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FIELD JOURNAL

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Alexander Wetmore

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Mexico, February 25 to April 22, 1939

Costa Rica, October 3 to December 2, 1940

Colombia, February 26 to May 21, 1941

Perlas Islands, Panamá, January 30 to
March 20, 1944

1939

February 25, Saturday

Left Washington at 6³⁰ p.m. on
the Baltimore and Ohio, in company
with Mr. R. H. Stewart, photographer for
the National Geographic Magazine.

February 26, Sunday

Awakened this morning in Cincinnati
with four inches of snow on the ground
and the streams near flood. Toward
St. Louis, where we arrived at 1²⁰ p.m.
the snow deepened but no thaw was in
progress.

It was interesting to examine the land
across southern Indiana, a flat waste,
that though there was little elevation
tracts of woodland were abundant so
that collecting here later may be profitable.
Saw occasional flocks of starlings, a
fair number of crows, 2 mourning doves
(at Flora, Ill.), several marsh hawks,
a short-eared owl and meadowlarks and
finches.

In St. Louis it was too wet to get
around so we checked our baggage and
went to Law's Theatre to see Hondolun
made mostly in Hollywood.

Left on the weekly train for
city of Mexico at 5³⁰ p.m. on the
Missouri Pacific.

Feb. 27, Monday.

Awoke this morning below
Pebstein, Texas with the sky overcast
and a slow rain falling and no
indication of the snow of yesterday.

By the time we reached Round Rock
the air was cool the sun warm.
It was almost hot in San Antonio.

Down to the Rio Grande at
dark morning doves flew in flocks
beside the track, evidently in north-
ward migration. They were present
in thousands. Other birds were
common also.

At Laredo we crossed the Rio
Grande, here quite narrow and
had immigration and a somewhat
drawn out customs inspection because
of my guns. The officials had not
been advised of them though told
by the American Consul about them.
But very considerably let them pass.
I went to bed a little after ten.

February 28, Tuesday.

Awoke this morning to find
the train leaving with plains
with barren hills in the distance.

At San Luis Potosí the land was both
watered and cactus and mesquite were
large. There was much cultivation.
I saw *Myagrus* quivering
on nesting sites in trees at the
station.

Beyond the road climbed rapidly
to 6000 feet. Near Empalme
plant growth was abundant and
the land was fertile and then
beyond Querétaro we were once more
on a dry pine plain with some
irrigation but more dry farming.
Mourning doves were still abundant
in numbers. Saw many ravens,
Sparrows and grackles.

About five we had entered the
fertile valley of Mexico now brown and
open but with plowing done for the
crops to come.

At 6:30 we were in Mexico City
and out in clear, cool and pleasant
air sorting out our baggage on the
platform. Stewart carried his
cameras and I my package of two
shotguns while a porter shouldered
our seven additional pieces of
baggage and took us to a taxi where

a peso and half, worth thirty cents
delighted him. Another peso again
was our taxi fare for ourselves and
our baggage. The usual mad driving
followed through interesting streets
and brought us to the Hotel
Guardiola at ~~the~~ Avenida cinco de
Mayo #5. Here we engaged chamber
room and bath for twelve p.m.
and I was soon taking a welcome
shower bath.

Called Dr. Hobart Smith by telephone
and presently he and Mrs. Smith
came over and took us out to
dinner. Smith the present recipient
of the Walter Rathbone Bacon travelling
Scholarship is making a study of
the Herpetology of Mexico. We dined
at a Mexican restaurant and at
ten thirty I went to bed.

March 1, Wednesday

My intention had been to awaken
at six and do some writing but
in point of fact I ~~did~~ not get
my coffee until ten minutes after
eight due in part to the daylight
savings scheme now in effect which

shifted our time back one hour and
in part by sound sleep engendered
by the altitude. Had breakfast and then went to the
American Express agency for money.
Exchange is 4.95 pesos for the dollar
or practically 20 cents per peso.
Following this we drove to the American
Consulate to register where we met
Mr. Stewart. The Consul and secured
useful information. His office is
adjacent to the excellent building
of the American Embassy to which he
took me crossing ~~the~~ grassy
patio when I thought I saw a
song sparrow skipping across the
grass. At the entrance was a
large plaque dedicated to Dwight
Monroe by the Mexican people.

I met Mr. Pierre Boales Councillor
for the Embassy who called Juan
Zinser, jefe de la Oficina del Servicio
de Caza who came over immediately
with his son Carlos. We had a
brief visit with the Ambassador
the Honorable Josephus Daniels and
then came away. Carlos Zinser
remained with us and was of so

much assistance that this day
I finished my entire official round
of calls.

I went at noon to see engineers
Manuel Santillan, former Director
of the Instituto de Geologias and
associated with Dr. W. F. Foshag
in his mineralogical work in Mexico.
He is now Subsecretario in the
Departamento de Economias Nacionales.
He received me very pleasantly in
his large office and we had a
most agreeable conversation in
English.

At lunch I entertained Carlos
Zinner and Dr. and Mrs. Smith.
Afterward I went out to
take some photographs.

At four I called on Dr.
Marquina in the Archeological
Department and spent half an
hour with him. This work and
the National Museum has been
organized into a Department
of Archaeology and placed under
Dr. Alfonso Caso, who is at present

Absent in Oaxaca. Marquina's
office was in the spacious
Departamento de Educacion where the
walls around the inner balcony
were covered completely by the
murals of Diego Rivera. I saw
his famous mural in the
presidential palace that depicts
the history of Mexico and enjoyed
it but there others I did not
care for much. His women are
mainly ugly so that he can not
have shown his models from the
good looking young people that I
saw on the street.

I visited also the National
Museum in an old building
dating back to 1789. I was much
intrigued by the original Aztec
Calendar Stone but was distressed to
see that it was being given a
coat of aluminum paint. Many
were other famous pieces. In
a series of other halls were costumes,
ceramics and historical objects.
All much crowded but many very interesting.

Returned to the hotel at 5:30 to sit in the open French doors of my room with the pleasant air around me. The sun is hot and the shade cool, a delightful combination.

March 2, Thursday.

This morning was delightfully cool like yesterday.

The day was devoted to final preparations to leave for Veracruz, purchases of supplies, tickets, drawing money and so on. The stores here are well supplied and the stock seems cool. I walked a great deal about the city.

At seven thirty we went for "tea" at Juan Zúñiga's home and met a very pleasant family.

Returned a little after nine and looked up the Hobart Smiths and had dinner with them.

The mornings here are hazy but in afternoon the air clears.

NATURALISTAS DE E.U. DE VISITA EN MEXICO

Se proponen hacer estudios y observaciones sobre la fauna silvestre.

Acaba de llegar a esta Capital el señor doctor J. G. Wetmon, Director del Museo Nacional de Washington, teniendo por objeto su visita efectuar un recorrido por diversas regiones del país haciendo estudios y observaciones sobre la fauna silvestre.

El señor Wetmon saldrá desde luego para el Estado de Veracruz, en donde piensa permanecer por espacio de tres o cuatro semanas, haciendo especialmente estudios de arqueología y, muy particularmente, de ornitología, o sea sobre las aves silvestres, por las que está muy interesado y en cuya materia es dieho señor Wetmon reconocida autoridad mundial.

Para auxiliarlo en sus excursiones en lo que respecta a la captura y estudio de aves, lo acompaña el doctor Stewart, y por lo que se refiere al estudio de reptiles, sobre cuyos animales también se recogerán datos y observaciones de carácter biológico, capturando los más interesantes ejemplares, le acompaña el doctor Howard Smith, este último muy competente especialista en el ramo.

A su regreso a esta Capital, los naturalistas mencionados comunicarán sus impresiones e informes sobre los resultados de la expedición al Departamento Forestal y de Caza y Pesca, cuyo jefe ha dado toda clase de facilidades a los mencionados hombres de ciencia para que, sin obstáculos, puedan realizar con buen éxito los estudios que prosiguen.

March 3, Friday

Mexico City is operating on daylight saving time to save electricity because of some shortage of water or other reason at the plant while the railroads operate on standard time. We were called this morning at 6¹⁵ d.s.t. and I took the last warm shower that I will have in some time. Following this we walked out through dark streets to a little all night restaurant for a miserable breakfast of which we ate little. The food was poor for one thing and for another I could not forget the poor devils I saw in way up town on their knees sorting out the stinking contents of the hotel garbage cans to see what might be edible before it was hauled away.

We were soon in a taxi and at the station where we established ourselves in the observation car of the Ferrocarril Mexicano. At 7³⁰ we were under way.

The valley floor was level looking

like an old lake bed and stretching
away as far as the eye could see.
At first there was small cultivation
and then some marshy land with
standing water about and beyond
vast areas planted with Maize,
planted in good formation with the
ground between plowed and cultivated
as far as I could see. 700

At Teotihuacan I could see
the two great pyramids.

At La Palma, a short distance
from Omotesco. The level valley floor
gave way to a more rolling terrain
with some extensive cultivation of
Maize. There is little corn here for
birds.

At Guadalupe the hills became
higher and the valleys were cut into
shallow canyons. Trees that from the
train looked like cottonwoods were barely
in bud, but beyond Apizaco the scene
was more advanced as willows were
in full leaf.

Beyond here I had a magnificent
view of the Volcan de Malinquin
which rose in long ridges
that led to a rocky central
peak with lower points at our
sides. The slopes were covered
with forest of pine. The top was
bare of snow. The mountain looked
highly interesting for work.

We had an excellent lunch as
we passed through rolling country
with volcanic hills by land. The
country was dry and brown with the
fields in preparation for the coming
crops. All pastures were closed
except.

When in the distance appeared
the snow cap of Orizaba ^{where} floating cloud
in the sky, to replace Atlixaco
and Popocatepetl which we had
left behind. The mountain rose
on our horizon and curiously
enough has almost the same
outline as Malinquin though much higher.

Here again were extensive forests of pine and at San Andres I saw piles of lumber awaiting shipment at the railroad.

Beyond Esfuerzo there comes the drop from the plateau to the Sierra Caliente. The railroad descends 2000 meters in 40 kilometers. At once there was an abrupt change as the crest of the slope was green from the increased precipitation in contrast to the brown beyond.

We had magnificent views into deep canyons grown with strange trees with water far below and finally had the vista of the level of wood valley below.

Vegetation became more abundant but below the middle of the slope was ~~bare and~~ brown. On the plateau we saw some corn stood in shocks with here much was still in the fields. Her weeds and other vegetation were rank in contrast to the bare ground above.

At Rio Blanco there was another change as the country became green and verdant, this continuing through the limestone hills and valleys near Uruaba and Cordoba. At Paraje Nuevo we emerged on to a high plain at elevation of about 1500 feet.

The land now became drier as the rains were long past. There were extensive cultivations but much of the land was covered with thorny scrub with charings planted in Casaya. Then we came to sugar cane and corn were on the rather barren appearing coast plain.

At 7:30 we reached Vera Cruz and registered in the Hotel Terminal at the Station. Something that I had eaten for breakfast had given me a digestion upset so that I went to bed at once.

March 4, Saturday.

I slept last night without cover but comfortable with the breeze blowing off the bay. In the night I awakened desirous to note that there were no mosquitoes ~~now were~~ ~~there~~ bars in the bed but also that there were no mosquitoes.

At dawn the calls of the grackles awakened me and I saw frigate birds over the bay. We rode over into the city on a little trolley to the Comandancia to find that the officers did not open until nine. Shortly after that we went in and sat for some time on a high balcony waiting our turn to see General Alejandro Mänge Comandante de 26th Zona Militar en Vera Cruz.

Meanwhile we watched well set up officers, played with a little white dog and occasionally walked on

to look down into the street. The general was pleasant and efficient and presented a letter from Ling. Miguel A. de Quevedo, Jefe del Departamento Forestal y de Caza y Pesca and at once was given a letter authorizing my work. The general sent that he knew much of the United States.

