

The Field Diaries of Dennis E. Puleston – 1963

Introduction by Olga Stavrakis

Denny joined the Tikal Project in April 1961 when he and Gary Clevidence travelled through Mexico to Guatemala during one of the Antioch College work study semesters in search of the elusive Lacandon. They stopped at Tikal along the way and were both invited to work by Ed Shook, Project Director, whom Denny respected and admired. They must have become favorites of the field crew because they were given the nickname “Sunshine Boys.” Denny fell in love with Tikal and subsequently returned again to work in 1963 on house mound excavation under Bill Haviland who was studying settlement patterns within the “city” of Tikal.

The word “city” I write in parentheses because it became a big semantic issue later on in the work of both Denny and Bill Haviland. Denny always maintained that Tikal could easily be called a “city” whereas Bill argued that under a strict definition it was not a city and he referred to it as “epicenter”. This is irrelevant in the long run, for what Denny was interested in was to find out how the people lived in that environment and how they managed to survive for over 1,000 years without degrading the environment.

He was fascinated not with the Maya collapse but with their survival and the sheer density populations reached by the Late Classic period. His MA Thesis and his dissertation both addressed these questions, but he died before he had a chance to present the data in the way he felt it should be presented. Even though in his dissertation he gives the overall population figure for Classic Tikal at about 80,000, the data he collected mapping plus the test pits excavated by Robert Fry, indicated that this figure was quite low and in actual fact the population was somewhere on the order of 100,000 to 120,000 given the basic assumptions of family size and other factors (none of which are fully known).

His personal journals follow the threads of his unfolding interest and the step by step discovery of the sheer size of the lowland Maya Classic population. Until he came along and mapped two 24 km strips radiating out from the center of Tikal, no one imagined that population was continuous and relatively dense in between the major sites. He explored several small sites in this jungle, and eventually excavated some himself and supervised the excavation of others, such as Navajeulal, which was the subject of Ernestine Greene’s dissertation at U of Penn.

Searching for the farmland, the area that produced all the food for the dense central population, Denny discovered that there was no “sustaining” area and that population was continuous in between sites, except for the areas under swamp. Since then, some scholars

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have suggested that the swamps were cultivated, and that may be so. However, no evidence to this effect has been found in the Central Maya lowlands, as far as I know. Denny considered the possibility of swamp cultivation and even looked at some of the features that resembled the raised fields he and Alf Siemens were excavating in northern Belize in 1972 until 1978. However, the patterns that some had suggested were fields, turned out to be Gilgai, or natural geometric cracks in the drying mud.

These journals document the unfolding of his inquiry which pushed the envelope of Maya studies out of the tombs and glorious city of kings and queens, into the domain of what he called "Jose Maya" the average citizen of Tikal or its environs who, as peasant everywhere, produced all the food, wealth, and cannon fodder that led to the glory of the this spectacular civilizations.

Notes and Note Taking at Tikal

Excavation and work notes were written into Field Notebooks which were hard bound small black booklets about 6 by 10 with carbons so notes were produced in triplicate. The originals belonged to the project. One carbon went to the worker and the third copy was for the Guatemalan archives. Notes and thoughts went into these notebooks and all of Denny's originals are in the Tikal room with his personal copies stored in Princeton Library.

In addition to the formal notes Denny also kept personal journals, a habit his father had encouraged and which he tried to discipline himself to do daily. Tikal proved the perfect place for him to work on his journaling skills. Here, at the age of 23, he was discovering new worlds and piecing together a string of ideas that started to emerge during his year on Moorea with the Kellums. It was in Moorea that he first encountered archaeology focused on ecology and the relationship between human populations and their land. Behind the Kellum's house, on Opunohu Bay, lies the archaeological site of the village, now covered with dense vegetation, which once housed the Polynesians who met and reprovisioned Captain Cook in 1777.

Here there are terraced agricultural fields now completely overgrown, but in 1958 they were the focus of the beginning of the study of ecologically focused archaeology. I do not know if Denny met Richard Green of Kenneth Emory, the latter a friend of the Kellums, but something happened on Moorea that ignited his interest in the history of human habitation and subsistence. His life's ambition was to go back to the Pacific and work in Polynesian archaeology. He did not make it. After that one year on Moorea, he never returned to the Pacific. But the questions that first presented themselves in the Pacific, he brought with him to Tikal and pushed the emerging and peripheral study of settlement patterns and subsistence into the mainstream of Maya archaeology.

Chultuns

“Chultun” is a word that refers to dug out round pits with a small manhole size opening at the top, found at ancient Maya sites throughout the northern Yucatan Peninsula. In this area they were used for water storage and are lined with plaster.

The word was applied to a roughly similar feature found in the sites of the Peten, but it is a misnomer. The manhole cover entrance is similar but there the parallel ends. The chambers were dug out sometimes into different room sized spaces, separated by a small threshold. There was no plaster and the porous limestone would not have held water. Denny postulated that they were used like northern root cellars where nuts, seeds and grains could be stored. In 1966 he started conducting storage experiments with different types of plants and seeds stored for up to a year in the chultuns and concluded that the loss of food material was minimal. Certainly the plants were protected from rodents and insects although soft root crops were attacked by molds.

This first season he was give the task of exploring the chultuns of Tikal by Bill Haviland who was excavating house mounds and noticed the association of chultuns with household structures. Fancier chultuns with several chambers tended to occur nearer the more affluent structures of Tikal, and simpler single chambered one’s were found further out.

In some of them Denny found burials. One burial had only a partial skeleton which may have been a result of animals ravaging the chultun, possibly a secondary burial in a chultun that was put out of commission, or, more intriguing, the results of a human sacrifice which involved dismemberment.

He wrote up his initial ideas in an issue of Expedition.

Journal – 1963

Arrived home from Wales on June 23rd. After waiting two and a half hours was picked up by Mum, George, and Mickey Donohue who I learned was going with Pete.

Mum tells all about the troubles or rather saga of the Presbyterian Church and the films they didn’t show because people were calling each other communists. How Mum showed them and so on...

Gary and Jen (his sister who married Gary) were down and the next 6 days until I left, thought hectic with trips in and out of New York, were fun. All told my gear weighed 33 pounds including the tape recorder I bought in New York, the blacklight, all my clothes, Schmidt boxes (for pinning insects), etc.... It’s really wonderful I didn’t leave with the

feeling I left anything I was going to be needing either, with the exception of silica gel which I have since discovered in ample quantities here (in Tikal).

June 30 – Saturday

Driven into Idlewild at 7:00 AM by Dad who took every bridging in the nearby wildlife refuge. Eastern plane developed hydraulic leak, delayed 2.5 hours. Finally leave for new Orleans but get there even as they rolled the ramp away from the PAA Guatemala jet.

Go on 3:15 PM flight to Huston and stay in the airport hotel at the expense of Eastern. Took walk at sunset and saw

SCISSOR-TAILED FLYCATHER

June 30 – Sunday

Up at 6:00 Am to catch PAA jet south. Stop briefly in Mexico City and then on. Flight into Guatemala City really impressive with mountains all around – Fuego, which recently erupted, was smoking.

No trouble with customs or anything. Filled with wonderful feeling of being in Guatemala again and on my way to Tikal. Take taxi to Pension Asturias (2 Quetzales).

It is army day, guns boom on the Parque. I took a bus down to the Museum and up to the volcano Fuego, telling a Guatemalan man all about the Mayas, the significance of pottery sequences, etc. To bed after dinner around 10:30 PM. Call for taxi to come at 6:15 AM tomorrow. Geologists in the next room loan me their alarm clock.

July 1 –

Out to the plane (2 Quetzales plus 4 Questzales for Pension Asturias including 2 meals). Board plane together with Marshall Becker (another archaeologist from Penn) and his wife. We were met by Pat Culbert (ceramicist from Arizona) in a jeep and by Mrs. Graham and Rebecca (3 years old?).

Marshall and I go out to find Bill Haviland (a graduate student). Joya is in the main plaza making a rubbing. (Joya Hairs – A professional photographer and tour guide of German descent, living in Guatemala City who had some administrative responsibilities our four seasons at Tikal. She later worked for Clark Tours in Guatemala City and took people on expense custom tours to inaccessible sites throughout the Peten).

To seven-temple group where "toyboy" – nephew or son of F.A.O. Schwartz is working. We find Bill behind Temple V. See his digs and come back for lunch. After lunch Bill drives me out to Chultun 2G-3 (or 1?) with Santiago Cifuentes and Pancho Tun. I start excavating. Find bats in one of the chambers. The men build a champa over the excavation because it rains every day.

In the evening I come back and go in the jeep down to Marshall's dig at the end of the airport. We go with the Grahams, Marshall and Cathy (his wife), Bill and I. Have a puncture. I go back and get Don Max, the mechanic who helps us fix it.

At night I put up the black light in camp behind a sheet and get 41 moths and eight beetles. Later, after the lights go out, pin them by candle light. At midnight I go out to record the frog chorus in the aguada and other night jungle noises. Very successful.

July 2 – Tuesday

Up at 5:00 AM to record the morning bird songs. Also turns out very well. After breakfast, off to the chultun with my butterfly net.

The bats have left the chultun and I discovered a second entrance. At lunch time Bill and I go over to try to get Tono to take us to the platform chultuns near Temple VI. (Presumably the reference is to Tono Ortiz, once workman now owner of the Posada de la Selva, a lovely rustic guest house built by the Project in anticipation of future tourism and given to Tono by some internal arrangement.)

