fragments when I had these two doorways cleaned out. I was fortunate enough to be able to fit a number of these back into their original positions in the panels. It was like putting together a picture puzzle on a large scale, with the individual pieces weighing anywhere from fifty to one hundred pounds. To make matters more interesting at this particular point, Mr. Adams had aroused a fairly large colony of wasps in the immediate vicinity of the north doorway, and we were obliged to assemble those two panels on the fly, as it were.

Both these doorways were in a ruinous condition. Roots were driving the blocks of the mosaic apart, and it is only a question of time when all the pieces will fall, and the original positions of the stones and the sequence of the glyphs irretrievably lost. Even the rains of a single season could destroy what little is left. I filled together all the fragments I could, and then drew the four panels, or what was left of them. I found the very important date 9.16.12.5.17 6 Kaban 10 Mol on the east jamb of the north doorway [see Chapter 15, note 138].

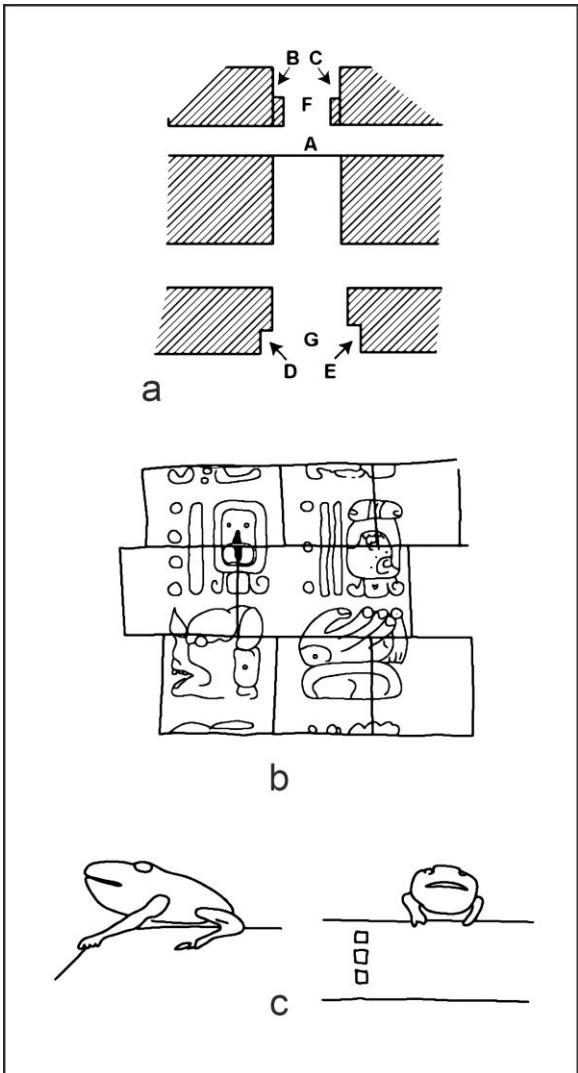


Figure 17.1. See letter text.

One discovery, which I think is new, is the finding of a shrine not more than a half mile from the main group, on the hill to the south. This I have called the Shrine of the Toad<sup>149</sup> after its most prominent feature.

A natural outcropping of the country rock, trachyte, has been sculptured into a variety of shapes—a round altar, two grotesque monsters, and a large toad poised on the edge of a terrace. This toad is about 2½ feet long, 18 inches high, and 18 inches wide. I draw [Figure 17.1c; see also Figure 14.11] a side-evaluation of the toad which is the most important feature of the shrine. The whole group of sculptured figures is about 30 feet square. We made a map and elevation and

Another work of like urgency was the assemblage and drawing of two hieroglyphic altars in the Court of the Hieroglyphic Stairway. The true character of these had never been recognized before. They are badly broken, and it was only after some study that I was able to piece the fragments together. One altar had glyphs on the front and back, and the other had glyphs on the front and back and death's heads on the ends. I drew both inscriptions in full.

I deciphered two new Initial Series on the Hieroglyphic Stairway. I think I can show that the closing date on one step was often, if not usually, repeated as the opening date—i.e., the Initial Series—of the step next below. Mr. Adams made a number of molds of a full-figure Initial Series, parts of which are now probably in Cambridge. Casts will facilitate comparison.

Another interesting phase of the work was the comparison of the round altars with glyphs inscribed on their sides. I have a series of seven of these now, Altar 14, and the altars of Stelae E, I, 1, 5, (2), and 19. The development of these is interesting and accords well with the chronological sequence.

<sup>149</sup> It is not clear if this was a frog or toad, or, if the latter, if it was the large *Bufo marinus* toad, common in Preclassic and later art of the Gulf coast (Olmec) and Izapa. A conspicuous feature of this toad are the parotoid glands on its "shoulders," which contain bufotenine, a poisonous and psychoactive secretion. (See Furst 1980; Kennedy 1982.)

took a number of photographs. This toad is looking toward the valley and the main group. One could fancy he was croaking for water, as if the ancient inhabitants hoped to increase the rainfall by sympathetic magic. I believe this shrine is now reported for the first time. Originally, there had been a panel of these glyphs at the bottom of the terrace, upon which the toad sits, just below to the left. All details of these have been effaced.

Opposite Stela 5 and its two altars, I had a gang of six men working nearly a week, taking down an old stone fence, and after examining the stones of which it was composed, rebuilding it. Two years ago, Dr. Spinden found a fragment of Stela 5 built into this wall, and it was with the hope of recovering other missing parts of it as well as of its two associated altars that I undertook this piece of work. A number of sculptured pieces were recovered and I was able to identify three of them as fragments of the West Altar of Stela 5, and to restore them to their original positions. One of the last days we were at Copan, we found a fragment of the East Altar buried in the dirt nearby.

The foregoing is a brief description of some of the more important phases of our work at Copan. I can give you a better idea of the work accomplished when I show you the drawings I made. I tried not to duplicate Maudslay's work, when he was not in error, but drew chiefly unpublished and new material.

My Copan notes, together with the Honradez notes, are now in a parcel in the paymaster's vault in the United Fruit Company building at Puerto Barrios. The parcel is directed to you, and will be sent to you in case anything should happen to me.

We rested for a couple of days at Quirigua, and then came over here to Livingston preparatory to going up the Río Dulce, Lago Izabal, and Río Polochic. Our little river steamer was to have left today, but she broke her crank shaft and will not get off until tomorrow, in consequence. I have taken the opportunity thus presented to advise you of our movements during the past months and to outline our itinerary for the next three weeks.

We go from here at the Río Polochic to Panzós. From there we go to Cahabón by mules and thence by foot northward and down into Petén to Cancuén on the Río de la Pasión. We cannot tell just how long this trip will take, but Mr. Adams hopes to be able to leave here in time to reach Santa Fe about the middle of May, at which time we calculated his salary would cease. It is possible, however, that he may not be able to get home until the first of June.

Trusting that I will be able to reach Cancuén in spite of the indication of an early rainy season, I close

Very respectfully yours,  
Sylvanus Griswold Morley

**Letter of August 13, 1915**

Peabody Museum of American  
Archaeology  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
August 13, 1915

My dear Doctor Woodward:

Under separate cover I am forwarding by Parcel Post my preliminary report on last winter's field work, together with ten plates illustrating the same—three of maps and diagrams, and seven of photographs. I trust these will reach you in good condition, and that the report will convey an adequate idea of the results obtained.

Since reaching here a month ago, my relations with the Museum people have been most cordial. On my arrival I explained both to Professor Putnam and Doctor Tozzer the nature of the work I wished to do, setting forth in some detail the plans for the coming publication on the inscriptions of Copan, and asking their cooperation. At the same time, I made it equally clear that if we had any material in this field which they desired, it was at their disposal; in short, that we hoped for reciprocity.

Professor Putnam, the Curator emeritus of the Museum, is very ill with angina pectoris, so that my dealings have been chiefly with Mr. Willoughby, his assistant curator, and Dr. Tozzer, the curator of Middle American Archaeology.

An office has been placed at my disposal, and all library privileges extended me. Mr. Willoughby has even been so kind as to have a number of sculptured blocks taken from the cases and placed in a private room where I can study them at leisure.<sup>150</sup>

The Peabody Museum is the richest institution in this country, if not indeed in the world, in material relating to the Maya civilization. Its photographic record of Maya sites and monuments is the most complete. Its collection of casts and originals is the largest; and its library, particularly in pamphlets, special articles, and color reproductions of the various picture writing manuscripts [codices] is the most comprehensive. These facilities, coupled with the pleasant relations that appear to have been established, make working conditions ideal; and, I believe, coming here to do this particular piece of work will prove to have been a wise move.

Already indeed, new facts are developing as a result of a firsthand study of the originals here. For example, in looking over the sculptured blocks which we brought up from Copan twenty

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<sup>150</sup> Ultimately the CIW moved its Mesoamerican program to offices next to the Peabody Museum in Boston. Cooperation between the two institutions continued until the Historical Division of the CIW was dissolved. Eventually the archives of the CIW Division of Historical Research were donated to the Peabody Museum.

years ago, I noticed a small piece with two glyphs on it. This looked to me as though it were one of the missing fragments of Stela 3, for which I had searched in vain at the ruins last winter. It was catalogued as being "a part of Stela 4," which I knew was incorrect. On comparison of the original with my scale drawing of Stela 3, however, it was evident that it was a part of Stela 3, and I was able to fit the two together.

The accompanying solar print of my drawing of the inscription on Stela 3 [not available] shows this clearly. I have added in pencil the two glyphs on the fragment up here (A). These fit together, you will note, and confirm the reading I reached for this date 9.11.0.0.0. 12 Ajaw 8 Keh, approximately 380 A.D. [AD 652].

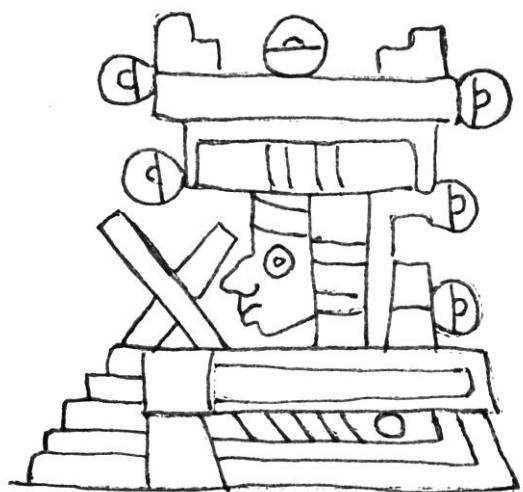
I have also been able to fit several blocks from the Hieroglyphic Stairway—which are here with scale drawings of other blocks still at the ruins.

The foregoing illustrates what may reasonably be expected from an intensive study of unpublished material, originals, casts, and photographs in the museum.

I cannot tell how long it may take to complete this work, but I believe this is the best place to prepare the material I have in hand.

Since coming here, I have been engaged in preparing the preliminary report, and in arranging the plates for the Copan publication. I have already turned over some of the copy for these to Mr. Barnum, and others will follow from time to time. The redrawing of the original drawings, so that they may be transferred direct to the lithographic stones, takes time; though now I am about ready to start correcting and amending the text in the light of last winter's discoveries.

During one of my conferences with you in Washington, I believe you asked me what sort of instruments of precision the ancient Maya used in making astronomical observations.



Bodleian Codex page 32.

The accompanying drawing [left] answers this question indirectly. This is a drawing from the Bodleian Codex at the Bodley Library, Oxford, and shows a priest in a temple on top of the customary pyramidal substructure looking through a pair of crossed sticks, presumably at some fixed point on the horizon. Conventionalized representations of stars cluster round the temple. The manuscript from which this drawing is taken originated somewhere in southern Mexico in the region now occupied by the Zapoteca, who seem to have derived all their chronological lore from the ancient Maya.

This fact probably justifies us in assuming that the forked or crossed sticks or other similar devices known to have been used by the Zapoteca in making astronomical observations were

derived originally from the Maya.<sup>151</sup>

The two monuments (Stelae 10 and 12), which are erected on the summits of the two hills on the opposite sides of the valley at Copan, probably were used for a fixed line of sight [see diary Chapter 14, Friday, March 26]. Professor Robert W. Willson of the Department of Astronomy here tells me that he believes the sun, when observed from Stela 12, set behind Stela 10 on the 19th of April, since the line of sight defined by these two monuments is some 8° north of west.

Professor Willson is getting out some interesting data on predicted solar eclipses in the Dresden Codex, by means of which he thinks he may be able to correlate the date of this manuscript with Christian chronology.

I have suggested to Doctor Hrdlička of the National Museum, who is Secretary of the coming meeting of the Congress of Americanists, that it might be a good idea to have one session of the Congress devoted exclusively to the consideration of papers on the Maya civilization.<sup>152</sup>

This idea met with his approval and he has asked me to organize the program. Already I have some eight or ten papers promised and Mr. Holmes has consented to preside at the session.

I am afraid I have trespassed on your time too long already, so I will bring this letter to a speedy close.

I am not sending any expense account this month as I want to have a little more time to work out the per diem cost of living.

Very respectfully yours,  
/s/ Sylvanus G. Morley

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<sup>151</sup> It is not clear what Morley means by "chronological lore," but if he is referring to records of time reckoning and calendrics, presumably aided by observational astronomy, available evidence then and now favors Olmec and Zapotec achievements as earlier than those lowland Maya.

<sup>152</sup> The International Congress of Americanists, founded in France in 1875, held (and still holds) meetings on an irregular basis in Europe and the Americas. The 1915 meeting was one of only five held in the United States between 1875 and 2021.

**Letter of November 30, 1915**

Peabody Museum of American  
Archaeology  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
November 30th, 1915

My dear Doctor Woodward:

I have not submitted a report upon the progress of my work since September 14th, although I have been more or less frequent communication with Mr. Barnum in regard to the plates for the Copan quarto, and the summary of my investigations for the 1915 Year Book [Morley 1915a].

Since everything has been going forward satisfactorily, and, in view of the large amount of new data collected last winter, as expeditiously as could be expected, I thought it better to defer the progress report due November first until December first, at which latter date I could also lay before you my recommendations for the coming field season as last year.

Concerning the progress report: I have finished Chapters II and III, the inscriptions of the Archaic and Middle Periods, respectively. The former was found to be represented by nineteen monuments and the latter by twenty. I will not go into too great detail here about this material, but think I may fairly say that considerably more than half of it is new, and will appear for the first time in the coming publication. I collected much of it during my visit of five weeks at Copan last winter, and it has been supplemented by a study of the material here in The Peabody Museum; and finally, by a more leisurely examination of my original notes and drawings than was possible in the field.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the Maya inscriptions treat in great part, if indeed not entirely, of chronological and astronomical matters, rather than of historical events. And, except that they are "the contemporaneous records of a people," they are not to be regarded as of a historical nature at all.<sup>153</sup> If then, as now seems likely, we must abandon the hope of finding accounts of conquests, wars, deaths, accessions and births of rulers, famines, pestilences and the like, matters which make the inscriptions of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria so intensely interesting, we have left, I think, as a compensation, a far more elaborate record of astronomical phenomena than was achieved by these other nations, or indeed by any other nations of antiquity.

It was in arithmetic, rather than astronomy, that the ancient Maya especially excelled, since

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<sup>153</sup> These two statements summarize the prevailing view of Mayanists until the middle of the twentieth century. It was overturned by two pathbreaking publications: Heinrich Berlin's (1958) study of Emblem Glyphs and Tatiana Proskouriakoff's (1960) article on the historical sequence of the Piedras Negras stelae. Morley's next sentence, however, summarizes what has since been found to be the substantive content of the inscriptions (minus famines and pestilences), contrary to his expectations.

their arithmetical calculations were doubtless more accurate than their means for observing astronomical phenomena. Their arithmetical ingenuity is well exemplified in their early invention and use of a character to represent zero<sup>154</sup> which, I believe, is regarded as an important step forward in the development of the science, and one without which any real progress in it cannot be made. So far as I can learn, the symbol for zero in our own Arabic notation was not invented until the seventh or eighth century A.D., and it did not come into general use until at least a hundred years later. The Maya, on the other hand, had devised a character to represent zero at least a thousand years before this, and possibly even longer.

Another feature coming out of my work this Fall is the meaning of the Supplementary Series, which refers undoubtedly to a lunar count of some sort.<sup>155</sup> Within the past two months, it has become possible to state with considerable assurance that the last glyph of the Supplementary series, which always has a coefficient of 9 or 10, is a sign for lunations of 29 or 20 days, respectively. An alternating sequence of these, with a slight preponderance of the latter, will accurately keep account of a very long sequence of true lunations (29.53059 [days]) without the resulting error at any point reaching a day.

The moon glyph, itself, means twenty throughout the manuscripts (codices), and since in the Supplementary Series it always has a coefficient of 9 or 10, it may be regarded as standing for 29 and 30, respectively, and the proper sequence of these two periods will exactly correct the true sequence of lunations indefinitely. It still remains, however, to determine just how the preponderance of 30s over 29s was achieved, i.e., just where the 30s were interpolated in the sequence.

I trust I may not have trespassed too much upon your time in going into these details, but I believe they are important since they indicate not only the kind of thing we may reasonably expect to find recorded in the remaining undeciphered glyphs—still about fifty percent in an average inscription—but also, how far the Maya had advanced in the fields of mathematics and astronomy.

Concerning the work for the coming field season, I have deferred drawing up a written plan since I hoped that it might be feasible to present the matter in person to you and the committee, as you suggested I might be called to Washington for conference later in the Fall. I have had some diagrams and maps prepared, which show not only the line of work I would suggest for this winter, but also the probable nature of the results which may reasonably be expected to arise

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<sup>154</sup> The concept of zero probably existed by the Late Preclassic period, as it was necessary as a placeholder for “null” or “complete” in Long Count dates (see Justeson 2010). The “character” representing zero in inscriptions is a shell or a partial quatrefoil; the head variant form is a young Death God. The “number zero in all of its visual forms are more varied and frequent at Copan” than at any other Classic site (Blume 2011: 73n19). Readers interested in Maya mathematics may wish to consult Closs (1986).

<sup>155</sup> The Supplemental Series of Long Count dates is now known as the Lunar Series. It refers to five glyphs giving information about the moon on the date in question: the current lunar month, its position in the lunar half-year, the moon’s age, and other information on the current lunation, including its name (Teeple 1930: see Sharer and Traxler 2006: Figure 3.8). The last glyph in the Long Count is the number and name of the month of the recorded date.

therefrom. On the other hand, if you prefer that I present the plan in writing, I will prepare it at once.

The only element of urgency would appear to be the question of a suitable man for an assistant. Most of the field men are making their plans for the winter, and I have been on the lookout for one who was a good photographer and surveyor combined, and who would be available if desired.

I am getting low in funds and will need more soon. Including bills for drafting, copying manuscript, etc., I believe an allotment of \$250.00 or \$300.00 will suffice me until I go into the field.

I am taking the liberty of having sent to you from the Bureau of Ethnology my book on the Maya glyphs, Bulletin 57, An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs, which Mr. Hodge writes me is expected from the bindery before December first. In the meantime, awaiting further instructions in the matter of a report on the proposed work for the coming field season, I close.

Very respectfully,  
/s/ Sylvanus G. Morley

## PART IV. THE 1916 DIARY

### CHAPTER 18

#### INTRODUCTION: MORLEY'S 1916 DIARY

Morley's journal entries for the 1916 Carnegie Expedition begin in late April in the western Belize town of El Cayo, the beginning (and end) of the navigable course of the Belize River. He was accompanied by Arthur Carpenter, Field Director of the Peabody Museum Central American Expedition of 1915. The two met in late 1915 and agreed to work together during the 1916 season. By the toss of a coin, Morley was made the field director and Carpenter the second-in-command, with the entire operation under the aegis of the Carnegie Institution of Washington (Carpenter 1950). Besides aiding in the explorations, Carpenter was the photographer of the expedition.

As in 1915, Morley's crew included multiple individuals whose names began with "A": in this case Arthur as well as Andrew, Alfonso, and Augustine (there is also brief mention of an Ambrosio and an Alejandro). In his diary entries, he frequently refers to these men only as "A.," but this usually seems to mean Arthur. Andrew Silas was primarily the expedition's cook, Alfonso the chief guide and mule wrangler.

At the end of 1915, Morley had sent Dr. Woodward his estimate of expenses for the 1916 season. The total proposed cost, \$4,529.00, is \$113,000.00 in today's dollars: US \$1 (1916) = \$25 (2021) ([Dollartimes.com](#)). Morley itemizes expenses in several broad categories, the largest being Field Expenses or daily carry cost, which includes food and also the diverse costs of "doing business": mule train fees, site visitation fees, donations, and bribes. Salaries were another significant expense, and it should be noted that Morley's own salary is not included, nor that of the expedition physician, who was added after this estimate was submitted. The \$200 travel expense for Morley and for his assistant covered the costs of hotels and food; the steamship voyage from New Orleans was usually courtesy of United Fruit. The equipment list shows the focus of the expedition—photographic recording of Maya inscriptions. Indeed, the most important legacy of the early Morley expeditions are the drawings and photographs<sup>156</sup> made of the hieroglyphic monuments. Other "general" field supplies—pens, pencils, notebooks, drawing paper, shovels, trowels, machetes, and so on—are nearly equal to the photographic equipment. The costs of the 1916 expedition were split between the CIW and the Peabody Museum.

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<sup>156</sup> In his diary for June 9, 1924, in reporting conversations with Franz Blom at Chichen Itza, Morley mentions having 200 images; Carpenter kept all the negatives.

Estimate of Expenses for Central American Expedition 1916  
 (Estimates based on a five-month field season)

**I. SALARIES**

Assistant and photographer at \$125.00 per month . . . . .	\$625.00
Cook at \$25.00 per month . . . . .	125.00
Camp-boy at \$20.00 per month . . . . .	100.00    \$ 850.00

**II. TRAVELLING EXPENSES**

Mr. Morley . . . . .	\$200.00
Assistant . . . . .	200.00
Cook . . . . .	75.00
Camp-boy . . . . .	75.00    \$ 550.00

**III. EQUIPMENT**

2 Photographic lockers . . . . .	\$ 15.00
2 Kayaks . . . . .	21.00
2 Cots . . . . .	7.00
2 Chairs . . . . .	7.00
1 Table . . . . .	4.00
1 Cooking outfit . . . . .	12.00
2 Electric lamps . . . . .	10.00
2 Copper plate holders . . . . .	7.00
1 Camera box . . . . .	24.00
20 doz. 5" x 7" plates . . . . .	13.50
30 " 4" x 5" "	13.50
8 Copper cases for plates . . . . .	25.00
Chemicals . . . . .	50.00
300 3 1/4" x 5 1/2" exposures . . . . .	15.00
Carrying case for tripod . . . . .	<u>5.00</u>
	229.00
General equipment . . . . .	200.00    \$ 429.00

**IV. FIELD EXPENSES**

150 days at \$18.00 per day . . . . .	\$2,700.00
	TOTAL . . . . . \$4,529.00

Morley may not have kept a diary for that time, or it has been lost, but his report in the 1916 CIW Yearbook (Morley 2006) has a brief summary of his activity. He set off from New Orleans on February 3, arriving in Guatemala to visit the highland ruins of Chinkultic and Ocosingo in Chiapas (Mexico). But because of “revolutionary disturbances” in the region, this portion of the trip was abandoned. The next weeks were spent in Copan, where Morley gathered additional material for *The Inscriptions at Copan*, which was nearing completion (he had spent all of autumn 1915 working on it). After Copan, he went to Tulum (see Chapter 19). Finally, he set out to investigate ruins north of Tikal. He may have heard of sites, such as Bejucal and El Encanto, the

previous year in Belize during his talks with Merwin, who had found a stela at the latter. In any case, Morley did not set off on a random trek through the jungle in the hopes of stubbing his toe on a new site—he had plans that guided his choices of *chiclero* trails. We just don't know what they were.

One significant accomplishment was a visit to Tulum (Morley spells it Tulum or Tuloom), a walled Postclassic site (or "New Empire," in the parlance of the day) on the Caribbean coast of the Yucatán Peninsula, opposite Cozumel Island, to find a seemingly lost Classic-period hieroglyphic monument. Tulum is generally thought to have been established as a trading center to facilitate flourishing post-Classic sea commerce along maritime routes around the peninsula. Many small structures or shrines may have been beacons or lighthouses to guide safe passage for Maya canoes through the offshore reef system. Morley's report on his foray, from March 19 to 27, compiled after his return to the States, provides deep background on the history of non-exploration of the site (Chapter 19). Samuel Lothrop, who accompanied Morley to Tulum, wrote briefly about the trip in *Morleyana* (1950; also Lothrop 1924), and an excerpt from his account is also included.

Three circumstances colored the 1916 expedition's journey into Guatemala and affected its outcome. A pervasive theme was the rumored presence of Mexican revolutionaries in northern Belize, while in Petén Guatemalan rebels were prowling about, with the Guatemalan army arrayed against them. The low point was the death of the team's young doctor, Moise Lafleur, collateral damage from the spreading unrest. By far the greatest success of the venture was the discovery of the site of Uaxactun.

### The Discovery of Uaxactun

**U**axactun, a medium-sized site about 26 km (16 mi) or a day's walk north of Tikal, has eight plazas, A through H, and 44 carved stelae and altars. It reached its apogee early, in the Late Preclassic and early Early Classic, and may have been an early (Late Preclassic) rival of Tikal. Later, Uaxactun was a satellite of that larger city.

Morley's discovery of Uaxactun happened on Friday, May 5. He obviously had heard rumors of a major site with carved stones: the ruins of what we now know as Uaxactun were familiar to *chicleros* and were known by the names of Bambonal (Shook 1998) and San Leandro (Graham 1984). After more than a week of "multitudinous humbugs" and generally unrewarding travel through the forests of Petén, Arthur Carpenter left the others on the trail to explore an area with multiple large mounds, and discovered a stela with an Initial Series on one face. Subsequent exploration led to the recognition of more mounds and plazas with carved and plain stelae and altars. Of particular interest was a monument, identified as Stela 9, in what is now known as Group A, that was badly eroded and asymmetrical. With a figure facing the viewer's left, the stela had a date and style of carving that Morley recognized as "Archaic" (Early Classic, AD 200/250–600). Indeed, the inscribed date (8.14.10.13.15) is AD 328 GMT.

From this monument, its unusually early date in Bak'tun 8 (also called Cycle 8), Morley

named the site Uaxactun, meaning “eight stone” in Yucateco Mayan: *waxak*, eight; *tun*, stone.<sup>157</sup> (Its ancient name, like that of many sites, may have been *siyan* or *sia'an k'aan*, meaning literally “heaven-born” or perhaps “holy, sacred.”) At the time, this was the oldest known lowland Maya Long Count date, although since then Tikal Stela 29 has been found to date to 8.12.14.8.15, AD 292. Recently, Uaxactun Stela 28, in Group H-South, was found to be even earlier, with a text in Late Preclassic script (Kováč et al. 2015a: 172, 178). Archaeologist Edwin Shook (1998: 26) later recounted an anecdote Morley told him about the naming of the site: “One night as he was camping, Morley heard the chicleros talking about the site, and they said, ‘This gringo is very impressed with our discovery because he’s calling the place Washington.’ To them, Uaxactun and Washington sounded just alike.”

The Carnegie Institution mounted a major project of excavations and reconstruction at Uaxactun from 1926 through 1937 (Black 1990), but Morley did not participate in the work. This project established several methodological “firsts” in Maya archaeology (Black 1990: 272–273; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 78). One was the first residential settlement survey and excavation of domestic structures under Ricketson’s direction (Ricketson and Ricketson 1937). This was accomplished through a cruciform survey in transects radiating out in the cardinal directions from the site center. Although it was subsequently found that the settlement size was substantially underestimated, the mere interest in non-center demographic data was novel at this early stage of Maya archaeology, and the cruciform survey method was later applied at other sites, notably Tikal (Puleston 1983). The two-volume ceramic report published by Robert E. Smith (1955), was the first ceramic chronology of a site and remains a standard reference. It was later supplemented by application of the type-variety system of classification to give formal type and variety names to the units Smith described (Gifford 1960; Smith and Gifford 1966).

Another enduring result of the CIW project stems from work in Plaza E (Ricketson 1933) and its architectural arrangement that has come to be known as an “E-Group.” An E-Group consists of two structures, an elongated, north–south eastern platform with three terraces or superstructures and, opposite its centerline, a western pyramid with a square footprint and four stairways (Figure 18.1). To a person on the radial western pyramid looking east, the three superstructures were first thought to mark the positions of sunrise on solstices and equinoxes (Ricketson 1928; Ruppert 1940). Excavations in Plaza E (and much later in Group A) revealed occupation beginning in the Middle Preclassic period (ca. 800–400 BC), much earlier than Morley could have dreamed. The final E-Group complex construction dates to the Early Classic period. E-Groups, particularly the eastern structure, exist in several variants throughout the southern Maya lowlands and elsewhere in Mesoamerica. They are of continuing interest to archaeologists (see Freidel et al. 2017), although solar astronomical functions are increasingly questioned.

Since Morley’s visit, other Cycle 8 stele have been recovered at Uaxactun. Two, Stelae 18 and 19, date to the Early Classic period-ending of 8.16.0.0.0 (AD 357) and are the earliest known stelae

<sup>157</sup> Morley apparently imposed a policy, continued until 1933, that “All new sites discovered by the Carnegie Institution Central American Expeditions, save those where a Maya name already exists attaching to the locality, [were] given Maya names ending with the word ‘tun,’ meaning ‘stone’... Uaxactun, Uolantun, Xultun, Xmakabatun, Naachtun” (Morley 1937–38, I: 138n36). This would make sense given his abiding interest in stones (stelae) carved with dates.

dedicated to *k'atun* endings. They were erected in front of the eastern building of the E-Group. Another Cycle 8 monument, Stela 5, dates to AD 366.

In the 1980s, the late Guatemalan archaeologist Juan Antonio Valdés (1989) directed a program of excavations at Uaxactún, focusing particularly on Group H, first studied by the CIW and more recently (2009–2015) by a Slovak team.

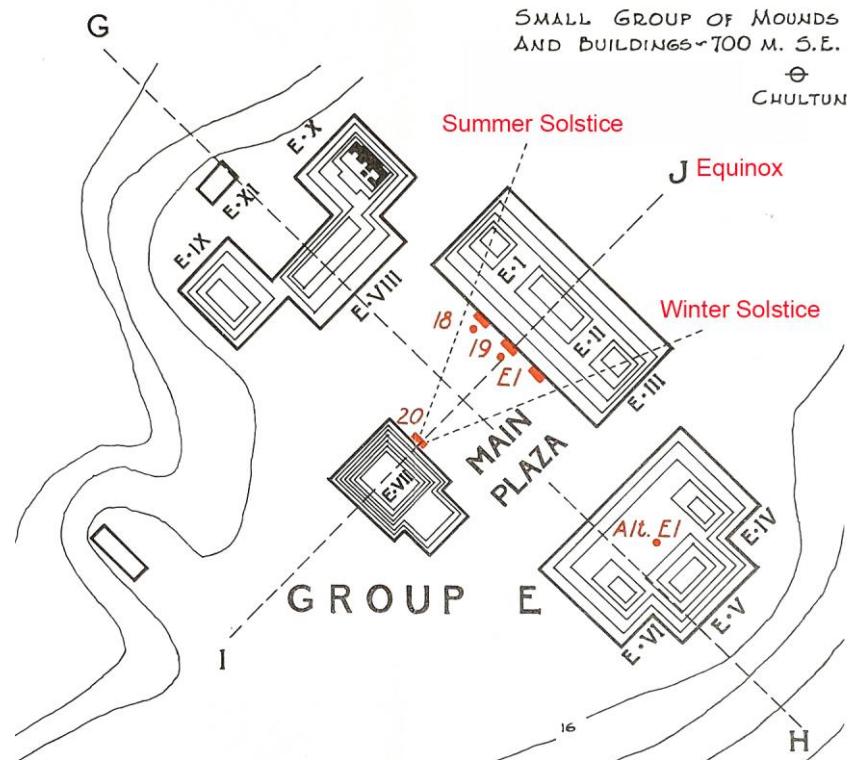


Figure 18.1. The E-Group at Uaxactún, from a detail of Morley's site plan. Indications of solar events are added.

Group H, southeast of Group E in the heart of what investigators call “the ancient city”—the complexes of the eastern part of the site (Kováč et al. 2016: Figure 1a)—was apparently the center of political power during the Late Preclassic and Early Classic periods. Group H has two architectural components, south and north, each of which is dominated by a “triadic group”—three structures arranged at right angles, atop a large platform. Triadic groups (Figure 18.2) are signature Late Preclassic constructions. The main east-side structures of the groups are decorated with stucco masks, apparently originally painted, flanking a stairway.

In Group H-South, with construction dating between 100 BC and AD 150, Valdés uncovered a Preclassic ballcourt. Excavation of a small structure (H-XVI and H-XVI-sub) revealed an unusual cave-like Late Preclassic shrine with a cache of lip-to-lip vessels. One item in the cache was a carved perforator or bloodletter of dark stone (serpentine?) with an incised text that seems to refer to it as an offering, dated around 10 BC, by a Late Preclassic ruler nicknamed “Blood-Head” (Kováč et al. 2016: 25). This substructure was later enlarged by overbuilding of Structure H-XVI, but Uaxactún and Group H-South were abandoned in the middle second century AD.

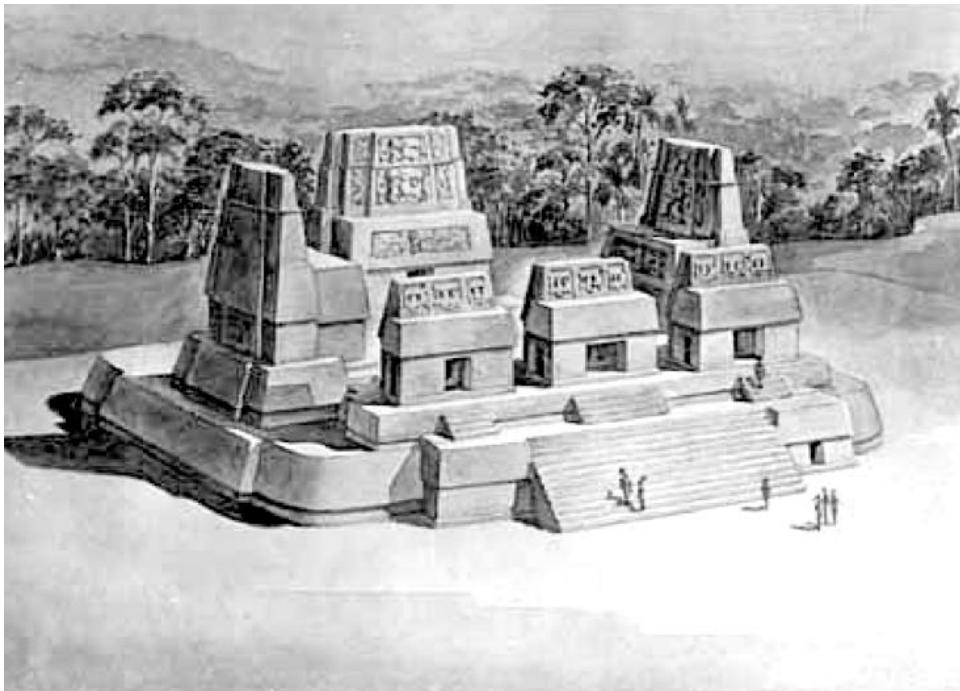


Figure 18.2. Tatiana's Proskouriakoff's drawing of Uaxactun Structure A-V, a triadic group: three large buildings on a platform, facing a courtyard. The smaller structures fronting the courtyard are later additions.