We returned then to the hotel where I brought my notes to date.

After lunch we walked down along the wharfe where two small Mexican line steamers were loading for coastal ports and then along various little streets first along the water front, one devoted to ladies of entertainment, another to little shops where sea shells and curious much of them were sold, and finally to a little area of fishermen's houses. Three steamers or rather their rusted steel skeletons were piled on the raft of an pier, remnants of our ancient hurricane. At another place four fishermen had landed their catch - eight strings of

fifteen or so squid each, and a
conch. These were loaded in a little
two-wheeled cart drawn by mules who
went out in water belly deep to pass
around one point.

Buyside was an fine sand beach
with nets drying in the higher land
behind. The sun was warm but the
heat was pleasantly tempered by the
steady breeze. Pelicans fished off
shore, a spotted sandpiper ran ahead
of us, and 4 willets rested on a little
rock standing in the water.

Two girls in bathing suits wanted
to look through my glasses and
Antos passed occasionally along the
sand. We stopped after bathing
for a coca-cola and walked
on a line of uninhabited dunes
reaching to the south.

Returned at four to make some
purchases, to buy tickets and
check baggage tomorrow.

For dinner we went to a little
hotel on the Plaza where we sat
in a little window embrasure
watching the crowd. Our group was

chatting din, and then playing dominos
All talking vociferously. Nothing better
vendors and boys selling gum and
sweetmeats passed continually, a
radio blared at intervals there
was a great clatter from the bells of
the church.

As we finished Carl Ruppert
Pleasant. As soon as we were
Garcia of the Mexican archaeological
Service with whom we sat for
one hour.

March 5, Sunday
Mosquitos troubled in the night
so that I had to close the doors.

I was
awakened at six by a factory
whistle somewhere and arose to find
that the electricity was off because of
lack of ice at this hour so that I changed
bathed and dressed by aid of a candle
and an electric flashlight.

At 7:15 a.m. we were aboard the
misto for Alvarado, with good seats in
half a coach devoted to first class and
all our baggage aboard. The sun was
warm but the breeze cool and we
enjoyed the ride far more than we would

have in the crowded two car
electric train which leaves two hours
and a half later and makes faster
time.

We jolted along slowly
stopped at little settlements to load
and unload people and things. Boys
and women came along
with trays of cake, meat patties
and pastry, coffee, fruit and
the colillas. There was constant
talk among our companions and
several times a conductor came
through to finish our tickets.

Our first stop was Las Cruces
really only a suburb of Vera Cruz.
Here we left the line to Mexico
City and turned off to the south
through a marshy terrain
with many birds. An auto
road paralleled the railroad.
near Paso del Toro where we
crossed the ~~first~~ ^{first} ~~river~~ ^{river}
then appeared to be a good
place to collect.

Beyond here we came on to
higher ground and presently the
scrub on either hand gave way
to open prairie for a distance
with a lake in the distance.
Then scrub succeeded until
at La Piedra there was an
extensive prairie again with
close cropped grass.

Near Camaronera, where
nearer the coast, the soil
was sandy and the land
rolling. Though covered with
open scrub, cactus and so on
this was evidently an old dunes
area. Then came extensive areas
of low palms mixed with
with the scrub.

We at Alvarado a little after
dawn after following for some distance
along the edge of some inner bay with
high brush grown old dunes between
us and the sea.

The town followed the water front with shops in part in sand and in part in grass.

Our hand baggage was taken to the ~~Hotel~~ restaurant ~~Chapelle~~ and placed in a little office for safe keeping. Their trunks in a ~~little~~ gasoline driven boat that was large for a launch but too small to be called a steamer.

It was hot. We walked out along the waterfront where a man was making a well shaped boat and where other men were preparing boats for fishing. There was a small market ^{where} ~~from~~ coconuts were for sale in bunches, I saw fresh cooked shrimps and as I stopped to look the man ~~shook~~ ^{gave} me to eat. Very good.

We ate lunch at the hotel. Rice soup, thin (very thin) steak and potatoes, beans, and chile de Membrillo.

Soon after we went to the boat ^{on Engracia} where after some argument I paid 2 pesos for baggage transfer. They held the boat for a few minutes while steward got a

portion of our old cigar vendor. Then we were off across the mouth of the bay where we could look out on to the Atlantic through a narrow pass and then into the broad, low-banked Rio Papoalapan - which I was told means the Rio de Manzanas or butterflies. There were mangrove swamps on either side for a space ^{with brush open} ~~open~~ ^{sun} ~~sun~~ ^{toward the} ~~toward the~~ banks. When the stream cut toward the sea were cut banks 10 to 20 feet high against the old dunes. On the opposite side of the flood plain they were lower.

At 3:15 we were at Tacotalpan an old town on an open plain. Our baggage was taken to the Hotel Chantemoe, Jose Salva proprietor, a clean little place and then began the argument about boats for the next stage of our journey that lasted most of the

afternoon. We called at
the house of Gutierrez at Hidalgo
55 to find that most had gone
up to Los Zapotes yesterday.
Between we walked out through
the picturesque town with its
pleasant plazas and grass sodden
streets and along the water front
to get a few pictures.
Mogullos were bad in
evening.

March 6, Monday.

At seven this morning we
were told that a "canoa" would
be ready for us at 8:30 and
at once started our baggage for
the water front while we ourselves
shaved and had our breakfast. On
the way to the boat we stopped
to thank Señora ^{Gutierrez} and
to pay for the boat.

We found a small flat-bottomed
cancha ^{La Delinita of Pedro Boran} waiting for us and were
soon under way. Almost at once
we left the main river and went
off through a narrow channel between

¡¡NO SE DEJE SORPRENDER!!

EL HOTEL "CUAUHTEMOC" es y será
siempre el preferido por las personas de buen gusto.

¿POR QUE?

Porque sus habitaciones son cómodas,
bien ventiladas y protegidas del mosquito y sobre todo,
por lo espléndido de su Restaurant, donde podrá sabo-
rear ricos y abundantes platillos, preparados por cocine-
ra técnica.

SUS PRECIOS ESTAN AL ALCANCE DE TODAS LAS FOR-
TUNAS. BAÑOS DE REGADERA LIBRE PARA EL PASAJE.

TLACOTALPAN, VER.

Prop. JOSE A. SILVA.

20 and 30 feet across with a
line of water hyacinth drifting down
it through which from time to
time our boat had to cut. At
intervals it was necessary to stop
which a man went overboard to
clear the propeller. This was a
braided stream at La Cañita. The
shores were low and marshy and
in places I noted stands of a
large Carex. In the distance was
the dim bulk of the Tuxtla mountains.

From this narrow channel we
soon cut into another and from this
in turn to another. The whole ^{lowland} plain
was an interlacing network of river
channel that anastomose with
one another.

Birds were abundant all along
and I made considerable list.
The launch stopped once but was
soon in motion again. Once we
had to run diagonally across and
into a bank where the stem of
the boat swung around to clear a
sunken tree.

Mar ha Candera, midway of our journey the land became higher and from here on we passed occasional ~~that~~ palm huts and two or three that were more substantially built. The land was in growth with fair sized trees, and in places had been cleared to make pastures or cornfields.

Apparently the influence of rich reached clear to Boca San Miguel where I found the elevation to be about 40 feet.

We reached Boca San Miguel about 130 and disembarked at once. I found here waiting an ox-cart and some pack mules and soon our baggage was loaded in the cart. Being hungry a woman in a crowded little tienda cooked for us dos blanquillos, black beans, and tortillas with an orange after. For Pedro I bought "un toro" a tumbler with two or three lath frames full of sugar half filled with agave hearts.

A little after two ~~went~~ we mounted and rode off on the last stage of our journey. I had a small, easy gaited mule myself and travelled in comfort. The trail was good, and the land in general level. We travelled across pastures, past cornfields and through extensive tracts of low forests. For a ways we followed the Arroyo Tres Zapotes which we finally forded.

About four we were at the little village of Tres Zapotes where we stopped for a moment at the tienda of Quattrero and then crossing the Arroyo again travelled across a pasture and through cornfields to El Encarnamiento Colossal to be greeted by Matthew and Marion Sterling and Dr. and Mrs. Weiant. We were their first guests.

The camp placed on a slight elevation with a mound behind

Consists of three houses of ^{the} palm thatch, two smaller ones ^{one down} occupied by the Sturtins and the Wicants. and a larger one of two rooms with porches across the front and back that serves as store room and guest room.

Our evening was spent in talk with a visit to the great stone head that had originated the work here. This is a well sculptured object with broad lips and high forehead seven feet high at the base of a mound of toward which it faces. It was covered except for the top of the crown and rests now in a broad trench the earth having been removed from around it.

We went in bed at 9:00 Stewart and I occupying cots in the guest house. Our baggage arrived about six and was soon in place.

The day had been quite hot with sunshine all day. I believe the elevation here to be about 150

feet at the camp though much of the land can not be more than 100 feet.

The camp looks out across open pastures to the Volcan de Huusla with the low Cerro Prieto and the higher Volcan de San Martin at the left. The moon was clear tonight.

March 7, Tuesday.
We were out at dawn arranging camp a bit. The men came for work early and stood for roll call on the slope of the mound back of the guest house. A few minutes after eight I walked out with my gun along the trail leading toward San Juan, through some old fields, past miles of corn with the ears forming and through little tracts of wheat. I was back a little after eleven with twelve birds. My first specimen was a Volatuna.

The tiny ticks known as Pinolias were abundant in grass and not in clusters of a hundred or two. To get them off whip the trousers with a switch. Larger ticks are common also.

It was very hot today. The warmest weather that Mr. Shingis have had.

On coming there arrived Carl Ruppert of the Carnegie Institution, Fred Pleasants a graduate student from the Peabody Museum, and two inspectors from the Department of Monuments in Mexico City, Juan Valenzuela and Garcia. This gave us a full house for the evening.

March 8, Wednesday

The first night here I had been kept awake by the calls of goatsuckers in the moonlight but last night I slept soundly.

The sky was overcast today and at intervals in the forenoon heavy rain fell. I went out early and returned at noon with 13 birds. I have arranged for me

Ramon Gallos to accompany me in my work.

I was fairly well soaked from my work in the monte but was well pleased with the result. We followed also through some cornfields where small boys shouted to frighten away the birds from the ripening corn.

Ruppert and Pleasants left at noon with a downpour of rain while the others remained.

March 9, Thursday

The sky was overcast for much of the morning but no more rain fell. Birds were very active. Ramon took me into some rather heavy monte where I found species in abundance so that I had returned to the house by eleven with fifteen birds.

There were a few tall ceiba trees in this growth but most of the trees were of moderate size. There are a good many palms and many cypresses but still it is not

difficult to work a way through.
Ramón has been busy and I
did not see a bird today.

All afternoon I sat preparing
skins on the porch listening to talk
around me.

Stewart and I have arranged to
have another little house built on
half to be a dark room and the other
to be used for birds and for drying
film. The men put up the frame
work today.

In the evening Adolfo Gutierrez
came over to see about moving a
huge stone box and a statuette
Mexico City.

Made a most interesting observation
on Salicormis mexicanus in that
I found a possible projection from
between the forelegs that is inflated
with air. It was as large as the
end of my little finger and probably
plays a part in producing the
curious snapping sound that I
hear occasionally from these birds.
I made up the skin with this
distended with cotton so that it
can be shown.

March 10, Friday
A light fog lay over the land when
I arose at 6:15 becoming heavier higher
up so that the Volcane Tuxtla was
entirely obscured. There was no rain today
though the sky was covered with cloud
for much of the time. The morning
and evening air are cool and pleasant.

