

tortillas, and cooking other food. Chatting was in lively progress. Some women were carrying water, children were playing around, and in the background some of the elder men were watching the behaviour of the gay youngsters. The colours of the women's skirts and belts, their bronze bodies and their black hair adorned with flowers made an excellent picture.

We walked from group to group watching the work, and were able to persuade the Indians to sell us some of their bows and arrows as well as some samples of the textiles made in the village.

Our chief "boy," Enrique, gave an amusing description of how he had seen a group of about twenty Indians hauling at a rope trying to throw a bull. The bull jumped about, the rope broke, and the twenty Indians fell on top of each other with much noise and laughter.

The Indians were much interested in our photographing and we were requested by the elders to take some pictures of the village saint. This could not be done in the dark interior of the church, so the saint was moved to the door, which called for much ceremony and drumming. Several Indians were beating wooden drums made out of hollow logs covered with deer skin. Those who were carrying the saint never touched it directly with their hands, but used a cloth when handling the image. They set the saint on a table and decorated it with natural and paper flowers; whereafter we took his photograph. (See fig. 52.)



FIG. 42.—San Martin Pajapan, Ver. Idol from the top of the mountain.

Our friends were urging us to stay for the fiesta, but unfortunately we were not able to do so. We packed our animals and left these friendly "bloodthirsty" Indians, who had treated us with so much kindness.

A broad trail leads to Chinameca, a station on the Tehuantepec railroad, but unfortunately there is also a broad trail leading to