

THE TOWNS OF LAKE ATTILAN

BY

SOL TAX

MICROFILM COLLECTION OF
MANUSCRIPTS ON MIDDLE AMERICAN
CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY

No. 13

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1946

INTRODUCTION

In October of 1936, the author and his wife settled in Panajachel, on the north shore of Atitlán, to pursue investigations of the Indians of Guatemala undertaken by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The field season, which lasted eight months, was to be devoted to the study of several of the towns of the lake. With the aid of a fast launch, we began periodic visits to several of the towns, especially Santa Catarina Palopó and San Marcos la laguna. Before the season was over, we were joined by Dr. Manuel J. Andrade, who was undertaking a linguistic survey of the same communities, and for part of the time, we travelled together. His notes on the lake towns are published in this microfilm collection (No. 11). Also during the season we were joined by Dr. Lila M. O'Neale, who undertook a study of the textiles of Highland Guatemala. The results of her studies are published as, "Textiles of Highland Guatemala", Carnegie Institution of Washington. Publication 567. 1945.

In succeeding years, the authors made a thorough study of the town of Panajachel itself, the results of which are to be printed; Señor Juan Rosales made a thorough study of the town of San Pedro la laguna, the results of which are also published, by the Guatemalan government; and Dr. Robert Redfield spent considerable time in the town of San Antonio Palopó and the ladino community of Agua Escondida of the same municipio. Dr. Redfield's notes appear in this series of microfilm materials as Nos. 3 and 4. The notes which are published herewith are those referring especially to the towns of the lake that have not been intensively studied. Almost all of them were collected in 1935-6, after which the authors' attention was directed almost exclusively to Panajachel.

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The Towns of Lake Atitlán

Physical Geography. Running parallel to the Pacific coast of Guatemala, and some 20-45 miles north of it, is a string of volcanoes. The most Western one is on the Mexican border, 35 miles from the sea; the most Eastern one is near the Salvador border, some 20 miles from the Pacific. Between these are some fifteen or twenty ranging in altitude from 13,800 feet to 3500 feet. Among these, just about in the middle of the chain, are four volcanoes bunched together: Atitlán (11,500 ft.), Tolimán (10,350 ft.), San Pedro (9,925 ft.), and Santa Clara (6,975). To the North, these volcanic peaks slope down to an altitude of 5100 feet, and at their feet here is the large (70 square miles) lake of Atitlán. From the north, east, and west shores of the lake a plateau rapidly rises some fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above it. The lake gives the appearance, therefore, of a huge, water-filled cavity surrounded by high walls -- the volcanoes on the south and almost perpendicular cliffs on the other sides.

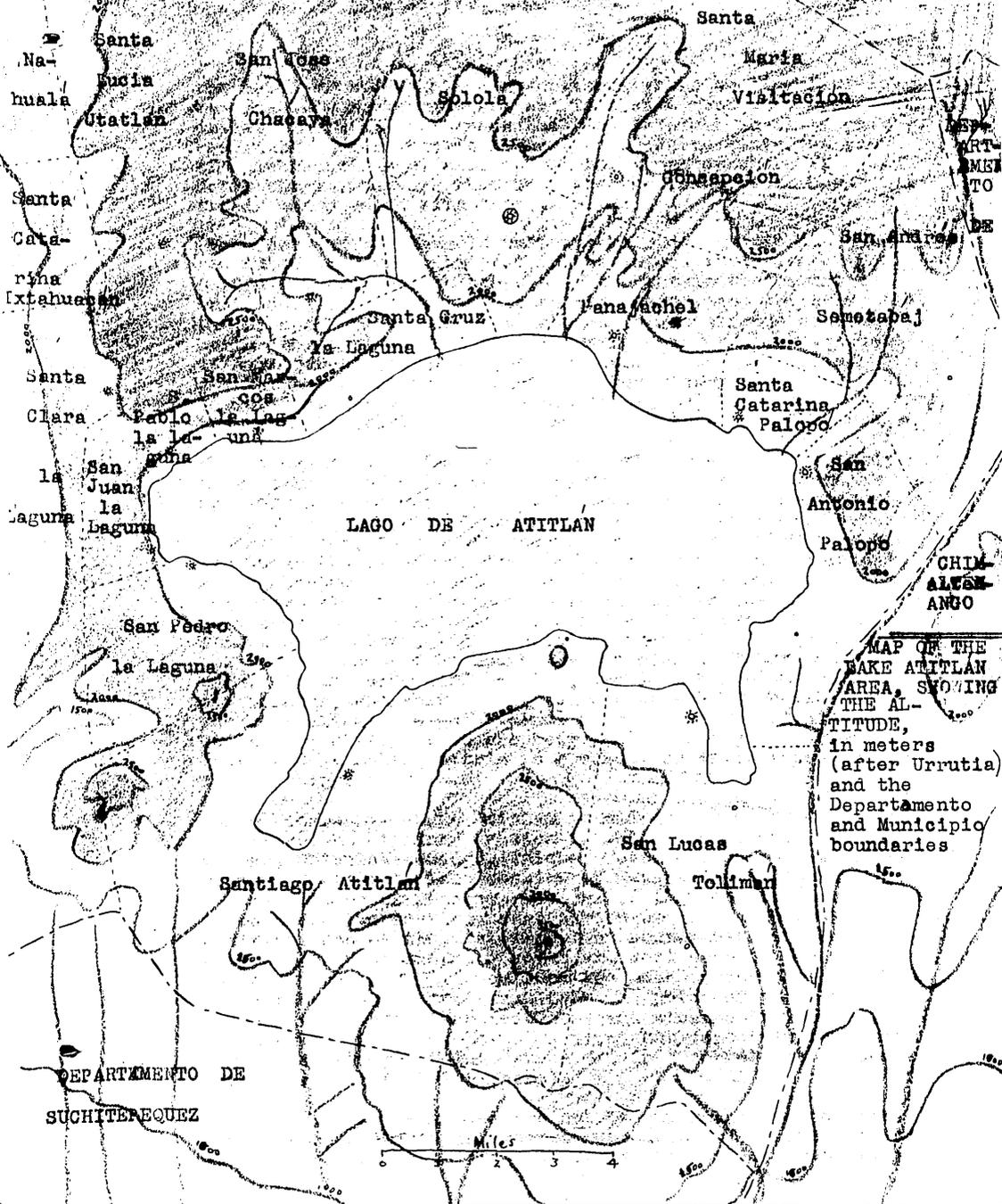
The "wall" surrounding the lake is not unbroken; to the south there is a break on each side of the volcano-combination Tolimán-Atitlán; to the north there are three rivers emptying into the lake and cutting deep gorges in the plateau. But it is only from two points to the south that one can leave the lake basin without an arduous climb.

The two volcanoes that are directly on the lake are San Pedro, to the southwest, and Tolimán, directly south; an arm of the lake itself extends between the two, and to the east of Tolimán there is another southward extension. On the lower slopes of both volcanoes there are some relatively level places, on the shore of the lake; and here there are towns. Where the three rivers enter the north edge of the lake there are level deltas; in the case of the Quicap River (farthest west) there is room for only the small finca "Jabal"; in the delta of the Primer River (central) there is the finca "San Buenaventura"; and in the much larger delta of the Anagachel River is situated the town by that name. Otherwise the towns of the lake are situated at points where there is either a small ravine of a stream or on the slopes of the large cliff itself, where it is relatively less abrupt and steep.

The climate around the lake is semi-tropical and of a monsoonal character. The temperature (as far as I know) rarely drops to the neighborhood of 50 degrees F., and then only occasionally on very-early mornings; in the shade it rarely reaches 80 degrees (at least during the months Nov.-Mar. that I know), and that usually in mid-afternoon. This year, at least, there were no rains during the months of Nov., Dec., and January; there were occasional rains in February, and now, as we enter the month of March, they seem to be increasing in frequency and extent. The full rainy season is not supposed to enter until the latter part of May; then the rivers usually are wide and communications often cut off. A very wet rainy season raises

DEPARTAMENTO DE TOTONICAPAN

DEPARTAMENTO DEL QUICHE



MAP OF THE LAKE ATITLAN AREA, SHOWING THE ALTITUDE, in meters (after Urrutia) and the Departamento and Municipio boundaries

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the level of the lake; going-on-three years ago the lake-level was raised some two meters, and it hasn't gone down appreciably since. There are evidences that the lake has in times past been much higher than it is now, too. Jaime Pensabene (now, of Chichicastenango) used to own the property where Tzanjuyu Hotel now is; he says that 25 years ago the site of the hotel itself was covered with water.

(The depth of the lake is unknown; McBryde says it has been scouled to 1129 feet, but I think he infers it is deeper (Solola, P. 64). There are two schools of thought as to its origin, one side claiming that it is an old crater, and the other that the rise of the volcanoes to the South cut off the drainage of the three rivers now at the North, hence the lake. There is no apparent outlet to the lake, and common lay-belief has it that there are subterranean outlets; McBryde told me his belief that evaporation keeps the level, but it seems to me that the water wouldn't be so non-mineral if that were the case.)

The winds are very important around the lake, for naturally they effect the condition of the water. Normally there is no wind (and the water is often smooth as glass) from about six P.M. through the night and until eleven or twelve A.M. (noon). Then, in the afternoon, a south wind, either from San Lucas (S.E.) or San Juan (S.W.) comes up and the lake is apt to become very rough. I said "normally"; but sometimes the south wind doesn't come up in the afternoon and the water is calm then, and occasionally (sometimes for days at a time) a north-wind blows, and then (since this wind has no hours) the water is apt to be rough day and night. I have known times when, with a north-wind blowing, the lake has been rough in the morning, and then (possibly because the south-wind comes up and neutralizes the north-wind) calm as can be all afternoon. It is very difficult to prophesy what is going to happen on the lake, and in making a trip in a canoe, an Indian must be prepared for anything.

Human Geography. Lake Atitlan is midway between the populous and important highland section in which are located Solola, Tecpan, Chichicastenango, Quiché, Totonicapán, and Huezaltenango, and the fertile lowland section of Mazatenango, Patulul, and a large number of fincas. Several of the important routes between these two sections pass across or around the lake. In addition, one of the most important routes between Guatemala City and the towns of the north and west pass by the north shore of the lake. It would be too much to say that the lake is extraordinarily important from the point of view of trade, because there are other sections, and alternative routes, just as important from any point of view; but certainly the lake region is far from being "stuck off in a corner" in Guatemala (excepting for the West shore).

The lake towns themselves are not by any means unimportant. One town (Panajachel) is an important producer of vegetables, and sends out great quantities of onions and garlic especially; others

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(notably Atitlán and San Pedro) are important producers of tomatoes; two (Sta. Cruz and S. Marcos) grow some of the best Guatemala oranges in large quantities; All of the towns grow jocotes, and I suppose they constitute the jocote center of the country; one town (Sta. Catarina) furnishes the Sololá and Tecpan markets with fish and crabs; ~~xxx~~ San Pablo produces a good part of the rope (and other magay products like hammocks and net ~~xxx~~ bags) used in the fincas on the coast; anise is grown in large quantities (especially in S. Antonio), most of it going to the Capital and thence possibly abroad. There are other crops and products, such as coffee, sugar-cane, pepinos, a number of tropical fruits including avocados, injertos, etc., mats made of tul, bananas of a poor variety, besides, of course, the maize, beans, squashes, guisquiles, green chile, etc. that are more common in the highlands.

In the lake villages, the growing of maize and beans is more or less pushed into the background. I base this judgment on the following facts: everywhere else that I know, level lands are utilized for maize, and are much preferred for such purposes to hilly lands; the levellest lands here are those closest to the lake-shore; very rarely are these level stretches planted with milpa -- rather, in some places they have coffee, in other places vegetables, in others fruit-trees (especially citrus), in others anise, ~~xxxx~~, in others magay. These are all definitely commercial crops, and (I judge) will grow only on level ground, and in some ~~xx~~ cases only on the lake shore (other water lacking). The milpa is generally planted back in the hills, often on slopes of a forty-five degree angle. The reason for this situation is apparent, for with the money-crops more corn can be bought than can be raised on the same ~~x~~ level land. Around here, although the Indians usually have their milpas, they are not so sentimental about them as to sacrifice their pocketbooks for them.

Presumably the Indians in the towns on the lake shore have been there for centuries, if not from "time immemorial"; it is naturally to be supposed, therefore, that they would be well-adapted to the lake. They have, indeed, developed canoes; they have, in many cases, learned to fish by various methods; but nevertheless, one must conclude that they are peculiarly unadapted to this phase of their environment. I base this conclusion on these observations: except in one town (Santa Catarina) a minimum use of the lake as far as fishing is concerned is made, and even there on a haphazard (if comparatively important) basis; except in one town (Atitlán) hardly any use of the lake is made for transportation, although in many cases one would expect it; the canoes are of the crudest type, ~~xx~~ and they are apparently valued only for what they are; very few people swim, and the sweat-bath is as much the rule here as anywhere; where there is a stream in town, or wells, or a fountain, it is preferred to the lake (the sanitary element must be considered here too, however); the Indians as a rule are, compared with other peoples who live near water and have canoes, quite clumsy boatmen, are pretty much afraid of the water (as well they might be!) and never go out except when necessary.

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There are individual exceptions to some of these statements, but they seem to hold true in general. I have tried to get stories of the origin of the lake, or anything about the lake, with very trivial success; in Atitlán there is a story that takes half a dozen lines to tell, and that's all. All notions about the lake seem as commonplace as they can be.

It is my strong impression that the life and thoughts of the lake townspeople is directed back to the hills rather than to the lake; their milpas are generally back in the hills, their routes of travel, where not perforce along the shore, are back through the monte; they are as much attached to their cacastes as Indians anywhere that I have been; the lake itself, in short, does not appear to affect their culture very strongly. It may be stated as a rule that the towns that make use of canoes for transport most are those that need them most -- to whom, in fact, ~~it~~ they are almost essential: first, Atitlán, where the people are separated from half of their milpa-land by water and where, furthermore, there is the greatest isolation from the towns to the North; second, a town like Santa Cruz that almost must trade with Solola and from which the distance to Solola is cut in less than half by a short run in a canoe -- and it is significant that even so the people go by land as much as they do by the short-cut; third, Santa Catarina, and this may appear to be an exception: practically speaking, all travelling is done by land, and indeed distances are not much greater; but canoes are generally used in the fishing industry. Why should they have the fishing industry? One contributing factor is that there is (due to topography largely) a shortage of milpa-land; this is so recognized that fishermen in (I think) all other towns must pay a license of \$1.00 a month, but Santa Catarina is exempt because fishing is so necessary to them.

Due to the necessity of the topography (presumably) all of the lake towns are concentrations of houses in small areas with their farm-lands outside. They differ considerably in size (both as to area and population, and the two are somewhat correlated) and in natural advantages -- in extent and fertility of soil, absence of rocks, water-supply, etc. I shall later discuss each town to some extent, and these differences will be mentioned.

The Municipios. There are eleven municipios that border on the lake. Included in this number is Solola; but in this sole case the town itself (the official center of the municipio) is so far from the lake that it cannot be (and never is) considered a lake village. In the municipio of Solola the aldea of San Jorge is closer to the lake, but even it is so far as not to be thought of as a lake village; at the lake shore itself there is only a small finca. Thus it is as well to leave the municipio of Solola out of consideration as a lake village. That leaves only ten municipios. (That of Santa Clara is called Sta. Clara la Laguna, but it is in no other sense a lake village).

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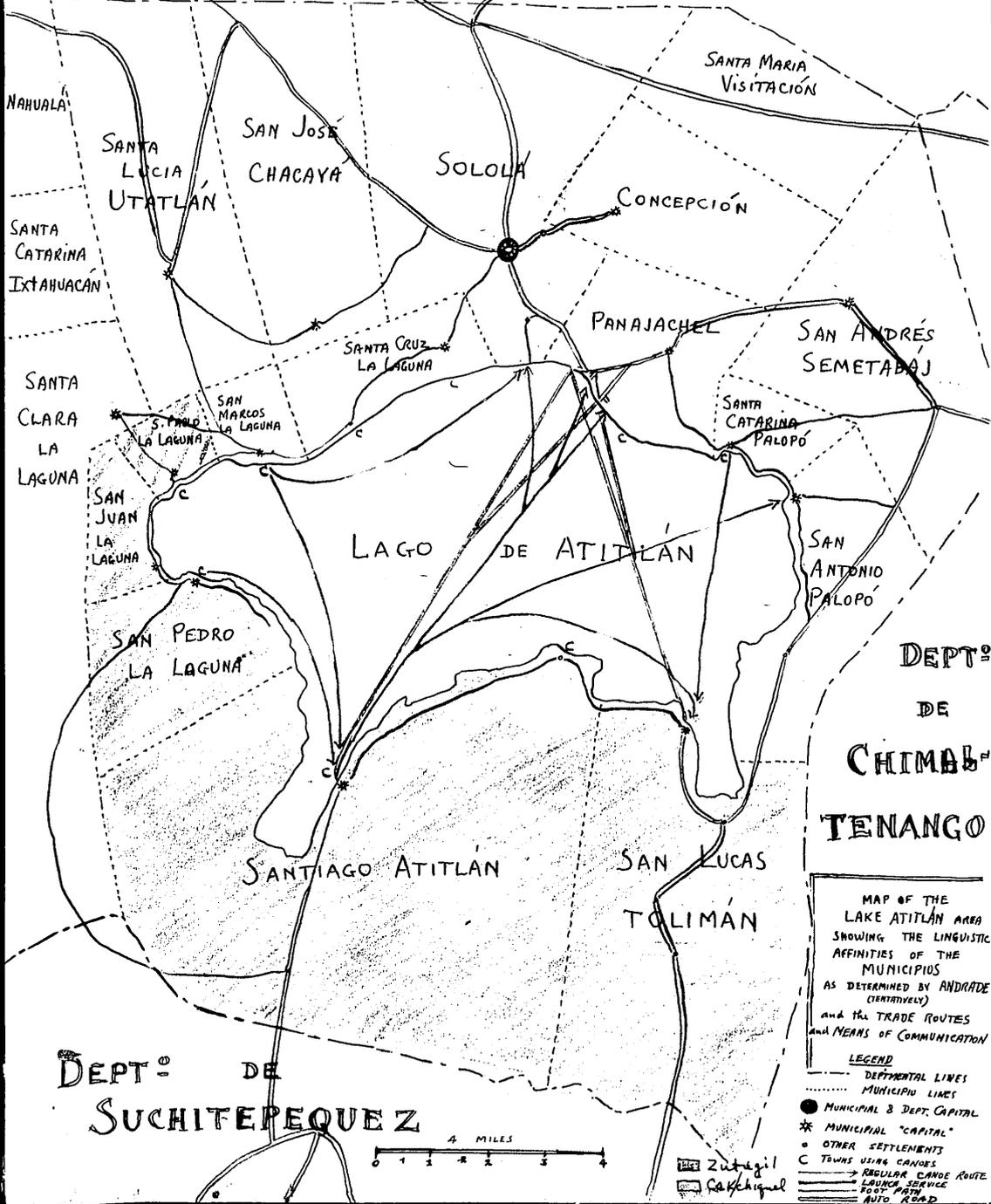
The municipios are ideally linguistic and cultural units, but in many of them things have happened in relatively recent times. There seem to be only three "pure" ones left: San Pedro, San Pablo, and San Marcos; in these three all of the Indian inhabitants are relatively homogeneous in language and culture, all are Pedranos, Pablenos, and Marqueños respectively. For the others: Panajachel has a high percentage of outside Indians; Sta. Catarina has a finca owned by a Santa Lucia man with some foreign Indians in addition; San Antonio has a few foreign Indians in town and more in an aldea; San Lucas has a large number of Sololatecos, besides a lot of fincas; Santiago Atitlán is pure, but its aldea of Cerro de Oro was settled by Indians from Patzicía; San Juan has an aldea settled by foreign Indians from several towns to the North; Santa Cruz I am not sure of, for most of the Indians live in the aldea of Tzununá and while they may be the same as those of the town, they are socially distinct.

But considering the municipios in their "pure" aspect, the linguistic situation is peculiar. Most linguistic maps have a splash to the South which they call "Zutuhil", one to the West called "Quiché", and another to the North and East called "Cakchiquel". I am depending on Andrade's researches to make the following statements: The language of every municipio differs from that of every other municipio; an extreme case is that of S. Pedro and S. Juan, for S. Juan is almost a suburb of S. Pedro, not a mile of level land separating them, and most of the land in the town of San Juan owned and worked by Pedranos -- yet the languages differ slightly in phonetics, vocabulary, and grammar; another good case is that of San Antonio and Santa Catarina, farther apart but both on the footpath between Panajachel and San Lucas so that the people of each pass through the other very often -- yet there are notable dialectical differences.

The languages of the municipios more or less fade into one another; that is, actual neighbors are apt to be closer than alternate towns; but the languages can be classified into two groups, and any two languages of one group are probably closer together than two languages of different groups. Thus, San Lucas, Santiago Atitlán, San Pedro, and San Juan are in one group which, if Atitlán is called Zutuhil (as it usually is) can be called Zutuhil; and San. Marcos, Santa Cruz, Panajachel, Santa Catarina, and San Antonio are in another group which, if Panajachel is called Cakchiquel, can be called Cakchiquel. (San Pablo is either one or the other, and with the material he has Andrade cannot make a judgment -- except that it is one or the other or a mixture of both). If Chichicastenango and Totonicapan are "Quiché", that language does not border on the lake, all maps to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Zutuhil and Cakchiquel of the lake are very close -- so close that no linguist would consider them more than dialects of one language; with one exception, the Indians of any town can get along in conversation with those of any other town. The exception is Atitlán; but this is not because the language of Atitlán is startlingly different from the languages of the towns farther away who have difficulty in conversing with the Atitecos, but rather

DEPTº DE TOTONICANAN | DEPTº DEL QUICHE



because the Atitecos have a different manner of speaking; they talk much faster (as they themselves and everybody else recognize) and are apt, at the least excitement, to raise the pitch of their voices extraordinarily high. As might be expected in this situation, the Atitecos have told us repeatedly -- and with some satisfaction -- that although people from the towns farther away cannot understand them, they themselves can understand the others!

With the languages as close as they are, and yet all differing, I think it will never be fair to draw any conclusions of sociology on the basis of language similarities or differences except insofar as one can conclude that the Zutuhiles were once centered in one region, with one history, and the Cakchiqueles in another; but even here, since there is no reason to believe that political boundaries ever coincided with linguistic boundaries that require a linguist to determine, the historical implications of what is found are somewhat vague. Today it can be asserted without hesitation that trade and other such relations are more important between the Zutuhiles and Cakchiqueles than between towns in each group. But this is due to the fact that the Zutuhiles are on the coast side of the lake, and the Cakchiqueles on the Highland side, and the important trade is between these two regions.

It would be futile from what I know to try to link up cultural differences and linguistic groups; it may be that all of the Zutuhil towns will have something in common as opposed to the Cakchiquel towns (I am inclined to doubt it) but to determine that or the contrary requires more evidence than I have. In outward appearance, in the matter of "town-types" language affiliation doesn't correlate; but since the town-type is partly a matter of geography and partly of ladino-influence, this is not surprising.

Town Types. If I should classify all of the municipios of Guatemala that I know, I would have two broad classes: (1) that might be clumsily named the vacant-town type, where as far as Indian population is concerned the people all live out on their farms and have a town for a market, political, and religious center only; Chichicastenango, Quiché, Chiché, Totonicapan, Sololá are of this type, with some variations. (2) what might be called the town-nucleus type, where the people all live in a restricted portion of the municipio, near the official buildings, and go out to their farms to work; although there are variations, all of the lake villages (with the possible exception of the borderline case of Panajachel) fall easily into this class.

It is not easy to draw a hard-and-fast line (as the case of Panajachel indicates); but with a sub-classification one is able to make some pretty definite statements. Thus, both the "vacant town" and the "town nucleus" types can be classified as x "simple" and "complex" -- simple when there is only one town, complex where there are subsidiary towns or fincas. Then there can be combinations, of course; thus Sololá is a complex "vacant-town" municipio with at least one of its subsidiaries a "town

nucleus" (San Jorge); and I think that the municipio of Atitlán must be called a "town nucleus" with one of its aldeas a "vacant town" (Cerro de Oro). Furthermore, they can be classified according to the area they cover -- perhaps into "large" and "small", although it would be difficult to draw a line on that basis. Thus Panajachel might best classify as a "small" "vacant town" municipio -- so small, however, that it is almost like a "large" ~~town nucleus~~ "Town nucleus" one. The business is quite complicated, as will be seen when I describe the lake towns individually.

One general point I want to make in this discussion: I believe there is a lot less difference in the culture of the two broad types -- even between the extremes of each -- than one would reasonably expect. In Chichicastenango I became used to the idea of not having any total-municipio social life; it was difficult to call the municipio a community, and just as difficult to find anything like communal life on a smaller scale within it. But a superficial look at the concentration of Indians in the small towns of the lake caused me to believe that here there would be found real town-community life. With the half-exception of Atitlán, however, it now seems apparent that there is as little, if not less social-community life in the lake towns as in Chichicastenango. This seems to me a remarkable fact.

All of the towns have plazas, surrounded by municipal buildings, schools, post-offices, ~~etc~~ in some cases, ~~also~~ a church, etc. In some cases the houses are closely packed around the plaza; in other cases there is something of an empty space between the plaza and the first houses; in either case the houses may be fifty yards apart or so. Sometimes the houses are nicely arranged in streets, but usually when they are set on the side of a hill they are irregularly arranged. But regardless of the arrangement of the town, I do not know one (except Atitlán) where the Plaza is ever the meeting-place or the loitering place of the inhabitants; in towns where there is a plaza in the plaza for the use of all the townspeople, women come for water, but leave when they have it and seldom stay to gossip. Normally only the municipal officials, and people who come to the juzgado on business, are to be found in the plaza; of course people sometimes have to cross the plaza on the way to their homes or their work, but they do not have the habit of stopping.

The case of the Plaza in Atitlán is undeniably an exception, but only insofar as the female population is concerned -- for they (and only they) come there to buy and sell, and gossip. The women in Atitlán also meet on the lake shore when they get water, and (exceptional in our experience) they talk to each other over the fences of their houses. But the men in Atitlán conduct themselves in these respects like the people of the other towns. I may mention that Indians from other towns recognize this ~~as~~ peculiarity of Atitlán, and attribute the fact that the women of Atitlán are "bravas" to the fact that they run around all day and talk.

If the Plaza normally isn't a meeting-place of the people (by the way, the only town besides Atitlán with a regular market is Panajachel, with quite a lively one every Sunday) one might still expect to find evidences of a close-knit social life. We have yet

failed to find any more striking than, say, in Chichicastenango. It seems to be true that, although in the Lake towns the houses are close together, there is normally no visiting around to amount to anything, no purely social gatherings -- like corn-huskings, "parties" for any occasion -- and apparently extraordinarily little interest and knowledge of what one's neighbor is doing. It is only during religious fiestas that there are some sort of community affairs. During minor fiestas there are activities in the cofradia, engaged in chiefly by the few cofrades and the municipal officials, but when they end in a drinking-bout with dancing, a number of others (mostly men) are apt to join in. At the titular fiestas people from neighboring towns come, and everybody takes a vacation from his work; then there is a Mass in the Church (attended by only a fraction of the people) and more than likely a masked-dance by a special group. At one point, when the dancers are in the Plaza, and when the Mass is being held at the same time, most of the people are together there; but that is only for a few hours, and then the fiesta breaks up into a multi-ringed circus -- part in the cofradias, part in the cantinas, part in each of the individual houses when the dancers make the rounds; during all this time nothing communal is going on, and as more and more people get drunk -- in the cofradias, cantinas, or at home -- there is less and less communal about the affair.

Evidence is still too incomplete to make the statement safely, but as time goes on I am becoming more and more convinced that there is a strong individualism pervading the cultures that I know here -- a pattern apparently so strong that it rides rough-shod over differences in town-types.

Races. Not only do the languages differ as one goes from village to village around the Lake, but apparently the physical type of the Indians varies to some extent from town to town. We have taken neither measurements nor ~~physical~~ systematic observations; therefore this might (from the point of view of the physical anthropologist) be an illusion. The chances are all the more that it might be illusory, since costumes differ and one may associate faces and figures with costumes and see differences that are not really physical. Nevertheless we think there are physical differences, such as that the Atitecos are taller, and have more of the rounded Malayan type of faces, the Pedranos are handsomer (from our point of view) with a high mixture of caucasian blood so that many are light-eyed and lighter-haired, the Catarinecos have much more face-hair than the others. The situation as a whole is such that I believe one could (if he knew the people well enough) tell from which village (or at worst which of two or three villages) an Indian hails without the aid of his costume. I refer, of course, to the normal type in each town, because there are overlappings....

There is no Lake-town in which ladinos are entirely absent, but there are four towns in which the only ladinos are town-officials who cannot be considered real residents; one other (Sta. Catarina) has one ladino family in addition; two others (S. Antonio and San Marcos) have no additional ladinos in the Indian town itself, but some outside. Atitlan has a number of ladino families, but

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the percentage is very small. Only Panajachel and San Lucas have a goodly proportion of ladinos, and are usually thought of as ladino towns.

A distinction must be made between two types of ladinos, which are called around here ~~xxx~~ Chancles and Obreros. The Chancles are well-dressed, non-manual-labor, relatively rich people, all of whom, I believe, came from the larger towns (like Solola, Totonicapan, Quezaltenango, Huehuetenango) in perhaps the last sixty years; they are local representatives of outside civilization; they are, at their worst, the exploiters of the Indians (and of the obrero ladinos to a lesser extent). All of the ladinos of Atitlan are, I think, Chancles; and there are many of them in Panajachel and San Lucas too. But in the latter towns there are Obreros, too. The Obreros are as poorly dressed as the poorer Indians -- but they have our type of clothes -- as often as not shoeless; they are laborers, carry their own firewood, work their own milpas; I think that they are an old population here, antedating the Finca era; but it may be that their presence in San Lucas is more recent. How much difference there is in physical type between the Chancles and the Obreros I do not know; our impression is that ~~they show more Indian~~ Obreros show more Indian blood.

The ladinos all speak Spanish as their mother tongue; some of them speak the Indian dialects of their towns in addition. They are the chief medium through which the culture of the wider world is carried to the Indians; the Indians in towns where there are no ladinos seem to realize this and we have often heard expressions of regret that there are no ladinos to teach them Spanish and otherwise educate them. But in the towns where there are Chancles both the Indians and the Obreros are more or less bitter against the injustices which they are supposed to perpetrate.

I am not yet clear on the relations of the "foreign Indians" here to the local Indians and ladinos, where all exist.

Political structure. The governmental structure in all of the lake villages is pretty uniform and differs from that of Chichicastenango in that there is no separation of the Indian communal government. Up until last October first, each town had its Alcalde, 2nd Alcalde, Sindico, Regidores, Alguaziles, etc. In towns where there were many ladinos (Panajachel, S. Lucas, Atitlan) the offices were divided between Ladinos and Indians (all of the alguaziles being Indians, however), the Alcalde generally being a ladino. A new system went into effect in October; instead of being popularly elected in each town, the high offices were to be appointed by the Jefe Político. The offices of Alcalde and 2nd Alcalde were abolished, and in their place an Intendente put; he and the Sindico ~~xxx~~ are appointed, all the rest elected as before. The Intendente ideally is a man from another town, and the town in which he works is supposed to pay him a salary. In very small towns no salary can be raised for such a man, hence the Intendente must perforce be a local man who serves without salary; so he is in St. Catarina, S. Juan, S. Marcos, and Sta. Cruz.

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In these towns the Jefe Político has appointed Indians who speak Spanish (however little) and who are slightly literate; and he probably has the best possible from this point of view. In the other towns he was able to get better men -- ladinos from larger towns, usually, but in the case of San Pedro, an Indian from Atitlán.

In every town there is a ladino secretary (except in San Juan, where he is an Indian from San Pedro) who is paid a salary, and in towns where the Intendente is a local unpaid Indian, the secretary usually runs the place. In addition, the school-teachers are always ladinos (except in S. Pedro where at least one is a local Indian). In Panajachel, S. Lucas, Atitlán, and San Pedro there is a local Comandante in addition, a ladino (except that maybe the Atitlán Comandante is an Indian, not a ladino, from Sta. Lucia Utatlán).

Until October, there was a regular succession of the Indians of a town from Alguazil through the cofradías and the municipal offices ending with Alcalde (or in towns where the Alcalde was ladino, with second Alcalde); now the highest Indian office in the succession in most towns is Síndico. Where there is an Indian Intendente (local Indian, that is) he takes the place of the old Alcalde in ceremonial functions as well as administrative and juridical; but the succession is broken, because he is an appointive officer and his term is more or less indefinite. As an indication of how things are changed now (with no apparent opposition either) I may mention that whereas in years gone by, presumably from time immemorial since the conquest, all municipal officials were changed on January first, this year and in years to follow, they change on March 15th by governmental order.

Every town has its Indian Principales, who really run the town's policy where it is free to have a policy. These are old men, and usually those with some intelligence, who have passed through all of the offices. Whereas the regular municipal officers have semi-religious functions, taking part in the cofradía "costumbres", the Principales are generally beyond all that and are rarely to be seen in the cofradías or in the church. They do not have regular meetings, but when something that demands their consideration comes up, they meet in the juzgado (now called Intendencia).

Material Culture. Considering the similarity of environment, the proximity and mutual intercourse of the lake towns, it is surprising that there should be even the slight differences in material culture that there are. Milpa and horticultural techniques and tools (the hoe chiefly) appear to be identical; so do fishing implements where they occur; so to the last detail are spinning and weaving apparatus the same; furthermore, as far as we can determine, cooking and the use of foodstuffs is pretty uniform. There is considerable variation between towns in the predominant house-types, as well as in the social aspects of their construction; but the greatest heterogeneity is in costume, and even there the differences are really superficial -- in color, design, and the combination of garments worn.

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Aside from adobe houses with tile or thatch roof, and a few modern oddities (such as houses the walls of which are encased in barbed-wire with stone filling) all of the houses around the lake are "ranchos" generally with cane walls and thatched roofs. A fundamental variation is a difference between a square house with a pyramid roof topped by an inverted pot, and a rectangular house with "long" roof (I don't know the correct terminology) the thatch tightly bound along the top and in ~~xx~~ some cases (especially S. Pedro) with a row of inverted pots along the ridge. Most of the towns around the lake have both types of houses in varying proportions.

In some towns house-building is a free enterprise; that is, the owner gets all of the material together and invites a number of men to help him put it together, and these men get only atole for their trouble. So it is in Sta. Catarina, for example. In other towns (Atitlán is one) the owner gets the materials together and hires mozos to help him put it up, and these mozos are paid the regular day-labor rate and get no refreshment. This variation does not follow general linguistic lines.

Differences between towns in costume ~~ix~~ are the most obvious and most attractive. This much can be said about all of the lake towns:

Men all wear cotton trousers of varying length (all except Cerro de Oro less than full length), in most cases homespun and usually decorated.
 all wear tailored shirts, some homespun and some store-goods, and some ready-made.
 all wear sashes, homespun cotton, predominantly red, some have checked woolen "rodilleros", and those that have them usually have leather store-belts (or shoe-maker made) in addition to the banda.
 many wear "cotonés" of black wool; the others wear blue wool suit-jackets.
 all have red cotton head-pieces worn in various manners.

Women all wear skirts, of varying lengths, consisting of foot-loom made material sewed and wrapped around.
 all wear huipiles predominantly cotton, usually made by themselves and tailored pretty much the same.
 all except in Atitlán wear sashes, usually red cotton.
 all have a carrying cloth of some kind.
 all have some kind of ribbon or narrow band wound in their hair and usually around the head.

That is about all that can be said that will apply to all or most of the towns; in cut, design, color, material, mode of wearing, etc. there are wide differences -- but rarely, for a particular thing, is any one town unique.

Other aspects of the material culture, as well as other things, will be covered in the following notes on the various towns of the Lake.

Panajachel

The patron saint of the Panajacholeños is San Francisco, but the municipio is always called simply Panajachel. It is a small municipio, in area and population, but it is strategically located on the main highway between Guatemala City (and thus Chimaltenango, Antigua, Patzicía, Patzún, and San Andrés) and the important towns of the West (Sololá, Quiché, Quetzaltenango, etc.); it is, furthermore, the taking-off place on the way to most of the villages of the Lake.

The inhabited portions of the municipio lie in the valley of the Panajachel River where it widens to form a triangle as the river enters the lake; this part is almost perfectly level, and the soil is fertile, but it is surrounded on two sides by the high cliffs, and on the third by the lake, so that there is a very limited territory. (The site is not a "true delta", since very little of it only consists of sediment deposited in the lake by the river). In the dry season the gravel bed of the river itself contains only a few meandering streamlets, rather easily crossed; but in the rainy months the river is a flowing torrent that not only fills the wide bed itself (a matter of a hundred yards near the mouth) but often overflows into the surrounding inhabited portions. At this time it is impossible to cross the river, of course, except by canoe -- and the people normally cross not the river itself but the portion of the lake into which it flows.

The Plaza, with its Intendencia, post- and telegraph office, jails, "public library", schools, market-place, butcher-shops, ~~xxxxxx~~ and Church, is almost at the top of the triangle on the West side of the river. A main street leads toward the lake on one side, and here are the stores, the best ladino homes, and a missionary chapel. To the west of this street there is another, irregular one, occupied by poorer ladino homes and by some Indian homes. This part of the municipio one might call the "town". Towards the lake, and to the West live a few Indians, but chiefly the foreign colony; most of the Indian Panajachelenos live "on the other side of the river".

There is practically no milpa land in the level triangle; most of what there is is in the surrounding hills. Fruit trees, chiefly oranges and limas (a kind of lemon), jocotes, injertos and aguacates, are scattered sporadically over the level area; there is also some coffee here; but most of the tillable soil is taken with the cultivation of onions and garlic chiefly, with some cabbage, lettuce, peas, green beans, cauliflower, pepinos (something like a cucumber), etc., etc. These garden crops are intensively cultivated: they are planted in well-prepared beds (rectangular except in the case of the pepinos, when they are small and round) about a foot high and varying in size from about 5 X 15 feet to about 8 X 40 feet and with ditches between the beds. Water from a stream is run through these ditches (shut off when desired by earth-works) and the Indian scoops it up with a tin

dish and pours it over the planted bed. The main crop is certainly onions; some of these are allowed to go to seed, then the seeds are planted close together all over a bed and later the seedlings taken out and replanted at proper intervals.

The women and the men both work in the gardens, and since the vegetables take great care and much time, much of the day ~~is~~ is spent in watering, seeding, cleaning, picking, planting, etc. One of the texts that Juan Rosales wrote for Dr. Andrade was his notion of courtship, and in an imaginary conversation the swain proposes marriage in words something like, "We will get married and grow onions and garlic and you will wash my clothes...." Onions are a real money-crop, and most of the local Indians (and to some extent the ladinos) make their living from them and some of them have no milpa at all. It happens that they are rather harder-working than the Indians of most of the other towns, since the vegetables do require so much time; and this results also that the local people are around their homes more than the other Indians. It is noteworthy that while the Indian women here work in the gardens perhaps more than the men, they do not work in the milpas any more than in any other town. It should be remembered in this connection, however, that while the milpas are usually far off in the hills, the vegetables are grown more or less in people's front yards.

The Indians, with their fruits and their vegetables, are scattered rather evenly ~~on~~ over the area on the other side of the river; on this side the population is very heterogeneous. Aside from some local Indians scattered around, there are a number of Indians immigrant from other towns; besides, there are two hotels run by foreigners, and with servants from various places, as well as a separate "port" owned by a foreigner; also, there is the headquarters of the American missionaries and a number of country homes of foreigners and natives resident in the Capital, and each has its servants, usually from other towns.

It is pretty difficult to draw a line between the "town" and the "country" here. Except for comparison with other towns, it would hardly be worthwhile to discuss the question, but since the situation in Panajachel is somewhat intermediate ~~in~~ between the Chichicastenango and, say, the Atitlán types, it is worth some description. As far as most of the Indians are concerned, the "town" means the juzgado, school, market, and church; there are certain occasions (especially Sunday, which is the big market day) when almost all of them come to the Plaza, and those Indians in the municipal service are there all the time (during their respective years). In the dry season no Indian lives so far away but what he can come to town to buy something in the stores. There is no such thing, of course, as having to maintain headquarters in town in addition to homes in the country.

Yet in the same sense in which farmers of the townships around come to the village in the United States on certain occasions -- from the country to the town -- as against that in which

people in the village itself go "downtown", the territory of Panajachel can be divided into "town" and "country". As compared with Chichicastenango, they don't have so far to go, and thus they may go more casually, but they do go generally only for the same purposes and on the same limited occasions. If it is argued that more things can be done in town here due to its proximity, it can be argued that more things are also done without recourse to the town (such as marriage proposals, etc.) because of the small size. Neither alters the fundamental similarity in this respect, and Panajachel must be termed a "vacant town municipio". But size makes a lot of difference, and there would hardly be a serious error if one considered the whole of the inhabited portion of Panajachel the town and let it go at that. A very apt comparison might be made, however, between the pueblo of Chichicastenango taken together with the cantones of Chinimá and Chucám on the one hand and all of Panajachel on the other; and if all the rest of Chichicastenango were cut off I do not believe the characteristic social geography of the municipio would be fundamentally changed -- it would still be a "vacant-town type".

One thing about Panajachel, however, is that, since the milpas are out in the hills, the people (men rather) have to leave the neighborhood of their homes on occasion and go out to work them; this is perhaps the chief characteristic of what I have called the town-nucleus type of municipio. I do not attempt to argue it away; I do think it is due to the accident of geography (but so are all types pretty largely) but whatever the cause, one must, I think, give this fact its due and call Panajachel intermediate between, or rather a combination of the vacant-town and the town-nucleus. This comes from the "country's" being divided into two parts: horticultural and agricultural, and as far as ~~the horticultural~~ both are concerned the town is "vacant" (for the Indians live in one and work in the other), but as far as the second is concerned, the horticultural constitutes a kind of "town-nucleus". I shall discuss this again in comparison with other lake towns.

There are two separable groups of ladinos in Panajachel, called here the Chancles and the Obreros. The Chancles are those who are well dressed and in occupations (or with sufficient wealth) that do not require common labor. They are store-keepers, officials, habilitadores, and finqueros; they are fairly well educated, have connections in the Capital -- and often homes there, and know what goes on in the world. Furthermore, they are really not indiginous to Panajachel in the sense that the others are; they have come, one or two generations ago, from the larger towns, like Sololá, Totonicapán, Quezaltenango, Quiché, Guatemala, etc. where, presumably, they had been settled for many generations. They constitute the local "exploiting class".

The Obreros, although perhaps showing more Indian blood than the Chancles, are ladinos too, and are recognized as such by the census takers and by themselves. It is curious that the Foreign and Guatemala City residents here are always puzzled by this group;

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they don't know whether to call them Indians or Ladinos. In costume and in language, they are certainly Ladinos; but as between the Chancles and the Indians, these poor-ladinos certainly are closer in culture, education, and interests to the Indians. The Chancles live in city-type houses, nicely plastered and with windows; the Obreros live in houses indistinguishable from those of the Indians. The Obreros work in the fields, and at common labor, just like the Indians. The Obreros are hardly more literate (but they are more) or educated than the Indians. Furthermore, the Obreros, far from exploiting the Indians, are exploited along with them by the Chancles. Yet the Obreros have the legal advantages of the Indians in that they don't have to do municipal service, and (under the old system) they assumed the highest offices in the municipality. I think there is little doubt that the Obreros and the Indians would seem farther apart socially were there no Chancles here.

All the evidence points to the fact that the local Obreros are a very old element in the population, that for many generations they have lived here as a small minority having something of an upper-hand over the Indians, and as the local contact -- but a comparatively weak one -- with the outside world. There is a man here (Delfino Armas) who is, and whose father and grandfather before him were, a hereditary representative of the Indians; he is an Obrero, but his relations with the Indians are most intimate. Not only does he sit in at the councils of the Indian Principales, but he is looked up to by them as their leader and advisor; he is, moreover, Compadre to most of the Indians of his generation. It is difficult to judge whether this "office" comes down from a day when there were few outside contacts and the Indians, all uneducated, needed a representative in those that there were, or whether it resulted from necessity when the first Chancles came with the finca system and the Indians needed some defense and turned to the older group of ladinos to help them against the new one.

Of the three classes today, the Chancles are really townspeople, living close to the Plaza, the Obreros are on the outskirts of town, and the Indians are out in the country for the most part.

Aside from the three social classes mentioned, there are some ~~that~~ individuals that are intermediate. One Julian Rosales was born a pure Indian; for some reason he was able to take advantage of the rise of Coffee, and he became wealthy and almost a finquero. Since then, he has lost his money, but he is still different from the Indians. He wears ladino clothes, speaks good Spanish; his house, out in the country, is of the plastered and windowed variety. In some respects he has passed partly into the Chancles class, skipping the Obreros. Meanwhile, one of his sons was chosen by the Government to be educated in the city, and this boy, Juan, is now perhaps the best educated young man around here; he wears city clothes, knows city ways, and is called "don Juan" even by the ladinos in town. He now lives in his father's home for the time being, at least, and there is some evidence that he feels bitter about the ladino treatment of Indians.

I do not know enough about the immigrant Indians to judge their place in the town.

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Panajachel is distinctly an agricultural community; there is a carpenter in town, and a blacksmith (both Obreros); there are the ports employing a number a Obrero launch-men; the Chancles are business-men, and there are some small stores run by Obrero women; but the bulk of the people make their living from the soil. Maize-beans-squash-guisquil are grown chiefly for the growers' own use; vegetables, fruit, and coffee are grown chiefly for sale. The local Indian men often take crops to market here and in Sololá, but for the most Sololatecos and Atitecos come here to buy up the local produce to take elsewhere to sell, and in smaller quantities the local Indian women bring things to sell in the local market.

The chief market-day in Panajachel is Sunday; on that day the market-place (in the ruined convento) fills with Maxeños, selling dry-goods, maize, beans, lime, chile, eggs, etc., with Totonicapeños selling pottery, potatoes, and some dry-goods, with San Andrés women selling a few vegetables and eggs, with Atitecos and men from Cerro de Oro selling tomatos, bananas, and fish, with Catarinecos selling mats and fish and some fruit, and with local Indian women selling vegetables, fruit, and eggs.

On every day of the week there are half a dozen or more sellers in the market, especially in the afternoon. These are usually local women with a few onions, aguacates, etc. On Thursday afternoon there are a few Atitecos in addition, selling their tomatos and bananas on their way to the Friday market in Sololá. Late Friday afternoon ~~and~~ these Atitecos are back from Sololá, and a few come to the market place to sell vegetables that they have bought up there. Saturday afternoon there is something of a market, with some of those who have come prepared to sell in the Sunday market.

It is suprising to me that the market here should be as important as it is, since most of the people who patronise it also patronise the Sololá market. I can only explain it by supposing that one market a week isn't enough; in most market-centers there are two big days every week (Chichicastenango, Sunday and Thursday); in Sololá there is one big day, Friday, and another, considerably smaller, on Tuesday. For some reason the Indians around here patronise the Friday Sololá market, but not very often the Tuesday market; instead, their second market is that in Panajachel. The people who come to buy here are chiefly locals, ~~and~~ Catarinecos, Antóneros, and Andresanos -- all much closer to Panajachel than to Sololá; ~~xxxxxxx~~ many find it too far to go to Sololá, especially twice a week, and so find the local market useful.

The ~~Indendente~~, since last October, has been a man from Sololá (ladino); his salary is \$20 per month, but he complains that the town hasn't been paying him. Before last October, there was always a ladino alcalde; an Indian 2nd alcalde, a ladino 1st regidor, Indian 2nd regidor, ladino 3rd regidor, Indian 4th regidor, and a number of Indian alguaziles. Since the alguaziles have neither honor nor power connected with their offices, and since under the new system the 2nd alcalde is abolished, the balance now is very definitely in favor of the ladinos.

There are five cofradías, or community-santos-kept-outside-the-Church. The most important of these santos is San Francisco, the town's patron; normally its cofrades are an Alcalde-cofradía, in whose house the santo resides for his year of office, and three mayordomos; this year the offices of 2nd and 3rd Mayordomo have remained unfilled. The other important cofradía is Sacramento, with an alcalde-cofradía and two mayordomos. Santa Cruz and San Nicolás are less important, but each has an alcalde-cofradía and two mayordomos. The fifth santo is Buenaventura, and this is held in a curious way: the highest Indian municipal officer (formerly 2nd alcalde) has the santo in his house, and the Indian Regidores and the suplentes (assistants to the regidores) act as mayordomos. In all probability the 2nd Regidor (now the highest Indian official) will, under the new system, take the santo.

There is a regular succession through the cofradías and the municipal offices. A boy of fifteen or so becomes an alguazil; he may serve more than one term in the ensuing years, but when he takes a wife he is eligible to become a mayordomo in one of the cofradías. S. Francisco and Sacramento require more time and expense of their cofrades, so wealthier Indians are chosen for the than for the other two. Usually the young man serves as a higher mayordomo a few years later in the same cofradía or in the other rich or poor one. Then he takes the office as Mayor of the alguaziles; after which he may be a mayordomo again. When he has served both as mayor and as mayordomo, he becomes an auxiliar (helping the town alcalde or Intendente), then a Sacristán of the Church; ~~finally, when he has served twice as~~ ~~alcalde of a cofradía~~ then a regidor; finally, the man is eligible to "accept a santo", i.e., become the alcalde of a cofradía. After serving in this office a year, the man (when there was that office) became eligible for the office of 2nd alcalde of the Municipality; but for this office a man who knew some Spanish and was somewhat intelligent was preferred. Finally, when a man had served twice as alcalde of a cofradía, and twice as 2nd Alcalde, he was recognized as a Principal. Since thus far there have been no opportunities to observe what happens under the new system, one can only guess that the ~~2nd~~ 2nd regidor will take the place of the 2nd alcalde in the requirements.

There are now 16 Principales, ranged in order of seniority (not of absolute age). They seem to be the supreme authorities on questions that the Indians themselves can decide. Their office seems almost purely political, but on occasion one of them accepts a santo when there is nobody else available.

All of the officials except the Intendente serve without salary.

The religious calendar centers around the fiesta days of the various cofradía santos, and especially San Francisco (Oct. 4); in each cofradía there is a time when the new cofradía is appointed and has functions to perform while the old cofradía still has the santo -- so that for each cofradía there is a period when two bodies of men are serving. The cofradías, however,

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theoretically change during the annual fiestas for their respective santos. The period of greatest religious festivity in Panajachel is from April to October.

There are a number of shamans practicing in Panajachel; so far, my information about them and what they do is more confusing than it is helpful; it appears that they all do divining with the red seeds, and they all use a calendar of some sort, but the calendars differ. Some use the 20 day-names, but do not revolve them with the thirteen numbers (although numbers are used with them) while others use numbers with the seven days of the week. All apparently divine by separating the seeds into groups of four and going over them with whatever calendar they use; but while some have an accidental number of seeds, others use an even hundred. All of them have a cloth on which they spread "idoles" (archeological figurines and pieces of rock-crystal) and on which they do the divination. All of my information is to the effect that divination is done with a santo-altar at home or in a cofradía or the church, but I am not sure that there are no mountain altars.

Santa Catarina Palopó

When the delta of the Panajachel River ends at the East, the high cliff comes down precipitantly to the edge of the Lake, so that the footpath has to rise from the level of the lake. It doesn't descend again until it reaches the town of Santa Catarina. Here there is a slight bay in the lake, and here also the cliff is broken into an easier slope with something of a level beach.

The municipio of Santa Catarina consists chiefly of the territory comprised by the high upward slope on top of which it meets the municipio of San Andrés Semetabaj. Only the small part that I have mentioned, and extending a little South towards San Antonio, is at all level; a small stream falls to the lake at the south-eastern edge of the bay and cuts off the town at this extremity. The municipio itself, seen from the Lake, extends only a short distance to the northwest, where it meets Panajachel, but a much longer distance (about four miles) to a point near the town of San Antonio.

Geographically the municipio is unimportant; it is on one of the routes between Panajachel and San Lucas (via San Antonio) and also from Panajachel to Godinas. There is nothing for which to stop in Santa Catarina, however, and it might just as well not be on the footpath. It is very small in area, and now hasn't more than four hundred people in all; it produces nothing that no other village does, although it brings more fish, crabs, and tul mats to market than does any other town.

Although there is a stream on the edge of town, the water is

very little used; a few women take drinking water from it, and a few wash their clothes in it. But the chief source of water for all purposes is the lake shore; here women may be seen at almost any time of the day -- drawing water, washing clothes, washing their hair and faces; and here men may be seen getting in or out of their canoes or working on enclosures in which to trap fish, or (if they are young men) swimming.

Santa Catarina is known to the Government health officials, as well as to the Indians of other towns, as an exceptionally dirty place; it has been cleaned up to some extent by the Health officials, so that unpenned pigs are discouraged, sanitary facilities are required (this in all towns, not alone here), and sweeping of the houses made a law. But the personal habits of the people have not been changed and their reputation hasn't suffered. Partly because of their use of lake water for all purposes (and this is the only lake town where drinking water is taken from the same spot where clothes are washed), partly because of the general filth, Santa Catarina is notorious for its disease. From all accounts, the history of the town is a history of epidemics, the last one about three years ago reducing the population by a third.

The lake is rarely used for transportation, but very extensively for fishing. There are canoes, made in Atitlán or San Pedro, all of a small variety to hold at most two men; these canoes are owned by local Indians, and if one hasn't one of his own he can rent one from another for 5 cents a day. The size of the canoes (in contrast to those in Atitlán and San Pedro) alone indicates that they are not used for getting around, since it hardly pays for one or two men alone to make a long trip by water if it can be done by land. But actually land routes from Santa Catarina to where-they-want-to-go are quicker than water. The local Indians need to go to Panajachel (thence to Sololá) and to Tecpan. To the latter there is no water route; to Panajachel there is an easy one-hour path. The Indians almost always use this path. Women, as it happens, rarely if ever use canoes, and of course they go to market -- perhaps as often as men -- in Panajachel and Sololá; since they occasionally go with their husbands, that may be an added reason for walking. To San Lucas the water route is much shorter than the land route, and although the Indians from here rarely go, they go by water when they do; I think, on the whole, that the simple explanation of ease suffices for the more usual land route.