I sleep under two blankets at night
inside my mosquito net, and in afternoon
a little breeze comes through the
porch where I work so that the
temperature seems perfect. To move
about in the sun however brings out
immediate perspiration.

With Ramón I was out early
going through a tract of monte northwest
of camp. In early morning there is
great variety in the bird calls and
I am entranced by those few I have
learned and intrigued by the many
as yet unknown. In early morning
there comes the crowing of cocks and
the gobbling of turkeys from the village
half a mile away followed as soon
as there is light by the querulous
calls of the two species of brown jays.

(Psilorchinus) and then a variety of others.

The soil here is black and heavy and with rain makes a sticky & stubborn mud that clings tenaciously to shoes and is slippery under foot.

The monte is a good, green jungle but is open enough so that I can work through it without much difficulty. Birds are found in pairs or small groups of the same kind. So far I have not seen the little mixed groups of forest birds.

I returned at noon with 16 specimens which occupied me busily until noon. Garcia and Valenzuela left today.

Stewart and I are having another house built, for which there will be an inner room for a dark room for developing pictures.

The poles for the framework are hauled in by a boy mounted on a small bull. The structure is fastened by ropes of vines and will be covered with palm thatch.

In the evening we had the radio but a little after eight went to bed.

March 11, Saturday.
A fine clear day with the sun shining. Robinson and I walked out to the north this morning through open, rather rolling country, largely in milpas until we came to an extensive *Sipressum* with much monte. This section is a little drier than the monte I have worked previously but gave good results so that at night I came home with 14 specimens including ten species not seen before.

The monte has dense tangles of vines at the borders but inside is fairly open so that there is not much difficulty in working about. In places the ground is fairly firm. Old milpas grow up densely with weeds, morning glory and other creepers.

In this open area there were many more *pusillas* & tiny little turks that nest in clusters of one hundred to two hundred on *Stenochloa*.

leaves and at a touch will drop
 on my trousers. We keep watch
 for them and get rid of them by
 whipping the cloth with a switch.
 The regular rite on returning is to
 examine every inch of my body for
 these and for the larger ticks
 called garrafatas. Stewart and I
 co-surveyed by searching each
 others backs.

This evening E. Cassidy of
 the Smithsonian arrived to sketch
 designs on the various stones
 where there will not come out in
 photography. We also received
 mail.

Ramón is a guardame in the
 local police but tells me that he
 receives no money for this. He
 has however the privilege of
 carrying a rifle. Saturday
 the men work until 2³⁰ without
 stopping and then knock off for
 a bath and clean clothes. Ramón
 came over in the evening with his
 rifle over his shoulder and a
 cartridge belt around his waist.

March 12, Sunday

A Sunday in camp devoted to getting my notes in shape, to writing a letter or two, and arranging my outfit and other similar tasks. All the forenoon I walked out with the Sturtings and Cassady to view the diggings. The first important specimen is "El Baul" a rectangular box of stone a little over four feet long and 20 inches wide with walls 5 inches thick externally sculptured with curious designs.

Stela A. lying on its back had a standing figure cut out in it with a huge head base. It had been broken (perhaps by an earthquake?) and was somewhat defaced. The most important specimen, Stela C, bears a date that corresponds to 293 B.C.

In the late afternoon we rode over into town for a visit to Don Ricardo Gutierrez at the trenches. The village

consists of 40 or 50 thatched houses
strung along the arroyo. Two Zapotecos
on both sides. The people appear happy
quite healthy and are friendly to us.
At nine in the evening we rode in
again to see a dance which was
to have been held yesterday but which
was abandoned because a boy in
play race had his horse fall and roll
on him so that it was feared that
he might die. Word came today that
the boy was better and wanted music
but that the horse was worse and
did not care.

The dance was on a cement
floor without cover adjacent to
Sapo's store. The musicians clustered
in one corner and the drum wandered
over the floor. When the music started
the men selected partners from the women
seated along benches at one side and
then danced the fandango a variation of
the two step movement. Finally we had
a huapango, when girls with hands
holding their skirts daintily stepped
with shuffling feet and clicking heels
to the front every time.
The night back in the dark a top my
mule, with saddle loose and balancing was a phor

March 13, Monday

Heavy rain came unexpectedly last
night and I awoke this morning
to find that the ditch behind the
house had clogged and that water
had been seeping in over our floor.
Our first problem therefore was to
raise everything. Rain continued until
noon when it slackened and
Ramin and I went out over the
higher ground back of camp. Our
first task was to cut two small
truss to bridge small arroyos that
were running back full.

More rain came almost immediately
so that I returned about noon with
only seven birds. These were caught
by four o'clock when rain had stopped
and I went out to collect them
more giving me tea for the day.

By evening the sun was shining
but everything was very wet.

More rain falls on the mountain
across from us that on our side
of the valley and the summit is
still covered with fog while the
sky surrounding is clear.

March 14, Tuesday

Fog lay over the land this morning and water stood everywhere over the ground. I worked a higher area of monts west of camp and secured a fair assortment of birds.

Palms some low with long black spines along the ribs of their leaves and their *Tacca* stand among deciduous trees of fair size. There are many creepers and much other growth but except at the borders it is not particularly difficult to get through. There was less variety of birds here than in the areas that I have been working.

I came across one cowbird that had just given birth to a calf as the bird stood the afterbirth dropped from her and almost at once black vultures which had been soaring overhead came swooping in at high speed with out wings and hanging feet each eager to anticipate the other.

In afternoon the sun shone and the temperature rose to 81° and there were many mosquitos in company.

March 15, Wednesday

A clear pleasant morning with the sky clear. Because of this in early morning birds were active and up in the trees and bushes to enjoy the sun. I went out early and worked the area north of camp which has been one of my most productive sections, returning at 11:30 with 15 birds.

After lunch Juan Canela brought the skin and skull of a male jaguar killed March 10 near San Juan de los Rios which I bought for 30 pesos. The skin is in poor shape as it is too dry to salt and because of the damp weather is certain to slip. With the skull however it will be useful.

The village barber also came and gave me a good haircut for 50 centavos (10 cents). If it came to work to the village I could get one for half that much but we prefer to have him come to camp. He applied what I took to be aquadent to my neck after shaving it.

Stewart needs a dark room so he and I arranged to have a house built, dividing the expense between us, to use for his work and mine. This will give me a little more freedom in handling big material since my work until now has been done in the porch when we all eat. The construction has been highly interesting. A framework of poles was erected by old Juan Santos the official builder of ~~the~~ Dos Zapotes with cross ties of bamboo to support the roof. The dark room inside the roof and sides are of palm thatch. There is a porch in front. The structure is held together by vines (bijecos) the only nails being in the door. The entire cost of 193 pesos (\$38.80) is for labor, the material (except for the few nails mentioned) coming from the adjacent monte.

Stewart did not come sleeping last night, while I finished my last bird by means of an electric flashlight. Having been delayed by various matters that came up during the afternoon.

March 16, Thursday
Clear and hot today, though when the breeze struck it was very comfortable. Only in the little valley where circulation ^{is} was cut off did it seem oppressive. I went out the trail toward San Juan de los Reyes toward the northwest until I came to the little stream called Arroyo de Sitis and then followed a trail along the bank until I came to where the trail crossing to Dos Zapotes which led me back to Camp.

The extent of the milpas is surprising. The land is slightly rolling and depressed field after field, with the ears just filling. Two crops are raised here, one during the wet season and one during the dry season, the former being said to be the best.

Along the arroyo there was an extensive area of monte but since it I found comparatively few birds. The lowland section was grown extensively in palms, and in the place was a considerable stand of bamboo.

This day we moved in to the new house and I spent the afternoon there caring for my birds. A cool breeze blew through all day.

Mosquitoes are troubling at dusk in the evening but as we go to bed by eight this does not make much difference.

On undressing in the evening it is necessary to make careful search for ticks of which I find anywhere from three or four to fifteen or twenty. There are no fleas here, so the men say, and I have proof in that none have been on me as yet.

March 17, Friday

Rain fell during the night but the day was fair.

I crossed a low flat where much of the grass had been burned to the Arroyo. Don Zapatero went on through the village and followed a winding trail that crossed another little stream, the Arroyo Valdez. Beyond here there was a red like outcrop of a sandstone with low land on either side. The trail ran along

the low ridge on the crest.

Beyond here I went down into a little depression to the Laguna del Tulaz, a shallow body of water 300 to 400 yards wide into the sun and extending into some mangrove woods, part of this extension being due to flood water from the rains. In the sun water was one limited area of tall grass and the farther side of the lagoon was bordered by woods and thickets. The shore I travelled was in open meadow.

There were many hums and least geese here a few Jacanas and one belted Kingfisher. The woodland beyond was in part mangrove forest. Collecting here was good and it took me only a short time to secure 14 specimens. Secured a few photographs today also.

The sun was very hot but with a shade temperature of 81° the afternoon's labor in the sun was pleasant.

March 18, Saturday.

Three morning at sunrise a light fog lay over the land but by 8:30 the sun was through and it was very hot. I walked over to the northeast to the depressed valley of the Arroyo del Sitio reaching the stream which is about 10 ft wide at a point above which I saw it from a previous visit. At first I crossed through an old milpas which had progressed to a point where they were covered with scattered brush and then entered a long narrow ^{tract} of mounds that extended in a winding line for over a mile between fields of corn. This varied from 50 to 100 hundred feet in width and had a few fair sized trees scattered through the smaller growth. Birds were fairly common here though hunting was difficult because of the dense growth. Beyond I came out into more open fields.

This day the men work until two so that the midday meal

does not come until 2:30. I catalogued my birds and then set traps. The men were out of the wood and made up my skins. About five thirty an orchestra passed round the village where there is to be a dance. They passed for a minute after getting nearly by and then came back saying apologetically that they had time only to play as they were late. Two clarinets, a cornet, a guitar, and a drum made up the unit. The drummer sat on the ground with only his eyes appearing above his instrument. We had then ordinary pieces and then by request a humpango. A bottle of beer, coffee and cigarettes and the musicians were off.

While the sun is very hot so that I came in at noon with my shirt soaked with perspiration it is cool and pleasant in the shade. The morning temperature is usually around 68° and in the shade at midday it is 81° to 85°.

March 19, Sunday.

Sun shone for most of this day though the wind from the north was a little cool in the morning. I spent the entire day at camp working mainly on notes and correspondence in addition ordering my field outfit as needed.

I was interested also in spending some time in watching the small birds that came in to the corner of the clearing near the new houses this being a quiet section where there is little movement of people. There was a constant procession of small birds through the bushes, while a *heptolita* came walking out to feed on the grass with the ground doves and Lincoln Sparrows.

At times today Jupiter mountain stood out very clear so that with glasses I could study the details of its peaks.

In the evening I watched for some time for goatsuckers and a brown owl and had one snap shot at the former but missed.

March 20, Monday

While indications last night when I went to bed were for clear weather today the north wind came up and the night and brought a great down pour of rain that flooded every thing. We awakened this morning to a shadow world of mud and water with rain and showers continuing until the middle of the afternoon.

Under these circumstances I did not go afield but remained in camp where during the day I picked off ten birds mainly from the perch securing a number new to the collection. In addition I was much interested in watching the few birds that were active. On this weather even the brown jays were silent and the usual chorus of song from the nearby mount was lacking.

Rain came over in the morning to borrow a pass of ice against the next days work but our cooks did not appear the arroyos being very high.

I watched for whippoorwills for a time the evening but did not succeed in getting a shot.

March 21, Tuesday.

The rain had stopped this morning but the sky remained overcast until nearly clear. The morning temperature was 65° seeming quite chilly.

I worked the higher land this morning as the lowlands were full of water. Water lay in the tents and I slipped and slid in the mud as Ramon and I walked out at a quarter of eight.

There was a great wave of northern migrants this morning. The bushes and weeds of some old milpas that I crossed being filled with orange throats, yellow parula and other warblers. The month was wet but interesting and I secured a good lot of birds.