In the afternoon after work Marshall takes us around to all his digs south of the airstrip, including the Temple. After dinner everyone decides to go up to the Great Plaza to see it by moonlight. I took along the tape recorder and just before we left recorded Chris saying – "Ya seen it once, ya seen it a million times." He did not go.

The recorder picks up conversation very well while jeep is running. Up at the Plaza I record the trip to the top of Temple I to everyone's great amusement. I played it back first up on Temple I where Bill Haviland practically fell off with hysterics. Back at the bodega (storage building) I had to play it a couple of times.

I put out the blacklight again but the Ghana's released the greatest specimen – a huge Lamellicornia. Nancy Graham didn't want to see it killed.

In the evening the recorder finally justified its existence. We took a jeep trip up to the Great Plaza in the moonlight and I recorded a good deal of the conversation before we left in the jeep and when we got up there. The last was the most successful for it consisted of recording Bill, little Ed (Schwartz – I had written but Little Ed was usually Ed Crocker) and

myself going all the way up Temple I. Our heavy breathing came out wonderfully. Back at the camp I had to play the whole thing through a couple of times. Pat Culbert could hardly stand up he laughed so hard.

July 3 –

This morning I was up for an early breakfast. Ed Sisson is feeling pretty sick, so is Tony Graham. Its' really amazing how often people seem to be coming down with some fever or other.

I started the men working in the chultuns and then went off to try and find Chultuns 6G-6, 7, \$ 9. I finally did after 2.5 hours in the jungle where I couldn't even locate the Perdido Reservoir. I came back with Bill and his man for lunch. At 2:00 I walked back out to Chultun 2G-1 and started a section of it.

On the way home the men showed me another chultun, west of Stela 27 with a masonry neck. Back in camp I gave Santiago some aspirins for his headache which developed today.

Identified in the aguada:

ANHINGA

OLIVACIOUS CORMORANT

LITTLE BLUE HERON

There is only one Anhinga and a couple of Cormorants, probably the same ones that were here 2 years ago. Coming home in the woods a big black bird flew out of a tree. It was rather noisy and the men told me it was called a CHACAHLACA.

In the evening I put out the black light and caught a new moth with silver sparkle on its wings. I also caught a huge Lamellicornia which I am sure is the same one the Gahans let loose last night.

July 4 – Thursday

Today I finally took the trouble to carry Blake's *Birds of Mexico* around with me and thus was able to identify a few more birds. Over at Tono's waiting to get in for breakfast Little Ed and I saw

WHITE COLLARED SEEDEATER

TROPICAL KINGBIRD (yellow breast, brown tail)

Out at the Chultun, I identified what must have been a

VEERY (all cinnamon brown) and

PALE-BILLED WOODPECKER

On the way out I also saw a Mot Mot but was unable to identify the specie. A Toucan flew over, and I also heard tropigons. These last, the men identified for me. They call them CaCachana.

I continued excavating in Chamber 5, the last one. But we found nothing interesting until we got down into a layer of largish stones resting on a layer of silt! NEW THEORY – Chultuns were steam baths. Lot of big sherds were in this rubble stuff.

I also worked on the plan and section. Six bats were back again in Chamber 4. As they flew out one of the men swatted it. I was quite proud of myself as it is the first mammal I have done. (He means he gutted and preserved it as a specimen). It was a female and she had been carrying a large fetus.

At lunch, Chris Jones, real skinny guy who has looked like someone out of the grave since I arrived, announced he was going back to the states tomorrow. He has a hemorrhoid and it isn't getting better.

In the evening I helped Bill for a while cleaning out his Chicanel Pot burial – the oldest burial in Tikal. Later I put out the black light. Little Ed hung around and gave me a hand pinning when we finished. I am deciding to go to Uaxactun this weekend with Little Ed, "toyboy", and Ed Sisson. Johnny Go (Juan de Dios) is taking us and Silva says he's coming too. Silva came over this evening with his banjo and I taught him to play malaguena.

July 5 –

Little Ed came around waking everyone up this morning at 5:45 AM. I was already up. We went over for breakfast around 6:15 and had Huevos Revueltos.

Out at the chultun we first cleaned it up as Bill said he was coming out. After it was all spic and span we went to work again down in the bottom chambers. It started to rain pretty hard and an extension of the champa over the chultun, which extended out to the spoil heap, saved us from drowning. As it was only the smallest quantity of water actually entered the chultun.

Bill finally showed up and he was really impressed with the extent and cave-like proportions of the chultuns. He crawled excitedly through the various chambers, and remarked upon how it was one of the best chultuns he'd seen. He took back my sherds and the limestone ball from chamber 4. On the way home for lunch I at least got some good views of these little black birds, along the edges of the airstrip. They have a definite bluish reflection, thin bills, and a white patch forward which is concealed when they are still. This make them

BLUE-BLACK GRASSQUITES (*Volatinia jacarina*)

At lunch I took my stuffed bat up to the bodega to show to everyone and on the way passed Nancy Graham who took one look, Squiged up her face and said, "Oh, how cruel!" I wonder if she knows her husband killed the Pedipalps little Ed gave him by desiccating them in a paper bag for 2 weeks.

In the afternoon back at the chultun, we finished the excavation, leaving some stuff on the West side of Chamber 5 so Tony Gahan could run his organic matter tests.

They helped me finish up and we left the site 5 minutes after five. We usually leave at quarter of. In the evening I recorded Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star played on Tono's Chinaware by Little Ed, Cathy Becker, and myself. The tourists sitting a few tables away whom we had forgotten clapped heavily when we finished.

After dinner I put up the black light out at Aubrey and Bob Dison's jungle palace where Bill Haviland and Pat Culbert stayed now. It was the worst nothing I've had. Probably because of the rain we have had. It also rained about 10 minutes after I brought the sheet in.

July 6 – Saturday

Sylva and Ed Sisson have dropped out of the Uaxactun trip. Sylva says it is going to rain. Ed's afraid of getting a relapse of his recent sickness.

We had breakfast after which I went out with Bill to start a new chultun (one of the ones I found July 3rd – 6B-9). I kept Poncho and Santiago working with me.

Bill gave me Salvador Mas and Antonio Cal. I think I'll let Salvador and Santiago dig the chultun. Santiago did almost all the actual digging in the other chultun. At the site I set

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Santiago and Salvador to cleaning up the place and building the champa. Poncho and Antonio and I set to clearing the trail. They did a spectacular job. They cut out a highway you could practically drive a truck through to Bill's site. I laid out a North-south trench next to the chultun 9 meters long and 150 cm wide. Salvador started the chultun and the rest of the men started the trench. While walking around the side I had a good view of

RUDDY WOODCREEPERS (*Dendrocincla homochroa*)

The men pointed out to me a large blackish hawk up in one of the trees. I finally got a good look at it and noted orange legs and red eyes.

BLACKISH CRANE HAWK (*Geranospiza nigra*)

At noon we all went back. Ed, Henry and I had a quick lunch but Juan still left a half hour before us. We decided to take one mule to carry out baggage, which including the jungle hammocks, 2 bottles of beer each, cameras, and other oddments, including this diary, added to quite a bit.

The Mule driver rode another white mule, we started out walking behind. The distance of 7 leagues which lay ahead of us we little comprehended. Little Ed gaily swung his machete clearing the trail as we went. The mule plodded ahead of us setting a steady pace we could never have kept if we had been alone. The sun shined brightly through the trees for the first hour but soon it began to get cloudy and somewhere in the middle of the Bajo del Escobal (the swamp of spiny Escoba palms) a league and a half across (about 5 miles) it started to rain. We cut palmetto leaves and by holding them over our heads as we walked, managed to keep off the greater part of the water falling from above. This, however, did nothing to protect us from the continuous barrage that descended on us from the water laden leafy branches that lined the trail.

Ed, who had started out eagerly slashing at every branch that hung over the trail now slacked off. The mules plodded on across the endless bajo. Time seemed to creep by, walking became mechanical except for the constant watch that had to be maintained for slippery roots.

At last the bajo ended and we came up through the old chiclero camp into the high jungle again. At last, around 5:00 we came out into brushy scrub, obviously grown up from land that had been cleared and cultivated. For a while I thought we had arrived and that we could prove the mule-driver wrong for having told us we would arrive at 7:00 PM. How vain I was! Just at this point, the mule driver turned around to tell us it was 2 more leagues. – 6 more miles! Already it was obvious the sun was setting. On we went. The land became hilly. Ed sat down on a log and said he could go no further but I got him on his feet again without too much persuasion.

It got dark. We entered deep woods. We passed a few mounds. The trail began to branch out and ½ hour later we were suddenly there. A baby was crying somewhere or a candle flickered in a thatched house far away on the side of the brush-covered airfield. The huts we passed appeared dilapidated and deserted. The muleteer took us to the house of Juan de Dios and unloaded our gear. Juan wasn't there but we were able to make arrangements for dinner and a place to swing out jungle hammocks. We took them and all our gear into a pole and thatch hut next door. Someone brought a candle for us by which light we could see the hut was empty except for some corn which lay in a heap against the far walls. We went back and waited while a little girl cooked our dinner. Juan came in and was very concerned over our having been so neglected as to be forced to have dinner in this poor house, apparently he had not been expecting us and definitely thought this was too poor for us. He also tried to get us to move our hammocks down to a much better place with a "lamina" (corrugated zinc roof). We stuck by though and agreed to have breakfast in this other place. Dinner was cooked on a plastered hearth which stood on a table and the more I looked around the more interested I became.