The Catarinecos, for all their fishing, are primarily agricultural; but they have comparatively little milpa-land. This is because (1) the available land in the municipio is steep, irregular, and rocky, and (2) ladinos (especially from San Andrés) have bought up considerable parts of it. Nevertheless, practically all families own at least a few cords of milpa, and one of the chief means of earning a living is by working on the milpas of the ladinos. Horticulture is not practiced -- not because conditions along the shore are not favorable (since a Panajacheleño rents some shore-land from a local Indian and grows vegetables) but because Catarinecos don't go in for it.

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Fishing, crabfishing, and mat-making assume the proportions of industries in Santa Catarina; most but not all men in town "know how" to fish, crabfish, and make mats; more "know how" to do two out of the three, and still more ~~only know~~ at least one. There are several varieties of fishing: a hook and line, with bait, a cone-shaped basket on a pole with bait tied to the mouth of the basket, "hot-water" fishing with a very large cone-shaped basket, and shore fishing. Very few men do the hot-waters fishing, and still fewer the shore-fishing, since shore-line must be owned to do it. All of the tools for fishing are made here in Santa Catarina by the fishermen themselves. Crabfishing requires a vine ten or fifteen ~~feet~~ yards long, with bait attached at intervals, the whole kept coiled and let out in the water. The crabfishers themselves go back into the hills to get the vines which grow on certain trees.

"Knowing how" to fish or crabfish implies "knowing how" to use a canoe, knowing where to fish, and usually knowing how to make the necessary tools. There are people in most towns on the lake who "know" these things; but the percentage is much greater in Santa Catarina. In recent years a tax of a dollar a month has been imposed as a fishing license, and this effectively keeps most of those who "know" off the lake; but not in Santa Catarina, for the license is not required of Catarinecos -- an exemption purportedly allowed because fishing is so necessary to the livelihood of the people.

Mat-making requires no tools, but considerable skill; a lesser number of Catarinecos know how to make mats, and a correspondingly lesser number in other towns. Up until the lake rose three years ago, mat-making was a great industry; there is now very little tul, however, along the shore, and correspondingly ~~little~~ few mats made. Tul is a long reed that grows in the water; when they are cut to the same lengths and dried a bit and flattened, a thick mat can be woven of them; the actual weaving takes one man about two hours and brings as much as 30 cents (in a far market such as Tecpan) -- so that the scarcity of tul now really works an economic hardship.

The fish that are caught are usually no more than an inch and a half long; they are strung on thin sticks -- about four or five to a stick, and toasted before bringing to market. Crabs are sold in bunches of four usually; the prices of these varies with the competition and the market, but a set of four crabs sells from 2 to 3 cents.

Fishing and crab-fishing are done usually at night or in the early morning; since light is required, the fishermen use considerable pitchwood for torches; the expense of this, plus that of renting the canoe, take away from the profits. All fishing is done close to some shore, one of the favorite places being near San Buenaventura; the warm waters are at points along the shore also, so that Catarinecos in their little canoes need never really cross the lake.

There are a few travelling merchants here; usually they buy vegetables in Solola and take them down to the Coast to sell. But

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most of the Indians make their living at agricultural labor, the water-crafts, and the selling of the fruits that they grow -- chiefly joootes and a few citrus fruits. The town is rather poor, and I think it can be stated pretty safely that the standard of living here (at least as far as food is concerned) is lower than in any other lake town, and no higher than the poorer of the Maxeños. An adult member of a family eats on less than 4 cents a day, and this is a very liberal estimate including luxuries. Aside from this they do have some fish and fruits for their own use, and also chickens and eggs -- but on the other hand in my figures I assumed that they had to buy all of their maize and beans, so I ~~xxx~~ think the average would come out about the same any fair way one figured.

The town is concentrated in a very small area; from it, on all sides, rise the hills, either waste-land (from which some fire-wood can be gathered) or milpa-land. At the summit there is a small finca, owned by a family of Indians from Santa Lucía Utatlán and employing a few Catarinecos; far off also there is a piece of communally owned land on which poor Indians are allowed to plant milpa. All of the Indians, aside from those on the finca, live in the town itself, and they go out from it to work their fields.

Santa Catarina looks very much like a nucleus-town type of municipio (complex because of the finca) and it constitutes a good case in point for the contention that even in such a town there is precious little town life. Except during fiestas there is never any semblance of a market in the plaza; the church is headquarters for only the Sacristans and, except on the titular fiestax itself only the town officials; the juzgado is entered only by the officials and people coming strictly on business; there is not even a pila in the plaza, and on any but the most extraordinary occasions (we have seen only one, the titular fiesta, in four months) there are no people in the Plaza except officials. There is no post-office, no telegraph office (and indeed if there were, who would there be to use them?) -- nothing, really, to call the people to the Plaza except a desire to congregate, which they apparently do not have.

Not only is there no social center in the town, but practically no inter-familial social intercourse. The women, when they have not gone off to market, or when they are not helping their husbands in the fields, stay at home -- each in her own home. The men are usually gone about their business all day, and when night comes they go to sleep. There is no visiting around. On special occasions, yes: the members of a cofradia meet on certain occasions, including their wives' meeting separately; in courtship members of two families meet; at a death a lot of relatives come together; when a house is built a number of men are together for most of a day. But these are Occasions, and ephasize the lack of such intercourse at other times.

It is really remarkable how little the Catarinecos know about their neighbors' affairs; if A is gone, his neighbor B rarely knows where he is -- out fishing, at his milpa, or to some market; if A is sick, B very likely doesn't know it, and certainly as the days go by he doesn't keep track of A's condition. I have seen this

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often enough, but one of the most striking instances concerned the Intendente and the Sindico. These men are thrown together more than any two in town; normally they both sit side by side in the juzgado all day; they seem to be good friends. They live close together, too. For several days once the Sindico was very sick, and I kept talking to the Intendente about his condition, who seemed to depend upon me for news. One morning I came, and asked the Intendente about the Sindico; he said he didn't know how he was, and that I'd have to go to see. At the Sindico's house I found that he had gone off to Sololá!

There are other striking facts that lead to the same conclusion; it seems to be a fact, for example, that the Indians don't know the names (or the number for that matter) of their neighbors' children. When it is remembered that there are but 350 people in town, and that the town is more closely packed than any in the United States, and that the people have all grown up in this small community and lived their entire lives there, and that those are just about all the people in the world who are Catarinecos -- speaking a particular dialect, wearing a particular costume, and practically always marrying only each other -- it is difficult to conclude otherwise than that there is an almost unbelievable lack of social communal life.

The Catarinecos have an unsavory reputation in the other towns of the lake; they are considered not only poor and dirty, but also unintelligent and lacking character. The reputation on all counts is not entirely undeserved. We have encountered very little gratitude, we have seen few evidences of affection even in the family, many of tight-fistedness and selfishness; they get drunk often and stay drunk longer than any people we know; they are the least ambitious to work for reforms that they feel they need; there isn't even a slightly educated person in town, and although they spend time whining because they aren't educated, they tolerate the worst possible pair of school-teachers. It may be that all this is connected -- cause or effect of -- their lack of social interests.

There is one family of Ladinos; the head of the family moved here from San Antonio when a young man, and after having lived in Sololá and taken a Santa Clara Indian woman to wife; they have now a large family. He is a carpenter, working here and in Panajachel or wherever there is a job. He seems to get on well with the Indians, speaks the language pretty well, but doesn't have very much to do with them; he does not enter the political or religious organization.

There is also a family of Totonicapán Indians; the old man came with his wife when they were young, and after working awhile, he bought land and built a house. The old people are still living and wear Totonicapán clothes; one son is married to a Catarineca, and he keeps Totonicapán clothes; a daughter recently changed to local clothes when she married a Catarineco. The son is now an alguazil, and the whole family seems to enter as much as any other into Santa Catarina life.

Otherwise (and excepting the finca) the town residents are all local Indians. There is one ladino (with his wife and child) from

San Adrés; he is the combined Secretary and school-master. Another ladina woman, who has several children but no husband, is the school-mistress. None of the Indians can read and write; few speak any Spanish at all, and those very little. Naturally the ladinos have some influence, therefore, but it is not important.

The officials are all Indians. The Intendente was chosen not because of any superior intelligence but because he speaks Spanish fairly and can write his name; like elsewhere, there is no longer a "second alcalde", and the staff of office is on the juzgado table unused. There is a Sindico, 4 regidores, 2 mayores, and ten alguaziles. All of the offices except the Intendente will change hands (after some confusion under the new system) on March 15th. In addition to the juzgado officials there are 2 Sacristans, 2 Fiscales, and 4 Chajales of the Church. Also there are half-a-dozen young women who are "semineras" -- taking turns weekly as servants for the school-mistress, *secretary*.

There are two cofradías -- Sta. Catarina and María Concepción -- each with one Alcalde, 2 mayordomos, and 2 textiles ~~knives~~; these men as well as their wives have certain functions, all ceremonial, in connection with the fiestas during the year.

There is a regular succession through these offices, much like that ~~is~~ in Panajachel; but the alguaziles take office first at an earlier age, as early as 10 or eleven. There are fifteen Principales (the seventh of which is the old Totonicapán Immigrant) whose functions are almost entirely political rather than ceremonial.

A peculiarity in the religious calendar is that both cofradías are almost equally important on the fiestas of each; both, for example, change memberships at the same time (after the fiesta of Santa Catarina) and there is no real celebration of Concepción, even though there is the cofradía. Yet Concepción is at least as important throughout the year as Santa Catarina, since it is most active in connection with Jesus' birth and death.

The titular fiesta lasts a week; on the main day the Priest comes and says mass and baptises the children; during the week a company gives a masked dance, such as La Conquista; there are processions of the santos from the cofradías to the Church; finally, there are doings in the cofradías. During minor fiestas there are only the processions and activities in the cofradías; on the Día de los Santos Reyes there is a variation from the cofradía ceremony in that the town officials carry the image of the nino to the houses of all past officials, cofrades, and principales and drink liquor ceremonially with them. Otherwise there is a definite and easily definable pattern of religious activity centering in the cofradías.

The santo is in the house of the alcalde of the cofradía during his year. It is on a decorated platform at one end of a room, and there are benches around the other walls. Hatless, the high municipal officials (leaving out alguaziles) file into the room to the accompaniment of the flute-and-drum and sit down in order of office. The alcalde of the cofradía sits near the santo; the

mayordomos act as waiters. The ceremony consists of the alcalde's giving to the officials a certain series of foods and beverages (varying with the occasion) -- together with speeches between the alcalde-cofradia and the Intendente of offering and accepting. Atol is never served here; beverages are usually a drink made with peta/te seeds, pinole with chocolate, and alambique (the cheapest rum). Foods are either just a paste of the peta/te seed or else large quantities of black-beans and of large tamales ~~which are served~~ together with sweet rolls from the store (but the beans, tamales, and rolls are taken to the officials' homes for them after they are ceremonially accepted in the cofradia and only a sample eaten).

When there is an important fiesta, a marimba (or one for each cofradia) is imported; and after the ceremonies the music plays and rum is sold (together with an intoxicating beverage called chiche made from that variety of jocote) and everybody who wishes comes and gets drunk and dances -- men and women. Most of the men in town (what with a cantina running in addition, and the Secretary licensed to sell rum) are quite drunk for days during and after a fiesta; most of the women stay home and sober.

The life crises, as far as I have been able to determine, are characterized by a general lack of formalism; they are quite individual matters in the family. There are recognized midwives who take care of the mother and attend the birth, and she gets a little money and food for her trouble; there are recognized padrinos, too, who receive a gift of money and who (with the mother) go to have the child baptised, after which there are no further gifts; the boy's parents, or the young man with a friend, ask the girl's father's consent to a marriage, and after two or three visits the boy gives his father-in-law a present of money and takes the girl home with him without any particular ceremony. The body of the deceased is washed and dressed by a cofradia mayordomo or his wife, then placed in a coffin in new clothes with a candle, a little money, and some liquor. Food is served the friends and relatives who come, but there is no further ceremony involved. There is no mourning.

There is considerable shifting around of married couples until a couple has been together many years and have children. The man is definitely the head of the house, but the wife has great freedom to come and go as she pleases; she handles money as much as her husband does, and such things as chickens, which she has raised, are considered hers, and her husband would not sell them. As in all of the lake towns, domestic difficulties are taken to the juzgado for settlement, and a man may not beat his wife with impunity.

San Antonio Palopo

The municipio of San Antonio Palopo covers most of the East side of the Lake, down almost to the tip of the east extension, where it borders on San Lucas Toliman. The cliff continues to rise from near the water's edge along this shore, but again there is a little bowl on the side of the hill, and here is the populous town of San Antonio. To the South and East, as the high plateau falls back, there are a number of small fincas; also, there is one aldea of mixed Indians and Ladinos, called Agua Escondida, to the South, away from the lake shore.

There is a little stream flowing into the lake near the town, and water from this is piped to a pila in the plaza, from which the Indians draw their water.

In striking contrast to Santa Catarina, the Indians of San Antonio make little use of the lake; they have no canoes, thus do no real fishing or crab-fishing, they rarely bathe in the lake and do not use its water except for laundering clothes. It would be an exaggeration to say (as we have heard) that they are so shy of the water that they will not even enter a launch; but the fact remains that they never use canoes. The beach is not utterly canoe-less, because certain days of the week several large canoes full of Atitecos come to San Antonio and leave their canoes there while they walk up to Tecpan with their bananas; but the Antoñeros have nothing to do with them.

Antoñeros do some fishing, but only from the shore of the lake. There are several spots on the shore where the water is warm, and at times even steaming hot; here the fish collect and are easy to catch, and the Antoñeros catch these fish in large cone-shaped baskets such as the Catorinecos use.

San Antonio is an agricultural village; the people not only have considerable milpa, but they grow anise on a large scale. The anise is an important commercial crop; very little is used here (for medicine) and the major part of it is taken to Guatemala City for sale.

The markets chiefly patronised are those in Solola, Panajachel, and San Lucas. On Wednesdays, when the Atitecos come through on the way to Tecpan, there is a bit of a market here -- but it consists of not more than a dozen sellers, mostly local women with fruits and vegetables.

Although the census figures give Santa Catarina slightly more people than the town of San Antonio, I think San Antonio is at least twice as large, or even three times. As usual, there is a juzgado, jails, church around the Plaza, and as in Santa Catarina the houses start from the plaza and are distributed thickly all around. There are a few fruit trees in town, but all agricultural lands are outside. This is therefore a, like Santa Catarina, a town-nucleus municipio. From the slight observation for which we had opportunity, I judge that, like Santa Catarina

also, the plaza is used only for official business.

The entire atmosphere of the town, and the character of the people, appears remarkably different from that of Santa Catarina, however. San Antonio is clean, as clean as any of the lake villages; the people appear clean and neat -- clothes always washed -- the costume possibly more attractive -- with much more pride in their personal appearance. Whether it is an illusion or not, the atmosphere seems more wholesome; it may be that there is as much drunkenness, as much begging, etc. here as in the other town, but from what we saw and heard, I doubt it. One difference I can point out, for we had plenty of opportunity to watch the ~~px~~ alguaziles and others around the plaza: the Antoneños are very affectionate, the boys stand around and hold hands or put arms over each others' shoulders. One never sees anything like that in Santa Catarina. Here in San Antonio there seems to be great dignity combined with delicate demonstrativeness; in Santa Catarina, neither.

There are no resident ladinos in the town itself; there are a few families of foreign Indians (mostly Totonicapán, I think). The Intendente is a ladino from Solola, as are the Secretary and the two school-mistresses. Formerly all of the offices (except Secretary) were held by Indians; then there were the usual Alcalde and 2nd Alcalde, which are now abolished. In addition, then and now, there are the Sindico, 4 regidores, 2 Mayores, and 12 alguaziles, as well as 2 Sacristanes. Also there is an Indian Interpreter and Escribiente.

There are 14 Principales, and they seem to be quite important; the First Principal, among other things, is in charge of all documents pertaining to land and land ownership, and he appears to be the one who (probably in consultation with the others) allots communal land to those who need it.

There are but two cofradías, San Antonio and San Nicolás: the first has an alcalde, eight mayordomos, and 2 texeles; the second has an alcalde, only 7 mayordomos, and 2 texeles. The fiestas are evenly distributed through the year, and in every case but one, both cofradías participate -- the one exception being San Nicolás, when S. Antonio cofradía doesn't celebrate.

San Lucas Tolimán

San Lucas is in many respects the lake town most comparable to Panajachel. It is the only other one on an automobile road; it is the other terminal of the chief launch services; it has both land and water communications with the other lake villages; it is on the most important trade route from North to South; it has a large percentage of ladinos; it is rather confused as far as population elements are concerned.

The municipio of San Lucas takes up the East slope of the volcanoes Tolimán and Atitlán; to the Southeast there is a gradual

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drop in altitude as the municipio reaches the "coast"; there is from San Lucas an exit through the volcanic chain to the South, and another -- around or across the lake -- to the North.

The town itself is on the arm of the Lake to the East of Volcano Toliman; although it is slightly above lake level, most of the town is plain (in contrast to both Sta. Catarina and S. Antonio, which are built on the sides of hills). Like Panajachel, the Plaza is considerably inland, and immediately around it are several stores, and the homes of Chancles; farther out, towards the Lake, are some families of Obrero ladinos, and generally speaking, closest to the lake is the colony of local Indians. There are quite a number of Indians from other towns, especially Solola, scattered among the ladinos and the Indians.

The Indian houses, on pretty well-laid-out streets, are arranged in compounds, like those of Atitlan, so that a number of simple families (usually related) share one patio and are in close contact. The Indians (like in the other towns mentioned) have to go out of the town to their milpas -- their chief means of support -- and live in a concentrated area, so that this, too, must be called a "town-nucleus" municipio. The municipio is by no means simple, however, for there are small settlements and fincas everywhere to the South.

There is a little doing in the plaza, as far as market is concerned, every day; but it is a market of merchants passing through for the most part. Merchants from the North to the South are generally in Solola on Friday (or many, to go back farther, in Chicichenango or Tecpan on Thursday), and cross the lake on Saturday morning. Some of them stop in San Lucas to sell things for a short time on Saturday and then go down to the Coast for Sunday and Monday -- selling there in the Sunday markets and at the various fincas. They get back to San Lucas on Tuesday, and then most of them stop and set up shop for the day. Since there are the most merchants here on Tuesday, it has become the most important market day, and Indians from the other towns, and local ones too, come to buy and sell. This market is then about as big as Panajachel's on Sundays.

The Intendente is a ladino from Solola; the Síndico and three of the Regidores are also ladinos. The other three regidores are Indians, as are all of the alguaziles. The organization in this respect is like that of Panajachel, therefore, now and before the recent change: the offices alternating between ladinos and Indians, with ladinos (under the old system) having 1, 3, 5, 7 and the Indians 2, 4, 6, 8.

As in Panajachel also, the women seem to be more conversant in Spanish than the women of Santa Catarina and San Antonio; and there are men here who speak it very well. In the smaller towns, where Spanish is hardly spoken, the Indians bemoan the fact that there are no ladinos; they have observed that in ladino towns the schools are better and more Indians become "Castillanos".

Santiago Atitlán

Santiago Atitlán is the metropolis of the Lake, with over six thousand Indians in the town itself. Like San Lucas and Panajachel, it occupies a strategic position in the route from the highlands to the coast; less Highland merchants go through Atitlán, but there are so many Atiteco merchants that the route is as important as that through San Lucas.

The municipio of Atitlán includes the whole of the Western arm of the lake together with the inside slopes of the volcanoes Tolimán, San Atitlán, San Pedro, and Santa Clara; this municipio is thus in a kind of valley between the two sets of volcanoes, and toward the south the valley gradually loses altitude as it reaches the "coast". There is thus an easy route down to the coast cities and fincas. To the North, the water route is so much easier than the land route (since the West shore of the lake is impassable) that it is almost always used.

The town itself is on the lake, on the Western slope of Tolimán; the shores all around it are planted with vegetables -- chiefly tomatos; the slopes of the volcanoes are planted with milpa, and above the line where that is possible the land is good for only firewood. On the shore of the lake there is an aldea called Cerro de Oro (which I shall discuss later), and to the South of the Municipio there are seventeen fincas, large and small, growing coffee and cereals.

The town itself covers a circumscribed area dipping at various points to the irregular shore-line. The topography is hilly and irregular, and although the town is characterized by well-laid-out streets, it is so crowded and irregular that it looks like a jumble of houses. I judge that the six thousand odd people live in an area no larger than a square mile, and in this area there must be about a thousand individual houses -- some two to three hundred compounds.

Although there is a pila in the plaza, drawing water from a stream some distance to the South, the water is not considered good, and all of the Indians get their water from the lake. Likewise, they wash clothes and (the men) bathe in the lake. But new municipal regulations attempt to keep parts of the lake only for the drawing of water for the kitchen, so that the ill effects are somewhat mitigated.

The Plaza is in about the center of town; it is large, with a roomy juzgado, comandancia, post- and telegraph offices, schools, and church. Atitlán (with Panajachel and San Lucas) is one of the three lake towns with a post office or telegraph line.

Around the Plaza are a few stores and the homes of ladinos. Farther out there is street upon street of the Indians. The ladinos, unlike either Panajachel or San Lucas, are all recent comers from the larger towns; I judge there are about 40 families, quite a number of them from Sololá. They are all Chancles. There is

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(as far as I know) only one regularly resident immigrant Indian -- a man from Santa Catarina Falopó who is married to a woman here. In addition the wife of the Comandante (who seems to be an Indian from Santa Lucia Utatlán) is a Totonicapán Indian. I mention these exceptional cases to give some indication of how pure and homogeneous the Indian population of Atitlán is. There are some Atitecos living in other towns (like Panajachel, San Lucas, Cerro de Oro) but practically no foreign Indians here.

Since the townspeople live together and go out to their milpas and their gardens, this municipio is another of the "town-nucleus" type -- complex because of Cerro de Oro and the fincas. (As I shall point out when I describe Cerro de Oro, this statement needs amendment). Atitlán differs from all other lake towns, however, in its greater sociability.

To start with, the sexual division of labor is more important -- or more far-reaching, rather -- than in the other towns. Elsewhere both men and women went off to markets, or came to the local market; women helped their husbands in the fields or in the gardens (to varying extent). Here, however, the men go off alone to their work -- which, indeed, keeps practically all of them out of town every day -- and the women stay home; here also, the men only go to markets such as Sololá or Tecpán -- since such markets are frequented for purely commercial purposes by Atitecos -- and the women stay home; but there is a local market, and here only the women come.

There is market in the plaza twice every day, once from about eleven to two, and the other time from about 5 to 7. There are comerciantes, from Totonicapán and Chichicastenango usually, selling drygoods; and there are Pedranos selling platanos and such from the coast; there may be Marqueños selling limas or oranges; these are all men. But most of the sellers in the market are Atitecas -- local Indian women who have a few things from the garden, a few eggs, or some salt, coffee, panáala, or chile that they have bought from the comerciantes or that their husbands have bought on the coast. No local Indian man comes to the market -- either to buy or to sell; he would be ashamed to be seen there with all the women.

The women are in the plaza during some five or six hours a day; they sit there with their wares, gossiping and looking. There is no municipal tax on market-selling, so that the women can come and go as often as they please; naturally only a fraction of all the women are there at any one time, but all women come a number of times a week, at least. They are there for business, but it is really a social occasion for them as well; they do all the visiting they wish. The plaza, as far as women are concerned, is thus a constant meeting-place and visiting-place.

Men, on the other hand, use the plaza only for business; they are in the juzgado as officials, and they come here only when it is necessary.

Women do not confine their social life to the Plaza, either; there are some five watering places, and depending on the neighborhood,

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the same families of women patronise the same ones. They go down to the lake regularly once or twice a day and stay for an hour or two; there they have a chance to meet their friends and exchange gossip. More than that, the house-groups are so close together that women can look into their neighbors' patios and see what goes on -- and they do not hesitate to do so. Furthermore, in each household there are some five families, variously related, and between these (especially women, who are home most of the day) there is intimate and constant social contact.

As far as women are concerned, therefore, there is considerable community intercourse; people from other towns recognize this as a peculiarity, and don't like the Atitecos because "they are bravas, and why shouldn't they be since they run around the streets all day and talk?" Although it is a dozen times a big, I don't doubt that the women of Atitlán (and through them their husbands) know more about all the other people in Atitlán than anybody in Santa Catarina does about the other Catarinecos.

Yet it is remarkable how little town life there is in Atitlán. It appears that the general pattern of individualism and specialization that is found both in towns like Chichicastenango and in the other lake villages holds here too. For example, community religious life is just as absent here as elsewhere; during the titular fiesta and the one other important fiesta (Semana Santa) the people get together in the plaza, more or less, and have mass and watch a masked dance, and patronize the cantinas, and have a large market (when men, too, in groups, can come) there is something like a community celebration. But during the course of the year, in the dozen minor fiestas, the members of the cofradías alone get together and have their costumbres while the people around, who can hear very plainly the flute and the drum, stay at home and let the cofrades do what they are supposed to. So, too, when a man builds a house he hires day laborers to help him, and there is nothing communal; so too there are no fiestas or general gatherings at births or marriages or deaths. It is every family (in a slightly larger sense than elsewhere) for itself.

Due to the size of the town, there is a lot going on in the juzgado every day; on some days there are as many as twenty "cases" in court -- usually domestic squabbles brought to the Intendente for settlement, or arguments about land ownership. Regardless of size, it appears that the Atitecos, and especially the women, are great squabblers; there are petty intrigues and jealousies and occasional hair-pullings. They come to the juzgado and shriek their accusations and counter accusations in the high-pitched voices characteristic of the town (both in men and women) and usually somebody or other ends up in jail for a few days.

The Intendente is a ladino from Sololá; in the old days there was a local ladino alcalde, Indian 2nd Alcalde, ladino Síndico, etc. in alternate years, and in the other years the Indians took the important offices themselves. Now, of course, ladinos have the balance, since the Intendente is one and there is no 2nd Alcalde. But since the ladino is an outsider, it is not quite the same as

giving the power to the small ladino minority; and as a matter of fact, the present Intendente is liked much more by the Indians than by the local ladinos. In addition to the usual regidores (some Indians, some ladinos) and the alguaziles, there is a group of "pescadores", Indians holding office for one year whose job it is to do errands by canoe; they carry the mail between Atitlán and Sololá, and also take mail and telegrams to San Pedro when called upon, or go to San Lucas when necessary. They occasionally have a chance to earn a little money by taking along passengers.

The comerciantes here go chiefly in canoes, and they have large ones that hold a dozen or fifteen or twenty or more. They cross in groups, therefore, and they usually remain in the same groups on the road, finding the same places to sleep and to eat. Since they are on the road most of each week, they are in the company of each other more than of their respective families; thus there are additional social ties in Atitlán not found in other towns. The merchants generally go to ~~xxx~~ either Tecpán or Sololá. Those that go to Tecpán generally leave Wednesday morning with cargoes of bananas brought up from the coast; going through San Antonio, they usually sleep half way between there and Tecpán, and arrive in their destination in the forenoon on Thursday. They buy there highland produce to take back to the coast. Those who go to Sololá take cargoes of bananas or tomatoes (which are grown in Atitlán itself); some go via San Jorge, others through Panajachel. Those who go through Panajachel usually sell in the local market Thursday afternoon, stay here the night (for the past month or so, in the corridor of our own house) and go to Sololá early in the morning. They bring back vegetables grown in the Sololá area, and take them to the coast fincas to sell.

The political organization of Atitlán is rather complex. There are five cantones (divisions of the town proper geographically, one of them including the part occupied by the Plaza) each with a number of Principales who really run the cantón as far as it is independent. ~~Each~~ One of the Principales of each cantón is a Principal of the whole town, and these are rated in order. There do not seem to be any auxiliares in the cantones; I think that the alguaziles (who are distributed among the cantones) have charge of hunting up people in their respective cantones. Aside from the Five Principales, there is one office known as Cabecero del Pueblo, and the man who fills it is always a cantón Principal. Then there are 3 Indian regidores, 8 Mayores, 24 Alguaziles; 7 Sacristanes (who do not change yearly, but, like the Principales, keep their jobs for life, two Fiscales, and one Escribiente.

There are nine cofradías, with their fiestas well scattered through the year. Each has an alcalde, a "juez", 6 mayordomos (called here simply cofrades) and four female texeles. The alcalde has the santo in his house, but the others pay for its upkeep; the "juez" orders the mayordomos, who adorn the santo, place candles and burn incense for it, etc., and whose wives prepare the food for the costumbres. Two of the cofradías (Santiago and Santa Cruz) have the santo's clothes washed every two weeks by the texeles. One of the chief jobs of the cofradías is to bury the dead of the town, and they take turns at this -- the mayordomos doing the work.

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The texeles of all of the cofradías have the job of washing the clothes of the santos in the church; all of the cofrades are supposed to put candles for the church santos as well as for their own.

There is the usual type of succession through the regular offices: alguazil, pescador, mayor, low mayordomo, higher mayordomo, etc., juez of cofradía, alcalde of cofradía (may be all different cofradías involved), then first Fiscal. After this the man is recognized as a Principal and isn't called upon for more service. The Regidores and (in the old days) town alcaldes do not fit into the succession, because literate Indians only were taken for these jobs. In the succession there is usually a year's vacation between successive jobs.

There are some 20 or 25 literate Indian men in Atitlán, besides a number of men and women who can read and write a little. The school can now be expected to turn out many more, for since last November there have been over 500 pupils, and it looks like a very successful school unfortunately lacking only sufficient teachers. The teachers are all outside ladinos, men and women.

Houses are arranged in compounds, with stone fences high between the groups. There is some attempt to keep separate sections of the patio for each of the houses in a compound, but the space is so small that this is impossible. There is usually only one sweat-bath for the (average of) five houses in the compound, but each house has its own chicken coop and pig-pen, as well as corn-crib. The makeup of the compounds differs; in each house there is normally one elementary family, with small children -- but since there is no strict residence rule, the families may be related in different ways. Occasionally the families will not be related at all, but this is uncommon.

The standard of living of a family in Atitlán is comparatively rather high. The average daily expenditure for food per adult runs about seven cents -- just about twice as high as in Santa Catarina. Much more meat is eaten, for one thing; for another, there is more bread. There are both butchers and bakers in Atitlán, both regular professions furnishing very high quality merchandise.

Within the family circle, the father is the head of the household; but the position of the wife is certainly high. The wife keeps the family money (since she does all the marketing) and the husband has to ask her for money if he wants something (like a drink, for example). A man cannot beat his wife with impunity, for -- if he has no cause -- she will go to the juzgado. The wife can leave her husband any time she pleases, too, and there is no reason for her to stand bad treatment. The young girls are watched over carefully by their parents; they are married at the age of 15 or 16, and the girl has the final say-so in the choice of her husband, since the parents feel they have no right to influence her unduly. Likewise, the boy himself chooses his wife, and although his parents, with the aid of a go-between, obtain the consent of the girl's family after a series of visits, they never themselves choose the girl.

There is great reserve between the sexes in the household, and great "modesty" in talking about sexual matters. Thus, from men I was unable to find out anything about childbirth, the men claiming that they know nothing about it. When a young man is about sixteen he has to get another house somewhere, but the young girls are always protected by staying in the house of their parents.

In baptism, ladinos seem to be preferred as padrinas to Indians. (Women here do the actual taking-of-the-child-to-church; their husbands are called "padrinos" but have nothing to do in the business.) The father of the child gives a present to the godmother, who may or may not give the child a present. There is another god-mother chosen for each child, and since the Priest comes only occasionally, the god-mother is chosen only the day before the baptism.

The wife has more to say about residence than anybody else. If after the marriage she goes with her husband, and decides that she doesn't like to live with his family, the husband usually consents to go to live with her family (or else they separate). Often the girl decides in advance that she wants to stay home, and then again residence is matrilineal. Normally I think the preponderance is in favor of patrilineal residence. When it is so, presents of food are sent by the parents of the man to the girl's family, as sort of compensation for taking her away; when marriage is matrilinear, the presents go the other way. (This besides presents which the boy's family always gives the girl's family before and at marriage). In case of separation ~~the woman or man~~ the woman or man goes home again; the husband gets most of the children, if there is an odd number, but the division is supposed to be equal, the man taking the boys and the woman the girls.

At death the cofrades bury the body; after the funeral friends and relatives come in and drink liquor, but do not eat.... There are no signs of mourning, but it is considered well to wait a few months before remarrying.

Cerro de Oro is an aldea of Atitlán, between the towns of San Lucas and Atitlán. It lies at the foot of a large hill (an old cone, I think) and spreads over considerable area. The people all immigrated here from Patzicía (Chimaltonango) some seventy years ago; they still wear their old costume and speak their old language. There is a little juzgado and jail, never any market. There are 30 or 40 homes, and they are scattered over a wide area; there are tomatoes along the lake-shore, and milpas scattered around with the houses. The aldea itself is definitely after the pattern of an "empty town" municipio; and it makes the municipio of Santiago Atitlán a complex combination. The people come to Atitlán on business, occasionally, but they use the San Lucas market much more. They use canoes and cross the lake with tomatoes -- comerciantes like the Atitecos.

San Pedro la Laguna

San Pedro in many respects is a smaller Atitlán, with some important differences. It is situated at the foot of the volcano by that name, has considerable beach-land, and is comparatively roomy. There is nothing to the municipio except the town (in which there is no milpa at all) and the surrounding slopes where the milpas are; of course there is the beach, on which tomatoes and other vegetables are grown.

Like Atitlán, the lake is used for all purposes that need water; canoes are used here, not as much as in Atitlán because the natives don't travel so much; but they are made here, as they are in Atitlán. As in Atitlán and San Lucas, fishing was engaged in more extensively than at present when there was no license required.

The town is much less important than Atitlán; it is smaller, never (except during the fiesta) has a market, has no telegraph line, and is not on a regular route to the coast.

Although it is another of the "town-nucleus" municipios, and the people all live close together surrounding the Plaza -- there are no Ladino residents -- the Plaza is used only for official purposes and as a playground for the school-children. The Intendente is an Indian from Atitlán; there is a Ladino Secretary and Comandante; the director of the school is a ladino; one of the teachers is a local Indian.

Perhaps indirectly due to the difference in size and geographic position -- thus lack of markets -- there is not in San Pedro the women-in-the-market complex that there is in Atitlán. The women here stay home and do their weaving (which is now done commercially for the tourist trade) except when they go into the streets to sell things to the tourists. There is none of the congregating of the women in the plaza or at the lake; the men do the marketing (of necessity in other towns, usually Atitlán).

There is the usual type of political organization, with the old Alcalde and second alcalde replaced by the outside Intendente (incidentally, a Pedrano is Intendente in Nahuatán). There are six cofradías, with their alcaldes and mayordomos changing each year as usual.

In San Pedro the maguey industry begins to assume some proportions, with some rope and hammocks, etc. being made, and the young men spending their spare moments making maguey bags.

San Pedro and Atitlán both are good examples of what tourists can do to a town; they are the only towns that tourists visit in any numbers, and apparently in two or three years they have altered the character of the people in some respects. These are the only towns where a stranger is welcomed with an open palm; they beg money with impunity and try with all force to sell textiles (although in the markets there is never pressure on a customer. It has not taken them long to learn that from tourists they can get something for nothing; ~~and what~~ what more far-reaching effects this might have, if any, cannot be foretold.

San Juan la Laguna

San Juan is the most remarkable example I know of the negation of diffusion. It is practically a suburb of ~~Atit~~ San Pedro, not more than a mile or a mile and a half from it on a level road; most of the land in and near the town of San Juan is planted with milpa by Pedranos who have bought it. There is constant intercommunication between the two towns. That there should be any differences at all is, it seems to me, a wonder. I suppose differences in costume should be passed off, since costumes here are more or less town uniforms. There are, however, slight differences in language -- vocabulary, grammar, phonetics -- that cannot be passed off. And although we do not know ~~either~~ either town well enough to appreciate fundamental cultural differences that there may be, one thing is noticeable: that since no tourists come to San Juan there is an entirely different attitude ~~for~~ towards strangers, indicating that that sort of thing hasn't been passed over from San Pedro.

The Janeros seem to be the most self-respecting, intelligent, and what-not Indians around the lake. Not only did they never think of asking us for money (apparently) nor try to sell us anything, but they just laughed me off several times when I suggested buying; and Andrade's informant apologized for taking pay because, he said, "I don't sell my words". The young men of the village showed me around with great pleasure, and at every house the people came out, some of them thanking me for coming. Not only is this town different from neighboring San Pedro, but it is farther from San Pedro than is any town on the lake.

The costume, meanwhile (except for the huipil) seems to be gradually merging with San Pedro's; rather, some men wear San Pedro shirts, some wear San Pedro Trousers, and some San Pedro bandas; as it happens, nobody has all three at once, but many have one or the other. It is not a matter of wholesale taking-over because in the local costume one can see the transition from what might be taken as "pure San Juan" through various steps to San Pedro -- all in local weaving.

San Juan follows the town-nucleus pattern, but the town is so spacious that (although there are recognizable streets) the houses are very far apart. Nevertheless, practically all of the milpa of the local Indians is back in the hills (that in town being owned by Pedranos) and San Juan falls into the town-nucleus class. There is an aldea, larger than the town itself, to the West; it is occupied entirely by foreign Indians -- Totonicapán, Quezaltenango, S. Cristobal, Nahualá, etc. I do not know its geography.

There are no ladinos here at all; the Intendente is a local Indian; the Secretary a Pedrano who commutes to his work daily; the school-teacher lives in San Pablo. There are three cofradías-proper, one privately-owned santo in a cofradía-set-up, and one "municipal cofradía" like that in Panajachel. There is the usual succession through the cofradías and municipal offices, and of course, the usual Principales.

San Pablo la Laguna

San Pablo is several hundred feet up from the lake, and as far back. At the shore, vegetables are grown, and most of the milpa that there is is reached by canoe from the shore; but the town itself is quite a distance away.

The town is quite concentrated (though spacious) in a circumscribed area, and for some things people go out to their work. But in respect to town-type San Pablo is different from any other village I know: the people really don't have to go out much, and men and women are apt to be home most of the time. This results from the fact that maguey is here a crop, and it is grown in people's yards, and in the further fact that rope-making and its subsidiaries is an industry. Practically, the people in San Pablo, men, women, and children, spend their lives with maguey. Men have very little milpa, women do very little weaving. Everybody is in the patio twisting maguey.

There is no evidence that there is more community life here than elsewhere; there is no market, no stores, apparently no more sociability than anywhere else. In the plaza there is a pila, to which all of the women come for water; but they do not linger and talk. Apparently the pattern of individualism holds in these conditions as it so largely does in the peculiar conditions in Atitlan.

Rope, hammocks, net-bags, etc. are made in San Pablo in large quantities, and taken by the men to Guatemala City and to the Coast to be sold. Apparently they bring back enough money to buy most of the corn they need, and also, to buy milled cotton cloth for use both in the men's and the women's costumes.

San Marcos la Laguna

Across the bay from San Pedro is the little town of San Marcos. It is a small town in a small municipio, and it is as unimportant as it can be. But it furnishes another variation of town-type, and there are some interesting points about it.

There is a break in the high cliff, and there is a small valley running back from the lake, with walls gradually rising on both sides. A small stream runs into the lake a little to one side. The lake-level land near the shore, and back into the valley, is lush with orange and jocote trees; back through them, in the center, is a path that leads to the plaza. Here at the plaza is the juzgado, the school, the church (there are ruins of and old church and a rancho used as the church now), as well as the secretary's and the school-mistresses houses and a pila for their use. That is all that there is to be seen; it is all, in fact, besides fruit trees, that there is in the entire valley.

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Looking up the hills on each side one can, if his eyes are good, espy the first houses of the Indians. There are two separate settlements, one on each hill and each starting far up. Climbing either side, one finds that there are a few paths, but no streets; there are no level places large enough for more than one house and its small patio. In all, on both sides, there are less than fifty houses, all occupied by Marañeños.

There is no milpa in the valley, nor on the hills below the houses, nor in the area occupied by the houses themselves (with very few exceptions). This area is taken up with fruit trees, especially jocote, of which there are thousands. Higher up in the hills, on both sides, there is milpa land, and this extends back through the municipio.

The Indians use small canoes sparingly; occasionally they go to Atitlán to market, and occasionally when they go to market in Sololá they go part of the way by canoe. When they go to their canoes, or to pick oranges, they have to come down from their homes to the valley. The officials, and any others on official business, have to come down to the plaza. Otherwise the Indians may go from their homes to the milpa, or to the markets which they frequent (over land routes) without ever coming to the plaza or into the valley.

The town therefore rather defies classification; only by taking the whole thing together and calling it the town can one think of it as a "town-nucleus" municipio. If one thinks of the Indians as living out in the country, and of the Plaza as the "town" (and indeed it serves the same function for the Indians -- only less so -- as the town in Chichicastenango) ~~xxxxxx~~ and speaks of this as a vacant-town municipio, then he must include the milpa land with the houses. What San Marcos is, in form, is pretty much what Panajachel is -- a combination of the opposites. If it were important enough, one could make a third type and call it the vacant-town-outside-milpa municipio, in which there is a vacant-town in the center, then the houses, then the milpa, with the people coming to the town on occasion and going out to their milpas on other occasions.

All of the milpa land in the municipio is owned communally, and not one bit has been sold outside. The only land not used by a Marañeño is a small piece of milpa which the Secretary-school master is allowed to cultivate. There is enough land, with the small population, to allow any Indian as much milpa as he cares to cultivate. The Indians nevertheless do not cultivate very large tracts, for their interests are more in fruit. The fruit trees are all privately owned, and passed down with the rest of a man's inheritance.

In all other lake towns there is some communally owned land, but this is the only one in which it is all communally owned.

Except for the Secretary and the school-mistress, there are no ladinos living in San Marcos. The Intendente is a local Indian, and of course all of the other officers are too. There is but one cofradía (María Concepción); San Marcos is in the Church.

The Towns of Lake Atitlán -38-

Except that they do not appear as intelligent or speak as much Spanish, the Indians here are very much like those of San Juan; they are clean, proud, and usually very good-humored. These judgments may seem superficial, as well as un-anthropological; but I doubt if one can ascribe the differences that we can't help but notice the differences in culture rather than the personality and character of the people -- whatever may be their ultimate cause. In comparing Santa Catarina and San Marcos, for example, we cannot forget that ~~for~~ every present we gave to the town or to individuals in San Marcos ~~was~~ returned in oranges, in Santa Catarina only by asking for something else. In San Marcos all we have to do is suggest that we might like an orange by asking how the crop is, and immediately a boy will be dispatched to bring us some (or the same for jocotes). In Santa Catarina once I had been climbing about with some boys for a long time and was very thirsty; back at the juzgado, I was passing around cigarettes, candy, and peanuts, and all my hints for an orange being unavailing, I finally asked some of my friends for one. They told me that there are oranges, but since they are all privately owned, I would have to go around and try to buy some; I refuse to believe that none of these boys had some way of getting me an orange (from his own or a friend's tree).

But one day at San Marcos we were walking around and taking jocotes to eat along the way. One old woman complained about our taking her jocotes (saying that all aren't so nice here) and I asked one of the boys how much they were worth. He said they were worth a penny a hundred, and I put a penny into his hand saying he should give it to the woman so that she shouldn't complain. He looked blankly at the penny and then, looking rather shocked, he handed it back to me and said "No, that is a sin; one can't take money for a few fruits that somebody eats."

We have attended comparable fiestas in both towns, too; I cannot say that there was any noticeable difference in the formal aspects of the procession or cofradia ceremony -- or indeed in the spirit of preparations for the fiesta -- but while in Santa Catarina everybody around was begging for money for liquor, nobody in San Marcos asked for a thing. However such differences may be accounted for, it is curious to see the peculiar distribution of towns that impress us strongly one way or the other. Santa Catarina, Santiago, and San Pedro may be labelled minus; San Antonio, San Juan, and San Marcos, plus.

There is never a market in San Marcos; it is not on the route of ~~and~~ comerciantes (although during the fiesta of Concepcion a butcher from ~~San Pedro~~ San Pablo asked and received permission to bring a bull here, slaughter it, and sell the meat). All buying and selling is done elsewhere. There are no local merchants, but the men occasionally go to Sololá, Atitlán, and other markets to sell large loads of fruit. Most of the marketing is done by the women, however, who go to Santa Clara on Tuesdays

The Towns of Lake Atitlán -39-

and Saturdays and to Santa Lucía on Thursdays and Sundays. They take small quantities of fruits, and bring back small quantities of necessities. The men, meanwhile, work in the fields and with their fruit, and also do quite a lot of fishing and crab-fishing. Here, as in San Pedro and San Juan (not to mention San Pablo where it is an industry) the men spend their spare time in making maguey cord and making bags of it, generally for their own use. Lake water is not used for drinking; there are springs up in the hills, where the houses are.

Santa Cruz la Laguna

The municipio of Santa Cruz takes up most of the Northeast shore of the lake; at most points the cliff rises precipitously from the water's edge, but there are three breaks: two of them are valleys much like that of San Marcos, and the one closest to San Marcos is occupied by Tzununa, an aldea; the other break is an irregular double barranca, between which, and high above the lake, is situated the town of Santa Cruz. On the sides of the barrancas, and back through the hills are the milpas.

The town of Santa Cruz is a small, irregular jumble of houses no two on the same level. Many of the houses are owned by people who live in Tzununa or back in the hills, and who come here only for fiestas. The thirty odd families who live in the town itself constitute a community very much like Santa Catarina, the people usually being away from home, working on their milpas or at market in Sololá. There is a pile in the plaza and all of the people draw water from it; but, as in San Pablo, the women do not stop there long enough to exchange what news there may be.

Tzununa is a fruit-growing aldea; in geography it is much like San Marcos, with a jugado and a school alone in the valley and the homes up on the hillsides. It has few connections with the town of Santa Cruz; the officials of Tzununa of course have many occasions to go to the municipio "capital", but the rest of the people go only when there is serious trouble or when they must use the Church for some reason or other, or during the titular fiesta.

In addition to these two settlements -- one of which is definitely "town-nucleus" and the other not definitely anything -- there are a number of Indian families living "in the monte", on their milpas, after the fashion of the neighboring towns to the North. For them, Santa Cruz is the political capital, but except during fiestas they have nothing much to do with it. The market is definitely Sololá. Santa Cruz is thus a complex municipio type.

Trade from ~~the town~~ is oriented definitely toward Sololá; Santa Cruz has no market itself, but it seems to be a one-market municipio and thus (commercially) it is a suburb of Sololá. Canoes are used considerably for transportation, for by a short run along the shore, miles of hard walking can be saved on the road to Sololá. There are, thus, canoes both in Santa Cruz and Tzununa, but from Tzununa an all-land path is most often taken.

The Towns of Lake Atitlán --40--

The entire municipio is without ladino residents; there is a ladino secretary and a school teacher in Santa Cruz, and a school-teacher alone in Tzununá. The Intendente in Santa Cruz is a local Indian youth chosen because he is the only one who can speak Spanish at all well, and all of the other officials are also Indians. There are four cofradías, and the usual succession through the various offices.

Some of the land is privately owned, and some communally owned; the Secretary that we met when we first came, who had been here for twelve years, was recently removed from his office because (some of the Indians said) he was using his influence to sell some of the communal land to a ladino who wanted it for fire-wood purposes. Considerable of the privately-owned land, however, has been sold to ladinos -- one piece in Tzununá for the purpose of growing coffee.

ARTICLE OF APPAREL		PANAJACHEL	STA. CATARINA P.	S. ANTONIO P.	
MEN'S	TROUSERS	MATERIAL	Stue	cotton backstrap	Cotton backstrap
		STYLE	narrow	wide	serice
		LENGTH	long	to the knees	very short (no billers)
	SHIRTS	Color	white	white	white
		BACKGROUND STRIPES	-	red, both ways	red, both ways
		DESIGN FIGURES	-	cotton - natur. & geomet.	none
	SASHES	READY-MADE	yes, all kinds	Canal - imp. style	-
		MATERIAL	cotton (back strap)	cotton back strap	cotton back strap
		STYLE	European	Same as San Antonio	few neck, wide sleeves
	LEATHER BELTS	MODE OF WEARING	over band	over band	over shoulder
RODILLEROS		like a skirt	like a skirt	like a skirt, covering trousers	
COTONES		yes (all)	yes	yes	
HEAD-CLOTHS	TYPE	blue wool, fringed	-	few wear stone bought	
	MATERIAL	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	
	STYLE	red	red	red	
SKIRTS	LENGTH	full length	full length	full length	
	COLOR	blue	blue	blue	
	EMBROIDERY	1/4 in. silk around edge	none	none	
HUIPILES	MATERIAL	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	
	TAILORING	free	free	free	
	NECKLINE	1/4 in. silk around edge	1/4 in. silk around edge	1/4 in. silk around edge	
SASHES	MATERIAL	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	
	DIMENSIONS	152 x 8 inches	red	red	
	DESIGN	red	red	red	
CARRYING CLOTHS	MATERIAL	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	
	DIMENSIONS	152 x 8 inches	red	red	
	DESIGN	red	red	red	
HEAD-DRESSES	MATERIAL	Totoniacan	stone bought	narrowest Totoniacan	
	DIMENSIONS	25 in. w. x 5 1/8 in. h.	25 in. w. x 5 1/8 in. h.	25 in. w. x 5 1/8 in. h.	
	WEARING	wound around head	wound around head	wound around head	

MEN'S

WOMEN'S

Tot.

60

50

100

100

100

100

100

100

Comparison of costumes of the Towns of Lake Atitlan ✓

	S. LUCAS T.	Cerro de Oro	SANTIAGO ATITLÁN	S. PEDRO LA LAG.	S. JUAN LA LAG.
cap	cotton back strap	narrow	cotton (back strap)	cotton - back strap	cotton back strap
class	wide to the knees	long	wide to the knees	wide	wide
material	white	white	white	3/4 length	varies from 1/2 length to 3/4 length
	red	none	alt. lav. orange w/white	white	white
	Cotton, mescal, goat	sometimes with ocaes	2 1/2 in. diam. silk comb 200	2 in. blue tie-dye	plum white, pink, green
	1. yes, all kinds	atitlan shirt	2 1/2 in. diam. silk comb 200	from bottom of blue knee	plum white, pink, green
	2. cotton back strap	cotton back strap	2 1/2 in. diam. silk comb 200	from bottom of blue knee	plum white, pink, green
	European	Slip-over	Cotton back strap	Cotton (back strap)	Cotton-back-strap
	Various plain or striped	White or tie-dye stripes of all colors	Slip-over mescal	European	European
	plains or striped	White or tie-dye stripes of all colors	white or tie dye stripes of all colors	Red, green, blue, or yellow	white or red
	cotton back strap	Cotton back strap	cotton (back strap)	1/4 in. tied edge over collar	105 X 8 in.
	3. varies X 7 in.	red	120 X 8 1/2 mescal	Cotton (back strap)	knitted
	knitted & knitted	knitted	knitted	100 X 10 in.	knitted
	red	knitted	knitted	knitted fringe	knitted
	cutting in blue	wound around neck	1 1/4 in. fine three row kn.	red	fine black stripes, knitted
	cutting in blue	wound around neck	looped in front, ends down	Many tie dyed	looped in front, ends down
	over torso - tied in back	wound around neck	looped in front, ends down	looped in front, ends down	over bands
	none	?	?	?	?
	blue wool bought	blue wool bought	blue wool - bought	blue wool bought	blue wool bought
	cotton back-strap	red	knitted	cotton (back strap)	cotton back strap
	red	red	knitted	105 X 8 in.	105 X 8 in.
	full length	full length	full length	full length	full length
	tot. red, blue, or green	ak blue	tot. - red, blue or green	tot. - red, blue or green	blue
	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap
	two	two	two	two	two
	small armhole, short	very small armhole	very small armhole	European sleeve	small, to elbow
	myself, center seam	at both side seams for	at both side seams for	white	mixed center seam, front
	white	white	white	no stripes	white
	red	narrow brown, inters. 2 in	orange, slant inters. 2 1/2 in	no stripes	mixed red, some green
	red	red	red	red	red
	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	Totoniacapan	Cotton back strap
	72 X 6 (wider)	64 X 23 1/2 in.	64 X 23 1/2 in.	3 in. width	5 1/2 long - 6 in. wide
	red	red	red	knitted	red - black & white
	Oca. hairs got. or silk seam	one plain, other knitted	one plain, other knitted	knitted	knitted
	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap	cotton back strap
	26 X 36 (wider) (2 1/2 in)	26 X 36 (wider) (2 1/2 in)	26 X 36 (wider) (2 1/2 in)	120 X 20 in. (Paraja)	26 X 27 in. - 2 1/2 in
	white	white	white	knitted	knitted
	kn. br., red, many	kn. br., red, many	kn. br., red, many	kn. br., red, many	kn. br., red, many
	Store bought tape	Store bought tape	Store bought tape	Store bought tape	Store bought tape
	pink, yellow, or blue	pink, yellow, or blue	pink, yellow, or blue	pink, yellow, or blue	pink, yellow, or blue
	braided in hairs	braided in hairs	braided in hairs	braided in hairs	braided in hairs
	braids wound around head	braids wound around head	braids wound around head	braids wound around head	braids wound around head

S. PABLO LA LAG.

S. MARCOS LA LAG.

STA. CRUZ LA LAG.

Stare - Cantel
wide
to the knees
white

Pedro
trans.

cotton (back strap)
wide
to the knees
white
blue striped 1/4 to 1/2 in.

cotton (back strap)
short
to the knees
white
blue, vertical or vert. & hor.

white - Cantel
European

Striped or checked

fine striped or checked
cotton (back strap)
European

Pedro (S. Marco)
type of coat
with small
upturned
collar (Pedro)

cotton - back strap
1 1/4 x 3 1/2 in.
rolled
red
fine green, purple, yellow
lined with blue

cotton back strap
2-3 varas x 12-15 in.
rolled
red
yellow 1/2 in. intervals
large red undercollar

over banda
none
yes
in back of legs over

over cotton (back strap)
down over belt

over red blouse
skirt, just below knees.

like saw
pedro

cotton - back strap
5 1/2 x 15 in. (1 pt) of 1/2 in. blue
with 1/2 in. yellow
striped (back strap)

blue woolly bought
cotton - back strap
red x 5 pinaltes
arguabat

full length
dk. blue
none
none

full length
blue
none
1/4 in. vari - silk - Lips

3/4 length
blue
none
king silk, 1/2 in. long
red, (1/2 in. thick)

Cantel @ cotton (back strap)
2

cotton - back strap
two

cotton (back strap)
two

short tight
neck - slit down
white
with small
upturned
collar (Pedro)

wide, below elbow
red white 1/2 in. striped
fine yellow
seldom
seldom
round yellow silk

wide to elbow
narrow from armbola
red
fine white
seldom
seldom

cotton - back strap
86 x 6
red, fine yellow
seldom

cotton - back strap
100 x 9 in.
red
fine yellow - barred

cotton - back strap
7 x 1 1/2 inches
red
yellow - finest in

cotton - back strap
34 x 21
white with 1/4 in brown
stripes up intervals
1 to 1 1/2 in. thick
Red - 1/2 in. wide

cotton back strap
26 x 24 1/2 in.
red
white stripes

cotton back strap
30 x 30 in. 2 pinaltes
red
fine yellow, white
Tot.

round around hair
of whole around around
head - long silver
threads at ends

red - ends designed
2 1/2 x 3/4 in.
Horn like Adilans

Field Notes on Santa-Catarina Palopó
(Notes from diary, arranged in chronological order)

November 8:

Meanwhile, we walked to Panajachel. There is a drugstore there run by doña Angelina de Sologaistoa and her husband, M. C. Last year we became friendly with the lady, who gave us considerable information about the Lake villages. This morning we saw her husband, and talked to him for about an hour. He confirmed what we already knew about Sta. Catarina Palopo: it is the dirtiest, most unhealthy village on the Lake. There is no stream on its site, so the people drink from the same water where their sewage goes, where they bathe, and where they wash clothes. He also said the people, like most of them on the Lake, are petty thieves and liars.