At dawn wind I came in the wind was blowing light again from the south but in afternoon it came again strong from the north, the prevailing direction since I have been here and there were light showers in the afternoon. The mountain mass to the east of us which blocks off the horizon in that direction I believe influences the source of the wind here.

March 22, Wednesday.

Clear today and the most part with only one slight shower. In afternoon the wind blew strongly from the north and northeast but this was a dry wind that dried the ground.

In early morning I found the trails still so muddy and so much water standing in the low lands that I went again through the more elevated things land going over this time nearly to the Cerro del Sitio. In the month birds were not abundant and I travelled a considerable distance for the specimens I secured.

Corn is now in the milk stage and blackbirds are more abundant through the milpas. Today I saw a cowbird and one that I believe to be a dove but by bad luck did not get either. This being one of those days in which I missed some easy shots and lost several birds that I hit.

The wave of migration noted yesterday is mainly over though Orchard Orioles remain very common.

Many mosquitoes in evening.

Today I saw a swim foot plus snake. Slight yellowish white ground color with prominent dark markings moving slowly through the tree tops sliding easily across slender limbs from one tree to another.

March 23, Thursday.

Heavy fog lay over the country this morning. And now came in higher up later but there was no rain. The sky remained overcast until about ten and then cleared to remain clear for the entire day. At night the atmosphere was unusually clear.

Pedro Gutierrez returned from Tacotalpa to say that the rain of Monday had been general and that it had occasioned heavy floods.

Ramon came about eight with two mules that I had ordered and we rode across the flats to the village, forded the arroyo where women were washing clothes and continued on over to the lagoon de Sulas. It was pleasant to ride and from the saddle to watch the various birds that appeared near at hand.

We left the mules near the lagoon and spent the morning here collecting. There was considerable water near the lagoon but after all little more than when I was here last. Birds were not particularly abundant in the big woods but I secured some good things. Migrants continue to appear. In the woods I saw two wood thrushes and at the lagoon were a few lesser yellow legs and solitary sandpipers.

The bird life now here is slightly different than in the area I have been hunting. Some of the species near Camp are lacking, and some that were rare here are common.

Mail came this noon with Pedro but there was little for me. The afternoon was pleasant and in evening it was quite cool. The last of my specimens occupied me until evening so that I finished up by lamp light. A Coleman lamp made this an easy matter. I went to bed at about 8:30.

March 24, Friday

Heavy fog early this morning but clear and dry later. at 5:15 the thermometer registered 60° the coldest since I have arrived. The evenings here are unusually long this being the northern edge of the tropics and I enjoy the light ~~after~~ immediately after the sun sets as the green of the foliage appears soft and the mountain opposite seems very near. The sun was very hot with a drying wind in the afternoon so that the mud of the trails is rapidly disappearing.

Horses were supposed to come this morning but Ramon arrived at 8:15 to say that the man had gone to look them in the country so I said we would make a trip on foot.

Crossed over to a long back of monte to the southeast and then continued on to the point where the old trail to San Juan de los Rios crosses the Arroyo del Sitio. Here undergrowth was being cleared preparatory to new milpas. The

stream at this point cuts down across a narrow ledge of sand stone in a little rapid. The juxtaposition of running water and cover make an excellent place where birds are abundant and of good variety.

Ramon tells me that milpas here are used for years if carefully cultivated to keep out the grass. When the ear of corn has ripened the milperos bend the stalks just below the ear so that the corn hangs down to protect it from the big blackbirds. This partly hides the ground below so that the birds are afraid to come in and feed.

Ever since arrival I have made inquiry about trails over to the Tuxtepec mountain which does not seem far away, but Ramon has been evasive telling me always about other monte nearer at hand. Today he opened up a little and said that the mountain was travelled much by men from Hiroo and Paruyo who were very bad and killed people "muy malacidos!"

March 25, Saturday

Only a slight haze of fog this morning in the hollows toward the Arroyo Los Zapotes with the sun rising clear behind the mountain. There was heavy dew. Before eight Ramón and I were off for the Arroyo del Sitio going to the upper crossing and traversing the intervening country rapidly except to stop the shoot a cloud swift that came circling within range.

The wave of migrants has now passed, and only occasional migrant birds were seen. Native birds except a few species are less abundant here than I had supposed they would be. For one thing the region for centuries has been under cultivation with constant cutting and shifting of the second growth, and for another very small boys carry a sling shot and pugs stones at all birds seen. The men are also highly expert at throwing. In this immediate area there is no original forest. As I looked from elevated mounds, the occasional huge ceiba trees dotted over the

THE
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Alcohol is just what it used to be!
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	<u>Price</u>
El Toro	.15
The Stingless Bee (with sting)	.50
Jello Julep	.05
Old fashioned (with Scotch)	1.50
(with aguardiente)	.15
Scotch Highball	1.50
Aguardiente lowball	.15
Vino tinto	.40
Beer	.25

(With ice - 50¢ extra)

landscape seem to indicate an original growth. However, excepting the date of November 4, 293 B.C. found by Stirling on Stela C as contemporary there has been constant occupation in this region for more than 2000 years by people who lived by agriculture. In fact the present population is more than 75% Indian and it is highly probable that conditions have changed little except for the lessening in abundance of certain species due to the introduction of fire arms in hundreds of years.

I followed along the arroyos of this morning for some distance until I came into cultivated fields and then turned back, returning at noon with 16 birds which kept me busy until dusk.

This being Saturday work continued until 2⁰⁰ p.m. and then closed for the day. Ramon put up my hammock for me this morning under the porch of the "laboratory" and it was in

constant use by visitors during the afternoon, at which Ramón remarked sagely: "Que la hamaca es muy *antistoca*."

It remained clear and warm during the entire day with the wind turning south to blow very hard during the night.

In the region of Tránsito today there were few ticks as there were no cattle. Mosquitoes however were very bad.

March 26, Sunday

A fine, clear day that I devoted to work in camp, on notes, letters and packing specimens.

In the early morning light brings out beautifully the smooth, expressive yet passion sculpture of the great head resting in its *simian* trench of earth. Only now have I have been able to appreciate this *face* since my arrival regular rains have kept the face completely submerged. Now the cut has been washed dry and the head rests in the sun.

The hammock makes a comfortable seat while writing and I had

a story or two resting in it today. My other days are too filled with birds and notes to give time for this.

Ramón came in filled with tales of a "Montezuma" which he had located at the lagoon, a bird with yellow legs that Ramon the ground so I told him to bring animals tomorrow and we would look for it.

The days have grown appreciably longer here than on my arrival, the difference being especially noticeable in evening. The sunrise this morning was clear with no color whatever the sun merely appearing through a notch in the mountain ridge to the east of us.

An ox-cart hauled away the first load of boxes of specimens *landed* this morning to the Boca to be *shipped* there for Ilacotalpan where they will be held until camp is closed.

The wind shifted between north and south today but the temperature did not rise beyond 86°

March 27, Monday

Clear and hot today, one of the hottest afternoons we have had with the thermometer at 87° . Ramon came at a quarter of eight with two mules and birds were soon off to the laguna del Jular crossing through the village.

The water of the lagoon had receded decidedly and I was able to wade through some heavy woods where I had not been able to wade previously. The monteruna proved to be abundant though I did not succeed in seeing it.

We worked around the edge of the water for two hours when I collected an Everglade Kite and a chloroceryle amazona and then came out onto the higher ground for other birds. By that time it was extremely warm and perspiration trickled off me at every turn.

The trail near Santa Cruz leads to Santiago Luján is called El Camino Real and is quite broad. On the opposite side from the lagoon I have been working I found another very extensive one called laguna

Larga from which I heard the songs of red-winged blackbirds but did not have time to investigate them today.

The mules were welcome indeed for transportation to camp at noon. After lunch one of them created a diversion by breaking loose and running away, to be caught by Ramon as he returned from his noon meal.

At evening a swarm of mosquitoes came in suddenly and drove us to bed early. Soon after a strong wind arose from the Southeast and thus passed all night.

March 28, Tuesday

Wind continued all this day making considerable noise in the night but affording relief from the heat with the thermometer at 90° in the afternoon and blowing the mosquitoes away so that we could sit out in front of the house in the evening instead of being driven to bed to get under our mosquito nets.

I went out this morning through a tract of low monte northward of camp that I have not worked in nearly two weeks. A small run with a little sluggish moving drainage water in it runs through. And much of the land is low. The trails are hard packed now and the only mud is in low places like this.

On these windy days birds are very quiet and the jays being subdued. And small birds make little noise. The sound of the wind in the trees made it difficult to hear sounds but also arches me so that I secured a pair of Chachalacas this morning the first that I have shot.

According to old Emelio, the oldest inhabitant who is about 85 years old there were formerly monkeys here but now these are found only in the mountains. This probably indicates the time of cutting of the last heavy forest though he seemed thought it may be only a ^{small} increase in hunting and the coming of abundant fire arms.

In the afternoon I sent Ramon to the village with Stuart to get a few last photographs, one that he tried being of an old woman with a load of some kind on her back. Stuart said she was very angry and would not submit to it on a little conversation with Ramon who observed that "se jesus muy brava" it developed that the lady thought Stuart's Leica camera was one of those instruments that allowed evil minded men to view the ladies' naked in spite of their clothing.

March 29, Wednesday
A fine clear morning with a red glow preceding the sun as it rose through a long saddle on the side of Tuxtla mountain. The wind blew strongly again today tempering the heat.

Ramon came early with the mules so that we were off by 7³⁰ riding down across the flats to the baggage and then across to the lagoon.

after a quick glance at Laguna
del Tular where I found a little flight
of solitary sandpipers and collected
two I crossed to Laguna Larga.
This drains through the Arroyo Valley
and for its length is bordered by
a sandstone exposure 20 to 25 feet
high. I followed slowly along the
entire length of the lagoon which
this side I was bordered by a
wooded swamp with trees 30 to 40 feet high
supported on enormous flaring buttresses
radiating from the base of the
trunk in all directions and rising
to a height of 6 to 8 feet. Dark
water lay beneath these leading
to an open area beyond glibly
thick with water plants. The
light in here was subdued and
the wind blew overhead.

I walked along carefully looking
for rails and finally secured
two Aramides. These with an
occasional heron, an overglade kite
or two, and an occasional water thrush
were the only ^{birds of} migratory birds seen.
At the upper end was an open
space grown with sawgrass. Her-

TEWART

AILING

UPPER

IX O'CLOCK

ERVEZA

WIZZLES

COTCH
ARDINES
ANDWISHES

I crossed over to the road and
came finally into woods near Laguna
del Tule again. I found that
the sand stem ridge was doubt
then being a space of 200-300
yards between the two.
It was extremely hot in the
sun and the riding animals
were a great relief going home. I
did not reach camp until 12³⁰
and though I had only 9 birds
was well satisfied.

There was breeze from the
south all day and in the evening
again this kept the mosquitoes in
check.

March 30 Thursday.

R. H. Stewart the photographer from
the National Geographic Society left this
morning as his work is now completed.
Ricardo Gutierrez had said that he wanted
to start early for Tlacotalpan and that
he would send mules at seven. The
morning was clear and I awakened
early and was much surprised to
find a boy with two pack animals
arrive at a quarter of six as I sat
lacing my boots in the porch. Stewart

got away at 6²⁵ after a messenger
had come to know why he was
delaying. On thinking it over afterward
we decided that Ricardo had
checked his time recently by the
radio program at Mexico City when
daylight spring was in force
accounting for the early hour.

The skin came up clean with
scarcely a touch of color in the
sky. I walked out to the arroyo
and sites were hard to find
the early morning sun very hot
and the shade of the mountains
delightfully cool and refreshing.