Around AD 250, however, Group H-North was elaborated as the new seat of leadership (Kováč et al. 2016: 17, 25). With beginnings in the Middle Preclassic period, its elongated eastern triadic structure is faced by a western radial pyramid (Structure H-XV), build around 100 BC (Kováč et al. 2015b: 126), making the complex resemble an E-Group. The facade of the eastern building is decorated with enormous stucco masks, possibly representing a felid face, as part of 200 m<sup>2</sup> of stucco friezes (Kováč et al. 2015b: 128; Kováč et al. 2016: 25).

Late Preclassic Stela 28 is the upper portion of a monument recovered in the H-North triadic complex, probably moved or re-used in Structure H-IV. Its base has not been found. The stela has a short inscription in a Late Preclassic script similar to that of the murals at nearby San Bartolo, but with nothing readable as a date (Kováč et al. 2015a: 172, 178). The investigators suggest a date of around AD 100, proposing that its breakage and re-use signify an early dynastic rupture.

### Death on the Trail

Mexico, and Central America in general, were highly unstable during the decade after the fall of Mexican dictator Porfirio Díaz in 1911. This period of strife culminated in the Mexican Civil War of 1914–1915, during which Emiliano Zapatero's Chiapas-based revolt was crushed. After his defeat at the hands of Venustiano Carranza, Zapatero launched a guerilla war against the Carranza government with a base of operations in Chiapas, just across the border from Petén. Conditions in neighboring Guatemala were not much better, the Zapatista movement inspiring

resistance to the decades-long brutal dictatorship of Manuel Estrada Cabrera. Unlike the organized Mexican revolutionaries to the north, the Guatemalan rebels Morley encountered in Petén in 1916 were little more than a spontaneous assembly of poor *chicleros* and muleteers. The Guatemalan army maintained a battalion of troops from the highland city of Salama near the border with British Honduras, which Cabrera employed against the Petén rebels.

This unsettled political situation (see also Chapter 4) led to a disastrous finale for Morley's otherwise triumphant Uaxactun expedition. A 27-year-old doctor, Moïse Lafleur, accompanied the 1916 trip as the expedition physician. Hailing from Opelousas in St. Landry Parish, Louisiana, Lafleur was one of six siblings in a large, locally prominent family. Morley probably met him on the United Fruit Company steamer *Suriname*, where Lafleur served as medical officer (UFC 1915: 122), his first job after graduating from the Tulane University medical school in 1915. One can imagine Lafleur as an eager young man setting out on the adventure of a lifetime.

As detailed in Morley's letters comprising Chapter 22, just hours before the end of the field expedition and almost directly on the border with what is now Belize (Figure 18.3), Morley's mule train was ambushed by Guatemalan troops. Lafleur and the expedition guide were both killed, the others barely escaping into British territory. A further battle ensued between British colonial forces and the Guatemalan army.

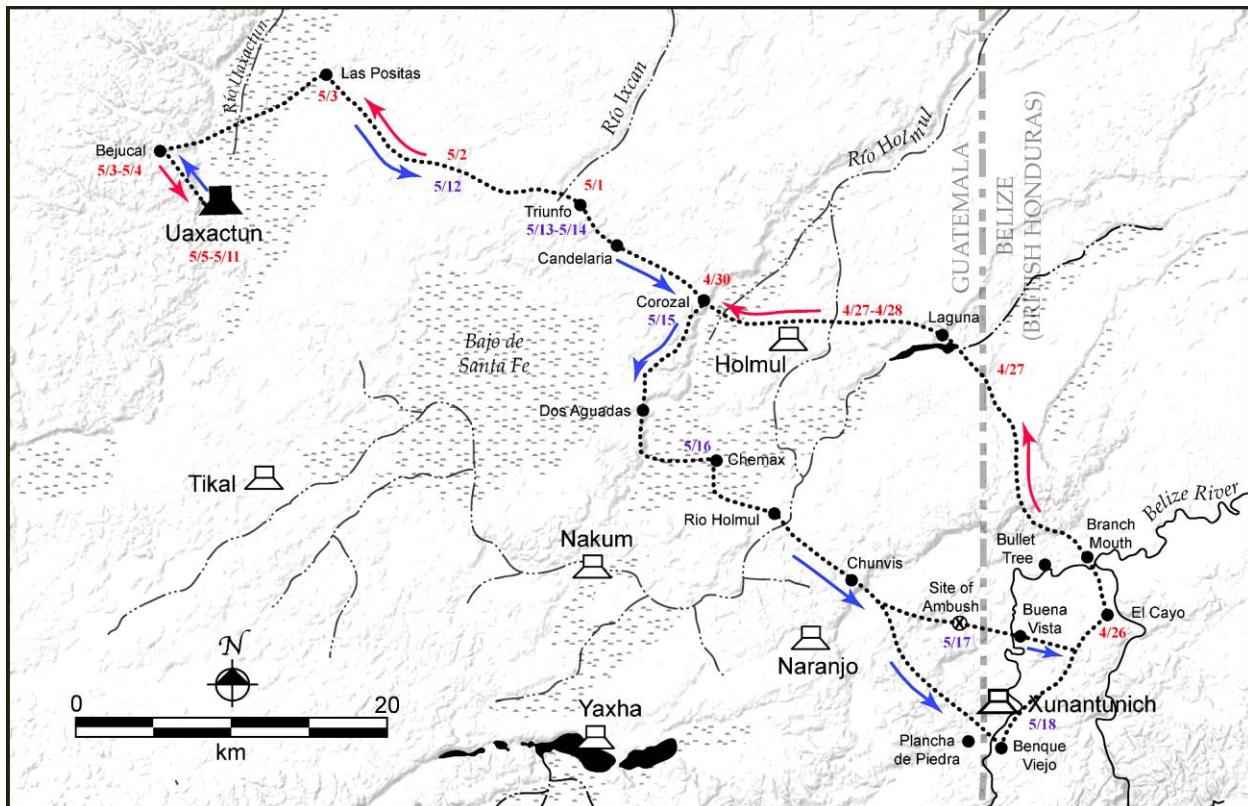


Figure 18.3. Morley's Uaxactun expedition, April and May, 1916.

The next day, after communication with the local Guatemalan authorities (who grudgingly recognized the mistake that was made in attacking the expedition), Morley returned to claim

Lafleur's body, which had been badly mutilated, his head nearly severed by a machete. As reported by the *Clarion*, Lafleur's two brothers, Dr. Ertemon Lafleur and Emare Lafleur, spoke with the head of the expedition, identified as "J. H. Molley" (i.e., Morley). According to the account, Lafleur had "been shot through the lungs and his throat had been cut wide open; the Guatemalan soldiers had striped [sic.] him of his clothes, shoes, rings and other belongings." In a letter to Lothrop dated June 19, Morley mentioned that the top of Lafleur's head had been blown off by a soft-nosed bullet. Although Morley buried Lafleur in El Cayo, his body was later moved to Opelousas for permanent interment in his mother's family cemetery.

J. Eric S. Thompson recounted to Morley biographer Robert Brunhouse the deep impact the event had on Morley: "The tragedy preyed on Vay's mind like a frightful nightmare. On the way back to Belize [City] he stopped off to visit 'Red' Frazier for several days.... At night Frazier heard Morley talking in his sleep, rehearsing the gruesome events. 'I'll never come back to that damned forest,' he shouted from his bed. 'I'm going straight to Texas where you can go a thousand miles and never see a tree. Never again in the Petén bush'" (Brunhouse 1971: 109). The impact on Morley was long lasting, and in future years he regularly noted the anniversary of Lafleur's death in his diaries.

The episode caused a diplomatic contretemps between the United States and Guatemala and between Guatemala and Great Britain. After meeting with the Lafleur brothers, Morley travelled to Washington, DC and met with both Louisiana senators and the representative from the congressional district that included St. Landry Parish. The United States demanded satisfaction from Guatemala, something never obtained. Meanwhile, after determining that all events took place on Guatemalan soil, Great Britain abandoned any claims.

Morley's future work in Petén fell into serious jeopardy. The CIW was reluctant to continue work in the region (Brunhouse 1971), but the entry of the United States into World War I in April 1917 pushed the events of 1916 to the back burner. Eager to assist the war effort, the CIW had no objection to sending Morley back into the field in 1917 as both an archaeologist and a spy for the Office of Naval Intelligence.

## CHAPTER 19.

### THE RUINS OF TULUUM, YUCATÁN, MEXICO AND COMMENTARY BY LOTHROP

The Carnegie Institution Central American Expedition, 1916<sup>158</sup>

by Sylvanus G. Morley

The ruins of Tulum on the eastern coast of the Peninsula of Yucatán have long held a peculiar interest for the study of Maya archaeology. Perhaps no other city of this great native American civilization, which flourished during the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era in Middle America, has been invested with greater mystery, and has at the same time been less known. Only thrice since its discovery in 1840 has this inaccessible spot been visited by scientific parties, and only once, namely last year, has an expedition succeeded in establishing itself there for more than 24 hours.

The first European notice of Tulum seems to be that in the itinerary of Juan de Grijalva to the coast of Yucatán in 1510, written by the chaplain of the expedition, Padre Juan Díaz. In this itinerary, which naively refers to the "Island of Yucatán,"<sup>159</sup> mention is made of a large city on the east coast, which can hardly have been other than Tulum:

We ran along the coast a day and a night, and the next day toward sunset, we perceived a city or town so large that Seville would not have appeared more considerable or better. A very large tower (probably the Castillo) was seen there, and on the bank there was a crowd of Indians, who carried two standards which they raised and lowered to signal us to land, but the commander did not wish it [Ternaux-Compans 1836–38, 10: 11].

The first modern notice of the site was that of the American traveler [John Lloyd] Stephens in 1840, which, so far as general knowledge was concerned, had all the value of actual discovery. This intrepid explorer with his *fidus Achates* [faithful friend], the English artist [Frederick] Catherwood, visited Tulum in 1840, coming thither in a small open boat from the Island of

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<sup>158</sup> This report was published in the *American Museum Journal* (Morley 1917). Images and captions (lightly edited) are from the original publication, and we omitted one photograph. The notes are ours.

<sup>159</sup> It wasn't "naïve"; it reflected the early Spaniards' limited knowledge of their "new world." The Yucatán Peninsula was shown on early maps as an island, and only later as a peninsula. Doubtless the Spaniards thought the peninsula's base—between the Gulf of Mexico (Tabasco) and the Gulf of Honduras—was a short distance because of Hernán Cortés's decision to traverse it (rather than travel by ship around it) to discipline the rebellious captain Cristóbal de Olid.

Cozumel. The result of his visit there were given to the world in his highly entertaining *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* (1843), which together with the companion volumes *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan* (1841), yet remains after a lapse of more than three-quarters of a century, the classic on this region.

[Stephens] published a map of the site, together with Catherwood's splendid drawings of the principal buildings [Figure 19.1]. His description is close, and so far as it goes, conveys an adequate impression of what he saw, and it must be admitted he missed but very little. He was the first to describe the hieroglyphic monument [Stela 1; Figure 19.2] found broken into fragments on the floor of Temple 7,<sup>160</sup> to secure photographs and drawings of which was the especial object of the Carnegie Institution expedition to Tulum last winter.



Figure 19.1. The [Tulum] Castillo in 1842. "The steps, the platform...and the whole area in front were overgrown with trees...which, with their deep green foliage and the mysterious buildings around, presented an image of a grove sacred to Druidical worship...A few of the trees...appear in the engraving, and one is left growing...with its gnarled roots binding the front wall and obstructing the doorway, but no words and no drawing could convey a true idea of the solemnity of its living shroud, or of the impression made upon us when the ring of the axe broke the stillness" (Stephens 1843, II: facing page 390).

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<sup>160</sup> This structure is probably the Temple of the Initial Series, just south of the Main Group.

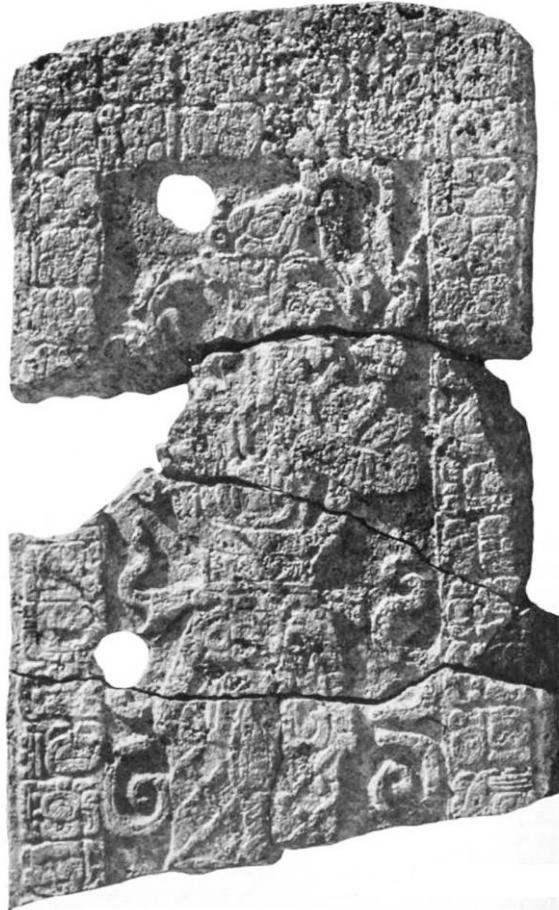


Figure 19.2. The only hieroglyphic inscription found at Tuloom. Monument three feet wide, eight inches thick, found by Stephens in 1842. Both faces are sculptured with human figures, the one above carrying the two-headed ceremonial bar, the most common emblem of authority in Maya sculpture. The inscriptions on both surfaces are presented in two vertical panels and in a horizontal panel across the top. The date recorded (at the left) is 9.6.10.0.0 8 Ajaw 13 Pax of Maya chronology, approximately 290 A.D. [A.D. 564 GMT; Early Classic. See also Figure 19.17].

In 1848, a few years after Stephens' visit, the so-called War of the Castes devastated Yucatán. The Maya Indians, goaded to desperation by three centuries of abuse and misrule, rose against the *haciendados*<sup>161</sup> or planters, and drove them from the plantations and villages throughout the

<sup>161</sup> The Caste War (1847–1901) was a protracted revolt of indigenous Mayas in Quintana Roo against the *haciendados*, rich owners of *haciendas* or plantations, who were of European descent. Rooted in centuries of oppression and seizure of land and economic power beginning in Colonial times, the war pitted the Maya, inspired by the “talking cross” of Chan Santa Cruz, against government military forces of the state of Yucatán and Mexico as a whole. Belize was drawn into the conflict because of regional trade relations. Cinco de Mayo (May 5) celebrates the anniversary of the declared end of hostilities in 1901, but even into the early twentieth century it could be dangerous for non-Maya persons to enter the area.

country into Merida, the capital of the state. After the planters had succeeded in quelling this sanguinary revolt, many of the Maya fled eastward into the uninhabited parts of the peninsula along the east coast, and settled in the region around Tulum, to which the whites dared not follow them. And here they have maintained themselves in virtual independence ever since. Even under the iron rule of [Porfirio] Díaz, this section of Mexico, the territory of Quintana Roo, was never brought under effectual control by the federal government, and the Mexican garrison maintained at the territorial capital, Santa Cruz de Bravo, was practically in a state of siege. Only large bodies of troops could move through the bush with safety, stragglers being slaughtered without mercy. For this reason, the ruins of Tulum have been closed to investigation for the past seventy years, and to the same reason also is doubtless due the atmosphere of mystery and romance which has grown up around the site.

The Field-Columbian Expedition of 1895 was deterred from visiting the site, although Mr. William H. Holmes secured several drawings of the principal temple from the yacht *Ituna*, which was put in close to shore for this purpose [Holmes 1895–97: 75–78, figs. 23, 24]. And as recently as 1914, the local Mexican authorities at Santa Cruz de Bravo prevented members of the Peabody Museum Central American Expedition for that year from visiting the site, giving as their reason the hostile character of the Indians.

The first scientific expedition since Stephens' time to visit Tulum was that under Dr. George Howe of the Peabody Museum in 1911. Dr. Howe and his companion, Mr. William Parmalee, made the journey from Progreso, the port of northern Yucatán, to the island of Cozumel on a Mexican gunboat, and thence by a sailing vessel of small tonnage to Tulum. He was only at the ruins for parts of two days, and then having seen supposed Indian signals, a fire on shore at night, and a white flag being waved at the Castillo the following morning, his party became convinced that an attack by the Indians was imminent, and made immediate preparations for departure. These hostile demonstrations largely prevented Dr. Howe from carrying on any extended study, and with the exception of a few rather inadequate photographs and such hasty observations as he was able to make in the limited time he was there, little was accomplished in furthering the general knowledge of the site.

Dr. Howe's most valuable contribution was the reading of the date on the hieroglyphic monument discovered by Stephens in Temple 7. This he deciphered as 9.6.10.0.0 8 Ajaw 13 Pax of the Maya chronological era, which in the writer's correlation of Maya and Christian chronology corresponds to AD 290 [564 GMT]. Unfortunately, his photographs of this important monument are very indistinct, and his reading for this reason remained open to considerable doubt. The results of his visit to Tulum were published in the *American Anthropologist* for December 1911 [Howe 1911].

In 1913 the writer and Mr. Jesse L. Nusbaum paid a very brief visit to the ruins (5 hours) on behalf of the School for American Archaeology. The journey was made in the same way as that of Dr. Howe two years earlier, and its results were even more unsatisfactory. The dory in which the writer's party landed was capsized in the heavy surf which always pounds the Tulum beach, and all but five of the photographic plates were ruined. Happily, however, every one of these resulted in brilliant clear negatives.

A more serious matter was his [Morley's] failure to locate the hieroglyphic monument [Figure 19.2] first reported by Stephens and later by Howe, which had been the primary object of

his visit. Not until many months later, after he had returned to the States, did he learn that Dr. Howe had removed this monument to the beach north of the principal temple, and hidden it there in the sand. Since the foregoing was written, a letter from Mr. Lothrop, at Belize [City], British Honduras, states that the Tuloom stele has probably been lost. A small sailing vessel from Cozumel, commissioned to bring out the monument, has apparently gone down in a great storm that swept the coast of Yucatan.<sup>162</sup>

The past field season (1915) seemed especially favorable for visiting this little known but highly interesting center of aboriginal population, a combination of unusual factors making the moment particularly opportune for the attempt. To begin with, for the first time in many years, the Mexican Government had reached a friendly understanding with the Santa Cruz Indians: the capital of Quintana Roo had been transferred from Santa Cruz de Bravo in the interior to Playa Obispo on the shores of Chetumal Bay, and the old capital with all its improvements had been turned over to the Indians, thus settling an old controversy. Again, the writer was at Belize [City], much the best point of departure for visiting Tulum, with an unusually complete field equipment. And finally, the staff of the expedition was sufficiently numerous, including five investigators and assistants, to insure a fairly adequate preliminary study of the site in a minimum of time—the latter not an inconsiderable factor in spite of the recent “peach negotiations.”<sup>163</sup> The dry season was at its height: in short, all factors combined to make the moment ripe for the attempt.

A small steamboat, the *Corozal*, of about 40 tons, was chartered in Belize with a crew of ten, and these with the expedition staff and servants made a total of seventeen on board [Figures 19.3, 19.4]. The *Corozal* in palmier days, several decades earlier, had been a tug-boat in the States. Having outlived her usefulness, or perhaps better her “safefulness” in this country—it was understood she had been condemned here—she had been sent to Belize for use in the coast-wide shipping trade. Her pilot assured the writer that “Thirty years before when she had a gold h’eagle h’up for’ards she were a good boat!”

The staff of the expedition consisted of the writer, Mr. A[rthur] W. Carpenter the photographer, Dr. G. Underhill the physician, and two collaborators, Dr. T[homas] Gann, chief medical officer of British Honduras, and Mr. S[amuel] K. Lothrop of Harvard University.

The expedition sailed from Belize [City] on March 19 and two days later anchored inside the reef off Tulum. The trip had been uneventful except for the complete and scientific demonstration, that the *Corozal* could not under any circumstances do the nine knots an hour her owner generously and optimistically accredited her. Truth was that by crowding her boilers beyond a reasonable margin of safety, and with the current in her favor, she managed to limp along at six.

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<sup>162</sup> Fortunately, Tulum Stela 1 was not actually lost at sea. It was recovered on a subsequent visit by Dr. Gann and sold to the British Museum in 1924. Because the monument pre-dates the Post-Classic period during which Tulum thrived, it is speculated that this stela was moved to Tulum from the nearby Classic site of Coba.

<sup>163</sup> This is an allusion to a Chinese idiom regarding peach and plum blossoms, and is a metaphor for cooperation. In negotiations or bargaining, it refers to the exchange of power (“plum”) for goods (“peach”).

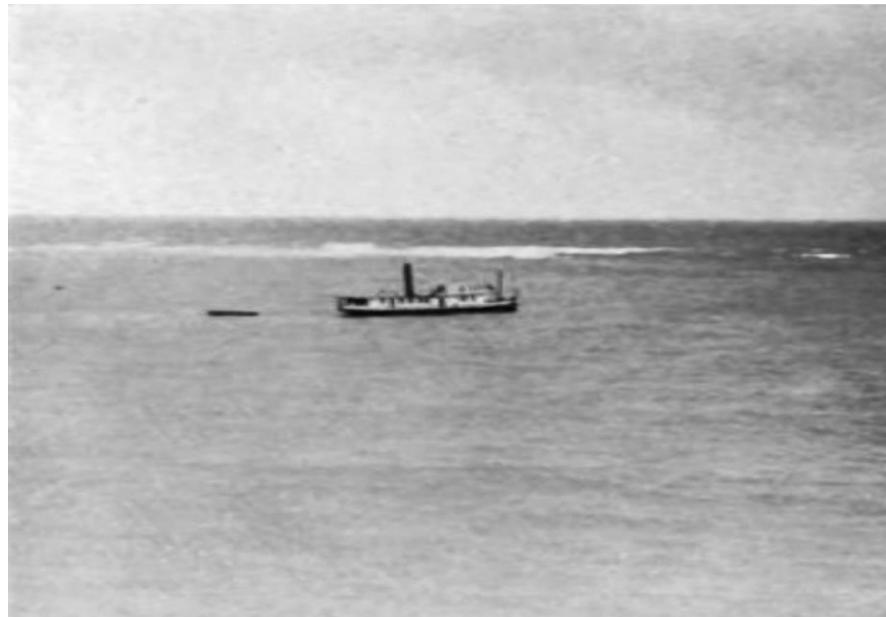


Figure 19.3. Off the coast at Tuloom a reef,<sup>164</sup> about a quarter of a mile out, extends north and south. Within the reef the water is comparatively calm, and here the *Corozal* lay at anchor with her fires out while the expedition was exploring the ruins.



Figure 19.4. The beach at Tuloom slopes gently so that our dory was brought within a hundred feet of the land. Here the boys took the baggage on their shoulders and waded ashore.

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<sup>164</sup> The ~1,000 km-long Mesoamerican Barrier Reef system, off the coast of Yucatán, Belize, and Honduras, is the second largest barrier reef in the world. Its corals are critically endangered.

The ruins of Tulum are located on a bluff overlooking the Caribbean Sea [Figure 19.5]. The principal buildings—probably the civic and religious center of the city—are surrounded by a wall [Figure 19.6]. The wall forms three sides of the enclosure, the fourth side being the precipitous, and in many places the unscalable, bluff fronting on the sea. The area within the walls is 1,500 feet long (north and south) and 650 feet wide (east and west).<sup>165</sup> It comprises about 22 acres [8.9 hectares], and is now completely overgrown with a dense tropical bush, which hides one building from another.



Figure 19.5. The rugged outline of the bluff at Tulum and the surging surf at the base. Above rises the Castillo, the “very great tower” of Padre Diaz’ early sixteenth-century description, picked out in striking silhouette against the sky. All modern nautical charts give this tower as a prominent landmark, visible for many miles.

The wall is an interesting and almost unique feature, there being but one or two others known in all Maya cities.<sup>166</sup> It is of rude construction, un-squared stones, and of a varying thickness and height owing to the rolling nature of the ground. The top is generally level, and sufficiently wide

<sup>165</sup> More recent measurements suggest a smaller area: 385 m north–south and 165 m east–west (Sharer and Traxler 2006: 609), for an enclosed area of 63,525 m<sup>2</sup> (6.3 hectares; 15.7 acres).

<sup>166</sup> Fortifications are not common at Maya sites, but they are not nearly as rare as Morley would have us believe. Mayapán (Pollock et al. 1962) and other sites in northern Yucatán have encircling walls (see Webster 1976, 1979). Many are not really defensively walled cities, but rather their ceremonial precincts are enclosed, as Morley mentions for this one at Tulum.

in places for 4 men to walk abreast. Mr. Lothrop found it to measure 20 feet [6.1 m] in one place. The average height is from 10 to 15 feet [3–4.5 m]. The three sides are pierced by narrow passages, the one toward the eastern end of the north wall having an offset in it, which must have greatly facilitated its defense.

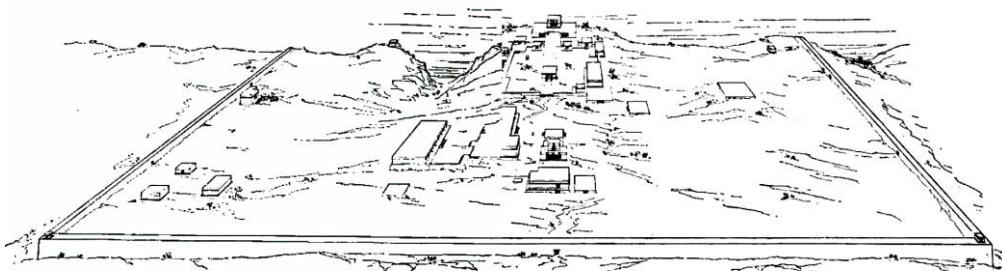


Figure 19.6. Panorama of Tuloom, looking eastward toward the sea [and note the wall]. The city as it might have appeared some five hundred years ago, if viewed from an aeroplane. Such a view today, however, would show only the unbroken top of the dense tropical forest in which the crumbling buildings now lie buried. The enclosure comprises about twenty-two acres, wherein are scattered a score of temples. The chief sanctuary, at once the religious and architectural center of the city, dominates the entire space, other buildings being grouped to accentuate further its importance. At the height of the glory of Tuloom, the glistening white buildings with their barbaric mural paintings, standing out clearly against the dark green forests of the seaward slope, the crowds of gaily dressed natives thronging the shore, and the brilliant blue of the Caribbean Sea stretching between, so impressed Padre Diaz, the priestly chronicler of the Grijalva expedition, that he was moved to write that his beloved "Seville would not have appeared more considerable or better." Panorama sketch by Mr. S. K. Lothrop.

The two corners are surmounted by small towers 12 feet [3.6 m] square, each containing a single room entered by three doorways. Against the back in each is a small altar. This wall, the most extensive construction at Tulum, has given rise to much speculation. What was its function? Was it built for defense or to enclose a sacred precinct? Both explanations have something in their favor, but a combination of the two probably more nearly explains its function. While built primarily to enclose the temple area, its admirable defensive possibilities can hardly have been overlooked, and would appear to have been intensified by the use of narrow offset passageways and watch towers.

Within the walls are scattered a score or more buildings, and there are perhaps half as many, though smaller, hidden in the bush outside. The ground rises gently from the southwest corner of the enclosure to the top of the bluff along the sea. The principal temple, the so-called "Castillo" [Figures 19.1, 19.7, 19.8], surmounts this crest facing toward the enclosure, i.e., away from the sea. This is an elaborate construction on three different levels, the two-room building on top, probably the chief sanctuary in the city, being approached by a broad, steep stairway. The flanking structures on either side are symmetrically arranged with reference to the central part, and present a number of interesting features, such as columns, wooden lintels, stucco figures, faces and animals, and mural paintings.

The architecture of Tulum is distinctly of a late and debased period, stylistically considered the greater part of the structures now standing, probably dating from after 1200 AD, when the Maya had all but lost their ancient cunning. The building blocks are not even squared or faced,<sup>167</sup> as the walls were finished with a hard plaster coat. While the same is doubtless true of other great Maya cities of the Old and New Empires—i.e., of the south and north respectively—elsewhere the building blocks are both squared and faced. The Tulum masons, on the other hand, were slovenly and depended upon the plaster finish to cover up the more glaring faults of the stonemasonry, all of which was done with stone tools.



Figure 19.7. The Castillo in 1916. The chief agent responsible for the destruction of the ancient Maya cities is not the hand of man, disastrous as that has been, but the mighty strength of an irresistible vegetation. Large trees, striking their powerful roots deep into the foundations of temple or palace, literally rend it stone from stone, the masonry collapses, and denigration follows. This photograph shows the destruction wrought in the past seventy-five years. The cornice of the main temple, the balustrades, and stairway appear to have lost a few stones, but otherwise the Castillo looks much as it did in Stephens' time.

<sup>167</sup> Lothrop noted a possible exception in the walls of Temple 30, where blocks appear to have been squared and dressed. He (1924) did a more thorough architectural study in a later visit.



Figure 19.8. This near view of the Castillo shows the feathered serpent columns, a late development of Maya art, portraying the rattlesnake, and probably introduced from the Mexican plateau sometime after 1200 AD. The big block at the base is the head, the column itself is the plumed body, and the capital with its upward extension, the rattles. This type of column reached its highest development at Chichenitza [sic.] some sixty miles to the west of Tulum.

All the walls both exterior and interior were originally treated with painted decorations [Figures 19.9, 19.10].<sup>168</sup> In some places, particularly on interior walls, these paintings have been partially preserved. The subjects depicted are the different deities of the Maya pantheon<sup>169</sup> in acts of sacrifice.

The famous red hand found by Stephens<sup>170</sup> at so many places in Yucatán frequently occurs here. Dr. Gann made a number of tracings of these paintings, although in the limited time available it was possible to make little more than a beginning upon this important work.

<sup>168</sup> The Tulum murals were studied by art historian Arthur G. Miller (1974a, 1974b, 1982). He identified cosmological themes of a tripart division of the Maya universe and of rebirth—Venus (and the sun) rising in the east from the Underworld, the sea—reflecting the site's location in the far eastern extreme of the lowlands. Colors are primarily blue (Maya blue), black, and white, and the paintings, dating post-AD 1400, are in what has been called the Mesoamerican late “international style” also seen at Santa Rita, Belize.

<sup>169</sup> The Maya “pantheon” differed from those of the Classical world, in that Maya deities did not exist in the kinds of familial relations—spouses, children—as those of the Greeks and Romans.

<sup>170</sup> Red handprints are seen in ruins and caves throughout the Yucatán Peninsula, especially at the Puuc sites south of Merida and on the Quintana Roo coast. Thought to date to the Postclassic, although some at Kabah are Late Classic, they were long considered a form of graffiti, perhaps signifying “I was here” in a pilgrimage to a ritually significant site, especially caves with their

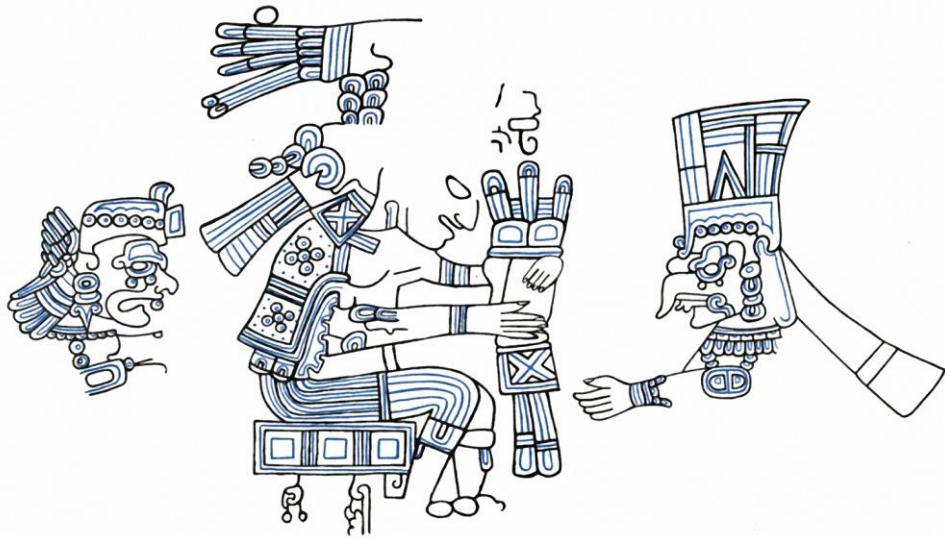


Figure 19.9. Three details of mural paintings in Temple 16. The large full figure in the center holds in his hands a baton [staff or scepter], which seems to have been the chief emblem of divine authority at Tuloom, since it is carried by most of the deities in the wall paintings. The head to the right represents [Chak] one of the leading members of the Maya pantheon, a god associated with rain and fertility. The head to the left is that of Itzamna, the sun deity, patron of the calendar, chronology, and hieroglyphic writing. In the Tuloom wall paintings the figures are outlined in blue and black against a purple background.

Stucco was extensively employed in façade decoration. Discs, rosettes, and scrolls adorn the medial cornice and sometimes serpent or grotesque heads are used in the upper zone. The most elaborate development of stucco work is the large human figures [Figure 19.11] in the niches over the exterior doorways. These stand three feet [0.9 m] high, and probably represent the principal Maya deities. About half of them are in a diving position, that is, the feet are elevated above the head, and the arms together under the chin.<sup>171</sup>

Several buildings show different periods of construction, and careful study would doubtless develop different periods of building activity throughout the city.

The hieroglyphic monument was found where Dr. Howe had left it on the beach, and its inscription drawn and photographed. His reading of the date (9.6.10.0.0 8 Ajaw 13 Pax, approximately 290 AD) [564 GMT] was verified, thereby developing an exceedingly complex problem.

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connection to Xibalba (Underworld). More recent scholarship ties them to hand motifs and glyphs in Maya script, sculpture, and polychrome painting (Ancona-Ha et al. 2000; Macri and Looper 2003: 117–133; Strecker 1982). The handprints survived at numerous sites into the twentieth century, but are clearly visible today only in locations protected from the elements.

<sup>171</sup> “Diving” or “descending” figures were common in the Postclassic lowlands, appearing in architecture, especially in the north, and as modeled effigies attached to pottery incense burners in both north and south. It is unclear which deity they represent, but Venus is one possibility (see note 168). At Tulum, they are associated with twisted cords framing the murals.



Figure 19.10. "Temple 16" has the best-preserved wall paintings at Tuloom. These are on the inner walls of the outer corridor of the first story, and portray the deities of the Maya pantheon in sets of sacrifice. Niches over the doorways are filled with representations in stucco of human figures (see Figure 19.11). This temple shows several different periods of construction. Before a good photograph could be obtained, the roof of the first story had to be cleared of its riotous vegetation.