April 24. In a chartered launch we went first to Santa Catarina Palopo, which we had to enter in canoes. The Alcalde (Jose Angel Buk) was on the beach to greet us, and he himself showed us around. The people acted as if they had not had visitors in their town before and were very hospitable. We found that only the Secretary is Ladino (with his family), and he was gone for the morning; there are only a few hundred people in the town which is concentrated, and which has all of its milpas, even, in this tiny bowl, facing the water. The people are excellent canoers and swimmers, according to the alcalde. We mentioned that we might come to live there in October, and they welcomed us; we gave the alcalde a gift of a dollar-watch. Later we met a crab-fisher from here who seems to speak Spanish well, one Antonio Nimacuchia. Also we met a Chichicastenango boy who has adopted the costume and language of this place. The Secretary's name is Jose Santisma.

~~246~~

November 12, 1935:

We saw immediately, last April, that Santa Catarina and San Antonio had a great deal in common (and were very close) and yet offered some interesting differences; and as I remember it we thought that a study of the two would offer significant data. During the summer it occurred to me that perhaps the most significant broad problem for which Guatemala might furnish data is that of the effect of culture of fundamental social and ecological conditions. Now, San Antonio is a fairly large and lively town, while Sta. Catarina is a very small one. The two furnish a case in point in the study of the effect of mere size of a population, and fit well into the general problem.

What struck me at once when I began to think about the situation in the cases of Santa Cruz and San Marcos, after visiting them last week, is that it is almost exactly the same as that of San Antonio and Sta. Catarina. San Marcos is the size of Sta. Catarina, while Santa Cruz is considerably larger -- more comparable to San Antonio. A comparative study here would also be significant from that point of view; and, since the pairs are unrelated linguistically and appear to have little social intercourse, a comparison of the two pairs would be even more significant.

little before starting work, to get them all good and accustomed to us. So we just talked. It seems that the office of Alcalde was abolished this summer, and a man directly appointed by the Jefe (called Intendente) is the head of each village, or rather, municipio. This is a salaried office (the amount set in each case by the Jefe, but paid by the village) and in some places an outsider is appointed to the job. The Intendente here is a local Indian, but he gets no salary; he complained to me that he is a widower and has only his young daughters to cook for him, and no sons to bring wood or anything; he doesn't want his position, for he would rather use his time to earn some money, but the Jefe appointed him, he says, and he hasn't been able to get out of it.

They were expecting the Jefe here Monday when he went to San Lucas, and the town is still decorated for that occasion. But the Jefe never came. Last week when we were in Santa Cruz they told us they were expecting the Jefe Monday also. Apparently that official notified all the towns that he was coming. Actually, he went straight to San Lucas and came straight back, stopping at none of the other towns.

There is, besides the Secretary and his wife and child, a ladino school mistress, a dowdy middle-aged woman, and also, peculiarly, a ladino family in town (maybe two: we saw a man and a woman separately and couldn't find out if they were married). There is a cantina which is closed most of the time, but opened by some ladino from outside on certain occasions. The most important occasion will come this month, when the fiesta of Santa Catarina will be celebrated. There will be marimba then too, in the cantina, and another marimba imported from Solola by the Cofradia. I have been thinking how to make a contribution to the fiesta, but no hints have yet come. We were glad to hear also that the "baile de la Conquista" will also be given

here for the fiesta. We have never seen this one enacted.

After some time, when I had told everybody that I wanted to make a map of the town, they all trailed along, and I decided not to try that first shop⁺ with everybody there. Rather, we would just see the pueblo first, at length. We went systematically to every house in town (except two that were a bit out of the way and didn't seem to offer much variety), entering the patio of each and in many cases the houses themselves. The houses are all either adobe or of the pole variety filled with mud and white-washed. All have thatched-roofs, but of two different shapes. Two of the houses are cofradias, and are bare rooms (except for the santo and benches) with high thatched roofs. Three or four houses are unoccupied -- the owners having gone off to the fincas. The rest of the houses are establishments including patios surrounded by a house or 2, pig and chicken houses, sweat bath, and a mysterious box under a thatched roof which at first excited me as something important, but which we soon found are sanitary devices ordered installed by the government. In most of the houses there were women weaving (new clothes are necessary for the fiesta) and in one house a man was making mats. Most of the men of the village are out fishing. Since we shall soon, I hope, have an inventory of material things, there is no point in writing casual observations now about the things in the houses.

There is very little milpa in the house part of the town. There is some along the shore and much more on the hillside farther up. All, I was assured, is owned in small pieces by private individuals of the town, and now^{we} is sold because not even enough for each family's own use is grown. The chief income of the town is apparently from fishing. In one house we saw

a woman grinding on her grinding-stone red berries of coffee, a few trees of which grow in the town. The beans are dried outside and the coffee sold, so they said. There are a few orange trees scattered among the houses and many more jocote-trees, as well as some guisquil; the fruit is always the property of the owners.

In the church, which is a pleasing adobe structure, are some dozen santos, with Santa Catarina the most prominent. Standing before the altar, I took out a five-cent piece and gave it to the Intendente -- for candles for the santos, I said. He accepted graciously and immediately sent for candles. In a few minutes a boy came back with two candles each about three inches long: that is all there was in the pueblo. They didn't feel like burning these for my nickle, so I told them to keep the coin for candles in the future. Subsequently we visited first the cofradia of Maria Concepcion, where I gave the cofradia alcalde five cents for candles, and then the cofradia of Santa Catarina (the other cofradia of the two, and having another Santa Catarina), where I gave the Alcalde's wife (in his absence) five cents also.

~~SANTA CATERINA SAN MARCOS PANAMA~~

We had now been in Santa Catarina about three hours, and I decided that such good-will had been established (and truly we couldn't have been treated more hospitably anywhere even though they had nothing for us to eat) that we had better leave without doing any systematic work. Next time I shall try to get but one of the men or boys to accompany me when I make a map and census; although if more trail along it won't be so bad either. We left with much handshaking and waving of arms, and when we had trouble starting the

motor, after rowing to the middle of the Lake (almost) one of the men in a canoe came out with a last greeting. We told them we would be back very soon, and all seemed pleased.

Nov. 15. We arrived safely in Santa Catarina, where all the men in town gathered on the pier to meet us. Since it is market-day in Solola, all but a half-a-dozen men and youths are out of town. But these greeted us like old friends. The Intendente and the Alcalde were both absent, but I went into the juzgado and found my letter from the Jefe on the desk and pocketed it, asking the people to tell the Secretary that I had done so.

There was a strange ladino in the Plaza who told me that he had come from Panajachel to buy a steer. The Indians had somehow succeeded in hiding their cattle from us yesterday, but now they admitted they had a few "toritos" in the pueblo.

We stayed and talked for a short time, and when we mentioned the roughness of the lake, the Indians warned us it was becoming rougher and we had better be careful; so we decided we had better not remain long, and had better not go to San Antonio. So soon we headed for Tzanjuyu, but this time kept close to the shore, where we weren't bumped quite so much.

Nov. 18. We left for Santa Catarina at about 8 A.M., and were greeted there as usual. I spent the entire morning making a map of the town, which is extremely irregular. I am sure I got every house in, however, with the name of the owner. Now this afternoon I shall re-draw the map to make it legible, and start a card-index census by households. If I can get this done by morning, I shall go to Santa Catarina tomorrow; if not, I shall do the same thing with San Marcos.

The titular ~~fiesta~~ starts in Santa Catarina Saturday. I asked the Indians what I might bring for the fiesta; they will think the matter over and tell me next time we come.

Gertrude meanwhile spent her time with the Secretary's wife (a girl not yet sixteen who has a child), with the school-mistress, and with Manuela, Tomasa, and Maria Ajpus, daughters of the Intendente. We both have to report only the greatest friendliness.

Nov. 19, 1935: I did not finish the map and cards last night, but I decided we should go to Santa Catarina anyway and get the census made.

We set off for Sta. Catarina, but when we arrived we found that there was nobody there except women and some boys. The Intendente and Secretary had gone to Solola on business, and most of the others were about their business. I thought at first I would do the work I intended with the people around, and I was going to find some men; but on second thought I decided it would be better to await the return of the informants who had helped me with the map. We would come back tomorrow.

~~50~~

November 20, 1935: The morning was spent in Santa Catarina, but it wasn't very successful. Only a few boys met us at the pier, which I took at first to be a sign that our comings and goings are being taken for granted (a consummation expected and desired), but which I found was due to the preoccupation of the men with other things. The titular fiesta starts Sunday morning, and everybody is busy preparing for it. The preparations consist of decorating church and altar--the church with cut colored tissue-paper and the altar with flowers. The secretary's wife is doing most of the cutting 

and she is aided by the school mistress and others. In the church, meanwhile, the men climb huge homemade ladders and tear off the old decorations (which haven't been changed, they told me, in three years) and paste on the new.

The Intendente (whose name, if I haven't yet mentioned it, is Miguel Ajpus), the Secretary, and half a dozen men, nevertheless left their work to come into the juzgado when we arrived. Although I had barely time to make a draft of the map this morning, and none to make up the census-cards, I nevertheless thought I would get the household census. I therefore took my number-one household and asked for the names of the people; several men knew the name of the wife, and after some discussion it was agreed that there were six children living, but beyond that I could get no information. How many boys, how many girls, their names or relative ages, nobody knew. I chided them on their ignorance, and they replied that the children were young and they didn't pay them much attention. It seemed remarkable to me that in a closed community of some 80 families I could learn no more from half a dozen men; but so it was.

I had expected to visit the households while making the census anyway, so I wasn't much bothered. I let one of the Indians suggest that we follow that procedure, and I asked for one to go with me; but all were either occupied in the church or out about their business, away from town. There actually wasn't a free man. Finally I thought I'd go myself, accompanied only by the Secretary; but I saw at our first call that this was a mistake: there was one of the daughters of #1 in the house, but she would answer no questions. The Secretary explained that she was afraid, not understanding my purpose.

I therefore abandoned this procedure and told the Secretary to go about his work; he said he would get a census for me and give it to me when I return next. While not disposed to trust his efforts in this direction, I thought it could do no harm for him to prepare a list that I can use, and I consented. Meanwhile I told him I would go around by myself to see what I could see to improve my map.

Alone for the first time, therefore, I walked around pacing distances and so on. I finally came to another beach from the one we use, and found that half a dozen canoes were there, and one being pulled up to shore. I began to talk to the canoeer (who had come in with his basket half full of crabs) and then with another man who came down here.

The canoes are all made in Santiago Atitlan, and are privately owned here. This crab-fisher doesn't own one, but rents, when he has to, for three cents a day. He got no fish this morning, but had his fishing pole (baited with a young crab) in his canoe. He also had some reeds that he had collected in the lake and which he called "tule." Finally, he had some kind of willow or other tree branch that he had wound into circles and which he explained were used to get crabs (I suppose in the making of traps, but I know so little about crab-fishing yet that this is only a guess). He said he had risen at 1:00 A.M. to get these over near Panajachel.

He told me that Ladinos of S. Andres and of Panajachel own most of the milpa land around (higher up the hill and also -- including a large patch of coffee -- near the shore) and that the Indians have but little.

He himself owns only a fourth of a small patch that he pointed out to me and that can't be more than one cuerda altogether.

The other man was less communicative, and just stood there and confirmed what the fisherman said.

Gertrude meanwhile spent her time with the family of the Intendents, watching the girls weave (and once lending a hand herself until her knees gave out). The women were busy today too, cleaning up house, because this afternoon they are expecting an Inspector of Sanitation who is coming from San Antonio. Among other things they told Gertrude and which she told me is that they consider the secretary's wife a bad woman, since she often sets her baby down, goes away, and lets it cry. They also consider her very dirty -- and this from Indians who are themselves notoriously filthy. Their judgment of the Secretary's wife in this respect is certainly correct, too; her bare legs are usually black with dirt, and her dresses have without much doubt never been washed.

I was interrupted in my nosing around by a ladino from Godinas by the name of J. Ernesto Cabrera. He asked me if I wanted to buy a piece of land he has here. The piece is not in town, but it is in the municipio and he pointed it out to me in the distance. It consists chiefly of a hillock jutting out into the lake, and contains 48 cuerdas. He told me that Alfred Clark and Mr. Weymann are both interested in buying it for a chalet or hotel, but he hasn't got around to selling it yet. Naturally I told him I wasn't interested, but asked anyway what he wanted for it. His first \$150 came down, before I could free myself from the man, to \$90. This man told me that he

-55-

owns quite a bit of milpa in Sta. Catarina, and pointed some out to me (verifying what I had heard from the Indians.)

Later I asked the Secretary if the Indians didn't resent this man and others like him who, as outsiders, own so much of the tillable land; and he assured me that they don't at all, since after all they had received money for the land.

After giving the Intendente a watch, which I had promised him, and the Secretary an automatic pencil, and telling them that we would not come back until the fiesta (when I would bring our phonograph) we took our leave and returned to Tzanjuyu.

November 24: We spent the entire day in Santa Catarina; but we first had good news, that our things from the City have arrived. We had them taken to the house, and now await the arrival of our furniture to get settled in our house.

Tomorrow is the Day of Santa Catarina (Sta. Catalina in the almanac I have), and the fiesta really began last night. The Indians have the baile de la Conquista, this year, and last night (all night) they danced in costume, at the homes of the various dancers.

When we arrived this morning things were very quiet, for the baile was not in progress. Indians were still decorating the church, which by this time is quite pretty, and preparing in other ways for the Big Days to come.

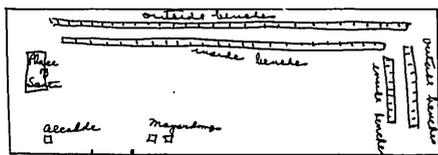
One thing that was left for the last moment was the obtaining of licenses to sell liquor. A ladino from S. Andres (the same one who wanted to sell me land the other day) is running a cantina for the occasion, and he of course has obtained his license. But it is the custom of the cofradias to sell liquor also (for they have marimbas and act almost like cantinas on this occasion) and they have been slow in getting licenses. A good part of the business in the juzgado was devoted to this, therefore -- writing requests on ten cent stamped paper, okaying the licenses, etc. Apparently without the Secretary the Indians would be in a bad way, for they don't know much about such matters.

At about 1:30 the baile began, this time in the plaza. The only music here is a drum and flute, and the musicians sat on the steps of the juzgado to accompany the dance. The costumes of the dancers were rented for a week from the Totonacapan firm that makes them. They are very much the same as those used in Chichicastenango, many of which originate in the same place. But we never saw a Conquista dance before, so some of the costumes are new to us -- such as those of "Quiché" and of Tecum-Uman (the latter of which has a replica of a quetzal (bird) attached to his head piece.

For almost two hours the dance was only pantomime and dancing (the step in which may be described as a clumsy two-step); but at about 3:30 the speaking commenced, and I recognized some of the lines as being from the manuscripts that are around. There is no manuscript here, and the pageant is taught from memory.

At about 4 o'clock the town went for the santos of the two cofradias. Leading the procession up the road were the dancers, still dancing as they went to the tune of the drum and the flute. The santos had been moved from their places in the cofradia houses into the road; and now as we went along, we passed the santa Catarina in front of its cofradia, and went on, up the hill, to the cofradia of Maria Concepcion. The santa was outside, and most of the people stayed there, with the dancers continuing their pageant.

Noticing that a number of men, including the Intendente, were passing into the house, I followed. The arrangement within was as follows:



About fifteen men took seats on the outside benches, leaving the inside benches empty. Place was made for me, when I entered, near the center of the long bench, but then the men suggested I sit near the Intendente, who had the first place of this bench, next to the place where the Santa usually stayed; I went there,

taking the first place in fact. The alcalde of the cofradia got up and prayed at the altar, and others also murmured prayers.

One of the mayordomos came with two long home-woven white cloths which he rolled out on each of the inside benches so that, as I found, they could function as table cloths. Then, several at a time, he brought in jicaras of "pepita de patafte" in a gruel form and a little bit (about $\frac{1}{2}$ a cubic inch) of the same ground seed in paste form placed on each of a number of leaves. Starting on my end, he gave each of us a jicara and a leaf. I could see that everybody was curious to see if I would taste of the food, so I determined to do so. When the others drank, I did too, and soon finished the gourd-full (almost a glassful, I judge). The gruel was warm, and very thin, consisting obviously of the seeds ground very fine and mixed with water. The beverage was warm, leading me to hope that it had been boiled.

The pepita de patafte paste was eaten by the expedient of taking the leaf to one's mouth and just eating it off the leaf. I must say that patafte seed doesn't taste bad, but neither is it good; it is almost tasteless, and what taste there is might be attributable to the human hands that prepared the stuff.

When everybody had finished (when we finished drinking we lay the cup on the table -- and you have to drink it all or it will spill, since gourds have round bottoms -- and when we finished eating we threw the leaves on the floor) the mayordomo removed the table cloths and then brought out a small glass and a bottle of alambique (the cheaper of the two rums available

here) and, again starting with me, gave us each a glassful to drink.

While others were still drinking, I took out a quarter and told the Intendente I wanted to leave it for a present; he called the Alcalde and I gave the coin to him and was thanked profusely before he put it in the cash-drawer. Soon afterward the last man finished his rum and we all filed out. I should mention that many pious words were said during this time; a blessing of some sort was intoned when accepting food or drink, and when partaking of it.

I had noticed that I was the only man in the cofradía with his hat in his hand; and when we came out I saw that the reason was that a boy outside had sort of checked all the hats as the men had passed in. Now the procession moved back again, with half-a-dozen men carrying the santa, the dancers dancing, etc.

This time we stopped at the cofradia Sta. Catarina, and while both santos and most of the people remained outside, the men again went in. It seems that I had made quite a hit last time and when I held back a little, the men who saw me motioned me to come in. The procedure and the arrangements here were exactly the same (except that the tablecloth had stripes its short dimension) with the gourds somewhat larger, and the beverage cold rather than warm.

I neglected to mention for the other proceeding (now the same here) that the very first thing passed around was a large gourd, shaped like a small washbasin, filled with hot water and a pitcher of hot water. In both cases

Everybody refused this sanitary device.

I found now that I had only twenty cents in change, and when I took it out to show the Intendente, so that he could call up the Alcalde, he asked, "What, you still have some money?" which allowed me to say, "Not enough." The Alcalde was satisfied, apparently, however, and took the money graciously.

Now the procession came down to the plaza with both santas, which were taken into the church.

The padre is expected this evening, and a box with his belongings has already arrived; he will sleep in the juzgado.

It was almost six o'clock, and the second phase of the fiesta began. In the cantina and in both cofradias the marimbas were set up and the liquor dispensed; knowing that drinking and dancing would probably last through the night, we decided to go back to Tzanjuyu and return very early again.

November 25: We went to Sta. Catarira at 7:00 A.M. and found everybody awaiting the Padre. There were several hundred people collected in the plaza -- natives, people of S. Antonio, S. Andres, Panajachel -- Indians and ladinos both. There were also several dozen merchants sitting in the plaza with their wares, chiefly fruit and candy and other things for immediate consumption as food.

I went into the juzgado, where the usual group of officials was present, and I was welcomed into the circle as usual. Not much happened: there was one joke, started by the secretary, which amused everybody for a time, to the effect that official reports are supposed to be fixed up on the 25th, but there is obviously no time today and they will have to wait.

Suddenly, when we were all standing near the door in the juzgado, an animated discussion started around me, and in a minute the Intendente turned to me and asked, "That watch you gave me; is that for me or the municipality?" And everybody crowded around eagerly for my reply. I was not entirely surprised by the turn of events which the circumstances indicated; yesterday in one of the cofradias, the Intendente turned to me and said, "That watch, is it for me alone?" And when I said yes, he volunteered, "The secretary said you meant me to have it one month, and then him one month, etc." which interpretation I promptly denied. "I gave the secretary a very nice pencil, and I gave you the watch."

Now, in the juzgado, with a difficult matter up, I decided there was but one way out: "No, that watch is for the Intendente; it is a small one and is good for only a private individual. Now for the municipality

I am getting a large clock that can be put here on the table for anybody to see. I have ordered it from the Capital and it will soon come." Everybody seemed very pleased about this and began to talk about how nice the clock will be.

Shortly afterwards the Padre rode in on his horse, and after greeting us and others of his friends, he prepared himself for the Mass. The church was nicely decorated by this time, and the people began to go in. The town officials and cofrades filed in through the Sacristan door, leaving their hats in the Sacristan. There was a special bench for them before the altar, and I was tempted to follow them in; but I thought better of it, since I wanted to see what was going on (and also thought of snapping a few pictures).

Not many more than half the people around went into the church for Mass which, for the occasion, had an orchestra-choir consisting of ladinos from Panajachel. The rest of the people, mostly Indians, stayed in the plaza, many of them rather too drunk to go to church. At about the time the Mass was starting, the dancers of the Conquista came into the plaza, too; and they seemed not decided whether they should play and dance. I was in the church when suddenly (in the midst of the services) the dancers decided wrong, and we heard just outside the door, the sound of the drum and flute and the tamborines (consisting of tin contraptions with some pieces juggled within) carried by the dancers. One of the choir looked back quickly and signalled to an Indian to shush them; and this was accomplished almost immediately. Thereafter the dancers just sat around awaiting their turn; and I went out of the church to browse around.

Curious to see whether all of the townspeople were in the plaza and church, I strolled up the path to the East. There were, I found, a few people at home -- such as the Intendente's second daughter; the Cantina was deserted except for its proprietor and some ladino friends; but the cofradia Sta. Catarina was functioning. Within the marimba was playing, as it had all night; and three men were dancing -- two as partners and one solo. Another man, a mayordomo of the cofradia, sat by, in charge of liquor sales. Nothing was doing, I found, in the other cofradia; for business purposes Sta. Catarina has a better location, I suppose, for it is on the main road of the town.

Back in the plaza, Mass was over at about 10:00 A.M. and most of the people came out of the church. Among others we now saw were the pharmacist and his wife from Panajachel. He began to ask me about our trips and hinted strongly that he and his wife would like to go to some of the villages with us -- especially S. Pedro, where the maestra is a special friend of theirs. I told him that when we went to S. Pedro next we would let him know. Incidentally, the pharmacist was needed here this morning. The rockets that have been a steady source of noise at this fiesta are shot up with long sticks, which of course then come down; one of these sticks came down and struck a small Indian boy. It went through the front brim of his hat and cut his upper lip wide open. The pharmacist's advice consisted of advising iodine.

The dancers now began their pageant again; the Padre had his breakfast of food brought to him by various Indians; the officials came back into the juzgado; the people scattered a bit. Not long afterwards the Padre

prepared to baptise all the children that needed it, and as I saw the circle in the church it appeared there were at least a hundred. They consisted of Indian and ladino men and women each with a baby in his or her arms. The Padre comes to these villages only a few times a year, and the children wait for baptism until he comes; but if he should come to a neighboring village for an occasion such as this, people naturally take advantage of his proximity to get their children baptised.

The baptism naturally took a long while, and at about 11:00 A.M. I went into the juzgado again. The usual officials were there, and they asked me to sit down with them. Before I quite knew what was coming, a mayordomo was passing around aguardiente, and I couldn't refuse "just one." More conversation, and more whiskey. Unfortunately, this alambique is not to my taste; but try as I might I could not with courtesy refuse.

After a couple of drinks, the officials rose and said they would now take the cofradia santas back to their places. I naturally wanted to go along, but for some reason the Intendente had an idea I didn't, and he said "We'll be right back; now you stay here and wait for us." The mayordomo of Maria Concepcion stayed with me, and for some reason I didn't go with the procession. We watched the santas leave the church, and in the wake of the dancers go up the road; I snapped some pictures and stayed in the juzgado. The mayordomo brought out his liquor, said it was his own, and asked me if I couldn't try some; no, thanks; oh, just one ... and I couldn't refuse. And a little while later, just one more. Then the others returned.

The Principales filed in and sat down with us, and we began to talk some more (I was answering their questions chiefly) and I didn't want to leave. Two more little glassfuls, and I was beginning to feel some effect. Then for some reason glasses were changed and a tall one was passed around. I saw Gertrude sitting outside looking at me rather worriedly. I determined to refuse this one, and tried my best; when I couldn't, I decided to say my goodbyes and go while the going was good (it was past twelve-thirty). I did so, saying I would return in the afternoon. I had presence of mind enough to take my hat, and then go as quickly as possible to the launch; for the numbness was creeping through me.

November 26: Early, I went with Nemesio to Sta. Catarina to see what the morning after would show, and found that it was still the day before. The cantina and both cofradias were doing rushing businesses; and since the licenses to sell liquor do not expire until six tonight, I suppose the drinking will continue. Everybody I know, at least, is quite drunk, today, and there is not much use talking to the Indians (or the Secretary either).

~~SECRET~~

November 28: Thanksgiving Day in some parts Gertrude was so occupied with trying to get us something to eat on the wood stove (our gasoline one not yet having arrived) with practically no raw materials -- and lacking a cook -- that for the first time she didn't come with me in the launch. I went to Sta. Catarina early, and nobody was at the pier to meet me; nor, to my surprise, did I find anybody in the plaza or in the juzgado. The place seemed quite deserted. I walked East on the main road a short distance and soon encountered five Indians including the Intendente and the Sindico. It soon appeared that all were suffering from "goma," or hangovers, and they told me how bad they felt. I asked jokingly if there were no liquor to be had, and they said yes -- this ladino woman (the school mistress) has some, but they have no money. They were so sad about it that I treated them to a bottle (which cost 25¢) it was my misfortune that they wouldn't drink without me, and furthermore, that they doled me out a triple portion (which, however, I resolutely and gallantly refused). Then in better mood, they went with me to the Plaza. We went inside the church, where I saw that the santos of the cofradias were still there. They told me they would go back tomorrow or the next day -- with no procession, simply being carried back by the cofradis.

It was impossible to do much with the Indians as far as sensible talk was concerned; I tried to get some information about the families of the men around, but didn't get far. Then I put some questions about when they go to markets and where, and found that (as they felt now) they never went much. Santa Catarina is on one of the main land routes from Guatemala and Solola (and thus North) to part of the Coast. Indians travel through it with their

loads therefore, and on Fridays, going South, and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, going North, there are many comerciantes. These will stop here to sell their wares if a customer approaches; thus a great many things can be obtained locally even with a Market Day.

I asked where all the people are today, and they replied that most of them are in their houses, asleep. There appears to be no work done at all, everybody still a bit drunk or sick. The Secretary cannot write today because his hand shakes so.

One thing is still going on, however, and that is the Dance. I went through the town, and found the dancers performing in the patio of Andres Cocolajai, the 2nd Principal. The pay is a drink for each of the dancers, and for that, these tail end days of the fiesta they go around and dance at the homes of the Principales, municipal officers, past officers, cofrades, past cofrades, etc. I should think the dancers would go crazy in their hot, heavy costumes.

I talked quite a bit with one Manuel Recinos, the only real ladino resident of the town. He is a carpenter, and first came here when a child. His father, from Huehuetenango, married a Sololatica, and they settled in S. Antonio for some reason; they lived in Sta. Catarina some also; the boy Manuel went to Solola for several years and learned his trade, and then came to Sta. Catarina, took a wife from Sta. Clara la Laguna, and stayed here. They have several children. He says he has no trouble with the Indians, and apparently he has his place in town; he builds houses (or house frames) makes furniture,

etc. He also works in S. Andres and has a house there, but he considers this town his home. He told me he made the flute that the accompanist of the Dance was using; and when he said it costs "less than 25¢" I asked him to make one for me (flute called "Whirimia").

I walked around town by myself some time, renewing my acquaintance with Mariano Buc, the first Principal (who says he is 86 years old) and also comparing things with my map, and then went back to the juzgado.

~~_____~~

The same people were still there, and I sat down with them; to my surprise, a bottle was produced and my drink returned. I decided that this might go on indefinitely, and wasn't getting me far, so after this drink I made my adieus and went. I confess that I cannot drink alambique with any comfort; it is the original fire-water, I think, and since not even a chaser is furnished, it comes hard. I hope that the fiesta spirit runs down soon, as I suppose the money must, so I can come here with some safety.

On page ⁶⁸ I am drawing a sketch map of Sta. Catarina, which may serve as a reference in these notes. As far as exact distances and contours are concerned it makes no pretense of being exact; but it is, relatively correct, and it purposes to give the general scheme of the town and the households of which it consists....

SANTA CATARINA

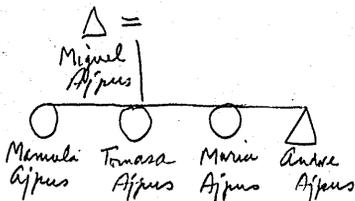
(Households - see map)

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--|---|
| 1. Jorge Cumes | 24. Francisco Lopez | 48. Antonio Sajubin |
| 2. Lucas Cumes | 25. Gaspar Cumes (empty) | 49. Lucas Sajubin |
| 3. Pablo Lopez | 26. Miguel Aipus | 50. Andres Matzar
(cofr. Sta.Cat.) |
| 4. Cruz Lopez | 27. Ventura Aipus | 51. Marcos Sajubin |
| 5. Gaspar Cumes | 28. Amadilla Lopez | 52. Gaspar Nimacachi |
| 6. Diego Nimacachi | 29. Francisco Lopez | 53. Antonio Sajubin |
| 7. Diego Cotzal | 30. Antonio Ralon (Ladino
non-resident) | 54. Ramos Sajubin |
| 8. Lorenzo Gonzales | 31. Diego Nimacachi | 55. Alejandro Cumes |
| 9. Ventura Lopez | 32. (School mistress)
see "I" | 56. Francisco Sajubin |
| 10. Tomas Nimacachi | 33. Lucas Sajubin | 57. Pedro Sajubin |
| 11. Bartol Ordonez | 34. Gaspar Nimacachi | 58. Jose Nimacachi |
| 12. Andres Lopez | 35. (abandoned -- wrecked) | 59. Francisco Nimacachi |
| 13. Pablo Lopez | 36. Mariano Buc | 60. Diego Cumes |
| 14. Tomas Lopez | 37. Mariano Buc | 61. Jose Joj |
| 15. Tomas Lopez (empty) | 38. Pedro Cumes | 62. Gregorio Sajubin |
| 16. Tomas Lopez (empty) | 39. Juan Lopez | 63. Eustachio Pablo |
| 17. Martin Cumes | 40. Nicolas Cumes | 64. Victoria Gonzales
(cofr. Maria Concep) |
| 18. Mariano Puzul | 41. Nicolas Cumes
(away finca) | 65. Bartolo Nimacachi |
| 19. Juana Perez | 42. Pedro Cumes | 66. Andres Cocolajai |
| 20. Ventura Gonzales | 43. Pedro Cumes | 67. Mariano Tax |
| 21. Juan Gonzales | 44. Marcos Nimacachi | 68. Ventura Nimacachi |
| 22. Augustin Lopez | 45. Manuel Recinas (ladino) | 69. Tomas Perez |
| 23. Locario Martin | 46. Andres Matzar | 70. Mariano Tax |
| | 47. Jose Martin | 71. Ramos Putzal |

- 72. Antonio Sajubin
 - 73. Diego Martin
 - 74. Francisco Martin
 - 75. Nicolas Nimacachi
 - 76. Antonio Sajubin
 - 77. Juan Cumes
 - 78. Gaspar Sajubin
 - 79. Pedro Sajubin
 - 80. Manuel Nimacachi
 - 81. Martina Cumes
 - 82. Gaspar Cumes (empty)
 - 83. Gaspar Nimacachi
(empty)
 - 84. Angelo Angelbuc
 - 85. Juan Cotzal
 - 86. Pedro Sajubin
 - 87. Antonio Cumes
 - 88. (abandoned -- wrecked)
 - 89. Francisco Sajubin
 - 90. Gaspar Nimacachi
- A. Church
 - B. Sacristy
 - C. Juzgado ("Intendencia")
 - D. Boy's School
 - E. Secretary's house
 - F. Secretary's kitchen
 - G. Bell "tower"
 - H. School-mistress' kitchen
 - I. Jail
 - J. Girl's School
 - K. Jail
 - L. School mistress' house
 - M. Cemetary

Miguel Ajpus

Sta Catarina # 26



fish (but now outlandish)
 4 cords (clow)
 1 orange
 3 jocote
 1 quisquil
 5 chickens

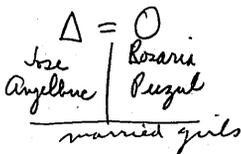
Ventura Ajpus

Sta Catarina # 27

finca S. Jorge (Chimaltenango)

~~Jose~~ Angela Angelbuc

Sta Catarina # 84



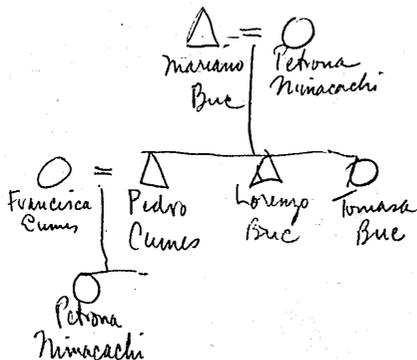
\square Orando
 fish, crabs (no mats)
 4 cords mispa
 2 jocote
 1 orange
 10 chickens

72

See 37

Mariano Buc

Sta Catarina # 37

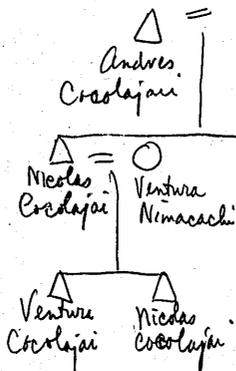
(Principal 1^o)

fish, crab, bats
15 cuerdas
3 jocote

Andres Cocolajai

Sta Catarina # 66

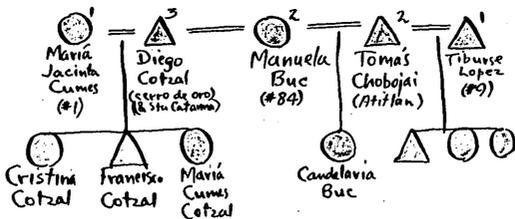
4 58
 names



adopted
orphan

Cooper
 Cumes
 (14)

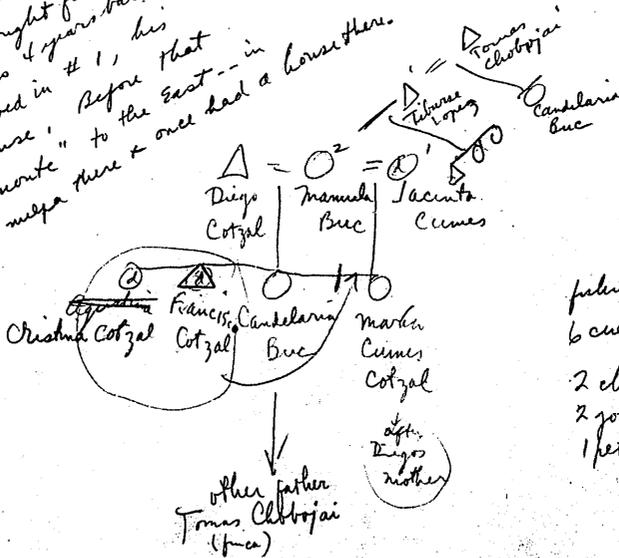
fish, crab, bats.
15 cords
3 jocote
1 lima
1 limon
2 xovitas
5 chickens



Diego Cotzal

Sta Catarina # 7

house originally owned by Ramos Cumes - long dead. Bought for 200 pesos by Diego 4 years back. Before that he lived in #1, his first wife's house. Before that he lived in the "monte" to the east -- in Sta Catarina; have meiza there & once had a house there.



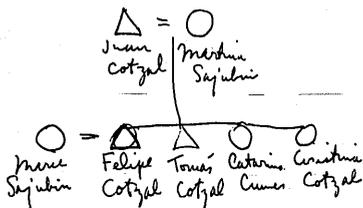
feeding, crabs, nuts
6 cuerdas meiza (west)
2 chickens
2 yocote trees
1 petate

Juan Cotzal

Sta Catarina # 85



74

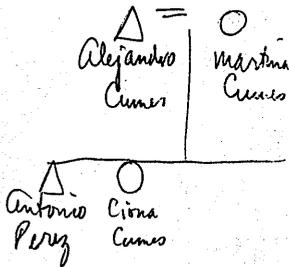
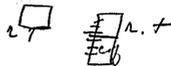


20 cords
 5 goats
 1 orange
 1 guinea pig
 8 gallinas

Alejandro Cumes

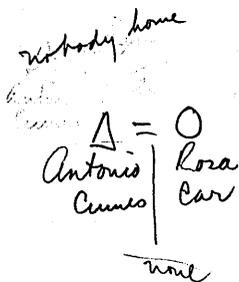
Sta Catarina # 55

new cog. Maria Concep



no fishing or mats.
 only milpa
 10 cords milpa
 1 horse
 1 cow
 4 chickens

(75)

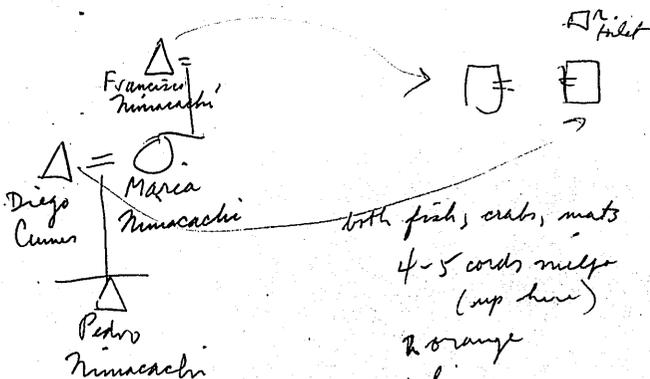


5-6 cords milpa
(up high)

2-3 jacote

15-20 coffee on
lake

(was Francisco's house)



Gaspar Cumes

Sta Catarina # 25

76

dead --- nobody lives here
family lives with his widow's mother

Gaspar Cumes

Sta Catarina # 82

see other

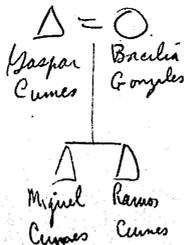
Gaspar Cumes

Sta Catarina # 5

Petate tree
(fruit)
(leaves in July + Aug)

n. mang

a.t.



now Tecpan selling jocote

mats (but not now)
fishing & coasts
5 cuerdas (west)
1 orange tree (here)
1 jocote tree
1 guajolote tree
7 chickens

Jorge Cumes

Sta Cabarina # 1

(77)

△^{50 n}

A  1

AT 

□^{chick}
n

△ = ○
Jorge Cumes | Candelaria Bec

△ Miguel Cumes
○ Mamele Cumes
○ Bernadina Cumes
△ Jorge Cumes
△ Cabelto Cumes

fish, crabs, mats
10 cords milpa (river)
3 jocote trees
1 orange tree
5 turkeys
3 chickens

Juan Cumes

Sta Catarina # 77

st  st thatch

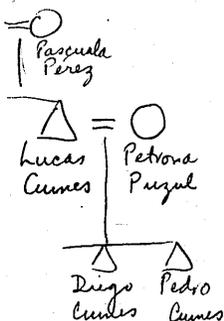
△ = ○
Juan Cumes | Juana Romales
△ Diego Cumes
△ Ramos Cumes
△ Antonio Cumes

mats only
10 cords milpa
1 lemon
1 jocote
2 orange (river)
1 chicken

Lucas Cumes

Sta Catarina # 2

78



rancho
 matiz [adobe
 + thatch
 n. chicken

once made mats
 fishing, crabs,
 10 cuerdos mague
 5-6 chickens on river shore
 2 orange trees (with 2
 other brothers)
 1 yacote tree

Martina Cumes

Sta Catarina # 81

see other

Nicolas Cumes

Sta Catarina # 40

finca (also 41)

Nicolas Gumes

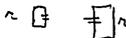
Sta Catarina # 41

finca (also 40)

79

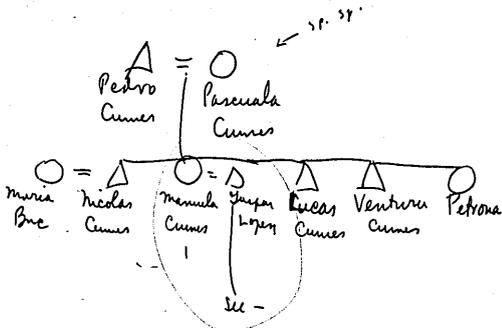
Pedro Gumes

Sta Catarina # 38



fish, crabs, mats
3 cords maize
up here

3 goats
1 guinea pig
5 chicks



Pedro Gumes

Sta Catarina # 42

?

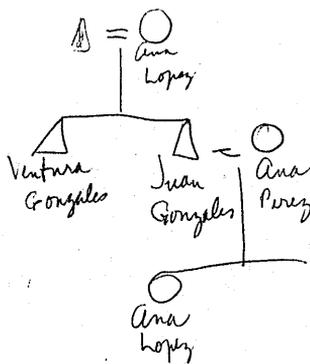
Pedro Gumes

Sta Catarina # 43

?

Juan Gonzales

St Catarina # 21



went today (both men) to Texpan to sell jocote.

Check

1.5 1.5

corn

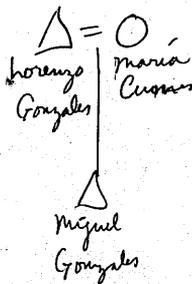
- fish, crabs, meat
- 10 cords, nearby
- 3 jocote
- 1 orange
- 1 pig
- 5 chickens
- 2 turkeys

Lorenzo Gonzales

Sta Catarina # 8

(Sindica)

tuna (cactus fruit)
(cactus)

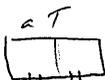


- fishing, crabs, meat
- 3 cords melpa
- 1 jocote tree
- 1 tuna
- 4 chickens

81

~~Victoria~~ Gonzales
Ventura

Sta Catarina # 64



fish, crabs, mats
3 cords melp

5 chickens

Ventura Gonzales

Sta Catarina # 20

see #21

Jose Joj

Sta Catarina # 61

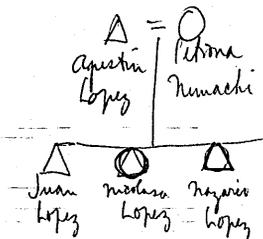
live in ~~some~~ ~~house~~
"finca" up in monte here

Agustin Lopez

Sta Catarina # 22

82

x 50
2-7

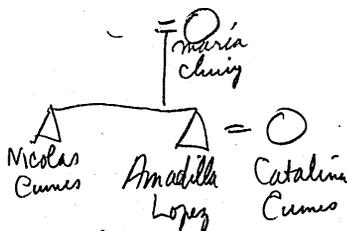


fish, crabs, mnts
 (rented land: owner
 in Panayachel)
 (Free Ground)
 no milpa
 20 coffee trees
 7

Amadilla Lopez

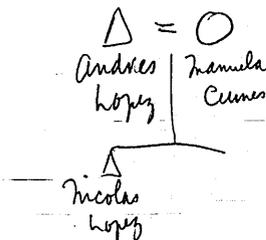
Sta Catarina # 28

rtr child

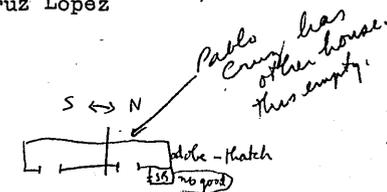


fish, crabs, mnts
 3 cords milpa, near skiff
 2 matagunas
 1 yacote
 1 quisquil
 1 chile
 6 chickens (2 small ones)
 6 small turkeys

4, 55 

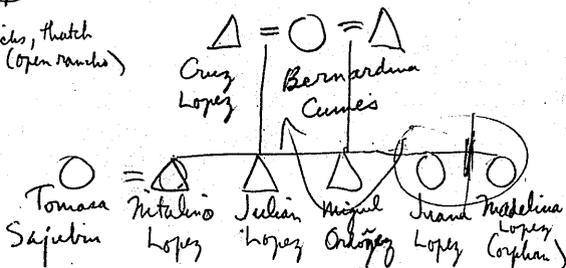


finca S. Lino Chipo
(here gone) for 2 weeks
no milpa
1 jojoba tree
3 chickens



~~She in other house, she~~
~~not in same line.~~

 sticks thatch
 sticks, thatch (open ramada)



did make potatoes,
fishes, but no more material
4 chickens

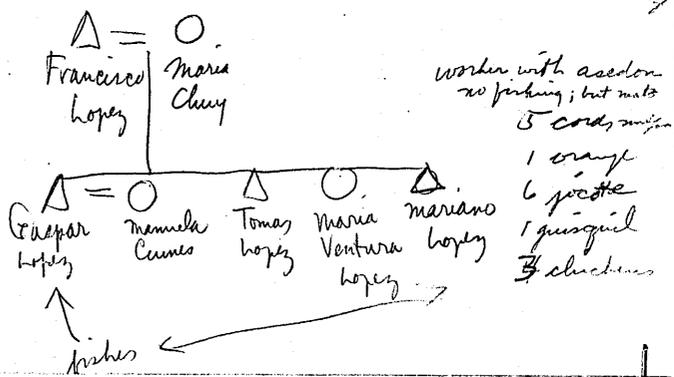
5 Cuerdas milpa (west)
1 orange tree
2 or 3 trees locate across the road

1 pig

Francisco Lopez

Sta Catarina # 24

84

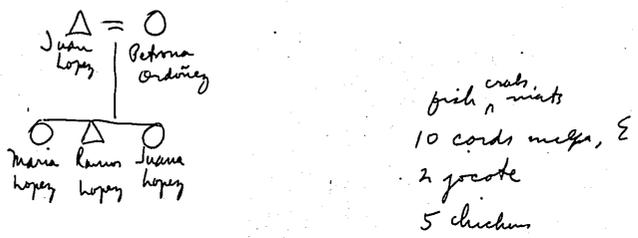
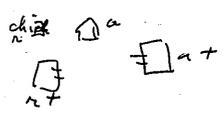


Francisco Lopez

Sta Catarina # 29

Juan Lopez

Sta Catarina # 39



Pablo Lopez

Sta Catarina # 13

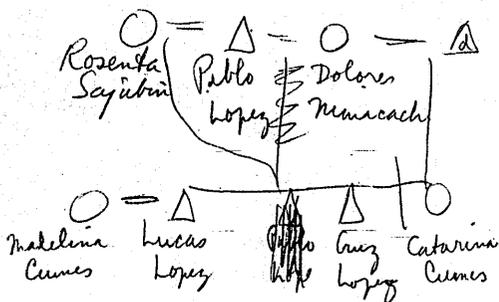
85

R. chick

TD

D

[] r.a.t.



- fish, crab, snails
- 10 cords milpa (S. Antonio)
- 1 yacate tree (rundes)
- 1 pitaje
- 6 chickens
- 1 pig

Pablo Lopez

Sta Catarina # 3

This now vacant.

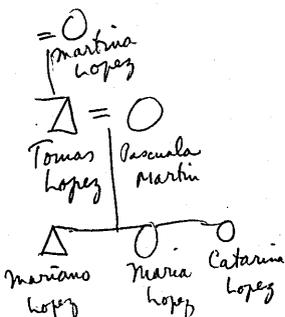
See #13.

Tomas Lopez

Sta Catarina # 14

86

a.f.
 dist.
 re.f.



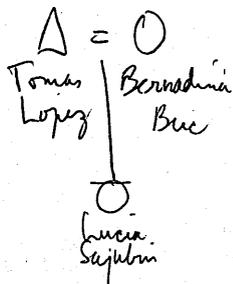
fish, crabs, mats
10 cords milpa
6 chickens
1 jocote tree
2 orange trees
1 quisquil

Tomas Lopez

Sta Catarina # 15

Tomas Lopez

Sta Catarina # 16 ?



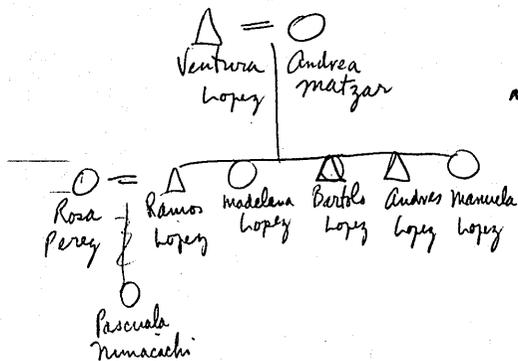
no fish -
2 cords milpa
1 jocote

muzo,
Finca S. B. Ventura

Ventura Lopez

Sta Catarina # 9

87

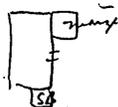


chickens
 a.t. \square a.t. \square \square r.t. \square
 a. sb \square
 bower \square

fish, crabs, mats
 10 cords melpa, clove
 1 cord of lake.
 4 picote trees (lake shore)
 1 orange tree
 1 guajuvil
 1 matayana
 1 tuna
 tecomate
 10 chickens

Diego Martin

Sta Catarina # 73



merchant of vegetables
 3-4 cords melpa
 up far
 2 orange

Francisco Martin

Sta Catarina # 74

△ = ○
Francisco Maria-
Martin Niendo
Nimacachi

manus
Nimico many
Nimico } a t
child } Nimico

no fish; merchant vegetable
3 cords milpa
up here, is longer
3 chickens

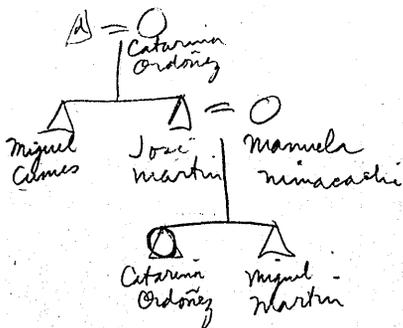
Jose Martin

Sta Catarina # 47

Martin
Cumes
see other

Martin-Cumes
Jose Martin

Sta Catarina # 17

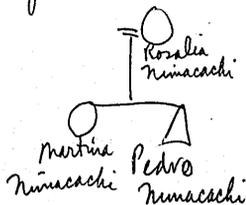


□
Jesica S. Luis Chuyoy
1 year.
Here for few
weeks,
but probably will
stay.
1 goat tree
2 chicks.