A wave of northern migrants
had come in during the night. Lincoln's
sparrows and Dickcissels being
especially abundant. There was also
a flight of Bennett's White-tailed
hawks in early morning. And there
were a few numbers of warblers in
the woods.

In contrast to this I am certain
that there is a definite change in
the occurrences of native species since
the heavy rains have terminated and
the forests are comparatively dry.
The area about camp is relatively
high compared to much of the

surrounding territory and on my
arrival here birds were very abundant.
Now they are common but are
definitely less in number and some
species are difficult to find. It
appears to me that there has been
a definite movement, a diffusion
among them to grounds now favorable
because of the lessening of rain and
the drying of lower grounds. On the
woods a movement to their breeding
grounds.

The sun was hot and by
ten birds became quiet. I returned
at eleven after nearly four hours
afield with fourteen specimens. At
about this hour a bank of clouds
appeared in the north and the
wind changed to that direction so
that the afternoon was cooler.

In evening a minor official
armed with a rifle came over with
a letter to Dr. Warrant in which he
recited that Ramon Gallozo had
refused to pay a school tax (amounting
to 50 centavos a day from his pay of
~~200~~ 2 pesos) and asking that he
be suspended when they would

supply another young man to
assist in the hunting. We replied
that we could not take part in
local affairs to that extent. We want
mainly the further explanation that
he could not do this since I was
the superior and that he could
not put me to embarrassment. There
has been much dissatisfaction among
the men working at the archeological
site over this "tax" which is supposed
to repair the school house since they
do not receive receipts for the money.
Further the President is away in
Tlaxotalpan with an injured hand
and these matters have been
arranged by subordinates. The
regular work employs 30 men who
are selected by the authorities, sent
over with a list and work for
3 days. To avoid trouble I have
been paying Ramon personally in cash
whereas the others receive pay slips,
daily that they cash at Gutierrez
Store. The whole trouble regarding
Ramon is based in part on some
jealousy over his daily employment
and also that this is through a
personal arrangement with me.

March 31, Saturday Friday
Tuxtepec Mountain was clear in the
horizon this morning at dawn and
the sun came up without ceremony.
It was hot under a mosquito
net last night and had begun af-
ter with the sun. Animals had
been promised but Ramon arrived at
7:30 to say that the boy was looking
for him. So we walked on down
across the flat to the village meeting
the boy with the mules at the
ford. My mule, a big one, behaved
all right in crossing the Arroyo but
on the village street made a
dash for the corral behind Gutierrez
Store. Oculpho G. who rents these
animals said that it was "muy
brava" and had Ramon change
with me but the little black mule
that I tried this time if anything
was worse than the first one, sallying
at dead pigs, buzzards and anything
else that occurred to it.

It seems that there is another section
to the Laguna Larga, joined in the
wet season to the one I explored two

days ago, so today we went to this one. It lies below the low steep-sided hill called Loma Chico Zapote and near it is some very fair forest. We went in by a trail leading through pastures which was a mistake. As the mules nearly bogged at one ford and refusing to take the next one, for which I did not blame them.

We walked on across some rolling country, partly in scrub and partly in open pasture. There was a flight of Archbold owls in and slothos passed through the tree tops. A flock of Chachalagos came out of low brush and I killed one in an easy quartering shot.

We then came to the lagoon which lay in a depression bordered by trees with large buttressed roots. I had occasional views of the central section which was grown with aquatic vegetation and saw one snake bird.

We crossed over through heavy swampy woods that was quick open and then came to a

section where Ramon had to cut trail. In one small section of open channel I had a glimpse of another. Yesterday a boy tried to sell me the skin of one but I did not take it as I could not get the skull. Next came necessity to cut a couple of trees to bridge a channel and then it was a relief to come out into mulpas. It was easier now to take the long trail around to El Camino Real than to return so we started out with the hot sun with perspiration rolling off me.

Finally I killed a big Anthracoceros and while I was tending care of it and while I was fixing the mules Ramon ran on ahead for the mules so that we were not as late in getting back to camp as I had anticipated. Most of the small boys carry slingshots in their hidden pockets and surreptitious snap shots at every bird they see! On my first arrival they came with birds to sell but I have refused to buy. Today however I had a new one as a boy came in with a Platysaris which he gave me as a

"regals". This I could hardly refuse
not as Pitangus brought me a
little later. On return I gave each
a piece of gum not wishing to start
a string of such gifts. Each bird
was carried ^{handed} with its feet tied together
by a cord, the Pitangus still alive.
It was told that there was a bird
market in Catemaco where live birds
were sold.

Chachalacas called vociferously
in late afternoon and Ramon said
that would be a surado (South
wind) tomorrow. The ~~hot~~ moon
now is not quite their quarters
full but gives a brilliant light.
Mosquitoes were very bad this
evening.

April 1, Saturday.

The sun rose clear again this
morning with the air cool to be followed
by heat later. I walked out through a
thicket of monte west of camp which
I have not worked carefully. My first
specimen was a scissor-tailed flycatcher
that flew overhead so that it secured
by a long wing shot. Then a flight
of hawks came over and I shot one
with a strange silhouette at a prodigious
distance with an especially heavy wind

of no. 2 chilled shot. At first I thought
I had missed it but after a few
seconds the bird cut its wings and
began to spiral down to fall nearly
an eighth of a mile away. We made
long search for it in some dense growth
without finding it and then as we
continued our hunt suddenly came
across. It proved to be an Eowglach
kite which I had not seen in silhouette
in so many years that I had completely
forgotten its appearance.

We went into heavy monte from
here where I found little birds in
groups and collected several the
last being two snake pigeons fighting.
At eleven I returned to camp and
spent the afternoon with specimens
as usual. The men work until 2:00
on Saturday and then go for the day.

Mail came this evening again.
The moon gave a brilliant light
and we sat out until eight thirty
before turning in.

April 2, Sunday.

A dance in the village last evening
continued for most of the night, there
being one marapango. That sounds

very happy as it seemed to last for
half an hour. The last bathing of the
dinner came at half past five when
the moon was down and when the
brown jays began to call. At six it
was light with Tuxtepec mountain
standing but as a dark mass on
the horizon and the sun touching a
few high, fleecy clouds overhead.

The calls of sweet voiced birds came
from every side in early morning and
I found it delightful to walk out
in the cool air along the trails for
a few minutes without the burden of
my heavy boots that I have to wear
here while hunting because of the
curses of ticks.

This day I remained in camp
working out notes, writing a few
letters and packing a box of
specimens.

It was hot all day with clouds
filling the sky at evening to partly
obscure the full moon.

This is the time the natives here
call the seco the period of
rains being known as the agna.

Many mosquitoes again tonight.

April 3, Monday
A light fog covered the lowlands
at dawn and vegetation was wet
with dew. There were clouds later
with the sun appearing about ten thirty.

Ramon's brother Amocencio reported
this morning that Ramon was ill
and that he had come to take his
place so I changed plans for
a longer trip. I had much and
instead crossed to the village and
followed along the west side of
the lagoon to the opposite from the
one I crossed the other day. There was
no space here grown with
marsh vegetation and then more
of the swampy woods found on
the opposite shore.

From here I continued through
some pasture lands to a stand
of heavy forest which led me over
the trail going to house by
which I returned to the edge of
the village crossed a shallow pool
and went directly up to camp
across the flats.

The boy was not much good as

Lacked minutes, minutes and fumbled
to find half the birds & shot.
Valencia the maid at Camp has
taken vacation for holy week and
with her mother and uncle started
at 3:00 a.m. for Catemaco where there
is a special festival. This is a
two day walk. At Catemaco all the
pilgrims sleep on the floor in the
church.

The church in Tres Zapotes is
a little board house next to
Ricardo's store with thatched roof.
There is no priest here. I looked
in this morning to see a room
16 x 30 feet with the dirt floor
brushed clean, a large picture
of St. Christopher and two smaller
that I could not make out, with
wreaths and other decorations hung
from the eek beams.

I had many ticks and quite a
few pinolillos tonight.

At last it turned cool so that
my flannel shirt was comfortable. The
full moon rose over the slopes of
Tuxtla mountain soon after sunset
a beautiful sight.

April 4, Tuesday.
Because of the full moon all night
the brown jays, our usual alarm clock
seemed somewhat confused and began
to call this morning vociferously more
than an hour before dawn. At a
quarter of six Tuxtla Mountain
showed as a blue silhouette with
the adjacent sky tinted with pink
from the approaching sun. It
was much cooler. The dawn temperature
being about 62°.

Ramon's brother came early to tell
me that Ramon would come for work
this morning as soon as he could get
the animals that I had ordered yesterday
and shortly after that I went back
to the work shop for some things. Another
man came up to report that Ramon
was on the way. And at 9:30 he
arrived looking like little the worse
for wear with a horse and a
little mule named La Tortuga.
Adolfo sent word that if I tried
of the horse which was large, I
could ride the mule "como una
bicicleta"!

We rode ~~down~~ a little to the south
of west crossing one sticky ford
on a narrow arroyo and crossed
through an area of old milpa
and pasture into a region where
there was a considerable section
of original forest. This, ~~the~~ following
the arroyo la Corredor was at
the boundary of the ejido of
Tres Zapotes and it was told
extended near to Boca San Miguel.
The arroyo la Corredor was
a narrow shallow stream with a
small amount of water, shallow and
6 to 10 feet wide. The forest was
of good sized trees, partly ~~open~~
beath and partly with an
undergrowth of palm and deciduous
growth. There were many spring
shrubs here. In places the ground
was wet and swampy.

While a few milpas trail here
cut here the land was unaltered and
there were no houses. In fact I
saw no one during the whole forenoon
and heard only one machete working.
It was cool and dark in the

woods and I walked most of
the time in shade. There was heavy
dew in early morning along the
trails after we left the animals
tied in a grove of bananas where
they had good shade and birds
were rather inactive until the
sun was well up in the sky.
This place was distant an hour
ride from camp.

I returned at 12³⁰ with
15 birds including two very tough
Phlorocasts and a geranioid.
So that it was all afternoon and
an hour after supper in finishing.
We watched the moon come
up over the mountain city and
Cassidy and sat until 9³⁰ enjoying
the soft light over the rising
mists of the lowlands. It was
much cooler again tonight but
mosquitoes continued bad.

Tonight I found more than
twenty each of ticks and pinellios
on my body, probably from
singing trails bordered with high grass.

April 5, Wednesday

The morning air was clear and pleasant as I dressed at a ^{small} ~~quar~~ quarters of six with a reddish glow announcing the coming of the sun on Tuxtepec Mountain. Rain came shortly after seven with two riding animals on which we crossed to the village and followed north along the trail toward Lirios.

Between the camp and the Arroyo Tres Zapotes there comes first a little slope partly in grass and partly in thicket. Below this there is an area of open pasture with a patch of small arroyos and occasional trees and clumps of bush that seem to represent an intrusion of the Shamma area that covers so much ground farther north toward Tlacotalpan. I judge this from the fact that here I find the Vermilion Flycatcher, the White-tailed Kite and today the meadowlark birds that I see no where else. I had not noticed this until today

since the region is so utilized for pasture by animals that even the shrubs dropped that its true nature is disguised. and a half

After about a mile ~~and a half~~ beyond the village I turned off toward Tuxtepec Mountain. There was fine timber of tall trees along the arroyos and fields of corn and cane at the edge. Soon I came into rolling country and climbed the slight elevation of the Cerro Nestepa which rose perhaps 80 feet above the surrounding level with a wide basin between it and the mountain.

Here there had been much forest but extensive areas had been cut to make mullpas and further cutting was in process. I rode to the end of the trail and then left the animals.

While here there was clear water in little deep cut arroyos, and much some of it of fair size. Birds were scarce, some of the usually common species, though I was rewarded by getting toucans

in little after tea a strong wind
the sarado came up from the south
making hunting difficult.