At last dinner was ready and we pulled our "chairs" up to the candlelit table. Our fare, though meager, was good and in fact there was plenty of it. Besides a heaping mound of tortillas we each had scrambled eggs, two helpings, and cups of strong black coffee. We had no worry of being kept awake and we drank plenty. They also gave us glasses of brown colored aguada water which any one in their right mind would not have touched. Finally, we said we had to go to bed. Juan de Dios helped us set up our jungle hammocks. We crawled in, wearing our wet clothes which fortunately dried soon.

Around midnight I was awakened by a scrunching noise and realized it was rats eating the corn that was stacked against the north wall. Henry and Little Ed were also awake but none of us said anything. Then a more adventurous rat walked down little Ed's hammock rope and onto his waterproof roofing. I heard a terrific swat and then a plop as the rat hit the floor. Though we heard the rats eating, they didn't bother us anymore, and we all slept very well.

July 7 – Sunday

This morning I awakened refreshed and full of our adventure the night before, with the rats. We met Juan outside our place and went across to a snazzy white-washed plaster thatched hut for a really good breakfast, fried eggs, frijoles, tortillas, café. It was raining when we finished but we left undismayed for the ruins. The first place we went was A Group. An old man with sneakers showed us the way to the trail and refused a tip.

The first place we went was A 18 with the 2 stories spiral staircase. On a clear day Temple IV of Tikal can be seen from here. We then crossed over to the plaza and played hide and seek and wanted to be out guide.

We found the main stela where Ed and I had our beer, and then left the ruins after about 2.5 hours and crossed the airstrip to see the Temple of Jaguars E sub-VII and Stela 20.

At noon we came back for lunch again this time chicken (about ½ each), rice, chilies, tortillas, soup, lemonade (unlimited) all for 50 centavos each. Our meal for the 3 of us last night was 1 Quetzal. They weren't going to charge us for the room but I threw in an extra 50 centavos for that.

We left at 12:45 and with Juan setting the pace we quickly passed the mules with our baggage. In the middle of the Bajo del Escobal, Juan killed a snake which he said was poisonous but which is not necessarily so. Toward the end, Ed was dead tired and lagged far behind. We waited for him though, and all came into camp together. We had a good reception and a hero's welcome though we had to compete with a great Ateneo on Saturday of which they made recordings with my recorder. The 5 Bolos of Guatemala.

July 8 – Monday

Yesterday 3 birds I saw in the bushes where the trail up to Uaxactun A Group begins were GROOVE BILLED ANIS (*Crotophega sulanostris*)

Today we worked at the Chultun 6C-9. The men dug all around it. Bill gave me Luis and Rudy whom I set to clearing anew trail from where we leave the truck out to the next 2 chultuns we are going to excavate, which are 6C-6 and 7. Bill decided to dig the group and went over to look at it with Sylva. On the way, they found a new chultun, quite near the other two. They called me over and I had a look at it. We will dig it when we move over there.

July 9 – Tuesday

Today Sylva found an unsurveyed chultun 20 meters or so NW of 6C-9, the one we are still digging. I started him clearing right away so a trench can be laid out between the two chultuns. Sylva and Santiago finished chultun 6C-9 in the afternoon. The excavations around the chultun have turned up 8 postholes and rubble like stuff – plenty of evidence for the presence of structures and habitation around the chultun which we were out to prove.

In the evening we identified a

RINGED KING FISHER

Over the aguada (Tikal Reservoir). In the evening I set out the black light and though it was windy many insects came and I got quite a few coleopteran.

I started reading Morley's Diary of his trip to Tikal in 1921.

July 10 – Wednesday

Eusabio and Poncho Tun are excavating the new chultun. They found miscellaneous bones (human) on the floor of the ante-chamber in the big trench. There is definitely a big decrease in sherds down the hill from Ch. 6C-9. I drew the section and plan today with the help of Enrique. This went well except when "Toyboy" lowered himself feet first into the chultun to stand right on our tapes and strings with which we were measuring.

Today was a day of a million laughs. Toyboy having Felipe hold up a palm frond 2 meters in front of his compass to cut out his grid. Marshall finding another "chultun" which was actually a depression in the topsoil. Toby and he dug frantically to prove it is a chultun we have overlooked and finally hit bedrock about 30 cm down. Felipe leaping off the truck with "No quiero morir!" when it leaned way over on a piece of unlevel road near Aubrey's (Aubrey Trik, a professional archaeologist living and working in Guatemala. He reconstructed Mixco Viejo in the Highlands) quarries. And so on. Bill and I were practically in hysterics the whole day. The big tree also came down which was a big thrill. We were a little too close and it seemed the whole jungle was coming down as the vines ripped limbs off surrounding trees.

We went over to the Barringer Group yesterday and climbed the Temple there. Little Ed came and last night was lording it over Ed Sisson. So this afternoon after work Bill and I took Ed Sisson and Tony Gahan up to Structure 27 (now 5E-38). Big temple or the way up the Great Plaza and climbed to its roof comb. I went up the back on the mango vines (3/4 of the way left to right across the back). It broke just as I reached the halfway ledge and I nearly fell. I was shaking the rest of the way up. No one followed me. The others came up the side.

After dinner I went with Bill over to the men's quarters and recorded songs with my tape recorder. I don't think they know it's a tape recorder yet at all, but think it is a portable radio.

At 9:00 Bill Haviland, Judy, Ed Sisson and I went up to the Great Plaza and in to Temple V which we climbed via the ladders inside the roof combs, to the very top where we watched

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the moon rise. The jungle below us in the moonlight was really beautiful. The trees were all silvery. Night birds called. We were tremendously impressed with a feeling of space, particularly looking southward where there are no temples only endless jungle. We shouted and could hear the echo miles away.

July 11 – Thursday

Started the men working on 3 new chultuns, 6C06, 6C0-7 and 6C-11 – the latter a new one found 100 meters west of 6C-6 by Sylva. (All features in Tikal were numbered by assigning the quadrant number from the map and then consecutively in the order the features were discovered within that quadrant. Hence, all chultuns found in quadrant 6C were numbered from 1 to X. Those found in 6D started with number 1 again. The same was true of burials abbreviated as BU; problematic deposits PD; and so on) We found a burial in 6C-10. Sylva, big as he is, is the best man I have to excavate it and he is doing a really good job. To me, it seems the burial is that of a male. The femur is curved and has a wide sciatic notch.

Great flocks of parrots squawked over the dig. We were attacked by an intrusion of army ants that came through the champa.

In the evening, Bill and I went up to Temple I but chickened out of climbing up the roof comb. We went up the roof comb of Temple II and 5D-73 (one of the north acropolis structures). In the evening we had a big discussion about the University of Pennsylvania Tikal Project Policy. The question was whether tourists and other people should be allowed to make rubbings to sell, etc.

July 12 – Friday

The men are digging well except for Antonio and Orlando who have turned out to be utter flops. Completely ignoring my instructions to dig the antechamber first, they have burrowed down into chamber 2 and in one corner managed to get down to bedrock which is also completely the opposite from my instructions to dig in 20 cm levels. Fortunately, I don't think there is anything in the chultun so there is little loss.

Alfredo and Luis have at least 3 chambers and a sealed entrance to what is probably a fourth burial leading off from the antechamber. Carlos and Rudy have a pretty deep chultun which I squeezed into barely able to wriggle between great Chico Zapote roots that fill the entrance. Rudy had to pull me out by my hands. It has at least 3 rooms besides the antechamber, leading off two ways and the strangest of all, a complete 50 cm square cover ring stone.

Sylva and Santiago are on 6B-2 which is in Bill's group which he has not started yet. This is very deep and you have to get out by pulling yourself up on a rope which they have hanging from a champa into the hole.

They have found plenty of bones which Santiago says are "haval" (boar) which is bigger but similar to the coche del Monte or peccary.

I saw a Toloc, a leafy-like lizard with a crest on its head. There is some superstition connected to it which I am not yet clear on.

Sylva and Eusabio finished cleaning up the burial. Eusabio, after watching Sylva for a day, has become very good and between them they have done a clean and careful job.

In the evening we marked off all the excavation in Tikal on the big Project Map with red magic marker. It is quite impressive.

Pat Culbert gave lessons on Chicanel pottery and Ed Sisson caught me up on the Tepeu I, II and Tzakol which they did last night while I was photographing.

I talked with a lady bird-watching tourist today who really shamed me with all the birds she has seen here in 3 days. Almost all the humming birds, trogons, toucans, etc.

July 13, 1963 – Saturday

Today I kept the men working on the chultuns. Sylva and Santiago killed two of the large eared bats from chultun 6B-2 which I guess I will stuff. Sylva and Eusabio (Ahhhh, los frijoles! He invariably says when we knock off at noon) are still working on the inn chultun trench (6C-10 and 6C-9) excavating a Pre-Classic structure that runs across it.

Before knocking off, I made final arrangements with Santiago to guide Bill and me to Uolantun tomorrow. Uolantun is a site 2 leagues or so, SE of here with a carved stela and temple. The only people who have been there (excluding the Guatemalans and the Chicleros) are Morely (1921), Ed Shook, bob Carr, and Gates who accompanied Morley. Allowing for a few more we may not know about, less than 10 archaeologists or white people have visited the site.

In the afternoon for a project Bill and I climbed the Twin Pyramids of the 7 Twin Pyramid groups in the order of their construction. Starting with Chris Jones' group in the 5B square where the pyramids no longer exist, having been scraped off for fill for Temple IV. Chris's group is supposedly 9.12.0.0.0 (calendar date) and the last was erected 9.18.0.0.0. The big laugh of the day was climbing the terraces of the reconstructed E-Group Pyramid. Each of

the six terraces is just a little higher than you can reach. This means you have to give a little jump to get your fingers on the lip of the terrace above you and then hoist yourself up.