Locario Martin (owner)

(lives in - - - Adria Escondida)

Sta Catarina # 23

TO $\frac{1}{2}$ at \square 

fish, crabs, mats

6-7 cords m²pa
(west hill)

1 lime

1 orange

1 jocote

3-4 chickens

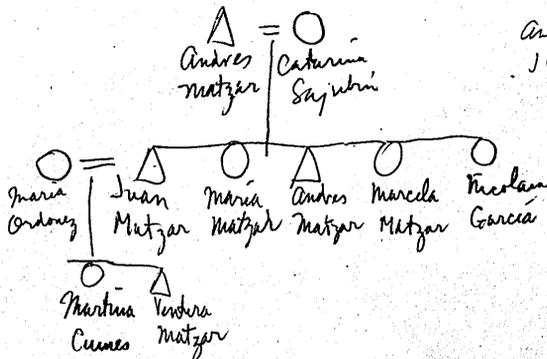
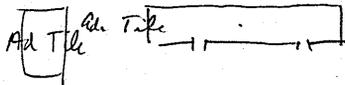
1 turkey

20 coffee trees

Andres Matzar

Sta Catarina # 46

(old coffee)



Andres: fish, crabs, mats

Juan: only agriculture

10 cords m²pa

(near Godinas)

2-3 jocote

90

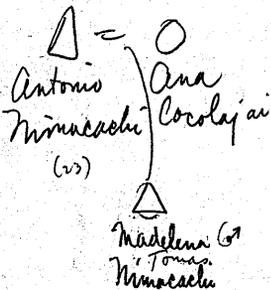
see other

Antonio Nimacachi
(above Alejandro Casas)

Sta Catarina # 35

clar

Family Manuel Sajon.
Antonio bought 5 yrs ago
for 500 pesos. (price)
Antonio has died



fish, crabs, mats

3 cords

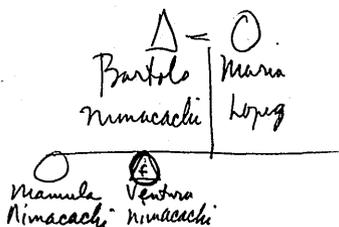
1 jocotes

to chickens

10

Bartolo Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 65



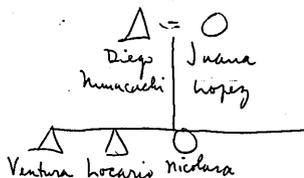
a 
 rancho 
 maize

(91)

no fishing, merchant of vegetables
 4 cords milpa
 1 sour orange
 7 chickens

Diego Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 31

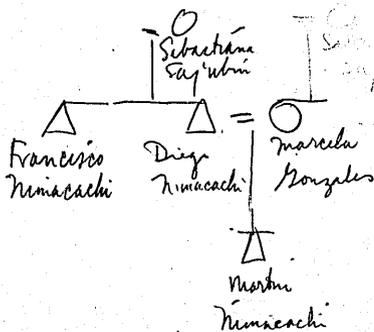



 A. 

fish, crabs, mats
 6 cords milpa, man
 2 locote
 1 orange
 1 guisquil

Diego Nimacachi 2^a

Sta Catarina # 6



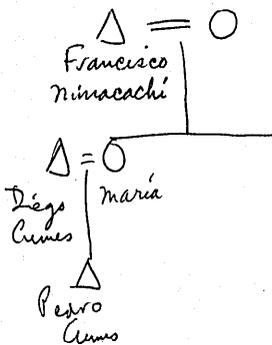
a.T. 



fish, crabs, mats
 2 cords milpa, road to Pan.
 2 locote trees
 2 orange trees on shore

Francisco Nimacachi
(next to Jose)

92



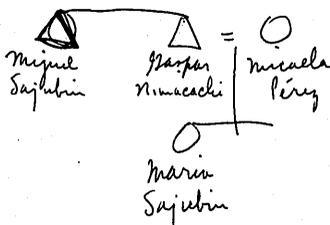
Gaspar Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 90

Not here for a year

Gaspar Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 83



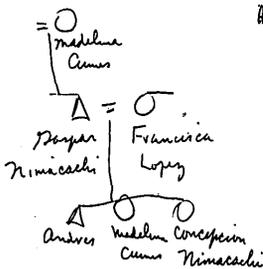
n. □ at
marje

fish, crabs, mats
8 cords melpa
1 jocote
1 orange
1 lemon

Gaspar Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 52

93

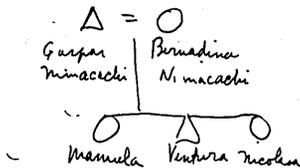


the Teepee
withing Jocate

fish, crabs, matts
 3 cords (near S hut)
 3 jocate
 1 quingil
 7 banana (young)

Gaspar Nimacachi

Sta Catarina #34

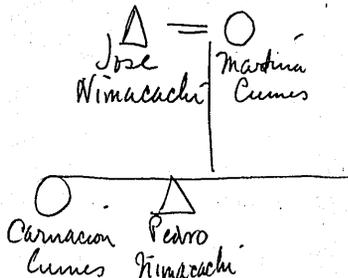


AT \square

10 cords milpa
 1 jocate
 6 chickens
 1 torato

Jose Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 58



\square chut
 chut
 rantele

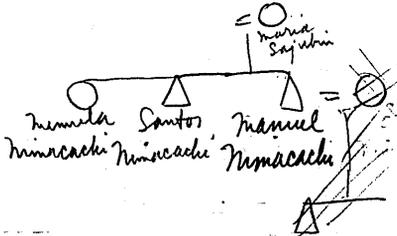
SB dt \square

\square rt

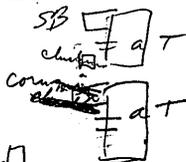
fish, crabs, matts
 4 cords milpa (ajhu)
 5 chickens
 1 jocate

Manuel Nimacachi

(Antonio Reyes owns property)



Sta Catarina # 80



94

5 chichus
5 mats
fish, also comere. 1
no milpa reserved

5 chichus

Marcos Sajubin

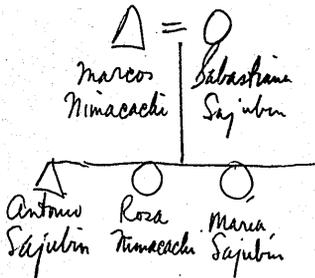
Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 51

see other

Marcos Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 44



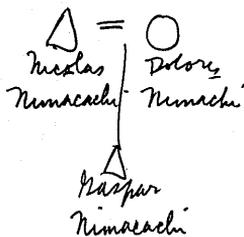
A.T.
chile
fish, crab, mats
3 cords (near S Port)
1 orange bitter
3 jocote
1 guisquil
1 chicken

Nicolas Nimacachi

(Antonio Cumez, owner)

95

Sta Catarina # 75

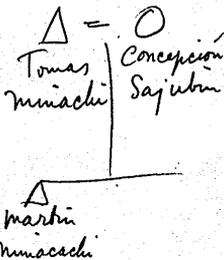
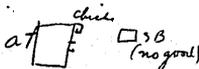


merchandise vegetable

2 cords milpa
up here

Tomas Nimacachi

Sta Catarina # 10

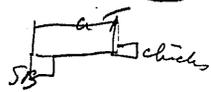


no fishing; mats
 6 cords milpa (lake shore East)
 2 orange trees
 1 matagana tree
 1 quinzil
 5 chickens

Eustachio Pablo

Sta Catarina # 63

(97)



△ = ○
 Eustachio Petrona
 Pablo Pérez

mats
 5-6 cords milpa
 (way up)
 1 lima
 13 chickens

Miguel Pablo
 (brother of Manuel Ramacachi)
 (house owned by Martina Lemes)

Sta-Catarina # 88

Fd r

△ = ○
 Miguel Ana.
 Pablo Ramacachi

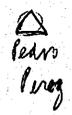
2 cords milpa (far up)
 1 guineal

Juana RRR Perez

Sta Catarina # 19



△ = ○
 Juana
 Perez
 △ = ○
 Lorenza Otelia
 Pérez Pérez



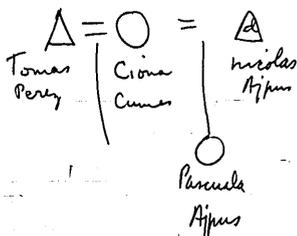
5 chickens
 6 cords milpa, above
 2 goats

Tomas Perez

Sta Catarina # 69

98

ring 



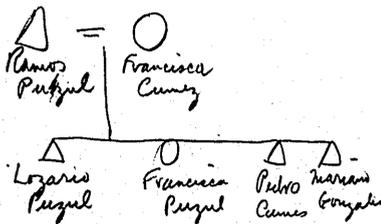
fish, crab, nuts
 10 cords milpa
 (near river)
 2 orange
 1 goat
 6 turkey
 7 chicken

Ramos Putzal
Putzal

Sta Catarina # 71

SB   rancho

trapcho  at #



no fish, but nuts
 6 cords milpa
 1 limon
 1 orange
 3 goat
 5 gallinas

Mariano Puzul

Sta Catarina # 18

finca S. Luis Chupel

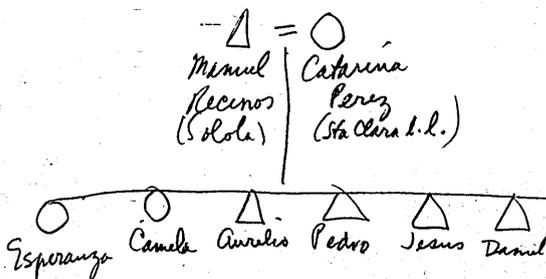
Antonio Ralon (Solola)

Sta Catarina # 30

nobody lives here; cantina for fiestas

Manuel Recinos

Sta Catarina # 45

hacienda

he is carpenter
 & works around.
 10 cords milpa
 (in cold country this)
 2 lemons
 1 orange
 1 lemon
 1 yuca
 1 guisquil
 12 chickens

Antonio Sajubin

100

Sta Catarina # 76

Antonio Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 53

a + []

Drinks

$\Delta = \bigcirc$
 Antonio Sajubin | Andrea
 Cumes

no fish; but mats
 4 cords ^{near} melpo (S. Ant)
 1 coffee
 1 jocote
 1 orange, 1 lime
 1 guisquil
 5 pigeons
 4 chickens

Antonio Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 72

3^a Receptor

[] must T
SB

$\Delta = \bigcirc$
 Antonio Sajubin | Carmacion
 Namacachi
 Antina
 Buc

fish, crabs, mats
 5 cords (exp here)
 2 jocote
 3 banana
 3 chickens
 fish

Antonio Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 48

[] re +

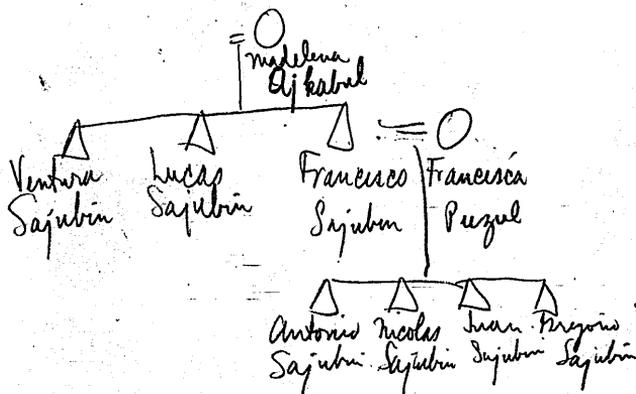
T.O. Dguzquil

$\Delta = \bigcirc$
 Antonio Sajubin | Haris
 Tay
 Pedro
 Sajubin

fish, crabs, mats
 3 cords (near S. Ant)
 1 jocote
 6 gallinas
 1 guisquil

Francisco Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 89

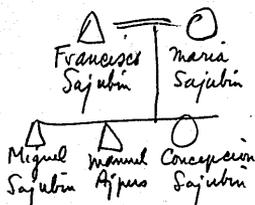


Juana Pérez
Bernardino Cuevas

4. T. chickens
fish, crab, mats
15 cords milpa
her 2 5 Ast
1 orange
1 orange sour
1 lemon
1 lemon
1 injerte
5 jocote
100 coffee
15 chickens
1 capol tree
2 mango trees

Francisco Sajubin 2

Sta Catarina # 06



a. T. chickens
fish, crab, mats
2 cords, 1/2 acre
1 jocote
2 chickens

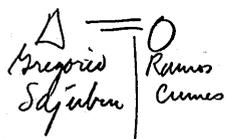
Gaspar Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 78

see other

Gregorio Sajubin

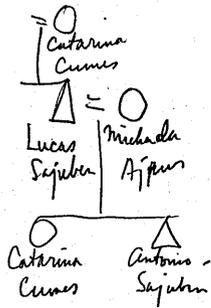
Sta Catarina # 62



fish, crabs, mats
 10 cords milpa
 (near + at S Ant)
 4 pocote
 2-3 coffee
 7 chickens
 1 pig
 1 torrito
 1 horse

Lucas Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 33



ad-T []

no fishing: milpa work
 8 cords milpa
 (near S. Ant)
 1 orange
 chile
 6 ~~chickens~~ turkey
 1 calf

Lucas Sajubin

See other

103

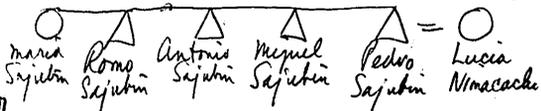
Sta Catarina # 49

Pedro Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 57

SB
milla

fish, crabs, mats

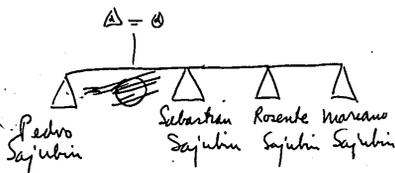


2 cords milpa

2-3 picotes

Pedro Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 86



SB
a.t.

going to Coast - S. Luis - Sat. Nov. 7

10 cords milpa
over hill

Still here Dec 26

Pedro Sajubin

Sta Catarina # 79

see other

Ramos Sajubin

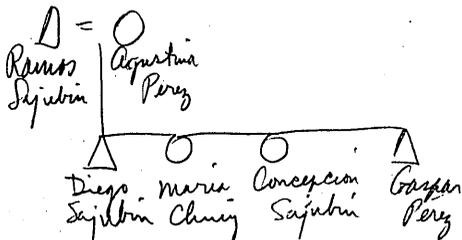
new cop. Sta Cat.

104

Sta Catarina # 54

58

 AT



fish, crabs, snails
 6 cords miapa (close)
 1 orange
 1 lime
 3 yocote
 1 quinquil
 5 chickens

Mariano Tax

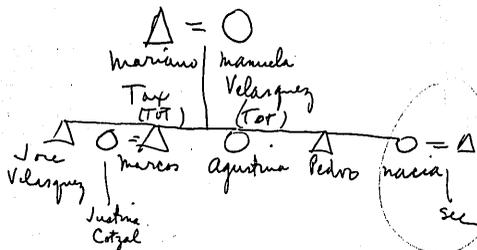
Sta Catarina # 70

married son

Mariano Tax

Sta Catarina # 67

AT  AT Tile 
 58



20 cords miapa
 5 yocote
 2 lemon
 5 orange
 12 chickens
 2 quinquil

Total 27 yrs here.

Sta Catarina #32

104a

I have other data for a map of Santa Catarina, including the elements of household groups (meaning sweat-baths, corn cribs, kitchens, toilets, etc.) and agricultural and horticultural lands, as well as architectural types. This material is not yet complete, and of course it will require a much larger map when it is put together.

Dec 4

Gertrude, busy as usual in the house, did not come along. We were met at the pier by a dozen men, including the Intendente. I talked with him while walking up to the plaza, and I said something like "Now the fiesta is over and life is back to normal; we can start to work now." He agreed, and I must say was as pleasant and cordial as ever. So was everybody when we came into the juzgado. The Secretary sat at his table, the Intendente at his, and I with half a dozen others around on the benches. After the usual pleasantries I suggested that we go out and do the households, work that had been interrupted by the fiesta (and which had always been undertaken willingly enough). The Intendente said all right, but seemed to be stalling considerably. He seemed quite worried about something.

Finally he voiced his worries to the Secretary. Maybe he shouldn't go with me because the people were saying bad things about what I was doing there, and about him for helping me. (I had several times suggested that I go with one or two other young men, but he had never permitted that). The

Secretary replied that I had brought a letter from the Jefe, so regardless of what people thought, he (the Intendente) would have to help me. There was considerable argument back and forth, the Intendente disconsolately trying to get out of things and the Secretary insisting that all power was on my side. To this everybody agreed, (I had meanwhile stayed discreetly in the background with mouth closed), and finally the Intendente got up and said, "All right, come on and we'll go to work."

At this point I called a halt myself. Cooperation by the town that is given not for pleasure but because of the force of authority, is worse for what we must do than nothing at all, I explained. Everybody agreed this was wisdom, and listened intently as I went on. "I understand that people are talking against my being around here and working; is that right?" Vigorous noddings of heads. "How many people?" All of them. "You too?" (to the Intendente); "No, of course not." "You?" (to the Sindico); "No." "You, you, you, you?" (to the others). No, none of them; but many of the others.

It will be seen from this diary that I have conscientiously refrained from rushing things here; many times I have come and just hung around, or talked, or (during the fiesta) drunk. I had met officials, alcaldes of cofradias, even Principales; I had given out many cigars and cigarettes, and some money, and had promised more. Yet with all this I had done very little work, had asked precious few questions; many times I thought I was being over-cautious, but I still did not rush things. And now this was my reward! I determined, in these few seconds, to try to pluck victory from apparent defeat; and I tried a brand new line of approach.

"I don't wonder that the people talk, and that they have no confidence in what I am trying to do," I said, "for I have never explained it to them. Now look: you always say you are poor here (assent, and reiterations of the fact). Why is the pueblo so poor? (answer, because there isn't enough land for milpa; lots of hills and barrancas, etc.). Very well, there isn't enough milpa, and you can't fish enough to earn a lot of money. But maybe we could find other sources of income. Now I have come here, and the Jefe and the President know that I have come here to make a complete study of the town. I want to learn how much milpa you have, and how much you earn; and also, how much you have to spend. Then we can see what is lacking. Furthermore, it may be that after we finish the study we can discover some means of making things better." (Signs of great interest). I was beginning, under the stress, of necessity, to get a few ideas, and throwing discretion to the winds, I warmed up to the subject.

"For example, look at those hills. There is good grass there, isn't there? Well, have you ever had any sheep here? Never? Well, I don't know, of course, for there may be some reason why it wouldn't work -- and that's why we must study everything first - but maybe you could get a few sheep here. Then they would grow in numbers and you could sell the wool." Everybody agreed that would be fine; but, they objected, they didn't know how to take care of sheep. "Of course not," I replied, "but you could be taught easily." They seemed pleased enough with the idea, so I fished quickly for another, and continued:

"Another thing. The oranges here aren't as good a class as those across the lake at Tzununá, are they?" No, they told me immediately, and



added that they didn't have many, either. "Well, I went on, "Maybe when I have made a thorough study of the land you have here, and what it is used for, we can find a way to have more oranges. Also, maybe we can get a better class of oranges. There are experts about these things in Guatemala, but they don't know anything about Sta. Catarina. Maybe when I finish studying here I can tell them what is needed and they can help you." Again they all assented, and I went on, becoming convinced myself:

"Now, also: the women here do very nice weaving. See how nice the material of your trousers is. Yet, isn't it true that they weave only for their own and your use? Why? If they would weave more, they could sell it to tourists for a lot of money. Do you know that more and more tourists - Americans are coming here - and that everybody likes to buy Indian textiles? They buy a lot at S. Pedro, and your things are as nice as theirs! (They like them because in the U.S. everybody wears the same clothes, and your different costumes are interesting to them). Well, why don't the women here make more? Because they haven't time, isn't it? Why don't they have time? Yes, because they spend a lot of time grinding corn.

"Now, maybe this wouldn't work out -- maybe the customs here wouldn't allow it - but if you had a corn grinding machine in the plaza, and had one man (doing service say for a week at a time, and changing off men) to run the machine; maybe the women could bring the nixtamal here and in a few minutes take home the masa for the tortillas."

One man broke in excitedly: "A machine like they have in Solola?" and the others joined in enthusiastically. But I dampened them with, "But maybe it wouldn't work; first we would have to study all the costumbres and

see about that. And maybe we could find a way. That's why we must first know all about the town." Everybody agreed to this; indeed, they were agreeing with everything, so I went on:

"Now all these are matters are matters of economics. And you see why I have to get a good census of everybody here, and what they all have and what they all do. But that isn't all; we have to study all the customs, because if I go later to talk to somebody about what is needed, and he asks me questions that I can't answer, he will think, "Why, this fellow doesn't know much; why should I trust what he says?"

"And maybe there will be matters about the school, and making lots of good improvements. All these things must be studied, even the cofradias and the fiestas. Or look at sanitation; you all use water from the lake for drinking and cooking; and you know (for you have told me) it is not clean. Now there is that little stream way up there, and it has nice clean water. If you could get that down here in a pila, you could all use it. It costs money for pipes, but maybe part of the way you could use stones and cement and when you got more money later you could extend the pipes. Later you might have another pila in that other part of town so the people wouldn't have to come so far; but best start small. Now, I don't know if this could be done; but after studying the town well maybe we could find some way."

Everybody was agreeably excited by this time and talking over details of these matters. Then I thought I had better try to explain my position a bit, and I told how a rich man had left a lot of money to study all the towns because he wanted to make the world better; and I was only like a mozo of the Company that was formed with his money, and went to school a long time to learn how to study towns well, and had now come down here to

do so. The President knows what we are doing, and is glad that we are doing it, and if I have something to tell him afterwards, he would probably listen. But of course I would have to learn all about Santa Catarina first or I couldn't very well go to him about anything.

At this the Intendente rose, and said, "Well, come on now and let's get started," and the others assented and seemed ready to pull me along with them. But I held back and said, "But the people won't like it until you explain to them. Perhaps we had better go over first and talk to Mariano Buc (the first Principal) and see what he says." In answer, they pointed out that in the first place Mariano undoubtedly was in his "monte" and not at home; and in the second place, it happened that this very afternoon the Principales were all meeting in the juzgado and the matter could be taken up then.

So without further argument, I went along with them. Before leaving there was some discussion as to whether the Intendente and Sindico should take along their staffs of office; finally, with glints in eyes, they determined to take these badges of authority.

What an exciting morning it now became! We started at one end of town and systematically went from house to house, where I took the names of the householders in geneological form, drew a map of the household buildings, and wrote down the amount of milpa, fruit trees, livestock, etc., etc., of each, as well as any special occupation.

The men would come to the patio with me (a half dozen young men remaining in the background) and briefly explain what I wanted, to the man

(if at home) or his wife. Then the Intendente would tell me, "go ahead and ask questions and write it down!" and I would do so. Generally, after two or three questions the poor householder would become suspicious or sullen, and then all of my companions would light into him properly! The gist of the calling down administered seemed to be, "You scoundrel, do you want to spoil the whole thing? This fellow was sent by the President to help the pueblo and he has to know these things in order to confer great benefits on all. What in the name of the saints do you mean by interfering, you civic slacker!"

Whatever it was that my friends said, it seemed to have a magical effect. The householder always brightened as if to say, "Oh, I hadn't understood," and apologized for having been an impertinent fool, and then turned to me with willingness spread all over his countenance. And indeed he was invariably a willing informant from then on, and on parting we seemed the best of friends and when I told him I should return (or if a woman, that Gertrude would come to visit her) the response was always very favorable. It is remarkable how much alike the reactions were.

On the part of my companions, there was intense cooperation. Several times when I neglected to ask something and was about to leave one of them would look at me as if I, too, were a slacker (or weren't doing my job well) and say, "How about chickens; you didn't ask?" and I would correct my error. Of course it is almost inconceivable that I could get misinformation with all these critics and I can't help but be sure that what I got was good. There was humour too, for when inquiring after livestock, somebody would be sure to mention the dog, and every time this elicited the same laughter.

As it happened, the last house I had time for in the morning (the Indians were egging me on to do more, but I knew that Gertrude would worry, and I promised to return right after lunch) was that of Mariano Buc. He was the first really important man we came to, and the approach was different. I offered him a cigar, which he refused on the grounds (with a slight smile) that he had never learned to smoke. The Intendente explained the situation. Mariano quietly argued for a ^{while} price, saying (as I gathered) that he couldn't understand why I should pick on Sta. Catarina, and not S. Antonio or Panajachel for example. I thought I would leave the matter to my defenders, and so kept quiet myself. They did well without me, and explained more and more. Finally, Mariano turned to me with a look on his face that said, "Oh well, if the children want to play this game, I don't care," and asked me what I wanted to know. We parted very cordially.

On the way back to the plaza, I told my companions that I am going to study the other towns too; that, in fact, I have done a little in Panajachel; and they agreed that one has to start somewhere.

I got back by two o'clock. At the juzgado the officials immediately started out with me and we covered another dozen households. It was about 4:30 when we got back to town (the process of the morning having been repeated) and in the juzgado I found that the Principales (who were to meet to send a telegram to the President objecting to the organization of a military unit) might not meet until much later. I thought it might be just as well if I were not around at the meeting, but before leaving the Indians I determined on a bold stroke.

~~113~~

I told them to tell the Principales that if they weren't anxious for me to study the village - with all possibly accruing benefits -- and would not cooperate fully -- I would not do it; I would go to some other town and not bother with Sta. Catarina. I said I would come in the morning to hear the answer.

I left rather apprehensive of my future in Santa Catarina, of course, and also a little doubtful about what would happen later if they did accept me (what with all the wild half-promises I made) but the fat was in the fire and the excitement of the day left me without many real regrets. Tomorrow will tell the answer to the first question....

anything untoward. Here a man, when we came up, was a bit challenging. He had apparently been brooding over night and had awaited our coming; now he said, "All right, but just tell me one thing. Why do you want all our names? Before I could answer, the boys had bombarded this civic slacker with abuse; but soon I got a chance to explain to him that I could not study the town without knowing the people, how many, whether male or female, etc., etc., and, I gave him many reasons. It appears that he had simply wanted to establish his independence of position or the rights of inquiry, for as soon as I answered he became very tractable and pleasant.

In another place a slightly humorous situation arose (by the way, the dog joke was still going strong). The old lady of the house was answering the questions. There were two houses; one solid, which, she explained, they used to sleep in; and the other a rancho without much in the way of walls. Trying to be agreeable and witty, I said (thinking of the cold nights), "Oh yes, that is all right to eat in, but hardly to sleep in." After a second's thought and some quick comments, everybody, including the woman, burst into roars of laughter, and from the comments I gathered they were thinking not in terms of temperature but of privacy. There was laughing for five minutes afterward, and we went in good spirits to the next house.

At another place, when I asked if the family owned a pig (as some do) the information was volunteered that it has recently been forbidden to own pigs because of lack of sanitary facilities. I then suggested that the town might erect a municipal pig-pen up in the hills nearby; that everybody who had a pig could then bring its food there, and that between them they could hire a boy, at negligible cost, to care for the pigs. They agreed this

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would be a splendid thing. Suggestions like this may not amount to anything, but I hope they create the effect of backing up my status as the Great Improver. At that, though, I see no reason why in some ways I cannot help do something for the town in the course of and as a result of my studies. It is clear to me now that (unless something happens) I am going to enjoy an enviable position here. I seem now to be accepted in the local arrangement of things; and I mean now to hold that position. Tomorrow is election day, and all men between 18 and 60 must go to Panajachel to vote. Saturday and Sunday are fiesta days in San Marcos, and I want to go there. But then, if possible, I want to devote all my time for several weeks anyway, to Santa Catarina. With the sort of cooperation (nay, nagging) I get here I should be able to get a lot done then.

December 9, 1935:

We left after lunch for Sta. Catarina. On the way we passed the McBryde's house and we saw McBryde wave to us, so I had the launch stop on their beach and asked if they cared to come with us. Finally Mr. and Mrs. McBryde did come along, and we got to our destination.

Only a lot of boys met us at the pier, but the Secretary was near by, and after introducing the McBrydes to him, we all went to the Plaza. There was nobody around, and we waited a minute and soon the Intendente came along. After the usual introductions we went into the Juzgado. The Intendente didn't seem as cordial as usual, but at the same time he looked either ill or tired, and at last I concluded this was all that was the matter. It appears that the town is working on the road (towards Panajachel) and the Intendente had been going back and forth all day. Meanwhile, all the other officers were busy over there and that accounted for the desertion of Plaza and Juzgado.

When I went into the Juzgado, I went alone. McBryde immediately wanted to climb a mountain and take a picture of the town; at the same time

I asked him to take some elevations for me. Mrs. McBryde went with him. Gertrude, meanwhile, went to visit her friends, and later came to join me.

One regidor came in while I was there, and we all talked together. I said that the Intendente seemed a bit estranged from me, and I was worried that it might be because I had neglected Sta. Catarina for two days (or I might be flattering myself there!). Indeed, one of the first questions the Intendente asked was where I had been and why I hadn't come. I answered, and truthfully, that I had gone to San Marcos for the fiesta. They knew nothing about San Marcos, and asked me about the doings. I described the fiesta from beginning to end, and they showed medium interest. I was able to get some comparisons, anyway, because the Intendente said again they do not drink atol here; and he said that there is no such formality about the dancing -- that both men and women dance, but all at the same time, and just anybody, not only the cofrades.

In the Intendente's condition I did not want to take him around to the households, and I did not want to leave him to go alone. So we discussed several matters: I told them what I thought ought to be done about the pigs. From that we went on to the question of municipal finances. It appears that the municipality spends some \$6.00 a month (\$3.00 on the Secretary's salary, one on that of the Inspector of Sanitation, \$2.00 on monthly reports and office expenses), and that the income is derived almost entirely from fines (a dollar for a second offense). This month they will get about \$2.00 extra income from the branding of livestock. The town has just gotten a brand, and hereafter all cattle and horses must be branded, at a cost to the owner of 25¢. The brand is .

I asked what work prisoners who cannot pay their fine do, and it appears that they do such things as clean the plaza. I suggested that they might be put to profitable work (perhaps even make mats, the proceeds from which would go to the municipality) and this seemed a good idea to them. I hope nobody thinks I take these numerous suggestions of mine too seriously; some of them I may press later, but most of them pass out of their minds I know, and no loss, and I shan't mention them again. The water business really interests me: it is most important, and I think the Indians realize it fully. I decided to take advantage of the presence of McBryde and investigate more thoroughly.

One episode in the juzgado was amusing. The sindico came in and sat in his usual place next to the Intendente. We had some peanuts along and Gertrude put a few handfuls on the table (rather in front of the sindico than the Intendente) before them. The sindico started to munch one, and the Intendente hesitated, probably wondering if this pile were meant for both or if he was going to get a share too. Deciding he was not, he took a peanut too, and then, after some consideration, reached over and divided the pile into two parts -- actually counting them out (and not forgetting to distinguish between single and double peanuts).

The McBrydes came back about this time. I explained to him what I wanted to do, and he acquiesced. Then I told the Intendente, and told him he didn't have to come along if he was too tired. He didn't come. We walked up the road to the river, where we met two Indians and told them we were going up to examine the source. They started with us, but dropped out when we began the really hard part of the climb. Up beyond the village another Indian was working in his fields, and he joined us, and the three

went up. It was a very difficult climb, and there were places with no footholds and only weeds to hang onto. Finally we came near to the little waterfall which seems the best place to start a water-way.

We saw then that the water is separated from the slope towards town by a barranca, and it would probably have to be piped around this. Possibly then a cheap aqu duct could be built down to where the houses begin, where pipes would again be advisable. It appears that if pipe costs even 5¢ a foot, the minimum cash expenditure would have to be some \$50.00.

On the way down again we were very thirsty, with of course no drinkable water in sight. I noticed, as we came to town, an orange tree in one house, and the owner was there. I said, "Are those oranges good to eat?" And he said Yes. "Gosh, I'm thirsty," I hinted. He looked blank. "Are you the owner of that tree?" Yes. "Could you give us a few oranges?" Blank expression. I got a half-penny out and gave it to him, asking for oranges, and then he sent his little boy up the tree. We finally got half a dozen. We weren't robbed, but I am sure this wouldn't have happened in San Marcos. In the first place I'd have felt free to go to the tree and take an orange; in the second, a hint would have been enough to bring me some; in the third, money wouldn't have been accepted.

We found Gertrude and Mrs. McBryde in the Ajpus patio, eating guaves and jocotes that the girls had given them (they being better chiselers than we). After resting a minute, I reported to the Intendente, and told him we would be here at 7 A.M. for hard work tomorrow and every day thereafter. He said he had appointed a regidor to go with me -- one who knows Spanish.

-███-

Gertrude had been talking to the school-mistress in the course of the afternoon; and she was told that in the five years of that woman's residence there had been three big plagues in town. The disease was not malaria; well people were stricken and dead in a few days. The schools had been ordered closed and, she said, she had fled to Panajachel.

McBryde measured the altitude of the highest house, and found it to be just 115 feet above lake level. I made a very lucky estimate, then, when I made my map -- for I placed the highest contour-line at just 115 feet...

December 10, 1935: There was nothing to delay us this morning, and we got to Sta. Catarina before 7 o'clock. I shall henceforth omit references to our receptions, which are now always the same at Santa Catarina -- a dozen boys and young men at the pier.

At the juzgado I found the Intendente about to open his office for the day. The síndico and the regidores were not around, because they had gone to the S. Antonio road to do some repairing. The roads are supposed to be fixed up by the end of the year. In the "old days" (up to this year) the new alcalde took office on New Year's day, and course of/he expected to find things in good condition. This year I think the regidores, etc., will change, but not the Intendente.

After a short time I said I would like to continue with the households, and the Intendente and two others came with me. The regidor who was promised me was out on the road-work. (I think I had better try an indelible pencil instead, with apologies).

It took four hours for us to complete the job, but I am fairly satisfied that I have now a complete census not only of all the people in the town but their important-material possessions. In only one case did we get an argument; and then by the look on the woman's face I judged she was making trouble for the fun of it. My friends called her down in the usual way and there was no difficulty. I might mention that the Intendente doesn't seem to go about this work with any more pleasure than other work now. The novelty has worn off, and though he is willing, he is not excited.

On page ⁶³ I wrote that the Indians said the santos would be taken back to the cofradías the day after. This was an error, for the santos are still in the church. I came to the new cofradías and saw that santos were missing, and I was now told that they would be brought in about a week. For the first time now I learned positively that after the titular fiesta here, both the cofradías change memberships (and houses). The new houses are not yet fixed up, so the santos have not been brought. It is interesting that this town, which has (a) Santa Catarina in church, (b) Santa Catarina cofradía, and (c) María Concepción cofradía, should have

but one fiesta for all, but it is a fact. That both cofradías should be changed proves that the last fiesta was for Concepción too.

Now that the household cards are more or less complete, I may present summaries of data. The following applies to the town itself. Just what, if anything, is contained in the rest of the municipio, I do not yet know. I have accounted for every building that I can see, and I am confident I have all in the part of the municipio that I have mapped.

Of the 90 households (or house-groups rather) that appear on the map (p. 93), 29 are unoccupied at present, for one reason or another, but there are two households which I missed on the map, one occupied by a Tomas Lopez and the other by Miguel Pablo. The total of occupied households is therefore 63. One of these is ladino, and in addition there are the ladino families of the school master and the school mistress. A statistical population summary follows:

-2-

SANTA CATARINA
STATISTICAL POPULATION SUMMARY

	Total	Indians	Resident Ladinos	Teachers'
Number of persons.....	308	293	8	7
Number active households.....	65	62	1	2
Average persons per household	4.74	4.72	8.0	3.5
Households with 10 persons....	1	1		
" " 9 "	2	2		
" " 8 "	2	1	1	
" " 7 "	7	7		
" " 6 "	9	9		
" " 5 "	12	12		
" " 4 "	13	12		1
" " 3 "	11	10		1
" " 2 "	8	8		
Number of Males	164	156	5	3
Number of Females	144	137	3	4
Married	136	132	2	2
Single	154	144	6	4
Widowed	18	17		1

Most of the men engage in fishing and crabfishing, as well as in the making of mats. In addition they have their fields in which to work; and when they are not otherwise occupied most of them find work on ladino milpas in surrounding towns.... The women do work only for the needs of the family and thus earn no money. The following table leaves out the milpa of the household and tells how many get their cash income especially from various sources. The fractions are due to the fact that some households have their energies divided.

SANTA CATARINA
SOURCE OF INCOME

Source of Income	Total Households	Indians	Resident Ladinos	Teachers
(Total Households)	65	62	1	2
Fishing	13.42	13.42		
Crabfishing.....	13.17	13.17		
Mat making.....	17.91	17.91		
Carpentry.....	1.00		1	
Salary (by government).....	2.00			2
Merchants (vegetables).....	4.50	4.50		
Labor.....	13.00			

Actually, no less than 45 out of the 62 Indian households engage in the water industries (fishing, crabfishing, and mat making.) The 45 are split in the table to indicate the relative spread of each. In the other 18 households, the men "no saben" these arts. Most everybody has milpa, however, as follows:

SANTA CATARINA
MILPA

Milpa	Total Households	Indians	Ladino Residents	Teachers
(Total Households)	65	62	1	2
Total Number Cords.....	401	391	10	0
Average cords per household...	6.0	6.3	10.0	0
Households with 16-20 cords	2	2		
" " 11-15 "	5	5		
" " 8-10 "	16	15	1	
" " 5-7 "	13	13		
" " 1-4 "	22	22		
" " 0 "	7	5		2

A cord ("cuerda") measures 30x30 "varas," and a vara is 33 inches. The milpa-land is very limited, therefore (in Chichicastenango the average is 2 or 3 times as much, I estimate). But, aside from the fishing (which furnishes food as well as cash income) there are fruit trees which help to round out the food supply:

SANTA CATARINA
FRUIT TREES

	Total Households	Indians	Resident Ladinos	Teachers
(Total Households)	65	62	1	2
Jocote (No. of trees).....	105	104	1	0
Average no. per household..	1.6	1.7	1	0
Households with 4-6 trees..	6	6		
" " 2-3 "	22	22		
" " 1 "	21	20	1	
" " 0 "	16	14		2
Orange, Lime, Lemon (no. trees)	62	58	4	0
Average no. per household....	1	0.9	4	0
Households with 4-7 trees....	3	2	1	
" " 2-3 "	14	14		
" " 1 "	16	16		
" " 0 "	32	30		2
Other Fruit (banana, giusquil, etc)				
No. trees.....	44	43	1	0
Average no. per household.....	0.7	0.7	1	0
Households with 8 trees.....	1	1		
" " 4 "	2	2		
" " 2-3 "	5	5		
" " 1 "	16	15	1	
" " 0 "	41	39		2

Six households grow some coffee. Of these, one has about a hundred trees and three have 20 trees each. The others have one and two respectively. All are Indians.

There are a few animals in town. Besides the Secretary's horse one Indian has one. There are 6 cattle distributed in 5 households (Indian) and four Indians have a pig each. One Indian has 5 pigeons nicely caged, but chickens and turkeys are more plentiful:

Fowls	Total Households	Resident		
		Indians	Ladinos	Teachers
(Total Households)	65	62	1	2
Chickens (total number)	270	258	12	0
Average per household	4.2	4.2	12	0
Households with 10-15	7	6	1	0
" " 5- 9	24	24	0	0
" " 1- 4	17	17	0	0
" " 0	17	15	0	2
Turkeys (total number)	31	31	0	0
Households with 1-6	7	7	0	0
" " 0	58	55	1	2

While I was spending my time getting this household information, Gertrude was with her friends here and there. Let her write her own account:

I was in the plaza near the boys' school and talked to the secretary, who is also the school-teacher. (His wife's name is also Gertrudis - diminutive is Tula - and he says he knows of no other Gertrudis in the vicinity of Solola.) The secretary-school-teacher gets \$8 per month for teaching

school and \$3 from the pueblo for his secretarial services. School wages are now four months in arrears.

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday each child in school (girls, too) has to bring five pieces of leña for use in the teacher's home. Dona Carlota, school-mistress, complains that her girls (16) are malcriadas; they make five pieces of leña out of one and bring slivers. Each child comes into the schoolroom with his five pieces, sits down on the bench and places the wood in front of him on the floor, so that the teacher can check up. They have to go far into the monte for leña as the village has none; there are only fruit trees, which the people, of course, wouldn't touch.

Whenever a child stays out of school for any reason other than sickness, there is a fine of 1¢ per day. This is paid in money, eggs, fish, leña. Playing sick is very common.

In the boys' school Antonio Sajubin (son of Marcus Nimacachi) is brightest-looking and most advanced. Agustina Tax, daughter of the Totonicapan Taxes, is the outstanding pupil among the girls. Her sewing (simple hemstitching on cheap yellow muslin) will probably be judged best when the school examiners come around in February.

Besides his salary, the secretary gets from the village: the semanera (the school-mistress used to be given a semanera, too, until about a year ago), one quintal of maiz each month, twelve pounds of frijoles and two pounds of salt per month, chile, leña, feed for his horse, and fruit. To make up the required maiz, each household has to contribute seven almules (the eighth part of a quintal, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; there is a Spanish measure called

almud, the twelfth part of a fanega, a dry measure comparable to our bushel) of maiz each year. This figures to about $4\frac{1}{2}$ times too much corn according to our count of households. For the frijoles the ten alguaziles and the two mayores pay 2¢ apiece each month. For purchasing the other things money is taken from the village treasury which has raised most of its money through fines imposed on second offenders who are jailed. The women of the village very often fight among themselves, are reported, and put in the carcel. Their husbands are obliged to pay the fines for them.

I suggested that the Indians must be too poor to pay such fines in money; the secretary denied it saying they are rich! Before the fiesta of Sta. Catarina he kept asking the Intendente why he didn't buy a new shirt, and the Intendente said he had no money, that he was too poor. Then, when the Intendente was drunk during the fiesta, he gave the secretary a pile of money to count for him, some twelve dollars in all, something he would never have done in sober moments. The Indians go out at night for fish and crabs, and then go to the markets to sell. They spend very little on food for themselves. In this village they live almost entirely on tortillas and tamalitos with chile or just with salt, and they usually drink water instead of coffee. They don't care at all about having nice clothes, either. Back to the subject of the Intendente's shirt, he finally did buy one, but only after the Jefe had scolded him for wearing his dirty, tattered one when called to the Jefetura one day.

The secretary thinks that because the Indians live so poorly in Sta. Catarina they have no resistance against disease. He says that two years ago (before he came, but apparently in the records) during a pestilence the town lost 181 people in one month.

I finally left the secretary and walked over to the Ajbus home where I found that my friende Manuela and Tomasa had gone to the monte for leña. A woman passed leading a little boy whose head was bound up and whose shouldere were covered by a blanket. They were going to the school to pide licencia for the boy to stay out of school today because of illness. As they passed, Jose Luis, 12-year old son of Dona Carlota, whispered to me that it's all a fake, that the boy was playing around this morning, head unbound.

Soon Manuela and Tomasa Ajbus came home and I welcomed them to their patio. I told them that little Juana Lopez had been there and had kept asking me for dulce, but that Maria, their younger sieter, had not been so malcriada. Manuela assured me that there are many such bad children in town, but that they themselves (the three sisters) are never so. Were I a relative stranger to them, and they visitors to a nearby house where I happened to be, there might be a different story. As it is, they are most hospitable and friendly.

Catarina Cumes, the present semanera, is the most pleaeant and affectionate girl I have met here; she is always laughing and jabbering. She touchee my hair, neck, arms, and comes to me every chance she gets. She speake not a word of Spanish and underetande very little. We communicate by signs and get along pretty well.

Manuela Ajbus wants to weave a huipil for me. She says it is a two-months job, that she will charge \$2 if I furnish the thread. I told her I would have to consult el señor before making the contract. . . .

Afternoon and evening were spent at home working over the statistics and in putting them in the order presented.

December 11: The Intendente, a couple of alguaziles and a regidor sat and talked with me in the corridor of the juzgado. The sendico and others were off working on the road again. In getting the political organization I ran into difficulties (due to the Indians lack of Spanish) on anything but very concrete information. I obtained the names of the officials, therefore, which I present:

Principales: 1^a Mariano Buc
2^a Andres Coccolajai
3^a Juan Matzar
4^a Jose Angelbuc*
5^a Ventura Lopez
In order 6^a Ventura Gonzales
of rank 7^a Mariano Tax†
8^a Cruz Lopez
9^a Alejandro Cumes
10^a Tomas Lopez
11^a Andres Matzar
12^a Ramos Sajubin
13^a Pablo Lopez
14^a Pedro Cumes
15^a Ramos Puzul

*The Alcalde we met last April and gave a watch to.

†A native of Totonicapan, apparently accepted here now.

Municipal officers:

Intendente...	Miguel Ajpus	Alguaziles 1 ^a	Nicolas Cumes
Sindico	Lorenzo Gonzales	" 2 ^a	Jose Tax
Regidor 1 ^a ..	Bartolo Ordóñez	" 3 ^a	Madelina Lopez (r)
" 2 ^a ..	Tomas Nimacachi	" 4 ^a	Francisco Nimacachi
" 3 ^a ..	Antonio Sajubin	" 5 ^a	Pedro Cumes
" 4 ^a ..	Francisco Lopez	" 6 ^a	Tomas Martin
Mayor 1 ^a ..	Diego Nimacachi	" 7 ^a	Miguel Ordóñez
" 2 ^a ..	Lucas Sajubin	" 8 ^a	Antonio Cumes
		" 9 ^a	Antonio Sajubin
Secretary:	Jose Leon Santiso Vasquez	" 10 ^a	Bernadine Sajubin

Church officers:

Sacristan 1 ^a	Marcos Nimacachi	Chajal 1 ^a	Mariano Lopez
" 2 ^a	Francisco Cumes	" 2 ^a	Francisco Nimacachi
Fiscal 1 ^a	Jorge Cumes	" 3 ^a	Manuel Nimacachi
" 2 ^a	Juan Lopez	" 4 ^a	Sabastian Sajubin

Semineras: Manuela Nimacachi
 Catarina Cumes
 Lozaria Patzul
 Martina Sajubin
 Manuela Ajpus
 Pascuala Ajpus

OFFICE	COFR. Sta. Catarina		COFR. Maria Concepcion	
	1934-1935	1935-1936	1934-35	1935-1936
Alcalde	Andres Matzan	Ramos Sajubin	Ventura Gonzales	Alejandro Cumes
1 ^a Mayordomo	Juan Cotzal	Francisco Martin	Francisco Lopez	Gregorio Sajubin
2 ^a "	Nicholas Nimacachi	Gaspar Nimacachi	Nicolas Cocalajai	Diego Cotzal
3 ^a "	Gaspar Sajubin	Ramos Lopez	Gaspar Nimacachi	Mario Lopez
4 ^a "	Diego Cumes	Pedro Sajubin	Antonio Nimacachi	Lucas Lopez
1 ^a Textil	Miguel Pablo	Gaspar Cumes 2 ^a	Eustachio Pablo	Antonio Sajubin
2 ^a "	Gaspar Cumes 1 ^a	Gaspar Nimacachi	3 ^a Pedro Cumes	Andres Lopez

The Principales don't change -- except at death; I could not discover what happens then. The municipal officers used to change on January 1. Now the Intendente has an indefinite term (as far as he knows) and there is rumor that the rest will change March 15 instead of January 1. I suspect these will change January 1st, however, and we have not long to wait to see. The semineras seem to have an indefinite term of "office." The cofrades change with the fiesta of November 25th.

After failing to get more than this, I turned to kinship terms, thinking that with 4 or 5 present I might get some results. It wasn't long, however, until we were hopelessly in the deep and I saw it was no use. I would like to have had one man alone to get his genealogy; in lieu of that I picked a bright looking young alguazil by name of Pedro Cumes and tried to get his right there. I know him well and I thought I would

have no difficulty. I found that beyond the boy's grandparents neither he nor the others could tell me much, but considering the death rate here I suppose that is not surprising -- and, besides, I have found that common in this country. When it came to his first cousin's, Pedro professed ignorance, and I had to chide the information out of him by telling him I knew the answers (which I do) and was only examining him. I paused after getting a father's sister's daughter's son's name to ask "What is this boy Martin Nimacachi to you" and then, "What do you call him" and so on, and try as I might I could not make him understand. At about this time, the Secretary came to the Plaza leading two horses from the Lake to the monte, and the Intendente assigned Pedro to help him. Before I knew it my informant had run off and I had only my lip to bite.

After this failure I went into the juzgado with the officials, and somebody began an argument on how rich Americans are. I told them, in answer, how expensive things at home are, and this led to a comparison of prices. In the presence of all, I took a weekly budget from Miguel Ajpus: He has a family of 5, all just about full grown, and they seem to use up the following, besides lake-food and fruit that does not have to be bought, in a week:

42 lbs corn, which now costs31 $\frac{1}{2}$
12 lbs beans, at .01 a lb now.....	.12
4 ounces of chile.....	.03
1 lb salt.....	.02
1 lb lime (to prepare the <u>nixtimal</u>)....	.01
1 lb of coffee.....	.05
1 "tapa" penela.....	.08
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar.....	.02 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs meat (average).....	.07 $\frac{1}{2}$
10 rolls of white bread, at .01.....	.10
1 or 2 bunches onions (average).....	.03
1 or 2 lbs potatoes (average).....	.04
Garlic.....	.02 $\frac{1}{2}$
Either 2 or 3¢ o cote or <u>kerosene</u>02 $\frac{1}{2}$
<u>Total</u>	.94 $\frac{1}{2}$ per week.

for the family of five. Since the milpa produces some corn and beans for use during the year, there are weeks in which the total is less. All present insisted that nothing more is bought to eat; a few, but very few, use chocolate; and for fiestas only are candles, incense, and cacao beans used. During holy week chocolate and honey are consumed. I imagine the average expenditure over the year on food is about 20¢ a week (or about \$10 per year) per adult.

Fish and crabs are a source of food as well as income. The Indians go out in canoes at night, and with good luck they get as many as 25 ensartas (sets of 4 crabs each) which they sell at 2¢ per ensarta. In Tecpan they may get from 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ to 3¢ depending on the competition. But then they have to spend some money on the road. What they get is not pure profit anyway, for an Indian spends 5¢ to rent the canoe and uses up 5-6¢ worth of ocote (torch).

Herbs are a source of food when they are in season. The commonest are pichajol, chipilini, nabo, colinabo, hierbamora, and imbledo.

In the course of further conversation I learned that the pueblo owns 4 manzanas (of 30 cuerdas each, I think) that anybody can cultivate. A few poor people do use this land.

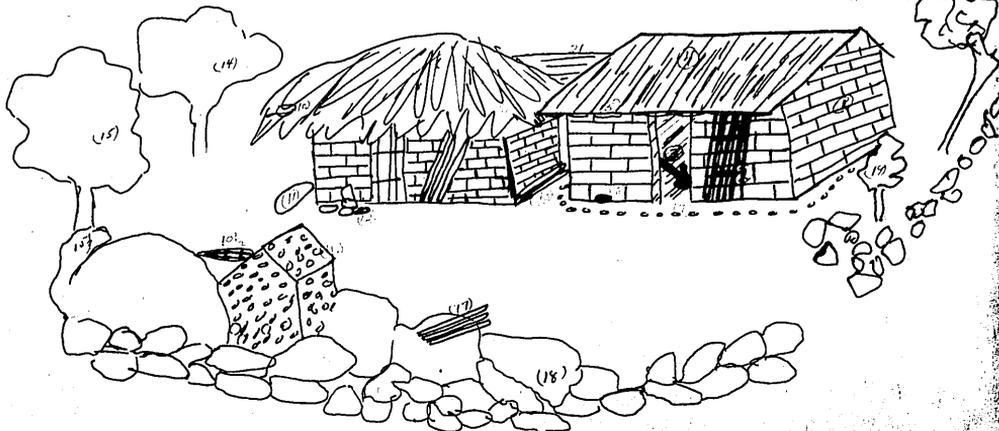
As for population, there are 5 local families living on a little finca, called Xepec and owned by a Sta. Lucia Indian, in the confines of this municipio, "up above". The owner is Jose Joj and there are some ten or twelve in his family. The local Indians living there with their families are:

1. Diego Nimacachi (with 2 sons, one married)
2. Pedro Patzul
3. Bartolo Nimacachi
4. Nicolas Nimacachi
5. Pedro Nimacachi

The other mazos there are from S. Andres and elsewhere. But these five must be added to the census.

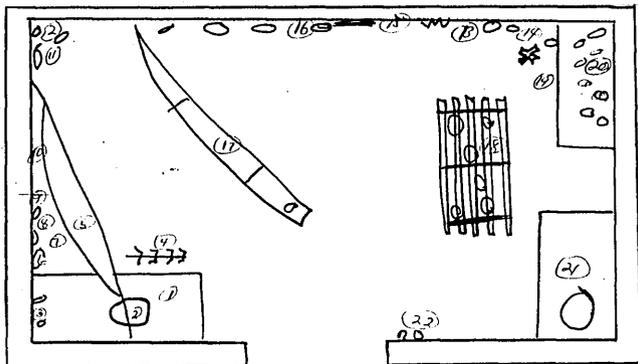
Dec. 12.... As soon as we arrived in Sta. Catarina, I told the Intendente I wanted to make inventories of what is in the houses, and that we may as well start with his. Gertrude came along, and of course she is on good terms with the Ajpus girls, who were in and out all morning. After awhile Miguel got into the spirit of things and before the morning was over we had "done" his house inside and out and learned a few things in the doing.

First of all, the following is a sketch of the house group:



1. The dwelling house; adobe.
2. A door, made of canes, now "open".
3. The open doorway; Manuela weaving.
4. The thatch-roof; 8 yrs old and getting bad.
5. The tin of gasoline botes used on eaves.
6. A cow hide, stiff and just lying.
7. Stones neatly around house. Inside lower.
8. The other house, a run-down place now used for lena, poles, chickens.
9. The thatch-roof, broken and sagging.
10. A pot, apparently just left there.
- 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. A likbaltfe for catching fish.
11. A large pot.
12. 2 old crab-baskets
13. Large poles, just lying there.
14. Jocote tree
15. Orange tree (15 $\frac{1}{2}$) guisquil tree with arbor.
16. Sweat-house; stone and mortar
17. Another pile of poles
18. Stone wall (loosely packed)
19. Guisquil tree
20. Jocote tree
21. Neighboring house-roof.

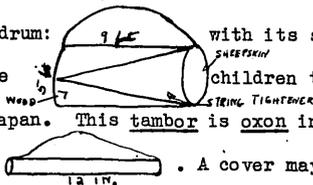
There are a lot of old pots, old fish nets, and old baskets strewn around the outside. There seems no other place to put worn-out things. The inside of the dwelling house looks like:



1. A wooden bench, covered with a Rabinal mat; the bed of Miguel and Manuel.
 2. The one blanket used at night. 3. Extra clothes of Miguel: pillow. 4. A pole suspended from the ceiling, on which some 50 cobs of corn are hung.

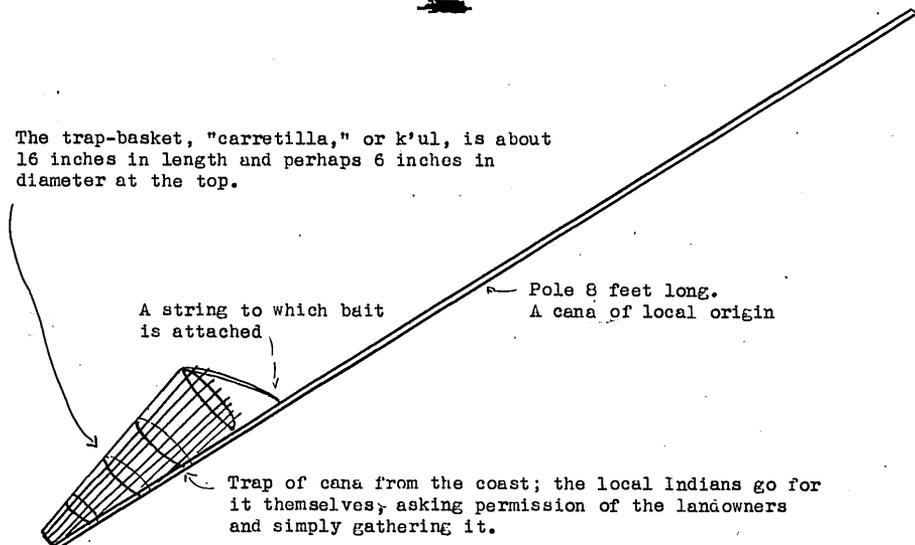
They are from last year, Miguel's new crop not yet being in. 5. A regular undecorated net-rope hammock (from Rabinal, I think) used for resting purposes. 6. A clever little toy drum:

with its stick; this was bought in Solola for 25¢ for the children to play with; but it probably was made in Totonicapan. This tambor is oxon in "la lengua."



On this wall is also a tin can . A cover may be pulled off at one end and documents rolled up and inserted. Actually there are papers in this one. 7. Here is a burlap bag containing 50 lbs of frijol de suelo; next to it is a box containing 25 lbs of maize. Here also are 3 wooden santos about a foot high, one very decayed; all unrecognizable by owner, who said they were left him by his uncle. 8. On the floor here are also 4 small wooden stools and a box used to sit on. 9. These are the most interesting contraptions, and in the room there are some eleven of them, as well as a few old ones. They are the fish-traps, called garlitos, or sixep.

The trap-basket, "carretilla," or k'ul, is about 16 inches in length and perhaps 6 inches in diameter at the top.



Meat or worms are put on the string, which is fastened to the pole. In shallow water the trap is placed horizontally with the pole up, thus:



when fish have come for the bait, the trap is carefully raised by the pole so that the fish are dropped into the trap. (For extremely small fish, some other trap is used; but there is none around.)

10. These are the "bejuacas" or yakbalkan, used for crab-fishing, I don't know how. There are 3 or 4 good ones in the house, and 8 or 9 old ones.

They consist of a large coil of material of the same name and a string run through by which to carry or hang the coil.