I returned at noon by a short
cut across the arroyo that took
me directly to camp.

The wind blew hard all afternoon
and evening.

April 6, Thursday.

Clear and windy this morning
with the wind from the south.

I had planned to go to arroyo
Corridor again but the horses did
not arrive so started down across
the Savanna toward the village. On
the way I met a boy with a horse
and a mule and as it was not
yet eight took them and rode over
to the Cerro Chico Zapote.

Then I was in slightly rolling country
with pastures, and melpas, on the
higher ground, and the depressions
filled with dense swampy forest.

Ticks were abundant in the
pastures and the damp month
swarmed with mosquitoes.
Pinolillos are tiny ticks that hang
in little balls in the grass and
come off on every passing animal.

In my trousers they look like little
patches of gray dust. The Sarado ticks
are extraordinarily active and travel
rapidly. In looking through the
grassy areas where animals
graze I keep watch and when I
see pinolillos on me I whip
them off with a little stick or
branch holding the trousers taut
meanwhile. All night I go over my
body carefully to pick off those
that have fastened.

It was extremely hot in the
sun today but birds were abundant
and I saw half fifteen. A
little after dawn as I was on
my way home the wind shifted
suddenly to the north and it became
cooler.

Mexican saddles are made of wood
& cheaper ones which I got on
the animals I have have no leather
upholstery. I sleep now all night
on a hard canvas cot and ride
each day on a harder saddle with
discomfort.

Stirling is laid up now with a bad attack of his.

It was cloudy in evening.

April 7, good Friday

A shower of rain fell during the night, and this morning the sky was covered with driving clouds coming with a wind from the north.

I rode out early to the Arroyo corridor and had good success although heavy rain came finally and drove every thing to cover. The drumming of the rain drops on the palm leaves in the mouth drums all the sound except the roar of the wind overhead. Under these circumstances birds become quiet and nothing moves.

A cicada had become common here in the last ten days that make a sound very similar to that of the seventeen year cicada. Ramon, who calls them Chicharon says that they come every year.

I worked through the mouth for some time and then as trees and limbs were falling moved out into old clearings known as caguales. About eleven thirty I started home. The light in the woods was especially

dull today. As I came back toward camp, Trulla Mountain was entirely covered with fog and rain. The wind blew strongly all the afternoon and I worked in wet and flannel shirt. Showers came at intervals but it did not rain heavily.

April 8, Saturday

Last night I slept under two blankets very comfortably and awoke with nothing to feel a strong north wind driving a mist of rain before it. The morning will take another day to pass.

The temperature remained around 70°. For most of the day with a strong wind from the north until late afternoon and occasional showers of rain. I chose this day to work over the smaller Savanna below camp, worked the adjacent pastures and malsas for some distance back toward the Arroyo corridor to make certain that I was not overlooking some species of birds that frequent these areas. The Indigo-crowned flycatcher in small flocks in the cornfields and the brown bird shot in a tract of mouth were two species new to the collection.

On this cold wet day ticks and
grindillos were not particularly bad
and the temperature was such that
I did not perspire excessively. On
days like this birds are very quiet.
All the month practically nothing
stirs and on the few birds
remained in the lee side of
little clumps of brush out of
the wind. With the exception of
the vultures and the huns I
now have specimens of most of
the birds that I have seen.

At night there was a bright
light from the village and the
jagging and noise of Duapango.

April 9, Easter Sunday.

Cloudy at dawn. The sky soon
cleared. By afternoon a south wind
was blowing and the northern
(monsters) was a thing of the past.

Mules came at about 7³⁰ and
Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Wiant, and
E. G. Cassidy left on their way home
shortly after night. The pealers
here use a curious hatch that
seems very effective.

I spent the day in working
over my notes, in writing a few

letters and in packing some specimens.
Mosquitoes very bad in the evening
so that we went to bed early.

April 10, Monday.

A clear, cool bright morning
with the air invigorating all day.
Every one was out early and shortly
after sun I was in the field. I had
ordered horses but they had not come
so I walked down across the savanna
where cloud swifts were flying thinking
that I would go over to the lagoon
but met the horses on the way
so took them and rode over to
Arroyo Corredor.

Almost at once I saw a pair of
macaw-larks and Ramon took the
animals a short distance away which
I shot them. Then we made another
stop where I secured a ladder-backed
woodpecker for which I have been
watching for some time.

We left the animals in the usual
place and walked down across the
fields into the woods. Birds were very
active and I returned at noon with
sixteen specimens.

Mango trees which were completely
bare when I arrived have now grown

most of their leaves and some
of the trees have made the change.
Today I saw a magnificent dam-
self near six inches long in the heavy
woods. Men were hunting tyones - apparent
kingbirds - in the woods below us
and as we did not know who they
were we returned. I had enough
specimens as it was so that I
was occupied for an hour after
supper in preparing them.
Pinolillos are less abundant than
two weeks ago but ticks swarm.
I had a dozen or fifteen on me this
evening.

April 11, Tuesday

A clear morning with moderate
wind. I walked over through the
village, took a turn around Laguna
del Tular and then followed the border
of the lagoon adjacent to the village,
returning through brushy pastures
to the corrales and from there
directly up to camp.

When I wrote yesterday that
pinolillos were less abundant I
should have said in some places
as I observed them in great

abundance today. Ramon had so many
that I sent him to take a bath and
clean up.

This time now marks the definite
beginning of the nesting season for
most small birds. As the majority
of those I have taken are approaching
breeding condition. I see little
birds carrying nesting material
constantly and today I noted three partly
finished nests of the large oriole
and two of the beard. Curiously
enough two male rehnings taken
had the sexual organs small.

It was very hot today so that
it was relief to return to camp for
a sponge bath. Today I secured
6 species not taken previously. There
is definite evidence of movement
among supposedly resident species
here.

The pale malatto tree still bars
of leaves produces a fine attraction
to birds. From one I secured two
pissos tails flycatchers, two fork-tailed
flycatchers, a brigiozites and two rehnings
in close succession.

Mail came this evening just

at dusk.

I spent half an hour collecting insects at the light after we had finished our letters.

April 17, Wednesday

Last night early I was awakened by mice gnawing and looked with my flashlight to see that they were not in my things. Sometime later I was awakened again by a grating sound and turned in my flashlight again for a minute or two to look in all parts of my room while I raised on my elbow under my mosquito net. Seeing nothing I dropped back again and went to sleep. This morning when I came out I found a pitcher wrapped in a towel standing on the ground near the porch and in the *bochga* blankets scattered on the floor. For the moment we thought that the noise I had heard had been a *Coatimundi* but later it developed that we had been visited by thieves who had stolen blankets and other articles stored yesterday in the waiter's house. Evidently they were in the *bochga* and were frightened away by my flashlight.

In the afternoon we had a visit from the entire town council, the representative of the army and the acting head of the girls, the president being away to investigate. They were a courteous group, all having been employed as workmen here on the archaeological project and very much concerned over the robbery, as this has been the only occurrence of the kind. For this to come at the close of the work was to them very unfortunate.

They made a list of the articles and their value, and asked if we wanted the articles if the thief were found or their value. We said the former. We then served a bottle of beer around and the group took their departure.

This evening Robo the camp dog who was absent last night returned, which may or may not be significant!

I rode over to the Arroyo Corral this morning and crossed through the entire forest area which

is smaller than I had expected. Beyond lies a great cagual, former fields and pasture now grown with rank growth known locally as Veracruz.

The wind changed to the north in the morning driving away the camp close air of the early hours so that the atmosphere though not was fresh and invigorating.

Because of the disturbance of the afternoon I worked until eight on my birds. Ramon came about that time to tell me that all the soldiers had been instructed to report at four the following morning and that he would send Innocent and his brother to go out with me in the morning. It is my understanding that the village is to be searched for the stolen articles!

This afternoon the authorities offered us an armed guard for the remainder of our stay and an armed escort to protect us to the Boca but I said that we were not afraid and that this was not necessary.

Corrido para informar
Los actos de este caso acontecido
En el Campo Colosal que dista
Como medio kilómetro de este
Poblado de Tres Zapotes
Perteneiente a la region
De los Tuxtlas, Veracruz.

1.
A todos en General
Escrito doy a saber
Lo que llegó acontecer
En el Campo Colosal.

2.
Sin haber quejas ningunas
A ordenes de la justicia
En nadie se veia pugna
Todos vivian sin malicia.

3.
Trabajando muy contentos
Cuando supó la cuadrilla
Que un ladron o una gavilla
Robaron el campamento.

4.
Cuando llegó un aguador
Que de la casa fue enviado
Nos contó que habian robado
A nuestro amo superior.

5.

La cuadrilla empadronada
Luego que supo algo mas
Dio cuenta a la autoridad
Y al cuerpo de gente armada.

6.

Al punto la Autoridad
Y el jefe de la guerrilla
Preguntó si era gavilla
O un solo autor nada mas.

7.

Se preguntó e esos Señores
Y declararon lo cierto
Que entra dormidos y despiertos
No vieron los malhechores.

8.

Nos causa pena el contar
El acto de esta imprudencia
Si vendría esta mala herencia
Enviada de otro lugar.

9.

Los hijos de este lugar
Haran investigaciones
Si en grupos o en reuniones
Algo se puede aclarar.

10.

Si callera el delincuente
O los complis que acompañan
El acto de esta campaña
Esta proivido estrictamente.

11.

No ha sido plata efectiva
El robo del campamento
Fué ropa interior de adentro
Y la mayor partes cobijas.

12.

Se les exigio por eso
Lista de lo que peridó
Y en el inventario sumó
Doscientos treinta y seis pesos.

13.

El gobierno del Estado
Y el jefe de operaciones
No apoyan a los ladrones
Y estos serán procurados.

14.

En fin amables señores
Antes de toman camino
Cuenten con los campesinos
Un grupo de servidores.

15.

Gente de buen corazón
Y de caracter civil
Nos apena con oír
Los actos de esta nacion.

16.

En fin para terminar
Voy a dar mis pormenores
Que les vaya bien Señores
Y vuelvan pronto al lugar.

17.

En el peso nada hay neto
Lamento por que se van
Y si vuelven encontraran
Nuestro cariño y respecto.

18.

Con nuestro buen corazon
Todos deseamos asi
Que sus viajes sean feliz
Y vuelvan a esta nacion.

19.

Cuenten con la voluntad
De este pueblo congregado
Venga sin ningun cuidado
Que a sus ordenes estan.

20.

Señores dispensaran
Por lo que este mal dictado
Yo no soy muy alcanzado
Ni mi ciencia muy capaz.

12 de abril 1939, Damaso Chagala

April 13, Wednesday.

Clear and cool this morning at dawn with the air pleasantly invigorating. Clouds formed early in the forenoon but a north wind later carried them away.

Ramon was called for military duty today so that I had my last day afire with his brother Amocencio who however was better than when I had him first time. He came early with the animals and shortly after seven I was mounted on the wooden Mexican saddle with its large round pommel, a type peculiar to the Veracruz area, and was riding down the savanna toward the village. I crossed the Arroyo at the lower ford and continued out the road toward Boca San Miguel for a short distance. This Camino Real the principal one around here seemed remarkably broad and open after the trails I have travelled for the past five weeks.

After a quarter of a mile I turned off to the left to ride over to the region called Para Madina. This trail

at first was nearly as wide as the one I had just left but after passing a few milpas and traversing a pasture area where cattle, horses and mules grazed, became suddenly a narrow horse path.

The land was divided between groves of trees among which stood Pin occasional tall Ceiba with its evenly balanced huge limbs and savanna. After riding about 45 minutes at a steady single foot we left the animals behind a grove and continued on a slightly down level where the land had been swampy but was now dry.