Bill was mentally prepared for the feat but not physically, at least momentarily. He ran over to the first terrace, eagerly throwing his machete to one side and with a leap grabbed hold of the edge of the first terrace, and there he remained hanging by his fingertips 6' off the ground. His arm muscles never contracted. He simply had not been prepared to pull his weight up. With a grunt he let himself drop and both of us began laughing uncontrollably. When at last we stopped, we made a more serious attempt and with more laughs at last hauled ourselves up to the last terrace.

We visited Uo Hall (Uo is the name for the small frog that lives underground and comes out once a year during the wet season to mate. It was revered by the ancients and makes a sound like "whoa!" which is why the Maya call it a Uo. What they called Uo Hall, at this time is unknown) and under the lip of my first wall was hanging a beautiful little hummingbird's nest, which I took home.

July 14 – Sunday

Today bill and I got up a little earlier than we had planned. The call of Uolantun was too strong to lie dreaming in bed. We had breakfast at 7:00 AM and went back to the dormitories where we met Santiago. He was ready, and although we had planned to leave at 8:00 AM we decided to leave right away and so headed over to the village to pick up Sylva.

It was a good day for the trip, clear but not too hot. Sylva and Santiago had their rifles and on the road down past the Temple of the Inscriptions, we came upon several chachalacas which were quite flustered by Leon, Santiago's dog (By 1965 there were no dogs in Tikal. One story goes that they were taken away in an Aviateca plane and dropped out over the jungle. Henceforth dogs were forbidden in the National Park as it became a wildlife refuge.)

At the cross roads we continued south to Naranjal Aguada and crossed there into the real forest and headed on south again. Santiago used to be a chiclero here and he followed now an old trail which I would not have been able to follow, and which he had not seen in over 2 years.

At last we started up a high and steep hill which we later decided was the one that can be seen to the southeast from the roof combs of any of the major temples. It is on the top of this hill that Uolantun is built. As we reached the top, Leon suddenly raced off into the woods barking furiously. We heard a noise overhead and looking up saw a big reddish

colored Pisote, as big as Leon in the branches. These are apparently related to raccoons. They are Coati*

Nasua narica (Adolf, Marie – Mammals from Guatemala and British Honduras. Miss Pub #20, Univ. of Michigan Press.)

We went on but Leon would not come and he followed the Pisote along the ground looking up as it moved through the trees.

At last, we were out of earshot and arrived finally at the temple and stela of Uolantun. We had also passed some 15 mounds, some quite large, and 2 chultuns which surprised us because Morley reported that Uolantun consisted of no more than a single temple and stela. This is not too surprising, however, considering that the only thing that interested Morley were Maya calendrics.

We rolled the stela over to photograph the figure, using beams as levers, which Santiago and Sylva cut in the woods. The latter, which consists of the broken off top quarter of a stela, slightly rounded off, had the date 8.18.

About this time old Leon came slinking into the clearing and a sorry sight he was. Flaps of skin hung loose on his face. His left ear was badly shredded, and he had several vicious cuts on his neck. Obviously the Pisote had finally descended to do battle with him and had made a fair account of itself.

Santiago was visibly disturbed by Leon's wounds and he obviously had some compassion for the dog. He is an excellent naturalist, always able to give me names and descriptions of animals and birds I ask about. He seems to have a good understanding of animals.

We climbed to the top of the mound and from there went into trees. Bill Haviland and Santiago up one, myself up another; Sylva and Leon stayed at the bottom. From our perch we were able to see Temples 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the South Acropolis of Tikal. I recognized the hill we were now on as one I had remarked on when up on Temple V. the tallest, nearest hill to the southeast of Temple V.

Bill scraped his foot coming down the tree.

On the trip back we diverted a bit before getting back to Naranjal to see a little standing temple there. This was very impressive and well worth the trouble, certainly better than the mound at Uolantun. There is only 1 room, with a very steep high corbelled vault which would now open to the sky if someone had not put leaves over the top. Running off to either side of it are sort of wing like mounds.

(Den has a picture here)

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Bill and I climbed to the top. Ed Shook had visited this temple. Santiago told us that chultuns abound around it.

We got home in time for an hour's rest before lunch and a couple of welcome beers.

In the afternoon I read and wrote letters. Ed Sisson gave me "The Chultuns of Labna" to read which he found in the library.

Week of July 14-21

Little Ed finally shipped out on Monday to his uncle's in Antigua to recuperate. He never recovered from the Uaxactun trip putting in only the first Monday after the trip as a day of work.

Burial 144 in chultun 6C-11 has really turned into something pretty interesting. The burial itself is without a head or pelvis but the stuff included in it is really noteworthy. Next to one of the arms I found 2 little ivory pendants.

(drawing)

Near the feet were, an obsidian arrowhead fragment, the better part of a beautiful chert blade, with cinnabar on a number of sea clam shells, one being perforated, a cinnabar coated pebble, a number of lovely pots which were unfortunately broken when the chultun was filled, and perhaps best, a perfect mano and metate of very fine quality. These last were in the chamber with most of the pots and one tiny miniature vessel.

Just for inventory the following people are currently with the project in the field:

Pat Culbert – Field Director

Bill Haviland

Ed Sisson

Henry Schwartz "Toyboy"

July Ehrlich

Marshall Becker

Cathy, Marshall's wife

Ed Crocker – came back from Antigua Monday July 22

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Me

Also there are Tony and Nancy Gahan and Rebecca who are not official with the project but eat and work with us, though they live up in one of Tono's places (At the Posada de la Selva)

We play monopoly. Nancy Gahan is making a special Tikal monopoly board with Temples I, II, etc. to replace Indiana, Illinois, etc. this is from an idea Ann Ricketson started in 1960 but never finished. (The game was still there when I was in Tikal. It was called "Proyecto" but disappeared after 1969 when the U of Penn project closed down,)

We ate peanut butter. I have walked back to the sala for it a couple of times.

Last week I went down into the bottom of the Hidden Reservoir and the Palace Reservoir and also climbed Maler's palace and the 5-story palace.

In the past week, Bill and I have been reading some really crazy books. It all started with my copy of Ian Fleming's "Dr. No." which I wanted to read since reading a Harvard Lampoon take-off "Lacerter Alligator" while in Steve's caravan on the Deganwy dig in North Wales this spring.

Anyway, from Dr. No, Bill and I went on to "Moonraker", also Ian Fleming. Then we each picked up an Edgar Rice Burroughs. He read one of the mountain series. I got "At the Earth's Core" which is really almost too wild. At that we stopped.

It rained hard a couple of times last week but still no Uo's. (During the heaviest rain the little frogs come out and mate for one day only. They make a terrible racket as they chant Uo, Uo and cling to each other in strings all over the wet ground. We called it the "day of the Uo's" which was something to see. It was hard to walk without stepping on the squishy little frogs which looked more like a water balloon with a nose and tiny paws.)

Bill's foot has gotten infected from the scrape he got while climbing the tree on the Uolantun temple. Her soaks it every noon and evening and puts sulfa powder on it but as of tonight, July 23, Tuesday, it is still puffed up (edema?). We want to go to El Encanto and Chikin Tikal, but unless his foot heals, it does not look like we are going to be doing much. Five chultuns have turned out to be duds in a new cluster I started Santiago and Salvador on SW of Temple IV.

Saw a

ROADSIDE HAWK

On the airfield the other day.

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I have gotten 1 letter from Dad, none from Mia (I have sent her five) (Mia was his girlfriend also from Antioch – OS), and one good one from Dr. Blake whom I wrote soon after arriving. He is practically offering me the chance to accompany him on an expedition to South America in a year or so.

July 26 – Friday

Yesterday after work Bill and I and Little Ed went out to the beginning of the road to Chikin Tikal. We plan to go out there this Sunday. On the way out and back we saw 3 ocellated turkeys and 4 or 5 chachalacas. In a low place on the new Remate road where the ruts were filled with water, we saw two musk turtles with painted snouts.

This morning I finally removed the skull and pelvis from chultun 6C-11 with burial #144. The skull is really a beautiful one and Marshall, who saw it, said it is probably the best to come out of Tikal – that is preservation-wise. Cleaning the earth from inside I felt like Hamlet in the graveyard scene.

At noon I got a letter from Dad telling me that Jen and Gary have decided to get hitched in the end of September. It is really a bombshell though I have been expecting it. You don't really realize what it's all about until somebody like your brother or sister does it.

In the afternoon I went out to check some chultuns and found one to be 30 meters 10 degrees east of N from where it was supposed to be. Next, to another, I found 2 unsurveyed mounds. Salvador and Santiago and I measured them and plotted them in relation to the Chultun behind Temple IV.

The day before yesterday we first noticed that Temple III is missing a piece of its roof comb in the center. Today, riding along the road we noticed that the whole south side of standing masonry on the back has fallen down. This is above and to the south of the hole I crawled down to in 1961 when Richard Linnington and I climbed to the top. So far as anyone knows we were the first people to climb it in 1100 years. Chris Jones climbed it this year which now makes 3 of us who have done it. Today Pat Culbert declared it off limits to the staff and everyone else. He also declared off limits the back of the temple where people could be hit by falling masonry. How much longer will it last? This is the big question. Apparently, Aubrey Trik has it on the books to begin repairs in a year and a half. At this rate, after a few more good rains there will be little left of the roof combs to repair.