Three of the coils are used at once, with bait tied on the bottom, and rocks weighing them down. Just how crabs are caught, a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour's discussion did not bring out. Along this wall are also 3 large reds for carrying maize and other cargos. These are the large net-rope bags from Rabinal. There are also a few small bags, and some very old ones, scattered around the walls. Also, there is a leather whip with a wooden handle,

used for riding. 11. One large pot blackened by fire, which Miguel thinks came from Chichicastenango  but which actually probably came from S. Pedro Joc. via Chichicastenango. In it are stored Manuela's things, and on top of them a lot of pumice-stone (saxkab) used by women to rub their hands on while spinning cotton. In this corner are a dozen odd old pots, used to keep things in; also one new Rabinal mat which will someday replace an old one on a bed; also an old mat used in the Solola market to place wares on; also two very old straw hats. Near these things are 2 squashes; one is green, shaped like a small pumpkin, and called refrixkun. The other is white and called saq' or saq'ek'un (k'un meaning "allote" or squash). 12.

This is a peculiarly shaped pot. This was made in Totonicapan (Miguel says) and carried here on a mozo's back. It is called uk'al and is used to make tamales when there is a cofradia and large quantities are needed. 13. A clever contraption for holding cups by



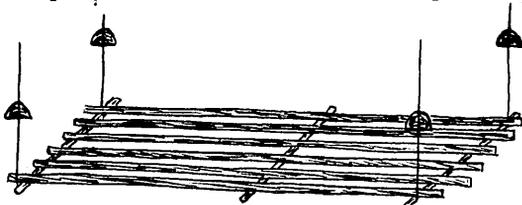
their handles. Suspended from the ceiling is a rope on which hangs a stick forked many times at the bottom  and cups are hung around this. 14. The fire, and several pots not at the moment on the fire. 15. Hundreds of fine poles about 6 feet long and perhaps 1/8 inch or less in diameter, called barrijas de paja. These are used to market small fish. They are cut into 10 inch lengths and 4 or 5 tiny fish (about 1 1/2 inches long) are stuck through the stick  and carried to market so. The morning the

fish are brought in they are stuck on these sticks and put on the fire; they are later sold 3 or 4 sticks for 1 1/2. There are some 20 sticks of fish in the house today, from the night before last. 16. Two crab baskets, home made, called "bitakia" or suk, and of the material "bejuco" or rafkan.

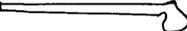
These are taken in the canoes and the crabs, when caught, kept in them. There are many other baskets around, but the others are "bought"

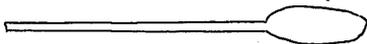


and are shaped  . The caught fish, as well as beans, jocote, etc. are kept in this type. There are all sizes in the house. 17. The loom, and Manuela weaving the second sleeve of a new huipil. The loom is like that of Chichicastenango. 18. This is a large hanging shelf, constructed of cana. It is suspended by ropes from the rafters, and on each rope is an inverted half-gourd to keep the rats from coming down on the platform. This is called a sabal

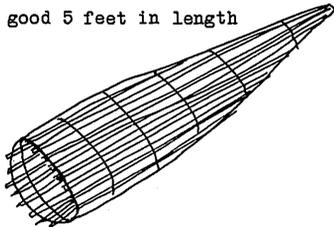


and is used to keep things on. On it are a number of baskets and also several toles, or ts'ui, a certain gourd cut to form a large flat bowl: 

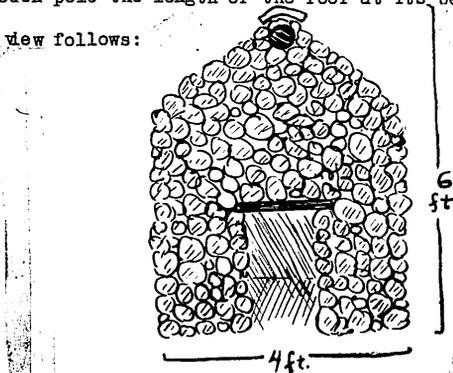
On the subject of the rat-keepers-away, Miguel also showed us a large spring-type rat-trap that he had bought in Solola. He also showed us a tiny fish-hook, one of several that he has. It is a wire hook, used with a string and pole, and of course bait:  and the longest are about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. This is fastened to a  string about 4 feet long, and that to a pole the same length. The cane is called ax and the hook only by the Spanish "anquelo". 19. 3 grinding stones (ka'), two for maize, one for coffee. 20. A wooden table on which are dozens of small pots for cooking and serving; including a comal, Sot. Under the table the ocote is kept. There is also a small bought (metal) kerosene lamp and a bottle of kerosene. Weaving poles are nearby under the bed. 21. The bed in which the 3 girls sleep. One blanket and extra clothes, used for a pillow. 22. The tool corner. There are several machetes, 2 axes  , a hoe  and a wooden paddle, 'abat'



Going outside, I should mention that the likbaltfe (10½) is used in fishing in the aguas calientes. These warm waters are supposed to be somewhere at the South of the lake. This contraption is like the fish-traps without the pole, and a good 5 feet in length



The sweat-house is called tux and is made of stones and mortar, with a beam over the doorway, a wooden pole the length of the roof at its peak, and tiles placed on top. A front view follows:

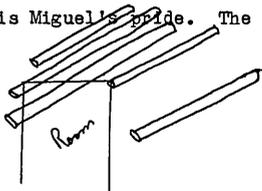


Inside the sweat-house are half a dozen baskets, and one old and one new cacaste (carrying frame). There is also a stool and a piece of a large log which serves for a stool.

I was interested to hear from Miguel that houses are built more or less communally. A man collects all the materials, ready for his "rancho". Then he goes and looks for companeros to help him. They all come of a morning and have the house up by noon or so. Then the owner serves ato'l to all, but no food.

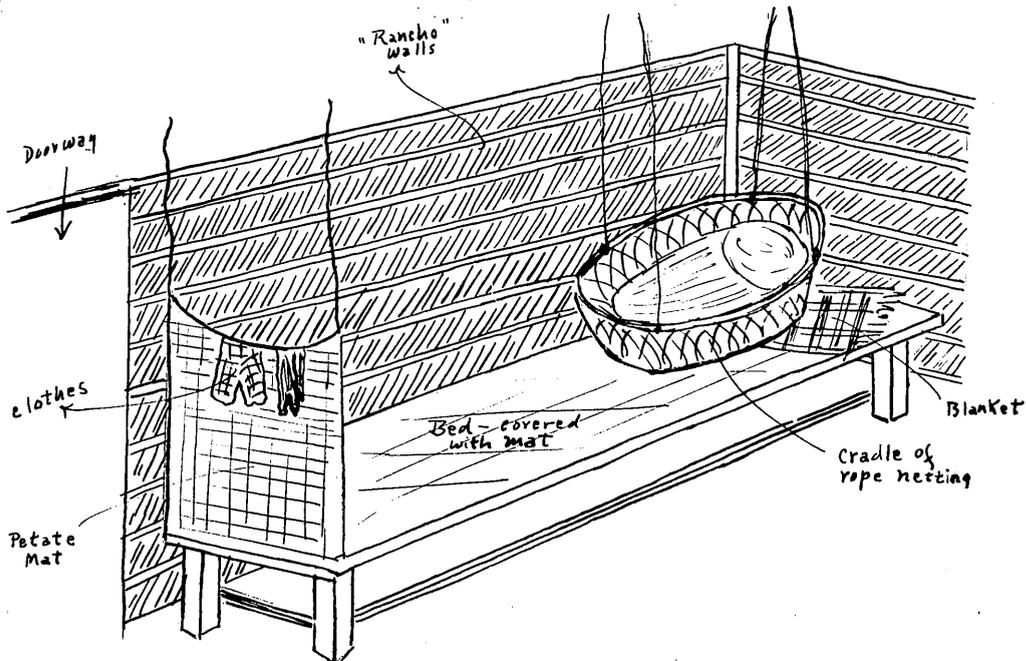
An adobe house takes longer; but the same process is undergone. After

the 4 or 5 mornings it takes to build the house, atol is served the men. The roof of his house, is Miguel's pride. The framework consists of 5 long stout beams of pine.



It was noon by the time we got out of Miguel's house; and while I went to the house across the road -- that of Francisco Lopez -- Gertrude went her way.

Francisco lives with his wife and infant. The house is a rancho, with mud filling in the slits of the walls. While Miguel's beds are boards resting on natural crotched poles stuck into the ground, Francisco has a well-finished bed made by the local carpenter. He has it covered by a mat of his own manufacture, and has another shielding the bed from the doorway.



The cradle is interesting; the top loop is wood, and the rest of the rope-net stuff that I think comes from Rabinal -- although for all I know this was made here.

Instead of the suspended shelf, Francisco has 2 small shelves fastened to the walls with ropes  In addition there are three long cane poles across the room (but fastened to the walls) to form a sort of shelf. There is also a rope across a corner on which old clothes and things are hanging.

A few cobs of corn hang from a rope on a wall; there are some white beans in a basket; there are two cofres full of stuff.

There is a cupholder like that of Miguel's except stuck into the floor instead of suspended:

Other interesting items:



A large chilicallote gourd, hollowed out and separated into two pieces, one forming a cover.

A horn-handle iron spike  (katfo) to take the kernels off a cob of corn.

Everything here on a smaller scale than at Miguel's: only 1 grinding stone, etc. But has in addition a sickle, and a steel cutting-file.

Outside Francisco has a sweat bath which is an exact duplicate of Miguels. In addition he has a cana rancho used to store maize. In this house now there is no corn -- only a lot of large pots. Around the dwell-

ing house are two crab-baskets and half-a-dozen garlitos. It appears that Miguel is old and has collected a lot more junk than Francisco. It appears that something coming into the household stays there, even after it is worn out. Francisco's place is neater because not so much has come in.

After finishing this house, Gertrude (whose story follows) joined me and we went home.

Gertrude writing:

Manuela asked me today what el señor had said about her weaving a huipil for me. She seems to want the job; I told her it would be all right to go ahead with it.

Necessary for the Sta. Catarina huipil:

Hilo blanco	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. @ 10 pesos	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb = 30 pesos	or \$1.50
Hilo rojo	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. @ 20 pesos	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb = 80 pesos	or \$1.33
Hilo amarillo	- 1 oz.)		
Hilo verde	- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.)	4 pesos	or .06 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hilo azul	- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.)		
		Total	<u>1.89$\frac{1}{2}$</u>

Manuela tells me that among themselves the price of a huipil, thread supplied is \$5.00. If that is true, mine, with the cost of thread \$1.89 $\frac{1}{2}$ and labor \$2.00 is a bargain...

Very often women, neighbors, come to the Ajpus home while I am there. They are all very friendly and willing to joke with me but for some reason or other most of them don't want to tell me their names. Manuela always supplies this information after the visitors have gone.

Yesterday Manuela saw with what interest I examined their preceding night's catch of pescaditos (the largest being about an inch long) then drying in the sun, and she must have mistaken it for hunger. She ordered Tomasa, the younger sister, to heat a left-over tortilla for me,

and then, placing a handful of the bad-smelling pescaditos on it, graciously handed me the whole on a little plate. The tortilla I would have eaten, and perhaps not without relish, but the fish were too much for me, and I begged off, saying I never eat between meals and that I must wait for almuerzo (doctor's orders, or something like that). Whereupon they wrapped all up in a corn husk and sent it along home with me for my lunch.

Today, having left Sol, I went with Manuela, Tomasa and Catarina Gumes to the lake for a hair-washing party and was invited to duck my head in the lake, too, but I told them I do not have costumbre to wash in cold water. That was quite all right. Having, or not having, costumbre to do something is a great thing in this country. The girls washed their heads thoroughly passing around a ball of black soap and then applying Naranja azria before the final rinsing.

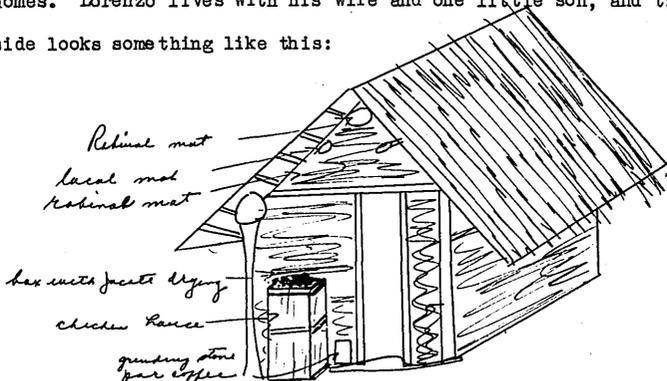
After the head-washing Manuela washed two sutes (there are two fairly large rocks in the water just a foot or two out from the shore used for washing clothes). She used plenty of black soap and did a good job of it. Then the girls filled the tinajes they had brought down, walking just a little farther into the lake for this water, and we went back home.

I might mention in passing that the Indian women of Chichicastenango when washing their hair use only the onion-like weeds, T j' pwaq which they also use in place of soap for washing the men's heavy black costumes. In Chichicastenango this T j' pwaq is used for strengthening and stiffening the threads of the warp before the actual weaving is begun. In Santa Catarina atol is used instead of the T j' pwaq - water mixture.

~~work well. So, although the house is not very large, the mud is not~~

December 14: I went first to the house of Lorenzo Gonzales, the sindico. On the way he was very apologetic, saying he is poor and hasn't much. He explained that only recently he has paid off a finca debt and thus hasn't had a chance for self improvement.

Indeed his house is but a rancho, and one wall isn't even filled in with mud. But the furnishings are hardly worse than in his neighbor's homes. Lorenzo lives with his wife and one little son, and the house outside looks something like this:



Nearby, on a platform made of canes and sticks, resting over some rocks, a few hundred joootes are drying.

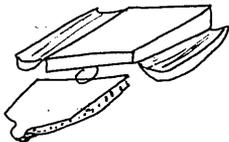
Facing this house is a small mud-filled ranch to store maize. In it are some 50 mazorcas of corn and a boxful and a potful of beans. There is also a bag full of corn husks (xok') which he will sell, he says, for cigarette wrappers (an illicit business, I think). The only other thing in the small yard is a 6 foot fishing pole with a six-foot line and a wire hook that he keeps stuck in the eaves of the house.

I can detail the contents of the one room of the house very quickly. In the farther corner to the left is a crude table with a shelf on which

are the pots and dishes, and under which are some empty aguardiente bottles. Nearby is the fire and next to it a clever device to light up the "kitchen," a forked stick stuck into the floor, with a potsherd placed on the forked part and ocote placed in the sherd:

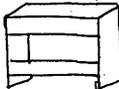


. On the walls are bejucos (crab-fishing lines) which I now discovered become soft when in the water and are uncoiled to form a long line which is baited at many points and weighted down, and half a dozen garlitos (fish-traps). There is also, near the left wall here, a cup-holder of the floor type. Next to a grinding stone there are 4 tarres, which are longitudinal sections of a wide tropical cane, one of which is put on each side of the grinding-stone to catch what masa falls; there is also a board with a handle to catch the masa at the bottom:



Continuing down the left wall, there are a number of pots for cooking tamales, etc; and on the wall is a large coil of rope (sibak) which is attached in fishing to the end of the garlito to get more distance.

In the left-near corner is a shelf containing weaving-sticks and a basket of beans. On the front wall is a homemade table:



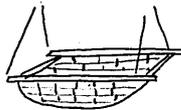
on top of which is a crab-basket and a box in which maize is supposed to be kept (none now). In front of this table is a mat of local origin about 18 inches square used by the woman to sit or kneel on, and a cacaste (men's carrying frame) with a red (large net bag used for cargo) around it. Above is another variety of shelf: 2 parallel ropes attached at both ends to the ceiling. In addition there are 2 large suspended shelves

of the type already noted. In the front corner at the right of the door is a space where the little boy sleeps: there is burlap (or something like it) on the floor, but nothing else. It is secluded from the doorway by a cane wall about 2 ft. high. Near by is a "bought" chair of wood:

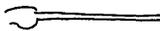


and next to that hangs a cradle of a different and poorer type than that described. It has a square framework which holds up a piece of Rabinal mat which forms the body of the cradle:

Inside are 2 home-woven servilletas which apparently serve for bedding.



Finally, in the far corner is a bed of the crude type on which there is a Rabinal mat; at the foot of the bed (facing the door) there is a cane wall extending a foot or 2 above the bed.

Miscellany: has 2 machetes and one paddle, ax, hoe, and sickle. Has a 10 foot pole with 2 strings at the end  for bait. To this is usually tied a frog, and when a crab bites it, the stick is pulled up. He has 2 of these, and they are used for night time crab-fishing.

Has 3 bundles of the pajos used to make the sticks on which the fish are stuck for marketing.

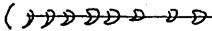
Has a corn-cobbing spike like Franciscos, but this has a wooden handle  instead of horn.

Has a document holder like Miguel's except his is of a piece of cana cut at a section so that one side is closed. There is no cover, and inside is only one paper -- his certificate of office of Sindico.

Has a small crab-basket and a net bag in which he keeps personal belongings.

The wife has 3 smoke-blackened spinning-tops that were bought in Solola for 1 peso each.

A half-gourd, lengthwise,  serves as a ladle in taking nixtimal out of the pot in which it is cooked. (I saw this in use a few minutes later when it was borrowed by the next-door neighbor).

Most interesting: projecting from a crevice in a wall, a stick on which are strung (the stick is pierced through) 8 broken eggshells:  wall). These are shells out of which chicks are hatched, and Lorenzo explained that his wife believes that if these are thrown away before the chicks are fully grown, the chicks will die. They are almost grown now, and then the shells will be thrown away anywhere. (Lorenzo told me the same housebuilding story Miguel had).

As I have mentioned, a neighbor borrowed the ladle from here, and very soon we followed it. This was to Lorenzo's closest neighbor, and he calls him his brother, although the name is Diego Cotzal.- Diego lives in a fine large adobe house about a year old. In the house were Diego's wife and mother, and Gonzalez's wife, busy making nixtimal for use by the cofradia Maria Concepcion which will move to new quarters tomorrow afternoon. Everybody was in excellent spirits and I looked around at will. There were no things new to me in the house, however, except that there is a hole (square) in the wall above where the fire is. In the other houses there were enough open spaces for such smoke.

Diego has a sweatbath like the others, and I examined it carefully. The walls are of stones, but the roof is of sticks covered with mud on the

outside. Inside and at the rear of the house is a peculiar permanent hearth of large stones forming a hollow cube with the front open and a pile of small stones on top ~~of~~. It was explained by Lorenzo (Diego was not home) that a fire is lit here, the rocks on top heated, the embers removed, and water put on the rocks to make steam. A cloth covers the doorway when a bath is taken. A sweatbath is good for sickness.

When we left this house the women asked me for two cents for sweets, and I gave it to them, although I rarely give out money here....

I took Lorenzo then to walk around the town a bit; we picked up 2 or 3 young men at the Plaza and went over to the house of Francisco Saju-bin (a man I always call the finquero because he owns about 100 coffee trees). Francisco was not at home, but his wife and his mother were sitting in the corridor shelling beans. The house is large, and of adobe. I saw nothing new in the house except a few bundles of "palma" which it was explained, is used in flutes. Outside, leaning against a tree, was a bundle of tul (for mats). There is a net hammock in the house and another outside, in the corridor.

While we were talking outside, a Panajacheleno came into the patio. Soon he made a remark that roused all of the Indians to attention, and as he went on, there were repeated exclamations of "Maria Santisimo" and such. I soon gathered there was some trouble with an onion patch and I suggested we all go to look.

On the way over I learned that this Indian's name is Mariano ^YFach (~~or something like it~~) and he rents some land near the lake-shore from Diego Nimacachi (for \$1.00 a year) and grows vegetables there. He grows

onions, beans, carrots, peanuts, sweet potatoes, and some things I think are lentils.

150

It soon became apparent that half of a very large onion patch was stripped of its crop - robbed. After some detective work it became apparent that the job was done night before last (Thursday) and everybody agreed a local Indian must have done it. The loss was at least \$2.00 but nobody had any suggestion as to whom the culprit might have been. The thief may have carted the onions in almost any direction. I suggested that Mariano secretly guard the onions next Thursday night when the robber might decide to repeat his easy conquest.

Dec. 15: Afternoon, we went to Santa Catarina, for the Santa Maria Concepcion was to be moved to the new cofradia. We stopped by to ask the McBrydes if they cared to come along, and they did.

On the whole the day was quite unhappy for us, for it soon became apparent that McBryde isn't the ideal companion for an ethnologist trying to get a firm foothold in a town. This is nothing against McBryde, for after all he is not an ethnologist and admits that for his work he does not have to win the love and confidence of the people. I am merely describing our own unfortunate position, for we have barely won the confidence of many of the people and do not want to lose ground now. At the same time, McBryde and Mrs. McBryde, since they came with us, are bound to be closely associated with us. What they do becomes to some extent our business, therefore. But it is difficult to tell McBryde, who has worked in this country before, how to run his affairs, so we have had to keep quiet and bide our time.

McBryde, let me therefore say, brought two cameras with him, one of them a large and very conspicuous graflex. And the chief cause of complaint that I have is that he practically never took his eyes from the sights. The time he was in Santa Catarina before he had his graflex, and immediately went up the slope to take landscape views; it seemed to me as though he could have taken such pictures his last visit as well as his first, but I said nothing. Today, from the moment he came to the moment he left (with darkness, that is,) he saw Santa Catarina and the lake through his lenses. I shall jump ahead of

the story to get this off my chest: after one series of pictures during which he had caused women to flee from their patios and one woman to round up her children to cover their faces, and during which he had pictured a line of Indians in a ceremonial position from which they could not duck (and in this case my friends among them pleaded with me with their eyes to do something, which I didn't) I asked him not to take more pictures because I thought that the Indians (who I judged had said nothing to him out of respect for my relations with the Jefe and President) were beginning to get very fidgety -- an understatement indeed! -- and although he said he wouldn't, yet when I next came out of the cofradia I found him with camera to eye. It was time to go then and I held my peace, but I determined that he would never go out with us again unless he kept his cameras at home. I can't run his business, and I don't want to; but I think it only right to assert myself this much.

To get back to the story, we went first to Lorenzo Gonzales' house, and to that of his neighbor Diego Cotzal. We all talked for an hour, and I had the Indians explain the fishing and crabbing techniques to McBryde. At about 3:30 it was time for the procession; I went into the church to watch the Sacristans place Santa Maria Concepcion on the carrying-table. Then the cofrades, the alguaziles, the Regidores, etc. took the santa and carried it (to the tune of the drum and bugle) to the house of Alijandro Cumes, the new cofradia alcalde. I might mention that only the "official" family joined the procession, and, indeed the other ceremonies. Throughout, it appears that the alcalde-cofradia represents the Church, and the Intendente the State, and each has his official retinue and that is all. What I mean is that the populace as a whole doesn't really enter the picture.

As usual, the municipal officials entered the cofradia and sat at the table-and-benches around the wall. First the santa was taken in, however, but with so little ceremony that there was nothing to note.

I went in with the others, and took my usual place at the right of the Intendente. I think everybody was very glad that I did come in; at the fiesta they were puzzled by me, but now they seemed (though somewhat amused) a little grateful at this sign that I had really enjoyed myself last time. A cloth was spread as usual, and the first "course" was a gourd of chocolate each. (First a bowl and a pitcher were passed around as usual; last time I thought this was to wash hands, but since everybody passed it by with thanks, I couldn't be sure; now I saw I was wrong, for one of the men drank from the bowl). The Intendente was served first, and then the others in order. There was some confusion, for the mayordomos didn't bring me chocolate; but the alcalde (sitting near the santa) ordered a share for me, and soon I got it. But the gourds must have run out, for mine came in a tiny store-cup. I could not ascertain if this was the usual chocolate or if it was mixed with atol -- but two ingredients were certainly chocolate and panela. The beverage was so thick as to be almost a solid. After the usual salutations between Intendente and Alcalde; we all drank it down.

This downed, I had the alcalde come forward to accept 50¢ for the cofradia; he did it not only with thanks, but everybody got excited and finally it was suggested that perhaps Gertrude would also like to taste the chocolate. I replied that I was sure she would. From my seat I could see Gertrude and Mrs. McBryde through the door, and in a few minutes they were given their chocolate. (With misgivings Gertrude took hers, but I afterwards found that Mrs. McBryde had downed half, and McBryde had succeeded in pouring most of his to the ground.)

Meanwhile inside we were served gourdfuls of the pepita pitafte drink with a slab of the pepita on a leaf, as during the fiesta. (I mustn't forget to mention that with the chocolate we were served pan dulce of the kind bought in any store or in the Plaza; a large dish of these sweet-rolls was placed before each

man. None of them ate theirs, but instead after awhile an alguazil came to each one and took the dish to his house. Here the rolls were "accepted" to be eaten at home later. Each man set one roll on the table beside the dish for the alguazil to keep for himself).

Food and talk finished, we left the cofradia. In about 10 minutes everybody walked over to the house of Ventura Gonzales (the former alcalde of the cofradia) and there was enacted the Ceremony of the Removal of the Santa's Belongings. The municipal officers stood in a row before the house and the old cofrades went in and brought out the various boxes of clothes and paraphernalia and put them into the arms of the officials, with some speeches. Thus loaded, we then went back to the new cofradia; and there, finally, we went in again and sat as before. The table was laid and the first course was a large dish of cooked black beans, whole, for each, and about twenty tamales (each one about 8 inches long and an inch by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick) for each person, set on the cloth next to the plate. Nobody ate, but I was urged to -- and taught to break the tamales into small pieces and "dunk" them in the beans. Later, each Indian ate one tamale - with beans (eating the whole beans with their fingers), and then used the other tamales to criss-cross over the plate of beans to form a cover (done in much the same way as children build houses with playing cards). The alguaziles then came in and took these dishes to the houses of the owner.

The next course was more pepita-de-petate beverage, and since the beans were cooked with chile I almost appreciated the cool drink. Then, finally, we all came out and we went home in the darkness.

~~In the evening the McBydes came over. Conrado, not well, was in bed. McByde had a picture of some Santa-Caterine that he had taken in Solala years back that he wanted to show me. I recognized some of the men. I appreciate the~~

Dec 16

Gertrude not feeling well, I went to Sta. Catarina alone in the afternoon. I found there a sad state of affairs. Nobody was around the plaza, and when I went to the Intendente's house, I found him almost writing on the ground with a toothache. He said he hadn't slept all night and was in great pain. Indeed he looked it. I felt I had to do something; and fortunately I remembered that Gertrude gave some oil of cloves to the maestra last week. I sought her out and found that she still had some. I found some cotton in Miguel's house and borrowed a darning needle and then, with Miguel sprawled on his back over the rocks in the patio and with mouth open to heaven, I tried to find a cavity in his right lower wisdom tooth in which to put some cotton soaked in the oil. I couldn't find a cavity and soon had to give up the job.

The Secretary came over and we began to discuss what was to be done. Apparently the only cure for a toothache is to have the tooth pulled, and it appears there is a ladino in Panajachel who does it. Miguel said the last time (not for himself) the man charged 10 pesos, or 16 $\frac{1}{2}$; Miguel said this wasn't so bad, but how could he be sure the price wasn't up now? Miguel wasn't anxious to go: first he argued that the man might not be there; but it was decided that he probably was there; then he was worried about the money. What he was chiefly afraid of was the pain, however (tho' he only half admitted this); the Secretary elaborated on the method employed, saying that several men would be needed to hold him down, etc., etc., and Miguel then decided it must be a sort of bug in his tooth and maybe it would go away by morning. Perhaps to tease him I told him I would take him now in the launch and if the "dentist" was there we would have his tooth pulled -- and I would even pay the bill -- and if he was not there, I would give him a remedy to stop the pain. It was difficult for Miguel to refuse such an offer, but fortunately the maestra came in then and said that the juice of a sour orange with sugar and water, taken internally, is very good for toothache. Miguel decided it would be very wise to try this simple remedy first, and I couldn't beat the argument.

I suggested anyway that maybe we could send a boy to get my medicine, and we walked to the plaza to see who was around. On the way I saw Lorenzo Gonzales; he came toward us shouting angry invectives, and walked past us impatiently and angrily. Since he is about my best friend

here, I laughingly tried to stop him, but he brushed me away and went on. I was then informed that he was irritated because, notwithstanding a bad headache, he had to go up the road and supervise the work being done. (Joys of being the exalted Sindico!)

The atmosphere was indeed sad, and when we saw that there was an alguazil handy, I made my escape by suggesting taking him in the launch to get the medicine. Nobody from here has ever been in our launch, and this young man eagerly accepted and became excited. His name is Madelina Lopez, and he is one of the best-looking young men in town; he is friendly and speaks Spanish medium-fairly. I asked him some questions about fishing, thinking to go out with him some night, and learned that the canoes hold only one man. He said he might go crab-fishing Wednesday night, and I then suggested we might go together in the launch. This appealed to him, and we had a tentative date. At the house I gave him a tablet of phenacatin-compound for the Intendente, and some oranges for the road and after some more conversation he took his leave.

~~I spent the evening on correspondence, sending my diary to date to Doctor Redfield.~~

December 17. Supplied with aspirins, Gertrude and I picked up McBryde and we all went to Santa Catarina. The Intendente had gone with the Secretary to Panajachel (to extract the tooth?) so we went up to Lorenzo's house. We learned that he was sick, and I went in. He was in bed, apparently breathing his last. He didn't have a stitch of clothes on, but had his blanket pulled up over his head so nothing was visible.

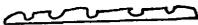
of his form bent double with agony. He was groaning, and when I came in, ventured to peep out at me from under his blanket. He had fever, he said, and ached all over. I sat down next to him and felt his forehead; he was indeed feverish and perspiring. Having nothing else, I prescribed an aspirin (which I thought couldn't very well hurt him and might relieve the headache of which he was complaining). He took it and swallowed it (with water) very appreciatively, and after some advice on diet I left.

Going next door to Diego Cotzal's, we were relieved to find everybody well, but Diego absent. The women were very nice as usual, but couldn't talk with us. One of the neighbor women came to report that there was sickness below, so we went to see what was what. This was the house of Diego Nimacachi, and we found Diego lolling around in a daze. He, too, had a headache and fever, and to him too I gave an aspirin. They were all grateful and we had a nice introduction into the house.

We then went down to the plaza again and found it deserted, so we went on to the other side of town. Gertrude stopped to talk with some women, and McBryde and I went on alone and came to the house of one Francisco Nimacachi, where we found more sickness. His brother Jose lives next door, and we found him and his infant sick. The baby seemed worst off, but Jose and Francisco both had headaches and fever. All received aspirins -- with misgivings by this time, because it appears that an epidemic of some sort is going on. Besides fever and headache,

there is considerable coughing and head-cold. But we decided that aspirin (with which all the Indians are familiar) would do no harm.

The men here speak a little Spanish, and we spent the rest of the morning in their patios, becoming, in the end, quite good friends. Gertrude joined us later.

Both houses are "ranchos", and Francisco has a separate little rancho which he uses for storage. Jose has a sweatbath which, apparently, both families use. Points of some interest: In Francisco's store-house there is a lot of newly harvested corn, and there are 2 incense burners which he says he burns for the corn. Also, among other things, he has for a drinking cup the shell of the petafte (the seeds of which are used in the cofradias as described). Jose has another variation of shelf -- a three shelled crude wooden affair standing on the floor  ; he also has a wooden strong-box (the lock doesn't work any longer) in which he keeps his papers: his cedula is there, but his daughter keeps her's elsewhere. Jose has a crude type of ladder used to climb to the roof of the house to repair the thatch. It is apparently the stem of the fruit of the maguey (or century plant). This is about 10 feet long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter, and seems light but hard. Notches are cut in this at about 1 foot intervals to form steps  This is called k'an. I found that what I thought were sticks of cane are sometimes corn-stalks: the door and chicken-coop are of this, while the house is of local cana. Jose has a fenced-off square in which yuca (casava) is indifferently growing. He explained that he had some onions planted

there, but although he watered them every day, they wouldn't grow. There are also 2 corn-stalks and a young guisquil vine.

Since 2 brothers were together, I thought I would try to get a genealogy. After much suffering and shaking of memories, I managed to get some relatives. They really did poorly, and I don't think it was because they didn't want to give the information. It impressed me that beyond their brothers and sisters and own parents they have never thought much about the family and really couldn't tell the names of their relatives off hand. While I was in the midst of this, Manuel Recinos, the ladino in town, came up, and seemed to be able to help the Indians considerably. I tried to get some kinship terms too, but Manuel put the answers in the Indians' mouths, so I couldn't do much. I did find that while technically one Candelaria Buc is ^{nurturing} ~~katfomial~~ ^(usually used for any niece by a man) to them, they never think of her with a term (or call her anything like that): she is not considered a relative, but actually she is a second cousin (Mother's mother's brother's daughter's daughter).

It was after noon by the time we got away; by this time Miguel was back, and he still had his tooth and it still ached; he said the "dentist" wasn't at home this morning.....

Dec. 18: In the afternoon I went alone to Santa Catarina, Miguel was out fishing when I came, the Secretary was in Panajachel, and nobody was at the juzgado. I went to visit my patients. Lorenzo is much better. Today I brought along some cathartic pills, and I gave Lorenzo an aspirin, and a pill to take tonight. He is still in bed, and I told him to stay there. He is very appreciative. Then I saw Diego Nimacachi, who seemed to be feeling a little better; I gave him too, an aspirin and a cathartic. He is a nice fellow, but speaks no Spanish at all; his brother, Francisco, lives with him and speaks somewhat more Spanish. He acted as interpreter, but he doesn't do very well himself.

Next I went over to the other Nimacachis; Francisco was apparently feeling better, for he had gone to his milpa. Jose was at home and also was feeling better. I gave him medicine and stayed to talk awhile; Maria (Francisco's married daughter) ran over to give me a little chair and I sat down. Jose's wife and baby were home, and the baby was sick

too; it wouldn't nurse, and it was coughing. I couldn't think of anything to do about that -- but I gave Jose an aspirin. A while later I noticed a cellophane wrapper that had held one tablet of cafeaspirina, and Jose told me he bought it day before yesterday in Panajachel for 4¢. He said the pharmacist has everything, but they cannot afford medicines here; two years ago, he volunteered, the government sent doctors and medicines here (apparently during the epidemic) but of course that does them no good now. The house was filthy, with debris from lunch all over the floor, and when I pointed it out, Jose said his wife was soon going to sweep. My advice yesterday about not keeping chickens in the house may have borne fruit -- at least there were none today. I told Jose to have a hot lime-ade before going to bed and then to stay covered, and with this advice I left.

Miguel Ajpus was back from his fishing now, as I came to his house. His daughter Maria was making tortillas, and Miguel ate a couple of them -- saying it wasn't yet time to eat, but he was hungry. He had brought in a small basket 1/3 full of fish and explained that he had caught them in the aguas calientes (but not with the garlito or the lik-baltfe); it was a poor catch or the basket would be full. There were a few larger ones, but most of the fish were about an inch and a half long. Now the girls began to put the fish on the sticks. They carefully ran the stick through the fish -- head first -- and when four were placed on they broke the stick off so that about 2 or 3 inches were left on each end. The next stick was carefully measured by the first so that in the end all were the same length.

While the girls were thus engaged, Miguel and I left for the juzgado. It was time to move Sta. Catarina. The officials were slowly collecting. The Intendente sent alguaziles for some who weren't there, and in the case of Lorenzo and a couple of others, they reported that they were too sick to come. I suggested to Miguel that they might better postpone the ceremony to avoid spreading the cough that so many have; but he replied they could not do that -- but that only well people would come.

I went into the church and saw that Sta. Catarina (which by the way the Indians usually refer to as "la virgin") was roped to her platform. And before long the church bells were ringing and the drum and flute playing, and the procession began, with a rocket for punctuation.

I ran ahead to stop at Miguel's house to see what was happening to the fish. I came just in time. The girls were clearing the fire of large embers; then they placed two large sticks across, and over these the (perhaps 25) sticks of fish: The fish sticks were placed very evenly so it was a pretty arrangement. ~~There~~ Manuela explained that as the fish cooked, the sticks would merge. I caught up with the procession and we came to the new Cofradia Sta. Catarina. Things went on from there on much as they had on Sunday; I went in, had the chocolate drink (which now I tried to find out more about -- and discovered it is pinol, made not with masa but with toasted-and-then-ground corn. I am not yet sure of this). We had the sweet-rolls (which I was urged to take home and which I finally did) and then the 2 pita de petafte dishes. I gave the cofradia 50¢ and soon we left.

I thought we would now go to the old Cofradía, but instead we went back to the plaza and the party broke up. It was explained that the belongings of the santa were moved over during the fiesta itself last month. This is the first indication I have had that the titular fiesta singled out the cofradía Sta. Catarina in anyway (as opposed to Maria Concepción). Now, however, it may also be noted as important that last Sunday's reinstatement of Maria Concepción in the cofradía coincided with the Octavo of Concepción. This is possibly only a coincidence, but I doubt it; I have already noted that the day of Concepción (December 8th) was not celebrated at all, even though there is a cofradía for that santa.

~~In the evening McBryde came over to say that our trip to San Isidro this morning was not in vain: the motor came this afternoon and McBryde tried it out and found it in working order.~~

December 19.... In Santa Catarina this morning I was determined to get going again on systematic ethnology. The problem is beginning to look difficult. I can get -- and have gotten -- a lot of objective specific information about the households and their possessions; but I have yet to succeed in getting anything authoritative on customs of any kind, or on ideas or beliefs. The reason is not any unwillingness to talk, but an inability to talk Spanish. Yesterday, when I was talking to Jose Nimacachi, conditions seemed so favorable -- he was too sick to want to do anything but talk, and he and his wife were feeling very grateful to me -- that had we a language in common I think I could have dis-

covered most anything. I started to ask him about his marriage, therefore, leading to that from questions about the padrino of his children (Mariano Buc it is) and after I was stopped in that line by numberless misunderstandings. After a half hour I finally thought I had determined that his parents and a "testigo" had gone to the house of her parents, who also had a testigo, and had made arrangements at one sitting, had received atol, and had brought his wife home to him. That's all I could manage, and I had to postpone further questioning.

Today, when I saw that Lorenzo Gonzales was sitting in the patio and was feeling much better, I thought I would try again. I first straightened out his relationships with others that were around. It finally came out that Diego Cotzal's first wife (deceased) is the sister of Lorenzo's wife and that is the only relationship of the families. It also appears that Lorenzo's daughter (his only living child) is married to Diego Nima-cachi (my "patient" just below). Lorenzo has one half-brother, and apparently no other relatives.

Lorenzo seemed so grateful to me for my medicines and my sympathy, that I was sure he would make an effort to tell me what I wanted to know. Besides, he seems an intelligent fellow; so I decided to see if I could make an informant of him, perhaps even an "explainer", I got his geneology first, and although there was a lot of stumbling, he did better than the others. Then I tried kinship terms from that and it didn't work at all. But I wasn't discouraged, and at great length, with diagrams and explanations (to which he listened attentively) I tried to explain what it is I am after. An hour of this led to nothing; but neither of us lost patience. Finally, I tried another system (that has on occasions worked) and using

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the terms father, mother, son daughter, brother and sister -- which I can always get -- and using the possessive pronouns correctly with them, I asked in "lengua" for the various terms. I would then ask for the term for "mother's brother", for example, in the lengua, and even with the aid of a diagram, and in every case (I think) I failed. He would say -- "Yes, mother's brother -- that's right -- mother's brother" and I could get no farther than the kinship terms of a descriptive system such as an anthropologist uses. It will take more than that to convince me that the Santa Catarenos are so scientific in kinship designations. I gave up, finally, and went to visit my other patients.

Diego Nimacachi improved so much in health that he went this morning to Tecpan with a load of Jocotes. His brother Francisco was home, and the only reason for that I could wangle is that his milpa is not ready yet (although his wife went to the milpa to pick beans) and that there are no fish to fish. I confess I was a little confused by this time -- and puzzled as to what to do about my work -- so I retreated gracefully and went to visit the other Nimacachis. Both Francisco and Jose are also much better -- at least both (I gathered from their daughter and wife respectively, who speak not one word of Spanish -- so that I had to draw on my few words of lengua) went to work this morning in their "monte."

I then went for a walk alone -- visiting the cemetery, where most of even this generation live, then following the lake shore back to town. I counted eleven canoes on the beaches, but I really didn't derive much satisfaction from that.

I saw that half a dozen people were sitting on the pier (including the Intendente) admiring our boat, and I went over there to greet them. We didn't talk about much. Then I saw Ventura Lopez (father of my friend Madelena^o) come in in his canoe; he had brought a lot of cana from up the shore a way and was taking it to his house. I talked to him awhile, trying to discover a technique of shore fishing. On his piece of land at the shore (many Indians own small pieces here) he has constructed a little stone and dirt 3-sided wall about 6 feet in diameter. As far as I can understand it, the fish are ^{LAND} supposed to come in and for some reason stay there; then when all the fish are there, Ventura will cover the space with lake-weeds (pafta -- apparently local Spanish for the vegetations at the lake-shores) and that will keep the fish. I was warned not to come too close, for I would disturb the fish.

Incidentally the fishing-party scheduled for last night had to be postponed because it was too windy for crab-fishing. Madelena had told his father about this and I am sure he still wants to go. I finally left still puzzled as to what to do.

After spending the afternoon and evening thinking matters over I can come to but one promising conclusion: I shall specialize for the time being on objective information -- spreading from families and economics to marriage, residence, god-fathers, marriage-witnesses, etc., etc. While I am getting that I shall spread my acquaintance; and I am hopeful that it won't be long before I find an intelligent fellow with a fair command of Spanish whom I can use to help me to get the other information I need. When I find him, I shall find means to keep him, even if I must pay a salary.

What this means is that I must get busy and draw up schedules so that I get good and comparable information for every person and family. Since everybody is going to Solola tomorrow anyway, I shall stay home in the morning and see what I can do.

My only other choice is to take off I don't know how much time and learn the native language. Maybe later I shall regret not taking this alternative; but now that seems to me so uncertain -- and so upsetting to the plans we have made -- that I am discarding it. To half-learn the language would be a waste of time, more or less, but to get information on schedules and things can't possibly be a waste of time. I'll try it, anyway.

Dec 20

I spent the entire day, meanwhile, working out schedules, and as the fruits of my labor I have 7 fairly good ones, as follows:

1. On births -- with sex, age, midwife, etc.; siblings, with number of years between births, and information by sex on full and half-siblings; naming, with the relation for whom the child is named, and when and how.
2. Baptisms, with date, place, godfather, and the customary ceremonies surrounding the baptism (which of course is done by the priest)
3. Marriages (or "matings" as I call them), with information on which households the man and the woman come from, the relationship of 1st and 2nd mates, and of the couple, and the way in which the marriage ended, if it did. This schedule is well cross-referenced within itself.
4. Marriage ceremonies -- with space for information on who decided to

marry whom -- the time and circumstances -- names of the marriage "testigos" -- the time, place food, mode, etc. of the formal asking of the hand -- the betrothal period and the marriage of the bride herself -- gifts by and to whom -- legal and church marriages.

5. Residence of the married couple -- right after the marriage and as the years roll by; also changes of residence with the death of one party or with a separation -- classified according to whether there are children or not.

6. Disposition -- as far as residence goes -- of the children when the marriage is broken up by death or separation, cross-classified by sex and age.

7. Deaths -- with name, age, sex, cause -- burial, who bears expenses of burial, what costumbres surround death and burial -- mourning.

All of the schedules are cross-referenced so that (when filled out) the information can be checked and organized. The object is to fill in the schedules systematically for all households, individuals, and cases available.

They are necessarily tentative. I may find that some of the columns are foolish, others impossible to get information on; more important, the questions will become more specific and new ones will be added. I hadn't wanted to make them up yet, since I know too little about Sta. Catarina as yet. (I have drawn on my general experience and especially Guatemalan experience for the most part.) but I am forced to do it now. No doubt everyone will have to be thoroughly revised.

I cannot tell -- until I have tried -- how much of the information I can fill in; but I am hopeful. Tomorrow will probably give a good indication. If successful, I shall make up more schedules, to round out the culture a bit; and then I feel confident we shall be well on the road to getting Sta. Catarina thoroughly studied -- for the information that can't be so well organized will come naturally as opportunities present themselves.

I had a rather trying experience this afternoon. Two Indians from Santa Catarina stopped at the house on the way back from Solola; both were very intoxicated and wanted a little money for more drink. One of them (Juan Lopez) I know fairly well and he was much nicer than the other (Bartolo Nimcachi). I almost threw the latter out, but I desisted, since I wasn't sure how much a drunk remembers the next day. I gave them 5¢ apiece and we parted bosom friends; but I don't very much like to start a begging racket here. Yesterday, on the road Gertrude and I met 2 other Santa Catarinos whom I don't remember ever having seen. They work for Moises Rivera on the finca San Buenaventura and were on the way home, apparently for a visit. On seeing us their eyes lit up and they stopped and asked for a little money to buy sweets. I asked their names, and one remarked knowingly, "You are writing down all the names and houses, aren't you?" He said it with no malice, and I judge that there is no objection now to my probing, or these men -- who had never met us -- would have felt differently. I gave them each a penny and they were satisfied.

Every man, at least, from that town now recognizes us, and all seem friendly rather than otherwise.

~~SECRET~~

December 21. Lorenzo Gonzales went to Solola this morning, having been called there by the Jefe several days ago about some business (he is the sendico). It is remarkable that neither the Intendente nor the secretary knew it, and it was I who later brought the news. Miguel and Lorenzo live no farther apart than perhaps 100 yards; besides as the two high municipal officers I have seen them more often together than apart. Yet they seem to know nothing about each other's business or condition of health. And this, I may add, is typical of my experience in Santa Catarina.

I spent the entire morning in the house of Diego Cotzal, trying out on him (who speaks Spanish as poorly as any who claim that language) the schedules I have. His wife was home, too, and she occasionally contributed. I must commend Diego's patience; through the entire (meaningless to him) ordeal, he was as good natured as he could be, and I was pleased enough with him to leave him a present of 5 cents when I finally left.

I am considerably encouraged by the results of my morning's work. As I suspected my schedules have to be revised in details. For example: I shall have nothing to fill in under "mourning", but I can usefully enter instead the period of time that elapsed before another marriage. Also, I shall have to change my form as to residence of a married couple, and I shall have to make my questions about betrothal and marriage more specific. The same is true for baptisms. Ages and dates are (as I expected)

the greatest problem; for adults I find the cedula that each has of some value -- but to get the age of a child or deceased person -- or the years that have elapsed since the death, I find very difficult.

I can show what I did find out by this method by outlining the history of this household as I piece it together now:

Diego Cotzal was not born in Santa Catarina at all. His parents are from Cerro de Oro, an aldea of Santiago Atitlan, and they moved here when Diego was a year or two old. They obtained land and a house not in the town proper, but in the monte over the hill to the east. Diego wears Sta. Catarina clothes and considers himself as native as anybody here. He grew up there in the monte, and when he was perhaps 18 years old, he decided to marry one Maria Jacinta Cumes, a girl about two years younger than himself who lived with her parents in household #1 (see map) which is just below Diego's present house. He told his father; and the latter, with his wife and Diego himself, went one evening in about the year 1917, at about 6 P.M., to Maria's house. There, after the customary greetings, Diego's father asked if his son might marry Maria. Maria's father said that if he liked Maria and Maria him, he saw no reason to object himself.

About two months later Diego and his parents went for another visit, bringing nothing except possibly a little liquor; and still again they went in another two months, but this time they gave Maria's father a hundred pesos; and then, shortly after, Maria came with Diego to his father's home in the monte. This time Maria's parents went along, and

and 25¢ in money, as well as a little aguardiente. The death of Cristina occurred in 1930, and soon afterward two events occurred: Diego bought this house, which used to belong to the late Ramos Cumes, for 200 pesos, and the couple moved in. Then was born little Maria Cumes Cotzal. The midwife in attendance at the previous two births was now dead, and Rosaria Patzul was asked in. Ventura Ajpus was again asked to be the child's godfather, and the baptism occurred in the church here on the day of S. Pedro Martyr (June 29).

Everything went well then until, in September of 1934, Diego's wife Maria died. This is a blow that Diego still seems to feel, although there was no formal mourning, nor did Diego wait very long before taking another wife. (This coffin cost 75 pesos, and Diego spent some 40 pesos on liquor). Little Maria stayed on with her father, but of course both were close neighbors of her mother's family.

Some two or three months after Maria's death, Diego decided it was time to marry again. His parents were now dead and he had nobody to help him to ask for a wife. But it happens that Maria's sister is married to Lorenzo Gonzales, and also that Diego and Lorenzo are next-door neighbors, thus the two men are particularly close, and now Diego asked Lorenzo to favor him by going with him to ask his prospective bride's hand, and Lorenzo accepted.

and aguardiente -- only -- was served. Maria then stayed with Diego.

For about 4 years they lived there, and then they both moved, with their baby Cristina, to the home of Maria's family in the pueblo. Cristina was perhaps two years old, and her partera, Lozaria Sajubin, was still living. In 1929 the parents had their second child, Francisco, named after his mother's brother (living at that time, but since deceased) just as Cristina had been named for her father's sister, who was already dead when Cristina was born. Francisco (who had the same midwife as Cristina) died inside of 2 weeks, and was buried without baptism, without casket, or other ceremony.

In the case of Cristina, the baptism had been held during the titular fiesta here. Several months after her birth, Diego went to the home of Ventura Ajpus (the brother of the present Intendente) and asked him to be Cristina's god father, and when he accepted, gave him some 25 - 30 pesos. Then, during the fiesta in November, Diego and Maria brought Cristina to Ventura; then, when the time came, Maria and Ventura took the baby to the church where the Padre baptised her. There were no more gifts.

While the family of three were living at the Cumes home, Cristina, then about eleven, was stricken with fever and died. Her burial was more elaborate. The wife of the mayordomo of the cofradia Maria Concepcion (whose duty it was) came over and dressed the body in new clothes. A chicken was cooked up, and tortillas were made, for the friends and relatives who came. In the coffin (which cost 45 pesos) were placed a large candle,

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formation, I went to the plaza and talked to the Intendente for awhile. While I was there Jose Joj -- the Sta Lucia Indian who has the little finca up above -- came in and agreed to have 7 of his 8 mules branded with the municipal brand (the 8th being too old, he said). The municipality was elated because this will bring \$1.75 into the Treasury.

Gertrude joined me, having come from the Ajpus place, and we learned that on January 6 (Epiphany, called here Reyes) there will be a fiesta here -- in connection chiefly with the cofradia Maria Concepcion. The Intendente, we hear, will have to go around to the homes of all Principales, cofrades, etc., and accept a drink of liquor. He will be dead drunk by evening....

(Mrs. Tax)

As usual I spent most of the morning in the Ajpus home.. I try my best to make closer friends with other women, but so far I have not found anybody who can either understand a thing I say or talk a word of Spanish. Thus, no matter where I start, I am usually forced to end up with Manuela Ajpus. She herself says that she is the only woman in Santa Catarina who speaks Spanish, and judging from that statement the Spanish of Catarinecas is really feeble, for Manuela's Spanish is exceedingly poor.

Manuela, both as informant and interpreter, is an unfortunate "only" to have. It is almost impossible to get any detailed explanations from her, and when I ask her to tell me what was said in some lengthy conversation in lengua in our presence, she tries to avoid the job by telling me just anything in a few words. However, when it comes to any activities in which she is engaged around the house, she is most willing to explain and demonstrate each step. For example, today when I came I found that she had a lot of corn ground and was ready to

The girl that Diego had chosen is one Manuela Buc, the daughter of Jose Angle Buc (The Alcalde we met last April). It happens that her sister, Candelaria Buc, is married to Jorge Cumes -- The brother of Diego's deceased wife Maria. It may be that connection that encouraged him to seek Manuela.

Manuela herself, though today she looks pretty and thirty, had had two previous husbands. The first was called Tiburse Lopez, and they must have married first some 15 years ago. He was a brother, I believe, of Ventura Lopez whom I have mentioned. The couple had three children, all of whom died, during the five odd years of their marriage; then Tiburse (the nearest I can come to whatever that name is supposed to be) left Manuela a widow. Manuela then had no recognized mate for a number of years, when she married an Indian from Santiago Atitlan by the name of Tomas Chobojai. Tomas came to live with her at her father's place, and stayed about a year. Then, last year, he left her and their child -- called Candelaria Buc after Manuela's sister -- and has been on a finca near San Lucas ever since. Manuela was not long left with her infant, for shortly afterwards Diego came for her.

Diego and Lorenzo went up to ask Jose about Manuela, and Jose was agreeable. Again the two called on Jose, several days later; and at intervals of a few days. Diego then went over twice more, these times alone. The last time, he gave Jose a dollar and took Manuela home with him. That was all. After leaving Diego with such and sundry in-

make atol. The ground corn was not masa; that is, it had not been boiled with lime before grinding. Manuela explained to me that she had first ground dry, unprepared corn on her grinding-stone. Then, after heating this preparation with a little water in an olla, she had ground it again until fine. Now when I came, she took handfuls of this pulp (which should not be confused with the ordinary masa) and mixed it with her hands into a large pot of cold water making a heavy white fluid. From this pot she poured it all, by cupfuls, into a large olla, standing on the fire, and stirring constantly, brought it to a boil, and the atol was finished.

The reason for the atol today is that it is supposed to be Manuela's birthday or saint's day. I can't figure this out, because no one here knows his actual birthday or day of baptism, and as far as our calendar shows, the only saint listed for today is Tomas. I asked Manuela about this. She said she knows nothing about it, that her father told her it was her day. They are also having meat today in honor of the occasion.

The rest of the morning Manuela spent in weaving. She is weaving a so-called servilleta to be used for wrapping up tortillas, and such. I noticed immediately that the design is unusual, and she explained to me that it is the first time she has made one like it and that nobody else in the village has ever made one like it. It is a predominantly red piece with stripes of other colors both in the warp and in the woof, giving a plaid effect. I don't know if this is, indeed, an invention of hers. I do know that there is a vague plaid design in the huipils.

Dec. 22. (Panajachel) In the market I saw almost all of the Catarinecos I know, male and female, and I passed out a few medicines. I noticed that even

since last Sunday they are all much more cordial than I have known them. Even the women had smiles for me, including some that I didn't recognize (women I mean, not smiles). This cordiality cheered me considerably, and I talked and joked with the Indians freely. The Intendente still has a toothache, and I jokingly steered him towards the dentist -- but he objected strenuously. I imagine he will suffer for months before parting with that tooth.

