

were high, forest-clad mountains (fig. 18). We began to realize that we had heavy work ahead of us. We were to cross those mountains and find hidden archaeological cities in the forest beyond.

Before noon we reached the town and found quarters in a Mexican house of the usual wood and adobe type, with chairs standing stiffly against the walls of the main room, and the walls decorated with polychrome almanacs and beer posters. Shortly we were served with a huge meal of fish from the lake and the everlasting Mexican "pollo," a flattering name for an old hen. Then we went to see Mr. Jacob Hagmaier, the German manager of several of the tobacco plantations along the lake shore. He at once placed himself at our disposal and, thanks to his kindness and help, we succeeded in getting some excellent men for our trip through the mountains. He

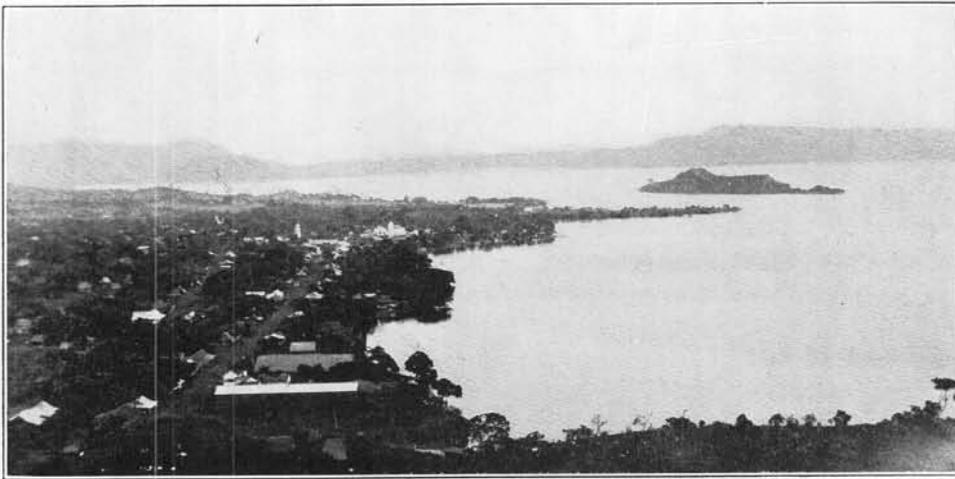


FIG. 18—Catemaco, Ver. View of Catemaco Village, the Lake and the Sacred Island Agaltepec.

took us into his warehouses, where long rows of Indian girls were sitting on straw mats and sorting tobacco leaves into first, second, and third grades. These grades are exported to Germany. The fourth grade is very poor and is used for the domestic cigarettes. It was very interesting to see the fermenting of the tobacco, which reached as much as 65 centigrades (200° F.), and the pressing of the finished leaf in bales.

The guide provided by Mr. Hagmaier took us to see a mound in the outskirts of the town, also some stone idols, one lying outside a house close to this mound (fig. 19). The idol probably represents a human figure with the head knocked off. Its lower half was roughly chipped and served as a plug. Inside the same house was a small stone head with a tenon at its back, this has grotesque fea-