(drawings of crumbling roof Combs)

Little Ed tripped on a vine today and fell with his leg landing across a coiled Fer de Lance (*Bothrops atrox*). He managed to get off it and then killed it with his machete and chopped it to pieces. I would say he had a pretty close brush. (Although there were antivenin kits in Dennis E. Puleston Journals 1963 Page 19

camp, no one knew how to use them, and they were outdated. One time in 1965 they were used on a local man and he almost died of the antivenin itself. Giving antivenin is complicated for the dosage depends upon the size of the snake, the season – wet or dry changes the amount of venom in the snake’s jaws – and the size of the person bitten. Kits came with an adrenaline injection as well in case of allergic reaction. In sum, more people in our acquaintance succumbed to antivenin – even in hospitals – than to the bit itself.)

After a beer at 5:00 o’clock, bill and I climbed the 7 temples in order over the tops of each from North to south. The last and tallest I descended by way of a tree that reaches close to the back of the temples. It looked hairy as Hell but it wasn’t bad at all. (Denny prided himself in being able to leap across a space from temple top to a nearby tree and catch the tree properly enough to climb down. One day he tried to get me to do it on top of Avila Temple. I gave up.)

July 27 – Saturday

Today I started Carlos and Rudy on Chultun 5C-6. They cleared off the 2 meter square to reveal a very neat covering stone in a recessed rim

(Drawing)

Salvador and I went off and checked out chultuns 5C-3 and 5C-2, and 5C-4, as Bill wants me to check all workmen’s chultuns now after so many flops. We also climbed pyramid 5C-49 where we saw a big rat or opossum tail hanging off a beam hole in one of the roof combs. Salvador tried to get it out with a stick but it disappeared.

In the afternoon, Pat Culbert said he thought all the sherds from lot 5 of chultun 5B-10 were Pre Classic. If we find no classic sherds this shoots the possibility of the chultun being associated with the Twin Pyramid Complex.

Later, I worked gluing my Burial 144 pots together (Ch 6C-11 – 50 meters west of 6C-6). Around 4, I started out on foot to visit some of the sites I haven’t seen yet. F Group, 5E-25 group and finally the South Acropolis where I climbed to the very top of the highest tree on the top of the pyramid. It was a wonderful view and I stayed there a long time. All my thoughts were of the wonder of my position and all that lay around me.

At the Great Plaza I went into the chultun near its center. It was full of bats, at least 60 or 70. I also entered the tunnel that enters the southwest corner of Temple I. There were a few bats here including a mother who was carrying her babies, perhaps 2.

I walked back to camp in time for a beer before supper. There was a movie about a letter a departed Bolivian miner writes back to his pals about his adventures. I didn’t see the whole
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thing as we later went to an Ateneo (I don't know what it is – OS) at Rafa's Museum. (The Tikal Museum was managed by the Park headed by Rafael Morales who married Vivian Broman, a graduate student from Penn and one of the early archaeologists working at Tikal).

The usual marimba records. Good tortillas, beans and hard boiled eggs. Not too much happened. Henry dove in the pool sometime after Bill and I left (a tiny decorative shallow pools in the center of the museum definitely not for swimming). Judy who was all dressed up to attract some male attention didn't get much from any of us except Rafa who danced with her to marimba music for about half an hour.

(Movies were shown to everyone in camp and in the workers villages every other Saturday night in the jeep shed. They were flown in courtesy of the US Embassy the genre varied quite a bit. One time a Doris Day movie showed her desperately hanging off a ledge of a highrise in NY with skirt billowing in the wind almost exposing her thighs bringing hoots and shouts from the appreciative audience who could not understand a word of the story since the movie was in English and no one could read subtitles. Another was a Mexican tragedy called Tisoc, about a Spanish woman in old Mexico who dared to fall in love and legally marry Tisoc, an Indian. She was killed in the gun battle between her heroic family and the humble Indian husband.)

Pat tried to get Bill H. to drink rum to make us miserable for tomorrows trip but without success.

July 28 – Sunday

Little Ed, who left the party quite early last night woke me up around 6 this morning. He also went over to wake up Bill. But bill was already up and upon coming out found Ed to have developed a bloody nose on his front lawn. I meanwhile stepped on 2 broken insect vials on my floor and had to pick chunks of glass out of the bottom of my foot.

We had breakfast and then went over for Rafa who had not had time to have his breakfast. It is possible that it was a simple mistake that caused him to behave in the strange manner he did later on. Our start was not very propitious, somewhere near Corriental, the jeep coughed to a stop, out of gas. I had told Bill to check it before we left but he had assumed it was full. This meant we had to walk an extra kilometer to the beginning of the East-West brecha we visited Friday (Brecha – straight cut survey trails made in 1960 by the oil survey).

Rafael was wearing a fancy hat of woven pandanus of different colors and with his bayonet-type machete and a little knapsack, he really looked pretty sharp. Since being Park

Administrator he has never visited Chicken Tikal, or for that matter hardly anywhere outside Central Tikal.

The trail started out being easy enough to follow but when it suddenly turned south, we thought we had reached the north-south brecha. Fortunately Bill and I remembered a kink in the trail we had seen on the map, and after floundering around in the woods for a while, looking for the other brecha, we at least, decided that we had missed the first part of that kink. We got back to the trail and sure enough, it turned west again only a few yards beyond where we stopped. We continued for a long way until at last, quite unexpectedly we turned out onto the N-S brecha. Foolishly, we forgot to mark out turning – a mistake for which we paid later.

The new brecha was wide and pretty clear. Chiclero mules had been over it within the last 2 years. Formerly, a truck could have driven easily along this road. New growth and fallen trees now made little better than a guide to follow through the jungle.

We passed some big mushrooms in a huge zampopo clearing which I photographed. (Zampopos are leafcutter ants which denude huge clearings in the forest and build their homes by creating large grey ant hills). Rafael was beginning to lag behind, though he did not appear tired. Off to the left I suddenly spotted a steep rise. I left the trail to investigate and found a huge mound on top of an extensive platform. The mound which was obviously a temple (steep pyramid shape) was on the NE corner of the platform. In the SW corner there were 2 small mounds. The N and W sides of the platform were much higher than the others. We believe this temple represents the ruins of Canmul, we found no other structures.

(drawing)

After this, we passed thru a small bajo (swamp), and rising onto high ground again went over 2 hills before finally reaching Chicken Tikal. Little Ed was leading at the time and walked right by the 1st temple which I spotted right off as we approached it. When Little Ed walked past it, Bill and I decided not to tell him until we had climbed it. He ploughed on chopping furiously, suddenly he heard us shout "over here, Ed!" and turning around, saw us standing on top of the temple he had gone by.

Almost in a line were 3 temple like structures which we climbed successively.

(Drawing)

We crossed the T and L shaped palace-like mound and on to a 4th temple-like structure with a lot of standing masonry on the west side. Here we took a lot of pictures and ate oranges. I circled down to the north side of the mound we sat upon and found a doorway into a roof-comb like chamber but for the fact that it had the door and a window. This

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window was plastered around the edges and as large as the windows in Bat Palace. We took pictures of this, and crossed the road to the two templed palace. Rafa seemed to be doing a lot of sitting down and mentioned that he felt pretty hungry. I forgot to mention that on our way up and just before we got to Chikin Tikal, rain had threatened us. Rafa had immediately suggested building a champa which to all of us (Bill, Little Ed, and I) seemed a little strange as it was only a sprinkle. Being as Rafa was a Guatemalan, etc., however, we went to work somewhat dubiously until it became painfully obvious it wasn't going to rain soon anyway (which it did not) and that when it began to rain on our way back, we could also take refuge here. This seemed almost irrational and it took a while to talk him out of it. The truth was he was beginning to tire and was looking for an excuse to rest. (This seems to have been a case of classic cultural misunderstanding. What Denny failed to take into account was that Rafa, being a Guatemalan probably partied deep into the night before and drank until dawn. Further, again being a Guatemalan, he did not want to admit to being hung over because a man should be able to "hold his liquor".)

In Chikin Tikal, Bill and I continued to search around finding a low large square mound and recrossing the road, a large block of limestone with a tree growing on it which could conceivably have been a monument. Little Ed, who was now with Rafa on the road, called out to say that Rafa said he was hungry, so at last we started back.

We walked quickly, Rafa behind, and keeping up well. We did see Canmul but we must have passed it. We lost contact with the distance we had travelled and before long, I began to be nagged by a feeling of unfamiliarity with the path. Suddenly, the path which traveled on the road took a joint to the right, leaving the road. We did not have to follow this long to realize we were wrong. We turned back to the road and decided we would be safe to follow the road, continuing to the south. No path existed here and for a long time we pushed through tangled bush without realizing we had passed our turn off to the east. At last we sat down. Rafa was nowhere in sight, but after waiting about 5 minutes he finally hove in sight and collapsed down with the rest of us.

We told him of our mistake, and that we would have to go back. He seemed to visibly lose resolve and energy and told us he was hungry.

We started back with him behind us but he soon fell behind. Backtracking perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$ km we at last found the trail leading back to the Remate Road. I noticed some freshly turned leaves and realized we must have come out here. We called back to Rafa but received no answer. We called as loud as possible, still no reply. It was creepy. Had he decided to strike out some other direction? Was he lost? Was he back on the trail unconscious somewhere? We started back to find him calling continuously. At last, from far down the trail we heard a reply.

When at last we came up, he told us that he wanted to rest and that he was going to stay here. We explained we had found the trail and that he would be better off if he followed us. After some arguing he finally came. When we, at last reached the trail, he again said that he was very hungry and was going to stay here now to rest and to sleep. At this, he pulled a pistol out of his pack and said he was going to shoot a turkey.