In the afternoon we went to town again, talked to the Panajachel Intendente about nothing, and then saw the Sta. Catarina secretary. He had been in the market this morning, along with the others, and now he had a doleful tale: the Jefe Politico in person had come to Sta. Catarina this morning and had found absent the Intendente, Sindico, Secretary, maestra, etc; in fact there were only women in town. Since the juzgado is supposed to be kept open Sunday mornings, the Secretary was now fearful of the Jefe's wrath. If I were Jefe I would fire the man anyway: he is being paid to be a school teacher, yet I have never seen him teaching school. The children sit in the schoolroom and try to teach themselves while he is in the juzgado or almost anywhere around town (if, indeed, he is in Santa Catarina at all); the closest I have seen him come to teaching school was last Saturday noon when he ordered all the children to strip and swim in the lake for their semi-weekly bath.

December 23.... In Santa Catarina I found that everybody that I have made particular friends with was gone about his business, most of them to harvest their milpas. I began to wander about town therefore, alone, to see if I couldn't make new friends. In all my wanderings, and I visited a dozen or eighteen homes, I found only one man at home. In the others the women were friendly but not inviting, and after trying in vain to talk to several, I began to pass them up with greetings and enquiries about the health of their families. The influenza epidemic (as I believe it was) has about passed away, although most of the people are still a little sick. In one house a young girl asked me for money, and I gave her a little lecture, pointing out that

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they weren't really so poor in her home that she has to act so im-
politely; otherwise there were no incidents.

The one man that I found at home really found me; he saw me
a few houses away and beckoned for me to come up. Then his wife
brought out a chair for me to sit on, and there was general cordial-
ity. I thought I recognized the man as Bartolo Nimacachi, the same
who was at our house drunk last Friday. I wasn't sure however, for
there were physiognomic dissimilarities (which I could account for
by difference in condition, however). To be sure, I tried to ask
the names of his wife and child, and I was surprised that he good-
naturedly refused to tell me anything. His objection, as I finally
ferretted it out, was that he didn't want me to take his child's name
to Guatemala or the United States. He has some unnamed fear, I am
sure, for their safety. I explained to him that I wasn't going to
take the names anywhere -- that, in fact, nobody in my country is
particularly interested in the names of obscure Catarineco children
-- that I wanted to learn the names so I could get to know my friends
here better. He finally told me, therefore; and I discovered that this
was Bartolo's brother, Antonio, and that his wife is the daughter of
Andres Coccolajai (to whom I had administered medicines).

During the two hours that I talked to Antonio a growing dread
of over-cautiousness crept over me. Perhaps I should force things more,

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take advantage of these opportunities; perhaps I should have taken out my schedules and asked my questions systematically. But I didn't, arguing to myself that this was the first time I was talking to this fellow, that he had no good reason for having confidence in me, and that a strong rebuff might do more damage in my work -- since he might spread suspicion among his friends -- than the rewards are worth. I couldn't quite imagine asking him how much he had given Andres when he had asked for his daughter. I thought it better, in short, to wait for a second visit, and now simply talk about very general things, without my notebook even. I admit, however, that I am not at all sure that I did right; after all, my time is limited. This is a point not covered in the textbooks....

Antonio speaks about the same Spanish as his various cousins; I made some feeble attempts to start on something definite, but here points must be pressed if anything is to come out, and pressing is just what I wasn't. However, before I left I think we were close friends, and now that I have a growing number of these I feel that I can become less cautious more safely. I must say, however, that Santa Catarina is proving itself a very difficult place to study. It is one thing to be well thought of and another to get trustworthy information of the personal kind required from people whose Spanish is poor and who are loath to give details to one whose motive for wanting them is

necessarily not easily understood. By this time it appears that the Improvements once hinted play a very small part in the business. Nobody mentions them nor seems interested. My suggestions have proved a way over a difficult passage, and that's about all.

(Mrs. Tax)

This morning Manuela was engaged in making tortillas for the maestra, Dona Carlota, who wants to take them to Godinas today when she goes to the fiesta. Carlota brought her own corn and wood, and Manuela grinds all the corn and makes about 75 tortillas for the sum of 2¢ in wages. I may as well describe here the making of tortillas. There are five steps as follows:

1. Making the nixtamal - to about five pounds of washed drej-corn about 2 oz. of lime are broken up with a stick or with the hands and pulverized in a dish of water. The lime-water is poured onto the corn, and more water added to the sediment. This is repeated 2 or 3 times, and then the corn is placed on a big fire for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

2. Washing the nixtamal - the cooled nixtamal by handfuls is transferred into a pot of fresh water and washed with the hands, then in the same way to another pot of fresh water, and so on four or five times.

3. Grinding -- kneeling over her grinding stone, the woman takes several handfuls of the wet nixtamal at a time and places it near her on the stone. With a half-rolling-pin motion she bears down heavily on the nixtamal, pushing a little at a time away from her on the stone. Gradually adding more nixtamal she completes the

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first grinding which is called moliendo para cebrar (grinding to break). The masa that is formed has been patted into balls and placed on the board directly in front of the stone. Now, taking one ball at a time, the masa is ground a second time in the same manner, and this is moliendo para reposar (grinding to refine). It is then ground again, this time called moliendo para sacar (grinding to remove). As in the second grinding, one ball at a time is put at the head of the grinding-stone, but now, as soon as enough masa has been ground to make five tortillas, or so, she separates it into five parts and places them in a line on the brozo (the hand-piece of the grinding apparatus). These five pieces are now formed into tortillas, and more masa is ground, until all is done.

4. Preparing the comal -- the comal is a slightly convex pottery disc, varying from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart in diameter (those here are of the red ware made in San Pedro Jocopilas and bought in Solola). When the comal is new it is coated with a lime-water mixture on both surfaces, and heated on the fire. Thereafter, everytime it is to be used, the concave surface (on which the baking is done) is dabbed with the same mixture of lime water while the comal is on the fire, and after it has heated and dried, the excess lime is wiped off with a corn husk. Now it is ready for the tortillas.

5. Making the tortillas -- with wetted hands, she takes one of the small mounds of masa and between her palms perfects a ball.

(with a rotary motion such as we use for like purposes) about two inches in diameter. She places this in the palm of her left hand, then she cups slightly the four fingers of her right hand, and exerting pressure she tosses the ball of masa back and forth between the palm and the cupped fingers. This flattens the ball into a disc, and when the disc has become about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick and 3 inches in diameter, the edge is ridged (so that it will not crack as it is enlarged) by a manipulation as follows: the disc is placed in the left hand between the thumb and the middle finger, resting in the palm, with the index finger held away; this position allows the disc freedom to be rotated. Now the index finger of the right hand is placed on the edge of the disc and the thumb and middle finger respectively on each side, and the disc is rotated in a clock-wise direction, the index finger meanwhile pressing the edge. Then between the hands the disc is flattened and enlarged, by tossing it back and forth, until it is about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and five inches in diameter. (Although in one batch the tortillas are always uniform. The size of tortillas in general varies both as to diameter and thickness. The dimensions given here are for the largest and thinnest. I have seen them as small as two inches in diameter and as thick as $\frac{1}{2}$ inch).

The tortilla, for so the disc of masa may now be called, is placed on the heated comal and allowed to bake. Meanwhile the woman is forming

other tortillas or going on with the grinding; but she does not lose track of those she has on the comal, for after a minute's baking she tests each by patting it with her moistened fingers: if the tortilla is sufficiently baked it will be free enough from the comal to stick to her fingers as she raises them. When this happens, she turns the tortilla. She knows when it is done on the other side only because she has lifted the tortilla and examined its under surface. It is done when it browns and must be taken off before black spots (burning) appear.

While Manuela was making the tortillas for Dona Carlota, Tomasa, the next oldest sister, was preparing guisguil and ayote. She placed a large pot on the fire and poured in about an inch of water to cover the bottom. Then she covered the water carefully with dobladores (corn-husks). On this surface she placed about a dozen guisguiles, whole, unwashed, and with some of the foliage still attached. On top of these she placed four ayotes. Three of these were about the size of a small canteloupe, and these she left whole. The other was the size of a small pumpkin; this she quartered before putting in the pot. Then she placed a small pot in the opening of the large one, making it fit tight by placing corn-husks between this cover and the cooking-pot. This was left to cook slowly for about three hours, and the contents will be eaten hot or cold, without further preparation, during the next few days.

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December 24.... In Santa Catarina in the morning, we found the Intendente gone to Godinas, and Lorenzo (the sindico) in the Plaza with the Mayor and the 2nd Regidor (Tomas Nimacachi and Lucas Sujubin respectively) worrying about the work on the road. They had had a hard time this morning finding people to go out to work (the system is to have every man work one day on the project, and by this time they are running out) for some who should have come had gone off to their own milpas to work. The sindico has the job of supervising road-work, and he had to go out now himself; as usual he was complaining about his lot. Thinking that I might learn something about the spirit of such community tasks, I offered to go with him, and finally the four of us went off.

Sometime ago they began to repair the road from S. Antonio, starting at that end; now they were only a mile and a half or two miles from Sta. Catarina, and were anxious to complete the job, since they will not work tomorrow. We found about a dozen Catarinecos leaning on their hoes when we came up. Lorenzo called them down and they got to work. The road should be about six feet wide, but during the course of the year rocks and weeds have reduced it in many places to a mere path. The job was to scrape off the weeds and debris with hoes and then use pickaxes to remove rocks and cut the road level and in places widen it.

Lorenzo went with the hoe-crew to prod them on, and Tomas and Lucas stayed a little behind to trim up what the crew left behind. I

stayed with them and I soon saw that there was neither an engineer nor a laborer in the outfit. I gave them a few pointers, and finally took a pickax to "show them how" and soon they looked upon me as the Boss and sought my advice, approval, and what not. When an Antonero came by they introduced me as "Inspector de Caminos." Soon we caught up to the whole crew, and I helped Lorenzo with the engineering too. I had a good chance to observe the spirit of the work, therefore, and I would say that it was something of a lark, with laughing and joking among the men, and not very steady working. I could see that if left alone they would spend more time talking than working -- not because they are slackers, but because they are easy-going in such matters and don't know what it is to be pressed.

After a couple of hours, Tomas, Lucas and I went back to town. This wasn't their day for work. The Secretary was back in his office, filling out statistics schedules, and he informed me that the Jefetura had decided about succession in the municipal offices. The date of change will be March 15th. The Intendente and Sindico this year will not change; the others will draw lots, so that 2 regidores, alguaziles, will be held over for another year and the rest be relieved of their duties. Meanwhile elections will be held to fill the vacancies thus created. I know this was the first that Tomas and Lucas had heard of the new plans, and since they are directly affected, I would have expected a little excitement: but they remained expressionless and took it all as a matter of course.

December 26.... I went to Santa Catarina early, and found that the road-work hadn't been finished the other day. I therefore went up the road with a young alguazil to see what was happening; but as we were leaving town, Francisco Sajubin came out of his house and called after us, asking where we were bound. I stopped and talked, and in a minute his two brothers -- Lucas and Ventura -- came to join us. They were all so cordial that I suggested we go into the shade of the patio and talk. I had never had a close contact with any of these men -- nor indeed with any of the numerous Sajubins (spelled here in the records Sajvin) --and I was joyful at the opportunity.

Indeed it became a very profitable morning. Although the Spanish of the three brothers is no better than usual, there are, after all, three of them, and what information one could not supply, the others could. I ended by getting (not without some difficulties) the best geneology I have; I found that about half of the Sajvins are related in this family, and that gives me a good start on them. I already have a number of Nimicachis, it will be remembered, and these two families account for a good percentage of Catarinecos. In this household Francisco, as the oldest brother with the father dead, is the head; he is the only one married, and his wife and four children live here; also, the mother of the 3 boys lives here, and this morning mother and daughter-in-law were grinding corn together.

January 6... At Santa Catarine (about 7:30 A.M.) I found most of the men in town in the plaza, and the officials in the juzgado office. Today is the Epiphany (Dia de los Reyes) and it is celebrated very formally in Sta. Catarina. I was greeted in most friendly fashion in the juzgado and sat next to Lorenzo Gonzales, the sendico. Since everybody was around, it was fortunate that I had brought along the alarm clock we had bought in the city, and I now presented it to the town. Everybody outside crowded in to look, and when I demonstrated it, all were very pleased.

I asked after the health of the town, and Lorenzo said everybody is now well. He added, to my slight dismay, that a lot of people had said that the epidemic was punishment by God for my being around the town. He and the others around agreed this could hardly be true, and the best evidence was that nobody had died -- due probably to my medicines. →

~~.....~~ I pointed out as additional evidence in my favor that the epidemic was wide-spread in the country and that in the Capital it is still very bad. Everybody seemed convinced, but for good measure I pointed out that under no circumstances could I be a bad influence here since, as they knew, Santa Catarina is the patrona of estudiantes.

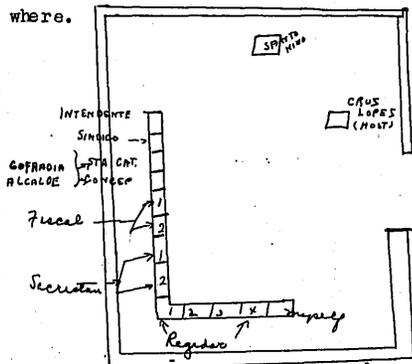
A little later, Lorenzo told me that there was a very sick man in town; in fact sitting on the other side of the Plaza. We went to investigate. This was an Indian from Sta. Cruz del Quiche, on his way home from the coast. He seemed to be in his early thirties, but his face was haggard and drawn with pain. He complained of a terrific pain in his stomach, and pulled up his shirt to show me. He said he had had the pain for three weeks, and he seemed sure that he was going to die. The local Indians were sure too, and were very anxious to get him out of town, for they said he might die de repente any minute, and then what would they do? I told them that I would take him to Panajachel with me when I went, but that wasn't soon enough, and they finally determined to send him in a canoe immediately, and an alguazil was commissioned to do it. Meanwhile the poor fellow asked if he couldn't get a drink, and (since he had no money and nobody around seemed anxious to do a service) I sent an alguazil to the Secretary's wife to buy a glass of aguardiente for him. After he had drunk, I told him I knew what his trouble was and that I was sure he wouldn't die. He seemed relieved.

By this time the drum and flute corp was in the church, near where the Christ-child santo was lying in its little box. It was

decorated with the same siempre-viva flowers that they had used at Concepcion in San Marcos.

Now the church bells were rung, a rocket was shot off, and the officials went into the church and came out in procession, the Intendente himself carrying the santo. To the accompaniment of the drum and flute, they came straight to the house of Cruz Lopez, one of the Principales. Cruz met them (or us) outside and with a short speech took the santo from the Intendente and into his house. In a few minutes the officials filed in (as they do into the cofradias) and I followed. This time I sat at the other end of the line from the Intendente, in the "last" position, and since the front end happened to be crowded, they let me be.

The floor was covered with pine needles, the santo was on the floor to one side, near which, in a chair Cruz Lopez sat. Around two walls were the benches on which we all sat; and since I now know the people well enough, I can diagram our positions to point out which "officials" are where.



The fiscales each had a plate for a collection; the mayordomos and several of the alguaziles were outside. Soon one of the alguaziles came in with a bottle of liquor and a glass on a plate. He went first to the Intendente, who waved him over to me. The young man poured out a glassful and I couldn't see anything to do but drink it, for everybody looked at me and said "salud." I drank, and then the glass went to the Intendente, then to the sindico, then to Cruz Lopez, then to the others in order. During all this there were speeches between Cruz Lopez and the higher officers. Pretty soon Lorenzo and Cruz seemed to be having a very animated discussion, but it appears they were merely discussing the marimba that is coming to the cofradia tonight (Concepcion -- this fiesta will go on today, tonight, all day tomorrow, tomorrow night and the next day), and not quarrelling, as they seemed to be.

After awhile one of the fiscales went over to Cruz and this Principal put 2 pennies into his plate. Back in his place, the fiscal gave one of the pennies to the other fiscal for his plate. I was told the "collection" was for the cofradias, but I don't think this is right somehow.

I thought we were about finished, and would pass on to another house now, and I was trying to figure out a way to refuse the aguardiente, when Pablo Lopez, Cruz' brother and another Principal, who lives next door, came in. It became apparent that he was coming here and we would not go to his house. But Cruz kept his place, and Pablo

sat on the bench ahead of the Intendente (all pushing over to make room). Now another alguazil came in with another bottle, and this time Pablo Lopez shunted him to me first. I made a gesture in an attempt to refuse, but everybody said, "drink, drink; salute (us, the Principal, or the santo -- I don't know)" and I finally did so. Then the glass went to Pablo, then the Intendente, then Cruz, and the others in order. While we were still drinking a woman came in and knelt by the santo; she had two eggs with her, and she placed them in the santo's box; she also had some pennies which she then put in the fiscales' plates. Two other women followed, kneeled before the santo, and left a few coins. Then we all went out (and I put a nickel in each plate).

The glasses of aguardiente were quite large -- fair-sized wine glasses -- and I knew I couldn't last long at this rate. When I came out, I suggested to the Intendente that I might remain outside to see the mayordomos drink at the next place. He said that would be all right.

We went over to the house of Jorge Cumes, but it was explained to me that Lorenzo Gonzales, my friend the sindico, had borrowed it for the occasion because he himself has only a small "rancho". He was to be host. When the others filed in, I remained outside; in a minute, Lorenzo himself came running out, and he pulled me inside, where (there not being room on the benches) I sat on a chair at the lower end. He must have seen that I was shying off, for when an

alguazil brought the liquor, Lorenzo himself took the glassful and brought it over to me. "Don't you want to salute?" I laughed and said I would be drunk if I had any more. He insisted that I drink, however, and I did. Before the others had finished "the round" I felt the numbness coming on, and I knew that there couldn't be more ethnology today, for if I stayed I would soon be past observing, and if I went ---- I determined to get out. The others were beginning to be a little woozy too, so I thought my excuse wouldn't matter much. I got up, therefore, and said I would go to get Gertrude to join the fiesta and we would be back shortly. I went out quickly; they called me back once because I forgot my bag; then again because I had left behind my hat.

Jan. 7. After an early lunch I determined to go to Sta. Catarina, if only for a couple of hours, to see what was happening to the fiesta. The wind was up, and the water choppy, but we made it all right. The plaza was deserted except for the Mayor de Plaza and a regidor, who were on guard, although not entirely sober. Most of the people, they told me, were in the cofradia. The cantina was open, run apparently by the Secretary's wife; and the two men succeeded in begging a drink off me. Then I went up to the Cofradia Concepcion.

There was quite a mess; the marimba was playing, and inside and out there must have been close to a hundred people. Almost everybody was drunk. Inside men and women were dancing, and one boy grabbed me and wanted to dance with me; I had to use just a bit of force to keep from it. Pretty soon the Indians, one after another I should mention

that their intoxication took the sentimental turn and all were friendly; except one old woman who screamed imprecations at me when I came in -- but she was forcibly overruled began to ask me to buy them drinks; and finally I succumbed and bought a half-bottle from the 1st Mayordomo of the cofradia for "the boys." Meanwhile, there was a pot full of chiche, the jocote-liquor, and the Mayordomo insisted I try some. This beverage has a pungent taste, but doesn't appear to be strong in alcoholic content. It is served in a gourd which is simply placed in the pot, floating on the chiche. Incidentally, the liquor that I bought was served around in a shallow pottery cup (of Totomicapan ware) -- the first time I have seen other than a glass used. Since I had bought the liquor, they insisted I have the first cup, but I told them it was for them only and I took only a sip.

The box containing el niño was in front of the santa Maria Concepcion, in its decorated framework. The marimba was to one side, protected from the dancers by heavy poles. On the benches around sat both men and women, many in a drunken stupor. None of the high officials were present, and I was told that they were sleeping. I can understand that, because they started to drink yesterday morning -- a good 8 hours before these others -- and they must be thoroughly under. They will be up again tonight, it is expected.

It was very hot inside, and after awhile I went out. Then somebody suggested that I pay for a "piece" consisting of 5 soles at 1¢ each, the total being 5¢; and so I went in and gave the Mayordomo

5¢ and he ordered the Marimba to play for me. There was one young Indian named Ventura Gonzales who was particularly friendly: he came up to me and told me his name and age (20) and said he wants to go to Guatemala with me so he can learn Spanish. Now this fellow insisted upon dancing with me, and short of striking him, I could not stop him, and danced a whole son, therefore. I can't say that I enjoyed my debauchery, which hardly suited a sober condition. The Mayordomo then suggested I might give a quarter to the cofrades themselves for a half-bottle; and I began to feel I was being "taken." Nevertheless, I parted with the money, and then hurriedly made my excuses and went out.

I might mention that Manuel Recinos, the resident Ladino, was in the cofradia, quite drunk; also that the schoolmistress was there with a baby in her arms. She had not been drinking, but that makes her presence the more remarkable.

As I went away, about a dozen little boys followed me, asking for money. On the road we came upon a Totonicap^{en}o with a bag of rosques (small biscuits) and it was to buy these that the children wanted the money. I bought a pound of them (8¢) and made the mistake of not carefully distributing them myself. So as I ran to the launch the children came after, each claiming he had received none. I was really quite disgusted -- with the town and with myself -- by this

time, and climbed into the boat as quickly as I could, and started off.

Unfortunately, the wind had risen and as we unfastened the ropes and tried to paddle into the open, we were tossed against the pier (fortunately with no damage) and found that we would have to paddle with all our strength to get away at all. Once the wind blew us back onto the beach, and we must have worked in all for 20 minutes before we were sufficiently clear to start the motor. Then, after a very rough voyage, we got home safely.

I had certainly had a lot of trouble, and taken an afternoon for practically nothing. I had seen the fiesta on the second day, and had confirmed what I knew would be going on. But I won't do it again; I shall go elsewhere tomorrow, fiesta or no!

~~January 14~~
January 14 Gertrude went along to Santa Catarina. Things are much as usual, but I am becoming very impatient; everybody seems to be sober now, but nobody is around. I went all over town, and I declare that the only adult males in Santa Catarina this morning are the Intendente and two alguaziles. Even the sindico has gone to Panajachel on business. The rest are mostly working out of town in their own milpas or for ladinos, or are in Solola or some place else. I finally went out of town to track down the workers; after walking a mile and climbing a few hundred feet I came across one in his milpa. He was harvesting corn and I found it difficult to get much out of him while working -- and I couldn't very well stop him from working. It happens that this man is a young fellow by the name of Amadello Lopez; he is a mayordomo of Maria Concepcion Cofradia, and I have never before had a chance to talk to

him on an ordinary occasion; but I have wanted to, for by reputation he speaks Spanish better than any other local Indian. I judged now that his Spanish is fair and that he might be useful. But he is very busy right now; he is harvesting and will continue to do so this afternoon and tomorrow. Then Thursday he has to go to Tecpan to sell a few jocotes that he has. I finally induced him to go out early in the morning tomorrow so he can finish his work and be back in town at 10 A.M. or so, and I think he will keep his promise. I will see how things work out and perhaps he can send somebody else to Tecpan Thursday.

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I went back to town, then, and sat and talked with the Intendente. His tooth is very bad; he can neither eat nor sleep, he says, and is finally willing to have it out. I renewed my offer to go with him and pay the bill, and he said he would come in the morning.

Meanwhile, I tried to clear up a few points with him. It now appears that there may be one shaman in town -- Juan Lopez -- but that the local Indians, when they have need, go to Panajachel. Years ago, Miguel told me, there were many shamans here, but they all died.

In the cofradia Concepcion, there are two santas: Maria Concepcion and "el nino." The "virgin de Semana Santa" used to be here too but it is now in the church. In the cofradia Sta. Catarina there are that santa and also San Pedro Martin. Miguel says there are a few small santos in private homes, but they are "dirty" and broken down and not in use. There certainly are no costumbres for them.

Curiously, the cofradia Maria Concepcion bears the major burden of the organized religious life. The following is a calendar of local fiestas:

January 6	Epiphany	fiesta by cofradia Maria Concepcion
1st Friday		fiesta by Maria Concepcion
Thursday & Friday of		
Holy Week		fiesta by cofradia Maria Concepcion
April 29 (S. Pedro Martin)		fiesta by cofradia Sta. Catarina
June 25	Corpus Cristi	fiesta by cofradia Maria Concepcion
November 1	All Saints Day	fiesta by both cofradias
November 25	Sta. Catarina Tit.	fiesta by both cofradias
December 15	Octavo of Conception	
		fiesta by Cofradia Maria Concepcion
December 25	Christmas;	
	midnight about 2 hours	Cofradia Maria Concepcion

This may be partially explained, perhaps, by the accident of the titular santo being relatively unimportant and their other important santa being very important, since everything to do with Christ is

connected with Mary.

After this much, Miguel's tooth bothered him too much, I thought. I wandered around awhile longer and then, seeing nothing to do, found Gertrude and we went home (about noon).

After lunch we were surprised when Miguel walked in. He was determined to have his tooth out. The man who does the tooth pulling is a ladino called Gordan Alegrea, and we went to his place. He agreed to do the job, which, indeed, he did very well. He placed two chairs back to back, and placed a pillow between, on which Miguel's head rested. The bothersome tooth was the upper right wisdom, and Gordan swabbed it with iodine. He then swabbed his pincers too, and while I held Miguel's head, he drew the tooth with one efficient yank. Fortunately it came out clean, and Miguel had time to emit but one grunt. I gave Miguel a couple of aspirins, he rinsed his mouth with salt-water for awhile, and then came away with me. Miguel, whom I had give 25¢ with which to pay the bill, got the price down to 15¢ on the grounds that it was an easy job, and he returned the change to me.

We then went back to Sta. Catarina, where Miguel first ran to his house to show off his tooth, and then went to the juzgado where he told many lies about the size of the tooth, the price (he said 25¢) and his experience. About 25 men were now present, in the plaza and in the juzgado. There was a long discussion on a matter of business; it appears that the old cofradia Sta. Catarina had not obtained permission to have marimba and liquor for their fiesta last November, and now they had been caught up by the authorities and were being fined some \$3.00. To obtain belated permission and pay the fine, they had to write a petition on 25¢

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stamped paper. The whole discussion I gathered to be on the mechanics of completing the business; nobody seemed to bewail the fine or the negligence. The old mayordomo of Sta. Catarina was the man dispatched to Panajachel to buy the paper.

Before we left I finally got to see Amadello Lopez again, and he renewed his promise to be here in the morning. If something doesn't come of this I shall be very disappointed and discouraged; I have, so far, accomplished all means to the end of finding out something about Sta. Catarina -- but I have found out precious little.

January 15 Very little came of it. Before Amadello came back from his milpa (at 10 sharp by some miracle) I spent an hour in the juzgado and another walking around. The only thing that happened in the juzgado was the registration of two babies born at almost the same time early this morning. The fathers in both cases came to report the events. (These are the first 1936 babies, by the way).

Births are registered completely and efficiently in a book the Secretary has for the purpose; the father brings his and his wife's cedulas, from which the Secretary takes their ages, etc., and the father supplies the time of birth, name of midwife, etc. In one case the father said his wife didn't have a cedula yet because she is only 16 (they have been married a year and a half) and the Secretary said that, since she is married, she should get one. (In this case the couple are legally married). This man and his wife live in an independent household, but the man's mother is still living; when he had finished his business, he turned to the Intendente and began a long recital about how his wife and mother -- do not get along and how the latter has been talk-

ing about his wife. The Intendente seemed to have only sympathy to offer....

In the Plaza there were half a dozen officials; in the town, like yesterday, there were no men to be found. After wandering around awhile I came back to Amadillo's house, and he soon came in with his younger brother, each carrying a load of corn from their milpa.

The first blow I had was when Amadillo told me that he was going back to his work at eleven o'clock. Then he wanted to know what I wanted with him, and when I had explained that, he wanted to know why I don't spend my time in San Antonio instead. It took me awhile to explain that too, and I never did succeed in satisfying him on the point. He was pleasant enough, but he seemed to be resisting me -- which impression was heightened when he refused a second cigarette, a great rarity here. I began to ask him questions, partly in self defense and partly to lead him to make some sort of treaty with me. He answered my questions readily enough (and indeed his Spanish is the best I have found here although much poorer than that of the Chichicastenango Indians I had much to do with) but he always had a mocking look in his eye as if to say "but this won't get you anywhere, you can be sure."

His father died when he was a year and a half old (he is now 26) and he doesn't remember him; he lives with his mother and his younger half-siblings, as well as his wife of a few months (they are not married legally, and he asked her father for her hand in just two visits). He works about 9 cords of milpa, which he rents from another Indian for 17¢ a cord a year. His crop is not very good, he says; he has worked this particular land for only 3 years, and will continue to work it. He uses

no fertilizer. I suggested that he might put a few little fish in the hole with the seed next time he planted; after some discussion he admitted it might improve his crop, but he never thought of taking it seriously (any more than I had) because it is not "costumbre"; I laughingly suggested he might start a new custom, but he replied it would be a sin to put fish in the ground that way.

He has some jocotes drying in the sun, and he will take them to market in Tecpan tomorrow. This is the chiche variety, the kind from which the beverage is made. That led to the cofradia, and he told me the cofradia has to pay so high a license to dispense liquors that it loses money. He has been an alguazil twice (the first time when he was 17) and this is his first term as a mayordomo of a cofradia.

He will get a half-cent for 10 jocotes in Tecpan. It is a five hour walk each way and he expects to earn 30¢ in all. He will buy such necessities as salt and chile to bring back, for his own use. He goes to Tecpan because there is no jocote grown around there, while the closer markets are glutted with it. But even without jocotes to sell he usually goes to Tecpan to market "because he has costumbre for it" and likes it better.

He will be busy Friday and every other day; when he has no more to do in his own milpa (which he will not plant again until May) he will work, for 13¢ a day, on those of ladinos. This gave me a slight opening, and I suggested that if he would help me I would pay that much at least. Then the final blow was struck: what work did I have? Just talking to him, etc.? No, he wants to work for his pay!

He then got up, excused himself and said he had to go. And I felt like a spurned lover. I had the usual consolation given one too, for he said he would be glad to talk to me anytime he happened to be around.

I don't know what, if anything, I did wrong; I certainly can't have been very clever -- but I confess I felt desperate. Now, of course, I am more desperate. As a whole, Sta. Catarina is receptive enough to me; there is no active resistance and not even anything that might be termed "passive" resistance. Everything is all right except I don't know how to go about finding out what I want to know. No methods that I have ever heard of are working for me: plain observation doesn't get me far because there isn't any real community life, in spite of the fact it is a small town. Objective methods, such as genealogies and schedules, haven't worked for me because of my language difficulty. Without knowing the "lengua" I can't even be sure we have any mutual understanding on the name of somebody's mother! In my previous field experience I have always had at least one intelligent and English- or Spanish-speaking Indian to help me to get such information. I don't have that here. Obviously I cannot depend on the pure-informant method.

I have to take time to think....

Rather bewildered, I went back to the plaza, and when Lorenzo Gonzales suggested he had never been in our launch, I took a small party out for a short ride.

February 1, 1936: We went to Sta. Catarina, taking the phonograph; we gave a "concert" in the juzgado. The Indian so-called "sones" on the marimba are by long odds the local favorites.

February 27, 1936: We went to Sta. Catarina, but found a fiesta in force; since Andrade wants to work, and since I have had quite enough of Sta. Catarina fiestas, we went on to Cerro de Oro.

February 29, 1936: We spent the morning in Sta. Catarina; Andrade wasn't able to get much, for there isn't an Indian who can speak Spanish well enough to give even simple linguistic information.

March 19, 1936: I had told Juan Rosales that I would like to get the kinship systems of some other towns on the lake, and with him to explain and interpret, it would be possible. He had the good fortune to "pick up" Ventura Lopez (who is a Sacristan and whom I know, of course) of Sta. Catarina, and since Ventura is one of the most intelligent Catarinecos, we spent the day getting his kinship system. I judge that we were some 75% successful; for the other 25% I shall have to await another, or rather, favorable opportunities. What I have is most illuminating. Assuming that it is even 75% fact, Sta. Catarina has one of the most remarkable systems I know -- and in comparison with that of Panajachel (of which I am not sure yet either) even more interesting. I did not get even one descriptive term from the Catarineco: those recognized as relatives

have applied to them the primary terms. The primary terms are no greater in number than in Panajachel (in fact they are practically the same) so that, of course, they are applied more widely. All cousins are thus siblings; but most remarkable, there is a complete over-riding of generations in collateral lines -- parallel and cross both. Thus descendents of nephews and nieces are all nephews and nieces; descendents of cousins (called siblings) are all cousins (siblings) with distinctions of age depending on relative age when of the same generation, and on generation when of different generations. There seems to be a rule that one calls a person's child just what one calls the person himself (with sex and age differences allowed); this rule is carried so far that one always calls his sibling-in-law's children siblings-in-law, and vice-versa, so that we have the curious phenomenon of the spouses of all uncles and aunts being siblings-in-law. (This obviously has to be checked with other informants). The curious use of the term for daughter-in-law for a woman's sister-in-law occurs in Sta. Catarina as it does in Panajachel. There are other interesting points, but this is enough to indicate that the problem of kinship terminology might have as great a future here as it has anywhere else. I feel rather set up about this, therefore, since it is an unexpected pleasure. I shall refrain, however, from upsetting my program by running after kinship terms. ~~Tomorrow we have to go to Seles;~~

Panajachel diary, March 16, 1937

Manuela Ajbus and husband came to visit us from Sta. Catarina; they brought their lunch and asked if we had fire in the kitchen. Manuela then warmed her tortillas, which is all they had brought, and they knelt by the kitchen door while eating them.

People from Sta. Catarina have been bringing us huipiles, knowing that we would probably buy them. We bargained, and finally were buying them for \$2.50, then \$2.25, then \$2.00 (as the supply overran the demand). One day then our friend Manuela Ajbus of that town came with a huipil to sell, and she finally took \$2.00 for it, but after greater hesitation than usual and much mental struggle. And with good reason, for although hers was the same size as the others, it weighed almost twice as much. The Catarinas are apparently weaving especially for us, and weaving very coarsely; although we have cut the price a lot, it probably still is exorbitant for what we get.

Extracts from the Diary of Juan Rosales

Aug. 6, 1936: Some Catarinecos who were working at my house had their lunch outside, and I noticed that many of them did not look for a shady spot to eat, but were interested in finding a chair or a bench on which to sit, whether in the sun or the shade.

Aug. 12, 1936: A Catarineco told me that in his house he has been quarreling with his son and the son's wife. The wife is a great talker and bearer of tales and whatever she hears in a house or in the street she passes on to others, and she has kept this up until the whole family has been gotten into trouble. For that reason they went to the juzgado for justice, but the Intendente doesn't know how to dispense it and although the daughter-in-law is responsible for all the trouble, the Intendente punished both her and her mother-in-law, saying they were both to blame. His son was also jailed in the affair. Then son and wife went to live with her parents for six months, but the girl quarreled there too and now they came back and things are as bad as before. The man would go to the juzgado again but he feels sorry for his son and is afraid he'll be fined.

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Diary Oct. 30, 1936 -- An old Catarineco came to my house to visit us, and talking with him about this fiesta in his town, he told us that in the old days the best that was done there was as follows: one of the principal cofradías bought a fat steer to be killed on the 31st, tomorrow, for example; they specially looked for a good butcher or meat-cutter among themselves so that all the meat, without bone, could be sent to be fried; the women also made pulique in the kitchen. Then for the 1st of November, at noon, all the officials of the juzgado, cofradías and so forth came to this cofradía to take charge of the sale of the meat, pulique, etc. The alcalde ordered that all the meat be put before him in cacastes, and ordered the alguaciles to climb trees and large rocks to shout to the whole town to come and receive their rations. Very soon all the people came with their dishes. First they placed on a large plate, in sight of the officials an old silver real, kissed their hands to the alcalde and all the other officials, and then received on their dishes three large pieces of meat; they went to the kitchen to receive their pulique. They were given a glass of aguardiente and then went home, while others followed in the best possible order and care.

Diary Nov. 16, 1936 -- In the afternoon a Catarineco came to the house to leave us some platanos that my sister Bacilia sent by him. This man goes every Friday to the plaza in Sololá to buy all kinds of vegetables and Saturday takes the launch at one of the ports here to go to Atitlán and he soon sells it all Sunday in Chicacao, where my sister is, and from there he brings fruit from the coast to sell in the tierra fria. He speaks ill of his townspeople because they do not, like he, make sacrifices to earn a living some other way, but only make bad deals here giving his pueblo a bad name. He said that if we wished to send anything to my sister, he would serve us with pleasure and will stop here Friday.

Diary Dec. 19, 1936 -- On the road I met a Catarineco returning from Chichicastenango with a pair of little lambs which cost him \$11, as he informed me when I asked him. He said they were expensive this time, because there were only a few, because a year ago the authorities charged very much for the bill of sale given to the buyer. Now a bill of sale is no longer required except for the sellers of cattle, horses and mules.

Diary Jan. 15, 1937 -- Talking a moment with him (Catarineco mozo) on different subjects, he voiced a belief about the excessive fatness of some people. He says that not God but the dévil sees to it that some get fat, so that when they die and go to the cerro where he is, he will eat them. For this reason he himself does not want to get fat; he doesn't want to go to the cerro, but to heaven with God.

Diary Jan. 15, 1937 -- Another important thing he told me (the Catarineco mozo) is that he is a widower and would like to marry a woman from here and not from his own pueblo, because he no longer likes the women from his town; they are great talkers and do not like to work in the fields; they only like to fish, and this produces nothing in comparison with onions, garlic, frijol, etc. -- he likes very much to raise these things.

Diary Jan. 16, 1937 -- I observed that in Sta. Catarina they have some beliefs very similar to local ones; for example: they often still call people by other names than their real ones, so that when brujos work evil it will not "take", because the name they use is not the real name of the person. Now they use unlovely nicknames, whether the names of animals or something like that.

Diary Jan. 16, 1937 -- Today the Catarineco again worked here; speaking with him, he told me that he was quarreling with his only daughter, married to someone from his pueblo, because she abandoned him when he was intoxicated on the fiesta of San Gaspar, 6th of this month. The house and site where they all lived is his, and he was going to give it to his daughter on condition that she behave well toward him the rest of his life, since he has been a widower for some years. In this fiesta they left him alone at home, and went to live in a rancho in the monte without saying anything. When he felt the goma, he asked for a little water, but no one served him. He said he almost died of this goma. For this reason he is angry with them and last night he complained to the Intendente, paying him 10 cts. as a gift for the justice he will mete out tomorrow. He says it is the custom there for the complainant to make such a gift to the judge, privately, so that the decision will be straight and according to the law. This Catarineco wants those who abandoned him to be punished so that they will not do it again, since this daughter is his only heir.

~~Diary Jan 16, 1937~~ -- He said also that he (Catarineco mozo) knows very well that the coyotes speak with the fences of cane or poles to ask permission to enter and take chickens or lambs from the pens. For this reason, no matter how good the fences, they always get in, excepting barbed-wire, because this is "extranjero" and the coyotes cannot speak with it.

Diary Jan 16, 1937 -- Formerly it was the custom (in Sta. Catarina) for anyone to buy little lambs, even if he had no land on which to pasture them; there was plenty of pasture-land belonging to the pueblo, and there they were left loose with the owner coming to see them every week, or less often. Sometimes when they passed over to the land of San Antonio Palapó, those people said nothing, because their sheep also wandered over to Sta. Catarina. Then they only put marks on their animals to distinguish them. Now much of this land is under cultivation by anyone who wants it and who does not take of someone else's. Thus it is prohibited to leave animals to roam there; they must be tied and rather on one's own land than on the communal land. This same informant told me that only those Catarinecos who live down below, near the shore, know the Lake; those who live above are, for the most part, farmers.

Diary Jan 30, 1937 -- Talking with me a moment he (Catarineco mozo) told me that he is going to Sololá tomorrow to baptize the child of one of his townsmen. Among them the custom is for the godfather and the parents of the child to share the charge for the baptism; the godfather gives no gifts to the child, but the parents later give presents of bread, chocolate, etc. to their compadre. When it is an evangelio that is being done, the godfather presents the child with clothes and other things, because the child is grown by this time and he can thank in words or deeds.

Diary April 5, 1937 -- When I went to my work I met a ladino from whom I learned that the President made a gift to Sta. Catarina P. of fifty sheets of zinc and some varas of piping of the same material; the former are to be put on the roof of the local school and the pipes are to lead water for the people to the center of the pueblo. This came about because they got together and talked to the President. They say that three days after they made the petition the material came; they themselves hauled it to their pueblo in canoes and doing this there was an accident and one of the canoes foundered. The paddlers saved themselves, and the metal sank. But they soon got it up again, and continued.

Extracts from the Panajachel Notes of Juan Rosales

This

type of fishing they called "sa'jox' which means to catch small fish. Today this type of fishing is still done in San Pedro, using trammel-nets. In Santa Catarina Palapó, a few years back, they discontinued using the old, large type of trap, which was suspended into the lake from a pole and submerged to the point where the mouth of the trap was just at the surface, all of this within a corral of stakes placed single file from the bank. The mouth of the trap was covered with water grass and straw and the trap itself was baited with food. When the trap was full of fish they would cover the mouth and make them captive. This same practice was employed in San Antonio Palapo. Today they use very small traps which are also suspended by long poles into the water to a certain depth. They tie earthworms to these traps with bits of straw and when they see the fish are biting on the earthworms they pull the trap to the shore and in this way catch quite a few fish.

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Sta. Catarina

- (1114) L The catarinecos are the only ones who still exploit the lake for crabs but during the time when these animals were abundant they developed the habit of depending on their catch for their existence, and today when that no longer exists, they are not able to work in the fields like the other townspeople do or to make much profit from what they catch in the lake. That is one of the reasons why their town is decreasing in every way.

Sta
Catarina

p 1119

Sta
Catarina
crabs

The catarinecos are the only ones who indulge in this work and they do it only by night. They go out in canoes, stopping by rocky places, lighting their way with pine torches obtained from the "maxerios", and prepared especially for the purpose. They also go crab hunting during the daytime. When they go during the day they place a piece of hard meat on a maguey leaf which has a large rock attached to the other extreme, and they drop this maguey leaf about ten varas into the water. They place a few more of these baited maguey leaves at certain distances. When they think the crab is biting they yank them out quickly and remove the crab from the fresh meat or dried branches which they use in some instances, then drop the maguey leaf into the water once more. They do this in the daytime because the lake is smooth then, without waves.

(1120)

When they have caught quite a few they string them, five crabs to each stick, and offer them for sale.

roday

only in Santa Catarina Palopo exists the general custom of having the women cut short the hair of their husbands, only leaving it somewhat long on the front part, - what we call "capete" (pompadour), which helps them as a sort of cushion for the mecapal when they are carrying burdens.

Santa
Catarina
17951795
Sc + B

In Santa Catarina Palopo, there still exists this custom of marrying children of the age mentioned and they say that formerly when the children were very small, the parents of the little girl looked for a husband for her and went to the house of the future parents-in-law to ask for their son, because then it was the custom for the women to ask the men. If they are given to each other at this age, they take the boy to the house of the girl to play, eat and sleep together, that is, to learn, one from the other, the customs and ways of living in the house so that on growing to the age where they can consider themselves to be bound in marriage, they will have no difficulties, and they live together like brother and sister. So that in this way they came to know each other from childhood on and if the parents saw the two were incompatible, they then, with good words and in entire harmony, returned the one whom they had intended to be their son-in-law to his own home, his own parents receiving him with pleasure and without any further procedure.

(PAN. EZ 1085)

Hunting wild ducks...

Formerly wild ducks were very abundant in the lake, and the Catarinecos and Atitecos were the ones who hunted them for the few weeks of their season. They did not use guns, but instead used slingshots, sticks, etc. They waited for the birds to fatten, then got into their canoes and chased them and tired them out. (The atiteco paddles standing up and the Catarineco sitting down on stools for that purpose.)

San Antonio Palopó

Jan. 15: Then we went home, taking an alguazil with the mail. Also to my surprise, a young alguazil from San Antonio Palopó, passing through with the mail, appeared and asked to go along. He had never been in a canoe or in a launch, but he didn't seem to be afraid. He asked why we never came to San Antonio, where, he said, the people are awaiting us. I was more surprised to hear him inform me that we had gone past their town twice (which is correct); he says that everybody there saw our launch, and all admire it. (Alguazile's name is Mariano Perez).

I told him we will come to S. Antonio soon; I have to be a bit careful, however, for we have to pass Sta. Catarina to get to San Antonio, and I don't want to arouse local jealousies.

San Antonio Palopis

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Intendente -- Luis Antonio Imeri -- de Solola

Secretario - Federico Mogollón -- " "

Maestras -- Carmen Sanchez " "

" Juana Jimenez " "

Familia de Intendente:

Emma Guerra de Imeri y 7 hijos

Procurista, Alcalde 1^a no mas

" 2^a no mas

Sindico -- Agustín Martín

Regidor 1^o -- Julian Perez

" 2^o -- Nicolas Chowaj

" 3^o -- Francisco Sulugui

" 4^o -- Felipe Sicajan

12 Alguaziles --

2 Mayores --

Interpreter y escribiente -- Juan Perez V.

	Alcalde	Mayordomos	
S. Antonio	Vicario Perez	1. Gaspar Xoc	4. Marcelo Chocho
		2. Mariano Sicajan	5. Francisco Xajil
		3. Jose Sicajan	6. Juan Diaz
			7. Pedro Perez
S. Nicolas	Julian Perez	1. Julian Diaz	3. Vacante Perez
		2. Nicolas Perez	5. Bartolo Diaz
		3. Felix Martin	6. Pedro Perez
		4. Juan Calabay	7. Mariano Perez

always only 7

2 fiscales in cada coprafin

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Enero - 6 - Reyes -- 2 cop.
Feb. - Miércoles de Ceniza -- costumbres - los dos
Semana Santa -- 2 cop.
Junio - 13^a - S. Antonio -- titular - 2 cop.
Sept - 10 - S. Nicolas -- S. Nic. only
Nov. Dia de los Santos - 2 cop.
Dec. 25 Noche Buena - 2 cop.

Principales

documentos
de ferriani 1

Pablo Sicay 45 años, 1^a Julia Sulugui

2^a Marciano Xajil

3^a Calisto Perez

4^a Marciano Diaz

5^a Tomas Martin

6^a Pedro Camu

7^a Pedro Diaz

8^a Jose Diaz

9^a Andres Sicajam

10^a Bartolo Sanchez

11^a Ventura Perez

12^a Diego Diaz

13^a Pedro Perez Jesus

2. Sacristanes

S. Lucas

21/7/5

The Intendente has been here only 3 weeks; the Secretary (Caldino) is an intelligent fellow, but the Intendente not so good.

The town is concentrated, with Ladinos & Indians houses in laid-out streets. The Indians are rather confined to certain sections, & live in house-compounds. They are pretty amiable. Corn to be sold is beaten with clubs, when hard & while still in the reed, so that the kernels are knocked off; the remaining kernels are picked off by hand. The iron picks are used for this purpose when the kernels are still soft.

The plaza even on Tuesday (the most important day) is not very busy: most prominent were a large number of mason's dry-goods merchants. These were unusually friendly; they get to Chichucastanango to buy in Thursday market, make Solola Friday, S. Lucas Sat, coast Sunday, S. Lucas Tues., & go ~~by~~ either across the lake & thence to Solola & Chich., or else around the lake & directly to Chichi: for Thursday again. One told me that he & others have or have had 2nd wives in S. Lucas & other places on the road; this is an advantage.

Asked a woman if they covered children's heads as protection against evil eye. She laughed and said it was to keep out dust.

San Lucas - Costume

Women - Tot. skirt, red, green, blue.
 Pet. faja, sev. inches wide, white
huipil with small figures woven in.
 Pinkish red ribbon braided in hair &
 braid wound around head (or blue
 or yellow ribbon). Variation - red & white striped
Men - red & white striped short trousers,
 some with figures. Red bands. Shirt,
 plain white (bought) and blue wool
 jacket.

219 } to S. Lucas 11 days, 34 - boys } 1 school mistress
Cerro de Oro } " Atitlan 2" 24 - girls } for both from Patzún

Costume - Men - trousers long narrow white (sometimes with occas. small figures of cotton) rolled up to just below knee. Red bandag - some what like Chichicast. & tucked up in back (not hanging down front, like Atitlan). Atitlan colored shirts, Red ante. Blue (bought) jacket.
Women - plain blue skirt, long. Red faja (like men's bandag). Atupil - plain red, blue with a narrow brown stripe every 2 inches.

80 people came from Patzún some 70 or 80 years ago.

Jan. 3: When we arrived in Atitlán, the Intendente was on the pier; to his embarrassment the pier broke, sending half of our party into the water. All recovered shortly, and we went into the town, stopping on the way to look at some weaving and at the santo in the cofradía Santiago (patron). Then we came to the plaza, where the school-children put on a drill-demonstration, visited the church, etc. By the time we had seen a few more houses and the people had bought things, we were late for our departure, and we left for Tzanjuyu.

I learned a little about Atitlan, chiefly that Sanchez' account is probably not to be trusted. For example, he writes that the cofradía santos are in the church (or at least he makes it appear obvious) when they are in the cofradías as I would have expected. I think also that he mistook sweat-baths for chicken-houses, although that seems hardly possible.

The present intendente has been here for 4 months, and he reports that he had a very hard time with the Indians at first, but he is now respected. He is most proud of the school; by imposing a fine of \$3 per child, he has increased attendance from 120 to 517. He also has separated the lake shore into sections and allows washing and bathing in only certain places so as not to pollute the drinking water. He is also building a municipal pier and inaugurating such other improvements.

This visit will of course make our official entrance into the town when that comes, so much the easier; the officials, at least, are greatly impressed with my importance.

FIELD NOTES ON SANTIAGO ATITLAN

Intendente - Octaviano Jimenez

Salary - \$27.00 a month.

Reforms:

Lakefront: drinking water, washing clothes, washing tripe.

Fine for going to wrong place

Coffee vender must have spoon

Cebollinos cannot be sold in market.

Football - No longer played in plaza

Pigs and Chickens - in separate corrals; not in house.

Santrigo Atitlan

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Costume:

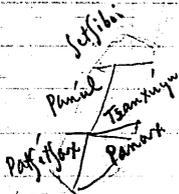
1. Men - short tunics, white with lav. stripes ^(for low coloring) and ~~usually~~ often 2 rows of lav. embroid. lying close to bottoms of legs. Home-made shirts, white or vari-colored striped, with many small buttons. Red bands, no leather belt. Sute - red with about 2-in. brown stripes. Blue jackets, bought ready-made from commerciales from Totonicapán. Also have black sacco - same as other like villages. Straw hats, + some wear capotes. The striped shirts are either made for the native women or bought from S. Pedro.
2. Women - red coate, full length wrap-around from Quezaltenango. Strip of white with lav. ^(blue & orange) stripes (like men's trousers). Many without any decoration. Better ones with red silk & embroid. in back + front. Head dress: red, 1-in. wide dec. On ends, several yds long, ^{around part} ~~around~~ around hair and then the whole wound around head & end decorated parts.

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on the outside. Sute - for carrying articles, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds long ^{with a few fine white stripes} & 15 in wide, red & blue striped. Articles tied up on one end and whole slung over shoulder with cargo at the back.

Quite a few old women (and only old) wear blue & white plaid coates, and blue & brown striped Sutes, with headdress & kipil same as others.

Axilán
 (Andrés Tziná & family) 224



Cantón

Setíboi	Principal	Age	Notes
José Ajuchán	1 ^a Principal	80 yrs	} 2 ^a Prin. of Axilán cousins
José Ajuchán	2 ^a Principal	80 yrs	
Juan Rianda	3 ^a "	70 "	
Pedro Xiché	4 ^a "	70 "	
Gaspar Tecaxóí	5 ^a "	65 "	
Nicolas Rukúch	6 ^a "	70 "	
Gaspar Tziná	7 ^a "	70 "	
Mariáns Gonzales	8 ^a "	65 "	
Pedro Sicái	9 ^a "	65 "	
Antonio Quiéju	10 ^a "	70 "	
Juan Chatajai	11 ^a "	70 "	
Lucas Chicaján	12 ^a "	70 "	
Salvador Ramires	13 ^a "	70 "	
Nicolas Ramires	14 ^a "	65 "	
Juan Tinaj	15 ^a "	70 "	

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Panaj -- 1^a Salvador Quijón 75 yrs
 2^a José Pablo 90 yrs. → 3^a ^{Primo} ~~Atlan~~
 3^a Antonio Petzay 70 "
 4^a Juan Quijón 70 "
 5^a Manuel Quijón 65 "
 6^a Felipe Sosof 70 "
 7^a Juan Pablo 70 "
 8^a Gaspar Damian 70 "

Tzanjuyu --- 1^a José Pablo 75
 2^a Gaspar Mendoza 70
 3^a Luis Ramírez 70
 1^a ^{Primo} ~~Atlan~~ --- 4^a Juan Tacaroy 96 1^a ^{Primo} ~~Atlan~~
 5^a Cristóbal Cochay 70 } tr.
 6^a Esteban Cochay 65 }
 7^a Gaspar Mendoza 65
 8^a

Panil --- 1^a Nicolás Tzina 70
 2^a Diego Vasquez 70
 3^a Juan Mendoza 65
 4^a Juan Popo 65
 5^a Gaspar Ruiz 70

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Gregorio Zuñiga -- "Cabecera del Pueblo"
canton Panul. March 15th 1936.
José Ajuchan of Setziboy will take
over this job.
1^a (hadino: Pedro Asunziga)
Regidores: 2^a Nicolás Chiquival -- Panul
3^a (Lad.: Julio Cabrero
4^a Diego Vasquez -- Panul

Intendente: Octaviano Jiménez (had.)

