some of the amusing and inquisitive small, white-bellied spider monkeys. The top of the pass is called the Cerro Bastonal and is part of a chain of volcanic cones which extends from the volcano Santa Marta towards the southeast and forms the western side of the Coatzacoalcos basin. We reached the top (1,050 meters) about noon and made a short stop to rest the animals and ourselves. About two hours later we came out of the tropical forest into low second-growth and open country with a corn field here and there, and finally about 3 o'clock we reached the village of Ocozotepec, two rows of grass-roofed huts on either side of a red earth ridge, the bare ridge forming the main street (fig. 28).

Here we had our first contact with the Indians. It took some time to locate the chief who carries the proud title of Municipal President. This gentleman was not very enthusiastic about our

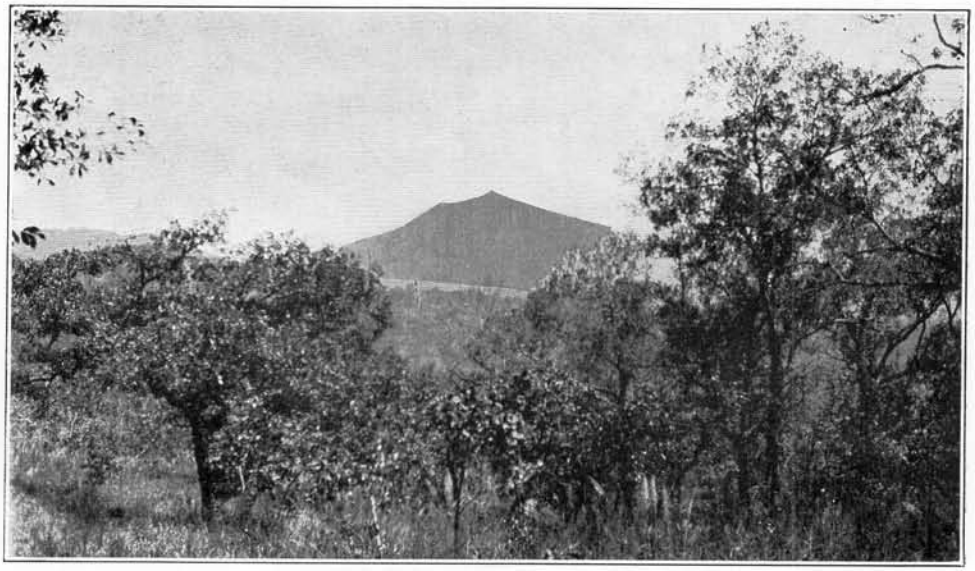

FIG. 29—San Martin Mountain and Oak Forest.

arrival, but finally quartered us in the "Municipal Office," a grass thatched hut with mud walls recently built and not quite so miserable as the other houses of the village. Next to the office was the jail and here we stored our saddles. In front of us we had the church, also a grass thatched house with mud walls, the largest building in the village. These three buildings were lying on the highest part of the ridge. Looking north we saw the vivid red soil of the village street bordered by squalid huts. Beyond were forests, and far away loomed up the San Martín Pajapan volcano which we had planned to ascend (fig. 29).