Bill Haviland misunderstood him and thought he had flipped his lid and was going to shoot us. In a sense he had lost control of reason, as by now it was getting on in the afternoon. Night would soon fall and he was obviously no man of the woods. He never was. He was born in Guatemala City and never was in the jungle until he took over as administrator of the Park. Further, since he took the job, he has not really gone out exploring in the woods or ruins.

We told him we would not leave him. He even told us to go back and send back Santiago Cifuentes with tortillas and beans for him. (It was typically of Denny to strike out on an expedition without food.) We told him it would soon be dark, however, and that we refused to leave without him. At last, he came. We now went slowly so that he could keep up. Little Ed now began to present problems.

Eager to prove his manhood and show us that he was not tired, he kept trying to push ahead so that he would leave us behind and get back home way ahead of us. Perhaps he wanted the glory of being the one who goes for help like in those ads for U.S. Royal tires, as Bill suggested. He started cursing and calling us "bitches," and kept complaining about how slow Rafa was going. Finally, in a desperate bid to charge even faster, he plunged into some bushes and contracted a bloody nose. This finally cooled him off and we had no more trouble with him and in fact he became quite cooperative after thereafter. Rafa, however, took the opportunity to sit down and say he would go no further. He needed water and it was here at last that Ed did some good. Going out off the trail, he cut some Bejuco vines and brought them back to Rafa who apparently did not even know how to recognize them. (The bejuco is a thick liana that carries water along its length. The trick is to slice it off quickly as at the first cut it draws the water up. So one has to cut high and then quickly chop low to take off a segment about a 2 feet in length. You also have to know which vine not to cut, for there are some which carry a poison similar to which is used to kill rats.)

Here I had to argue with him for almost 40 minutes and at last, convincing him we would not leave without him, forced him to come. We made Little Ed walk behind him so that he could not drop back. I was bushing and leading the entire way back and since I was the only one who could argue with Rafa to keep him going and hold little Ed back, I had for all intents and purposes taken a position of leadership to whip on the expedition which at its outset had not needed one. After our final argument with Rafa, things were at last under control with Rafa having gained a new grim resolve and began to stiffen up.

About this time, it started to rain, one of the heaviest cloud bursts I have ever seen, and though my shirt was wet through, I had to use it with my body to shield it from the main blast of the downpour. I even took pictures of Bill and Rafa. Little Ed held palm fronds over my camera while I took the pictures. We walked on without stopping and after 5 or 10 minutes the rain stopped.

Just before this cloudburst we missed the kink in the road that goes around the bajo and as a result spent almost an hour following an old mule trail across all but impenetrable bajo. We did not realize our mistake until later, but knowing we had somehow gone wrong had to continue on the basis of the fact that the compass still indicated we were going East. (Denny was exceptional at finding direction by compass in thick jungle. He could go, as the locals say "al rumbo" straight through with no path, and not get lost. To get lost in that jungle could be life threatening if one did not know what to do once the sun went down, or one lost his compass bearings.)

Rafa continued uncomplaining all through the bajo. At last we came out again and at the junction realized what had happened. Then came the rain. What seemed like only minutes after that we suddenly came out on the Remate Road. What a surprise! What relief! We walked the short distance to Corriental where the jeep still stood out of gas. Rafa drank a bottle of water we left there and collapsed. Bill and I walked back to camp with Ed trailing behind. (Not only did Denny and the others fail to bring food, but they also never seemed to carry enough water, hoping to dip it out of stumps or muddy aguadas along the way.)

All that now remained was to get gas and return for Rafa and the jeep, a task we soon accomplished. It was over, a trip I will long remember. Rafa says now he wants to go with us on our trip to El Encanto.

Note: Chikin Tikal is a small "satellite" site located just outside the park limits which means it is about 12 km from the center of Tikal. Following trails and the jeep track is tricky business without one of the locals and slogging through swamps is tiring as the swamp sucks on the boots and makes every step seem like a struggle with gravity. In the jungle, a walk of 2-3 hours is very long, and requires practice and endurance. Locals, who know the trails, walk for hours easily. But they also seem to have less need for additional food and water. So, a trip of 4 hours walk was indeed a taxing one, and on top of that they did not bring enough food and water, although for emergencies there probably was plenty in stumps and holes in old fallen trees.)

(put map in showing Chikin Tikal, El Encanto, Corriental, Remate Road,)

August 1 – Thursday

Jungle lore I have picked up from Santiago Cifuentes.

SNAKES – There are 4 poisonous snakes in Tikal

- Coral
- Barba amarilla (*Bothrops atrox*)
- Cascabel – rattle snake
- Chilpat or Braso de Piedra

The last is a short but very stout snake, not too common. Anti venoms from herbs are made by the local people for the Barba Amarilla bites.

Experiences:

Last year or a few years ago Santiago killed a rattlesnake with 28 rattles on its tail.

Felipe Escalante, while working as a chiclero, (though still with the Tikal Project during the regular work season this year), was bitten by a Barba Amarilla and died last week in Dos Lagunas.

Another chiclero, Rafael Mejia was bitten earlier this week in Poptun on the finger. He chopped it off instantly with his machete and will probably survive.

TOOTHACHE – To treat use the sap (white or drippy) of a Ramon or Copal (clear and sticky sap used for incense). If you put it on a piece of cotton and dab it on the bad tooth it relieves the pain.

WASPS

The big blue wasps with brown wings that fly around are searching for tarantulas. They battle and immobilize them with their sting. They then pull their feet off and drag the tarantula body to soft earth where they bury it, presumably with the wasp's eggs.

Lengua de Vaca, one of the most painful wasps around. It builds a nest in the shape of a beef tongue which hangs under Escoba leaves (the spiny palm which dominates the swamps of the same name) or just in the bushes. We found 3 nests while looking for chultuns, one of which Santiago did not see in time. He got stung twice. We destroyed these nests by lighting a bunch of dry palmetto leaves and putting the whole nest to the torch. He said he heard squashing larvae onto the sting itself helped cut the pain.

ARMY ANTS

Sylva called to my attention to hordes of flies that are around the front of an ant advance. He thinks the flies are carrying away and eating the ants. Santiago and I don't think so.

The ants' primary stimulus is movement and a whole square foot of ants can be sent into furious activity running around, by merely tossing a pebble in their midst.

The local superstition is that when the ants are on the march, it is going to rain. I have seen times when this is not true, but there may be some triggering factor that sets colonies marching forward on a particular day. A big batch came through the Twin Pyramid Group (5B), Henry, Ed Sisson, and Marshall also saw ants on the march at their digs that same day. This does not occur that often but it may be merely a coincidence.

August 7 –

Two more kinds of snakes here which are poisonous

Another kind of Barba amarilla with red eyes

Bejuquilla – a thin vine snake, one which Santiago saw was 26 meters long. He says a man in Flores killed it.

Yesterday Santiago and Sylva told me about Llamante or Sastun as they are called in Maya, according to Salvador.

Santiago was born in Huehuetenango and a man there had found one and kept it. Llamante are stones which bring tremendous fortune if one is lucky enough to find one. They exist loose inside ordinary pieces of flint and can be heard rattling inside. Taking the Llamante out is a tricky business.

August 8 – Sunday

Mapped a total of 17 chultuns today with Nestor. All the 2F chultuns, the Barringer Group and Ch 4D-2. Nestor was still making up the time he took off 2 weeks ago.

I saw one interesting thing towards evening. Coming back from 4D-2, I heard large numbers of Toucans squawking off the trail and thought they must have been an owl or something and were harassing it the way blackbirds and jays do back home. I snuck over very carefully but when at last I thought I was directly beneath the ruckus, but could not find the source for their agitation. There were large and small Toucans there and also some long tailed black and white jay-like birds which scream. Also, a squirrel was there and barked at me from a tree trunk. It was the type with an unbushy tail.

Last night I counted 233 chultuns which are mapped. I have seen 180 of them. Which includes those with more than one entrance.

August 9 – Monday

Wow! Time is getting short. I still have 7 chultuns to map and the Tozzer causeway one to complete. I mapped 7F-2, bagged the sherds of 6F-3 where Sylva and Manuel are working, and finished the Tozzer chultun after 5 O'clock as it was getting dark. Besides this work, I still want to see those last 43 or so chultuns which have been mapped.

We are really digging the hell out of the road by Ch 7F-2. Little trenches cross it everywhere. Here we found a really pretty piece of confusion: a big double plaza floor and little walls that run all around the place, forming what are probably a structure and platforms – all unmapped. I caught a mouse that was getting pretty weak down in the chultun. We caught him a bag and brought him outside where I took a picture of him. He was so frightened he bit into the cloth of the bag and would not let go even when we set him free by placing the bag open on the ground. At last, however, he realized his deliverance and letting go, scurried into a convenient hole at the side of the trench.

The chultun is about 3.5 meters deep – cist type.

Chema, his eyes gleaming with secret scandal, whispered to me this evening that Carol Cohen and the Swiss guy were married and he had seen them kissing. He told me he asked Carol today if the man was her husband and when she said, "No," he asked if he was her father. Carol finally told him they were just traveling companions, which Chema felt was really hot scandal.

August 10 -

(At this point, it is Saturday and some of the remaining archaeologists were leaving. Denny decided to drive to Remate and to Flores. Usually the road was impassable during the rainy season. Fallen trees sometimes blocked it and parts went through swamp that became sticky and impassable. The rains started in early June but often slacked off for the period in August, called the Canicula. Workmen who had families in Flores, walked home on weekends taking interior forest paths and returning hauling large sacks of corn or beans on their backs. It was much cheaper for them to buy food in Flores than in Tikal where it was sold in a commissary which was supplied by air cargo from the most expensive super market in Guatemala, La Sevillana.)