Judic^o F^o: (had.) Mundo Mérida

Mayores: 1^a Gaspar Atujal -- Patz'itax

2^a José Soroz -- Panaj

3^a

4^a

5^a

6^a

7^a

8^a

Alguaciles (24)

Sacristanes 1^a Pedro Sozoy -- Tranjuyu
 2^a Nicolas Sapalu -- Patsifajay *aluz*
 3^a Diego Ixalan -- Siffiboy
 4^a Juan Sofwel -- Tranjuyu
 5^a Nicolas Mesia -- Siffiboy
 6^a Nicolas Retzan -- Panaj
 7^a Tomas Ajchomajai (Intendente S. Pedro L.)
 -- Panul ^{now}

Fiscales: 1^a Salvador Damian -- Tranjuyu (1 yr)
 2^a Pedro Mendoza -- Tranjuyu (1 yr)

Secretary: (Vad)

Subscriber: Jose Ramirez Pospoy -- Tranjuyu

Copradas

Alcaldes

1. Santiago -- July 25	Jose Rianda, Tranjuyu
2. Sta Cruz -- May 3	Salvador Pablo, Panul
3. Concepcion -- Dec 8	Francis Sapalu Siffiboy
4. S. Nicolas -- ?	Manuel Ajkabal, Panul
5. S. Felipe -- Feb 5	^{now} Luis Ramirez, Tranjuyu _{San Pedro Ajai}
6. S. Gregorio -- ?	Diego Ratzan Panaj
7. Sacramento -- Corpus Christi	Salvador Teina Panul
8. Anima -- ?	Tomas Petzay Siffiboy
9. Rosario -- Oct.	Juan Mendoza Panul

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	1 ^a	Alcalde de Cofa		<p>Los Santos: las fiestas have paid for by others orders coprades.</p> <p>adorn; candles, incense; wine make food for cof.</p> <p>Only Santiago & Sta Cruz have clothes washed every 15 days: by</p> <p>Sacristanes wash clothes of church saints every 15 days Tixelas of all copradias really do the washing all copradias put candles & incense for church saints</p>
	2 ^a	Jurey		
	3 ^a	Copradia	1 ^a	
	4 ^a	"	2 ^a	
Men	5 ^a	"	3 ^a	
	6 ^a	"	4 ^a	
	7 ^a	"	5 ^a	
	8 ^a	"	6 ^a	
	9.	Tixel	1 ^a	
Women	10	"	2 ^a	
	11	"	3 ^a	
	12	"	4 ^a	

Some come each day; all on Sunday.

Copradias take weekly turns burying people.

Family washes, dresses body & buys coffin.

Coprades 1^a-6^a place body in coffin & take it to cemetery. Friends & relatives go too. Just pass church & go on.

15-18 yrs -- alguazil
 1^{or} yr. rest.
 -- pescador (mail carrier in canoes); 24g. they
 12 each week.
 1 yr rest
 mayor
 1 or 2 yrs rest
~~6^a~~ copradia -- Santiago
 3^a rest
 1 yr rest -- Sta Cruz
 4^a copradia -- S. Felipe.
 1 yr rest
 3^a copradia
 1 yr rest
 2^a copradia
 1 yr rest
 1^a copradia
 1 yr. rest
 Juez -- Sacramento
 1 yr. rest
 alcalde eop.
 1 or 2 yr rest
 Fiscal 1^a

Now is Principal
 " " " molestos " " ni un
 now no " " clase de servicios "

Regidores are literates, as were alcalde 2^a 's

Baptism

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In most cases the padrino or padrina is a ladino. In the case of Andrés' children -- the padrina for the ^{second} eldest ^(Felisa) is Niña Soila Cabrera of Chicacaco. Andrés took the child to Chicacaco, the padre came from Patulul, the child was baptised, and Andrés brought it back. Niña Soila's mother is a friend of Andrés' wife. The madrina gave a costume of shirt & paraja to the child. Andrés gave nothing.

The eldest child was baptised here. Ofelia Fuentes was the madrina. The child was born ~~in~~ Nov. 1, 1922; Dec 8.

(concepción) she was baptised. On the 7th Andrés went with his wife to ask Ofelia; they took a bread with them. On their knees with hands up in praying position, they asked her. She said "yes, many thanks; come tomorrow & we'll go to the church." At 9 AM they went with the child to Ofelia's house, & the 4 went to the church. The padre of Patulul baptised the child. At 11 AM went back to Ofelia's house. They thanked Ofelia on knees; and Ofelia herself dressed the baby in new clothes. Then they went home. Ofelia has since left to live on a finca, & now has a husband; she is their comadre. Husband not comadre.

The 3rd child has comadre Gladia Riron (also comadre). Ana was born Nov. 11, 1924. She was baptised July 25, 1925 (Santiago)

here. Day before asked Godio, with no present. Three days later they went there with a cooked ~~rooster~~ rooster. The last time they gave the present first because it was first child & they didn't know any better.

The fourth child (Andrés Saki) had Indian Madrina, Maria Yos. Child born Feb 24, 1930. Baptism in Santiago by Catalal padre. "Just thought they'd like to have Indian madrina." Asked day before. Everything same except Maria didn't give child anything; ^(she's poor) 3 days later Andrés brought her a loaf of bread.

The fifth, 'Susan Tsina', is not yet baptized; born on June 13, 1935. There wasn't time by July; ~~anyway~~ anyway Padre didn't come for Santiago. He came Concepcion from Chicacaco but went so quickly that there was no time for baptisms. He didn't come Christmas. He hasn't chosen a madrina or padrino yet; it will be a ladino, he says, but he won't get one until the Padre comes.

At same time he will have his 6th child baptized - now 3 weeks old. In that case will have one padrino for each. Never have same godparent for more than one child.

Have women godparents because the men don't usually care to do it. But stones is also ~~compadre~~ compadre.

One reason for preferring ladinos: the godparent must know what to say at the baptism. This can be learned from the Catechism, but you have to read to learn. Few Indians know it. Maria Yoa knows Spanish because worked for ladinos; she can't read but she has learned the ritual.

Household arrangement

1 bed for parents; another for children; if a tiny babe, sleeps with parents. At 8 or 10 years the boys are separated from the girls in sleeping. When the boys are about 16 or so, ~~they~~ get another ranchos for them; the girls always stay with the parents who watch them.

If a girl of say 12-13 yrs has a serious affair with a boy, her father (if he finds it out) has no more love for her; he doesn't strike her, but reports the pair to the jingado. Then, if the matter is found serious, the matter passes to Solola (Jury 1^{ra} Instancia) & both are jailed for 5-6 years. (Young boys of 11-12 years for disobedience, etc., are whipped with chicote 3-4 or 5 cracks. -- after that, to the jingado). Also deprive bad child of a day's food; ~~if~~ this from ages 10-12.

From 8-10 a boy starts to go with the father to milpa to learn to work & also to help. A girl learns to grind

at 14 years. After that, learns to spin. At 14 or so, begins to weave. At 15 begins to embroider ~~by~~ her dupiel. At 16 or 17 can marry: she knows her work. Before 11 yrs; girl helps mother in laundry & kitchen & market & takes care of babies. Also carry water from lake.

At 2 yrs a child gets first sweat bath. Every 2 or 3 weeks gets a bath -- all ones life. Men & women. Until 8 or 9 years, mother gives them the bath. Women rarely bathe in lake; some women bathe every week or two; many never. When bathe in lake, only occasionally take sweat bath. One or the other. Men bathe in lake every week or so in addition to sweat bath every 2 weeks. Lake bathing on Sunday. Go naked, & with soap. Men & women don't bathe at same time. Even children distinguished by sex.

Girls menstruate first at 15 or 16. May tell mothers, but not father -- & wife doesn't tell husband. Great shame in this matter.

When girl is 16 she knows how to sew a man -- & how to do the work. She knows it is

1. xun	iS	kan	bats	etc.	ponoſlaxux	① bakotal	lom
2. ka'i	hS	kan	bats	etc	"	⑩ kix	luna
3. uci'	"	"	"	"	"	⑪ tse	Mark
4. koxi'	"	"	"	"	"	⑫ kanel	Mier
5. o'o'	"	"	"	"	"	⑬ kikin	Jues
6. wagi'	"	"	"	"	"	⑭ eh	Kern
7. wuq'u'	"	"	"	"	"	⑮ moſ	Sab
8. wachi'	"	"	"	"	"	⑯ Dixaf	Don
9. bilixe'	"	"	"	"	"	⑰ muſ	Luna
10. laxux	"	"	"	"	"	⑱ kanel	Mark
11. xulaxux	"	"	"	"	"	⑲	
12. kablaxux	"	"	"	"	"	⑳	
13. oclaxux	"	"	"	"	"		

0. laxux	① iS	Sab	13
"	② kan	Dotu	26
"	③ bats	lun	31
"	④ kat	Mark	
"	⑤ juq'	Mier	
"	⑥ tox	Jues	
"	⑦ konon	Vieris	
"	⑧ not	Sab	

fine, to marry and she wants to.
 If ~~the~~ a daughter is only 13 yrs & the father of
 a boy comes to ask her hand for his son, the girl
 father would not allow it: she is too young. But if
 the boy's father says, "Yes, I know she is young
 but perhaps in 2 years they can marry?" the
 girl's father will say, "I cannot obligate my
 daughter; it is for her to say." So the young people
 will be consulted and after a while they ~~will~~ may
 decide they like each other. Then the parents
 make arrangements and ~~in~~ in 2 years, when
 the girl is old enough, the marriage takes place.

But if the boy's father comes when the girl is
 15 or 16, the young people will be consulted &
 if agreeable the marriage takes place right off.

The ~~parent~~ boy's father and mother and
 "festigo" ax kuetla, a principal - a respected
 man. They come at 7 P.M. (after supper). They
 stop outside the door of the ranch. The festigo
 says "Señor!" The girl's mother comes to the door
 and says "Who's there?" The festigo says "Excuse me
 we come to make a molestia". Then he gets on
 his knees with hands up in prayer position. The

mother says "Rise, ^{and} I am not god." The Testigo rises & says "now we come to ~~ask~~ ^{ask} for one favor of your little girl." The mother replies "you didn't come for that; my daughter doesn't know anything about her business. ^{or} Better look for another girl, one who knows now how to ~~do~~ do her proper job." The Testigo: "~~the~~ The father of the boy wants your daughter. We cannot undo the wish of the boy for your daughter." The mother: "Yes! we don't know if our daughter likes your boy; notice, don't come again." Testigo: "We are coming again tomorrow; excuse us -- but remain in peace in your home. Good night." They all go.

~~Then~~ In the home they all discuss the matter, ^{Father} because these people come to bother us here in our own home. I don't like it that they come every little while." Mother: "Pues, say I, let us not send any message to the house of this boy to have them come again." They tell the girl to ^{bring her} ~~make~~ ~~be~~ bed closer. The mother says to her "Did that boy ever talk to you?" "No" says the girl. "What do you think of him?" "No, I don't like him at all!" says the girl, "Excuse

me father (she prays) but "NO!" The father says to her "Think it over well on your head." That's all. No more talk even the next day.

At 7 PM the 3 come again. After the usual salutation, ^{father} talks to the girl's mother: "Excuse us, we came to make a molestia to ask for your daughter." Mother: "Get up, I won't go don't come again because my daughter doesn't want to marry." T: "Excuse me, lady; I hope that you will consider: that you will give us that girl, voluntarily." M: "No, I can't obligate my daughter, excuse me." T: "So... I hope God will talk to the child for them to marry." M: "Yes, but I can't force my child because she doesn't yet know how to do her business; she is still learning." Then the father ^{mother} of the boy pipes up: "If God know it is — that she doesn't know her work, we will teach her something of her work. We are not bad people." M of girl: "Don't come tomorrow; this is absolutely final: we can't give to

The Tustips beg the mother's pardon again & says: "We will come again tomorrow & good-night!" They all go.

In the house the Father asks his daughter again, "If you want to marry the son of that man, answer yes." The daughter says "yes." The father replies, "Marry him, then, very well. Listen, I can't force you." They go to sleep.

Next evening at 7, they come again, etc.

T: "We come again to ask for the girl." M: "OK, but we don't want it ~~at~~ — my husband doesn't want it." T: "Maybe, communicate with your husband that he should give us your child."

M: "OK, then, come tomorrow." Now it is understood that things will be arranged. The visitors leave, saying "Hasta mañana."

In the house: F: "Let us discuss the matter, to give ~~for~~ this child with those people." M: "That will be all right." The child hears, & all go to sleep.

at 7 P.M.: T: "Excuse us again; we come to bother you." M of g. "It's all right, come in." They go into the house. They sit down, & begin to talk.

The *testigo* says "We are grateful, etc., that you receive us voluntarily." F of g: "Now, then, yes, we receive you with good voluntad; but would to god that ~~the~~ my children will live in peace in their own house!" F of t: "Yes sir, would to god that we live a long time to care for these my children!" F of g: "There no remedy, then; now everything's arranged. This child is not a great thing."

The T raises, takes out a bag of money from his shirt, & says "Here, receive a gift." F of g: "No, you are being bothered a lot, since this isn't a horse that you can buy with money." T: "Yes, but this is our custombre. Please take this gift." F of g gets up: "Many thanks & takes the money."

The T brings out liquor & each takes a drink [meanwhile the girl involved has been absent from the house]. Now the parents of the 2 young people are "compadres" & "comadres"

The visitors go home. In 3 days at 9 or 10 AM the three come with female friends, bringing a

big basket of tamales with 5 turkeys -- cooked. The girl's mother receives the stuff & in return she gives them a tinaja of stold de mesa, & they go. The grand parents of the girl are called, and the uncles & aunts & cousins; the food is divided among all the people.

In 2 weeks the ~~girl's~~ boy's mother comes, bringing 50 pesos of bread, to ask "On what date will the kids marry?" The reply is, "In 2 weeks." That's all.

In 2 weeks the young couple with parents, ~~parents~~ and tertijs, and the marriage padrinos of the boy (which his father has ~~also~~ found) go to the juzgado at 2 or 3 P.M. The Intendente rises & explains ~~to them~~ to the boy that he should take care of his wife & to respect his father & mother & also his wife, because they went before the law of matrimony to marry civilly -- & if you don't comply, the law will punish you. The Intendente tells father of boy: you must treat your d in L well because they are marrying -- & that they should never separate until God sends death to separate them. Then he

tells the girl -- 'make a home with your m-in-l
~~that~~ now you are marrying before the law &
 before the witnesses, for in case you don't
 behave with your m-in-l, here we shall
 punish you. ---

The parents asks the Intendants to marry
 the young ones. The girl goes with her husband
 to his house. The parents of the girl go back to
 their own house.

The next day the girl & her m-in-law come
 back to her house with families & 5 turkeys.
 In return they take kinage of atol do-maad.
 (Food again distributed).

The girl doesn't come home to her folks until
 8 or 10 months or so - unless mother is sick
 or something.

This system costs some 10- in food, etc.
 Have to post banner 2 weeks in advance.
 Have to register all children later.

If girl's parents don't want match; or she doesn't, they just refuse even if the boy's party comes a dozen or 20 times.

Some are afraid of black magic & give their daughters. --- nobody ever goes to pray to change their minds: that wouldn't work.

Boy wants girl. Boy's father says OK & goes to an old man for Teatigo, giving him 5.0¢ & asking him. He accepts. Every day the father sends over each day 10 pesos de pan, 3 lbs meat, 20 tamalitos — all prepared.

To padrinos, 25¢ + 10 pesos bread, 3 lbs meat, 20 tamalitos.

For each son I get a different T and P.

In his case, no pizzado; fixed it up in girl's house with Teatigo & Padrinos and stayed there 3 months & then took wife to his home. He gave 200 pesos to her father.

This is a second costumbre — & many do it.

Another way: boy himself asks girl's father. The girl then goes with the boy to his home.

Older brother paid 10 pesos to T. and 15.00 peso to wife's father (no wedding); younger brother, 1000 pesos, without wedding.

No polygamy, although a few men are known to have "queridas" besides their wives. But never in the house, of course.

In case of adultery, the juzgado is resorted to. A man may whip his wife, in addition; but because the wife is not capable, she doesn't do that ever. A man would never think of whipping his brother's wife; nor would the wives of the others in the compound ever come to the defense of one — except if the man is drunk, & then it is necessary.

His sister Concepcion lives here with her husband Pedro Keije with 4 children. Married about 20 years. The first year they lived with the man's father, etc. Then came here & have lived ever since. They built this house here; they could have built one over there, for the man has a "sitio" but the wife didn't want to live over there. A wife is never forced to go with her husband to live, if she prefers to live in her own

home, she may; of course if a violent difference of opinion, they'll separate. "But if a man likes his wife, they will live in peace." Most ~~are~~ residences are patrilocal. They start patrilocal & if the woman & her m-in-l get along O.K. they'll stay there; if not, the woman tells her husband she wants to move. Before the marriage, don't consider the problem.

In Andre's case he went to live with his wife "por gusto" for 3 months, but his f-in-l didn't treat him well, and after that time they both came to his place. His other two brothers share right home with ~~one~~ wives and have been here since.

When the husband goes to live at the wife's place, the parents of the woman send ^{2 baskets} tamales and 3 turkeys to the man's home.

In case of separation, woman goes to her father's house & man to his father's house. If a boy & girl, man takes boy, woman takes girl. Man takes all sons; if say 5 daughters, woman takes 2 & man 3. If 3 d's & 2 s's, man takes sons & 1 daughter. Man always gets rights "It makes no difference is husband or wife is very bad." If sons very young, stay with woman until 3 years old. Husband pays \$0.4 a month for each child with woman, but only for babies.

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If there is an only child the husband has a right to it regardless of sex.

A widow with one or two children goes back to her family to live with the kids. If there are 5 or 6 kids, the widow stays here with them.

With Matr. residence, if wife dies, & there are only one or 2 kids, he goes back to his place with the kids. If 4 or more children the man remains here & brings a new wife here maybe.

3 years ago maize cost \$3 a quintal; now is 50¢ for yellow and 40 pesos for white.

The color of the corn depends not on the seed but on the earth. Some places give white, some yellow. But in a place for yellow, plant only yellow; never white because "no es un lugar". The wrong color planted gives poor crop of small mazorcas.

^{don near pueblo}
A ~~mita~~ mitpa has a lot of heat, a lot of force; and white corn is always planted there.
In a mitpa that is higher in the month is colder, & gives yellow corn.

Enero }
 Febrero } Siembra
 Marzo }
 Abril }

Mayo -- 2^a Limpio

Junio -- 3^a Limpio

Julio -- elotes

Agosto

Sept

Oct.

Nov.

Dec

Enero } cosecha

in hole { 5 maize
 { 3 beans (demija)
 between the rows, both
 ways, frijol de suelo
 -- 3 beans.

1 cord gives 1 hintal
 of maize; 2 arobas
 maize de milpa and
 1 hintal frijol de suelo.

1 cord	1 ^a fila	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
	2 ^a fila	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
	3 ^a fila	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
	4 ^a fila	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
	5 ^a fila	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

If the maize consists of
 "mulcos" (small cobs), get
 6 arobas from a cord. Prefer big grains, however.

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Plant white & black corn in Jan & Feb. Plant yellow corn in April & May.

harvest white ^{+ black} corn in Oct. & Nov.; yellow corn in Dec., Jan., Feb.

white corn gives 2 quintales per cuerda; yellow, 5 arrobas;

black, 6 arrobas. Bad harvest, 1 q., 2 q., and 1 q.

Frijol de milpa gives more per cuerda than ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~one~~ ^{one}.

He uses - maize -

29 quintales per yr. with his present family & hog & chicks
(can't mix varieties: one at a time).

1 1/2 quintales of frijol -- all black. He grows that much & no more.

best year had bad harvest & bought some of both comods

land lasts some 6 or 7 years; then move to other, let veg. grow, & burn

Only ceremonies are at harvest; when bring corn into house, man himself burns incense.

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get as many as 50-60 deer a year. Eat meat, sell hide (25-30 pesos) + take bones from soup & instead of throwing to dogs (as with beef) take out & bury under rocks. It would be a sin to throw bones of wild animal (animal de Dios) to dogs. ---

Mountain pigs -- same thing. Get 10 a year.

Dogs are used in hunting -- to "point" to animals. Then shoot with shot-gun (double barreled). \$3.00 license per year.

Service on road, 2 weeks per yr. In lieu of pay \$1.00 habilidad. He doesn't have other service because did military service, 1933. He may have to serve here more; however; maybe (God & Intendente only know) next year.

Alejo = hermanos [siblings]. No idea of signal.

Lake Atitlan is, it is said
350 cuerdas deep. It was measured in ancient times.

An old man once told him the story. There was no

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lake; no hills. Santiago & his sister Maria Agosto came here; there was no town yet. Santiago came to stay. Maria said, I'm going up to that place (Solola). Santiago said OK & she started out. At Cerro de Oro she rested. She didn't feel like getting up again. She had a gicarm of water & threw it down; from that water immediately grew the lake. Santiago took Maria on his horse, which swam across the lake, & Maria got to Solola. Santiago came back here.

Santiago Satuhil is the one here. There are a dozen in the country world, but this is the important one.

o br. nunial

y br. nutjak

3092. br. nutfikaxol

ny Br. br. nutfikinial

" 68 rimam nunial or [ala katih^o - fof, come here!
istan katih^o - fof " "

ny B. 68 ri walzh) nam.

unde wikan

amt nutfikite

son nukaxol

stan wal

d: wal ~~st~~ fitala

d: wal fitala istan

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	3		
maize	.06	menteca	.02
fríjol	.02		
chile	.00 $\frac{1}{4}$		33
carne	.02		
sal	.00 $\frac{1}{2}$		
jábon	.02		
hilo	.01		
fósforo	.01 $\frac{1}{2}$		
gas	.01		
pan	.03 $\frac{1}{2}$		
frutas	.02		
cal	.00 $\frac{1}{2}$		
leña	.03 $\frac{1}{2}$		
cibolla	.00 $\frac{1}{2}$		
ajo	.00 $\frac{1}{2}$		
tomato	.01		
dulce	.02		
café	.02		
chicharones	.01		
fiesta	{ choc		
	{ cepal		

Death

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9 in A.M., in the morning
At the death, an old woman is called in to wash the body (regardless of age or sex). She is alone in the room. She washes with warm water & soap. She puts an old suit of clothes on body, and over it, a new costume. Some 4 others (new ones) are set aside for the coffin. The heir buys a coffin from carpenter here (Latinos) -- years ago most people were buried only in mats. Meanwhile the body is on a board, & the ~~the~~ family places candles & flowers.

The heir notifies the nine cogrades (one from each) whose week it is. These cogrades are stationed in the church so can always be found.

At about noon, the cogrades come to carry away the body. The coffin is in the patio, the cogrades go into the house, carry out the body, place it in the coffin. A new mat is first put in the coffin; cover body with new clothes. Nothing else is placed in coffin. Incense is burned over the coffin. All friends & relatives are here crying & rapidly getting drunk. They also come at noon. The heir has a garrapon of rum for all -- & the cogrades drink too. 3 garrapones of rum are prepared for occasion: (1) here, (2) at whisky factory for a rest, (3) at cemetery. 1 quetzal each garrapon.

The cofrades nail the coffin & carry the coffin. Pass church - but don't stop. Rest at whiskey factory.

Before noon the cofrades had dug the grave. (lots are free, but mesolea are privately owned).

The cofrades are now finished, when they bury the body. The cofrades lower the coffin with ropes. Then they fill in the grave.

The rest of the people come to deceased's house. They drink here but do not eat. Many remain here all night, the others come again in the A.M. Don't eat at all here. The friends come in AM with food -- bread, coffee, atol de masa, & rum for the goma. This food, etc. is for the people in the house. Don't eat ~~any~~ anything for are sick, & at 3 PM the people leave.

3 or 4 days the people stay home; the women do household duties & go to Plaza to buy & sell. After that the men go about their work.

Some people go to church with shaman, etc. & do costumbre to see that soul doesn't go to jail in the next world.

No mourning signs. A man will wait before marrying again! -- maybe 5 or 6 months. If

a widow is "honrada" she might wait 5 or 6 years.
 Other "pegs" of woman marry again in 5 or 6 days.
 Some bad "men" too who might get another woman the
 same day.

2 or 3 men every year are drowned in the lake.
 The coprades hunt the body after a week (or when
 body is found, they come) to take it to cemeteries.
 Bury only in mat (because body so inflated).
 They take body to juzgado for examination &
 report. Directly, they all go to cemeteries. They
 just put clothes in with body & bury body. Drink
 liquor, etc.

When man dies in evening or night, wash body
 immediately & people drink all night. This is a
 greater expense.

Since often 4 or 5 deaths in a day, the coprades
 have plenty of work & much liquor.

9 months is the "stipulated by God" period of
 pregnancy. The woman knows at 2 months &
 tells her husband. Some women don't eat meat,
 others bread, etc. (never drink, now or at other times).

At about 5 months the woman herself goes for a midwife. She often goes accompanied by her mother. They leave some money with the midwife (50¢ - 1.00 - 2.00) when ask her aid on bended knees. Also give chocolate (prepared) with sugar and bread. It is said that long ago used to give cacao beans with money on top, but informant can't imagine how long ago; he knows that other towns do it still.

The next month the midwife comes to the house to call the woman. She fixes the woman up if something is wrong. They never go to sweat-bath.

At time of birth the husband or his mother or somebody calls midwife. She runs over quick & assists at the birth. The husband is outside nervous.

The midwife (comadrona o partera) washes the baby with warm water & soap & dresses it in a foreign shirt (fine). The woman is in bed & the husband is called. He excuses himself before partera & thanks her. He gives her a cup of chocolate & some bread. He then gives her

about 50¢, & she goes home. A week the woman stays in bed, & every day the midwife comes. Then she comes in more. The mother then sends for some meat & cooks it herself & makes a basket full of tamales & herself takes all to the midwife.

His wife is a 2 yr. woman. Others are 1 yr., others 3 yr. & even 4 yr. 3 & 4 yrs. are better yet. The fewer children, the more work the wife can do.

Children are good to have because if die without children some strange man marrying your wife will eat your hard earned money; also it is nice to have children to remember you, & sometimes to help you in old age.

But it is well not to have children; they are an expense; they die & that costs a lot; you have to feed and cloth them instead of yourself, etc.

1, 2, 3 are OK. 5, 6, 7 are too many.

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There are stories of people who have died & come to life again -- telling their "dreams". Saw God, who had list and asked name & said "you aren't on list," & whipped them & told them to go back. Then person awoke. People glad & not afraid. This doesn't happen anymore.

Law requires burial within 24 hours.

When we buzzes it is a sign that God is reading over your name. Maybe you will be called to die. The man answers, then, "I am called Juan" (when his name is Francisco). By answering with that lie, he saves himself.

~~From~~ Women here never drink (except at funerals or in house when husband gives a drink). Never go to sarabandas, even in fiestas -- go + all in plaza, that's all. Women don't go out on street in evening. It is not safe for her to go even with her husband, for a drunk may kill the husband for the woman.

There are some bad women -- generally divorcees -- who are actually prostitutes. Take men to their homes & the men afterwards give them money, maybe 25¢ or \$1.00 or \$2.00. Have illegitimate kids; but although woman is a "pej" children are not looked down on.

Lit.Span

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1. Pedro Sosp 2.
2. Diego Ramirez 1.
3. Nicolas Sapulu 10
4. Pedro Mendoza 3.
11. Nicolas Ramirez
12. Tomas Ajchomjai
5. Nicolas Chiguival 4.
7. Diego Vasquez 5.
6. Jose Ramirez 1^a 7.
10. Jose Ramirez Pospoi 6.
8. Jose So'wel 8.
9. Juan So'wel 9.
14. Nicolas Ratzan
13. Andres Tsina'
15. Diego 9'balan
16. Gaspar Mesias
17. Salvador Pospoi
18. Diego Ramirez 2^a
19. Salvador Ramirez
20. Pedro Sosp 2^a
21. Pedro Sosp 3^a

many others, men + women, who can write a little
— may write name.

Coile de San Miguel -- the bolador dance --

29 of June (S. Pedro) in S. Pedro only.

Two years ago had the last one in patio of church
never have them here. MS

La Conquista -- done last about 8 yrs ago; no money
to do it often. Fiesta 25th Julio. 3 or
4 rehearsals. Start Dec 1; then in April 16
(Resurrección); Corpus Christi next; then Santiago,
with masks, etc. The costumes are rented for
about 10 apiece; + have to buy silk handkerchiefs
etc. Masks from Tot. MS.

Torritos -- less expensive (\$4.00 per person) than
Conquista. One each year. Rehearsals +
dances as above. Masks from Tot. MS.

Venados -- none for about 15 years. "People don't
like it much." masks from Tot. Same as
others for performances. Masks from Tot. Have
MS.

Cortej -- last time some 18 yrs ago. Use rainbow
arches of wood decorated with silk + feathers

"Negritos" -- Negro masoch, day of Corpus, every year.

Do it at church + coz. Sacramento. Always
 given by people of Cerro de Oro. 2 rehearsals,
 3rd ^{St. Cruz} ^{May} 20th May (S. Bernadina)

[Nahuala, it is said, has snake dance with live snakes].

Moros .. some 20 years since last one here.

263 Hot

frijol de suelo
caldo de carne res
pescapitos, pesados
^{crabs}
carne de sasina (res)
chile
naranja
limón
banana; piña
plátano, coco
tomate, pitayes
repolla, cauliflor
cebollo; leche de vaca
ajo; jocote ~~de~~ de chichu
mora (hierba)
pinole (mat's plus piment, etc.
& other hot things)
masa foods
atol de arroz, atol blanco
pancila, miel blanco
francesis (bread)
coffee
panado, palomas, galletetas
peperoncillo, sal
abao, radishes, peanuts, carrots

cold

frijol de mielga
carne de cochec, chicharonc
lard.
champiipi (coldest)
gallina
~~papita~~
limo
chipalini (hierba)
atol mat's
chilicallote
azucar
chocolate
pan (with lard)
coche de montaña
camerones
lettuce
pepino
jocotes
huevos
queso

Survey Schedule

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MUNICIPIO OF Santiago Atitlan
Departamento of Sololá

INFORMANTS

Ref.	Name	Sex	Age	"Race"	Span.-sp.	Schist.	Usefulness
A	Andrés Tzina (2 family)	M		Ind.	Fair	Fair	high
B							
C							
D							
E							
F							
G							
H							
J							
K							
M							
N							
P							
R							
S							
T							

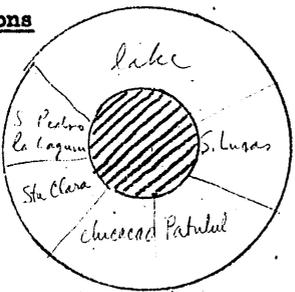
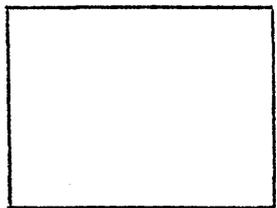
DATE	PLACE	INFORMANTS

DATE	PLACE	INFORMANTS

I. GEOGRAPHY

A. Physical Character

1. Location and dimensions



a. Location in Dept^o

b. Boundaries

<u>a. Dimensions</u>	<u>Greatest diam.</u>	<u>Smallest diam.</u>	<u>Area</u>
As crow flies	_____ miles	_____ miles	_____ sq.mi.
As man walks	<i>Patulul 21</i> miles	_____ miles	_____ sq.mi.

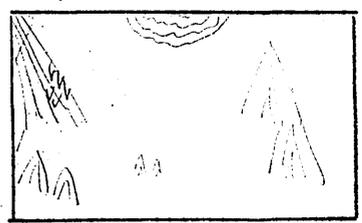
c. Dimensions

*1.2 to Chicoasen
4.5 to S. Pedro
7 to S. Lucas*

d. Altitude _____ feet, at the Plaza

e. Location with respect to gross physiographic features: _____

2. Physical features



- Rivers
- Lakes
- Hills
- Ravines

a. Important geographic features

II. RELATIONS WITH OTHER MUNICIPIOS

A. From Local Point-of-view

1. Judgment of Language differences and names for the people of the 20 closest municipios:

(* S - Same; D - Different; U - Unintelligible)

MUNICIPIO	LANG- UAGE	LOCAL NAMES FOR THE PEOPLE		
		Spanish name	"Lengua" name	Nickname
1. S. Pedro L.	S	San Pedranos	Ax san pégra	
2. S. Pablo	D	San Pabloanos	Ax san pabla	
3. S. Juan	S	San Juaneros	Ax saxwan	
4. Sta. Clara	SD	Sta Clareños	Ax Kilari	
5. S. Marcos	D	San Marqueno	Ax samarkos	
6. Sta Cruz	D	Sta Cruzeno	Ax santa Cruz	
7. Solola	D	Sololateco	Ax tsolola'i	
8. S. Jorge	D		Ax san xoxe	
9. Panajachel	D	Panajacheleno	Ax panaxjal	
10. Sta Cat. P.	D	St. Catarineros	Ax katalina	
11. S. Antonio	D	S. Antoneros	Ax palpo'ox'	
12. S. Lucas T.	S	S. Luqueno	Ax san lucas	
13. S. Antonio Sac.	DU	S. Antónero	Ax ta'axali	
14. S. Sebastian	DU	S. Sebastianeros	Ax sansebastián	
15. Mazatenango	DU	Mazateceno	Ax kiohol'hiex	
16. S. Andres San	S	S. Andresano	Ax san andres	
17. Godinez	D	Godinero	Ax k'osa xkap'	
18. Sta Lucia U.	D	St. Lucinero	Ax santa lucia	
19. Nahuala	D-U	Nahualeño	Ax catalina	
20. Sta Cat. O.	D-U	"	"	

Cerro de Oro

Cerro de oro

ant. Bixigu'i

Municipio of _____

~~Pages~~

2. Local opinion of variations of bordering municipios from this one.

MUNICIPIO	Physique & Phys. Type	Pronunciation	Industry & Wealth	Progressiveness	Piety & Morality
S. Pedro la Laguna	same	slower	same		less piety
S. Lucas Tolimán	same	slower	poorer		less piety
* S. Antonio Such	they have green, bad faces; porters	slower			
Chicacao	besides piety, only, it's hard.				no church, no home worship, no copades
Patulul	Indians there with different costume.	very slow	poorer		less piety
Sta Clara	trigüño -- black.	very slow	poorer		less piety

* not bordering

B. Considered Objectively

1. Residence of Local Indians abroad and of Foreign Indians here, including cases of intermarriage.

OTHER MUNICIPIO	Foreigners Here						Locals Abroad						
	TO-	I'marriage	S'gle	Mar'y	TO-	I'marriage	S'gle	Fam'y					
	TAL	Men	Women	M	W	M	W	M	W	M	W	C	
TOTAL NUMBER													
Isolola	56					10	10	56					
Panajachel								3					
Sta. Catarina	1	1										1	1
Patzún	8					1	1	6					
St. Lucia	1		1										
Milán (1)								136					
Mercedes (1)								50					
Chicacao								150					

Municipio of _____

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2. Economic relations.

a. Local Indians working outside and Foreign Indians working here:

OTHER MUNICIPIO	Foreigners here				Locals abroad					
	TO*	Labor		Ag'ture		TO*	Labor		Ag'ture	
	TAL	No.	Time	No.	Time	TAL	No.	Time	No.	Time
Total No.										
Solito		150	15 days	14						
Chichicastenango		15	"	"						
La Cortina (F)						30	3 days	14		
San Julian (F)						40				
Vauille de oro (L)						30				
S. Jeronimo (F)						50				

b. Trade.

(1) Local products sold to people of other municipios:

OTHER MUNICIPIO	PRODUCT			
	Sold here		Sold elsewhere	
	To Consumer	To Merchant	To Consumer	To Merchant
S. Ant. Such			Agucates	
			Frijol de suelo	
			Durazno	
Chicacao			maiz, calabaz	
			trujil, truch, aguacate	
Patutul			agucates	
			Frijol de suelo	
			Durazno	
Guatemala			Papas, pih, yaj	
Meratenango			Agucates	
			Frijol de suelo	
			durazno, truch	
			patuto	
Solola			bandanas, plat, bananas, platanos	
Panajachel			coffee	coffee
			bananas, plat.	
Tecpan			tomates, coffee	
			Bananas, mats	
Quetzaltenango			tomates, coffee	
			small fish,	
			mats, tomatoes	
Totonicapan			small fish,	
			bananas, tomatoes,	
			mats	

(2) Products of other municipios sold here by local Indians; to people of other municipios:

MUNICIPIO OF BUYER	PRODUCT		
	Municipio of origin	Sold to	
		Consumer	Merchant
Tot.	here		mexico
Solola	here		mexico
	Chicacao		bananas
Panajachel Sta Catarina	here		mexico
	here		mexico
St Clara	here	coffee, vanilla	
St Lucia	here	mexico	
Nahuata	here	mexico	
	here	fruit	

(3) Products of other municipios sold to local people:

OTHER MUNICIPIO	PRODUCT			
	Sold here		Sold elsewhere	
	To Consumer	To Merchant	To Consumer	To Merchant
	To Consumer To Merchant To Consumer To Merchant			
Quatemala				hats, pottery
Dzetzaltenango (local merchants)	coffees			
	cotton threads			
	hand-boards	chief items		
	hats, tools, awl, knives, petate			
Totonicapan	gachets			
	hats			
	blankets			
	furniture			
	carries, potatoes, sugar, peaches (fruit), apples			
	wheat flour			
Solola	verduras	verduras		verduras
Panajachel	verduras	verduras		verduras
Chichicastenango	Potatoes, chile, sugar, rice			
S. Marcos, Sta Cruz	hops, coffee, salt, memo (fruit)			
San Juan	citrus fruit, + cane, turki - ditto.			
	maja, yucas, castles			
S. Pedro La L.	jocote	Frijol, maize, gammas, aces		
Sta Cat. Palopo		crabs, fish, mats		
St Clara		baskets		baskets
St Lucia V. Nahuata		bread, printing cone		bread

Enca de Buro
 (4) Markets in other municipios regularly patronized ¹⁵
 S.F. by local Indians: ¹⁰
(S.F. by local Indians)

OTHER MUNICIPIO	PERCENTAGE OF LOGALS REPRESENTED						
	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
Chicacao	100				100		
Maratevanco	10				10		
P. Palul	4						
S. Lucas			5			5	
Panamochel	6						
Solola						25	
Tezapan					30		
Sta Lucia	3				3		
Nahuata	5				5		
Totonicapan							5
S. Cristobal	3						
S. Antonio	3	3	3	3	3	3	3

(5) Indians from other municipios regularly represented in the local market:

OTHER MUNICIPIO	NUMBER OF INDIANS FROM EACH						
	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Totonicapan			3				3
Solola			4				10
Panamochel							2
Chic. Astucano			10		3	3	20
S. Marcos de L.	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Sto Cruz							2
Tramino					3		
S. Pedro	12	12	12	12	12		12
Sta Lucia V							1

(6) Typical itineraries of local merchants:

DAY	MERCHANTS OF				
	1. Veg. - fruits	2. cal - fruits	3.	4.	5.
SUN.	In Chicacao	In Chicacao	In Nahuata, sleep in Sta Lucia	In Sta Lucia	here
MON.	At noon, arrive here.	At noon, arrive here.	Arrive here 8 AM	Arrive here AM	return
TUES.	here	here.	here.	here	leave
WED.	here	Morning in square to S. Ant. Palul, to El Encino at night	To Nahuata	To Sta Lucia	there
THURS.	noon, cross lake.	Tezapan in back to El Encino	In Nahuata, sleep in Nahuata	In Sta Lucia	return
FRI.	Playa, Solola	Here in the AM.	Arrive here AM	Back here AM	here
SAT.	here, in afternoon to Chicacao	In AM to Chicacao	Leave here; arrive here evening	Leave for Sta Lucia	leave
SUN.	Chicacao	Chicacao	Nahuata, sleep in Sta Lucia	in Sta Lucia	there
MON.	Back here at noon	Back here at noon	arrive here AM	return here AM	return

Municipio of _____

~~Page 43~~

3. Political Relations.

a. With co-ordinate municipios of the Departamento.

(1) Relations of official dependence:

Resource	Municipios	
	Dependent on this	On which this is dependent
Intendencia and Justice-of-Peace		
School for boys		
School for girls		
Post office		
Telegraph office		

(2) Personal relations through officials:

Official	Municipios	
	From which the official comes	In which local person is official
Intendente		
Secretary		
School-master		
School-master		
School-mistress		

b. With municipio that is the Dept^o capital(1) Direct relations of local citizens ^{with} ~~in~~ officials resident there:

BUSINESS	% of families represented in year		
	Bourg. Lad.	Working Lad.	Indian
Civil actions			
Criminal actions			
Permits & Licenses			
Title registrations			

Municipio of _____

Page 11

(2) Direct relations of officials resident in Capital with citizens here:

OFFICIAL	No. days per year
Jefe Politico	
Military Instructor	
Sanitation Inspector	
School Inspector	

(3) Relations of local officials with officials resident in Capital.

(a). Non-personal communications:

Type	No. per week
From Capital: total	
Telegrams	
Letters	
Supplies	
To Capital: total	
Telegrams	
Letters	
Reports	

(b). Visits of local officials to officials resident in Capital:

LOCAL OFFICIAL	No. per month	To what official	On what business
Intendente			
Secretary			
Sindico			
Comandante			
Regidores			

b. Fiestas

(1) Outsiders at local fiestas:

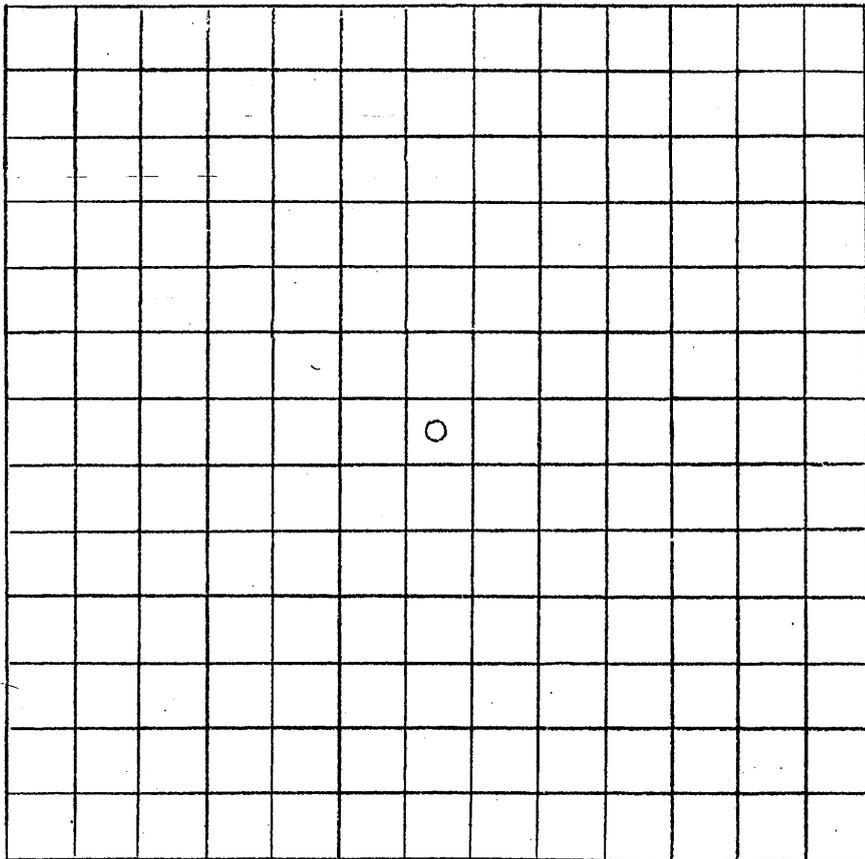
FIESTA	DATE	Municipios Represented		
		Name	Number	
			Lad	Ind
Santiago	July 25	S. Pedro		20
		S. Lucas		10
		Solola		20
		Totonicapan		12
		Chicaco		6
		S. Juan		8
		S. Marcos		10
		S.ta Cruz		5
		Tzumina		3
		S.ta Cat. Dx		5
		Nekwala		6
		S.ta Lucia U		8
		S.ta Clara		6
		S.ta Cat. P.		3
		S. Antonio P		2
		Panajachel		5
Patzen		4		
S. Andres Sem.		5		
S. Antonio Such.		4		
Patulul		5		

(2) Local people at fiestas elsewhere:

AT MUNICIPIO	FIESTA	DATE	No. of locals	
			Lad.	Ind.
Solola	Wed Thur, San Dolor	April	3	80
	Maria de la So	15 Aug.		6
Panajachel	S. Francisco	Oct 4		5
S. Antonio Pat.	S. Ant.	June 13		5
S. Lucas	S. Lucas	Oct 18		30
S. Pedro	S. Pedro	June 29	20	30
S. Juan	S. Juan	June 24		5
S.ta Lucia	S.ta Lucia	Nov 13		5
S.ta Clara	S.ta Clara	Aug 14-15		2
Tzapen	S. Francisco	Oct 8		40
Patzen	S. Bernadina	May 20		15
Totonicapan	S. Miguel	Sept 29		10
Chicaco	Concepcion	Dec 20		100
Patulul	Magdalena	July 23		10
Magdalena	Candelaria	Feb 6		10
S. Bernadina	S. Bernadina	May 20		10
Guatemala	Esquipulas	Jan 15		3

Municipio of _____

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Place from which
foreign Ind. comes 
Place where local
Ind. now lives . . . 
Route to local
Market 
Route of locals
to other markets . . 
Route of other
Inds. passing
through here . . . 

Route to Depto
Capital 
Route to Fiesta
or pilgrimage . . 
Route of Priest
to and from
his home 

San Pedro la Laguna

281

We met an amiable baker with a very large oven; he was making sweet-rolls & cookies most of which he would take to the coast to sell.

The people are tremendous nuisances, asking for money & wanting to sell things.

The examiners finished with the school-children today. The school director showed us around; drawing seems to be the big art & consists in copying magazine illustrations.... The director is from Atitlan; he has a wife & child here. I asked him about covering babies' heads, & he says that while most ladinos believe in evil eye, the Indians don't, but rather they are afraid of witchcraft by bad people.

The men sitting around spend time making bags (from making the twine to the finished product). They work the straps from the same piece. At the shore we saw a man ~~pe~~ beating out magay fibers from the "leaves" -- placing each leaf on a rock & cluttring it; he says it will be placed in the water for six days then.

The people don't fish or crab because of the license fee. They have sort of domesticated crabs along the shores in what they call tux s. These are kept for officials who want them; municipal property, but individuals occasionally steal them.

Sau Pedro Costume

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Men - $\frac{3}{4}$ length tie-dyed trousers, white with about 2 in. ^{wide} blue lines. Vari-colored wool embroidery () below knee.
Banda - red bkgd with wide stripes & fancy ends. Also store belts. Fancy tie-dyed shirts, small red suits. Jackets - bought from quay (?).

Women - long gita, Tot. variety, red, blue to green. Plain white huipil (tejido), sometimes with colored trimmings (bought). Tot. faja - about 3 in. wide. Long shawls, same weavings & color combinations as mens' bandas.

San Juan la Laguna 283

Mmanuel Uiján S.
Francisco Hernandez
Juan Mendoza
Domingo Rixquinchaj

man met at
house
de finca
+
mayor
who
recognized
me

8 de Dic. + noche 12ener.
4 Copradías -- 1. Concepcion -- Alcalde, 4 Mayordomos, 4 tex el
no pista 2. S. Andrés -- Alcalde is Intendente; men. officios
4 Agosto 3. S. Domingo Alcalde, 4 Mayordomos, 4 tex el
24 de Junio 4. S. Juan Alcalde, 4 Mayordomos
15 enero (private) Esquipulas -- private.

Vestidos -- Men -

trousers vary in length from knee-length to middle of calf. Oldest style plain white homespun; sometimes with small figures (triangles or squares) scattered or in horizontal lines. Another type, blue, red or combination thin vertical stripes on white homespun; still another, with slightly wider tie-dyed stripes on white homespun. Still others with embroidered figures on tie-dyed stripes -- just like S. Pedro.

Banda. Older type, red background with black stripes + ~~and~~ fringe woven together. Newer, tie-dyed + fringe woven -- red background with black (or blue) & white stripes. (Like S. Pedro).

faja red, 6ft wide, 5ft. long, red background with black & white pencil stripes. Fringe at one end, & grouped but not woven.

Parape like S. Pedro

The town is laid out in streets, not always straight, with the houses few & far between - & more or less in compounds. Most are adobe with thatched roofs ~~roofs~~, a few have tile roofs, there are some cane ranchos. "Every boy knows how to make adobes." Two types of sweat baths, a flat-top, & a round top ,  that has ranch over it. Some big enough for 6 people at a time. They say I wouldn't be able to stand it, not having the habit.

There is one site owned & occupied by S. Pedro family. They bought it not so long ago. The two towns are very close (1 1/2 miles) & the secretary, who lives in S. Pedro, can & does commute to his work.

Most of the farm land in & about town belongs to Peduanos, who have bought it (starting 25 years ago according to the intelligent secretary, Julian Elises Cotic). The local Indians have only a few cords of milpa apices, they told me. They don't appear bitter but the Sec'y says that about 10 yrs ago they had a 'big fight'.

trying to get their land back (unsuccessfully).

The people are very friendly, showing not only good will but great respect. One man thanked me for coming to his house. Women were really bashful but friendly; one child cried on seeing me, but the family laughed. Nobody asked for money or tried to sell me anything; except one boy who asked if I'd be interested in buying a bag. (They make bags like S. Pedro, with various colors designed as in S. Marcos -- the strap is braided - woven separately in at least ~~some~~ some cases). In one case I tried to buy a puppy but the owner didn't want to sell; he had two, but was apparently very fond of them -- a month old. They asked lots of questions about the U.S. The S. Pedro Secretary especially showed unusual understanding of geography in his questions. They were mostly interested in our agriculture & industries. Unusual point: -- nobody asked the price of anything! After giving seven to Inameron a ride in the launch, they displayed curiosity as much about the wood of which it is made as about its probable price (which no one directly asked).

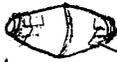
They were curious about the economics of our country, where they thought all must be rich; but they decided ~~to~~ chiefly on our initiative that it's better here, where have their foods at least.

The lady asked if I couldn't bring seeds of some of our good vegetables & fruit trees so they could try them out here.

There are 2 aldeas in the municipio; but all of the Suaneros live here in town; in the aldeas are all foreign Indians: (Quez., Tot., S. Crist., Nahuata, etc.). To the juzgado came a Tot. couple with marital troubles; the intendente settled the case apparently with great sternness. There appeared to be no language difficulty. - The foreign Indians are all in respective costumes.

The cofradías are unusual, with ~~the~~ santos in decorated (siempre viva plant predominant; & some of it potted and placed before santos) altars. They burn small candles every day before santos (I left 5¢ for each of 5 of them - one private, one "municipal," 3 cofradías-proper).

The altar-end & the sacristan-room are all that is left of the ruined church. They have prepared

hundreds or thousands of adobes to build up the rest. [in the digging yesterday uncovered stone pot  and a curious stone  - hole bored thru. the use of which nobody can imagine: they will keep them in the church].

In the sacristan there are half a dozen piedras de moler; used, we were told, to "grind oil" -- this is done by the women perhaps once a year ~~or~~ unless they run short in-between. Tomesio & Juan Cuhillo were there, & neither could understand what was meant.

Tie-dyed threads used in weaving, but I was told by all that this cotton is brought already dyed from the town of Sacaya, near Quezaltenango. They said Pedranos also use it from there....

They don't fish or crab-fish here because \$1.00 a month license required. They never did know how to make mats. They are agriculturalists and comerciantes of tomatoes, aguacates, etc. that they buy in Pitalan, etc. Markets: Sta Clara, Sta Lucia, Solola, Quezaltenango, coast puecos.

S. Pablo

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To make "cabo" the sitting-end-person turns the
new strands into the rope in clockwise direction.

To make "jeta", turns it in counter-clockwise direction.

Diego	Kiakayán	
Pedro	"	pelo
Franisco	"	

Cofradía María Concepción -- Alcalde; 25 mayordomos

Alcalde - Marian Porón

1. Elena Wajan
2. Candelaria Yac
3. Rosaria Razan
4. María Patray
5. Ana Razán
6. Ana cuc

} Tuxel

Fiestas

Concepción

Pascua

Fiesta de S. Pablo, 25 Enero

Semana Santa

Corpus

Todos los Santos

Make canoes here - large & small. 3 men work to
make a canoe - 15 days. 6 days for small one.

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Very little milpa; chief occupation of all is rope-making. Cultivate maize on house-sites & also use those in monte (less fine). Make hammocks, reds, rope, bags, etc. Sell things chiefly on the coast. Sit around all day in all houses doing this work.

Very little weaving done; most of men's trousers, shirts, women's huipiles are of white Cantel cloth, often embroidered here (huipiles mostly). Some women wear & the huipil is striped. Otherwise always plain, & have embroidered figures. Women have vari-colored fine stripes at such intervals. All have a ruffle around the neck. Figures are little animals or flower ~~for~~ designs.

Men use plain white (Cantel) trousers sometimes with animalitos embroidered; some buy S. Pedro trousers. Men wear bandas made in S. Pedro; some women make the same type here. Women's fajás are made here in vari-colored stripes — or buy fajás of S. Pedro.

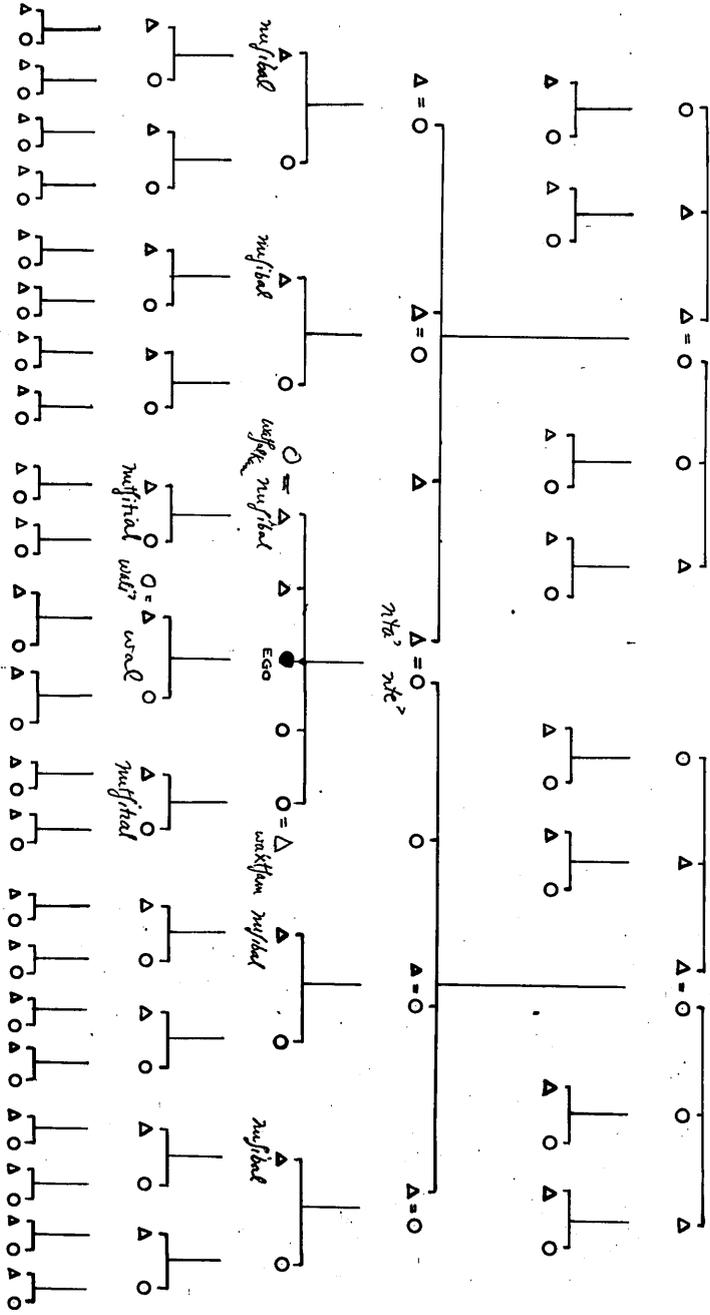
Men wear jackets of outside make or the black over-thing (most common).