Figure 19.11. Human figures in stucco adorn the niches over the doorways of the principal temples at Tuloom. Some are erect, others are in a diving posture. They probably represented the principal deities worshiped at the place.

The occurrence of such an early date as 290 AD [sic] at such an obviously late Maya city as Tulum is difficult to explain. Geographically, architecturally, stylistically, and historically considered, Tulum is a thousand years later than the date on this monument. Indeed, barring this one early date, there is nothing to connect Tulum with the Old Empire; on the contrary, its location, art, and architecture strongly indicate that it is to be referred to the close of the New Empire, probably after 1200 AD. This question is an important one, and further work will be necessary here before the apparent anachronism can be satisfactorily explained.

By specialization of work, it was possible to gather sufficient data for a preliminary report on the site in four days. Mr. Carpenter devoted himself exclusively to the photographic record, which involved considerable clearing. D. Gann spent all his time copying the mural paintings. Mr. Lothrop made the observations for the map, ground-plans, and elevations, and drew an excellent panorama of the site [Figure 19.12]. The writer copied the inscription on the monument, drew the figures, and made the general archaeological notes on the site. Dr. Underhill remained on the *Corozal* to watch the crew. These cowardly fellows, with but one exception, flatly refused to leave the boat, and spent the days and nights in discussing the "Indian Peril," which was never acute. Dr. Gann and the writer slept on shore four nights without any untoward interruptions. Evidence of recent Indian visits to the ruins, however, was not wanting—meat-slings, broken turtle eggs, and candle-drippings being found in several of the buildings.

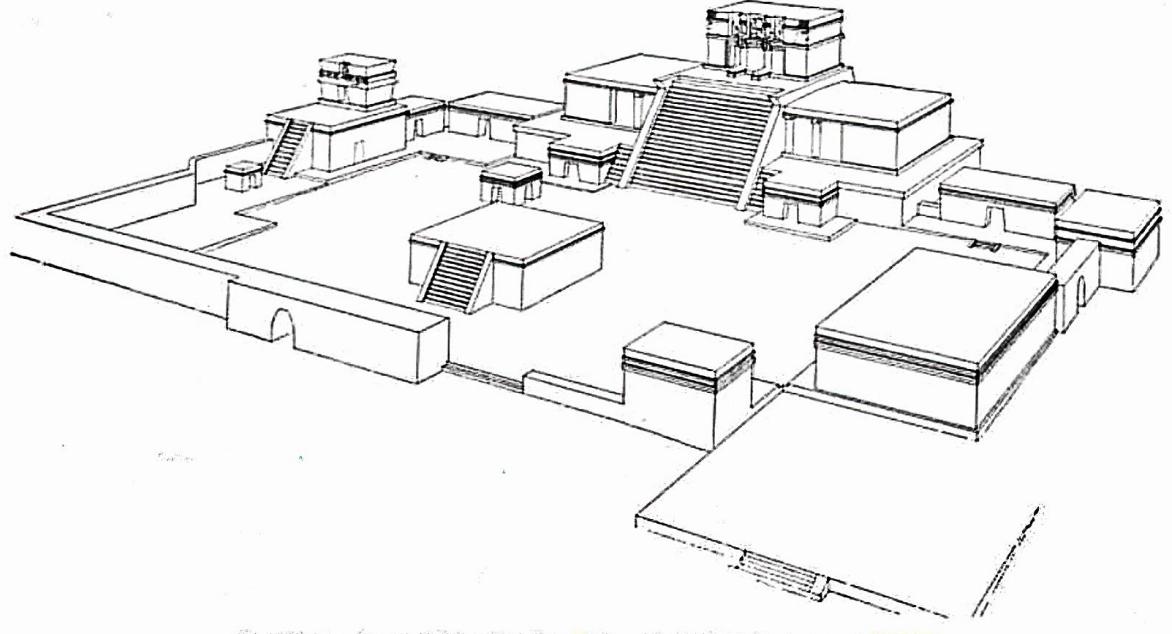


Figure 19.12. Lothrop's drawing showing partial restoration of the principal temple group at Tulum.



Figure 19.13. The small temple, standing a few hundred yards outside the Tulum walls to the north, presents a feature common in Maya architecture—namely, the roof comb, a wall purely decorative in purpose and usually embellished with an elaborate design in stucco.

But work was over, and the moment for leaving the ruins had come. With profound regret all bade goodbye to this romantic spot, so replete with memories of another time and people. Our incursion was but transitory, our noise of occupation fleeting; and again, the crumbling temples were left to the solitude of the bush, and its engulfing vegetation.

The *Corozal* weighed anchor, and put out through the reef to open sea. A *norte* [storm] was raging outside, and for the next twelve hours it was doubtful whether or not the ancient craft would weather the storm. Huge waves crashed over her bows, and all but beat her to the bottom. She lost her copper sheathing, and when within some 10 miles of Belize [City] coal gave out. Fortunately, the sea had fallen sufficiently to enable the crew to put off in the dory to a nearby bay where mangrove wood was cut, and with scarcely enough fires to keep steam up, she crept into Belize on the morning of March 27th, after an absence of eight days.

#### **Commentary: Excerpts from “Sylvanus G. Morley in 1916” by S(amuel) K. Lothrop<sup>172</sup>**

... We sailed northward from Belize [City] for Tulum on the S. S. *Corozal*. She was a New Orleans tug boat, condemned in the '30s, which some brave or foolhardy man had taken across the Gulf of Mexico to British Honduras. There she had been cut in half and a new section had been added to her middle. Only Morley would have chartered her for a voyage on the open ocean and we soon found out that Morley knew even less about ships than mules.

<sup>172</sup> Originally published (Lothrop 1950) in *Morleyana* (Anderson 1950).

The *Corozal* rolled. Morley got seasick and stayed that way until he set foot on shore—sometimes for days [Figure 19.14].



Figure 19.14. Morley seasick on the *Corozal* on the way to Tulum.

Only iron determination could have forced his frail body to face the hardships of his many voyages. He did not realize that the food was usually inadequate because he could not eat it. As a matter of fact, our cook, knowing how his ship wallowed at sea, cooked most of his food before sailing. He stupidly placed everything on the table as we got under way and the first wave outside the cays sent all of it crashing to the floor. None of us had much to eat thereafter.

Morley had been at Tulum before with Jesse Nusbaum to look for the stela mentioned by Stephens. They had stayed only a few hours because at that time the Indians were killing strangers. In 1916, anchored inside the reef, the *Corozal* still pitched and rolled. Morley and Dr. Thomas Gann, who had joined us in Belize, decided that death from savage hands was preferable to the miseries of the sea. We therefore carried cots and food through the heavy surf (Figure 9.15) and established a camp for them at the base of the cliffs near one end of the beach. In case they should be attacked, we arranged for them to signal us with a flash light.

On board the *Corozal* a couple of hours later, the captain informed us that the light had flashed madly from the camp to the far end of the beach and then was seen no more. Gann and Morley obviously had signaled to us as they tried to escape the Indians and then had been struck down. On the chance that they were wounded but not dead, Arthur Carpenter and I persuaded some reluctant members of the crew to row us towards the beach. We anchored just outside the surf and waited in the bright moonlight—a perfect target for an unfriendly native on the cliff top.

Minutes passed which seemed hours. The beach at the base of the overhanging cliff was in deep shadow. We saw no movement of any kind. Carpenter, a brave man as he proved again when the Carnegie expedition was shot up in the Peten, sat in the stern nearest the beach. He suddenly stripped, swam through the surf and disappeared into the shadows. Undecided, I waited. Had the Indians got Carpenter too? What should I do?



Figure 19.15. Carrying supplies ashore at Tulum. The *Corozal* is anchored in the background.

At long last Carpenter swam out again, the angriest white man I have ever seen. His sudden appearance had given Gann and Morley the fright of their lives and they had nearly shot him. The conversation between these three *maestros* of invective must have been classic. The light? Very simple. Morley and Gann had used it as they strolled up the beach and they had returned to their camp by moonlight [Figure 19.16].

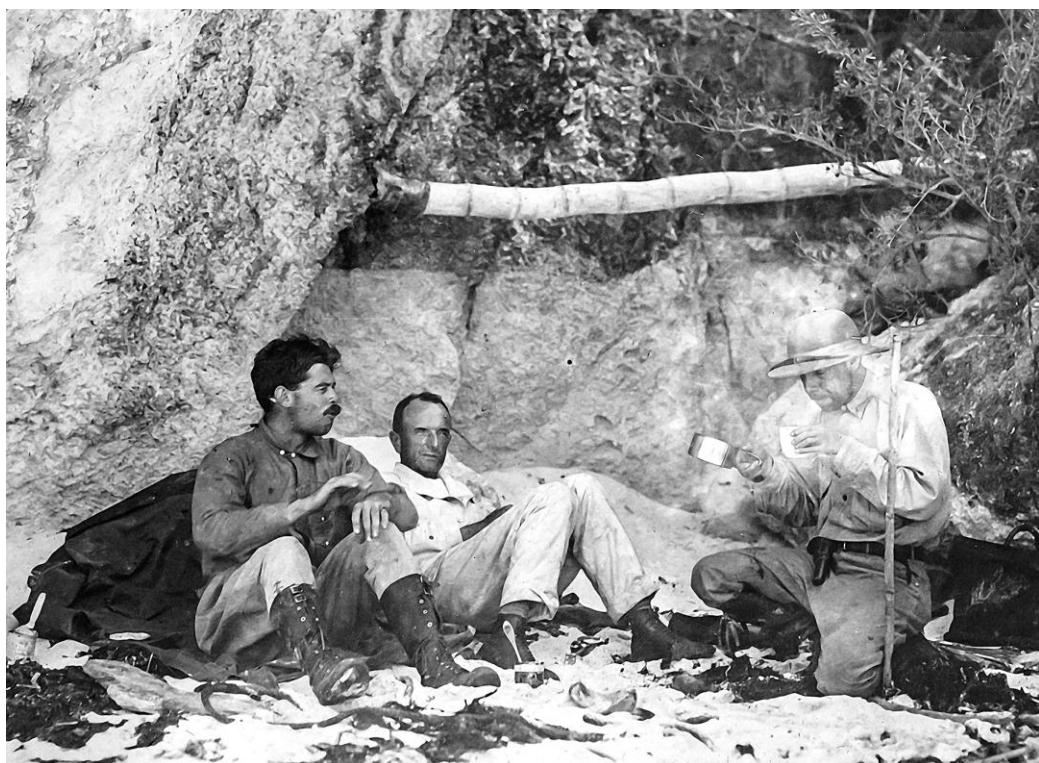


Figure 19.16. Lothrop, Gann, and Morley eating at their camp on the beach at Tulum.

Starting the long row back to the ship, we felt let down. Suddenly the light on shore began to flash again. Carpenter screamed with rage, grabbed a rifle and sent a bullet into the cliff above the camp which showered Gann and Morley with limestone fragments. No light showed on shore again for the rest of our stay at Tulum.



Figure 19.17. Morley photographing Tulum Stela 1 (see also Figure 19.2) in 1916.

## CHAPTER 20.

### HEADING THROUGH THE BUSH

Tuesday, April 25

Although everyone was up early, we made the usual late start about 9:30, and even then there were mountains of delay. At the last moment Jacinto Rodriguez, he of the four stelae, said he had a horse he would rent and also wanted \$5.00 more. As he looks fairly honest—a good bet, in racing parlance—I loaned him this wherewithal, and he disappeared, agreeing, however, to meet us either on the way to Branch Mouth or at the mouth itself.

This came near to wrecking us before we had fairly started, since when we reached Branch Mouth we found this festive flower<sup>173</sup> had not shown up yet. I left Arthur and Lafleur and the two boys at the fork near the ford, and with José instituted a frantic search for the missing piece of silver. Each grog shop was examined in turn, and after we had gone up and down the *cayo* twice, we located him—not to mix metaphors any longer—in a semi-drunk condition.

When reproached with his defection, he said he was ready to go, but his horse could not be found. Between us, we got him started. He said his baggage had gone ahead with the pack mules, but this later proved to be a lie. We finally all reached the Branch Mouth and crossed. The pack animals had gone on ahead to Ojo de Agua, where we were to sleep. We followed, finally leaving the Branch Mouth about noon.

At first the road leads over the valley plain for about a mile or little more, covered with a dense growth of corozo palm, the heavy black mud underneath filled even now at the height of the dry season with watery stretches where the trail leads. A narrow canyon with a stony bottom leads into this, and before one realizes it, one is heading up a defile with precipitous sides, not high but very narrow, some 10 feet wide and straight. A mile of this brings one to a gentle slope, and a half mile of the latter to the foot of the hill. This chain runs roughly east and west, and may be clearly seen from the Cayo itself. It seems to be the watershed which divides the waters of the Mopan Belize river system from those of the Hondo and New River drainage areas.

A heavy rain caught us on the river plain, and in spite of my poncho, I was moistened. He of the flowery name was very *triste* indeed. His hangover was very stiff, and what with the heavy rain, his besotted condition, and prospective iniquity—for he even then doubtless contemplated his crowning infamy—he looked very forlorn.

The hill must be something over 500 feet, though hardly over 700. After reaching the top there is still a league of indifferent going before one comes to Ojo de Agua. The *champas* [there] were all down except two very indifferent ones and it looked like “rough weather.” Each set about making shelter for the night.

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<sup>173</sup> Jacinto means “hyacinth” in Spanish and Portuguese.

About five, José came to me and said "where is Jacinto?" Shouting, *gritos*, etc. brought forth no response, not even an echo, and we were forced to conclude that he was with the *arrieros* at the *ramonal* or else had decamped. When the *arrieros* returned, the latter alternative proved to be the only tenable one. I was very angry and somewhat at a loss to know just what to do: whether to go on without him, bidding goodbye to the four stelae or whether to return to Cayo and fetch him back. Indeed, the decision proved to be too much for today even though Arthur and I argued back and forth until we were all sleepy. Finally, like many—if indeed not most things in this country—it went over until tomorrow.

### Wednesday April 26

Rose about six, and got the camp underway, and still I was undecided about what course to pursue. However, by the time breakfast was over it had gradually become clear to me that I should make the effort to locate Jacinto in Cayo and bring him back with me. It was arranged, therefore, that I take José and go back for Jacinto whilst Arthur should take the *mulada* on to Laguna [Yaloch] and wait for me there tomorrow, where I would join him tomorrow night. How these plans were broken wide open, split asunder as it were, I will proceed to narrate.

At Branch Mouth they told us that Jacinto had returned about five yesterday afternoon, badly moistened and saying the journey was not agreeable (*convenient*) to him. The first person we saw whom I knew, Tia Chon as it happened, said "have you not heard the news?"

"What news?"

"The Mexicans took Plancha de Piedra early this morning."<sup>174</sup>

What incredible news indeed! I pushed into town to try to get more detailed information. The town was fairly buzzing with it, you could hear any old thing you wanted to: that Emilio Guerra had been shot, that Laguna was already taken, or about to be. Imagine my reflections here, with Arthur and Lafleur heading innocently enough into such a pregnant situation. That 50 mules loaded with 30 Winchesters and 5,000 rounds of ammunition had been seized, etc., etc.

Smith and old John Waight [a chicle contractor], over a social glass at the latter's establishment, were discussing eventualities. To Smith it looked quote "dom bod, mon." To Waight, who was just sending a 25-mule pack train to Laguna, it looked better. For Smith, as always, the wish is the father to the thought.

There was little accurate information to be had. Everybody was worried and not a few downright scared. The District Commissioner had gone to Bullet Tree Falls to see whether the *revolutionarios* had crossed into the Colony there—another rumor of the street—and there was little dependable data available. Edward Savala was in a blue funk. No confidence in anybody: Laguna taken, etc., etc. Chicle business gone to hell etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. Joe Melhado was more optimistic, but threw no light on the situation.

Meanwhile it was decidedly up to me to make a quick decision. If Laguna was not actually taken it soon would be—no one was in doubt on that point, and there were Arthur and Lafleur heading into it. Indeed, there were but three courses open. Either to go myself at once, or send a

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<sup>174</sup> The Belizeans may have believed that it was Mexicans who seized Plancha, but it was actually Guatemalan rebels (see Chapter 18).

messenger to call them back, or wait for further news tomorrow. There really was no alternative, as I felt my place was with Arthur and Lafleur without any further delay.

Jacinto had been overshadowed by more important matters, and I did not try to look for the rascal further. José had, in the meantime, come down with a hot fever, and felt little enough like going back. But of course, he came. He is, and will be, faithful.

Smith packed us a hurried lunch and at 11:30 we were off. I made my further plans between Cayo and Branch Mouth. I decided that the de la Peñas' oldest brother—the one that looks like an American—should return with me. His brothers were in the trouble as much as my friends, and his Spanish—he is a Tabascaño—was far better than mine. Arrived at the Branch, I put this issue to him squarely, and he consented to go. We ate Smith's lunch, and at 12:30 were off. Soon we overtook Waight's drunken *arriero*, and had his company—unsolicited indeed—until the top of the hill.

At first our plan was to have two ride and the third walk. This soon proved to be too slow, and so José mounted behind me on the white horse, and thus we went to the foot of the hill, where we all dismounted. We reached Ojo de Agua at three sharp, 2½ hours, and after Augustine [de la Peña] and José had drunk, we pushed right on.

Unfortunately, at this point we lost our way. José said our road led to Laguna, but not via Chorro. It looked vaguely familiar to me in patches, and I soon remembered Adams and I had come out from Laguna over it last year. It led through a place called Kum. According to José's reckoning, we should have been at this place at 5 o'clock, but it was almost an hour later, 5:50, when we finally got there.

Waight's *mulada* was already in before us, and I asked eagerly if they had seen any traces of the *revolutionarios* ahead of us. But according to them, everything was quiet along the Potomac.<sup>175</sup> It was now just six. I figured another possible hour of light in the bush, with between 4½ and 6 miles yet to go.

We tried another arrangement after leaving Kum. José, who knew the trail, went ahead on foot and Augustine and I followed, mounted. He struck a rapid gait, and in the first hour we put behind us some 3½ miles. Then, suddenly at seven, the darkness literally engulfed us and the bush became black. Soon, in the welter of trails, each seeking firmer ground, we were lost. It was perilous riding too, because of the low hanging branches and *bejucos* [vines]. José had fortunately brought some candles, and with the light of these we struggled on. Sometimes we had to turn back to pick up the hoof prints on our feeble trail. José's candle would flicker and falter and then spider up into a weird burst of light that silhouetted his and Augustine's heads against the trees. A scant half hour of this anxious roaming and José found the main trail, just at the southeastern end of the lake.

Now perhaps was the most anxious time of all. If the *revueltos* [rebels] had taken Laguna, under what circumstances would we find our companions, and how best to assist them? The plan we finally adopted was to extinguish our candle and approach the village quietly, intending to accost the first person we meet. Soon our anxiety was at rest, for on the edge of the village, next to where our trail debouched from the bush, we saw Arthur and Lafleur and the two de la Peña

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<sup>175</sup> See Chapter 7, note 79.

boys eating dinner. We gave a halloo and soon were with our friends after an anxious and trying day, for me at least.

They had heard nothing of the Plancha trouble, and were greatly excited, indeed an excitement which quickly communicated itself to the villagers, and most particularly to the city authorities—the *alcalde* and his second-in-command, two pusillanimous chaps who decided on the spot to run off to Cayo in the morning.

Soon we were eating a good meal, the prospects of which scarcely a half hour since had appeared distressingly remote to me. It was just 7:30 when we got in, and we had been just 7½ hours from Branch Mouth.

After supper we made elaborate preparations against a possible night attack. We had amongst us six guns and revolvers. Arthur and the youngest de la Peña boy had shotguns, the doctor and two other de la Peñas had Winchesters, Marius the Lee, Arthur the Luger, and myself my own Colt .38 automatic. My conscience, what an imposing array of hardware. Andrew, Arthur, Lafleur, and myself slept without the hut, the three de la Peñas and Marius within. Arthur, our arsenal inspector, gave every piece personal attention and no doubt we could have repelled anything short of a German army corps. Fortunately, we didn't have to, and about 10, all turned in with shooting irons convenient to hand.

### Thursday, April 27

A peaceful night. No interruption of any sort. Woke between 4 and 5 and found everyone sleeping, more or less noisily. I called Alfonso and soon the camp was astir. Four mules had strayed during the night. The *arriero*, Chon, had in the meantime come down with fever, and we began to ply him with alkaloid pills and quinine. Ambrosio Martínez's brother lives here, and I did my best to persuade him to come on with us to show me the ruins near Santo Tomás, about which his brother told me in Cayo. I brought every pressure to bear upon him that I could think of, financial, etc., etc., but without avail. For some reason he wants to go into Cayo, and no offer of money or even my automatic, which I finally tendered, could move him from this position. Finally, the mules were found and the work of packing began to go forward.

Augustine de la Peña returned to Branch Mouth, as did the city fathers. The second-in-command stole a march on his superior and got off first. When the *alcalde* finally left, he fired four shots into the air, thus signaling his fall from power by a salvo of artillery. He tearfully assured me last night that withdrawal to Cayo was his only course. Better life than the beggarly twenty per he was earning as *alcalde* of Laguna.

Presently we were under way, about 9 o'clock. We were on the trail just 3½ hours to the Río Holmul, where we were obliged to stop for the night because there is no water for another four leagues. It was very early and we were going strong in spite of the usual mishaps of the road—cargo-mules darting off into the bush unexpectedly, following wrong trails, etc., but there appeared to be no alternative, so we stopped. The country, after leaving Laguna, was low and only very gently rolling, no hills were crossed and only a few mounds and *chultunes* sighted, all, of course, being covered by a thick bush.

In the afternoon, Arthur and Lafleur went out hunting and returned with a hawk of some sort. In the late afternoon, just before dinner, Lafleur and I went down to the river and had a bath. The insects gave us a hot time until we got ourselves lathered with the carbolic soap, which drove

them off. The Holmul [river] now is a series of shallow water holes, little like the roaring torrent that holds up *muladas* for 30 or 40 days during the rainy season. One can cross it in many places dry shod.

José had a return of fever, 103.4, and Chon also. We dosed both with effervescent compound and quinine. Both fevers dropped under this treatment. Turned in about 8:30, hoping ardently for a longer day tomorrow.

### Friday, April 28

An unfortunate delay. We were all up before 5, and Alfonso and Galileo were off to the *ramonal*. About 7:00 they returned, reporting four mules missing! Then commenced a weary search in which Alfonso, Galileo, Juan, Arthur, Lafleur, and Andrew participated in at one time or another. One party would come in perhaps with one mule, possibly with none. During one of these intervals of search, a really large *mulada* of 22 mules came in, bringing a load of chicle out. They left this and a watcher, one Santos, and returned whither they had come. At 10:40 Alfonso returned with the last mule, but then he insisted it was too late to go forward. I did not think so, but there was nothing else to do but bow to fate.

Arthur and Lafleur went out hunting several times, but brought back nothing. In the late afternoon, however, Lafleur brought in a string of eight fish and two turtles, all of which we had for dinner. Had an impromptu English lesson in the evening, during which I gave the de la Peña boys some first aid to the injured vernacular. We were all tired enough doing nothing, and turned in about 8, though I didn't get to sleep until about 9:00.

### Saturday, April 29

When the boys went to the *ramonal* this morning, they found one animal missing, in consequence of which we did not get off until nearly nine. At first the trail worked over a few low rises and then crossed the Holmul. The day was spent in crossing the valley of this stream. About 45 minutes out we passed through what must have been a town of not inconsiderable importance. Seven mounds were counted, one an acropolis 50 feet high and 150 feet square on top. Arthur climbed this and reported the remains of a single building. There is a pyramid of almost equal height nearby.<sup>176</sup>

Some two leagues out we entered a *bajo* which we were close on to an hour in crossing. Judging from what we have been doing, I should say that it must be about two miles long. These *bajos*, or *bajales* as they are sometimes called, are depressing places in truth: muddy underfoot, low hanging vines, *bejucos*, and sweeping palms. One feels the presence of snakes and other creeping things without actually seeing them. Finally emerging from the Slough of Despond,<sup>177</sup>

<sup>176</sup> This "town" might have been the large site of Cival, or one of many others in the vicinity of Holmul. However, Morley should have known about Cival since Merwin visited it during the 1909–1911 Peabody Museum expedition and discovered a stela fragment there (Estrada-Belli 2017: 295). Cival and these other sites were occupied since the Middle Preclassic and have well-known Preclassic architectural forms—triadic groups and especially E-Groups.

<sup>177</sup> A fictional bog that entrapped a sinner in *The Pilgrim's Progress* (John Bunyan, 1678).

we were at the foot of a high hill, the northwestern side of the Holmul valley. There were a few abandoned *champas* at the base, but no water.

Through a break in the foliage at the top, we were able to catch a glimpse of the other side of the valley, a distant blue range. I should say the hill we climbed today was between 500 and 700 feet high. The whole top, for a long distance back, appeared to have been leveled off, and was doubtless occupied. I noted two *chultunes*, but no mound. I believe a thorough search of the crest of this hill would reveal a collection of mounds. Some distance back from the summit, there was an *aguada*, evidently artificially constructed. The head of a small valley had been walled across, and a reservoir made. The *champas* were built nearby. Dropping off this range to a slightly lower level, we crossed another stony-bottomed *bajo*, perhaps a mile wide, and ascended a low hill. We were at our stopping place for the day, Jato de Campeón.

Soon we were unpacked and everyone proceeding to their several pleasures. Again, our valiant hunters went forth, and again brought in nothing but a couple of scarlet crested woodpeckers. Lafleur and I felt seedy, and slept the greater part of the afternoon. However, we were on hand to eat a good dinner. Poor José turned up again with a high fever, 103.6. I plied both him and Chon with quinine all day, but nothing came of it for José.

Went to bed early—by eight. It looked like rain, so Arthur fixed up the ponchos over us. I was too tired to care much, and he did such a good job of it at Ojo de Agua I was more than willing to trust him.

## Sunday, April 30

This morning I arose feeling pretty seedy, stomach upset. Five of us, all told, resorted to Epsom salts. Made our earliest start, 8:00, four hours after we had gotten up. We would have been off sooner had not Alfonso taken the occasion to mend all the *aparejos* [harnesses, tack]. The trail was uninteresting enough, a good part of it over *bajos* with stony bottoms. About 1½ and 2 leagues out, our roads led off to the south to Corozal. One peculiar feature of the day's ride was the absence of mounds and *chultunes*, of the latter we saw but three and of the former only one. Before reaching Triunfo [Triunfo], about four leagues out, we passed a lagoon on the right, and a little further on, the Jato de Candelaria. At the latter, we crossed a dry watercourse.

About a mile beyond, we commenced to descend, and soon were at our journey's end, Triunfo. This was on the southeastern edge of another river, called here the Triunfo. A close examination and comparison of my three different maps leads to the belief that it must be Booth's River, which later runs into the Hondo River.

The river was about like the Holmul (Labouring Creek) and the *champas* half demolished. Presently as we were sitting around, who should come into the clearing but a man with a gun. Andrew and I were not slow in recognizing an old friend, the *Tabascaño* who cooked bread for us on or trip to Nakum last year. He was looking after some chicle for Maldonado in the bush and was expecting a *mulada* at any moment. He brought a strange tale of a sick man in his *champa*, a poor devil who had been found in the bush further in, out of his head. The *enfermo* had been with him some 2½ months now, and was getting weaker and weaker. He feared that if help did not come soon, he would die. Lafleur said he would go over at lunch, and telling the man to return at four, we fell to with some appetite.

He returned at the appointed hour and Lafleur and I went over with him. It was close on to two miles. The poor *enfermo* lay on a bed of poles covered with a filthy blanket. Every breath he fetched was drawn with effort, and his face had a drawn look. Lafleur gave him a thorough examination, including a number of punches, or better pressures, at different points, under all of which the poor devil shrieked dismally. Lafleur, with little hesitation, pronounced the trouble to be tertiary syphilis, and afterward the *enfermo* showed us a fearful looking sore on his left leg—a disgusting sight indeed. Lafleur left some medicine and promised to return in the morning before he left. The *guarda* of the chicle was gratitude itself and offered Lafleur a prettily made little set of chairs and sofa, all cleverly contrived out of *cojolito* feathers.<sup>178</sup>

José piloted us back to camp. Arthur and Galileo were out and returned about half an hour later reporting three snakes in the very road we had come across. One had been killed, and the other two escaped. In the inevitable snake conversations that arose out of these incidents, Alfonso told us a remarkable yarn. He said that last year he was in a *champa* with five other *chicleros*, just about to eat his breakfast. He reached down to pick up his plate and coiled under it was a snake—a tamagus—probably one of the Lachesis family, which bit him on his two first fingers.<sup>179</sup> Almost before he could get a ligature on, the swelling commenced. His suffering of thirst, of excruciating pain, of hemoglobin disintegration so violent that he bled from the mouth, nose, and eyes, were intense. He somehow managed to pull out to the Cayo with the help of his friends, though by this time his entire arm and shoulder were swollen, and even his face up to the ear. Don Chindo let out the black blood from the hand and arm and gradually it was replaced by new red corpuscles. One of the most curious points of the whole story came at the end. It seems that he slept in the room back of La Central at Cayo—in fact the one we occupied while there. A companion slept in the same room to take care of him. During one night, mosquitos which bit Alfonso's arm, bit this fellow and thus infected him. The bites swelled up like an egg and were ugly red, but came down eventually. Alfonso, of course, recovered, and seems now to have full use of his hand as well as the bitten fingers.

Much worked up over these stories, we went to bed, looking well into our cots and coverings before turning in.

## Monday, May 1

No mules missing this morning, a novel experience. No serpentine casualties reported during the night. Our friend of last year—the baker—came over for Lafleur about 6:30, and after breakfast the latter went over to his camp to give the syphilitic an injection of sodium cacodylate.<sup>180</sup> We followed in about half an hour.

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<sup>178</sup> *Cojolito* (*Penelope purpurascens*) or crested guan is a large, turkey-like bird, about 4–5 pounds.

<sup>179</sup> Many large poisonous snakes of the Lachesis (bushmaster) family are common in the Central American forests. This one might have been *Porthidium nasutum*, commonly known now as the rainforest hog-nosed pit viper. The name “tamagus” suggests it could also have been a fer de lance (*Bothrops*), called “tommygoff” in Belize.

<sup>180</sup> Sodium cacodylate is an arsenic compound, now usually used as an herbicide.

I had been speculating last evening and this morning as to the advisability of returning by way of Encanto, and trying to decipher the date on that stela Merwin found there.<sup>181</sup> I sent José on over to the baker's *jato*, to see if he could get any information from the latter. When we reached his clearing, about a mile to the southwest, also on the bank of the Rio Triunfo, we found Lafleur impatiently waiting for us. His case was better, not so much perhaps a question of medicine as psychology. The mere presence of a doctor, so rare as to be absolutely unique in this part of the bush, the medical technique so bewildering to our own laymen, and so infinitely more so to these poor devils, and pyramided upon that the enormous prestige of any white doctor in Latin America, where the local professional standards are at best pretty low, all made for a state of mind approximating that due to actual improvement in a desperate condition.

The baker could and did give me detailed information as to the location of the Encanto Stela, so detailed in fact that I have about decided to return that way. I bought 50 lbs. of flour and 6 lbs. of beans here to replenish our failing larder. At 9:15 we bid goodbye to the *enfermo* and his nurse and continued our journey.

The country is slightly hilly, covered with the same dense bush as usual. We passed little of interest until just before our destination, when we crossed through a good-sized group. Our destination, to my disgust, was only three leagues from Triunfo, and though I objected vigorously, was assured there was no water beyond for another four leagues. Another trouble speedily presented itself. The water here (La Pita) was simply vile, filled with algae, and even in a small receptacle, green. Moreover, the party was split—Andrew, Marius, Juan, and José not being here when we arrived. We shot off the Winchester, but it brought no response.

After coffee, which Alfonso made for himself—we took nothing—he set out to look for the others. About an hour later they all returned, reporting an excellent aguada. Alfonso, however, wouldn't reload [the mules], so we had to resort to the laborious expedient of carrying water from the other aguada. José, Arthur, Andrew, Marius, and myself went over. We brought back about six gallons, two of the canvas buckets full. We left La Pita at 2:30 and were back a little after four. José showed me a ruin near the aguada from which we brought the water. The wall was standing to a height of 7 or 8 feet. It was well laid, composed of small pieces like the Tikal masonry.

I never see these memorials of a long-forgotten people but that "*sic fugit gloria mundi*"<sup>182</sup> comes to mind. Here they lie, buried in an all but impenetrable bush, long forgotten of man, the very names of their builders unknown. What endeavor, what tremendous effort went into their construction, and all for naught. Now, with vines creeping over their crumbling walls, massive trees rending their very foundations, these once holy places are become the haunts of wild beasts, eloquent testimonials to the transitory character of mundane pomp and vanities. "*Sic fugit Gloria mundi.*"

We eliminated lunch, and had a good dinner. Arthur deserted the cot brigade for a hammock. As it looked like rain, Lafleur and I slept under a particularly snaky-looking *champa*. Several times we heard the leaves overhead rustle, and vivid imaginations pictured writhing snakes poised

<sup>181</sup> El Encanto, a secondary site on the periphery of Tikal, was not formally studied until 1964 by Dennis Puleston of the Tikal Project. Between 2016 and 2018 a team of Russian archaeologists re-located the site and conducted excavations. The stela referred to here is El Encanto Stela 1.

<sup>182</sup> The phrase is *sic transit gloria mundi*, 'thus passes worldly glory,' uttered in papal coronations.

overhead. With these and other pleasant reflections and occupations, such as picking the *garrapatas* from each other, we turned in about 9.

### Tuesday, May 2

Absolutely the worst day yet. To begin with, everybody woke up at sixes and sevens, perhaps because the *garrapatas* and fleas had given us an itchy, scratchy, more-or-less miserable sort of night. Next, Alfonso and Galileo were dissatisfied with Andrew's wheat flour tortillas—nor could I blame them on that score, such concentrated indigestibility it rarely falls to one's lot to see. To show their displeasure, they refused to eat anything, but instead went out with their gun to look for the missing mule. Lafleur went out hunting, and about 8:30 he himself brought in the missing animal. I fired off three shots to summon the other searchers back to camp, and then went to examine the group of ruins near which we were camped.

This consisted of a number of mounds, perhaps a dozen fairly large [Figure 20.1]. The principal structure on the plaza faced south and rose from a couple of terraces (A), the lower being the level on which the greater part of the other mound stood.

