

called Ixtle, from the fibre of which rope is made, and the finest of these fibres look like silk. We know that it was used for textiles in ancient times.

Just after having passed through another town, Jalpa, we were told that a bridge on the direct road to Comalcalco had broken down. We therefore made a detour, but soon had to get a guide, who took us over narrow back-trails out to the main road again. This same gentleman carried a bottle of rum as his provisions, and every time he met a friend they had to stop and talk business.

Chichigalpa was the last small Indian town we rode through before we crossed the stone bridge and entered Comalcalco.

This town consists of one interminable street lined by white houses with red tiled roofs. At the northern end is the Plaza with



FIG. 88—Nacajuca, Tab. The Village Jail. The inscription on the wall reads: "Get out if you can."

royal palms and an attractive church. We clattered along until we found the Municipal President's house. There we showed our credentials. The document had been written in the office of the Governor of the State. As the government calls itself bolshevik, both letterhead, text, and signature were in red. That is what one may call thorough.

The effect was instantaneous. A captain of police was placed at our disposal and quickly found quarters for us with some very nice Mexicans. For travellers they had a few rooms which opened out on a small patio with many flowers.

As the school teachers are generally the only persons in this part of the world who take any interest in such a strange thing as archaeology, we set out to look for the local specimen, and were fortunate