Going off to Remate and Jovitsina (A cave used by the ancient Maya which is located near Flores near Lake Peten). Pat and Ed Sisson will be leaving from Remate to do gown the river
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to Puerto Barrios. I left Tikal at 8:25 AM and arrived in Remate at 10:45 (it is less than 20 km from Tikal). There were only 2 big trees across the road and we chopped one completely away. Before leaving, we put Tono's license plates on the truck – highly illegal. Went to Tayasal (a site on a peninsula in Lake Peten, which is reachable by canoe) and Jovitsina. Saw a JACANA on the lake walking on a lily pad. After supper talked to Alvarado, father of Julio, who is our guide.

August 11 – Sunday morning

There are swallows outside with W-shaped tails and a white rump. Buffy flanks, buffy chest collar. I went up to the Plaza (in the colonial island town of Flores) in the morning.

Took a picture of Marialena in the farmacia.

Julio Alvarado took us back. We Left Pat and Ed Sisson behind to head for Puerto Barrios. Julio's father tried to get us to take the Maya wheel, which is possibly a colonial millstone, but it weighed 200 lbs. (drawing) Julio would not take it in his boat as it was too heavy.

We swam at Remate while a little girl bathed nearby. We got back in record time without mishap.

Kids cheered as we came back in to Tikal. Immediately the Gahans and Judy came running down to pour out a great series of problems which had arisen while we were away. Most of the problems centered around the Backers, especially Marshall's treatment of the Sheiks. (the Sheiks were a family from Delaware who were visiting Tikal. The father was going to identify teeth. Denny struck up a friendship with their daughter, Marty, and they corresponded long after this field season ended.)

(It was customary for the Tikal Project to permit prominent people to stay in the camp and carry out their own projects or help out with ongoing projects. Sometimes donors were invited down, or young members of their family were given work for the summer. In this way, a lot of prominent people passed through including the cousin of a famous actress, and the daughter of the secretary to the Mayor of NY.)

In the afternoon I took the Sheiks out to try and make up for all their problems. They were staying in the Posada and Tono has had no water or electricity all weekend. (Not an uncommon occurrence. The Posada had to pump water from our aguada and if Tono was not present, it did not get done. Electricity was generated by a diesel engine and sometimes they were out of fuel for days at a time.)

August 26 –

Today Judy left. I don't really know why, but I feel better now she's gone.

Army Captain MacHatton and a girl friend left for Flores and Poptun today. Two girls from California came in from San Francisco State College. I gave them jungle hammocks to sleep in and I hope they work out. I had them get into them after they set them up, but as I write this, I hear them talking in their room about moving the table around but they need the table to get into the hammocks. (The jungle hammock was totally enclosed with netting and a rain canopy on top. They were flat and wobbly and tricky to get into. Once you were in, and situated in the center, you were fine, but climbing in was a little like stepping into a narrow canoe. If you did not get into the middle immediately, you were likely to turn the whole hammock over and find yourself dangling in the netting upside down.)

Mapped 2 chultuns today and took Tony Gahan out to Barringer Group where we saw monkeys. (Monkeys were still quite rare in Tikal in 1963 following a major epidemic of yellow fever which swept through here in 1961 and decimated the primate populations. Within a few years, however, with protection, both the spider monkeys and howlers had recovered. The spider monkeys recovered more rapidly than the Howlers.)

We saw a COHOLITO with Santiago this morning. It is a bit dark with red throat wattles. It is not a turkey. Currason shaped.

Removed and bagged a skull out of chultun 5C-1 on the Tozzer causeway. Grace is taking my laundry every day. Sylvan's son left. I got a flat tire on the Remate road. I had dinner with the only tourist in the hotel and wrote a short letter to Bill.

August 27 –

Manuel Santiago and Poncho Tun both have fevers now. (The "Tun family" were cousins of Tono Ortiz, the owner of the Posada and they worked in the hotel, as mechanics and in slightly higher positions than the average workman. Ginny Greene, who later ran the lab used to refer them as the "looney tuns.") They both were working in the mound chultun 2B-15. Luis Sandoval who was working out there last week was with fever all weekend but is now okay. Maybe it's a bad chultun. (He refers to the possibility of histoplasmosis, a fungal lung disease carried by bats and sometimes referred to as the "curse of the pharaohs" because it was associated with early excavations in bat infested poorly ventilated chambers.)

I went out to the columned palace with tunnels to show them to Dick Walker (possibly a tourist). Later I took the two San Francisco girls down to Temple VI and then to the Naranjal road chultun. I discovered a hidden structure here!!! Got a flat tire.

A couple and their daughter came in a small Apache from Miami. The man, Hal Ball, is an Eastern Airline pilot. I took them around Temple VI, then to the Remate road chultuns and up to the Great Plaza. (Hall and his wife became long term friends often took Denny and others to do air reconnaissance of jungle sites. In this way Denny later got to Aguateca and Nakum, which during those years were difficult to reach by jeep and quite far to hike to.)

I discovered and drew new chultuns behind the present Remate road dig.

August 28 –

I went out with Manuel and Pancho to 2B-15. They are both over their fevers now. We mapped sections of the trench.

They told me their fever dreams.

Manuel dreamt he was in a chultun cleaning out burials that were crossed, one on top of the other. His was a frustration dream. He kept cleaning them but dirt kept coming back. I came to see how he was doing. Then he was shocked awake with fear when one of the bodies suddenly got up. It turned out it was his wife getting out of bed.

Poncho's dreams were much more mystic. The way he described his fear and the sudden frights he experienced with jumps and shouts caused Manuel and me great amusement.

Dream #1: He got down into one chultun and it was dark. He was afraid. Bones were lying all around. Suddenly he noticed a flowing light penetrating up through the earth from below. At this point he jumped and gave a shout to show the sudden fright it cause him.

Dream #2: In the bottom of a chultun he saw a bedrock cut tomb, very small, in which were the two bodies of two very small people. Their bones were of black stone. He was filled with terror and in trying to get out awoke.

Every time he tried to sleep he was digging. We joked about how when they were sick they were digging all night as well as all day.

After lunch I started Sylva and Antonio on the chultun just SE of Temple VI platform. Later, I took Hall Ball, his wife and daughter and other tourists to Barringer Group.

Later, we had drinks and talked a lot about Nakum (a huge site east of Tikal, completely covered with jungle in those days). I think Tono and I talked Hall into taking us out over Nakum in his apache tomorrow afternoon. I arranged to go to Uolantun tomorrow to map chultuns.

August 29 –

We left for Uolantun this morning just about 7 AM. The party included Tono, Hall Ball, Santiago and myself. All the way the trip was interesting. Santiago and Tono kept telling us about trees – the che cheng has poisonous sap. This tree is very painful especially if the sap gets in the eye, causing temporary blindness. The affected eye, according to them, should be washed out with lemon juice. We covered all the lumber trees one by one as we came upon them. The Grenadine is good for making marimbas (the local version of the Xylophone which is the national instrument.)

We scared a pack of Pisotes. At the ruins I drew 2 chultuns. We rolled over the stela and took photographs. The light seemed much better than when we were here with Bill Haviland. (Light for photography was always a problem. The vegetation was so dense that it was generally dark and in those days we used Kodachrome with an ASA of 25. Ectachrome which went up to ASA 64 gave the already green forest an even colder tint so we stuck with the Kodachrome.)

On the way back we talked more about Nakum and at last Mr. Hall came around to suggesting we fly out there this afternoon. Great Day! It is too good to be true!

We came back by way of the chultun Nestor and Poncho Avila are digging by the road. It is now about 3 meters deep. We found blocks on the present bottom which probably fell in from the hidden structure which we found above the chultun.

Also checked Luis and Enrique's dig. Very nice. Drove back. Rafa took me to 2 chultuns, one which is under a corner wall of his outhouse.

After lunch I drove the men out to where they were backfilling Str. 6B-9 and came back. ("Backfilling" means refilling an excavation for its own protection and for that of pedestrians.) Mr. Ball – Miami, Ice Cream, Eastern Air Lines Pilot – and family were in the museum. Tono, Rafa and I were to go with him. Rafa was really pleased to be invited.

Fortunately, I took along the Nakum report from Mr. Ball's maps. We estimated the ruins to be due East – magnetic- about 5 minutes flying time. When we started out over the Santa Fe Bajo after circling high over Tikal. (The Santa Fe bajo is a large area of swamp with its own typical vegetation different from the Escoba and Coroso bajos.) Great, WoW! I was really flying mentally!! To at last be soaring like a bird above the Peten! How different from the Aviateca flights where you have to peep through tiny greasy windows!

The Apache has 2 motors. It flew at about 150 MPH air speed due East. After 5 minutes we were just arriving at the Holmul River which draws the Santa Fe bajo and then over a series of ridges which were quite high.

I started reading the report to pick up some clue. There it said the site was on level ground with the river bordering the South and SE sides of the ruins. We swung south into a level river valley and turned back in the direction of Tikal. No sign. We circled and again flew along the stream. This time downstream. We were just deciding that we would have to go south to Yaxha to take a new bearing when Rafa spotted something. Excitedly he tapped me on the shoulder and seeing what he saw far ahead to the north, I told Hall. We flew toward these and sure enough it was the ruins.

The temple we had seen was Temple U. We buzzed down, several times from several angles. Rafa and I took pictures. East of the ruins, perhaps .5 to 1 km, there was a good aguada (dry_ in which Tono said they could have landed the helicopter when it was here if they had known. Also, we could see the Acropolis and Temple opposite Temple U.

(drawing)

The total flying time we figured as more like 7 minutes at 150 MPH. This makes 17.5 miles due East. We flew back to Tikal finally and buzzed the Acropolis etc, a few times including flying by the front door of Temple IV, below the level of the room comb.