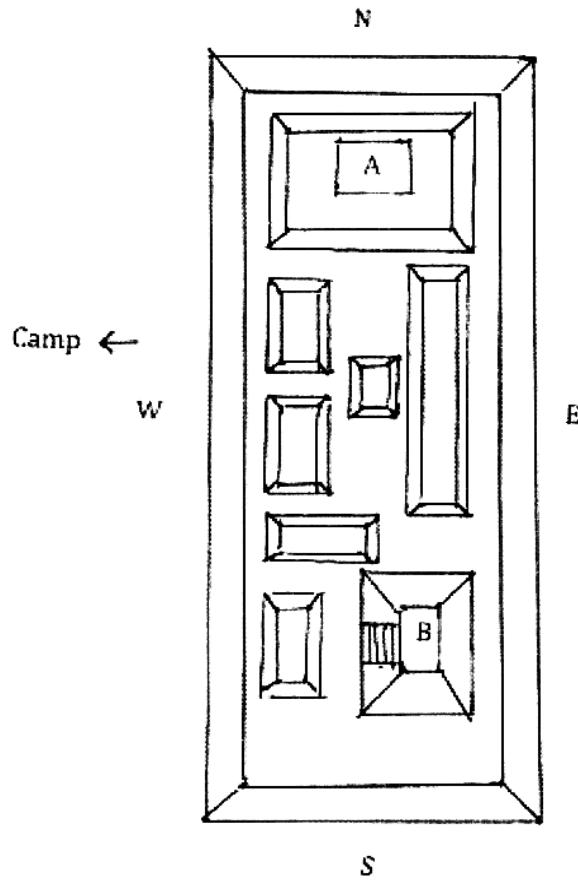


Figure 20.1. Morley's diary drawing of a complex at an unnamed site, 15 km east of Uaxactun.

The other principal structure was of the high temple type [B], which faced west. This must have towered at least 125 feet above the level of the ground. There were no traces of its extensive masonry; however, part of the stairway is still preserved. Lafleur and I climbed this and

succeeded in obtaining a fine view from the summit. The country appears to be all only very gently rolling. Slipping and sliding down the steep sides, we reached the bottom in safety and soon were back in camp, where everything was wrong.

It was then 9, and according to the three *arrieros*, far too late to start today! They had brought in a *cojolito* with them, and were then about to cook it. I put my foot down on that hard and insisted that we had to get off today. They were sullen, said they couldn't go without eating, etc., so I had Andrew immediately prepare them a good meal. Even then they would have hung back if I hadn't pushed them. It was just five minutes past ten when the last pack was finished and we filed out of the clearing.

Meanwhile, another annoyance began to make itself very decidedly felt. During our archaeological peregrinations, we had, all three of us, Arthur, Lafleur, and myself, contracted a violent case of seed ticks, or *garrapatas*, and now with hosts of these swarming over our bodies, hiding in out-of-the-way corners of our clothes, etc., we had a miserable time of it-- scratching here, clawing there, and cursing roundly these little pests.

But we were started—or better, thought we were. About a mile out, we heard someone cutting *ramon* off to our right, and in another mile had come to the Jato of San Clemente, where we should have passed the night. There was a chicle guard here, who reported very distressing conditions ahead. It was then nearly eleven, and Alfonso decided it was useless to go forward. I was furious. Here we had only done half a league. It wanted an hour of noon, and we were stopping. I protested vigorously, but he said it was impossible. I insisted that he had promised me that we would make Bejucal in two *jornadas*. He promised that we would. In eloquent terms, which I render but inadequately here, he vowed he would put me in Bejucal tomorrow night if all his animals died on the road in so doing. I did not wish to kill his mules, but I most ardently desired to reach Bejucal, having been eight days on the road already. With this promise, however, I must needs be satisfied.

During these heated discussions, there passed through a *mulada* coming from Cayo, the very first we had met since leaving. They left Cayo three days after we did, and brought the news that the *revolucionarios* took Laguna Sunday, having abandoned Plancha. An hour later one Lencho [Paredes], the owner of the mules, came through. He proved to be an old friend. I had stopped overnight with him at Chunvis two years ago. He gave more details, but no startling new features. He himself had lost three *chicleros*—the (rebel) force seems to have been largely recruited from Cayo and the vicinity—3 mules, saddles, bridles, etc. He reported a lot of loose animals in the bush, from *muladas* that had been captured and turned out, and he had appropriated one. He intended on his return to requisition two others to recompense him for what he had lost. I gave him some coffee and he went on. In the afternoon, Arthur and Lafleur went hunting and I took a bath in the collapsible tub [Figure 20.2]. This was the first time I had had occasion to use it, and it certainly proved its worth. It is light, compact, and serviceable, and if cleanliness is next to godliness, is certainly to be recommended as a powerful religious stimulant.

The bath was as delightful as it was needed. Arthur and Lafleur scorned the tub—taking their baths in the *aguada*, a fairly good example of that type of mud hole. In the later afternoon, Alejo Requeña, the *encargador* of Trinidad Flores' chicle, came in from the next *jornada* inward. I had a letter for him from Trinidad, and after presenting it was permitted to get a lot of *viveres*: beans, flour, sugar, and lard.

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Figure 20.2. Advertisement in the February 1914 issue of *Popular Mechanics* for the newly invented collapsible tub used by Morley en route to Uaxactun.

And so the afternoon slipped away. Alfonso wants to be awakened at 3, wants us to have breakfast at 4:30, so we can all be off by 6. Chon, José, Juan, and I are to ride ahead and open up the road, the rest following. With the preparation for the morrow, the night closed in and we retired early against the early rising hour.

### Wednesday, May 3

Awake first at 11, then at 12, then at 1, and again at 3, when I called Alfonso. He in turn awakened Chon, and taking lanterns, the two of them set off for the *ramoneo*, which they made all of a mile away.

At 4, I aroused Andrew and at 4:30 we were all up. Presently, Alfonso and Chon were heard yodeling the mules along, and soon they were being herded into the clearing. At first Alfonso reported all 17 as present, but a recount disclosed but 16. Swearing roundly at the missing animal, Alfonso returned to the *ramoneo*, and in due time brought it back. Found the *cabrón* [SOB, ass], etc., etc., hidden in the bush about halfway there. We who were going ahead saddled up first, and then leaving final word to be sure and come through at all hazards, we got off at 20 minutes before six.

At half past eight we passed the *champas* of Esperanza and passed a few words with the *cuidador* [caretaker] in their charge. About two miles beyond this, the trail forks. We took the left one which bears west. The right is the main road *para dentro* [through the interior] Las Palmas, San Blas, Santa Isabel, Carribal, San Miguel, and Santo Tomás up to the Mexican line. This trail bears northwest.



Figure 20.3. On the trail to Uaxactun.

Another mile brought us to Las Positas, the place we should have slept last night. There is a very good aguada here now. I left a note for the boys attached to one of the projecting poles of the *champa*, and we continued on our way. Up to this point the trail had been open and fairly good—bearing northwest or west. From Las Positas on, however, the trail had not been used for two years, and in consequence was blocked here and there by fallen trees. These Chon cut away, or at least the larger ones.

It was not long before we struck a large *bajo*, which in the rains must be a vast swamp. It took us just two hours to emerge from this melancholy tangle of *bejucos*, logwood, creepers, vines, and

rotting vegetation, even though the mud had dried to hardened hummocks. On the far side were a few *champas*, but no water.

Bejucal, Chon said, was a league beyond, and taking the only trail emerging from the clearing, we continued westward, leaving as early as 12:30. About 1:30 I asked Chon if we were not nearly there, and he said “*falta media legua todavía*” [still half a league to go]. I thought this queer, but held my peace for another half hour, then asked the same question and then got the same reply. It was painfully obvious Chon was lost. I asked him so and he said, “Who knows?” Whereupon I at least knew that we were lost. Nothing could be done but return and try to pick up the lost trail. Chon seemed certain that as far as the *champas* on this side of the *bajo*, we were in the right trail, and that our mistake was somewhere between the point where we now found ourselves and these *champas*. Here indeed was a three-hour loss. As I calculated the pack animals were not more than two hours behind us, it seemed as though they would take the right trail to Bejucal and get in before us.

It was just 2:00 when we turned about, and at 3:00 shouting in the bush ahead, cries, halloos, and tinkling of a bell all advised that the *mulada* was approaching. Presently it came into sight, Alfonso in the lead. He at once wanted to know what was wrong, and learning, delivered a volley of oaths that would have pierced 6-inch armor plate.

Around he wheeled and disappeared, I gathered, to look for the trail. Tremendous confusion ensued. In turning the mules back, some strayed into the bush. On all sides rose shouts and oaths. Cargoes crashed through the bush. Arthur and Lafleur wanted to know what was afoot. More confusion, all became separated, each guarding some particularly obstinate cargo animal that chance had thrown to his care.

Proceeding in this disarticulate manner, in time we came to a righthand trail, I should judge about a half league from the *champas* we had passed on this side of the *bajo* at half past twelve. We turned here. Alfonso had gone on ahead here, Galileo said, and each with his white man’s burden—the mule in his care—pushed slowly forward. The dartings hither and thither through the bush had loosened most of the cargoes, and these now had to be readjusted. I assigned Galileo with the camera pack until Chon came up. In this disconsolate manner we continued on our way, José steadfastly failing to recognize the trail, and raising an increasing gloom in all breasts.

About 4:15 we passed some old *ramoneos*, and in another 15 minutes were at Bejucal. There were a number of *champas*, a fairly good-sized aguada, and a considerable clearing made on the site of an old plaza. José was very *triste*; his fever had returned and he was quite ill. Chon also had a temperature. It rained quite hard. Food was getting low, and to cap this dismal climax—José did not seem sure that this was his Bejucal.<sup>183</sup> My feelings can better be imagined than described. We had gone close on to nine miles out of our way because of losing our way and I was well tired out. Physically and mentally worn out, I retired early, and Lafleur and Arthur were not long behind me.

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<sup>183</sup> “José’s Bejucal,” a *chiclero* camp, is not the archaeological site of Bejucal, discovered by Ian Graham in 1978. The site is possibly a country house, c. 7 km northeast of El Zoz (Garrison et al. 2016) and 23 km northwest of Tikal, founded in the Late Preclassic. Stela 2 has an Early Classic date of 8.17.17.0.0 (AD 393).

## Thursday, May 4

It rained in the night and tried hard to do so in the day. José was very *triste* indeed, said he felt too ill to look up the ruins,<sup>184</sup> etc., etc. It created an awkward situation. Our per diem is high, food low, and no work can go forward until the ruins are found. Lafleur doped him up, a little strychnia [strychnine], a little whiskey, a little camphor mono-bromate, etc. Under these and my moral suasion, we finally got him off. Lafleur accompanied him to keep him "in condition," with Alfonso along to show the way to the *champas* of San Leandro, near which the ruins are said to be located. They had scarcely gone before a shot was heard, and José came back bringing a *cojolito*, which Alfonso had killed.

Arthur had found some honey, and went out to get it. The camp settled down to quiet. I plotted up our dead reckoning on my two available maps, and found out the startling fact that we were west of the Flores meridian, and not too far from Chuntuqui.<sup>185</sup> I feel this may be an exaggeration of the distance we have covered and in my final map shall consider two miles an hour—in the straight line toward our final destination—about as much as we have done.

In this way the morning slipped away. Chon came in with three birds, another *cojolito* and two *kambules*, Lafleur killing the former. Arthur did not come in for lunch. About two, after he had been out for four hours, I began to be worried. I had Marius fire off the Lee in the hope that he might hear the shots if he had lost his way. Just as I was beginning to get real worried, he came in. He had followed a trail leaving west from Bejucal to an aguada about three leagues off.

Came in with all the elements necessary to a real Sherlock Holmes romance. He found the prints of a lady's shoe, highish heel, etc., and at the same time noticed the odor of chloroform. A short search revealed an uncorked bottle with about a teaspoonful of the latter. It could not have been abandoned too long or otherwise would have evaporated. No other clues were found and the whole matter remained a mystery.

About four, or thereabouts, Lafleur returned with most heartening news. They had found the ruins, and 3 stelae—2 sculpted and one plain. For a while he said it looked as though José would cave in, but he nursed him along, and then they finally "brought home the bacon." It was very encouraging news to all, and put spirits into everyone.

That night, probably because he had overdone at my insistence, José turned up with a hot fever and was delirious. At least I felt responsible. He groaned and cried, and felt sure he was going to die in the bush. Lafleur worked him over like a Trojan--hot compresses, morphine. We put him on Marius' bed and by ten he was quiet, after which Lafleur retired.

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<sup>184</sup> These "ruins" were an archaeological site known by the *chicleros*; they turned out to be the site that Morley named Uaxactun.

<sup>185</sup> His dead reckoning was dead wrong: they were camped well east of the Flores meridian.

## CHAPTER 21.

### DISCOVERY OF UAXACTUN

**Friday, May 5**

A remarkable day, all things considered. About 8:00, six of us, Lafleur, Arthur, and myself, Andrew, Marius and Alfonso left for the ruins. An hour and a half in a southerly direction brought us to the *champas* of San Leandro, where we left our horses and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. We filled our canvas buckets at the aguada [Figure 21.1] and started off in a westerly direction, Alfonso in the lead. He only lost the *picado*<sup>186</sup> once or twice, and in a half an hour we were skirting the righthand [western] edge of a small ravine, on the edge of which the ruin stands.<sup>187</sup>



Figure 21.1. The original camp site at Uaxactun, 1916, 1921, 1922. It is seen from the aguada east of Group A, the source of water for the expedition.

<sup>186</sup> A small, narrow trail machete-chopped through the vegetation.

<sup>187</sup> Uaxactun's structural groups occupy two elevated areas separated by a "ravine" running northeast-southwest. These first explorations took place on the west side, among groups A-D. The low area was later the location for a dirt runway for DC-3s to pick up chicle.

José was truthful enough. He had seen a stela with a figure on it. The figure was in an excellent state of preservation, but oh what a bitter disappointment after all these weary leagues, the glyphs, the only three on the front were almost entirely effaced, and those on the sides so far gone as to be almost doubtful. The stela next to this was broken off and the top missing. The figure was badly gone, and I could find no glyphs at all. I was indeed downcast and it looked as though all our efforts had been for naught. Lafleur showed me the plain stela, a good example of its kind, but what was such to offer to one starving for dates in the desert.

Arthur, in the meantime, disappeared, but a shout soon advised that he had found something. "Here are some glyphs." The cry brought me to his side quickly, and to my great delight I found he had discovered a stela [Uaxactun Stela 2] with an I.S. on one side. Although somewhat effaced, I could read its date very clearly as 9.16.0.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Tzek. Black disappointment instantly gave way to complete satisfaction. All those weary leagues, those heated arguments, those "multitudinous humbugs" had not counted for naught.



Figure 21.2. Group of stelae in Uaxactun Group B; Stela 2 lies on the ground behind a plain monument.

Between the plain stela and the one Arthur had found was another large stone, prostrate, which had apparently fallen face up and had nothing on it. While I was deciphering the first date, Arthur had continued around the sides of this plaza and found several more stones. Three of these appeared to be altars, and the fourth a broken stela. This had glyphs on its sides, but is in very bad condition. The altar in front of this stela was 6 feet in diameter and had nine plain circles on top around the edge [Uaxactun Altar 1]. Again, Arthur disappeared and again a shout, this

time from both Alfonso and Arthur. They had discovered another stela with glyphs on it, this time broken and fallen. I turned toward their shouts. The new find was a large monument with an I.S. on one side [Uaxactun Stela 3; Figure 21.3].

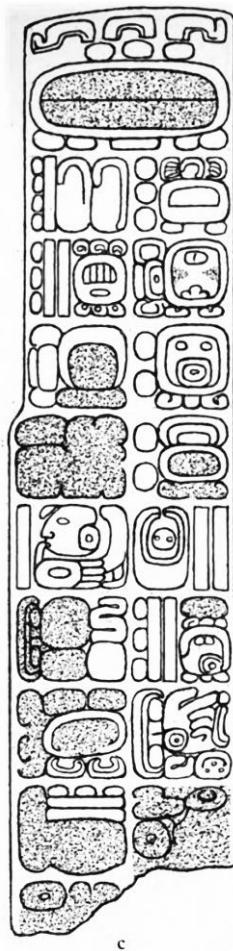


Figure 21.3. Morley's drawing of the I.S. date on Uaxactun Stela 3.

Its *k'atun* coefficient is surely 1, 2, or 3, its tuns 11, 12, or 13, its winals and *k'ins* 0, and the day 2 Ajaw and the month 13 ?. I had not brought the tables with me and did not have time to work this out in my head. When I returned to camp, however, I found it was 9.3.13.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Keh.

Alfonso again made off. Here indeed was ample recompense, two dated stelae, one of them the third oldest monument heretofore reported. It was a splendid find. We looked around for other monuments, but barring two plain ones that Arthur found, nothing more turned up. About 12:30 we were planning to return to the *champas* and eat, when Alfonso came in with a wonderful story. He had cruised around in the bush, and had found another group.<sup>188</sup> A house—high and

<sup>188</sup> The first stelae described were at Group B, a small complex north of Group A, the largest group at Uaxactun.

complete—five stones, two carved standing stones, one 15 feet high with a double row of letters on its back. We hurried back to the *champas* to eat lunch: tea, sardines, crackers, and fruit. How good it tasted with the magic sauce of anticipation.

Without wasting much time over the repast, however, we sallied forth in the same direction as in the morning. Only now we climbed the left [east] bank of the same little ravine. Skirting along the edge of this we soon came to the big house, high and entire. We climbed up into this and found it in fairly good condition, though the front had fallen in.

As it was getting on, we did not tarry long, but scattered to look for the stelae. I followed Alfonso, but Arthur had found one of the sculptured stelae first [Uaxactun Stela 6]. This had an I.S., each glyph thereof being presented in a circular cartouche. I was unable to decipher it off hand, but it is either in K'atun 6 or K'atun 7, 8, or 9. A shout from Alfonso, albeit a faint one, summoned us to another stela, his 15-footer [Uaxactun Stela 9; Figure 21.4].

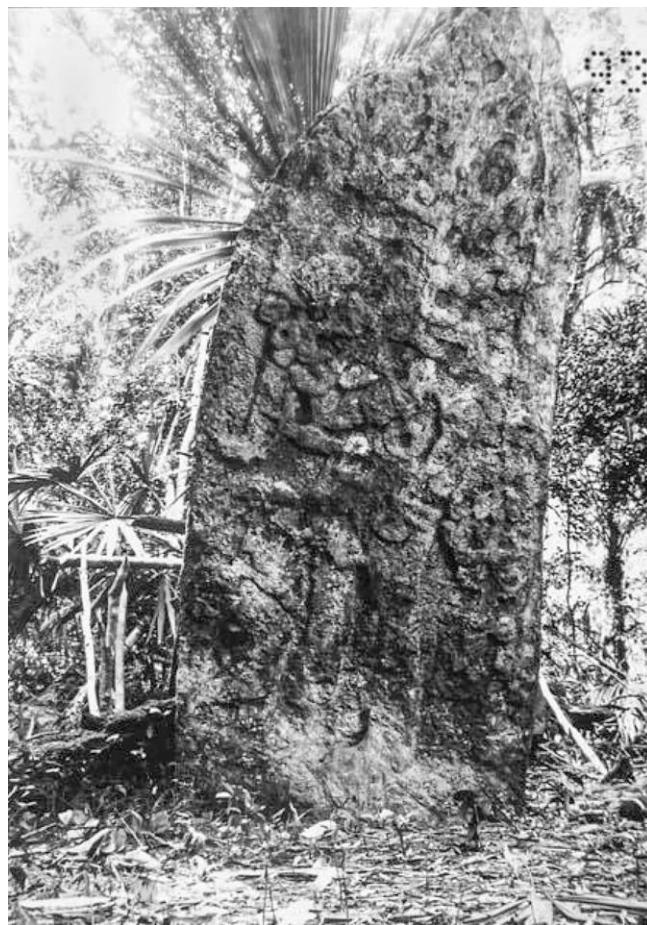


Figure 21.4. Uaxactun Stela 9, front side . See Figure 21.9.

This is a tallish stone, 9½ feet above ground by actual measurement, and now leans some 2 to 3 feet out of the perpendicular. The front leans downward and has a human figure. The sides are plain. The back of this leaning stela makes it the most important monument in the Maya area, for it undoubtedly presents a Cycle 8 Initial Series. Careful examination of the cycle coefficient established that it could only be 8. The *k'atun* coefficient is surely above 10 and under 16, the *tun*

5 or 10, the *winal* 11, 12, or 13, the *k'in* 15 or 16, and the day over 5 and under 11. It was getting too late to linger, but I feel sure that I will be able to decipher this date when I come to examine it closely.

After seeing one or two more plain stelae, we return to the *champas* and saddled our horses for the two-league ride back to Bejucal. By pushing our mounts, we got in by half past five, thoroughly tired out but well satisfied with the day's work. Poor Alfonso found no one had cut his *ramoneo* until 3, and in consequence 10 of our 17 mules have strayed. Chon has repeatedly laid down on his job and this is just the last straw. Even in spite of our good luck at the ruins, we feel somewhat depressed. Even though José is better, he is somewhat *triste*. Everybody got to bed early.

### Saturday, May 6

It seemed best to move our camp to San Leandro, inasmuch as there is water there and it is so much nearer the ruins. I took this up with Alfonso and he said if he could find his missing 10 mules before eleven o'clock, he would come over, otherwise he would not.

Lafleur, Andrew, and I went over first. We pushed our animals and made it in an hour and fifteen minutes. We found the flies so bad at the *champas* that we decided to take the horses on to the ruins, hoping they would not be so bad there. This proved useless, however, and they were soon covered with blood. Andrew's mule became so beside himself with them that he chewed the rope and freed himself.

The first thing I did was to get Lafleur and Andrew to outline the line of sight around the Great Plaza. I set to work drawing the inscription on the south side of Stela 2, the one with the K'atun 16 I.S. I finished this before noon and made some headway on the survey of the Great Plaza before lunch.

We got back to the *champas* at San Leandro before Arthur and Marius showed up. Just as we were eating lunch we heard the sound of horses' hooves, and they came into the clearing. They brought the very unwelcome intelligence indeed that camp could not be moved today because some of the mules were still missing when he left, after 12:00. It meant a two-league ride back, but there was no help for it.

After lunch we returned to the ruins. We had been at work at Group A, the one José knew about—not the one discovered by Alfonso. We opened up the lines of sight on the north, west, and south sides of the Great Plaza, and commenced the survey in these places.

We returned to Bejucal between five and six, tired but satisfied. One mule was still missing and Alfonso did not seem inclined to move camp, but I insisted and he eventually consented to move us over tomorrow. Felt very seedy tonight. Nerves jumping again. Went to bed early, but could not sleep.

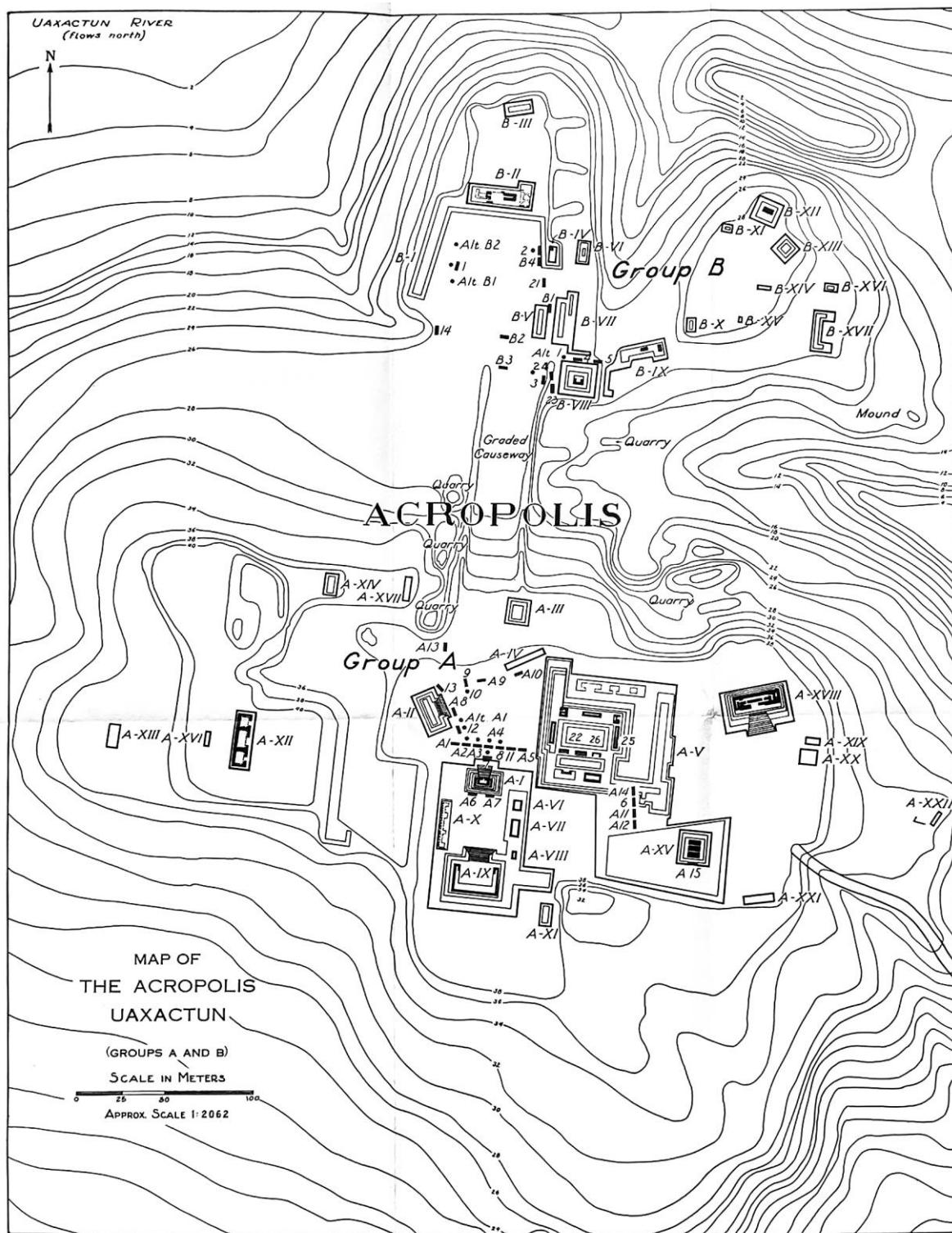


Figure 21.5. Morley's plan of Uaxactun, covering only Groups A and B, on the west side of the "ravine" that divides the site.

## Sunday, May 7

In order that camp should surely be moved, I left Andrew behind to get things moving and took Juan with me in his stead. Lafleur and I set out first, supposing Juan was right behind us. But when we reached San Leandro, he hadn't turned up yet, and so we didn't wait. I began to draw Stela 3, the early monument which I found out by my calculations to be 9.3.13.0.0 2 Ajaw 13 Keh, an interesting parallel between this and the monument one *k'atun* earlier at Tikal [Stela 3] might be drawn, namely, 9.2.13.0.0 4 Ajaw 13 K'ayab, but I haven't time here to dwell on such interesting scientific speculations. This job held the rest of the morning.

About eleven, Arthur and Marius showed up with a long tale of woe. Arthur thought we might be on the verge of a general mutiny, in the course of which we would be left to pilot ourselves and our impedimenta back to Cayo. Marius also had tales of grumbling and insubordination and altogether they were very gloomy. I did not take much stock in the idea that we would be abandoned outright, or at all, but the gloom persisted. When we reached the *champas* we found our *mulada* had arrived.

After lunch, Marius and I came back to the ruins, and I drew Stela 1, and made the final measurements for the map of the Great Plaza of Group A. While doing the latter, I lost my last ruler, and I fear I will be greatly handicapped when it comes to drawing the monuments at Group B. Lafleur did not come out to the ruins this afternoon, and escaped a good drenching thereby.



Figure 21.6. Morley (right) with Andrew and Marius Silas (seated and lying down), and José (standing), his crew on the 1916 expedition.

When we got back, Arthur was out scouting through the bush. He came in just before dinner and reported a new group, Group C [now renamed Group D] with at least one new sculptured stela, intaglio carving, and several plain stelae. He describes the sculptured monument as being of a very archaic appearance. After supper we looked for the North Star, and found it twinkling though a mass of foliage. He thinks he will be able to make his observation on it all right.<sup>189</sup>

### Monday, May 8

Shortly after we got up, Chon came in with an ocellated turkey [*Meleagris ocellata*] and a *kambul*. The former was indeed a perfect specimen, and promised delectable eating. If I dwell on eating so much, it is not because we are gourmands, but because our fare is really getting pitifully slender. Arthur and Lafleur skinned the turkey before we left for the ruins.

The plan this morning was to raise the K'atun 3 stela,<sup>190</sup> which seemed as though it might have fallen face downward. All save José assembled for the turning, which made nine. We got the stone, which weighs all of two tons, up on one edge until it must have been 50 degrees with the ground, plenty to see that it had a sculptured face. The figure there presented is in excellent condition. I made out the head of the god which stands for the number 7. I have passed over the work which raising this monolith entailed, but my silence should not be taken as indicating that no labor was expended. The sweat, the curses, the directions in Spanish and English, the straining of muscles and tempers to the point of exhaustion, were enough to have moved the Pyramid of Cheops if applied at one time, and even then we failed of getting it upright. It became apparent, finally, that we were too exhausted to work efficiently on it further, so I called it off for a final try tomorrow.

My "drawing hand" was ruined for the morning, so Arthur, Lafleur, Marius, and I went to see his new site [Group D], which lies about a half a mile east or northeast of the *champas* amongst some *ramoneos*. There are two sculptured stelae and six plain. I saw all except two of the latter. One of the sculptured stelae had two columns of intaglio relief carved on the back. Unfortunately, the detail is quite gone and I was unable to decipher a single glyph. After making a sketch map of the plaza where these monuments were located, we returned to the *champas* for lunch.

In the afternoon I took Juan, and with Lafleur, went back to Group A to finish up there. Juan wanted to leave in the morning, but I persuaded him to stay over tomorrow and help in the last attempt to turn over the big stela at Group A. He consented to do this for a consideration—one dollar.

### Tuesday, May 9

Got my *cuadrilla* [gang] of hearties together early for the attempt on the half-turned stela. We tried a new plan, namely to tie a strong pole to the monument and another smaller one on the other side, so the first would not slip, and then by pulling with a rope and raising with the pole at the same time, we hoped to raise it upright. It was the last shot in our quiver, and, if it failed, I knew

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<sup>189</sup> As at sea, celestial observations were used to pinpoint the latitude and longitude of the ruins.

<sup>190</sup> This refers to Uaxactun Stela 3, discovered on the first day at the ruins.

we would have to abandon the attempt. It was an anxious moment, therefore, when we finally got the rope and poles adjusted and began to pull. Slowly the heavy stone swung upright, and as our strength was exhausted, we rested while the rope held what we had gained. Thus, "poco a poco" we pulled the stela upright. There were no glyphs on the front, but the relief is in pretty good condition. The figure holds the ceremonial bar horizontal across his breast, the left head appears to be that of the Sun God.

After getting the stone upright, we disbanded, Andrew, Chon, Alfonso, and Galileo returning to camp, Arthur and Marius remaining to clean and photograph the stone. Lafleur, Juan, and I went over to Group B to begin my work there. While I started drawing the stela with the glyphs in single cartouches [Stela 6; Figure 21.7],<sup>191</sup> Lafleur went to look up the tall leaning stela. During the course of a two hours absence, he managed to lose himself, find Arthur, lose himself again, bring up at the *ramoneo*, find the *ramoneros*, return to camp, and to Group B.

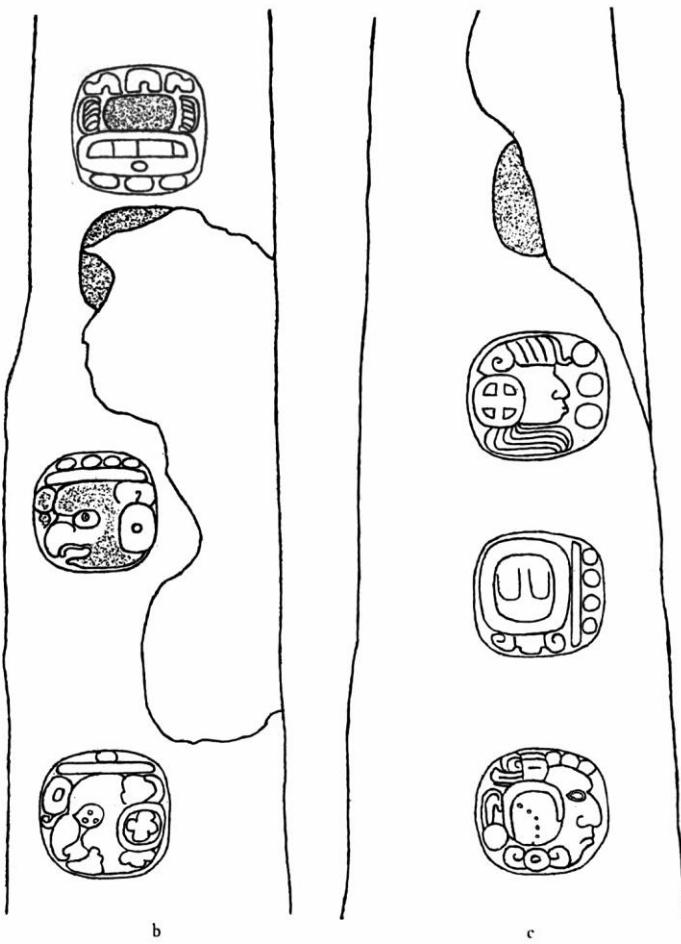


Figure 21.7. Morley's rendering of the oddly positioned glyphs on Uaxactun Stela 6.

<sup>191</sup> Uaxactun Stela 6 baffled Morley. The inscription did not follow the normal layout used almost exclusively by the Maya. Instead, each glyph was presented in a round cartouche and spread across two sides of the monument.

I had finished drawing three glyphs. It was after noon, so we returned to camp for lunch. After dinner, Lafleur, Juan, and I returned to Group B and finished the three glyphs on the other side of the same stela. I think I will be able to work out this date from the tables, but at present am literally too busy taking notes to do it here.

I finished this monument about 3 and then called to Lafleur, who was supposed to be making a trail from it to the leaning monument. In answer to his shouts, Juan and I set off on his highway. This was astonishingly clear at first, but soon petered into a *picado*, which we lost, and finally, by following his voice through the bush, we reached him. To his great amazement we came in from the opposite direction from that by which his trail entered.

I was mucking around the ruck of plain stelae in front of the principal mound on this second plaza when I noticed a small fragment stuck edgewise in the earth with glyphs on it. A little search in the immediate vicinity showed what appeared to be the top of a stela [Uaxactun Stela 7; Figure 21.8]. This was broken in several fragments, but on turning over proved to have fallen face down and presented an exquisite example of Maya art.<sup>192</sup>

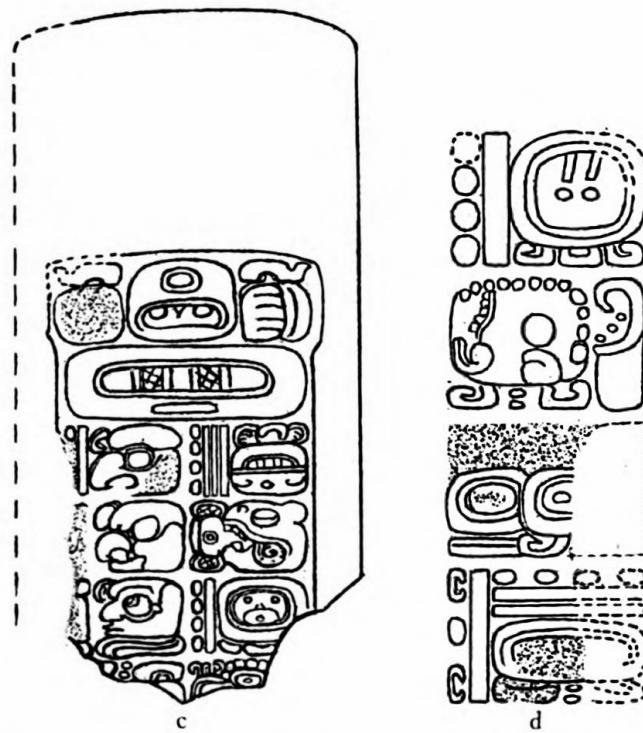


Figure 21.8. Morley's drawings of glyphs on Uaxactun Stela 7.