These open areas were grown with a tall grass that matted making dense cover. This led to the Arroyo Tepomaguasapan a small stream with extensive meadows of good size on either side. Beyond the savanna became more extensive and I came to one small shallow lake where a limpkin and some herons fed, and a blue-winged teal swam in the shallows.

The meadows had much palm scattered

scattered through it. The water in the stream was blackish and contained many minnows. The large shell Pomacea food of the limpkin and of the Everglade Kite was scattered all through here.

Birds abounded and I secured fifteen, including two not taken previously.

It was one o'clock before I reached camp but I finished my specimens by dark.

In the late afternoon a boy came to tell me that Damoso Chagala the local post and hog butcher and father of our servant Valeria had written a "recomienda" detailing the circumstances of the robbery and as I cleaned up for supper the old man brought it to me to read. It has a quaint suggestion of the quatrains of early European times. He wanted Mrs. Sterling to make a copy of it so that others could have it also which she did, and at the same time made a carbon for me.

The Arroyo Tepic-naguasapan flows below the Loma Chico Zapote when it has the same character as in the area around today. There I saw an otter swimming in it.

The region I visited this morning was remarkable in that beyond the pastures I saw and heard no people nor were there recent signs of human passage. The region impressed me as one that was very wild.

Ramon came in the evening to tell me that the military police had started out at four this morning and had covered a number of places as far as Procelencia and Saltillo to check up on arms permits, and had seized 10 pistols and a shot gun.

April 14, Thursday

A pleasant morning again and a fairly cool day.

In early morning I wrote notes and then began packing for departure, a process that continued all day until five in the afternoon.

After six weeks many rearrangements were necessary. I have three boxes of specimens packed and ready.

Various people came by to say adios and one small boy Eustacio Gallardo who has been errand runner in camp was persistent in asking for a regalo. His request was for a Serape to keep him warm in the time of rains but he seemed quite content with a Khaki handkerchief.

In late afternoon we said goodby to the servants but then it developed that some one was to come with a guitar to sing Damasco's poem in the stuff to us. We sat at sunset watching the light on the mountain and then Miguel came with word that the town people were coming out for a baile so we sent in for a cake of beer and a bottle of soft drink and some candy for refreshments, also for gasoline for the lamps as the supply we had left was supposed only to get us to bed.

The crowd came at nine, Picardo gutting with his guitar Maria Sacans our cook, Valente and Maria Chagas maid and second cook, Rafaela, a frequent visitor and half a dozen others who I did not know. At first Picardo

played and his niece, a pretty girl
of sixteen from San Juan sang, in
a pleasant high voice a variety of
songs that of sentimental nature.

Then suddenly more arrived
and with them ~~an~~ orchestra
(música) of a violin and two guitars.
Dancing began at once in the room.
We called this bodaga and then
all at once we had a huapango
orchestra also of a violin and a

guitar. With this we moved the orchestra
to the back porch leaving the
two others on the front porch and
from then on there was alternation
between bailes, ordinary dinner with
music from one and spirited huapango
on the front porch from the other. Some
of the girls danced both but
some preferred not to be asked to
dance singly.

The huapango was most intimate
to the Americans. The two musicians
sat facing one another across a
bench. And played in rapid and
perfect time continuing for ten minutes
or so. Some one then sang a

verse of four lines, often improvised,
wherein one or half a dozen more
would join in a response also
of four lines. The dancers, sometimes
two girls, sometimes a man and
a girl danced back the American
the girls holding the skirt between
themselves and fingers on either side
the man usually with the
elbows slightly crooked and the
hands hanging down at the sides.
The girls did a simple tread
but step with much emphasis
in the stamping with the body
about the waist nearly motionless.
The man showed more spirit
and threw the feet more making
much more noise. Some danced in
bare feet while some wore specially
thick solid shoes with which
they made much noise. After
one couple had danced which
the leader of another pair would
touch one of them when they
would give way allowing the
second couple to proceed.

Refreshments were served to the crowd seated on chairs and improved benches.

Finally, ~~Pedro~~ Ricardo read Damazo Chagala's poem on the robbery and the crowd began to say adios and desparas. I gave the Mapangos ^{riches} ~~riches~~ the ~~the~~ pesos to their great delight while the other orchestra was a contribution from Ricardo.

On the sack it was difficult to estimate but I believe there were between 75 and 100 people were present. Ramon proved to be an expert at the Mapangos.

It was 1:30 before we were in bed.

April 15 Saturday.

I was up this morning at a quarter of six and got my outfit together which the Indians procured with the closing of the camp. I adorned my last summer over six the mountain. We had bestowed little presents on the women yesterday but all were back again

this morning. I tell us good by. Arrangement I had been made with Ricardo Gutierrez to camp in the camp. And the stored equipment and at seven he arrived with sanitary. Pedro Cruz, ^{two dogs,} his wife and four little girls, Pedro riding a horse with a penon across his lap and his wife carried the oldest child carrying a bundle and a bag of two. They settled at once on the back porch. When the children began to play happily, and inside fifteen minutes a fire was burning beneath a ^{bottom of} pot of beans, and the señora was suckling the baby, all perfectly at home.

We were ready by eight but had time to sit and watch for half an hour before the animals arrived. The outfit was packed at once, my load requiring four mules with ~~carrotten~~ ^{carrotten} for me which and a horse for Ramon. At a quarter of nine we said adios

and were off. As we came
across the savanna I could
see a little ^{group} of people
who had come to salute a last
good by following the trail to
the village.

As we rode along toward
Boca we talked and I watched
the abundant birds. There is much
tall scrub in this section and
birds swarm. This area was
formerly a large hacienda with
the main house at Hueyapan
which we passed midway to
Boca. The house was built
here during the Revolution and
now is not occupied.

We reached Boca San Miguel
at eleven and began unloading
of the baggage. The launch which
was aboard the launch left
on its way to the National Museum
in Mexico City. We were here
for an hour for various reasons
giving time to look about at the
place and to watch the people.
A boy came by with a live
iguana caught for food which

was dressed in a highly ingenious
and somewhat startling manner.
The fore feet were brought up over
the back where the claws on the
longest toe in each was twisted
until was disjoined when the
tendon was drawn out half an inch.
One of the twisted claws was
then thrust through the tendon
of the opposite it and then
thrust through again holding
the feet about the back. With
the hind feet confined in the
same way the animal was absolutely
helpless. We bought turtles
here also. They were nearly
as big and thick as my
two hands made with fists com-
not quite hard. These were most
excellent in flavor for our lunch
later.

The river was low and men had
to go over board to push the launch
labouriously for two or three hundred
yards when we were off.
The return trip was the reverse of

inward journey. Corn was mature
in most of the fields, and a few
beans and squash growing between
the rows. Some places stands
of saw grass covered the river
bank like smoothly cropped
broad sloping meadows so even
was the growth.

For half way down the banks
were high with considerable
growth. Below they gradually
became lower until we could
see out over them. Water hyacinth
in abundant masses was in
full blossom, the flower being an
upright spike of many blue
clubs with a spot of yellow in one
petal. The plant is called pilota.
At Tres Zapotes the flowers
were called Mexicanos.

The air was pleasantly cool from
a breeze.

Half an hour from Tlacotalpan
the engine blew a gasket which
took three quarters of an hour to
replace. It improved the time by
stopping on the stern of the canoe.

TARJETA DE IDENTIFICACION

No. **19**

DEPARTAMENTO FORESTAL Y DE CAZA Y PESCA

SERVICIO DE CAZA.

EL Sr. Dr. Alexander Wetmore.

Director del Instituto Smithsonian

Colector Científico de este Depto.

Y SUYA LA FIRMA QUE APARECE AL REVERSO

México, D. F., 1 de Febrero de 1939

SECRETARIA DE AGRICULTURA Y FOMENTO

SERVICIO DE LA OFICINA DEL

SERVICIO DE CAZA.

JUAN ZINER.

Alexander Wetmore

ANVERSO

El portador de la presente se obliga a cumplir con todas las disposiciones y reglamentos de Caza vigentes.

to bathing trunks and getting a
swim. The water was almost
unpleasantly warm on top for three
or four inches but cool and
fresh to my skin below.

At Tlacotalpan we went to the
Hotel Cuanabaco. When old Jose
Silva and his cadaverous sister were
delighted to see us. After a needed
haircut - price 75 centavos - it
was luxury to have a shower and
to change clothes. Once in a
scotch nightgown preceding dinner
was luxury again. And unbounded
our meal of soup, cold fish
meat, ~~and~~ and beans.

We called afterward at Ricardo's
and took three of the children
to a play a drama by a local
company entitled *Dona Diabla* in
which Jim had its way for
four acts with the Dona shooting
the villain with a 22 pistol
(offstage) at the end. Then came
a comedy and at about twelve

I was in bed. She can hear
this afternoon was fresh and
cool and they were full of
mosquitoes. I was sorry that
we did not have more string
and can recommend the place
for a visit from April 10 to the
end of May - but not at other
seasons as it is too wet.

April 16, Sunday

We were out early and
left at 9¹⁵ on the launch for
Alvarado. There little stools
were provided for us in front of
the wheel house and it was
a delight to sit here in the fresh
breeze blowing in from the ocean
and to watch the shore with
the scattered houses, the stock and
the palms. At eleven we were in
Alvarado where there was the
usual loud importunate talk from
porters which we settled by leaving
everything in good with Ramon
and Miguel Baltazar in guard.
Later in the village we made a

reasonable arrangement for portage.
When I came to get tickets and
to check the baggage master moved
very slowly and insisted to question
everything. Seeing what was wanted
I made a proper arrangement
with a tip of ~~10~~ a peso and a
half and the matters went more
smoothly.

Here I made a friend to Ramon
of a pair of short long his hair
the thick-skinned kind used in the
mapango so that now he can
shave. He left me here on his
return.

We were off at 1⁴⁵ p.m. in
the "auto-wagon" a two car
train driven by a gas engine,
crowded and noisy. It was
relief at 4¹⁵ to reach Vera Cruz.
Here we registered at the
Hotel Seminal.

Dinner in the restaurant of
the Hotel Diligencia where we sat at
a table just inside looking out on the

walk and the plaza seemed most luxurious. Some friend of Miguel's, quite drunk, came over and set down his ordered a beer - for which I paid.

Water was ~~very~~ ^{very} scarce of our water we rode out on the street car to Villa del Mar on the beach where there was an enormous pavilion and a walk beach it. With an orchestra at either end playing alternately dancing was almost continuous, and the crowd was huge - almost as Coney Island.

April 17, Monday.

Our train for Mexico City left this morning at 6:50. The ride was comfortable as the Pullman was not crowded. Here we said goodbye to Miguel Baltasar leaving him on the platform looking rather forlorn. His last question was to know where he would find the train for Alvarado so I suppose that it will not be long before he returns.

From the standpoint of comfort the return journey was better than when I came down as we crossed

the hot lowlands during the cool morning period. As this is the dry season the distant landscape was entirely hidden in a haze of smoke from grass fires and dust so that only what was near at hand could I see the mountains clearly. Only the base of Orizaba was visible but I had a very satisfactory view of Malinche.

On the second level, the August above the true coastal plain, crops were being harvested and ground prepared for harvest again. On the escarpment of the plateau near the higher edge oaks were shedding and renewing their leaves.

On the plateau itself barley was maturing and other dry farming planting was visible but the area still looked very gray and brown. A shower in evening however was promise of the rains to come.

At Apisaca I bought a Blascala blanket for 20 pesos and

very handsome woven bags.

At Mexico City, the Weidts met the train and we registered at the Hotel Guardiola. The evening was devoted to much talk over the events of the past week.

April 18, Tuesday

My night was restless due to a soft mattress whereas I am now accustomed to a hard cot, and the morning air seemed cold. A shampoo, a shave and soaking in a hot shower with plenty of soap made me clean again.