Women's ~~best~~ cinta from Tot. or Zuy.

Feb 29 1941

S. Fabelo de Laguna
Professors: Francisco Leyte
Manuano Leyte

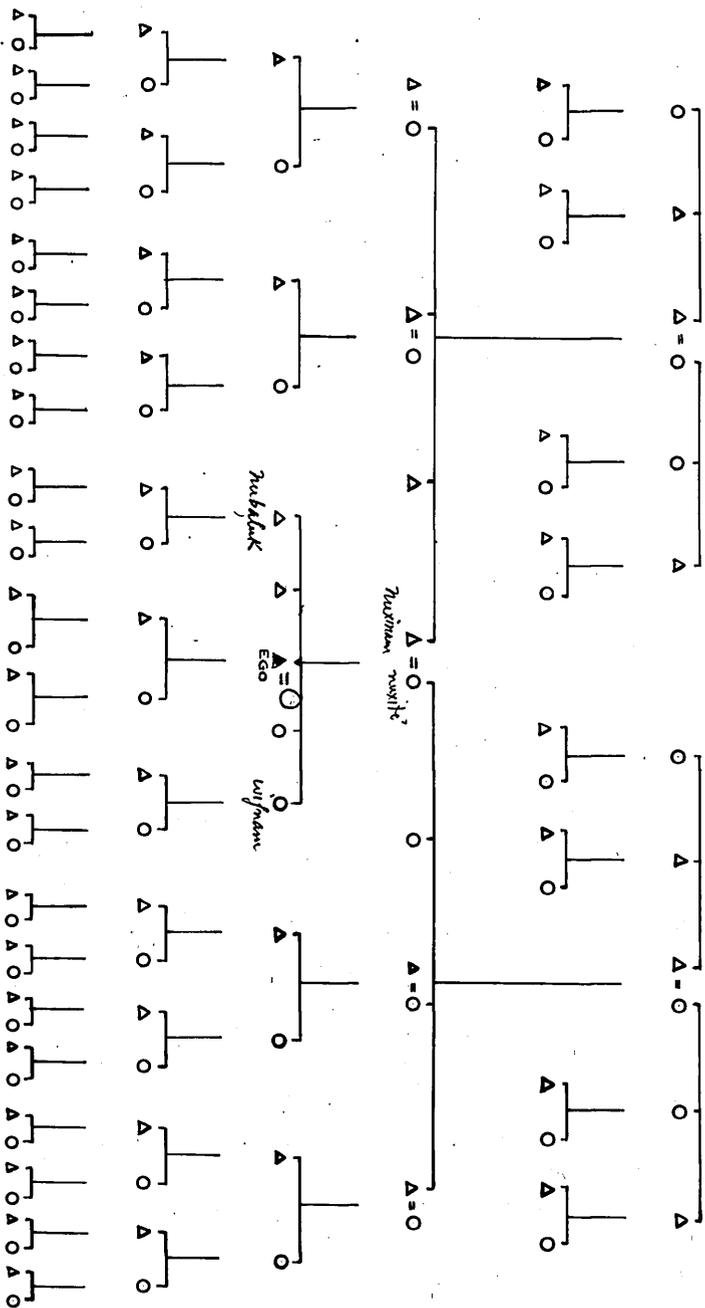
Estadística Genética



Feb 27 1941

S. Palle & Lorenza
 Payments: Finances Lyric
 Massimo Lyric

▲ Ego's wife's relatives



SAN MARCOS LA LAGUNA

November 9: At last (after waiting from 7:30--the reason we had to wait being that young Weimann, our prospective chauffeur, had to help with the loading) we pushed off in our launch. The lake was calm and the boat rode beautifully, and fast. The distance to San Marcos, however, had been underestimated, and following the shoreline it took us a full half hour to get there (coming back, later, we came directly and did it in 20 minutes). The beach at San Marcos is overgrown with weeds and we had to kill the motor some 50 feet out and paddle to the pier. During the time that this took, a number of Indians assembled, and since the shore end of the pier is broken away they brought a dug-out canoe in which we could pass over. On the shore, among others, was the Alcalde with his staff of office, and the combination school-teacher and secretary (contrary to reports, a Ladino).

They greeted us questioningly, but in friendly-enough fashion. I brought out my letter from the Jefe Politico, and the Secretary read it and then helped the Alcalde (who is slightly literate) spell it out. They both agreed to cooperate "with much pleasure" and I suggested that we see the town.

The whole town covers a hilly area of not more than a square mile, by my guess, and that seems to end the municipio. Not far from the lake, in the lowest part, with hills going up on either side, is what might be called the center of town. Close together are the juzgado, an adobe-plastered building, and the school, of the same construction. On one side is a large church of "rancho" construction -- stick and mud walls and a thatched roof. San Marcos and two or three other santos are within. Across from the juzgado are two ranchos housing the school-mistress and her mother, as well as the secretary. Between the juzgado and these houses there is a ~~p~~ala, with water from a stream above.

That is all there is to be seen of the town immediately, and not an Indian lives within sight. The Indian ranchos (there is no more adobe) are scattered on the hills on both sides, and it is a considerable

climb and walk from one to another. In a sense, this is a very miniature Chichicastenango, if the neighboring hills be considered the monte and the center the town. However there is no market here at all (the Indians buying and selling their few things in Solola, Sta. Lucia, S. Pedro, Santiago, and S. Lucas) and presumably the Indians come to the center often and irregularly.

~~SAN PEDRO~~

In the schools there were 21 boys (the teacher says he has 26, however) and 10 girls, a few of which can already read and write a little. Classes were more or less abandoned when we came, but the discipline (or what?) is remarkable, for the children quietly kept their seats even in the teachers' absence, and rose in unison to say good day when we came in.

When we first came the Alcalde, an intelligent looking man, bade us enter the juzgado and be seated. We talked some then and also when we came back from our tour of the town. At the school, a young man came up and give us half a dozen oranges. (Throughout I kept passing out cigars). Everybody was very pleasant and friendly.

The Secretary-school master stayed with us all of the time, constituting himself our chief informant and guide, especially since the Spanish of the other men is very fragmentary. He has been here for five years, and has a house and wife in Santiago, which he apparently

visits only rarely. He and the others kept apologizing for the smallness of the town; there are apparently something under 40 households.

There is a little river that flows down to the lake a hundred yards or so away from the Center. I was informed that a few families up higher drink from this water, but there are also 4 pozos, which furnish the drinking water for the bulk of the population. The pila in the Center is used only by the ladinos. Nobody uses the water from the Lake.

There is no resemblance of a store of any kind in the town; we saw no evidence of any chickens; there are a few cattle, but no sheep at all. Besides milpa, the chief crops of the town are sugar, oranges and limes and other fruit; no vegetables at all are grown, and as far as we could make out, none used.

The women weave their huipils and fajas and the men's trousers. The men buy their shirts and the women their skirts. Everybody is bare-foot. The men all wear long black woolen cloaks, the material for which comes from Nahuala or Chichicastenango, but bought in Solola.

There are no vacant houses. If we should decide to settle here we should certainly have to build a place. The native ranchos would not be suitable for a long stay, and nobody in town can build anything else. In short, both materials and artisans would have to be imported -- from Sta. Lucia, Panajachel, or San Lucas. This looks like a long-time job. The great danger is that it would take longer to get ourselves fixed to live here than it would take to get the town studied. I think the

town could be studied to the point where results would no longer pay for the time in a couple of months -- or possibly three. The place seems very simple (there is only one cofradia (Concepción) and San Marcos, in the church); it is very small and quite concentrated; material and economic life seems quite primitive; there are Principales, but with that population politics can't be very complicated.

Two factors might make the study difficult: The Spanish isn't very good; but they tell us that about ten men speak it pretty well, and besides the Secretary is bilingual and seems to get on well with the Indians (he would never have been allowed there for five years if they didn't like him). The other difficulty is that all but a dozen of the men are away at fincas. They will be back for a couple of weeks in December, but will leave again for January and February. That doesn't mitigate so much against studying the town as against preparing to study it by building a house there. It doesn't appear that there will be enough in the town to want to take six months with it. My imagination sees us spending a month or six weeks getting settled -- meanwhile commuting to the town -- only to find that another month finishes the job. I may be too optimistic about our speed, but I should hate to take the chance.

I spoke to the Secretary, nevertheless, about a house; I asked him if he thinks we would be allowed to build. He seemed doubtful, but when I suggested that we would be building a house that the town could

300

keep when we left, he thought the Indians would likely agree to such an arrangement. I did not approach the Alcalde on the subject, for the Secretary said we should go "poco poco" and get acquainted first, which seemed good advice.

When we said goodbye to him in his office, I told the Alcalde we would be back in a few days. He seemed a bit uncertain, so I brought out a dollar watch and gave it to him with a flourish. When he finally was made to realize that it was a present for him, he seemed overwhelmed, and when we left he followed us to the pier. I didn't give the Secretary anything because I didn't want to cheapen dollar watches in San Marcos; but I promised him a gift next time we came. At the pier the Alcalde ordered a boy to go get us oranges, and we left with them amidst much hand-waving.

Nov. 19th... Therefore, we set our launch towards San Marcos; it was a 35 minute trip, and we arrived safely. As usual, we were met at the pier by a large number of Indians, and the Secretary came down too. We went to the "center" (as I call the section where the juzgado, church, and school are) and I began to make a map. This is difficult, because the houses are scattered on the hillsides to the East and West. No less than six Indians, besides the Intendente and the Secretary, accompanied me on my expedition. I did the East hill first, and found about 15 houses. That took almost two hours, and when we finally got back we were too tired to start the other side. So we sat in the juzgado and talked. There are practically no women in town today (as I saw for myself while mapping the place) and that is because on Tuesdays and Saturdays they go to the Santa Clara market. On Thursdays and Sundays they go to the Santa Lucia market. The men usually stay at home, except

~~30~~

when the height of the fruit season comes and they carry the oranges, limes, or jocotes to market. The men meanwhile occupy themselves with their milpas (harvest is over here, however) or gathering fruit, or knitting bags (for their own use only) or, as when we are there, just loafing.

The town runs its own affairs; once a year the men fix the roads to San Pablo, Santa Lucia, and Tzununá, and whenever anything special must be done, they do it together. For example, when I was mapping the town, we came upon a house that was fixed up to be the cofradia of María Concepción after the fiesta in December. Later, we came to a place in the path directly below this house. We stopped and the Indians had a conference. Somebody casually suggested that they clear a path directly to the cofradia, and all agreed. I asked the Intendente if this weren't a lot of work, and he answered it will be nothing because all the men will pitch in and get it done with one effort.

As I had done in Sta. Catarina, I explained Dr. Andrade's work and described the wonders of his machine so that they will be prepared when he comes. I think they will talk into the microphone with no difficulty.

The Indians know that I have been in Chichicastenango, and they asked me if I knew any of their language. I replied that I knew a few words, and soon they were giving me a lot of their own. The numbers, which are very similar to those of Chichicastenango, follow:

1. xun	7. wukup	13. o/flaxux	19. leelex laxux
2. kiep	8. wafak'ip	14. kaxlaxux	20. xuwinak'
3. ofip	9. belexep	15. olaxux	30. xu winak' laxux
4. kaxip	10. laxux	16. wakilaxux	40. kawinak'
5. xo'op	11. xulaxux	17. wukulaxux	50. nikax siento
6. wakip	12. kablaxux	18. wa/flaxux	60. orkäl
			80. xumutj
			100. xun siento

The words of greeting are as follows:

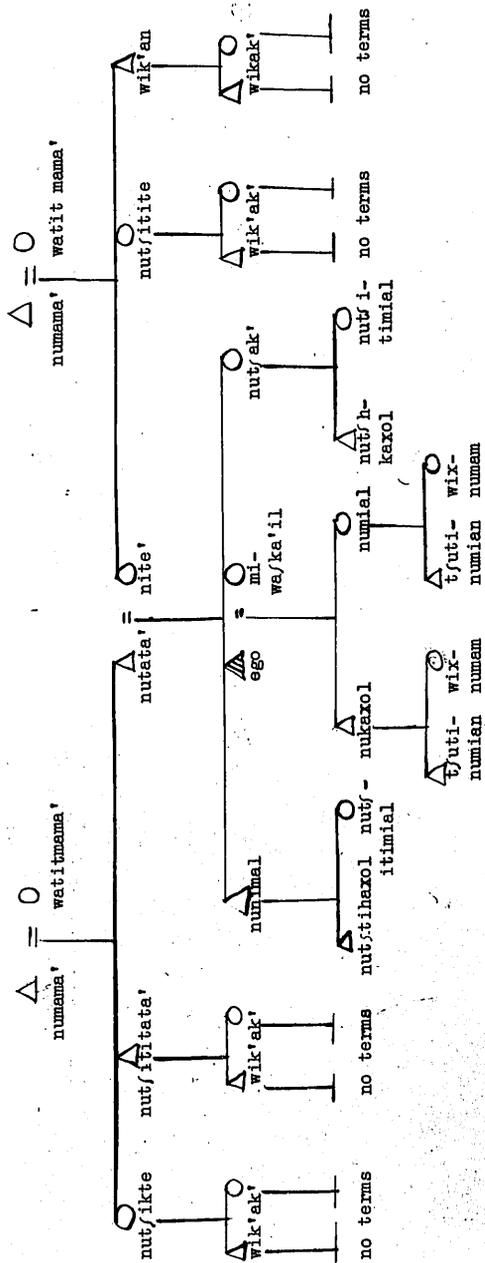
adios -	tatsita wi'
hasta mañana -	t/uak'tsik (the only one same as Chichicastenango)
buenas dias -	sekar titata' (to a man)
" " -	sekar yawa' (to a woman)
buenas tardes -	subakix tata' (or - yawa')
buenas noches -	jokaka tata' (or - yawa')

The primary kinship terms, which I did not pursue because I would rather await genealogies, were agreed to be as ~~shown~~ *charted on the next page.*

~~Charted on the next page.~~

This system (incomplete as it is) gives promise of being very interesting, especially in comparison with that of Chichicastenango, which is linguistically closely related. It has a strongly classificatory tendency, where Chichicastenango is largely descriptive, if I may use these terms in their old-fashioned sense. Yet there is the setting apart of the M B....

Incidentally, when I asked about the word for "my father" I asked if they didn't have a word like nekaw as an alternative. No, they shook their heads; and then one brightened and said "That's what they say in Santo Tomas!" and the others seemed to remember the Chichicastenango word.



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It was getting time to leave, and I asked if there were anything the pueblo needed badly that I might get them. They thought a while and finally decided that they needed lime with which to paint the school-house. They were very shy about asking me to give them anything, but I insisted, and asked how much they needed. I finally determined it would cost a dollar, and I counted out ten dimes and placed them on the table in front of the Intendente, saying it was for lime for the schoolhouse. They thanked me profusely, but nobody even touched the money - much less counted it, as they would have in Chichicastenango. Furthermore, one of them asked if we wouldn't like some oranges, and the Intendente sent out a couple of boys to get us some. In the end, a boy came back with almost 100 oranges and put them in our launch, insisting that we accept the gift....

Meanwhile, the Intendente told me that his watch (which I gave him last week) is no longer running. I asked to see it, and when he brought it, it appeared that he had wound it too tightly. I took it, telling him I would fix it. If I am not able, I shall give him a new one (telling him I have fixed his).

When we came down to the pier I happened to think of the high weeds near the shore, that cause us trouble when we go in or out. I asked if they serve any purpose (answer "no") and if they would be hard to cut away, to which the answer was they can be mowed down with sticks. With no more than this hint, they understood, and the Intendente said he would have a pathway cut for our launch.

November 21, 1935: We got off early to San Marcos, where we were met, as always, by many of the men of the town. I set out immediately to map the East part of the "town." Gertrude went along to park in the first Indian house that contained a female. I had a very difficult job with the map, due to the great irregularity topographically. First there was a long, twisting climb, and a few houses; then another twisted climb for a few more houses, and so on. I did my best to make some sense out of it, and took hours doing so, but I am afraid there will be hours more work required. I did succeed, of course, in putting down all the households, and that was my important objective.

I tried to discover if there are place names for parts of town, hoping each group of ranchos would be named; all I could find is that the West side is called Selemá and the East, Tuinimabax. The center is called simply pueblo, or patinimit. There is a story here that some time ago (before the time of anybody living, or their parents) all of the houses were in the valley below, where the plaza is. Then once the river overflowed its banks and flooded the town and destroyed the houses. The people then moved to the hillsides and have remained there since.

In the course of walking around making the map, I met several people, among them one Sebastian Martin, who is the first Principal of the town. He is a jolly old fellow who says he is over eighty, and undoubtedly is. We

met him resting by the wayside, enroute to San Pablo (a distance of about 2 kilometers) where he said he was going to visit, but where (we found with more questioning) he was going to try to collect money owed him.

Gertrude had remained in a house where a woman was weaving material for her husband's trousers, but she reported later that (except for noting that the loom is the same as in Sta. Catarina and in Chichicastenango, and observing the furnishings of the house) she got nothing from the woman because the woman couldn't speak a word of Spanish.

Gertrude spent most of her time with the school-mistress in San Marcos. One point of interest that she makes is that the school mistress has caused all of the girls in school (thus in town) to bob their hair, for reasons of cleanliness; and apparently (although long hair is definitely a part of the culture in Guatemala) she encountered no objections.

There is a girl who works in the house of the secretary-school-mistress, and this is a form of revolving service, a week at a time for each girl; the girl is thus called the "semanera".... There is a jail for women as well as for men, and the school mistress told Gertrude that women were jailed when they do not sweep their houses and are lazy, or when they don't send their children to school. Neither the school mistress nor her mother have anything to do with the Indian women, for the latter live high in the hills and the ladinas are not interested enough to climb up.

When we returned from the hills at about 11 A.M., Gertrude sat in the plaza with the ladinas, facing the juzgado, and I went into the latter with the men. The Intendente always takes his place behind the table when we are in the juzgado, and the others of us sit around on the benches that line the walls. We began to talk about various things, as usual. I found that there is no ladino property here at all (in contrast to Sta. Catarina) except some milpa of the Secretary; further, it appears that all the land is communally owned, and that anybody can work a piece of land and get the produce. This may not hold for the fruit industry, and of course is just a hint anyway; but it all looks different from the little town across the lake.

Suddenly, as we sat and talked, a woman somewhere in her thirties, an Indian of course in the costume of this town, almost ran in, half crying and half sobbing. She brought some flowers and laid them on the table. Then she got to her knees, amid the silence of all the men, and began to talk rapidly, sobbing pitifully all the time. After awhile, she seemed to finish her discourse and went around the table to kiss the hands of the Intendente and a couple of men sitting to his right. Then she came back, fell on her knees again, and continued her impassioned story. After awhile she rose again, kissed hands once more, and kissed the table as well. Then she was finished. The Intendente began to speak, and she put in a sentence occasionally; and by this time the other men around began to speak, and soon everybody was talking.

Then the Intendente and others explained the situation to me (although I had guessed much already). The woman's name is Candelaria Chial, and her husband is José Sancoz. A short while ago, José had come home from

his work, and had found that his tortillas were not prepared. He had, therefore, proceeded to beat his wife (using only his natural weapons) who had therefore run to the juzgado to tell her story and to demand that José be jailed. Her story was that she is a ~~tefal~~ ^{tefal} of the cofradia and had duties to perform this morning in that capacity; for that reason she couldn't prepare food for her husband. Everybody seemed to consider her excuse justified, and it was freely prophesied that José would go to jail.

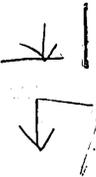
José was sent for immediately the woman had finished her discourse, and in about 20 minutes he came. He is rather young looking, and he looked sullen. The Intendente put some questions to him, and José was soon telling his side of the story. She isn't a good wife, and they fight a lot and they want to separate. As he talked, his wife broke in a number of times to answer him, and the other men around entered into the argument too.

Finally the Intendente made his decision: both would go to jail for the night, and tomorrow they would receive sentence, which the Secretary told me would be without doubt \$1.00 fine for each, to be worked off (if they cannot pay) by ten days of labor on local projects -- such as roads. The two left the room, and soon a young man returned with two keys which he placed on the table. Now, it appeared, both were in jail. Later, when we had left, Gertrude (who had sat outside and watched everything) was surprised to hear me say that both had gone to jail. The man she saw locked up, but the woman, when she came out of the juzgado, went away, apparently about her business.

But I didn't know this, and asked who would take care of the children; the answer was that relatives would give them food and also bring things to the convicts.

The Intendente and the Secretary are both going to Solola tomorrow morning for the day, so I told them we would not return until Saturday. Meanwhile I also asked if there are any women who speak Spanish at all; and everybody began naming somebody else's wife. Each said his own wife is too bashful, or has forgotten. I am satisfied that there is enough Spanish spoken by the women to enable Gertrude to get along; and it won't be long before she can make a desirable connection.

We left at about noon; noticing as we went that many of the weeds in the water have been cut for us; the intendente told us they would finish the job tomorrow.



November 22: We went to San Marcos anyway (although the Secretary and Intendente were leaving for Solola) and were surprised to find that only the Secretary was absent. We were greeted as usual by the men, and went to the juzgado. After a little conversation I said that I wanted to walk around town a bit, but told the Intendente I didn't want to take him from his duties. I asked that he send a young man to accompany me, and he sent an alguazil. We then went up the West hill, and I paced distances and tried to measure heights, and so on, to fix up the map that I have; and I succeeded to some extent. Also, I succeeded in filling in a few of the household cards that I had. In this way we passed almost two hours, and then came back to the juzgado.

I asked about the man and wife who were in jail since yesterday, and the Intendente said they were still there. It appears that I was right and Gertrude (through no fault of hers) wrong; the wife was put in jail, but apparently she was allowed to go elsewhere first. Incidentally Gertrude yesterday observed the method by which they handle prisoners here. Hanging

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

in the corridor of the juzgado are several whips (heavy sticks with ropes
 along on each) and when the husband was called for yesterday, two alguaziles
 took their whips and went after him. The husband, as it happened, came in
 without the alguaziles. The whips are apparently a threat to all; while
 Gertrude was sitting with the Maestra, one of the boys from the school ran
 out of the classroom and into the plaza; the maestra shouted at him to go
 back, but he continued to play around in front of the juzgado. Finally, one
 of the alguaziles more or less jokingly took one of the whips and brandished
 it, and the child, seeing this, ran quickly back to the school.

Anyway, both husband and wife were in jail, and when I asked the
 Intendente when he was going to sentence them, he obliged us immediately and
 sent for the prisoners. They came in as before, the woman going around to
 kiss the hands of the Intendente and the others (sindico, and regidores)
 and then kneeling before the table, and the man shaking hands with the
 officials and standing to one side before the table. There was a lot more
 talk on both sides, and together often enough, and after about 20 minutes
 the matter was resolved: both man and wife are fined \$2.00, and in lieu of
 payment, 10 days in jail and on public work. There was considerable more
 talk, and finally the husband said he would pay his two dollars, and was
 thereupon free to go; but the wife said she would not pay, and she went
 back to jail.

The inspector of sanitation is expected some time soon, and everybody is cleaning up. As for us, at about 11:30 the water began to get rough and we decided to go. None too soon, either, for the water was quite as rough as we like on our journey to Tzanjuyu.

November 23: We went to San Marcos again early, and found that the Inspector of Sanitation was there before us. He told us that things are not yet perfect in San Marcos. The government is, however, making a strong and apparently successful campaign to clean up the small towns. He told us that this year, for the first time in several, there have been more births than deaths in Sta. Catarina. The Inspector left very soon for San Pablo.

Like yesterday, I spent part of the morning improving my map and getting data on the households. And like yesterday, we then went into the juzgado. We noticed that the two jails were full, and it was explained by the secretary that most of them were in because their houses and children were not clean enough to satisfy the requirements. Again, the Intendente obliged us by bringing them all to trial before us.

First there came in a man and his wife; they followed the usual procedure, and it soon appeared to us that the woman was complaining that her husband had beaten her (yesterday). The story was as follows (and fortunately I had the information on their household already and could follow the tale): The husband's name is Pablo Sipac,

and the wife's Maria Sacach. They have, among other children, a widowed daughter named Marcela Sacach, whose first husband was drowned two years ago when his canoe capsized in the lake. The parents made arrangements with one Pedro Kiacayin to marry the daughter; and he wanted to marry her, too, so he gave the father a good deal of liquor. Intoxicated, therefore, Pablo came home and beat his wife. So now he was here to receive sentence.

There was considerable discussion of the case; the young man obviously was not to blame, for the girl's parents had opened negotiations and it was right for him to give Pablo liquor. It was brought out (irrelevantly, as far as I could see) that the marriage won't go through because the girl doesn't want it, and there was some discussion about this, the conclusion being that a girl can't be forced to marry a man. Finally, Pablo was fined \$1.00, which he elected to pay.

The next case was of three women who had been found unsanitary. One of them put up some defense: when the inspector had come, he had found only one louse in her child's hair--and this really isn't bad. Nevertheless, after some discussion in which all the defendants talked at once, it was decided to fine them;

~~after some discussion in which all the defendant's talked at once, it was decided to fine them; after more argument the fine was set at 25¢ a piece.~~
The women said they wouldn't pay, and then there was discussion as to how many days they would have to serve, and it was settled at 2½ days. The women went out and to jail. Later, in the middle of the next case, one of them returned and said she had decided to pay the fine.

The last case was the matter of our old friends, Candelaris Chial and José Sancoy. Yesterday we left him free, having paid his \$2.00 and her in jail. Now she came in with an infant girl in her arms. Her husband was there too. The issues at stake were rather confused; in the first place, she claimed that she had her children to take care of and couldn't very well remain in jail. To this, after a lot of argument, everybody had to agree. In the second place, there was the matter of the separation of husband and wife. It was pointed out to the husband that he would have to pay \$2 or \$3 a month for the support of the children; and when he said he would take the children, it was pointed out that under the law he could have custody of male children, but not female, and the woman has three daughters. The man was rather displeased with this, of course.

The discussion on both these matters was very long; finally, it resolved itself into the following: that a man is always responsible for the care of his children; that the woman in this case would not (or could not) pay her fine, therefore had to stay in jail, therefore could not take

~~PANAMA ROUTE~~

December 1, 1935: Sunday. My health somewhat better, and the wind calmed down, I decided to make my long-delayed visit to San Marcos. Gertrude didn't go along, and as it turned out, it would have been almost as well if I hadn't. Arriving at S. Marcos, we found the pier decorated with leaves and flowers in expectation of a visit from the Jefe. The Secretary was in Atitlan for the day, but the Intendente and others of my friends were on hand to greet us. We all went to the Juzgado, where the chief topic of conversation was the Jefe's arrival. They had expected him Friday and then yesterday and now today. I told them why he didn't come, and that he might not be here until next Friday. They had a huge bag of oranges, collected to give to the Jefe, which was under the table. They were very disappointed, and picked out half a dozen of the best and gave them to me.

I asked a few questions about the condition of the jails (which are now empty) and tried to get more general information, especially to fill in my household data. But everybody felt lackadaisical and uncommunicative, so I decided instead to cheer them up by fulfilling an old promise of mine and take them out in the launch. In the end, only five of them had the courage to get in the boat; and they seemed to enjoy the ride. After some ten minutes they motioned us to go back, which we did. They seemed very relieved to get out of our much admired infernal machine.

Dec. 6, 1935
and then We went to San Marcos, arriving there at about one o'clock.

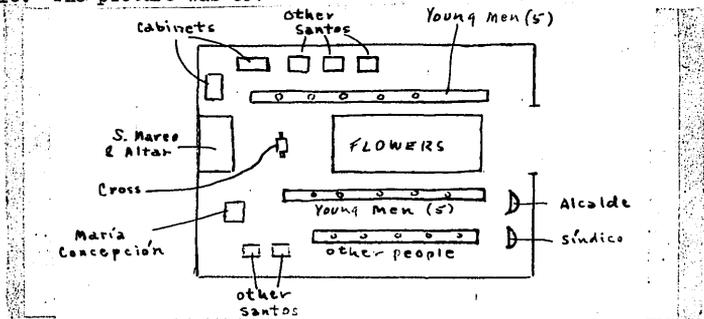
Fortunately our household is now organized so that Gertrude can accompany me.

We were met at the pier by only a handful of boys and the Secretary. We went to the Plaza. At the juzgado we found nobody. The municipal officers were due to come shortly, but were still in their homes. The fiesta was not yet started. The church is over to one side, and from that direction we heard a drum beating, so I walked over there. The drummer was sitting on the grass in front of the church and to the right of the entrance (right facing the church). Inside I saw that the church (a rancho about 45 feet long by 40 wide, with a thatch roof the peak of which was perhaps 35 feet high) was but slightly decorated with tissue-paper cuttings. A couple of young men were bringing in armfuls of flowers (siempre viva they are called) and after a while one of the men unrolled a large mat towards the door and the flowers were placed in two rows upon it.

The Santa (María Concepción) was already standing near the altar, and finally I learned that it had just been brought down from the old cofradia, and without ceremony, by the cofrades. Nothing more happened in the church, so we went back to the juzgado. Between church and juzgado is a bell-tower, and now some boys entered it and began to ring the two bells. This, I was given to understand, was to call the people.

Soon the Intendente came, along with a dozen other men (coming separately), and they went into the juzgado and sat around. The talking was interpreted for me by the Secretary, who said the cofradía was inviting the Intendente and the pueblo to the cofradía and the fiesta. In about ten minutes they came out and we all went over to the church. At the church door the hats and staffs of the officers were taken by a boy. Benches were being carried in, and in the course of the ensuing half hour some 30 people had seated themselves within. There was a especial large chair for the Intendente (near the door) and one for the eíndico. The rest were on the benches. Aside from ourselves and the Secretary, the only foreigners present were two Sta. Lucia Indians who had been engaged to sing in the proceseion. While we were in the church we saw a marimba being carried by up to the cofradía.

As we sat in the church waiting, some young men brought in a lot of cornhusks and then some fiber (sibuk). The corn sheaths were placed on the mat between the rows of flowers, and the fiber strewn in handfuls at various points on the mat. As I sat wondering what symbolism was here -- with eiempre viva flowers banking cornhusks, and all the rest -- when I saw that the benches on either side of the mat were now filled with young men who sometimes picked up one of the fibers and played with it a little. The picture was so:



Soon, almost simultaneously the young men began to pick each a handful of flowers, a sheath of corn-covering, and a piece of fiber, and to make a bouquet by binding a cornhusk wrapper over the stems of the flowers with the fiber. As each finished a bouquet he placed it on the mat. It took close to a minute for each bouquet, but soon more and more of them replaced the loose materials on the mat. In the beginning the work was done in silence; but as the minutes went by, more and more conversation ensued, and soon (quietly) most everybody was talking. Three of the other young men around began to decorate bamboo poles, by winding corn sheaths and then tying the flowers around to cover the whole surfaces. These were then tied to form a sort of frame for the front of the case holding S. Marcos. When the young men had finished with the flowers, they began to decorate the large cross and everything else in sight with them.

Now, while I was still seated on the bench, two old men brought out incense braziers from the locked cupboard, and placed incense within. Then they set up candles and began to light them. I tried to talk to one

of these old men, but he had no Spanish. I did gather that the men who had been working in the church before were Mayordomos of the *cofradía*, and that the young men with the flowers were regidores -- in all cases past and/or present.

I saw that drinking was about to begin, and decided to leave the church (as some others did). From outside I saw that the glass and the bottle were being passed around in the usual fashion.

Sitting outside and looking in, I began to think, and an idea began to dawn in my mind. In Chichicastenango I had never got to the inside of the Indian Political-religious organization, but here and in Sta. Catarina I have seen quite a bit. It occurred to me now that the whole business from Alcalde down to regidores and mayordomos is really a hierarchical priesthood, and not really a political organization in the usual sense at all. It happens that in the case of the Alcalde some political functions imposed by the wider political organization coincide with the office but do not materially alter its nature. I have often noticed that in this hierarchy there always is a religious attitude (that is, the type of formal respect that goes with sacred things) even in commonplace social relations -- when the officer is in his chair or carries his staff. Yet the alcalde may be just a young fellow that one would suppose doesn't amount to much. Furthermore, the office normally passes to another in a year, and from all I can see, the past-officer gets no more particular respect. It would appear that the office is a religious one, and that it entails duties and privileges, and that the people who fill them don't so much matter. The office must be filled and there is a rotating-grading system of filling it.

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I do not overlook the fact that the Alcalde is the judge, and it may well be that this is not just a superimposition of the wider government. One would suppose that wise men should be chosen judges; and the apparent fact that such is not the case supports the view suggested here that the man doesn't matter.

Now in contrast to this there are the principales; these men (who are always old men in these towns) don't take part in the cofradía or town fiestas. They are in the background. They are not treated with that type of formal religious respect, but with the respect that age, wisdom, and real power commands. They are it seems to me, not of the priesthood, but rather are they real political leaders. When anything important comes up, the Principales meet. There seems to be, then, a rule-of-old-men. My notion is that I may find that there is thus an essential separation of the political and the religious. It will have to be investigated....

We stayed around until it began to grow dark; we were told that there would be a procession to the new cofradía and that there, through the night, everybody would drink and dance. We were more or less expected to stay over night and see this; but we had no provisions like drinking water and no cots or anything on which to rest. Besides, we were told that after the night of drinking and dancing everybody would sleep all day tomorrow, to begin the festivities with another procession tomorrow night and through the night. The lake was getting rougher and darkness was descending. We had to leave them or stay all night, we felt; so we prepared to leave immediately. Tomorrow we plan to come better

prepared to stay the whole night if necessary. I trust that we will not have missed much.

We had an interesting experience before we left. There are thousands of jocote trees all over town, and we have grown to like them. We have noticed that everybody takes freely of the fruit to eat, and we have been doing the same. Now, on the way to the lake with the Secretary and half dozen boys, we stopped for a minute to eat some jocotes. A couple of the boys stopped to pick some and the woman owner of the tree began to bawl them out. The boys laughed. I asked how much they cost, and one of them told me a penny a hundred. So I took out a penny and put it in his hand and said, "Give it to the woman and we can take what we want." He looked at the penny, and than a look almost of horror came over his face, and he gave it back to me hurriedly. "Oh, that's a sin," (pecado) he said. "It is sin to sell fruit to eat." I got him to elucidate, and it appears I found, that to sell a cargo is all right, but to sell a few for eating purposes (thus not commercially) is a sin. I gathered it was a sin, or not nice anyway, for the woman to have been so stingy, but still we couldn't very well pay her for the fruit.

I may add that I have never paid for oranges here (which they give us very freely). Only once I tried to, but quickly desisted with their objections.

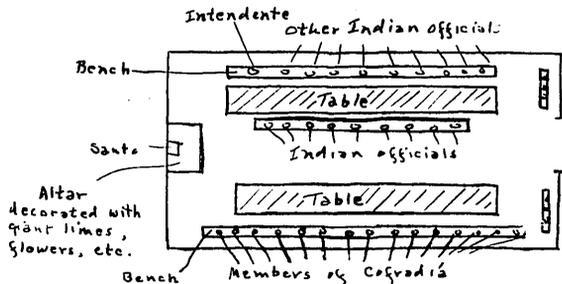
December 8, 1935: We didn't finally arrive in S. Marcos until 5 p.m. Several young boys met us at the pier and at the Plaza we saw only the Secretary. From the distance we heard the sound of a marimba. The Secretary had just finished an early supper and was spending his time feeling sad because he hadn't gone to S. Pedro or Atitlan or somewhere where there is a fiesta →

combined with a ladino population. He has been here for five years and feels ever more triste. I introduced him to the McBrydes, telling him that McBryde is of the same company and will study the merchants, etc., of S. Marcos. We also began a discussion of a point of economics. McBryde has, in his Solola notes, a record of five Indians from here selling mats in the market; I told him it was likely his information was wrong, because I had not heard of mat making here, and I didn't think they were in the business of trading them. The Secretary said they did, indeed, make mats, but very rarely (and none at all now), but that only left the point still up in the air. (Sta. Catarina is the big mat-making place, and S. Pedro and Santiago make some).

After more conversation we climbed the hill to the cofradia. I mentioned (P.) that once when I was in this neighborhood the suggestion to build a more direct road had been offered. Now I saw that this had not been done, and I chafed the Secretary on the laziness of the town; he said they hadn't been able to round up enough men to do the job. It appears that these have been busy weeks in town.

I had seen the cofradia rancho when it had been just built, and now it was the same, a rancho unfilled with mud. It was dark now, and we saw that something was going on inside. There were a half dozen Indians outside, and one of them -- drunk -- greeted me in friendly fashion and told me I could not yet enter the house because there were costumbres going on inside. I poked my head in the door, nevertheless, and word was sent to the Intendente that I was outside and he immediately relayed an invitation for me to come in. Once in, I told him I had friends, and soon we were all

inside. This is the picture that met the eye in the candlelight:



I came and sat to the right of the Intendente (the honored position) and Gertrude and the McBrydes found seats on the other side of the same table. Huge Jicaras of atol were placed before each Indian (full to the brim and holding, I judge, about a quart) and on a leaf next to each, a patty of some white mashed seed. I will mention now that the Intendente made a great point of telling me that the atol here was made of nixtamal boiled with ashes rather than lime, and that later the Secretary said this is not true, for he had tasted it and knows the difference. (Even if it were made with ashes, and I am inclined to believe that, it would not mean much; for in Chichicastenango, at least, they always make atol with ashes when there is a large quantity to make and with lime when only a family supply is needed). The Intendente also said that the stuff on the leaves is ground up cacao, which doesn't seem right to me, because it was white in color, and looked just like the pate^e seed I had had in similar circumstances in Sta. Catarina (P.).

When we came in, all of the Indians were fairly silent, a little drunk, and feeling the formality of the occasion. The Intendente had had more than some of the others, and was in the "pal, old pal" stage when I sat down next to him. He was communicative enough, but not very intelligible. For example, he didn't even touch his atol or his seed-paste, and most of the others just took a little bit, and yet the mayordomo who served soon took the stuff all away; and when I asked the Intendente for an explanation I could learn nothing. Before the atol was taken away, the Intendente asked us if we didn't want some. Looking at the size of the jicaras, we replied that we like it all right but we had just eaten, a lie.

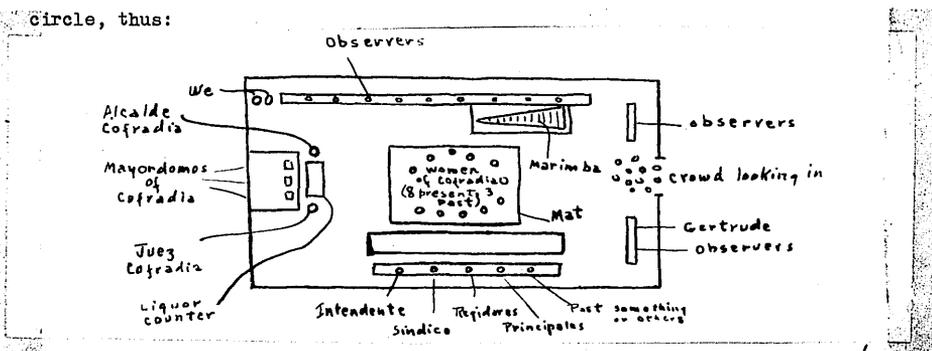
McBryde had brought a camera and one flash-bulb, and everybody was so cordial (and lifted by the aguardiente) that I thought there was an opportunity and it would be nice to get a picture of the group. I asked the Intendente in a loud voice how the people would like to have a nice picture for a remembrance. He replied it would be very nice, and could be put on the wall there, but, unfortunately, he didn't have a camera. Everybody sighed, so I offered the suggestion that as it happened McBryde had one, and even had a light to make it just like the middle of the day. He said all right, and after some delay, McBryde took his picture from the doorway. The flash of light seemed to interest and amuse the Indians.

When it had cooled, I took the used-up flash bulb and presented it with a flourish to the Intendente -- a present for him and the pueblo. I explained that when thrown against stone it would make a noise like a

rocket. He accepted graciously and passed it around to the others, who felt the bulb and held it to their ears to see if there were noise.

When the atol was gone from the tables, these too were removed, and there was a general shifting of population. Near our wall some men dug holes and placed poles in them, then put up cross poles; a marimba had been brought in and this was a wall to protect the instrument from the dancers. Everybody seemed afraid we would now leave, so all began to tell us that women were going to dance and we should stay.

At about 8:00 P.M. a mat was brought in and soon eleven women, chiefly young ones, filed in and after each had kissed the hands of the officials who sat on the opposite side of the room, they sat in a half circle, thus:



Before them sat, half stupified from drink, the male members of the cofradia (in all, 8: Alcalde-Cofradia, Jueq-Cofradia, aksip (secretary-cofradia), and 5 mayordomos. The latter were sitting by the santa when not occupied with errands; one of them now poured liquor for the women, four rounds in all (and the women then paid him, each 10¢, for what they drank). The four

highest women now rose to dance; but first there was a long speech by the Intendente, which the Secretary told me consisted of instructions and advice, and there was some discussion.

The first piece on the marimba lasted more than half-an-hour, and the four women danced (separately) throughout the piece. Then all kissed the hands of officers once more, sat and had more liquor, and then the next four got up to dance. Later, men would also dance (by this time all were drunk) but we decided to leave at about ten p.m., since we were hungry, and by this time a bit bored.

I was told that last night was men's night and tonight ladies' night. There was a procession from Church to cofradía last night, but none at all tonight.

Dec. 23, 1935

In the afternoon Sol and I went to San Marcos. Sol will write an account of our journey, but I want to tell a story of observation rewarded. The bare feet of the Indians in Guatemala have always fascinated me, because they look so wide. I can never quite believe that there are only five toes on each, and I always catch myself counting toes. Sure enough this afternoon, in the juzgado at San Marcos, I found a pair of feet with six toes each....

(Mr. Tax)

(It appears that all of the evidence presented points in one direction: formerly all Indians had six toes, but most of them have lost one and have only the breadth of their feet to show for their former estate!)

It was 17 days since we had been to San Marcos, and we knew that if we didn't go to renew our friendship now, we would not have

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another chance before Dr. Andrade comes. We were greeted very well as old friends for whom they had almost given up hope. The Intendente personally dashed away to pick us some oranges. We stayed around the Plaza all afternoon talking to our friends. We both like San Marcos much better than Sta. Catarina, and always have; it is much cleaner, and has an appearance of well-being where Sta. Catarina looks poor. The people themselves are much cleaner and neater. Even the ladinos seem to be of a better class. The maestra and her mother have gone away for Christmas, but the Secretary-school-teacher is here tending to business. He will go home (to Atitlan) tomorrow evening and will be back early Thursday morning. It is a relief to feel his attitude towards his school, for he takes his job seriously, and not only teaches the children their lessons, but examines them on native handicraft. He proudly showed us some vari-colored rope that they had made, and gave us a sample. The town is much more wholesome than the one across the lake.

I wonder how much the difference in natural resources has to do with it? I rather suspect from the evidence that the cause-and-effect is the other way around. With the wholesomeness here goes a community spirit (I think) unmatched in Sta. Catarina. Here the land (not the fruit trees, however) for milpa is held communally, and anybody can plant as much as he wishes. The town is thus rich, for people can have as much corn as their efforts will bring (besides having the proceeds of the fruit and fish). Now I do not think there is more

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land here than around Sta. Catarina, but there much of the land is owned by ladinos. If there had been more community spirit in Sta. Catarina perhaps the ladinos would never have been able to buy the land, even if it were still owned privately. Of course this argument leads nowhere, except that it raises the question of the basic differences between the two similar towns.

Another difference is that in Santa Catarina there is no attempt (except in clothes) to put any beauty into handicraft.

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December 23.(cont) They make twine and bags and so on, but all is utterly plain. In S. Marcos, on the other hand, the boys spend a lot of time sitting around and making pretty colored bags (colors by means of aniline). Even the rope (as I mentioned) is twined of different colored strands.

We examined the bags that were being made. I had called them "knitted" before because sticks were involved. But now Gertrude, at least, saw that they weren't knitted at all, but rather crocheted. However, no crocheting needle is used, and the work is done by hand, with the sticks used to keep track of the rows of loops. Gertrude sat down and did a row for a boy. Perhaps we shall get a crocheting needle in the Capital and see if the boys will take to an obvious labor-saving device when they really make the bags chiefly to while away the time anyway (they never sell them).

Tomorrow night there will be something of a fiesta here; there will be dancing in the cofradia (such as we witnessed) and also they will, at midnight, take el niño, a little santo now resting in a decorated corner of the Secretary's bedroom, to the church, signalling thus the birth of Christ.

Meanwhile today a butcher is here from San Pablo, selling meat. He brought a young bull early this morning and slaughtered it here. Now the head was in the Secretary's house, together with 3 quarters of the animal; the other quarter was back of the juzgado, hanging from a rafter of a little arbor where the butcher had set up his scales and was open for business; the hide was drying in the sun nearby, and the bladder, blown full of air, was being kicked around by the little boys of the town. Business wasn't rushing. The butcher explained that he had been given permission to do the business by the Intendente. He will probably sell all of his meat at 5¢ a pound today and tomorrow. For Concepcion he sold two animals in this way.

February 14, 1900: In S. Marcos we were greeted as long-lost friends. Dr. Andrade, using the young "interpreter" as informant, went through a small questionnaire. I might mention that he finds that the division of Cahchiquel-Zutugil (Panajachel-Atitlan) highly exaggerated, and now he finds that S. Marcos is closer to Cahchiquel than Zutugil and is certainly not much like Quiche (of Chichicastenango, Totonicapan, etc.) So-called Quiche probably does not extend to the lake.

Miss Telling painted the Síndico; we, meanwhile, talked to the Intendente and others, but didn't try to get much information in the day that we have. Andrade can spend only a day in each of the towns now, not time enough for us to do much. We shall go along, but chiefly to make and keep up connections.

March 15, 1936: Spent the morning in S. Marcos, as promised. The marimba played outside the juzgado, and the new regidores (2 of them) were inducted into office with a simple ceremony of the Intendente's charging them with their duties and their replying. The few others in the juzgado didn't respect anybody's speeches and though formal in a sense, the proceeding was most informal in the sense that it was individual. One man on the sidelines (who was a regidor passing out) began to complain, when another was talking, of the fact that the other retiring regidor had gone out instead of staying for the ceremonies.

April 25, 1936: This is the day of the Titular Fiesta in S. Marcos, and we spent the day there. The Venados dance was given (or is being given), the first time we have seen it. Three marimbas (one at the Juzgado, one for the dance in the Plaza, and one in the cofradia) were going, and there were many visitors in town.

San Marcos la Laguna

Don Pancho, (the Secretary-schoolteacher) said, anent the change of Secretaries in Sta. Cruz, that the ladinos of S. Jose had already bought 40 cuerdas of level land suitable for coffee, and that he simply wanted about 4 cuerdas of leña land up in the hills; for this (communal property) he was going to pay to fix the church -- a matter of about \$64.00. Everybody approved except 8 Indians, enemies of the Secretary, and they got him out on the issue.

Tzununá

On the way home from San Marcos, I stopped in at Tzununá to see the town. There is no pier, and the beach is shallow, so we couldn't moor our boat at all. We stayed some 20 feet out and asked for a canoe to come and get us. There were no canoes. I was about to prepare to wade in myself when several Indians waded out to us. They said the Alcalde (meaning Auxiliari) was in Santa Cruz, so I thought it would be better to postpone a first visit to the town until I could find him there. I therefore simply bargained with the few Indians and bought 100 large oranges for 16-1/2 cents. They had to go pick them, and when they returned we set out for home.

Tzununá, it will be remembered, is technically an "aldea" of Sta. Cruz. It has, however, a juzgado and a school of its own. It lacks a church. It is situated in a valley the greater part of which is planted with fruit -- chiefly oranges, limes, and jocotes. The oranges are among the best in Guatemala. The houses of the people are all situated in a small block up high on the South wall of the valley, and there appear to be some thirty of them. Like San Marcos, the municipal buildings are in the center of the valley, not far from the shore.

SANTA CRUZ

Young Weymann offered to take us to Santa Cruz, and we decided to go, although it was close to 10 A.M. by this time. The motor on the launch is really hard to start sometimes, and it took Chito (for so he is called here) about fifteen minutes to get it going, but then it was only fifteen minutes more to Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz is situated on a high point between two barrancas, several hundred yards back of the water's edge, but perhaps a thousand feet above lake level, perhaps even 1500 feet. Along the shore there are fruit trees, other vegetation, and milpas, but there are no dwellings except in the small area above. As we came to the pier, several canoes full of Indians, seeing our approach, paddled closer, and when they gave no indication of coming to us, we hailed them. Fortunately, the Secretary was in one of the canoes, and when we told him that we came to visit the town, he came ashore. I showed him my letter from the Jefe and he put himself at our service. The Indians around seemed to show no interest in us and refused to become friendly, although of course there was no evident hostility either.

The Secretary, one Indian, Chito, Gertrude and I began the ascent. The path is very steep, and at least a mile long, and the sun being very bright, the climb was very difficult.

We (finally) came to the "plaza" and went into the juzgado, and I set out with the Secretary to see the town.

~~SANTA CRUZ~~

A stone church on one side, and the juzgado and school building on the other, with the Secretary's home in a corner, the plaza is chiefly distinguished by its cleanliness and by a large pila in the center. I was assured that all of the Indians as well as the two ladinos in town use the pila for all purposes and find it sufficient. In the corridor of the juzgado an Indian Marimba was playing, lackidaisically, with no audience except us. (Before we left, however, enough men had gathered in the corridor to render my supply of cigars insufficient).

In the church there were a few santos, including the Cruz (fiesta day, May 3rd); and I was told that there are four cofradias.

The town is different from San Marcos; there is an exceedingly small and irregular area in which dwelling houses are piled thick and close, with little semblance of streets. I was told that all of the people live right here and have their milpas around. Besides maize and beans, they grow onions and a few fruits. But the aldea of Tzununá is part of Santa Cruz, and many of those who live in Tzununá have houses here which they use when they come for the fiesta, which lasts a week.

The population is a little under 400 in the town itself, but about 40 men, some with their families, are working temporarily on a finca.

Santa Cruz has no market or market-day; they patronize chiefly the Solola and Panajachel markets, going to the latter in canoes.

The Secretary told me that they speak the same language here as in San Marcos, but insisted this is different from those of Santiago and San Pedro, as well as of Solola. The Secretary has been here for ten years, and lives alone; there is a "mixed" school, and the school-mistress is a middle-aged ladino who also lives here alone. They are the only ladinos. (The Secretary's name is Nazario Magarino C. and he does not seem as intelligent as the man in San Marcos).

I told the Secretary that I was coming to study the town; and since he impressed me as one who would take order and like it, I didn't put it in the form of a question. I asked if there were any empty houses around, and the answer was no (but there was a contradiction with the statement about the Tzununa people which I didn't press). There certainly isn't much room to build a house as far as I can see. I postponed the question of a house (partly because an idea or a plan, has been brewing in my mind) and asked if there were horses in town. There are two, it appears, both of which belong to the Secretary. I told him that when we came again we would want his horses to meet us at the pier, so we could ride up the hill; I would notify him before we came next time, therefore, and would pay him for the horses.

I asked for the Alcalde, and he began to apologize for him, saying he is a new one and a young one, etc. I asked to meet him anyway, and was finally introduced to a youth not yet out of his teens certainly, and possibly not more than fifteen. There wasn't much point in being

overly respectful to him, so I informed him of our plans and received his permission. We were in the juzgado now. I next asked if there were Principales, and the secretary said there were some 30 of them. I asked to see the highest one, but when the secretary asked if I wanted one who can speak Spanish, I compromised. Soon an old Indian was brought in and introduced as Pascual Tepáz, a Principal. I explained, more respectfully, what we were here for, and asked if we might come again to see and study the very pretty and interesting town. He graciously said that we might.

Then, with all the officials around, I pulled out a dollar watch to cement relationships and presented it formally to the Town. I can't see why they should need a town clock, but there isn't a watch in the place and it may be a curiosity until it runs out. They seemed pleased, and I told them that if the town cooperated, when we finished our work I would give them a bigger and better present.

With that, we made our departure. The Secretary and half a dozen Indians followed us to the pier and seemed very friendly as we left.

Santa Cruz (May 10)

337

Costume - Men - trousers short, white with fine blue stripes, or check, some embroidered with small figures of colored wool (like San Pedro).
Shirts - usually home-woven, either white or checked, or striped.

Banda - red, with fine stripes about 1. inch apart.
Checked blanket. Apron with leather belt on side.
Red sate, ^{with} often around straw hat. Skins, legs, like San Pedro - made here.

Trompa - blue coat, no white stripes, $\frac{3}{4}$ length. Narrow silk embroidering around lips. Hoopled red with narrow white stripes & with wool figures and silk figures (all small) embroidered after weaving is done. At neck, small (4 in.) slit for opening down the front. Band of silk embroid. around neck line, thru which fine cord is drawn for closing up. Red faja (about same width as S. Catalina). Head dress - liston, narrow, otherwise like Atitlan.

San Antonio 338

Costume
Men - short trousers.

Shirt - red white checked with 3/4 of long sleeve
solid red (with fine stripes) + 1 inch ^{up to fold} ^{close} ^{restline} ^{high}
Banda - wide red (with several fine stripes),
looped over in front.

Blanket apron - bk white check, covers
thous. entirely, held on by strap belt.

ute - red (with sev. fine stripes) like banda
and shirt sleeves. Folded into 2-inch roll
and wound around forehead, knotted in
back & ends hanging.

Coat of black, reaches to knees, back & front
pieces hanging separately & loose.

Women - long, perfectly plain blue coat.

Wide fajon, red, like men's banda.

Skirt - body part solid red (with
a few fine stripes) - sleeves, white with
red stripes.

Distox - narrowest Totonigan, wound
in hair like that of St. Cat.

**THE TOWNS OF
LAKE ATITLAN**

BY

SOL TAX

NEG. NO. 1694-13

END