<sup>192</sup> Uaxactun Stela 7 was smashed to pieces: "The shattered condition of Stela 7 would seem to have been due to its location at the base of the pyramidal substructure of Structure A-I. When the temple above fell to pieces, blocks of masonry crashing down not only smashed this monument into bits but also scattered the pieces for some distance" (Morley 1937-38, I: 216).

The carving was of the very highest order, the material a fine-grained yellow limestone, and all together I think it must have been the equal of the beautiful Stela 32 at Naranjo. Fortunately, the inscription on the left side was well-preserved and unmistakably recorded the date 9.19.0.0.0 9 Ajaw 18 Mol. The month's sign was missing; it doubtless was on one of the fragments I could not find. I commenced drawing the I.S. and finished it, all but the *tun* and *winal* glyphs. By searching the platform above, I found the base of the monument and the round altar associated with it. By digging a little here, we found a few more fragments with glyphs. Also, below in the plaza level, we found another large fragment, apparently presenting the waist and breast of the figure.

Reached camp after six, highly elated with this latest discovery. We will leave tomorrow. They will break camp early in the morning and we will follow them over to Bejucal in the late afternoon.

### Wednesday, May 10

We were all up early. Juan got his draft and set off before seven. For the first time since he showed Lafleur the way to the ruins—a week ago tomorrow—José worked. There seemed to be no help for it. Juan had gone, Andrew had to see to the moving of the camp. Alfonso, Galileo, and Chon, of course, had to stay by the *mulada*. Marius had to aid Arthur. Therefore, José, Lafleur, and I went to Group B ourselves.

I finished drawing the I.S. on the beautiful stela [Stela 9] found yesterday [Figure 21.9]. After finishing this, I began to copy the leaning stela in the center. I have already touched upon this important inscription, which presents the earliest date yet deciphered. This date I was unable to decipher the first day I saw this monument, but a careful examination of each bar and dot coefficient—I stood on a scaffold which Lafleur and José had built against the monument—established the original reading to have been 8.14.10.13.15 8 Men 8 K'ayab.

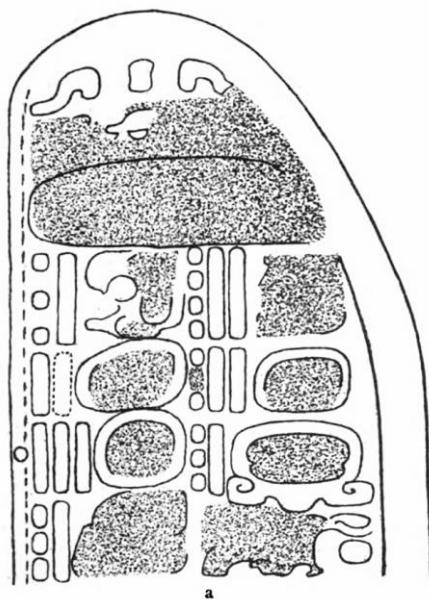


Figure 21.9. Morley's drawing of the early Cycle 8 date on Uaxactun Stela 9. See Figure 21.4.

In the correlation of Maya and Christian chronology which I am advocating, this corresponds to 50 A.D.<sup>193</sup> The style of the monument is sufficiently archaic to warrant this date. The glyph blocks are irregular in outline, and archaic in form. It was difficult to draw because of this irregularity and it was nearly one when I finished. I had previously sent José back to camp with permission to continue straight through to Bejucal. Arthur and Marius had in the meantime shown up, ready to take the final photographs at Group B. Lafleur and I were, by this time, more than ready to return to camp. We got there just as José was leaving for Bejucal. The camp had been moved, Andrew leaving a lunch for us. Arthur wanted us to bring his lunch and Marius back to Group B. We compromised by leaving the greengages [plums; *ciruelas*] for him in the *jato*, and taking him and Marius a sardine cracker sandwich apiece.

Lafleur and I set off for the ruins again, a little after two. At the fork of the trail, I left him to go on to Group B while I went back to Group A for a few minutes to see the big stela we turned. Arthur had cleared it up, but in some places the relief, which was low, is badly weathered. Unfortunately, one of the places which has suffered most has been the head and face. I took a few final notes on the intaglio I.S. of Stela 5, and then went back to the fork and took the trail to Group B.

As I climbed up the ravine, I heard monkeys roaring in the treetops. This noise increased in violence as I approached the Great Plaza of Group B, and just as I entered the plaza it reached its climax in a final roar succeeded by a heavy thud. I felt Lafleur had at last landed his heart's desire—a big baboon.<sup>194</sup> This was indeed the case. He and Arthur between them had brought down a big black male monkey, a baboon. They hit it four times, and even in spite of the sixty-odd-foot fall, there seemed to be a last spark of life in the poor creature after it reached the ground. It was literally alive with beef-worms, and smelled unto high heaven. Lafleur, on the spot, decided to take all parts of it not subject to immediate putrefaction to Cayo. But for the present we had other things to do. Arthur and Marius left for camp and Group A, while Lafleur and I set to work taking the necessary notes for a sketch map of the plaza of Group B sufficient to locate the monuments. This took us until five, when we had finished. A rain was coming on, and a good mile separated us from the *champas*. Lafleur strung the baboon on a pole and, carrying this on our shoulders, we set out, the baboon bobbing between us, an ugly, hairy blob.

In leaving the ruins to their majestic solitude again, I could not help but wonder when and under what circumstances it would be broken again. For centuries, for a thousand years and then centuries, they have been left alone, and now we come, and in a few hurried hectic days, turn over their sculptured masterpieces, and with pencil, tape, notebook, and camera violate their peace. Well, we are leaving them. Our trails will soon be overgrown, the traces of our brief sojourn effaced. They will be as before with this one exception—their secret, or better, a fraction of it—will have been given up to the outside world.

We set off for camp at a good rate as the rain was rapidly approaching. It had suddenly

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<sup>193</sup> Morley proposed his own correlation between the Maya and Christian calendars based on his study of the Cycle 10 Initial Series date at Chichen Itza. According to the now widely accepted GMT formula (Chapter 2), the date of Stela 9 is AD 328.

<sup>194</sup> Morley refers to the large howler monkeys (*Alouatta pigra*) as "baboons."

grown quite dark, and our time was limited. As soon as we came out of the ravine, we struck a more rapid pace, and when the rain finally caught us, a short distance from the *champas*, we were fairly running through the bush with our ugly burden lurching between us. Arthur and Marius were already at the hut and the rain came down in torrents. After it cleared, Arthur had to take a few final photographs, and by the time the animals were saddled, it was 5:45.

The ride back took us close on to two hours, and the last half hour was done in the pitch dark. Several mishaps occurred. Lafleur's horse stumbled, turned a somersault and fell, Lafleur himself clearing the plunging animal by a happy jump. My animal fell to his knees, but made a quick recovery. Maruis' mule shied, and by a sideways jump, unseated Marius, who came to Mother Earth promptly. Arthur contracted an *escoba* spine in his belly in an unsuccessful encounter with a tree of that family. All told, we were more or less bunged up. The greatest danger was from the horses stepping and being pierced by sharp sticks, and from hitting our heads against low trees and *bejucos*.

I was glad enough to see the lights of camp and hear the voices of the boys. This is the second time I have been caught in the bush after dark, and I do not like it. The going is too perilous. Andrew had a good dinner ready for us and against the hard day ahead of us tomorrow, we all turned in more or less early.

### Tuesday, May 11

Now that the time has finally come for starting out, preparations for leaving went forward speedily [Figure 21.10]. No mules were missing. The loading was not too lengthily protracted, and at 8:25 we bid farewell to Bejucal.



Figure 21.10. Loading the mules for departure from Uaxactun, May 11, 1916.

We had not been going long before an uproar ahead told of something up. It seems that a deer had darted under Alfonso's mule, and then made off into the bush. Our valiant huntsman tried to get a shot, but did not succeed.

In an hour and a half, we came to the fork which caused all our troubles a week ago, yesterday. Twenty minutes later we passed the *champas* on the north side of the *bajo*. The *bajo* itself had grown no shorter during the last week, and it took us just the same length of time (2 hours) to cross it that it did in going. We reached Las Positas at 1:10, four and three-quarter hours on the road. I made a lunch of Horlick's malted milk [Figure 21.11]. The aguada here is fairly good and the *champas* excellent.



Figure 21.11. Advertisement for Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets, founded in Racine, Wisconsin, in 1873. They were a standard ration on scientific and military expeditions in the early years of the twentieth century.

I spent the afternoon in map-making, Lafleur in cooking his monkey, and Arthur in hunting. Supper was salt-less, but consisted of a good *kambul*. I turned in about eight. After I had crawled in under my *pabellon*, someone heard a rustling in the thatched roof and uncovered a cockroach 4-inches long. Some country!

Friday, May 12

Everyone was up betimes, but when the mules came in, three were missing. Then commenced a long hunt, and finally, about 9:00, all were rounded up. Alfonso and Chon had a scrap and the former fired the latter, so he started off on foot for San Clemente before the *mulada*, carrying his pack. José started next, then Arthur and Marius. Lastly, Lafleur, myself, Andrew, Alfonso, and

Galileo got off with the *mulada*. The mules went very slowly, and what we did coming into the bush in 3½ hours it took us 4¼ hours coming out.

Just before we reached Esperanza, we met Lencho Paredes' *mulada* going into the bush. They are bringing out chicle and are now at Triunfo. The boy in charge gave us very disquieting *noticias* indeed. The revolutionists are still at Laguna and have killed a man by the name of Martínez. They could give no details. Alfonso thought it might be Emilio Awe's head *arriero*, one Jesus Martínez, whom everyone hates. He said even without this trouble he surely would have been killed this *temporada*. It was all very discouraging and made us wish we could push on at once to Triunfo where we felt more accurate information was to be had.

The last league dragged very slowly and it was just 2:00 when we reached San Clemente. Here a piece of unexpected good luck awaited us. José had killed a young deer. In anticipation of the feast ahead of us, everybody's spirits rose. Chon, who had gone on ahead, had not come in, and the consensus of opinion was that he had made tracks for Laguna.

The rest of the afternoon passed speedily. Alfonso and Galileo went off to make a *ramoneo*. Arthur and Lafleur skinned and cleaned the deer, and I wrote. Just before dinner, Chon came in, very much done up. He had made a detour to pick up a gun of his in the bush. José felt miserable and so he was dosed with quinine. While we were eating our venison steak, Alfonso and Galileo returned from the *ramoneo* bearing the pleasant news that 12 to 14 of our *mulada* had escaped—rushed off into the bush just as they were approaching the *ramoneo*. Furthermore, a large *tamagus*, 2 meters long, coiled in the roots of a sapote tree, had very nearly struck Galileo. Alfonso shot him. He said the sight so unnerved him that he was trembling like a leaf. Indeed, he had killed another, shorter one, before he returned. He said better his life than a bunch of mules, and he would not go into the bush at night for any *mulada*. All we can hope now is that not too many will stray too far. Even this buffet of fate could not quite take the edge off our relish of the venison, and we retired early, hoping for the best in the morning.

## Saturday, May 13

I got Alfonso up at 3 o'clock at his request and he went out looking for the mules. About six, he returned with 12 animals, more than I thought possible. The missing ones were my horse, Lafleur's, and Arthur's and José's *macho*. They had breakfast and afterward Alfonso went out in one direction, and Galileo and Marius in another. About 8, Alfonso brought in my horse and Lafleur's, and an hour later the other two. At 10:25 we started, almost our latest start. About three hours' easy riding brought us to Triunfo.

Here we found some five or six men burying Lafleur's syphilitic patient. The poor devil died yesterday noon and, owing to the rocky nature of the soil, they had difficulty in giving him the six feet we are all supposed to be entitled to. But the news here quickly drove thought of this one out of our heads. No one had come from Laguna for two weeks, and Juan González is the only one who has gone in. The Martínez who was killed was Jesus, the one Alfonso suspected. He and another man, Marcellino Castañeda, were killed between Plancha and Laguna. Details are still lacking.

The *mulada* here belongs to Trinidad Flores, and takes six days for one *paraje*. The head, Alejo Requena, is the man to whom I had a letter from Trinidad. The outlook is far from encouraging, and we are considering a number of alternatives. All contemplate the temporary abandonment

of our baggage here, and pushing into Cayo on foot from some *paraje* [stopping place, spot], presumably the Río Holmul.

The Salamá Battalion of the Guatemala army is reported as being at Plancha, and with the *revueltos* at Laguna, our objective—Cayo—lies just the other side of a line joining the two hostile camps. Our problem is how to reach Cayo most safely and expeditiously. Three general routes are under consideration.

First, to follow the road we came in by until we cross the Holmul, then leave it, taking to the bush on a due easterly course until we have entered the colony, which cannot be more than 10 or 12 miles distant at this point, and then swing southeast until we strike the Belize River or some road leading into Cayo—the Yalbac Road, for example. I have placed this first, because I favor it personally, since it leaves but little opportunity for our guides to double cross us in any way.

The second alternative is that favored by Alfonso and Chon. Ride to the Río Holmul, where we would cross it by another pass, one farther west. Leave the road here and take a southeasterly course through the bush straight to Cayo. This has in its favor that Chon knows the bush in this vicinity like a book, and finally that it is doubtless our shortest course and probably, therefore, the easiest. It has a serious objection, however, in that it is by all odds the most perilous of the three, since it traverses the country between the two hostile camps, a country which I believe must be filled with outposts and pickets. Even when we reach the line, we may run into Colonial troops.

The third alternative is to strike due south from the river until we cut the Flores trail and then come into Plancha from the west.

Alfonso does not want to leave his mules, naturally, and as there is no one here to take care of them, it looks as though we would have to leave him behind, trusting ourselves to Chon and José. Lencho Paredes, whose *mulada* we met yesterday, is due here tomorrow and Alfonso thinks he might get from him an *arriero*, in which event he would go on with us. If Lencho does not turn up tomorrow, we will go, though, with Chon, I expect by the middle route.

One uncertain feature of the whole perplexing problem is the uncertainty of our news, at best two weeks old. By this time Laguna may be as quiet and peaceful as a New England village at 10 o'clock of a Sunday morning, or as lively and livable as Verdun or Ypres under heavy gun bombardment, with all the odds in favor of French towns against this little Guatemalan village.

We are eating deer and living from the fat of the land, in prospect of a coming lean streak.

## Sunday, May 14

[NOTE: There was no entry for this date, although Morley left two pages blank to fill in the events of the day when more time was available—which he never did. On this day Morley's team joined forces with a *mulada* led by Ladislao Romero, a *chiclero* sent out by chicle merchant John Waight to hide his store of chicle until the political unrest subsided. New names appear in the diary as a result, including "Charley."]

## Monday, May 15

I was awake at 3 and awakened Andrew and the others at 4. We all got up at once, dressed, and finished what little packing we had left. By five-thirty we were all though breakfast. Then

commenced the regular morning humbug of one animal missing, this time Arthur's horse. One of Charley's animals also could not be found. There was a little talk of staying over another day, but I quashed this as much as I could, and fortunately the two missing animals turned up in a short time and the packing went forward rapidly. There are 18 of us now in the two *muladas* joined, and some 30 odd mules. There were many goodbyes to say—don Lencho, Toea, and the former's men. As we left the *champas* and crossed the Rio Triunfo, it was just 7:30.

We followed our old trail back for two hours, and then missed the fork to Corozal, which lost us 15 minutes. Just before this mishap, we passed Trinidad Flores' *mulada* in charge of Alejo Requena. The usual confusion incident to these occasions ensued, and after the two *muladas* had disentangled themselves, each went their way.

As I said, we took the wrong trail, our old one going to Camaron. We discovered our error shortly, however, and were soon on the right trail. Here occurred a quasi-dramatic incident. Andrew passed the word back that Charley had seen a man riding rapidly into the bush from the direction we are going, some yards to one side of the trail. Everyone was very quiet. When I caught up with Charley, I asked him to tell the story and he said he had only seen a riderless, but saddled, mule going in the opposite direction. When we reached Corozal, which we did after 3½ hours, we found the explanation. José had tied his mule (Lind's animal) by the bridle, and it had broken the same and escaped. Poor boy, there was nothing for him to do but return and find it. We blazed the trail leaving Corozal elaborately for him, but *quien sabe* when he will show up.

We lost another 15 minutes here at Corozal by taking another wrong trail, but finally got started right. Fortunately, the two *muladas* kept pretty close together, and straying mules were promptly detected and more promptly brought back into the straight and narrow path. About an hour before getting in, Lafleur's horse suddenly failed. On examination it proved to have sustained a 4-inch cut between his forelegs. Lafleur dismounted and had to walk in. About a quarter to two, the road began to pass through a large group of mounds, which continued on and off for three quarters of an hour, when we reached our journey's end, Dos Aguadas.

We camped a little beyond the regular *paraje* because the water there was so poor. We got in at 2:30, just 7 hours on the road, only 6½ of which can be considered effective, as we were straying twice for 15 minutes each stray. There are no *champas* at the point we stopped, but the boys say it will not rain, and we are trusting to luck. After a cup of hot Horlick's malted milk, Arthur and I returned to examine the big site through which we had come.

The *ramoneros* were felling their trees off somewhere to the north, and we went in this general direction, leaving the trail at the first large mound on the left. It wasn't long before Arthur had found a large stela, and in front of it, a round altar. The stela had fallen face downward, and all the back had disintegrated. The sides are plain. The face we could not determine, but are inclined to think it is plain, as all the other stelae I examined here (3) are plain. Leaving this mound and bearing off to the west, we came to another mound, on top of which two of Charley's boys were felling *ramon*. In front of this was one of the widest stelae I have ever seen. It was at least 6 feet wide and 8 or 10 feet high. The top was broken off and fallen to one side. Two square altars with well-rounded corners were associated with it. The front, back, and sides of the stela were plain.

Escaping from this vicinity just in time to escape the falling *ramon* trees, we continued our peregrinations. We rounded the corner of a very large mound—the largest we saw—and commenced ascending its back. About half way up, we climbed over the ruins of a double range

of rooms, the inner chamber not being more than 3 feet wide. Continuing on up over these, we still had a stiff climb before we reached the summit of the mound. From here, through the thick foliage on the sides, we caught glimpses of large stretches of country on all sides. We saw we were on the summit of a low ridge extending roughly east and west.

An exclamation from the lynx-eyed Arthur attracted me. "I see a whale of a ruin to the west." Sure enough, there pricked out against the western horizon on top of a distant ridge was a large city, with its main pyramid, a lofty structure, surmounted by a high temple with its roof-comb. To the left and right stretched a long chain of minor mounds and constructions, the whole being half a mile long as presented to us. The sight of it took my breath away and held me spell-bound. What could it be? Surely no city of such size could have remained undiscovered in this region. It appeared to be between 10 and 15 miles west of us. My mind flashed to Tikal. But there are 5 tall pyramid temples there, and then I knew it must be Nakum.<sup>195</sup> The position was about right for Nakum, and the one pyramid temple suited to a T. We ardently wished we had brought the binoculars so we could see the city better. This wish grew so strong that Arthur finally decided to return to the camp for the binoculars. I was to remain behind on the top to guide him back to the temple by my shouts.

He was not gone too long, though the flies, mosquitos, and other insects in that lofty place had well-nigh devoured me before he finally got back. The binoculars swept away the cobwebs of the intervening miles and brought the city almost to our very feet. It towered there above that distant ridge, silhouetted against the roseate glow of the late afternoon light, a thing of towers, pyramids, turrets, minarets, whatnot—a fairy city, exquisite, mysterious, unreal. We waited until sunset, taking its azimuth and time, then hurried camp-ward. Descending the pyramid, I slipped and struck my shoulder against a sharp stick, which hurt not a little.

Returning to camp we found Lafleur had had the boys put the beds up and supper was nearly ready. We had a regular feast, a *cocrosal*<sup>196</sup> that Chon had killed, beans, crackers and tea—lots of the latter. The only unpleasant feature was the mosquitoes, which literally swarmed from the aguada nearby in legions. After dinner, I retired immediately to my cot, crawled in under the *pabellon*, undressed, and proceeded to lose by perspiration what I put in with tea. José did not come in; we all think he took another road.

## Tuesday, May 16

Our earliest start but one. We actually were under way by 6:40 for a long day. Our interest, since the *revueltas* are supposedly not to be encountered until tomorrow, centered in whether we would be able to get Bradley's wounded horse through to the Cayo. It is badly puffed with air, but the cut itself, though open, remains sweet and wholesome owing to that wonderful cure-all of Dr. Underhill. Of course, he was very stiff and did not want to even make the start, but after he had

<sup>195</sup> As mentioned (April 30), Morley visited Nakum in 1915—probably around May 25–27 during his departure from Petén—but did not comment on it in his journal. He would have known about the site from earlier Peabody Museum explorations led by Tozzer and Merwin. Given that Nakum lies only about 12 km southwest of Dos Aguadas, whereas Tikal lies 27 km west-southwest, it was probably Tikal that he saw.

<sup>196</sup> Possibly a Belizean term for great curassow (*Crax rubra*), called *kambul* in Petén.

been on the way for a league, he was sufficiently limbered up to dart into the bush, tangle himself up, pause to eat sapotes, etc. Our anxiety over him gradually decreased and the seven long hot hours between Dos Aguadas and the river claimed our unwilling attention.

The trail for the first two hours led south, then worked around gradually to the east, and was actually making north when we reached the river at 1:30. About two hours before getting in, we passed some *champas* from which a righthand trail led off to Laguna Colorado. I passed through this latter place, as well as El Río, when I went to Nakum last year.

We finished the last of Horlick's malted milk for lunch then fell on to Bradley's animal. Lafleur and Arthur gave it a massage, pricking the skin at intervals to let out the air. They also applied the Underhill medicine. Although pretty stiff, the horse stood the journey pretty well. I did not send him to the *ramoneo*, but got some corn from Charley. This so heartened him that he tried to make off about nine—we had left him free thinking he was too all in to attempt to stray—and had to be tied for the night. Lafleur put the finishing touches on the cooking of his monkey before night drew in, and against what may be an exciting day tomorrow, we opened our last tin of milk—one Arthur had secreted against this fateful day, making a feast of it. Chon came in late as usual, but with no game.

The camp was very picturesque in the moonlight. The latter is almost, if not quite full, and shed a radiance which quite dimmed our electric lamps and kerosene lanterns. Arthur took some flash-nights as we bunched together discussing the chances of the morrow. We are probably going out by the Bullet Tree Road. Lafleur dressed up several wounds, bay sores, etc., and we turned in about nine.

## CHAPTER 22

### DEATH ON THE TRAIL: LETTERS TO WOODWARD

#### May 17, 18, and 19

It is with a heavy heart that I take up the closing pages of this diary, whose ending has been so unexpectedly tragic—the worst we could have anticipated—so far short of the appalling reality—poor Lafleur's death.

The entries for May 17, 18, and 19 were never written. Instead, five days later at El Cayo, I wrote the first half of my official report of the tragedy to Dr. R. S. Woodward, President of the Institution, tracing the series of events which had led up to it, from the day we left El Cayo for the interior, April 25th, down to the morning of May 17th, the day of Dr. La Fleur's death.

On May 31st, at Belize [City], I wrote the second half of this report, covering the events from the morning of May 17th down to June 2nd, the day we left El Cayo for Belize. This report, in the form of these two letters to the President of the Institution, has been included here as the closing part of my diary for 1916.

#### Letter of May 22, 1916

El Cayo,  
British Honduras  
May 22, 1916

My Dear Dr. Woodward—

On May 19th, as soon as I could gather and verify the essential facts, I advised you by wireless of the death of Dr. Moise Lafleur, the expedition's physician, which occurred two days earlier (May 17) at three o'clock in the afternoon. The more detailed account which follows, has been prepared after repeated consultations with Dr. Carpenter, and the two colored boys, Andrew and Marius Silas, the only other eye-witnesses of the tragedy beside myself.

In order that you may understand clearly just what happened, it is first necessary for me to outline the movements of the expedition during the past four weeks, and to describe briefly, not only the geography of the country in which it has been operating, but also the attendant political circumstances.

The expedition left Belize on the 17th of April, five strong, Mr. Carpenter, Dr. Lafleur, myself, and our two colored servants, Andrew and Marius Silas. We reached here (El Cayo,) the head of

navigation on the Belize River, three days later and at once began to arrange for a three-week trip into northern Peten, the adjoining department of the Republic of Guatemala.

Having gathered the necessary outfit, guides, mules, supplies, etc., we left El Cayo on April 25th, taking a generally north-westerly direction into the Peten bush, our objective being a newly reported archaeological site five days' journey in.

The northern half of Peten is a gently rolling plain traversed by ranges of low hills, and is completely overgrown with a vast tropical jungle. The only roads are narrow winding trails cut by *chicleros* (i.e., the chicle bleeders), and the only human habitations in the region are their constantly shifting camps. You should note that these trails spread fan-like from El Cayo as a base. Here all the mule-trains discharge their cargoes, and from here the chicle is shipped to Belize by water. To the west and north lies a vast trackless jungle whose only point of egress is at this village of El Cayo.

Along one of the blades of this fan of trails, we were now making our way. The first night out (Ojo de Agua), one of our guides, to whom I had advanced money after the custom of the country, decamped, presumably returning to El Cayo. The next morning (April 26th) I went back to look for him, leaving Mr. Carpenter in charge with the understanding that he was to proceed to Laguna with the rest of the party that same day and await me there.

On reaching El Cayo I heard some startling news. That very morning, at day-break, a party of about forty revolutionists composed mostly of Mexican *chicleros* actually recruited on British soil, i.e., from El Cayo and Benque Viejo, had captured the frontier village of Plancha Piedra without bloodshed, and had seized the chicle and mule-trains there. They were issuing manifestos to the effect that nobody would be harmed, and that their movement was directed solely against the Government of Guatemala and the really infamous abuses which have crept into the chicle business here.

I felt that I must return at once to Laguna and acquaint the other members of the party with this totally unexpected development, and by a long ride I succeeded in reaching there after dark that same night.

We considered the situation carefully, debating whether to continue on our way, or whether to return to El Cayo at once. Because it was impossible to foresee all the contingencies which might arise if we went on<sup>197</sup>--I did not care to assume entire responsibility for the decision, and the question was left to an open vote of the field staff: Mr. Carpenter, Dr. Lafleur, and myself. We found ourselves unanimous as to the advisability of continuing our journey, which opinion indeed, was held by all the others, the native guides, muleteers, and camp servants; and I may add here, that insofar as the little band of revolutionists, which captured Plancha Piedra on April 26th, was concerned, it was in no way responsible for the doctor's murder, a matter solely chargeable to the Guatemalan troops. The next morning, therefore (April 27th), we continued our journey into the bush, turning our backs upon civilization and largely forgetting the matter for the next fortnight.

This is not the proper time for presenting the scientific results of this trip, probably the most successful I have ever undertaken since it includes, among other things, the discovery of the

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<sup>197</sup>A footnote was added at a later date in his "diary" version of the letter: "though personally I had no misgivings as to the wisdom of such a course--."

oldest Maya monument yet reported; so I will pass over the intervening fortnight between April 28th and May 13th without further comment other than to say that we made the journey successfully; spent six days at the ruins near a chicle camp called San Leandro; and returned back along our trail, reaching the chicle camp of Triunfo on May 15th, where we heard the first accurate news in two weeks of the conditions obtaining ahead of us.

We learned that the revolutionists had abandoned Plancha Piedra almost immediately after they had taken it, and marching to Laguna, had taken that village without opposition on the 28th of April, the day after we left there. The government troops in the meantime had reoccupied Plancha Piedra, and had fortified themselves there. In these two places the respective forces were encamped, apparently watching each other.

The only weak point about this news was its age, being then (May 13th) over two weeks old. We did not know, nor had we any means of finding out, what had happened since. The entire trouble might have blown over in that time, or might equally as well have reached serious proportions. In this dilemma we decided to wait over a day at Triunfo, particularly since another mule-train, whose advance runners we had met the previous day, were due to arrive the next day, and its leader, so my head-muleteer told me, knew more about the situation ahead of us than we did, since he had left El Cayo after us.

The next day (May 14th) this mule-train arrived, and with it began the first of those adverse circumstances which in a vicious train so linked themselves together as to eventuate in Dr. Lafleur's death.

There arrived that same day at Triunfo another mule-train, also en route for El Cayo. With it came a Mexican named Ladislao Romero, a chicle contractor, and for the last seven years a resident of El Cayo. He had been sent into the bush from El Cayo by a Mr. Waight, another chicle contractor, a British subject, for the purpose of hiding Waight's chicle in the bush until the trouble should have passed over. He carried a passport from the Commissioner of the Cayo District, the local colonial administrative official; and to provide against possible encounters with the revolutionists, he had gone first to Laguna and had secured from their chief, one Trinidad Flores, a passport permitting him and his associates to pass freely through the revolutionary lines.

Romero approached me at Triunfo that afternoon (May 14th) and told me that a mutual friend, no less than the revolutionary chief himself, whom I had known slightly at El Cayo, sent me his best wishes and the message that if I cared to return to El Cayo through Laguna I would not be molested in any way. He then showed me a passport signed by this Trinidad Flores, which in fact gave him and his associates free passage through the revolutionary lines. At the same time, he also showed me another passport from the District Commissioner of the Cayo District giving him permission to leave and return to the Colony for the business in hand. Romero said the only thing he lacked was a passport from the Guatemalan authorities. Of the latter, I had taken elaborate precautions to provide myself with what I thought was an adequate supply for any emergency that might arise. Both Mr. Carpenter and myself had letters from the Minister of Foreign Relations in Guatemala City bespeaking for us the usual courtesies extended to scientific expeditions, and in addition I had a letter from don Clodeveo Berges, the Governor of Peten, recommending me to the care of all the civil and military authorities of the Department. Finally, besides these we had our own American passports and your official letter, sufficient credentials, if examined, to guarantee the peaceful and altruistic character of our mission. By travelling with

Romero we would be safe if we encountered any of the revolutionists, and so far as any government troops were concerned, we naturally anticipated no danger from that source. Moreover, by joining forces with this other mule-train we increased our number from 9 to 18, a greater number than any picket of the revolutionists which we would be likely to encounter.

We left Triunfo the next morning (May 15th) and, proceeding by more circuitous and less used trails than the ones by which we had entered, we reached Dos Aguadas that evening and the Rio Holmul the next (May 16th). By this route we made a big detour to the south and west in order to avoid the revolutionary headquarters at Laguna. We had at last reached the region where trouble—if there were to be any—would most likely occur. You will note that from the Rio Holmul to El Cayo is only a matter of thirty miles, and from this point, the trails converge more or less rapidly. This last stretch lay directly between the two hostile camps, and we imagined must be fairly well patrolled by both sides. Unfortunately, there were no other trails available since, as I have already explained, all trails emerge at El Cayo; and we had no guides who could lead us through the untracked bush, even had our failing food supply permitted such a course. No one, not even the natives, expected any serious trouble since we had passports from both sides, and indeed the worst we ourselves anticipated was that we might be stopped, and some of our outfit taken from us.

I now come to the last day (May 17th), that on which Dr. Lafleur was killed. We left the Rio Holmul at 7:50 a.m., our party going out in two sections, one taking the pack animals over the Bullet Tree Falls trail, and the other in which Mr. Carpenter, Dr. Lafleur, and myself all rode, going by way of Chunvis.

We approached this latter place with an extreme of caution. The bell had been removed from the bell-mare, no one spoke aloud, all shouting at the mules—the inevitable accompaniment of mule-driving in this country—was eliminated for once, and our really large mule-train made little or no noise. When within two miles of Chunvis, three runners were sent ahead to find out whether or not the coast was clear. By missing the trail at this point we also missed the boy they sent back to inform us that all was safe and to come ahead in, but this was of little consequence since we ourselves reached Chunvis a little later, finding everything there perfectly quiet and normal.

The two *chicleros* in charge of the camp told us that the government troops were still at Plancha Piedra, from which they had not moved since they occupied it three weeks before; and that the revolutionists were still at Laguna, from which they had not moved since they captured it. Furthermore, they said that there had been no encounter between the two forces, and that all was, and had been quiet. Indeed, a mule-train had been engaged for the past week in making a daily round-trip from Buena Vista in the Colony to Chunvis and return for chicle, and finally this train had left for Buena Vista three hours before we got in.

This then was the information we received at Chunvis and it dispelled all our misgivings. Everything was, and had been, quiet since the original outbreak more than three weeks before, the regular business of hauling out chicle was going on uninterruptedly as always, and indeed over the very trail we were about to take to El Cayo.

The day was early, just noon; the horses, while not fresh, were by no means exhausted; and the remaining distance not more than eighteen miles. We were unanimous in the decision to push through to El Cayo, get our mail, and the first news of the outside world in over three weeks.

Back of the decision also, was the feeling that a short ten miles separated us from the frontier, and once across this line and on British soil, we could dismiss all further anxiety over the revolutionists.

But here a quandary arose. The head muleteer of the pack train said his pack-animals were too tired to go on, and he was not coming in until the next day. This left us without a guide. I asked some of the *chicleros* if they would show us the trail to Buena Vista, but they said they could not leave their chicle. Finally, Romero said he would go with us as far as Buena Vista, from which point on in to El Cayo I myself knew the trail. I closed the arrangements with him, and at 12:40 p.m. we started six strong: Romero, Mr. Carpenter, Dr. Lafleur, Andrew and Marius Silas, and myself, all mounted. Andrew Silas led, in addition, a horse, which had been hurt on the way.

The guide Romero rode first, I came second after my usual custom. The other four constantly shifted their positions in the line behind us. The country between Chunvis and the border is a succession of low hills covered with the same dense bush as elsewhere. The trail bears a little south of east, and as it approaches the frontier, it ascends a low hill cutting across the slope—in the direction we were going—from right to left.

Just a few minutes before the murder, perhaps 15 at the outside, occurred an incident which had an important bearing on the matter, since it probably determined (with or without knowing it) that Dr. Lafleur was to lose his life instead of myself.

About 2:30 a sudden brief shower came up. The water collecting on the lenses of my glasses so interfered with my vision that I took them off to place in my pocket until the rain should be over. In so doing they fell to the ground, and I was obliged to dismount to pick them up. At this point Dr. Lafleur, who had been riding well toward the rear, pushed up ahead of me, saying as he passed, "I'm going up next to the guide, Morley, to talk to him." Andrew Silas, leading the lame horse, also passed me before I remounted and fell into line.

This trivial incident, you will note, caused an entire shifting in our relative positions in the line. Romero the guide was still first, but Dr. Lafleur had taken my place as second, and Andrew Silas and the lame animal had come forward to the third place. I then fell back to the fourth place. Mr. Carpenter came fifth and Marius Silas last. This could not have been more than five minutes before the shooting.