At last, we dropped into the airstrip where we were met by Aura Luz, Tono's wife, Hal's wife and his daughter, Virginia. I had Mrs. Ball take a picture of us 4 and we all went up to the restaurant for lemonade which Aura Luz had made while we were gone.

We talked a while and at 4:30 I drove out to pick up the men. They told me twice we had flown right overhead above them. After I worked on suboperation cards, Tono sent over the chinless wonder (the cross eyed, chinless Maya cook who worked at the Posada and talked with a child like lisp in all languages) to get me to come over to the bar. More drinks.

After dinner we all went with Rafa up to the Great Plaza. Unfortunately, this time it was marimba music again. Hall and I took some stela pictures by candle light. Later, I got them to carry candles up Temple I. Six candles all together – Hall, his wife, Virginia, and this other guy who was not Fro Rainey (Froehlich Rainey was the director of the U of Penn Museum and why he mentioned this is a mystery.)

I took pictures of various things and finally went up myself. Howe Eerie! At last they all went down and just for the effect put candles in front of each of the main centrally located stela.

We finally came back about 10:30 and at the hotel Hall announced their intentions of staying another day in Tikal. They must be having a good time and I feel partly responsible.

August 30 –

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This morning I started every one on backfilling 6B-9 and went out to CH 2B-15 with Manuel Santiago and Poncho Tun.

I felt a little tired and we did not finish by noon. At lunch and back out at the site I felt sort of bummed out. I must have developed a fever. My skin went bumpy. I sweat and felt cold. My joints started to ache. The trail seemed so long. Sweat broke out on my forehead. We stopped once when Manuel showed me a little owl or Jicolote (actually Tecolote in Maya) sitting in a tree over the trail.

When I got back, Poncho was waiting, very worried and apparently just about ready to come out looking for us.

I did not take a shower but went up to dinner where I drank 6 glasses of hot lemonade. I crawled back to the Project at 8:30 and to bed with aspirins. I passed a miserable night, the only way I got to sleep was to light some candles and try to read.

August 31 –

A really miserable day for me. I went over for breakfast but did not eat anything. Came back and lay down in my old dormitory room until my room had been cleaned and ready. Then I went down and got the men all straightened out. The one big thing accomplished today was Max sewing up my boots which had come apart. They have been sitting over in the dormitory now for almost a week. (Den always had trouble with his boots. With all the walking he did in swamps, they were always wet and disintegrated after a month or two of use. He could not buy boots locally as he wore a US size 11 boot, which is many times larger than the largest shoes made in Guatemala.)

Later, I crawled up to Ed Shook's old house and lay down there under some blankets. I began to sweat and it felt good. (Denny had the notion that to break a fever one must overheat oneself by wrapping up warmly to make yourself sweat. We often argued about that one.) I was awakened by Max who came in to say the President may have come. GOD! It was the last thing I wanted. I went down to the jeeps to meet Tony coming back who said it was just a bunch of tourists and Rafa was taking them around.

I started Manuel and Poncho on the chultun in the village to make up for their digging of the most distant one (2E-15). I nibbled at lunch and spent the afternoon lying around trying to sleep and eat.

I did the payroll with Ciriaco who is bowing out for 11 days. (Ciriaco was another cousin of Tono Ortiz and he ran the commissary which sold food on credit to locals and also stocked a few cans of tuna and smoked oysters for us. As in all commissaries, the locals bought on credit but unlike the chicle companies, the Project did not deduct the amount owed from Dennis E. Puleston Journals 1963 Page 34

their pay. They were expected to come in and make the payments themselves. Prices were exorbitant for the locals for staples as freight cost 11 cents a pound so a kilo of beans was supermarket price plus the freight plus a surcharge of the project's. At the same time, the workmen were never totally indebted to the company store. Most got their staples by mule or human power directly from the market at San Benito on the south shore of Lake Peten.)

After this, I crept painfully up to the Trik-Dison Palace and went to bed there. (The wooden house that was a little apart and always used for the director of site reconstruction who was more under the Guatemalan government and museum than under U of Penn. It was cooler, being of wood and up on an elevation made when they excavated the silted in ancient aguada for the project. And, it was private.)

At supper time, not wanting people to worry about me, I decided to go over and at least get a pitcher of lemonade. In the sala (our social hut) I took my temperature. It was 39.4 C – about 103. Tony Gahan suggested I start taking Terramycin. I went over for the hot lemonade and coming back picked up extra sheets and candles. (Everything in Tikal was treated with a random antibiotic, depending on what someone had on hand.)

Then began one of the most miserable nights of my life. The sheets were all wet in 2 hours. At 10:30 I got the shakes for half an hour. (Denny had gotten malaria in the past and it was likely a bout of the same. Later, in 1968 he got hepatitis and that may have been an even worse night than the worst.)

What follows here is a list of the peripheral sites Denny had visited that season.

END OF 1963 NOTES

The following notes were taken around August 8 or 9 and Pat Culbert and Ed Sisson left on August 10 from Flores to Puerto Barrios. Bill Haviland must have left by then as well as he is not mentioned hereafter. Denny then returned to Tikal, laid off all the extra workers and had the remainder finish their tasks and he himself continued to work until the end of August when he closed up camp and went home.

(The following entries in the notebook show how the project was administered and supervised. Pat Culbert, the ad hoc director, left. Bill Haviland, graduate student, also left. The Project Director, at the time was still Ed Shook who was also there for the 1964 season as well. However, this summer Denny makes no mention of him. The project seems to have ran by itself.)

I am the Patron – Encardago of Tikal. How innocently I came down here a little more than a month ago!

The honeymoon is over, as they say. Last night, Pat turned the \$1549.50 in the till. Give Rafa type collection for Soustelle. (This is unclear. Jacques Soustelle was a French anthropologist who died in 1990 and had published on Central America.)

(At this point Denny was left in charge of closing the summer season in Tikal. He has a long list of instructions and names and addresses. The biggest problem he faced was to lay off the workers, which is probably why he was left in charge in the first place. No one wanted to be the last remaining member of the field team and carry out this unpleasant task. All were supposed to get recommendations for future jobs.)

(The men were paid \$2.00/day and 1 Quetzal was worth 1 US dollar. They also had Social Security which gave them free access to the public hospital in Guatemala City if they could afford the \$25.00 to fly there. Each man also had a Cedula de Vecindad, which was a booklet that recorded where each man had worked during the year and how many days. All peasants and Indians were required to work 150 days per year on a plantation or equivalent establishment, for which the Tikal Project qualified.)

(He also had to issue permissions for subsidized flights on Aviateca for those going home to the highlands. The list was as follows☺)

Slip (use seal)

September 15, all men can go out to anywhere in Peten (not Guatemala City), Poptun, Fallabon, Uaxactun, Melchor de Mencos.

Can't promise passage back to Tikal for family. Give them passage if they want it, but tell them at their own risk.

Gahans get tickets and excess baggage. Can loan up to \$50.

When everyone goes:

Get beer and rum money into cash boxes as cash (our staff had to pay for their own beer and rum which was flown in by special order from Guatemala City with things such as Peanut Butter, jelly, crackers, smoked oysters, and other delicacies. In the end, all the orders had to be reconciled to the bills and the accounts never worked out 100%. Every year, there was a discussion about missing rum or beer. Workmen; i.e. lower class Guatemalans, were not permitted to drink or possess any alcohol in Tikal.)

Cash traveler's cheques. Give to Joya when I go out.

See field carbons are left here (these are carbon copies of all notes which are to remain in Tikal while the originals go to Philadelphia)

See all lot cards are complete (A lot card was the excavator's record of each significant and discreet portion of the excavation. The whole excavation was called and "operation" and was divided into suboperations and lots as seemed appropriate)

Recommendations for the Men:

Name – each man gets one

Dates – Servicio has them

Trabajo de Jornalero (intermittent labor)

At this point he had a confrontation with the men. He does not write about it but they wanted severance pay. He was told not to pay and had no money for it. His notes continue.)

Meet men on their own ground – school house. Talk to Tono (Owner of the Posada de la Selva). Advise men of any final Penn statements: e.g., indemnization will be paid. (Unclear what "indemnization" is.)

Grace Goff

Guadalupe Jimenez – Get knocked off even if men are allowed to keep working (He assigns a few men to remain and continue working on certain projects. Some of these projects were actually reconstruction projects, at that time probably supervised by Aubrey Trik, which were administered separately and should not have been part of an undergraduate student's field responsibilities.)

Enrique – says work for himself and 3 men on Temple I for 2 months

Camp rooms to be replastered – supervised by Enrique and 1 man – 1 week

Filling in the road ruts – digging and clearing drains – 6 men – 2 weeks

Cutting stone –

Send it to Joya for money 5 or 6 days ahead; meet all subsequent planes until it arrives: Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Tono can be given payroll safe key. Rafa gets Bodega keys.

When I leave, talk with Tono about arrangements for paying 5 men + Chema (?)

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If men ask for severance pay and say they are quitting, explain the present lack of cash.

Project may authorize paying of indemnization or severance. If so, probably all men will take it. This would benefit project because men thereafter would all be on temporary contracts and this problem would not arise again. It seems that the project is nearing its final stages and such a move would aid the cutting down of the men.

Loans can be made to Rafa, for receipts. He owes the project \$25 now, but he is good at paying back. Gasoline and other things he also uses with permission. Tono is generally granted requests but is supposed to use Max (the mechanic who cares for the jeeps which are old WWII issue) as a driver if any vehicles are borrowed.