We proceeded noisily enough through the bush, with no thought of concealing our presence there, talking back and forth to one another, all fears at rest. The frontier was within a quarter of a mile. I had told Romero to advise me in advance when we approached the line so that we could take the readings of our watches, since we were carrying out observations for longitude. He had just called back to me that we were getting very near the line. We had entered a space about 125 feet long where the underbrush had been cleared back from the trail some distance on the left-hand side and a few yards on the right-hand side, leaving us in a little clearing. Ahead the thick undergrowth closed in again.

Suddenly, without warning of any kind, not the stirring of a leaf, there burst from the bush just ahead of us to the right and left as well, a volley of ten or fifteen rifle shots, and this was immediately succeeded by sustained irregular firing.

Simultaneously with this first volley the guide Romero gave a violent cry, at the same time falling to the ground where he lay crying and writhing about, apparently mortally wounded.

Doctor Lafleur after the first volley jumped from his horse, and paused to pump a shell from

the magazine into the chamber of his gun, a Winchester .38 caliber carbine, which he was in the habit of keeping at hand while traveling for hunting purposes. An instant later he sought cover to the right of the trail. It is doubtful in the minds of Mr. Carpenter and myself whether he ever succeeded in firing a shot, particularly since the autopsy seems to show that his right arm was almost immediately disabled.

The boy Andrew, who occupied the third place in line, dismounted with maximum celerity, abandoning his own mount and the lame horse he had been leading, and retired to the rear post-haste, back down the trail toward Chunvis.

During these few seconds I retired a few feet—still mounted—until I was abreast Mr. Carpenter, who had just dismounted. By this time none of the party remained between us and the firing line, which was not more than 25 yards distant at the maximum, and probably nearer half that. We stood here engaged in conversation between 35 and 60 seconds, the open target of uninterrupted fire from the ambuscade. I said, "What are they doing?" Mr. Carpenter replied, "They are shooting at us." I returned the question, "What had we better do?" He answered, "I am going to shoot." At this point the boy Marius, who had not moved from the beginning, broke in by saying: "Mr. Morley, I have only four cartridges, we'd better go back." Mr. Carpenter had, in this interval, drawn his pistol, released his horse, which dashed forward through the ambuscade, and had fired twice. Up to this moment none of us had seen any member of the ambuscade, though we assumed from the first that it was the revolutionists.

Mr. Carpenter believes that as his horse passed through the ambuscade, he saw one man reaching for it, at whom he fired the two shots mentioned. That he did see a man at this time is not entirely certain, however, since the head of the clearing was already filled with powder haze.

At this point I began to realize the extreme peril of our open position, and called first to Mr. Carpenter, "Arthur we must get back," and then gave the general command "Back! Back! Back! For God's sake, everybody back." I spurred my horse, wheeled, and dashed down the trail around the first bend, followed closely by Marius and at a greater distance by Mr. Carpenter, both on foot. Here we paused an instant and then set off at a run overtaking the boy Andrew, about 150 yards from the first bend. At 200 yards we came to the bottom of the slope and stopped.

A hurried consultation was held. Mr. Carpenter decided, against my wishes—since I believed that Dr. Lafleur was dead—to approach as near as possible through the bush with the object of ascertaining whether Dr. Lafleur had survived the opening fire, and if so to carry him cartridges, which he lacked. I instructed him to return to Chunvis within the hour to which he refused to agree. He started back toward the shooting, which had practically subsided, carrying his pistol and some cartridges but leaving everything else. I started for Chunvis with the two servants. We had scarcely gone a hundred paces when two rifle shots were heard in the direction Mr. Carpenter had taken. I said, "They've got Carpenter or that is the end of the poor doctor," whereupon we quickened our pace fearing pursuit. Subsequently the servants say they heard faint shots, but I did not. Two hours later we were in Chunvis.

Owing to the fact that unless I close this report here, the whole must be delayed another week, I feel it better to forward this section which sets forth the principal incidents of the tragedy and the events leading thereto, reserving for the second installment an account of the escape of Mr. Carpenter and myself and the subsequent steps taken to recover the body of Dr. Lafleur, remove it to El Cayo where it was interred, salvage the expedition equipment which remained at

Chunvis, and finally to ascertain definitely that our assailants had been Guatemalan Government troops.

I enclose also the original copy of the report of the medical examiner, whom I engaged to perform an autopsy. Mr. Carpenter and I expect to return to the States on the next steamer leaving here, June 2nd, barring instructions from you to the contrary. I shall look up Dr. E. Lafleur who lives in New Orleans, Louisiana, and deliver to him the personal effects of his brother. We should be in Washington about June 10th.

I have suppressed in the foregoing account, as much as possible, reference to the personal feelings of both Mr. Carpenter and myself, but naturally the shock we have sustained has been very great, and as yet we are unable to measure its full extent. The horror of those few crowded minutes has not left my mind free for a single instant, either waking or sleeping, ever since.

I remain, Very respectfully yours,

/s/ Sylvanus G. Morley



A

B

Figure 22.1. A, Moise Lafleur on graduation from the Tulane University medical school in 1915. B, Arthur Carpenter surveying the Copan ruins in 1916.

**Letter of May 31, 1916**

Belize  
British Honduras  
May 31, 1916

My dear Dr. Woodward,

In continuation of my letter of May 22nd, you will find hereinafter the narrative of the events subsequent to the shooting of Dr. Lafleur and my own escape to Chunvis, accompanied by the two colored boys, Andrew and Marius Silas.

Dr. Lafleur was killed, so far as I can make out from our watches, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Two hours later we reached Chunvis and spread the alarm. The muleteers were terrified, as were the *chicleros*, each anticipating a similar fate himself. All were unanimous, however, that instant flight was our only course, the only disagreement being as to which was the safest trail out. The two colored boys and myself, firm in the conviction that we had been attacked by revolutionists, were in favor of going out by the Benque Viejo road, i.e., that which passed nearest the headquarters of the government troops at Plancha. The five muleteers and *chicleros*, on the other hand, were equally certain that we had been ambushed by government troops, and consequently wanted to take the Romana, or Bullet Tree Falls trail, that is to say, one as far from the government quarters at Plancha as possible. This discussion grew warm until I silenced them by saying that we could not have been ambushed by government troops, since such would have halted us and examined our credentials.

I gave this incident simply to show that we had assumed from the first that our assailants had been revolutionists or bandits, and that far from regarding the government troops as a possible source of danger, we had from the first, and constantly throughout the trip, relied upon them as a factor of safety to be depended upon under all conditions. It was no wonder, then, that I refused to believe the men when they said the government troops were our assailants, and I gave the order to leave by the Benque Road forthwith.

We left Chunvis about five o'clock, eight strong: myself, Andrew and Marius Silas, and five muleteers and *chicleros*. We had already done over 20 miles of mule-back riding, and ten miles of walking and running, and were pretty well tired out.

Just before dusk (at 6:50 p.m.) we heard faintly, as from a long distance off in the general direction of Buena Vista (east), several volleys. I could only imagine that these were for Mr. Carpenter, and that he had been tracked down and killed.

We continued our way with even greater caution. Shortly after this, night came on and we had to proceed more slowly by the light of a lantern. Half an hour later we discovered footprints in the trail, and turned aside into a corozo palm swamp to sleep for the night. The boys were afraid to follow the trail any further because of the footprints, and it was out of the question to push on through the untracked bush at night.

Our stopping place abounded in *garrapatas* (ticks), and sleep, though not rest, was out of the question. Toward morning a heavy rain came up and drenched everybody.

I aroused the men at 4:30 and as soon as it was light enough to see in the bush, we resumed our way. The plan was to follow the trail until it approached the immediate vicinity of the frontier, then to take to the bush and cut directly through by compass bearing to Benque Viejo, perhaps three miles off. As we approached the line, we redoubled our precautions. We were not more than two miles from Plancha at this point, and although I had no fear of the government troops, the men were in terror believing, as they did, that this outrage had been committed by them.

We reached the line sooner than we expected, at 7:30 a.m. The first man suddenly found himself in a clearing running north and south. The line was clear. Hastily, but silently, we crossed into British territory. I think I have rarely experienced greater relief than when we were on the British side, and as for the men, they openly rejoiced—threw their hats into the air like boys, withdrew the shells from their shotguns, walked more noisily and talked more cheerfully, such was their confidence in the protection of the British flag.

At 8:45 we reached the Mopan River, summoned a ferryman from the other side, and in a few minutes were in Benque—all members of the expedition at last safe in British territory with the exceptions of Mr. Carpenter and Dr. Lafleur.

At Benque Viejo news of another conflict greeted me. At dusk the previous evening, a party of Guatemalan Government troops had attacked a force of Colonial Volunteers and constables in British territory and had killed one of the constables, leaving two of their own men dead on the field, and losing four others from wounds while they were being carried to Plancha. This fight had taken place near Buena Vista, not more than half a mile from the spot where we had been ambushed. Now, for the first time, it began to appear to me that government troops had been responsible for the attack upon our party also.

At Benque Viejo, however, I could get no information about any other shooting affray—except this killing of Corporal Flowers—and I feared that both Mr. Carpenter and Doctor Lafleur had shared the same fate. As telephone service between Benque Viejo and El Cayo was interrupted, I decided to leave at once for the latter place, hoping that one or the other might possibly come out of the bush there.

On the way over I met some people who told me an American had escaped from the bush late the previous night, reporting that his two companions had been killed. Although my informant could give no details, I felt confident that it was Mr. Carpenter who had escaped, and further, that Doctor Lafleur was dead.

I reached El Cayo before noon, and found Mr. Carpenter at the District Commissioner's. Here I secured more detailed information of the Doctor's death and of Mr. Carpenter's subsequent movements.

It is now necessary to go back to the preceding day and trace Mr. Carpenter's steps from the time I left him on the trail until I met him in El Cayo.

Mr. Carpenter, acting under the belief that our flight had carried us perhaps half a mile from the ambuscade, returned at a brisk pace along the trail intending to take to the bush when he approached within sight of the firing line. To his astonishment, however, after rounding the second bend he found himself back in the clearing where the attack had occurred and almost at the spot from which he had started.

A few yards ahead of him, scattered in the vicinity of the bodies, were ten or twelve of our assailants, some clearly visible, others less so because of the powder haze which still hung over the head of the clearing.

He stopped, hesitating whether to run back along the trail or seek cover in the bush. During this brief pause, he observed some taking to cover, but nevertheless, two men fired at him almost instantly. These were the shots I had heard and had imagined to have killed either Dr. Lafleur or himself.

Fortunately, these both missed him, and again he sought safety in flight around the first bend. He was hotly pursued, and in realizing that his pursuers would round the same bend before he could reach the next, he darted into the bush on the (his) right, jumped a small log some 25 feet from the trail, and flattened himself on the ground against it. Although his cover was entirely inadequate, eleven men passed without seeing him, and continued down the trail toward the point where he had left me. By his watch it was then 2:25 p.m., which in corrected time was 3:05. In other words, just five minutes had elapsed since the first volley.

From his hiding place a considerable portion of the trail and clearing was visible. He saw Doctor Lafleur motionless on the ground, perhaps 50 yards away, surrounded by other men, some ten or twelve of whom had in the meantime emerged from the cover of the ambuscade. He had also occasional glimpses of the body of Ladislao Romero, the guide. It also remained motionless. For about half an hour he remained without moving in this precarious and awkward position, during all of which time neither body stirred and he felt entirely satisfied that both were dead. Toward the end of this time, he began to formulate plans for extricating himself from his perilous position.

Having heard nothing of the men who had gone down the trail, he concluded that they were continuing the pursuit toward Chunvis. He thought by firing rapidly at those in sight a number of times, he might frighten them into again taking cover long enough for him to escape. He fired his pistol, a .30 calibre Luger automatic, five times in rapid succession at a partly visible group of three or four men, who with the others about, instantly took cover. These later shots were the last heard by Andrew Silas on our way back to Chunvis.

Unfortunately for the complete success of his plan, the men who had gone in pursuit of us were close at hand, and on hearing these shots they returned at full speed. When their companions saw them returning and when no more shots were fired at them, all commenced to converge on Mr. Carpenter's position. He could see them approaching, although they could not see him.

This move obviously forced his hand, and when they had approached to within twenty yards, he ran some seventy yards deeper into the bush, where he again concealed himself behind more effective cover. By this time the men had spread out into a semi-circle and were systematically stalking the bush.

His new cover proved equally insecure, and this time he ran back a long distance until all sound of pursuit had ceased. From this point he circled back through the bush, intending to strike the Buena Vista trail beyond the ambuscade and go for help. In so doing, he accidentally returned to the vicinity of the main body of our assailants, who were encamped very near the lines on the British side. He saw there a greater number of men than he had thought the whole party contained and he concluded that no part of the trail would be safe.

His presence was not discovered, however, and by making a big detour and keeping to the bush, he finally emerged at Calla Creek near Buena Vista, about half past five. As he had never been in the vicinity before, he was not certain of whether he was in British territory or not, but presently meeting some of the Volunteers who were patrolling the river ford at Buena Vista he was told that he was in the Colony.

His subsequent movements may be rapidly indicated. At Buena Vista he informed the officer in charge—Corporal Flowers, who was subsequently killed—what had happened, and asked for a mount to El Cayo to lay the matter before the District Commissioner. This was immediately provided, as well as a constable to accompany him, and he continued his journey to El Cayo without further delay.

Corporal Flowers, acting on Mr. Carpenter's information and the story of two *chicleros* who had been shot at in British territory that same afternoon, selected a number of men and at once proceeded along the Chunvis trail toward the frontier.

The details of his encounter with Guatemalan troops in British territory, in which he lost his life, are fully set forth in the report of the inquest held by the Colonial authorities, and are without the province of this report.

Mr. Carpenter reached El Cayo at 7:20 p.m. and related to the District Commissioner and the officers of the Colonial troops, who were together at dinner, the events of the afternoon.

The District Commissioner at once telegraphed the Colonial Secretary in Belize for instructions, and Mr. Carpenter at the same time communicated with the nearest American official, Consul W. L. Avery at Belize, reporting the affair and requesting immediate assistance.

Communication between El Cayo and Belize was interrupted and neither of these telegrams could be sent at the time, consequently the local authorities agreed to accompany him to the border with troops.

At 8:30 p.m. Mr. Carpenter left El Cayo for the frontier with the District Commissioner, the District Medical Officer, the Superintendent of Police, and Lieutenant Currie in command of 25 troops. They reached Buena Vista before midnight.

Two hours were spent in engaging and dispatching two trusted bushmen to penetrate the bush as far as Chunvis. These carried duplicate notes to me advising me that they could be trusted to guide me out in safety.

At 2:00 a.m. the entire party set out for the frontier, and at daylight reached the place where Corporal Flowers had been killed. They found his body and those of two Guatemalans, and at the same time they frightened away some six or seven Guatemalans who had evidently been left on guard overnight.

As neither the Colonial troops nor the Colonial officers could cross the frontier, Mr. Carpenter crossed on his own responsibility with the hope of bringing out Doctor Lafleur's body, taking with him one of the men who had stood by Corporal Flowers when he was killed, and brother of our head muleteer. They worked their way carefully through the bush to within some 50 yards of the place where our party had been fired upon. Here they located a number of the enemy advantageously stationed under cover on both sides of the trail.

Not wishing to precipitate another shooting affray, they withdrew cautiously to the line, abandoning for the time being all attempts to recover Doctor Lafleur's body.

After this the whole party returned to Buena Vista, carrying Corporal Flowers' body with

them. All of the officials enumerated returned with Mr. Carpenter to El Cayo, whither they arrived some fifteen minutes ahead of me as previously set forth.

After hearing Mr. Carpenter's story, I made ready to return to Benque Viejo the same afternoon in order to get in touch with the Guatemalan officials at Plancha relative to the matter of removing Doctor Lafleur's body to El Cayo.

Pablo Guerra, the *Comandante* of Plancha, was the highest local official, and was theoretically, at least, responsible for the entire matter. On reaching Benque Viejo, I despatched a letter to him at Plancha, stating that I wanted written permission to cross the frontier near Buena Vista for the purpose of removing the bodies of Doctor Lafleur and the guide for burial in El Cayo. I requested the presence of a Guatemalan official as a sign of good faith, and finally intimated that if the necessary permission was not speedily forthcoming, I would take the matter up directly with the central authorities in Guatemala City.

Early the next morning (May 19th) I received a letter saying we were free to remove Dr. Lafleur's body, but not that of the guide, who he claimed was a revolutionist. He guaranteed further the presence of a Guatemalan official and an armed escort at the scene of the killing.

I telephoned Mr. Carpenter to have a coffin made and the grave dug. It was arranged that he was to meet me at Buena Vista with the local Colonial physician, Dr. Lewis. The officer in charge of the Colonial Volunteers, Captain Duncan Fraser, had promised an armed escort to the frontier.

Father Versavel, S. J., first went to Plancha to see Pablo Guerra, and to sign a paper promising that we would not touch the body of the guide Romero, without which the whole proceeding could not have gone forward. Thence he was to go directly to the scene of the killing, accompanied by the Guatemalan troops. I was to meet him with the Colonial escort at the frontier.

This was Friday, May 19th. I reached Buena Vista before Mr. Carpenter arrived, and engaged a dugout canoe to take the body to El Cayo.

Mr. Carpenter, accompanied by Dr. Lewis and Lieutenant Masson in command of the escort of Volunteers, arrived just before two and we started at once for the frontier.

After crossing the river we ascended several low hills. The line is about two miles beyond the river. Lieutenant Masson's instructions were to halt his command of about 25 men, fifty yards from the frontier and advance no further.

Before reaching this point, we passed the point where Corporal Flowers had been shot, and besides a mule, there were the bodies of two Guatemalan soldiers who had been killed on the spot. These were well within British territory, some eighty yards from the line.

After leaving the Colonial escort, Dr. Lewis, Mr. Carpenter, and myself advanced under a flag of truce to the line, where we were met by Father Versavel and the officer in charge of the Guatemalan troops, *Sargente* Roberto Lopez O. Guatemalan troops to the number of 30 were drawn up on either side of the trail and saluted when we passed.

Father Versavel reported that he had already seen the body and that it was in very bad condition. We proceeded about a third of a mile along the Chunvis trail and then turned off to the right (north). Some eighty yards from the trail we found the body in a little hollow, whither it had evidently been removed.

This hollow, a natural hole surrounded by a bank perhaps six feet on all sides, was an excellent hiding place, since the body could only be seen from on top of the bank surrounding it. The body was bound to a pole, tied at the knees and neck with tough vines, for the purpose of

carrying it thither. The place where he died—i.e., on the trail—was about 250 feet distant.

I need not dwell here on the conditions of the body or the nature of the wounds which caused death. These matters have been adequately covered in Dr. Lewis' report, which I have already forwarded to you. I cannot refrain, however, from commenting on the wound in the throat, undoubtedly a cut from a machete, which all but severed the head from the body. Such an act of wanton brutality, even though committed after death, is utterly indefensible, and I earnestly trust may be made the basis for increasing the legitimate indemnity Doctor Lafleur's heirs are entitled to.<sup>198</sup>

Father Versavel recited those prayers appropriate to the occasion, and then we prepared the body for its removal. I had brought a bolt of burlap and this was now wrapped round and round the body, binding it to the pole, from which, owing to its condition it seemed best not to remove it. This was next tied securely with rope, and then the whole bundle laid on a stretcher.

The *chicleros* I had brought from Buena Viejo carried the body out to the line, aided by Guatemalan soldiers. I had a cross cut on a large tree growing out of the hollow where the body was found, and on it wrote—

Here was found the body of Moise Lafleur  
19th of May, 1916 who died fighting  
bravely May 17th, 1916

The sergeant in command of the Guatemalan troops ordered a rough cross made, and this was put up over the spot where we had found the body.

Before leaving, I went to look at the body of the guide. It was further in the bush and had been thrown behind a log; apparently it had not been mutilated.

The Guatemalan troops were drawn up in a double line on one side of the boundary and the Colonial troops on the other. As the body passed between these lines, both commands were brought to "present arms" and held there until the body passed beyond. I stayed behind a few minutes to find out who had been in command of the troops when they attacked us the day before, but could get little accurate information. The sergeant said it had been a Captain Casasola, who had been killed in the fight with the Volunteers. I was later told that he was still living.

It was four o'clock before the body reached the river. It was very heavy, and we had to change the carriers constantly. The trail was overgrown here and there and progress was slow. Mr. Carpenter and Dr. Lewis went to El Cayo at once to prepare for the autopsy. I stayed behind to see that the body was properly transported.

The dugout canoe which carried it to El Cayo was manned by a crew of four experienced men who knew the river and its rapids and whom I trusted to make the voyage in safety.

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<sup>198</sup> When he returned to New Orleans, Morley met with two of Lafleur's brothers to give them a first-hand account of the circumstances of his death, which contained details omitted in the Woodward letters. These were published in the local newspaper: "When the former Opelousas boy was found, he had been shot through the lungs and his throat had been cut wide open; the Guatemalan soldiers had stripped him of his clothes, shoes, rings and other belongings" (*St. Landry Clarion*, June 10, 1916).

The body arrived in El Cayo at 8:00 p.m., where Dr. Lewis performed the autopsy at once. A copy of his findings has already been forwarded to you. The autopsy consumed two hours, and when we entered the cemetery it was ten o'clock. Father Herman, S. J. met us at the grave and read the Roman Catholic burial service, and this brief ceremony closed the long, sad day. That night I dispatched my wireless message notifying you of the matter.

The next day (May 20th) I returned to Benque Viejo to arrange with Pablo Guerra, the *comandante* of Plancha, for the transfer of all property belonging to us. This consisted of Dr. Lafleur's personal effects, certain photographic material, lenses of value, two rifles, and some of our riding animals. Of the six we were riding, one—Dr. Lafleur's—had been killed and two others found in the bush near Buena Vista. Three were said to have been taken to Plancha.

Pablo Guerra agreed to meet me at the line between Benque Viejo and Plancha at two in the afternoon. Captain Fraser gave me an escort of 14 men, and accompanied by Father Versavel, we set off. Pablo Guerra met us before we reached the line and asked me to come across to Plancha with him. He said it would be easier for us to identify all our property there. I did not trust him entirely, but there seemed to be no choice, so Father Versavel and I went with him across the frontier into Plancha. The Colonial Volunteers remained drawn up on their side of the line.

Certain of our effects were delivered to me—our three animals and their saddles, a few medicine cases, etc. The lenses and certain other articles were not given back and all knowledge of them was denied. Of the two missing rifles, a 6 mm Straight pull Lee Winchester, I was shown but told I could not have. The other, a Winchester carbine, .38 caliber, the one Dr. Lafleur carried, I did not see at all. In fact, they claimed the Lee was the only one they had taken from our party, and this they said was found in the hands of the guide Romero.

The reason for this lie was obvious. They are in a sore need of rifles and simply had appropriated the Winchester. They showed me the Lee because they did not understand its mechanism and had no cartridges to fit it. It weakens their hand, since, according to their own story, Dr. Lafleur was unarmed. I signed a receipt only for the articles which I received and told Pablo Guerra that we would demand full remuneration for all loss sustained.

When I was leaving, he expressed his profound regret at the unfortunate mistake, as he called it. At one time or another he has given several different excuses as to why the government troops fired upon us. He told me that it was so dark that they could not distinguish us from revolutionists. As the affair occurred at three o'clock in the afternoon, his explanation seemed inadequate.

He has told others that we opened fire on his men without warning, and still others that his men halted us three times, and that they only fired upon us after we had refused to halt. The truth is, Dr. Woodward, that he is beside himself with fear, first because his men have killed an American, and second because the revolutionists have sworn to kill him with torture, and his accounts of the matter are all contradictory.

This is hardly the place to indulge in speculations as to why government troops should have fired without warning of any kind upon a scientific expedition especially recommended to their care by their own central authorities, nor shall I do so, although I believe the case is fairly clear—fear, alcohol, and ruthless orders to kill everybody in the bush without warning. These later points escape definite proof, but are the general belief of everybody in El Cayo and Benque Viejo and are supported by a mass of independent corroboratory evidence.

There is little further to relate here. I sent for our baggage, which had been left behind at Chunvis, and while we were waiting for it at El Cayo I had a cross made and Mr. Carpenter put on it the following inscription:

Moise Lafleur, M.D.,  
Died for the advancement of knowledge,  
May 17th, 1916

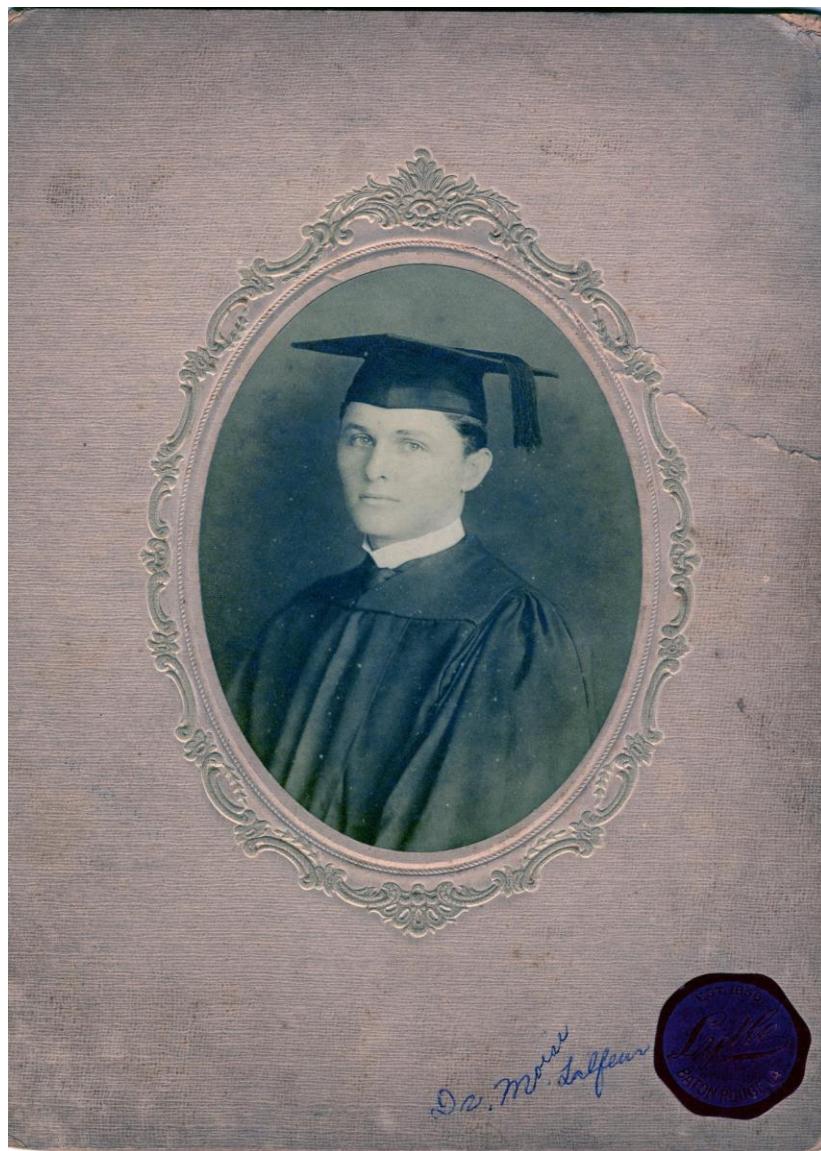
This we placed at the head of the grave. We left El Cayo on the 24th, reaching here the next day. June 2 we leave for the States and I expect to be in Washington about the 10th or 12th.

Very respectfully,  
/s/ Sylvanus G. Morley

## CHAPTER 23.

### DOCUMENTS FROM THE LAFLEUR FAMILY ARCHIVES

In researching Dr. Moise Lafleur's family tree, we were surprised to find a living person with the same unique first name—Moise. Mr. Moise Lafleur, a great-nephew of the doctor brutally killed at the end of the 1916 Uaxactun expedition, generously provided us with documents from the extensive Lafleur Family Archives.



The Lafleurs, a prominent family in Opelousas, Louisiana, counted generations of medical doctors in their ranks from the nineteenth century to the present. Indeed, the current Moise Lafleur was named after his great uncle, much to his dismay: "I can recall hating my name growing up. I was picked on and bullied because I was the kid with the "weird" name."<sup>199</sup> During his youth, Mr. Lafleur was told stories about the man for whom he was named, legends of adventure and, ultimately, death.

The family archives contain abundant material regarding Dr. Lafleur's medical training, details of his day-to-day life, and, importantly for us, information relating to his adventures in Central America. Lafleur graduated Tulane Medical School in 1915 as an ear, nose, and throat specialist, and took his first professional job as ship's physician on the *Suriname*, a United Fruit Company steamer that plied the routes between New Orleans and Belize City, the capital of what was then British Honduras. It is almost certain that Morley met Lafleur on board the *Suriname*, and the two clearly hit it off: an adventuresome young man could not help but be captivated by Morley's infectious enthusiasm and storytelling.

Like Morley himself, Lafleur suffered from seasickness, a problematic situation given his shipboard position. Several letters survive (not reproduced here) detailing his efforts to seek a land-based medical position in Belize City.<sup>200</sup> He was apparently fascinated with Central America and his letters show his excitement about "seeing the world." He clearly planned to put down roots in Belize, and mentions that he was dating someone who was with him in El Cayo. The inventory of his personal possessions detailed by the United States Consul to British Honduras after his death lists a full wardrobe complete with fine shirts, cuff links, jackets, and other clothing items well beyond what he carried with him on the Uaxactun expedition. Additionally, Lafleur wrote many letters from Belize City instructing his family to sell off his possessions left behind in Louisiana (especially his horse and buggy).

We include here six documents that add background to the Lafleur story:

1. A letter to his physician brother, Ertemon Lafleur (who he often refers to as Dr. E.), indicating that he had been offered a job with what we infer to be the CIW expedition.
2. A letter to Ertemon relating that he had quit the United Fruit Company to officially join the CIW Uaxactun expedition.
3. A letter to Ertemon from El Cayo at the start of the expedition that shimmers with his excitement about the launch of the trip.
4. A letter from Father Versavel to Ertemon offering condolences about the death of Lafleur.
5. A letter from Morley providing a legal affidavit that certified Lafleur's death so that Ertemon could begin the process of resolving Lafleur's estate. The affidavit is attached.
6. A letter from Morley from Washington D.C. discussing Morley's efforts to get the State Department to take action against Guatemala regarding the Lafleur murder.

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<sup>199</sup> Personal communication to C. Ward, April 29, 2021. He even considered changing his name to Stephen.

<sup>200</sup> He was negotiating with a doctor in Puerto Barrios for a permanent position, one that was offered to him on April 10, 1916, and was to have started at the end of the Uaxactun expedition.

On the steamship Suriname, New Orleans  
January 20, 1916

Dear Doctor E.,

Your letters of the 5<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> came to me and was indeed very glad to hear from you and to get good news. I will try and [bring] you a few odd [foreign] coins, but not much for \$1.00.

Now about the position in the Tropics. I wish to say that I will accept it and to tell the truth I will not go over until sometimes in March, unless something else develops.<sup>201</sup> I like my present position well enough at present because it gives me an opportunity to see some of the world, at no cost. I wish you could take a trip on one of these boats—it's great! Lots of pleasure and a good education, at the same time a little money. I can't say when I will go home, but you all had better try and sell my horse and buggy if you can, because I can't use them and it would be [illegible]<sup>202</sup> too much to take my horse to the tropics. If my horse needs corn, then it would be better to let someone feed and work him for his food. I have some corn [illegible] Miller that is at Old Uncle's house. He told me he would probably buy the horse if I wanted to sell him. Get whatever you think he is worth. I paid \$107.00 and really think he is worth more. Sell both horse and buggy if you can. Emar [sister] has the cost of the buggy. I wrote to Gus asking him to sell my corn this Spring.

There isn't much to write about as things are a bit slow on these Steamships, since we are having such cold weather. I just got a letter from Mrs. Patten and she says she is ok. I am waiting until I get a good position before I surprise you all. I am ok except for a little headache. Regards to all.

Your Brother,  
Moise

On the steamship Suriname, New Orleans  
April 13, 1916

Dr. E. Lafleur  
Opelousas, LA

Dear Brother—

Your letter of the 4<sup>th</sup> came to me on the 11<sup>th</sup> and was, of course, very glad to hear from you, and also glad to learn that my horse was sold. Now I wish the buggy would go soon. I don't mind it even though it is on credit because I don't need money so far.

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<sup>201</sup> This refers to Morley's offer to join the CIW expedition.

<sup>202</sup> This document has damage and paper loss.

Well Doctor, I am not located yet but I have changed work again. I am not with the United Fruit Co. any more. I am now on the *Suriname* going to Central America as a passenger. I have accepted a temporary position to travel through the country as physician to a small party for the Carnegie Institution. Doing research work. This is something which will not last any time, but it gives me the chance to see something I have longed to see and at the same time my expenses are all paid. I am going thru British Honduras and Guatemala on mule's back and boats. You see you will have a hard time giving me news for three-fourths of the time we will be among Indians (Wild Country). It's going to be a nice but at the same time rough trip. I am very glad to take it anyway. I will write you as often as I can, but if you stay two weeks to a month without news you must not be alarmed. It may even go six weeks. And even longer if it is our luck to run into trouble and get held up. Well, no matter what turns up you will hear from me in time. Gee! But you should have seen my little lady when I told her what I was going to do. She did not like the idea at all. I expect to encounter lots of good experiences on this trip and I think it is worthwhile. I am going to look for a location when I return, because it does not pay to practice like this. I spend all I make but at the same I am seeing the world and learning Spanish.

Best regards to all. I am in good health. Give them all my regards and love.

Your brother  
Moise Lafleur

El Cayo, British Honduras  
April 21, 1916

Dear Brother E.

Here I am in the bushes, a thousand miles away from home and still I am meeting people that I knew before. One never goes in a strange place.

I am having the best time of my life so far, but don't know how long it's going to last. The trip from Belize to this place [El Cayo] is the best and most beautiful trip I ever took in all my life. You see, I am here today but don't know where I'll be tomorrow. I am indeed very glad that I took this proposition, because it gives me the insight to the country and the life of the people much better than if I were traveling as a tourist. I am learning Spanish and when I return home, I'll be able to tell you something about an ancient civilization which existed here long before Columbus discovered America. All very interesting. But I am also having a little experience with wild animals here in Central America. My good shooting comes in pretty handy here. I saw two of the most poisonous snakes of the country and killed one of them. There are a few other things I saw and killed, but I am in hopes of killing a few deer and a tiger before I return.

There are lots of things I could write about. Since I haven't much time I will have to close for this time.

Give my regard to the families, Emar's and Mother's, as well as your own. I am feeling fine and hope you're all the same.

You can address me here for I'll be back in about one month, so after I return I will get the mail.

Your brother,  
Moise

Benque Viejo  
May 23, 1916

Dr. E. Lafleur  
Opelousas, LA USA

My Dear Sir:

It is with deep sorrow that I express to you my heartfelt sympathy for the untimely death of your dear brother, Dr. Lafleur. When I met him on the eve of his departure for the fateful trip, whence he did not return alive, I was impressed with his personality and hoped to make a friend of him. That blessing was denied me, and when I met him again he lay dead in the forest, victim of a most dastardly crime. Being a Catholic priest, a Jesuit, and an American, and having been told that yourself and all Dr. Lafleur's family are of the Faith, I think it may be a consolation, in your grief, to know that I was the first to find him, to pray for his soul, and that I performed the rites of the Church over his remains before they were lifted from the place where I found them.

Messrs. Morley and Carpenter, themselves half dead with exhaustion, did all they could to provide decent burial honor to your brother, who was laid to rest in the Cayo Cemetery with all the rites of Mother Church, by the Rev. F. Huernan [name is unclear in Versavel's handwriting], in charge of the Cayo Catholic mission. "May He rest in Peace!"

Though not a Catholic himself, Mr. Morley had the very delicate attention to remember his dead companion's church affiliations, and requested me to celebrate some masses for the repose of his soul, leaving me an honorarium of \$25.00 for the said purpose. We shall celebrate a novena<sup>203</sup> of masses for your dear brother, beginning June 8<sup>th</sup> and ending June 16—also 5 high masses of Requiem at intervals as near as possible as our charge arrangements permit.

I shall appreciate it if you would recognize this kind attention on the part of Mr. Morley.

My Dear Sir and brother, I promise you to pray much and often for your dear relative. May I ask you to remember at times before God an unknown poor priest who participated in your sorrow, feels with you, prays for you and hence is your friend?

Yours sincerely in Jesus Christ,  
Versavel, S.J.

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<sup>203</sup> A novena of masses is a Catholic tradition calling for the performance of nine masses on consecutive days as an offering of spiritual support.

Carnegie Institution of Washington  
June 21, 1916

My Dear Doctor Lafleur—

Enclosed you will find my affidavit concerning the fact of your brother's death. Mr. Carpenter's should follow in a few days. You will also find enclosed a check for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250.00) drawn to the order of The Estate of Moise Lafleur. This is for two months full salary at \$125.00 a month, from April 11<sup>th</sup> to June 11<sup>th</sup>.

I have not had an opportunity of seeing Dr. Lazaro yet. Wanted to give the State Department time to act on the President of the Institution's letter, to which no word has been received yet.

If nothing is heard in reply in the next day or so, I will call on Dr. Lazaro and suggest he make a strong presentation of the case, as Congressman from the deceased's district.

By [applying] pressure this way we may be able to get action. At any rate, will keep you advised of all developments here.

Trusting the enclosed affidavit will permit you to be appointed administrator of the Estate, I close,

Very faithfully yours,  
Sylvanus Griswold Morley

District of Columbia; SS.

Washington, D.C.

That I Sylvanus Griswold Morley of Santa Fe, State of New Mexico do solemnly and truly swear that on the seventeenth day of May 1916 Dr. Moise Lefleur known to me personally was killed by Guatemala troops patrolling the British Honderas frontier, and furthermore that on the nineteenth of May 1916 I recovered his body and had the same interred in the local cemetary at El Cayo, British Honderas.

Sylvanus Griswold Morley

Personally appeared before me the said Sylvanus Griswold Morley known to me to be the identical person named in the foregoing affidavit and subscribed and ~~X~~ made oath thereto.

Witness my hand and official seal this 21st day of June, 1916.



John L. Mirk  
Notary Public.

Written from the Cosmos Club, Washington D.C.  
October 20, 1916

My Dear Doctor Lafleur-

Have just returned—day before yesterday—from a two-months trip to New Mexico, where I have been recuperating.

I am going over to the State Department Monday and get on the job to see if anything can be done.

I was over here the last day I was in Washington, early in August, but was told that the man in whose charge the matter was, had left town for his vacation. I find letter writing does little good, so will go over in person.

The official report I filed, both Mr. Carpenter and I thought was an affidavit, at least Avery, the American Consul at Belize, told me it was. It seems that it is not. We will make out whatever they think necessary over there.

Please do not mention cost either of time or money. I feel it a duty to your brother's memory to do whatever I can in this matter, and I hope I may be able to accomplish something, though I think the present administration will take no definite steps until after the election.

If I can possibly do so, I will want to return to Guatemala this winter. However, if I can get off at all, it will probably not be until the end of February. If I should go through New Orleans I will certainly advise you in ample time, and I hope we might take lunch together.

Will write you next week after I have seen the State Department officials, and in the meantime, with best regards both to your brother and yourself, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,  
Sylvanus Griswold Morley

*In leaving the ruins to their majestic solitude again, I could not help but wonder when and under what circumstances it would be broken again. For centuries, for a thousand years and then centuries, they have been left alone, and now we come, and in a few hurried hectic days, turn over their sculptured masterpieces, and with pencil, tape, notebook, and camera violate their peace. Well, we are leaving them. Our trails will soon be overgrown, the traces of our brief sojourn effaced. They will be as before with this one exception—their secret, or better, a fraction of it—will have been given up to the outside world.*

## APPENDICES

### Appendix A: Glossary

- aguacero* – downpour
- aguada* – water hole
- alcalde* – mayor
- almud* – a variable old Spanish (Muslim) unit of volume, approximately 4.6 liters or, in Belize, 5.7 liters (1.2 to 1.5 gallons)
- antiguedad* – antiquity (old artifact)
- arriero* – muleteer, driver of a mule train
- baile* – dance
- bajo* – low-lying, humid terrain with dense, thorny vegetation (sometimes *bajial*). See also *subín*.
- bejuco* – vine; there are several types in the forest representing different plant families. *Bejuco de agua* (Vitaceae) is a large, thick (c. 4-5 cm diam) vine filled with a watery liquid that is safe to drink.
- bestia* – beast, i.e., mule
- boca del río* – mouth of the river
- bodega* – storeroom, storehouse
- bodeguero* – person in charge of a *bodega*
- boga* – oarsman, rower
- broma* – a joke, prank, farce, trick; also, a disappointment, mishap, predicament, costly affair. Morley often used the word to indicate a trick or something botched: a “snafu.”
- cabildo* – town hall
- cargador* – porter, bearer
- casa* – house, home
- cayuco* – dugout canoe
- cerro* – hill
- champa* – a thatch-roofed hut without walls
- chicle* – the milky sap of the sapodilla or *chico zapote* (*Achras sapota*; *Manikara zapota*) tree, used to make chewing gum.
- chiclero* – a tapper of the *chico zapote* tree for its sap, known as *chicle*. Chicleros traveled on mules along trails through the forest (see Schwartz 1990) and, because of their penetration into otherwise-unexplored territory, they had intimate knowledge of the locations of Maya ruins. See Schwartz 1990.
- chiclería* – *chiclero* camp
- chultun* – a cavity excavated by the Maya into the limestone, used for various purposes such as storage of food (beans, *ramon* nuts) or water, sweat baths, and even burials. Unlike the one Morley saw (February 12, 1915), these normally lacked ventilation.

*ciruela* – also known as *jocote*, *ciruela* is the plum-like fruit of the *Spondias purpurea* tree, a small neotropical flowering tree in the cashew family.

*colmoyote* – a *colmoyote*, also called a screw worm or, in Belize, botfly (*Dermatobia hominis*), is a common parasite in Central America. The fly's eggs, deposited by the insect itself or by mosquitoes when they bite, then grow into larvae under the skin. One treatment, as Morley describes, is to apply a poultice of wet tobacco (or nail polish, in more recent times), which closes the air hole (the bite) that supplies oxygen to the larvae. If the creature(s) are not removed completely, the wound can easily become infected.

*colorado* – red (lit. colored)

*comandancia* – local military headquarters

*compañero* – companion

*cuadrilla* – gang, squad, group

*desayuno* – breakfast

*don* – originally a Spanish title of nobility, it is a courtesy title in Latin America, to address a respected man, particularly the elderly; for women, *doña* is comparable

*dueño* - owner

*duress* *vile* – severe duress: jailed

*encargado, encargador* – person in charge

*escoba* – broom. Also, the *escoba* palm (*Cryosophila argentea*): its fronds are frequently bound together to make a stiff broom. The trunk is covered with long (c. 5 cm), sturdy, needle-like thorns.

*garrapata* – tick

*gente* – people, staff, workers

*goma* – hangover

*grito* – shout, yell, call, scream

*incensario* – a vessel, usually pottery, for burning incense

*jato (hato)* – an old Spanish word with different meanings in different places, but here used informally or as slang to designate a personal place of temporary residence in the forest, or, more specifically, its hut or *champa*

*jefe* – chief, head, leader

*jefe político* – local political leader of a town or district

*jornada* – day's journey

*junta* – meeting

*kambul* - a great curassow (*Crax rubra*) or *faisan* in Spanish, hunted for its meat

*league* – an old unit of length or distance, roughly the distance one can travel on foot in an hour: c. 4.2 km or 2.6 mi. Morley says (May 31, 1914) it is three miles.

*lintel* – a horizontal structural member spanning the top of a doorway. Maya lintels are made of wood or stone and carved with scenes and texts. They are particularly common at Yaxchilan and other Pasión area sites.

*madrugada* – dawn, early morning

*mandador* – manager

*manieta* – presumably some kind of a hand-operated cart that works on railroad tracks

*más tarde* – later

*medio camino* – mid-route, middle of the road  
*milpa* – agricultural plot, cornfield  
*mojado* – wet  
*montería* – hunting or other camp  
*mulada* – mule train; herd of mules  
*muy pronto* – very quickly/fast  
*muy temprano* – very early  
*no hay* – there isn't/aren't any  
*norte* – north; a January–February cold spell with storms resulting from a cold front pushing south from the southeastern United States into the Yucatán Peninsula.  
*pabellon* – mosquito net or netting  
*palanca* – lever; poles used as levers  
*panela* – unrefined brown sugar  
*parada* – standing, stopped  
*patron* – boss, crew boss  
*piedra labrada* – worked or carved stone  
*pitpan* – flat-bottomed canoe, punt  
*playa* – beach, shore  
*potrero* – pasture  
*práctico* – guide, pilot  
*pueblo* – community, village, town  
*¿quien sabe?* – who knows?  
radial – a tiered, pyramidal structure with a square footprint and a stairway on each of the four sides (see Cohodas 1980).  
*ramon* – a common forest tree, *Brosimum alicastrum*, often found on archaeological sites. It yields nutritious nuts (breadnuts, ground and used for tortillas in the absence of maize) and its leaves are fed to mules and horses.  
*ramonal* – grove of *ramon* trees. When travelers made camp, mules were left in these nearby areas to browse overnight.  
*ramonero* – cutters of *ramon* trees or branches to make a *ramoneo*, an area of *ramon* for mules.  
*rancho* – ranch; also, a structure like a *champa*  
*rebelde* – rebel  
*refresco* – cold drink, juice drink, soda  
*sin verguenza* – shameless; wretched thing  
*subín* – a shrub with feathery leaves and large, hollow, V-shaped thorns (inhabited by ants). Identified variously as *Acacia collinsii*, *Vachiella collinsii*, and *Vachellia cornigera* (Fabaceae), bullhorn acacia (*subín*) is common in low-lying areas (*bajo*).  
*tienda* – store  
*totoposte* – toasted tortilla chips  
*triste* – sad, gloomy, dismal, miserable, disappointing  
*viaje* – trip, travel  
*viejito* – little old man  
*viveres* – food, groceries

## Appendix B: People

### **Adams, J. P. ("Percy")**

J. Percival ("Percy") Adams, who was the surveyor on the 1911 Quirigua expedition, accompanied Morley on his 1915 travels.

### **Alice**

There were four Alices in Morley's life: his first wife (see Williams, Alice, below), daughter Alice Virginia (known as "True"), a sister, and a cousin.

### **Beauregard, Donald**

Donald Beauregard (1884–1914), a modernist painter known for his use of color, was based in Utah. He was commissioned to paint a series of murals about St. Francis of Assisi, but because of his early death (stomach cancer) he was unable to finish them and they were completed by Carlos Vierra.

### **Berges, Lic. Clodovego**

Lic. (or don) Clodovego (Morley misspelled it Clodoveo) was the *jefe político* of Flores at the time of Maler's (late nineteenth-century) visit and during Morley's early twentieth-century travels. He was later the governor of Petén. His letter introducing Morley and requesting support for him opened doors with local authorities for travel assistance. Through the 1970s, such "safe-conduct" introductory letters were mandatory for foreign archaeologists or other scientific expeditions working in remote areas of Petén.

### **Bingham, Hiram**

Hiram Bingham III (1875–1956), professor of history and politics at Harvard and Princeton, is best known in archaeology for the discovery of Machu Picchu, the isolated Inka refuge high in the Peruvian Andes, as part of the Yale Peruvian Expedition (1911–1915) (Bingham 1922). He was also a military aviator and a U.S. Senator from Connecticut.

<http://bioguide.congress.gov/scripts/biodisplay.pl?index=b000470>

### **Bishop, Carl W.**

Carl W. Bishop (1881–1942) worked with Raymond Merwin in his 1913–1914 field season as a new Fellow in Central American Archaeology at the CIW. He later worked in China while he was with the Freer Art Gallery in Washington.

### **Blom, Frans**

Frans Blom (1893–1963) was a Danish explorer and archaeologist known for his work among the Lacandon Maya of Chiapas with his second wife, Gertrude (see Brunhouse 1976; Leifer et al. 2017). He was among the Carnegie excavators at Uaxactun in 1924, and in 1926 headed Tulane University's new Department of Middle American Research.

**Boas, Franz**

Called the “Father of American Anthropology,” Franz Boas (1858–1942) was a highly influential German-born linguist and physical anthropologist with degrees in physics and geography. His ethnographic studies were primarily on the cultures of the Pacific Northwest, and he held positions at the Field Museum of Natural History (Chicago), Columbia University (1899–1942), and the American Museum of Natural History (1806–1905). In 1919 he denounced the archaeologists’ (including Morley’s) espionage efforts in Central America during World War I and was censured by the American Anthropological Association. See Zumwalt 2019; <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Franz-Boas>.

**Bowditch, Charles Pickering**

Charles P. Bowditch (1842–1921), a wealthy Boston businessman, developed a special interest in Maya astronomy and calendrics after a trip to Yucatán in 1888. In 1901 he convinced the AIA to establish a fellowship to train scholars in Maya studies, and served on its Committee for American Archaeology until 1910. He published *The Numeration, Calendar Systems, and Astronomical Knowledge of the Maya* (1910), which was the first general study of Maya epigraphy. Bowditch’s wealth allowed him to act as a benefactor of the Peabody Museum and provide private financing for the explorations of its Maya scholars. (For example, he funded Edward Thompson’s dredging of the cenote at Chichen Itza to secure artifacts for the museum.) He endowed the premier chair of Americanist archaeological scholarship, the Bowditch Professorship of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard.

**Bradfield, Wesley**

Wesley Bradfield (1826–1929), a curator at the Museum of New Mexico and an expert in pottery reconstruction and photography, was sent to Quirigua by Hewett to make molds of stelae (<https://beta.worldcat.org/archivegrid/collection/data/756766167>). He also wrote about the Mimbres (New Mexico) ruins.

**Burkitt, Robert J.**

Robert J. Burkitt was an English mathematician and self-taught linguist who lived on Kensett Champney’s plantation in Sepacuite, Guatemala, for many years. He was not only an expert on the Q’eqchi’ Maya language, but also made significant early contributions to the archaeology of the area. He acquired through purchase or excavation some of the significant holdings now at the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania (Penn Museum).

**Carpenter, Arthur Wiltse**

Arthur Carpenter (1890–1951) was field director of the Peabody Museum Central American operations. He accompanied Morley on the ill-fated expedition to Uaxactun in 1916. See Chapters 21, 22.

**Cartwright, Samuel G.**

Samuel G. Cartwright, one of Santa Fe’s prominent merchants, was for some time a member of the Legislative Assembly of New Mexico.

**Chapman, Kenneth Milton**

Kenneth M. Chapman (1875–1968) was an artist (painter), professor at the University of New Mexico, staff member of the Museum of New Mexico, and expert on the arts of the Southwest, especially the revival of Pueblo pottery. See Chapman and Barrie 2008.

**Chon, Tia**

Tia (or Auntie) Chon, a friend in El Cayo Belize, was one of several individuals Morley associated with who had that surname. Given its frequency (and Morley's frequent misspellings), "Chon" might have been Morley's version of a British pronunciation of "Chan," a common patronym in the Petén/ Belize area (see Thompson 1977).

**Cludeveo, don**

See Berges, Lic. Clodovego.

**Cutter, Victor**

Victor Cutter (1900–1953) was initially manager of the Guatemala division of the United Fruit Company, later its president. He was well disposed toward archaeology, putting company resources near Quirigua at the disposal of various projects. He urged Hewett to begin working at Quirigua, for example, and provided him with labor, use of the commissary and hospital, and outright funding. He also set aside 74 acres of company land as a park.

**Dorman, Harry Howard**

Harry Dorman (1872–1960) was a noted architect and realtor who in 1912 began a program to restore Santa Fe to its Spanish Colonial roots. Part beautification and part tourist-attraction, the look and feel of historic downtown Santa Fe is his legacy. An enthusiastic promoter of Santa Fe and its history, Dorman launched a nationwide advertising campaign proclaiming it as the "oldest city in America." Morley and Hewett strongly (and correctly) objected to this claim, leading to a years-long feud between Dorman and Hewett, but his friendship with Morley was maintained. See Sze 2021.

**Eliot, Samuel Atkins**

Samuel A. Eliot (1862–1950) was the son of the transformational Harvard president, Charles William Eliot, who served from 1869 to 1909. A minister, graduating from Harvard Divinity School in 1885, he was president of the American Unitarian Association and wrote or edited multiple books on history and religion.

**Espe, Theodore Newton**

Theodore N. Espe (1894–1938) of Santa Fe was a friend of the Morleys, and later the second husband of Alice Williams Morley after her divorce (Browman 2013: 129). He is described as a "prominent businessman" in Santa Fe and special agent of the New Mexico land office. Presumably he was a principal in the local office of the "Moulton-Espe Company" insurance agents, part of the Moulton-Espe Company of America headquartered in New York.

### **Fewkes, Jesse Walter**

Jesse W. Fewkes (1850–1930), zoologist, anthropologist, and archaeologist, worked at archaeological sites and with the Zuni and Hopi in the Southwest, and also in the Caribbean. He was on the staff of the Bureau of American Ethnology at the Smithsonian Institution, moving to its directorship in 1918.

### **Gann, Thomas William Francis**

Thomas W. F. Gann (1867–1938), an English doctor, was the district medical officer of British Honduras (now Belize). He developed a strong interest in Maya archaeology and explored many Maya ruins in that country, as well as along the Quintana Roo coast, accompanying Morley on several expeditions (see Gann 1900, 1918, 1927; Gann and Thompson 1931; Thompson 1975). He discovered Lubaantun in 1903. He is particularly associated with the site of Santa Rita and its murals (see Chase 1985; Chase and Chase 1988).

### **Gordon, George Byron**

George B. Gordon (1870–1972) was, as a Harvard student, a member of the Peabody Museum's excavations at Copan directed by M. H. Sarille and John G. Owens, and taking command of the expeditions in 1894–95 and 1900–01 after Owens' 1893 death. Gordon later enjoyed a distinguished career in anthropology and archaeology with the University of Pennsylvania and its Museum of Anthropology, accumulating specimens from all over the world for the collections.

### **Guerra, don Pablo**

Pablo Guerra was the *comandante* of Plancha de Piedra (presumably a military base) near the Petén town of Melchor de Mencos, on the border with Belize.

### **Hewett, Edgar Lee**

Edgar L. Hewett (1865–1946), with a 1904 PhD from the University of Geneva (Switzerland), was a controversial figure in early twentieth-century archaeology and anthropology. Primarily a Southwesternist, he also worked at Quirigua and was a colleague/friend of Morley, but he was disliked by powerful figures like Bowditch and Boas at institutions in the northeastern U.S. Hewett was active in promoting conservation of archaeological sites and discouraging pothunting, and helped develop the 1906 Antiquities Act. He established the School for American Archaeology (later School of American Research) in Santa Fe in 1907, and assumed its directorship. See Chauvenet 1983; Hinsley 1986.

### **Hodge, Frederick W.**

Archaeologist Frederick W. Hodge (1864–1956) became head of the Bureau of American Ethnology at the Smithsonian Institution in 1911 and later served a term as editor of *American Anthropologist*. A strong supporter of Morley, his friendship was instrumental in Morley's eventual CIW appointment in 1914.

**Holmes, William Henry**

W. H. Holmes (1846–1933), a geologist surveying the Rocky Mountains in the 1870s, turned to Mesoamerica when he became curator of anthropology at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago in the 1890s. While there, he published a lavish overview of the major Maya ruins (Holmes 1895–1897). Holmes was head curator of anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution/BAE from 1897 to 1920. A skilled artist, he was director of the National Gallery of Art from 1920 to 1936.

**Hrdlička, Aleš**

Aleš Hrdlička (1869–1943), a physical anthropologist who worked at the American Museum of Natural History and the Smithsonian Institution, was interested in human evolution, especially Neanderthals.

**Huerta Márquez, Victoriano**

Following the end of Porfirio Díaz's reign over Mexico, Victoriano Huerta (1845–1916) served as an officer under President Francisco Madero, then joined rebel forces against him and became Mexico's next dictator in 1913. Opposed by constitutionalist forces, he resigned in July 1914, and died in U.S. custody in Texas. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Victoriano-Huerta>

**Jenks, Albert E.**

Albert E. Jenks (1869–1953), physical anthropologist, founded the Department of Anthropology at the University of Minnesota in 1918 and served as chair until retiring in 1937. He studied the Paleo-Indian occupation of North America, primarily in the northern Plains, and published on early artifacts from the Southwestern U.S. and Florida.

**Judd, Neil M.**

Neil M. Judd (1887–1976) was an archaeological assistant with Hewett in Santa Fe until his 1911 move to the BAE/Smithsonian Institution, where he worked with Holmes. His early studies were with the Fremont Culture of Utah, but he is best known for work at Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico (Judd 1968).

**Kevlin, Charles Wallace**

Wallace Kevlin (1889–1959) was born into a large, prominent family of Orange Walk, Belize, and New Orleans. He was trained as an engineer at Tulane.

**Kidder, Alfred Vincent**

A. V. Kidder (1885–1963), trained by Tozzer at Harvard where he earned his doctorate, was Morley's superior as head of the Division of Historical Research at the Carnegie Institution of Washington (CIW) from 1929–1950. One of the best-known Southwestern archaeologists, he is remembered, for example, for his massive undertaking at Pecos Pueblo in New Mexico (Kidder 1932). He also worked at Kaminaljuyu in highland Guatemala (Kidder, Jennings, and Shook 1946). See Woodbury 1973.

**Kluckhohn, Clyde K. M.**

Clyde Kluckhohn (1905–1960) was not a Mayanist but rather a social anthropologist and theorist known for his work in the Southwest. His critique of Maya archaeology followed a similar one delivered by Tozzer a few years earlier.

**Landry, M. C.**

Dr. M. C. Landry was the superintendent of the Quirigua district of the Guatemala division of the United Fruit Company. Based in the town of Quirigua, he was intimately familiar with the nearby ruins, which he explored in his spare time, and discovered several stelae and outlying structures. Landry and his wife were the center of the active social scene at Quirigua, a “must stop” on the train line between Guatemala City and Puerto Barrios. Landry and Morley were fast friends.

**Laughlin, Ruth**

Ruth Laughlin Barker (1889–1962), a long-time friend of Morley in Santa Fe, wrote a book on the history of Santa Fe and the American Southwest (Laughlin 1931). She also contributed an entry to *Morleyana*. Besides her work on women’s rights (she is considered to have been Santa Fe’s most active suffragette) and Santa Fe history, Laughlin participated in the School of American Research project at Quirigua between 1910 and 1914, working with Hewett and Morley.

**Linton, Ralph**

Ralph Linton (1893–1953) was a cultural anthropologist with wide-ranging interests, including personality and culture, and broad geographical experience, including Mesoamerica.  
<https://www.encyclopedia.com/people/social-sciences-and-law/anthropology-biographies/ralph-linton>

**Lothrop, Samuel Kirkland**

Samuel K. Lothrop (1892–1965) attended Harvard for undergraduate and doctoral degrees. He was mentored by Tozzer and worked at Pecos (New Mexico) with Kidder. Most of his career was devoted to the archaeology of Central and South America, but he also published on Maya archaeology. He was one of the archaeologists engaged in espionage during World War I, working in Costa Rica. <http://www.nasonline.org/publications/biographical-memoirs/memoir-pdfs/332etheri-samuel-k-1.pdf>

**MacGillivray, Angus, and family**

The MacGillivrays, well known in Santa Fe society, were a family of sheep ranchers south of town, and perhaps owners of a grocery store.

**Madero, Francisco**

Francisco Indalecio (or Ignacio) Madero González (1873–1913) became the president of Mexico upon the ouster of Porfirio Díaz in 1911. His assassination in Mexico City at the hands of Victoriano Huerta led to the Mexican civil war.

**Maler, Teobert**

Teobert Maler (1842–1917) of Germany, an important figure in the tradition of pioneering Maya explorers continued by Morley (and in mid-twentieth century by Ian Graham), attempted to record as many Maya inscriptions as possible. First introduced to Mexico in the 1860s when he served in the army of Maximilian I, Maler returned to Central America in the 1890s, publishing a series of works, including photographs, between 1901 and 1911. His studies, particularly his photographs (see Frej 2020), of the Río Usumacinta polities in Chiapas (Maler 1901, 1903, 1908b) and work in Petén (Maler 1908a, 1911) provided valuable information on stelae at various sites, especially Yaxchilan and Piedras Negras, but with little in the way of interpretation of the scenes on these monuments.

### **Martínez Hernández, Juan**

Juan Martínez Hernández (1866–1959), educated at Georgetown University (Washington, DC), was the inspector of archaeological monuments in Yucatán from 1913 to 1915. A friend of Morley, he was interested in the calendar correlation question and revived the Goodman (1905) correlation, proposing his own modifications (Martínez 1926). These led to the final, and widely accepted, Goodman-Martínez-Thompson (GMT) correlation. See Chapter 2.

### **Maudslay, Alfred Percival**

Alfred P. Maudslay (1850–1931), born and raised in England, originally studied medicine before working in government in Australia and the South Pacific. In the 1880s he began the first of six pioneering explorations among the Maya, first at Quirigua and Copan, and then visiting Tikal, Yaxchilan, and Chichen Itza (see Graham 2002, 2003). He is best known for *Biología Centrali-Americana: Archaeology* (1889–1902), in which he described Chichen, and for translating and annotating (1908) the memoirs of Bernal Díaz del Castillo, *Historia verdadera de la conquista de la Nueva España*, a Spanish soldier who accompanied Hernán Cortés on his discoveries. The objects he collected on his travels are in the British Museum.

### **McFie, John Robert**

Judge John R. McFie (1848–1930), son of Scottish immigrants and a Union Army Civil War veteran, was the chief justice of the New Mexico Territorial Supreme Court. The disappearance and presumed murder of lawyer Col. Albert J. Fountain and his son was the subject of a sensational trial that ended in acquittal. <http://newmexicohistory.org/people/333etheril-cemetery-santa-fe>

### **Melhado, Carlos**

The Melhado family, of Portuguese descent, was prominent in early twentieth-century Belize (then British Honduras). Henry I. Melhado was a wealthy merchant; Carlos may be a son or other relative.

### **Merwin, Raymond E.**

Raymond E. Merwin (1881–1928) earned a PhD at Harvard and was a Fellow in Central American Archaeology at the Peabody Museum. While a graduate student he went to Petén, Guatemala, as assistant to Tozzer, mapping at Nakum and Tikal to finish work started by Maler. Later he

directed expeditions at Holmul (*The Ruins of Holmul, Guatemala*, co-authored with George C. Vaillant, 1932), Rio Bec (Quintana Roo), and Lubaantun, Belize. He died young, possibly from Chagas disease (trypanosomiasis, a flu-like disease caused by a parasite).

<http://www.instituteofmayastudies.org/index.php/features/pioneers-in-maya-archaeology2/334etheri-merwin>

### **Millward, Russell Hastings**

Russell Millward (1877–1958) was in charge of exploration for the Belize Export Company, concerned especially with chicle exportation. He apparently also gave a gift of invertebrate specimens to the American Museum of Natural History.

### **Morlan, Mr. and Mrs.**

An Albert E. Morlan (1850–1926) moved from New Orleans to British Honduras in 1879, where he was a jeweler and merchant (selling musical instruments), later appointed U.S. Consul in the 1880s and '90s. Morlan resigned and returned to his business centered in New Orleans but maintained the Belize branch. The Morlan that Morley knew may have been a son, Edward Morlan, probably the manager. See Lister and Lister 1968. <http://www.coinnews.net/2017/11/06/stacks-bowers-to-auction-1894-british-honduras-one-dollar-note/>

### **Morris, Earl H.**

Earl H. Morris (1889–1956), a Southwestern archaeologist (associated with Aztec Ruin), worked on the 1914 Quirigua project. In 1924 he joined the CIW and worked at the Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itza (Morris 1931) with his wife, Anne Axtell Morris (1940).

<https://anthrosource.onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/pdf/10.1525/aa.1957.59.3.02a00100>

### **Muz**

This person is never clearly identified, but Muz may be a nickname (perhaps a childhood name?) for Morley's mother or another close relative.

### **Nusbaum, Jesse L.**

Jesse L. Nusbaum (1887–1975), a Southwesternist and photographer, was the first archaeologist hired by the National Park Service. He served as superintendent of Mesa Verde National Park, where an early task was to carry out a survey of sites in the park, especially the many cliff-dwellings. This 1908 fieldwork was overseen by Edgar Hewett and the AIA, with A. V. Kidder and Morley hired as crew members. <https://coloradoencyclopedia.org/article/jesse-nusbaum>

### **Owens, John G.**

Archaeologist John G. Owens (1865–1893) led the Harvard Peabody Museum's expedition to Copan in 1892–1893. He died of a fever on site and was buried there.

### **Proskouriakoff, Tatiana**

Tatiana Proskouriakoff (1909–1985) came to the United States from Russia in 1915 with her father, a chemist, on assignment to the US from the Russian government. An artist educated as an

architect at Penn State University, her early work centered on reconstructive art depicting Maya ceremonial centers as they might have appeared at their height. She discovered that many monuments at Piedras Negras, with dates at five-year intervals, celebrated events in the lives of particular individuals (Proskouriakoff 1960) and thus the inscriptions are historical records. She also determined that many individuals depicted on the monuments were females. She held positions at the Carnegie Institution and Harvard University. See Solomon 2020; [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tatiana\\_Proskouriakoff](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tatiana_Proskouriakoff).

### **Putnam, Frederic Ward**

Frederic Ward Putnam (1839–1915) began his academic career as a zoologist and naturalist, but became a distinguished anthropologist and archaeologist, known for work in North America (especially Ohio), and Central and South America. He was Peabody Professor at Harvard and a curator of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology from 1875 to 1909. He held a half-time curatorship in anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, beginning in 1894, and was secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science from 1873 to 1902.

### **Recinos, Adrián**

Adrián Recinos (1886–1962), a Guatemalan historian and diplomat, translated *Popol Vuh*, the Maya book of creation, into Spanish from K'iche' (highland) Mayan original. His publication was translated into English partly by Morley, who penned the foreword and to whom it was dedicated (Recinos et al. 1950).

### **Rhoads (Morley), Frances Louella**

Frances Louella Rhoads (1898–1955) married Morley in 1927. She joined him in fieldwork and was known for her photography (Browman 2013: 130). She donated the typed version of Morley's diary to the American Philosophical Society.

### **Ricketson, Oliver**

Oliver Garrison Ricketson, Jr. (1894–1952) completed a year of medical school after earning a bachelor's degree at Harvard, then decided to go into archaeology. He worked in the Southwest (Navajo) and with pioneering tree-ring dating studies. In the Maya area, he accompanied Morley in 1921 as a mule Skinner; led a CIW expedition to Ucanal in 1923; and was field director of the CIW expedition to Uaxactun, where he had to build a field camp and import food (through Belize). In 1925 he married his second wife, archaeologist Edith Bayles, a great-niece of Andrew Carnegie and Morley's secretary for the Chichen Itza project. The Ricketsons worked together at Uaxactun, where Edith analyzed the pottery, later published by R. E. Smith (1955), and are particularly known for their analysis of the site's E-Group (Ricketson and Ricketson 1937). After living and working in the Guatemala highlands for some time (Oliver planned the CIW work there), they moved to the United States. A daughter, Mary Bayles Ricketson, married Maya archaeologist William R. Bullard, Jr.

### **Ritchie**

Ritchie Seligman March (1888–1966), who Morley referred to as Richie Marsh, was the adopted daughter of Arthur Seligman, and Franc E. Harris Seligman. Seligman was a bank president, store and property owner (across from the Plaza), mayor of Santa Fe (1910–1912), and Governor of New Mexico (1931–1933). Ritchie was married to John Whittier March.

<http://newmexicohistory.org/people/336fairview-cemetery-santa-fe>

### **Rivers, William H. R.**

W.H.R. Rivers (1864–1922), a British anthropologist and medical psychologist, participated in an 1898 expedition to the South Pacific and pursued anthropological work in south Asia (particularly India) and Melanesia. Best known in anthropology for his diffusionist views of material culture change, he treated World War I veterans for post-traumatic stress syndrome.

### **Rowe, Leo Stanton**

Leo Stanton Rowe (1871–1946), who earned J.D. and Ph.D. degrees, was the director general of the Pan-American Union from 1920 to 1946. He taught political science at the University of Pennsylvania from 1896 until 1917, when he became the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He had many connections to high-level politicians throughout the hemisphere, and wrote a book in 1904 that focused on relations between the United States and the peoples of Latin America.

### **Roys, Ralph L.**

Ralph Loveland Roys (1879–1965), ethnohistorian, ethnographer, linguist, and translator (of indigenous Mayan literature), graduated with a doctorate in French from the University of Michigan, but was interested in Mesoamerica since high school. He joined the Division of Historical Research at CIW in 1932. Though not an archaeologist, his wide-ranging interests took him to many sites in both highlands and lowlands. See Thompson 1967.

### **Smith, J. B.**

J. B. Smith was a mahogany contractor in El Cayo, western Belize, and worked for the Guatemalan railroad company. He had a ranch on the Mopan River and was familiar with the site of Ucanal and other ruins in the vicinity.

### **Spiegelberg, Abraham F.**

Abraham F. Spiegelberg (~1851–1927) was a relative (grandson?) of well-known businessman Solomon Spiegelberg, the first Jewish merchant on the Santa Fe Trail. The family built an economic empire based on selling food and guns from wagons throughout the Southwest. In the early twentieth century, Abraham became the nation's expert on Navajo textiles.

<https://swja.arizona.edu/content/spiegelbergs-new-mexico-family-story-southwestern-frontier>

### **Spinden, Herbert Joseph**

Herbert ("Joe") Spinden (1879–1967) was a Harvard-trained archaeologist and classmate of Morley's, with interests in Maya art and calendrical correlations. He was employed by the American Museum of Natural History. In 1913 he published *A Study of Maya Art* as volume VI of

the Memoirs of the Peabody Museum, in which he attempted a chronological ordering of the art through stylistic similarities. The later reprint of his monograph (Spinden 1975) includes a summary of his career penned by Eric Thompson. His 1924 effort to correlate the Maya and Western calendars was widely rejected (Stuart 2011: 190). One of several archaeologists engaged in World War I espionage for the OSS, Spinden worked in Honduras.

### **Spitz, May and Salomon**

The Spizes were well-known family in Santa Fe society. They owned a jewelry store on the Plaza and May Spitz, educated at Wellesley, served on the committee overseeing the historic Fairview Cemetery.

### **Thompson, Eric**

Sir John Eric Sidney Thompson (1898–1975) was a renowned (and knighted) British-born Maya archaeologist, ethnohistorian, and student of Maya hieroglyphic writing (Hammond 1977). He began fieldwork in Yucatán for the Carnegie Institution in 1926, first at Chichen Itza and then at Coba, and later held positions at the Field Museum in Chicago and then the CIW. He is particularly known for research in Belize. Many of Thompson's ideas are now disproven, such as the notion that the large civic-ceremonial centers were unoccupied, and that Maya society consisted of two classes, priests and peasants. His major writings include *The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization* (1966 [1954]), *Maya Hieroglyphic Writing* (1960b), and *Maya History and Religion* (1970).

### **Toll Family, Kansas City**

Alfred Toll was a merchant, sawmill and flourmill owner, and lumber businessman in Kansas City in the late nineteenth century. He, his son Howard, and wife Emily were friends of Morley.

### **Tozzer, Alfred Marston**

Alfred M. Tozzer (1857–1954) earned his PhD at Harvard and studied Maya linguistics with Franz Boas at Columbia. He joined the Harvard faculty in 1905, becoming the chair of the anthropology department after World War I, and trained several generations of noted Maya archaeologists. He is known for his research at Tikal, Nakum, and particularly Chichen Itza, and his 1941 edition of Landa's (1524–1579) *Relación de las Coosas de Yucatan*. The library at the Peabody Museum is named for him. Morley refers to him as "Ally" in his 1915 diary.

### **Versavel, Father Arthur**

Jesuit father Arturo Versavel, an American, served as pastor at Benque Viejo from 1908 to 1923. He was regarded as a hero during the 1918 Spanish Flu epidemic, when he and his nuns ran the local hospital.

### **Vierra, Carlos**

Carlos Vierra, an artist and architect, was interested in archaeology and pioneered the use of aerial photography of prehistoric sites (<http://newmexicohistory.org/people/fairview-cemetery-santa-fe>). He and Morley were also pioneers of the Spanish Pueblo Revival style of architecture in Santa Fe. Both contributed to the renovation of the Palace of the Governors. Vierra's estate and

home, the Carlos Vierra House on Old Pecos Trail, begun in 1918, is on the National Register of Historic Places. <https://leadingestates.com/estates/carlos-vierra-house-santa-fe-new-mexico/>

### **Walcott, Charles Doolittle**

Charles D. Walcott (1850–1927), a paleontologist and geologist, was one of the founders of the Carnegie Institution, director of the U.S. Geological Survey, fourth secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and an official in the National Museum of Natural History.

### **Wetherill, Richard**

Richard Wetherill (1858–1910), born into a ranching family in Colorado, is associated with two famous archaeological sites in the Southwest. He discovered the Cliff Palace at the site of Mesa Verde, on his family's land and, after marrying, he lived in Chaco Canyon, location of Pueblo Bonito, Chetro Ketl, and other Pueblo sites. Wetherill was murdered in 1910 by Chiischchili Biye, a young Navajo man during a dispute over damming the Chaco Canyon.

[http://wetherillfamily.com/338etheri\\_wetherill.html](http://wetherillfamily.com/338etheri_wetherill.html)

### **Williams [Morley] [Espe], Alice G.**

Alice Gallinger Williams (1886–1919), Morley's first wife, was the granddaughter of Senator Jacob Harold Gallinger of New Hampshire. Together they had a daughter, Alice Virginia ("True"). After their divorce, Alice married Theodore Nicholas Espe, and their daughter Ann (born 1917) was interested in Southwestern archaeology and history (Browman 2013: 130).

### **Wilson, Mrs.**

Identified by Morley only as "Mrs. Wilson," she was evidently an administrative assistant at the Museum of New Mexico.

### **Woodward, Robert Simpson**

Dr. Robert S. Woodward (1849–1924) had a civil engineering degree and natural science interests (astronomy, geology, and physics), and was professor of Mechanics and Mathematical physics at Columbia University. As president of the Carnegie Institution from 1904 to 1920, he did not encourage its (or Morley's) social science endeavors. In 1900, Woodward was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

## **Appendix C. Places and Institutions**

### **Altar de Sacrificios, Petén, Guatemala**

The site of Altar de Sacrificios, discovered by Teobert Maler, lies at the confluence of the Río Pasión with the Río Salinas or Chixoy, forming the Usumacinta. Altar, occupied from Early Middle Formative (c. 800 BC or earlier) through Terminal Classic (ending c. AD 950) times, was well situated to take advantage of riverine trade. Images on late stelae suggest “foreign” (“Mexican”) influences (see also Ceibal), perhaps because the Gulf coastal Chontal Maya took over the Usumacinta trade route. The Peabody Museum conducted extensive excavations at Altar between 1958 and 1963 (Graham 1972; Smith 1972; Willey 1973). See Chapter 6.

### **Archaeological Institute of America**

The Archaeological Institute of America (AIA) was founded in 1879 by Harvard professor Charles Eliot Norton to further archaeological research and public understanding of the past. It established the School of American Archaeology in 1907. Headquartered at Boston University, the Institute publishes the *American Journal of Archaeology* and, since 1948, *Archaeology* magazine.

### **Belize Estate and Produce Company**

This company, the largest landowner in Belize (then British Honduras) at the end of the nineteenth century, continues as a major shipping agent in Belize to this day.

### **Benque Viejo, Belize**

The town of Benque Viejo del Carmen lies on the Belize side of the border with Guatemala and Petén, the latter’s border town known today as Melchor de Mencos (in Morley’s time it was Plancha de Piedra, see below). Benque Viejo was also the former name of a nearby archaeological site (see Xunantunich).

### **Branch Mouth, Belize**

This refers to the mouth of the Macal River, a tributary or branch of the Belize River, where it joins the main stream.

### **Bureau of American Ethnology**

The Bureau of American Ethnology (BAE) was established by an act of the U.S. Congress in 1879 as a repository for records about Native Americans in North America, which were transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Smithsonian Institution. In 1965 the BAE merged with the Smithsonian’s department of anthropology.

### **Cancuén**

Cancuén, a port town at the head of navigation of the Pasión River, then into the Usumacinta, played a key role in highland–lowland trade. See Chapters 10, 16; Demarest et al. 2014.

### **Carnegie Institution of Washington**

The Carnegie Institution of Washington (CIW) was founded by the wealthy industrialist and philanthropist Andrew Carnegie in 1902. The major focus of its research has been in the natural sciences—it changed its name in 2007 to the Carnegie Institution for Science— quite apart from its path-breaking research in American archaeology in the first half of the twentieth century. CIW headquarters were and are in Washington, DC, but at the time of the institution's archaeological research its Division of Historical Research was located in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the Harvard University campus next door to the Peabody Museum.

<https://carnegiescience.edu/about>;

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carnegie\\_Institution\\_for\\_Science](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carnegie_Institution_for_Science)

### **Ceibal, Petén, Guatemala**

The site of Ceibal (known by its English spelling Seibal) lies on a bend of the Río de la Pasión south-southwest of Flores. Excavations by Harvard's Peabody Museum revealed occupation dating from the early Middle Preclassic period through the Terminal Classic period, ending c. 950 BC (Willey 1975–1990). As at Altar de Sacrificios, images on late stelae suggest “foreign” (i.e., “Mexican”) influences (Graham 1996). More recent work has been carried out by a team led by Takeshi Inomata (Inomata et al. 2013, 2015). See Chapter 6

### **Chunvis, Petén, Guatemala**

The small camp or settlement in eastern Petén called Chunvis in Morley's time is now known as Chunhuitz. It lies near Melchor de Mencos, on the border with Belize. See Graham 1978.

### **Copan, Honduras**

The primarily Classic-period site of Copan, dominating the valley of the Río Copan (a tributary of the Motagua), has been the subject of more than a century of excavations and reconstruction by the Peabody Museum, the Carnegie Institution, and others. See Chapters 10, 14, 15; also Agurcia and Veliz 2010; Bell et al. 2004; Fash 1991; Fash et al. 1992; Martin and Grube 2008: 191–213; Morley 1920; Stromsvik 1942.

### **Cosmos Club, Washington, DC**

The Cosmos Club is a private social club founded in 1878 as a gentlemen's club but since has broadened to include women. Membership is by election and confined to persons distinguished by achievements in science, the arts, or public service.

<https://www.cosmosclub.org/About-the-Club>

### **Desempeño**

A location on the Río Usumacinta just upstream from Piedras Negras, where Morley encountered “Maderistas” in 1914. The toponym means “redemption” or “performance.”

### **De Vargas Hotel**

The elegant old De Vargas Hotel in Santa Fe, built in Victorian style, burned to the ground in 1922 (possibly from an exploding peach-brandy still in the basement). Rebuilt with insurance money

in a new location, adjacent to another late nineteenth century structure, it slowly fell into decrepitude and was remodeled and reopened as the Hotel St. Francis in 1986.

<https://www.hhandr.com/sites/hhandr.com/files/website/Media/HistoryofHotelStFrancis.pdf>

### **Dolores, Petén, Guatemala**

Founded in 1708, Dolores is a town in southeastern Petén on the main land route of travel between the highlands and lowlands (Flores), and the Caribbean. The Museo Regional del Sureste de Petén, in Dolores, houses artifacts (mainly ceramics) from 22 archaeological sites, including Ixkun and Ucanal.

### **Ebbitt**

The Ebbitt Grill, a bar and restaurant in Washington, DC, has a long and storied history. Opened in 1856 as a boarding house and saloon, in 1910 its name became “New Ebbitt Café” (but evidently still a hostelry); beginning in the 1920s it was known as the “Old Ebbitt Grill.” Still operating today, it is a famous location frequented by politicians and others.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old\\_Ebbitt\\_Grill](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old_Ebbitt_Grill)

### **El Cayo, Belize**

El Cayo, a town in far western Belize near the border with Guatemala, was once an island (*cayo*, ‘island’) formed by a creek between the Macal and Mopan tributaries of the Belize River. Renamed San Ignacio, it lies about 13 km (8 mi) northeast of Benque Viejo, the border crossing over the river—now traversed by a bridge—into Guatemala. Today, Cayo refers to the entire western district of Belize.

### **Flores Island, Petén, Guatemala**

Flores Island or Ciudad Flores, a small island in the smaller southern body of Lake Petén Itzá, is the capital of the Department of El Petén. Occupied from the Middle Preclassic through today, Flores was the island capital of Tayza/Taitza (or Nojpeten, ‘big island’) of the Itza Mayas in the Postclassic and Contact periods (Rice and Rice 2018b). Tayza and the Itzas were brutally conquered in March, 1697, in an assault launched from the lake by Martín de Ursúa y Arizmendi (see Jones 1998).

### **Harvey House Restaurants**

Harvey Houses, established by Fred Harvey in 1876, constituted the first restaurant chain in the U.S., with as many as 84 establishments along the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad line.

<http://www.aerotechnews.com/ntcfotirwin/2017/02/03/the-harvey-house-story/>

### **Hieroglyphic Stairway**

A hieroglyphic stairway is, as the name suggests, a broad stairway up the front of a prominent temple, with the risers of each step exhibiting a text of carved glyptic panels. The texts typically relate a story of defeat by a military opponent, making it seem as though these displays are in some sense memorializations of the event. The longest text is on the Hieroglyphic Stairway of Copan Structure 10L-26, but others appear at Dos Pilas, Naranjo, Ceibal, and Yaxchilan.

### **Hill Bank, Belize**

Hill Bank is located in north-central Belize, near the south edge of the New River Lagoon.

### **Indian Church, Belize**

See Lamanai.

### **Ixkun, Petén, Guatemala**

Ixkun (named after type of palm) is a small site in the upper Río Mopan drainage, about 12 miles north of Poptún in southeastern Petén. Ixkun was established in the Late Classic by the king of Sacul (Carter 2016), once a satellite of Ucanal, and only a few stelae were erected. The site was initially mapped by Ian Graham and Eric Von Euw, but is better known through later work directed by Juan Pedro Laporte (2005; Laporte and Mejía 2005). See also Chapter 7; Graham 1980.

### **Ixpop, Petén, Guatemala**

Ixpop is a small community near the small stream known as Río Ixpop at the eastern end of the main body of Lake Petén Itzá. It was a node in early overland travel among Belize (through Melchor de Mencos), Tikal, and Flores, as well as waterborne travel on the lake to Flores.

### **Ixlú, Petén, Guatemala**

Ixlú (*ixlu*, catfish) is a small site on the narrow isthmus of land separating Lake Petén Itzá from Lake Salpetén, just north of Remate and near a little stream by the same name. The site was named by Morley. Although primarily Classic in date, it has two Terminal Classic Cycle 10 stelae dating to AD 859 and 879. Probably a port town at this crossroads location, the site also has Middle Preclassic occupation and Postclassic structures, including a temple assemblage. See Rice and Rice 2016.

### **Kolb's**

Kolb's is a German restaurant near the business district in New Orleans, popular through the twentieth century. <https://nomenu.com/kolbs/>

[https://www.nola.com/dining/index.ssf/2017/07/kolbs\\_german\\_new\\_orleans.html](https://www.nola.com/dining/index.ssf/2017/07/kolbs_german_new_orleans.html)

### **La Honradez, Petén, Guatemala**

La Honradez is a medium-sized Classic site in northeast Petén, which Morley visited in 1915. See Chapters 10, 12, 13; also Houk 1998.

### **Lamanai, Belize**

The site of Lamanai, at the north end and west side of the New River Lagoon, was occupied from the Classic period through early Colonial times. It is known as Indian Church because of its two Colonial churches. See Graham 2004; Pendergast 1981, 1999.

### **Macanche, Lake, Petén, Guatemala**

Small, triangular Lake Macanche in central Petén has three tiny *julekis* (natural ponds) at its northern apex. The tiny island in the lake saw Postclassic occupation.

### **Mesa Verde, Colorado**

The Ancestral Pueblo site of Mesa Verde is located in Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah. Spruce Tree House and Balcony House are two of the numerous Pueblo cliff-dwelling sites in the park. Balcony House was excavated by Jesse Nusbaum in 1910, Spruce Tree house by Jesse Fewkes in 1908. See also Wetherill, Richard.

### **Nakum, Petén, Guatemala**

A small Classic site on the left bank of the Holmul River, 12 km north of Yaxha, Nakum is best known for its “Protoclassic” (Late Preclassic-to-Early Classic) and Terminal Classic occupations. Civic-ceremonial construction appears in two sectors, north and south, joined by a causeway. Nakum has been excavated by later Peabody and CIW projects, and more recently by Guatemalan and Polish archaeologists (see, e.g., Źrałka et al. 2014).

### **Naranjo, Petén, Guatemala**

The Classic site of Naranjo, east-southeast of Tikal, was discovered in 1905 by Teobert Maler. It was a favorite site for Morley to visit because of its 47 stelae (dating from 9.8.0.0.0 to 9.19.10.0.0). Naranjo fell under the domination of first Calakmul and then Caracol during its Classic history, and engaged in wars with Tikal and with Yaxha to the east (see Martin and Grube 2008: 68–115; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 380). Naranjo was also home to a brilliantly talented master painter of Late Classic polychrome pottery, Aj Maxam (see Reents-Budet 1994). See Chapter 16; also Graham 1978, 1980; Graham and Von Euw 1975; Morley 1909.

### **New River (Lagoon), Belize**

The New River lagoon or lake is formed by the widening of the New River, a major travel artery through northern Belize which flows northward and empties into Chetumal Bay. The site of Lamanai lies near the north end of the lagoon.

### **Paraíso, Honduras**

A small site in northwestern Honduras, about 11 km south of the border with Guatemala. See Canuto and Bell 2004.

### **Peabody Museum**

The Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was founded in 1866 by a gift from George Peabody (1795–1869), a successful businessman, financier, and philanthropist to multiple educational causes.

### **Piedras Negras**

Piedras Negras (ancient Yok'ib'), on the Guatemalan side of the Usumacinta River downstream from Yaxchilan, was occupied from Preclassic times through the early Terminal Classic period. It has particularly fine monumental sculptures, including panels, which celebrated a long sequence of *hotun* (five-year) completions. These monuments allowed Tatiana Proskouriakoff (1960) to determine that, contrary to most Mayanists' thinking, the stelae recorded the lives and events of

human rulers, rather than gods. See Chapter 7; also Chinchilla and Houston 1993; Clancy 2009; Golden et al. 2008; Martin and Grube 2008: 138–153; O’Neil 2012; Satterthwaite et al. 2005.

### **Plancha de Piedra, Petén, Guatemala**

The old border town across from Benque Viejo, Belize, now Melchor de Mencos.

### **Pueblo Nuevo**

Pueblo Nuevo is the former name of the community established on the south shore of Lake Petén Itzá, east of San Benito, after the Spanish conquest of the Itza Maya. Now known as Santa Elena, it is joined to Flores Island by a causeway. The modern “Flores” airport is in Santa Elena.

### **Quirigua, Guatemala**

The small Classic site of Quirigua, on the left (north) bank of the lower Río Motagua, was long a satellite of Copan. It is known for exceptionally tall carved stelae. See Chapters 9, 14; also Looper 2003; Martin and Grube 2008: 215–225; Morley 1935; Sharer 1990; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 352–353.

### **Remate, Petén, Guatemala**

Remate, a small community at the eastern end of Lake Petén Itzá, is a crossroads for traffic to and from Belize in the east, Tikal in the north, and Flores in the west. The site of Ixlú lies immediately to the north.

### **Río Morja, Guatemala**

A small tributary of the Río Motagua, in southeastern Guatemala.

### **Río Usumacinta (Usumacinta River)**

The Río Usumacinta (in earlier times sometimes called Usumasintla or Usumatsintla) is part of the lowland boundary between Mexico (Chiapas) and Guatemala (Petén). The river is formed by two tributaries, the Salinas (or Negro, or Chixoy) in highland Guatemala, and the Pasión in the lowlands. Between Yaxchilan and Piedras Negras there are some rapids, but below Piedras Negras the river enters a narrow canyon (Gran Cañon) with high cliffs on either side. A major north–south travel artery for the Maya, the river is currently a popular spot for adventure tourism (kayaking), with Class III rapids (intermediate level; moderate, irregular waves, rocky ledges, powerful currents).

### **San Benito, Petén, Guatemala**

San Benito, named after San Benito de Palermo, is a growing town on the south shore of Lake Petén Itzá, opposite Flores. Like the rest of the area around the lake, it was occupied by Itza Maya before the Spanish conquest.

### **Santa Rita, Belize**

Santa Rita Corozal, in far northern Belize overlooking Chetumal Bay, is primarily a Late Postclassic site, but has traces of far earlier occupation. First identified by Thomas Gann in 1894

(Gann 1900), the site is best known for its now-destroyed murals in Structure 1, painted in the colorful “International Style,” known from the Mixtec area of Mexico. See Chase 1985; Chase and Chase 1988; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 615.

### **Savanna**

Savannas are grasslands, a large area of which lies south of Lake Petén Itzá. They are dotted with small fruiting trees—*nance* (*Byrsonima crassifolia*); calabash (*Crescentia cujete*); cashew or *marañon* (*Anacardium occidentale*)—as well as small oaks. Hot and shadeless, with heavy clay soils that hold water in the rainy season, the savannas are fairly unpleasant as living places. They were only sparsely occupied by the Maya and today are primarily grazing lands.

### **Sayaxché**

Sayaxché is a town on the west bank of the Río de la Pasión, founded in the late nineteenth century in connection with logging operations. A ferry transports pedestrians, animals, and motor traffic across the river, giving access to sites like Ceibal and Dos Pilas.

### **Seibal**

See Ceibal.

### **Tayasal, Petén, Guatemala**

Tayasal is the name of both a large peninsula in Lake Petén Itzá and a Postclassic site on its western end. Known as Tayza or Taitza (*ta itza* ‘place of the Itza’) in Colonial times, Tayasal was the capital of the Postclassic- (AD 1200–1525) and Contact-period (AD 1525–1800) Itza Maya. Debate about the capital’s precise location continued to rage through the 1980s (Chase 1976; Jones, Rice, and Rice 1981), with excavations at the peninsular site (Tayasal) by the University of Pennsylvania in 1971 failing to turn up significant quantities of Postclassic remains. Subsequent excavations, however, revealed considerable Postclassic settlement as well as the location of the early Spanish mission San Bernabe (Pugh et al. 2012). The actual Itza capital is now agreed to be the island (Nojpeten) now known as Flores.

### **Tikal, Petén, Guatemala**

Tikal (ancient Mutual) is a large, well-known Classic Maya center in Guatemala. With occupation beginning in the Middle Preclassic period, the city experienced significant contacts with central Mexico in the Early Classic. Tikal was the location of a large project of excavation and reconstruction by the University of Pennsylvania in the late 1960s (see Coe 1990). The site is best known during the Late Classic period, with many carved stelae, temples, and rich burials, and significant influence throughout the southern lowlands. See Chapter 7; Clancy 1980; Harrison 1999; Jones and Satterthwaite 1982; Martin and Grube 2008: 24–53; Puleston 1983; Sabloff 2003.

### **Topoxte (Islands), Petén, Guatemala**

The site of Topoxte (Wurster 2000) comprises three small islands (four if the water level is low) off the southwestern shore of Lake Yaxha. The islands are best known for their Postclassic occupation by the Kowoj Mayas, rivals of the Itzas to the west (Rice and Rice 2009).

### **Tsotskitan**

Translated as bat (*zotz*) tapir (*kitam*) in several Maya languages, this place is seen on some Petén maps (e.g., Adams 1990: Figure 3) as a “camp or village” and also an archaeological site called Chosquitan or Chochkitam, about 5 km west of the Guatemala-Belize border. Morley wanted to visit it, along with La Hondradez, in 1914, but was unable to until 1915.

### **Tulum, Quintana Roo, Mexico**

Tulum is a walled Late Postclassic port and trade center perched on a rocky cliff overlooking the Caribbean Sea. Its best-known structure is called El Castillo, but to the south a smaller colonnaded temple, Structure 16, has stucco reliefs and impressive multi-colored murals that are stylistically similar to the “Mixteca-Puebla” or “international” style of highland Mexico (Miller 1982; Sharer and Traxler 2006: 609–610). See Chapter 19.

### **Twin-Pyramid Group**

Nine twin-pyramid architectural complexes were constructed at Late Classic Tikal by successive rulers to celebrate *k'atun* endings (Jones 1969). They consist of two radial pyramids, east and west, plus a stela and altar in an open enclosure in the north, and a low structure with nine doorways in the south. Tikal has nine but they are extremely rare elsewhere, although one is known at Yaxha.

### **Uaxactun, Petén, Guatemala**

A medium-sized site north of Tikal, and satellite of that city, Uaxactun was named for the early Cycle 8 Initial Series date on Stela 9. See Chapters 18 and 19; Sharer with Traxler 2006: 320, 321.

### **Ucanal**

Ucanal is a Classic archaeological site on the Mopán River in eastern Petén. It had close relations with Tikal and Caracol (Belize), and later became a vassal of Naranjo. Morley visited the site briefly in June 1914. See Halperin and Garrido López 2014–2020, and the Ucanal Archaeological Project website: [www.ucanal-archaeology.com](http://www.ucanal-archaeology.com).

### **United Fruit Company**

The United Fruit Company, an American firm based in New Orleans, imported tropical fruit, especially bananas. It set up a virtual social, economic, and at times even political empire in many Central American republics, including Belize, Guatemala, and Honduras. Although not a scientific research organization, the company underwrote considerable archaeological work on its land in the Maya area and publication of reports. Its weekly steamships from New Orleans offered the best—and sometimes the only—means of travel to the region, and United Fruit provided free passes for archaeologists.

### **Wanamaker's**

Wanamaker's, the first department store in Philadelphia, was established by John Wanamaker (1838–1922), an important figure in Philadelphia's history and one-time Postmaster General. The

highly regarded store opened in the late nineteenth century in a building still called the Wanamaker Building, and survived until the 1970s, having been bought and sold by various companies. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wanamaker>

### **Xunantunich**

The archaeological site in western Belize, now known as Xunantunich was originally called Benque Viejo after the nearby border town. The Classic site, on a ridge above the Mopan River in western Belize, has been the focus of many archaeological projects, beginning with Thomas Gann and later Eric Thompson under the auspices of the CIW. See Graham 1978; LeCount and Yaeger 2010; Leventhal and Ashmore 2010; Yaeger 2003.

### **Yaxchilan, Chiapas, Mexico**

The site of Yaxchilan (ancient Pa' Chan, 'split sky') lies on the left (Mexican) bank of the Río Usumacinta, upstream from Piedras Negras, in a large horseshoe bend. It is particularly known for its 58 carved lintels. See Chapter 7; also Graham 1979, 1982; Graham and Von Euw 1977; Martin and Grube 2008: 116–137.

### **Yaxha**

The large Classic site of Yaxha (*yax ha*, 'blue-green water') was discovered by Maler in 1904. It was a political satellite of Tikal to the northwest, as evidenced by architectural ties (twin-pyramid complexes). Yaxha was later defeated by Naranjo in AD 799, the mother of the conqueror being a lady from Yaxha (Martin and Grube 2000: 81, 82). It is one of the few sites that has retained its ancient name.

## Appendix D. Maya Calendrical and Related Terms (for context, see Chapter 2)

### ***Bak'tun***

The *bak'tun* is a period of 20 *k'atuns* or 144,000 days, nearly 400 Gregorian years. In Long Count dates and in the five-digit shorthand Mayanists use to record them, the *bak'tun* is the first unit in the sequence.

### **Calendar Round**

The Calendar Round, a period of 52 years or 18,980 days, was created by combining the 260-day almanac with the 365-day solar calendar:  $260 \times 365 = 94,900$  days, divided by 5 = 18,980 days.

### **Cycle date**

A “cycle” is another way of referring to the *bak'tun* in a Long Count date, particularly its numerical coefficient: a Cycle 8 date would be 8.18.0.0.0; a Cycle 10 date would be 10.2.0.0.0. Note that these would be referred to as ninth cycle or eleventh cycle dates, respectively, in the same way that a date of 1947 falls in the twentieth (not the nineteenth) century.

### **Distance number**

A number expressing how many days before or after the dedicatory date of a monument should be counted to arrive at the date of another event recorded therein. The event of interest may be something recent in the site's or dynasty's history, or it may be a happening in mythical history.

### **Emblem Glyph**

An Emblem Glyph is a three-part sign that designates a place (toponym) or a dynasty or some combination of the two, but not necessarily a political territory. The three parts are a variable main sign (designating the place/dynasty), a prefix read *kuhul* (“divine”), and a two-part superfix read *ajaw* (“lord”). Together the glyph reads “Divine Lord of X.”

### **GMT**

This is shorthand for the Goodman-Martínez-Thompson correlation of Maya and Christian calendars, the most widely accepted resolution of the correlation issue. See Chapter 2.

### ***Ha'b***

The *ha'b* (or *ha'ab*, *ja'ab*) is a 365-day calendar that approximated the solar year of 365.25 days. It comprised 18 “months” or *winals* of 20 days, with the days in each *winal* prefixed by a number from 0 to 19.

### **Head-variant glyphs**

In the inscriptions, some calendrical intervals such as *bak'tun*, *k'atun*, etc., are prefixed not by bar-and-dot numbers but rather by anthropomorphic “portrait” or “head-variant” glyphs for the

numbers 1 through 13. In these head variant glyphs, numbers 1 through 12 are “unitary”; by contrast the Maya numbers 13 through 19 are combinatory, analogous to lexical numbers in English as –teen and Spanish *dieci-*. That is, they combine the glyphs for numbers 3 through 9 with that of 10, which (for unknown reasons) is a skeletal mandible. The head-variant or personified number prefixes clearly show that the Maya considered units of time to be animate.

### ***Hotun***

A period of five *tuns* (“years”) or 1,800 days; a quarter of a *k’atun*.

### **Initial Series**

The Initial Series refers to the formulaic series of glyphs of most Classic Long Count date inscriptions. They typically begin with the Initial Series Introducing Glyph or ISIG, the central element of which is the patron of the month of the *ha’b* (365-day calendar) in which the date falls. The sequence then continues, typically in two columns, giving the *bak’tun*, *k’atun*, *tun*, *winal*, and *k’in* (in that order): the bundles of elapsed days between Creation (in 3114 BC) and the date of the event recorded. It ends with the day of the event in the *tzolk’in*, the 260-day almanac. The Supplementary Series may follow.

### ***Jolajuntun***

A period of fifteen *tuns* (“years”) or three-quarters of a *k’atun*.

### ***K’atun***

A *k’atun* is a period of 7,200 days or 20 *tuns* (“years”) of 360 days: close to 20 Gregorian years. In Long Count dates and in the five-digit shorthand Mayanists use to record them, the *k’atun* is the second unit in the sequence.

### ***K’in***

The word *k’in* means sun and day, and also designates a category of ritual official or priest who may have had day-keeping or calendrical responsibilities. It is the last (right-hand) unit in the five-digit shorthand Mayanists use to record Long Count dates.

### ***Lajuntun***

Ten *tuns* (“years”) or half a *k’atun* (3,600 days) is a *lajuntun*.

### **Long Count**

The Long Count system of recording time and dates was used only by the Olmecs and the Maya. Among the Maya, the system records the number of days passed since a mythical starting date in 3114 BC in the modern (Gregorian) calendar.

### **Lunar Series**

The Lunar Series refers to the glyphs in the Supplementary Series of a Maya Long Count date that place the date within a cycle or lunation of the moon. It has three components (of one to three glyphs), which give the age of the moon (since its first appearance as a crescent), the names of

completed lunations (out of six), and the age of the lunation (either 29 or 30 days).

### **Supplementary Series**

The Supplementary Series of glyphs is present in full Long Count dates, appearing between the *tzolk'in* day sign (the last glyph in the Initial Series) and the *haab'* day sign. The series may consist of as many as ten glyphs that include reference to the Lords of the Night and the Lunar Series.

### ***Tun***

A *tun* is a “year” of 360 days: 18 *winals* (“months”) × 20 days each. In Long Count dates and in the five-digit shorthand Mayanists use to record them, the *tun* is the third unit in the sequence.

### ***Tzolk'in***

The *tzolk'in* (a term coined by archaeologists) translates to the “count/order of days.” Consisting of a count of 260 days—20 day-names prefixed by 13 numbers—this “calendar” is found throughout Mesoamerica and was probably the earliest of their time-based instruments. The unusual number, 260, may be derived from the period of human gestation or from agriculture: the growth cycle of maize. Technically, the *tzolk'in* is not a calendar but rather a sacred divinatory almanac, the basis for assigning birth names and fates to infants and for prognosticating favorable or unfavorable outcomes of events.

### ***Winal***

A *winal* is a Maya “month” of twenty days, each day prefixed by a number 0 to 19. There are 18 *winals* in the *tun* and *ha'b*. In Long Count dates and in the five-digit shorthand Mayanists use to record them, the *winal* is the fourth unit in the sequence.

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CIW Carnegie Institution of Washington, Washington, DC  
FAMSI Foundation for the Advancement of Mesoamerican Studies ([www.famsi.org](http://www.famsi.org))  
MARI Middle American Research Institute, Tulane University, New Orleans, LA  
PMAE Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA  
SUP Stanford University Press, Stanford, CA  
UNMP University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque  
UOP University of Oklahoma Press, Norman  
UPC University Press of Colorado, Louisville (earlier Boulder)  
UTP University of Texas Press, Austin

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Morley's own *The Inscriptions of Peten* (1937–38) is another source of images, particularly of stelae and site plans. This multi-volume publication has been digitized and can be found on-line at: <https://catalog.hathitrust.org/api/volumes/oclc/551558.html>.

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- 12.7: © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 2004.24.3900.
- 12.8: Morley 1937–38: Plate 12.
- 12.9: Gift of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1958. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 58-34-20/58641.

### **Chapter 13**

- 13.2: Morley 1937–38: Plate 193.

### **Chapter 14**

- 14.1: Morley 1935: 56, Figure 8.
- 14.2: Morley 1935: 9, Figure 3.
- 14.3: Gift of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1958. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 58-34-20/64509 and 58-34-20/65413.
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- 14.6: Morley 1920: Page 154, Plate 18.
- 14.7: Morley 1920: Page 96, Plate 10b.
- 14.8: Left, Morley 1920: Plate 14. Right, gift of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1958. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 58-34-20/64534.
- 14.9: Morley 1920: Plate 16.
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58-34-20/71196.

- 14.14: Courtesy of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 2004.24.95.

## Chapter 15

- 15.1: Diagram reproduced in Morley 1920: 440, Figure 70.

## Chapter 16

- 16.1: Stock photo, Spanish colonial fort San Felipe de Lara at Lake Izabal - Guatemala. [https://www.123rf.com/photo\\_121799987\\_spanish-colonial-fort-san-felipe-de-lara-at-lake-izabal-guatemala.html](https://www.123rf.com/photo_121799987_spanish-colonial-fort-san-felipe-de-lara-at-lake-izabal-guatemala.html).
- 16.2: Image from website SIGNOS E INTERPRETANTES: ideas, artículos y algún cuento, escritos desde el país del olvido. <https://signoseinterpretantes.blog/2020/04/21/divagaciones-desde-el-confinamiento-la-enfermedad-y-el-cuerpo/#more-2501>.
- 16.3: Servicio de Información Municipal de Cahabón, "Iglesia de Lanquín." **Foto de Guatemala** publicada por guate360. <https://www.guate360.com/galeria/img-iglesia-de-lanquin-4661.htm>.

## Chapter 18

- 18.1: Morley 1937–1938: Plate 183.
- 18.2: Gift of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1950. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 50-63-20/23466.
- 18.3: Map by Don S. Rice, after Lister and Lister 1970: 28.

## Chapter 19

- 19.1: Stephens 1843, II, facing page 390.
- 19.2: Morley 1917: 190. Original image: Gift of S. K. Lothrop, 1996. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, 996-27-20/75056.2.632.207.
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- 19.5: Morley 1917: 194.
- 19.6: Morley 1917: 196, 197.
- 19.7: Morley 1917: 199. Original image: Gift of S. K. Lothrop, 1996. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, 996-27-20/75056.2.632.210.
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- 19.9: Morley 1917: 203.

- 19.10: Morley 1917: 202. Original image: Gift of S. K. Lothrop, 1996. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, 996-27-20/75056.2.632.203.
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- 20.2: On-line URL: <http://onetuberadio.com/2014/02/04/big-money-in-folding-bathtubs/>.
- 20.3: Gift of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1958. © President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 58-34-20/58694.

## **Chapter 21**

- 21.1: Morley 1937-38: Plate 53b.
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- 21.7: Morley 1937-38: Plate 5b, 5c.
- 21.8: Morley 1937-38: Plate 6c, d.
- 21.9: Morley 1937-38: Plate 1a.
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21.11: <https://www.shutterstock.com/editorial/image-editorial/advert-for-horlicks-ration-of-malted-milk-tablets-1916-9837475a>.

## **Chapter 22**

22.1: A, Tulane 1915: 139. B, Peabody Museum Archives, ©President and Fellows of Harvard College, Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, #996-27-20/75056.2.632.192.