This morning I called on Mr. Ybarra, export agent for Wells Fargo and Co., to make arrangements for shipping three boxes of specimens. Then made a pullman reservation and waited a half hour or so to some purchases.

Following this I called on Juan Zúñiga Jefe de Servicio de Casa at 145 Calle Edison to thank him for his help and to get export permits for my

the three boxes of specimens.

Went then to the Embassy where I saw Mr. Pierre Boale, Counselor, and to the Consulate where I left a card for Mr. Stewart, Consul General as he was out.

Wrote a bit in the afternoon and shipped my boxes. Also made a few more purchases in 2 bottles of Tequila Almendrada.

Rain came heavily in the late afternoon.

We had a rum punch in the lady Baltimore restaurant, next door to the hotel, and then dinner at Sambilis. Afterward we saw the film Katia made in France in a huge motion picture house, the Alameda - seats 1⁵⁰. The main theatre had a representation of the night sky with stars overhead and filmy clouds moving across it. The film was an interesting experience as the actors spoke in French and there were subtitles in Spanish.

April 19, Wednesday.

Cooler this morning.

At nine we saw Weiant's motion pictures made at camp at Calpini following which I went to the Natural History Museum in the Calle de las Estaciones. Here there was a large structure of cement with a high, steel supported roof with one great room devoted to exhibition. The construction reminded me of the concourse in one of our large railroad stations.

The collection of mounted birds was extensive and contained many species from Europe with some from Australia. I was shown around by Pablo Roveglio one of the preparators. They have an only mounted specimen of Whooping crane, labelled "Mexico".

At eleven I returned to the hotel to meet Juan Zuercher with whom I talked for nearly an hour and a half.

Stirling gave a luncheon this noon at Paolo's restaurant for Dr. Alfonso Caso, who is ~~head~~ of the National Museum now, his assistant Dr. Marquina with Weiant and a friend. The talk naturally centered on the archaeological work at Tres Zapotes - we were occupied at this from a hotel 4. Following this I visited the Instituto Biologica, in the Casa del Lago, in Chapultepec to meet Dr. Isaac Ochotorena. The drive out along the Avenida Juarez was beautiful and the gardens at Chapultepec lovely. I entered a gate and walked up amid flowers and lawns to the ~~instituto~~, or large old house and was conducted into a waiting room by a young lady and presently Dr. Ochotorena appeared, a tall, broad shouldered man in middle age and active with keen alert eyes and a lined sensitive face. He conducted me through the laboratory, first to the herbaria where there is an excellent collection of 45,000 specimens including much old material. Then to the entomological section in charge of an elderly gentleman assisted by two pretty daughters, the curator being a

correspondent of Echans.

Then into Cibola's laboratory for medical parasitological research and then to a room where Rafael Martin del Campo a young man was arranging the collection of bird skins. Apparently miscellaneous lots of birds that have been stored in the National Museum have now come over here and are being classified. The collection is much varied and is not large but apparently there is interest now in adding to it.

The National Museum is now given over to archeology. The Museo de Historia Natural and the Instituto de Biología are administering together as a separate organization.

The place was clean and orderly and showed excellent and efficient management.

For a farewell the Stirlings took me to the Cucaracha bar and then I entertained the Stirlings and Mrs. Weiant for dinner at the Restaurant Prendis, a very good meal.

This gave just time to get a taxi and get my train which left on the Ferrocarriles Nacionales at 8²⁰ p.m.

April 20 Thursday.

I embarked this morning as we came down the broad, fertile valley leading to San Luis Potosí. Trees now were all in full leaf. Leaving here we crossed a broad open plain with mountains in the distance and then came in to hills again. The entire stretch of northern Mexico is arid.

Saltillo seemed a prosperous city and beyond were beautiful mountain views. Much of this country would make interesting collecting and I saw many birds from the train.

About 9³⁰ in the evening in Monterrey I changed my few remaining pesos to dollars at the rate of nineteen cents each.

April 21, Friday.

We passed the border at Nacero barely during the night and had customs inspection this morning en route to San Antonio.

Immigration camp in San Antonio

Trees are now in full leaf
here as far north as Long View Texas,
Kingbirds and scissor-tailed flycatchers
on the pines and chimney swifts flying
overhead. Thousands of mourning
doves spread through the field.

April 22, Saturday.

I awakened this morning in a hilly
section in southern Missouri with the
leaves trees bare of leaves and fruit on the
ground. We came gradually to lower
elevations with willows in leaf and
red bud in blossom. The Mississippi River
was a high flood stage with the
waters receding. Crows flew over the
water or rested on floating logs in
the stream.

Around St. Louis at 8:40 and
left on the B. & O. at 9:30 a.m.

DEPARTAMENTO FORESTAL
Y DE
CAZA Y PESCA

DEPENDENCIA.....	SERVICIO DE CAZA.
SECCION.....	
MESA.....	PERMISOS
NUMERO DEL OFICIO.....	
EXPEDIENTE.....	
*2-In.	

Asunto:
CREDENCIAL PARA COLECTOR CIENTIFICA No. 19.

De acuerdo con el Art. 7o. de la Tarifa de Caza en vigor, este Depto., autoriza al Sr. Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Director del Instituto Smithsonian de - Washington, D. C., cuya fotografía se halla adherida al margen, para dedicarse durante el presente año, a recolectar toda clase de animales de caza que - no se encuentren vedados y los que serán destinados para estudios científicos.

El Sr. Dr. Wetmore, en correspondencia a la credencial que se le expide, - cooperará como Colector Científico con el Instituto de Investigación Forestal y de Caza y Pesca dependiente de este Depto., el que, cuando lo considere oportuno le pedirá las informaciones y material que le sea necesario, debiendo -- además sujetarse a las siguientes obligaciones:

I. Colectará como máximo tres ejemplares de cada especie, de los cuales -- uno será destinado para el Museo Científico de Caza y Pesca y los restantes - para el objeto de sus estudios.

II. Cuando desee capturar alguna especie que se encuentre vedada, deberá -- recabar un permiso especial de este Depto., quedando a juicio del mismo su -- otorgamiento.

III. Mensualmente y dentro de los primeros 5 días de cada mes, deberá enviar al Depto. Forestal y de Caza y Pesca una lista pormenorizada de las especies-colectadas dentro del mes anterior, anotando localidad, fecha de recolección-y demás datos que pueda aportar para mayor ilustración, enviando además un -- tanto de los estudios que formule como resultado de sus estudios.

IV. Cooperará para la vigilancia en el Ramo de Caza, evitando toda clase de infracciones a las disposiciones respectivas, debiendo procurar ilustrar a -- los cazadores para que respeten dichas disposiciones y dando cuenta al Depto. en su informe mensual de las irregularidades que sorprenda dentro de la práctica de sus estudios.

Queda entendido el interesado que la falta de cumplimiento a las cláusulas anteriores, es causa para que se cancele la presente credencial y dará motivo para la imposición de las sanciones administrativas que correspondan.

Por lo tanto se recomienda a los empleados de este Departamento y autoridades civiles y militares, presten al interesado todas las facilidades compatibles con las disposiciones que sobre el Ramo rigen en el país.

México, D. F., a 16 de enero de 1939.
EL JEFE DEL SERV. DE CAZA.

Juan Zinser
JUAN ZINSER.

JZ.CLA.

ZONA MILITAR
CUARTEL GENERAL

DEPENDENCIA	
SECCION	segunda.-
MESA	segunda.-
NUMERO DEL OFICIO	
EXPEDIENTE	

ASUNTO :-

A QUIEN CORRESPONDA.

Esta Comandancia de Zona concede autorización al portador del presente Sr. Dr. ALEXANDER EFFORE, Director del Museo Nacional de los Estados Unidos del Norte, para que pueda portar sus armas a efecto de dedicarse a recolectar animales de caza, los que dedicará para estudios científicos.

Por tal motivo se recomienda a las Autoridades Civiles y se ordena a las Militares se le den toda clase de facilidades para el uso del presente permiso.

COMANDO EN JEFE. NO REELECCION.
H. Veracruz, Ver. Marzo 4 de 1939.
P. del Gral. de Div. Comate. de la Zona.
EL GRAL. DE BRIGADA JEF. DEL EDO. MAYOR.

MIGUEL TORRES S.

DEPARTAMENTO FORESTAL
Y DE
CAZA Y PESCA

DEPENDENCIA.....	SERVICIO DE CAZA.
SECCION.....	JEFE.
MESA	
NUMERO DEL OFICIO.....	8791
EXPEDIENTE.....	42/29
42-IN.	

Asunto: Para que se sirva ordenar se den facilidades al Sr. Dr. Alexanjer Wetmore.

México, D. F., a 28 de febrero de 1939.

AL C. GRAL. DE DIV. ALEJANDRO MANGE.
COMANDANTE DE LA 26a. ZONA MILITAR EN
VERACRUZ, Ver.

Atentamente me permito suplicar a usted se sirva girar las órdenes correspondientes, a efecto de que se proporcionen toda clase de facilidades al Sr. Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Director del Museo Nacional de los Estados Unidos del Norte, que se dirige a ese Estado con el objeto de dedicarse a recolectar animales de caza, los que destinará para estudios científicos, en los cuales se encuentra interesado este propio Departamento

El Sr. Dr. Wetmore, porta armas apropiadas para recolectar aves.

Al dar a usted las gracias por la atención que se sirva prestar a este asunto, le reitero las seguridades de mi consideración muy atenta.

SUFRAGIO EFECTIVO. NO REELECCION.

EL JEFE DEL DEPARTAMENTO.

M. A. de Quevedo
ING. MIGUEL A. DE QUEVEDO.

Veracruz, 1939

any shells	#12	600	not used	90
" "	#10	50	48	
16 g.	#6	50	25	
"	#8	75	20	
"	#10	50	0	
"	#12	100	25	
"	#2	25	22	

450 birds.

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[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]

Quiraca

Des Zapotico, Veracruz, March 21, 1939. Taken
in the weeds of an old milpa.

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"	15	110	
"	10	20	
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10 9.	8	20	
" "	10	20	
one 2475	10	20	
one 2475	10	20	

1940.

October 3, Thursday

Left Washington 1⁰⁰ P.m.
via Pennsylvania and arrived
New York 4⁴⁵ P.m. Registered at
Holt Lexington. Dinner and in
bed early.

October 4, Friday

Shopping and errand until mid
afternoon. When I went out to the
American Museum of Natural History
where I saw Dr. Chapman, Zinner,
Robert Moore, and Chapin. Chapin
walked over to the Explorers Club
with me. When I talked with
Josiah Hunter, the Chief of Clan
Fearghus, and Dr. Nathaniel Wolf
recently from Mexico City, who
knows Tlacotalpan and Tres
Zapotecas.

Returned to the hotel at 7³⁰
for dinner, read a bit and then
turned in.

October 5, Saturday

Completed my packing and checked out
to the hotel. About a quarter of ten.
The taxi cut across to the through
highway and the was down at just 9
at the foot of Rector Street in a relatively
short time.

Here Passengers were making in at a
door which baggage moved through
another. I checked in with a
baggage clerk and then was taken up
an elevator into a comfortable waiting
room to check my tickets. Then a
Steward took me aboard ship down
a long enclosed passage entirely
shut off from the open deck. Here
on board I found my baggage, all
very efficient. United Fruit line S.S. Jamaica.

A huge crowd of visitors through
restricted was large. We were
away from the deck at a few minutes
after twelve and went out onto a
smooth sea. Rather cold so that
sweater and overcoat were comfortable.

October 6, Sunday

Warmer with a smooth sea. The
immature Herring gull about the

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
GREAT WHITE FLEET

T. S. S. "JAMAICA"

CAPTAIN K. BAUER

SAILING FROM NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1940

PORTS OF CALL:

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE

PORT LIMON, COSTA RICA

PUERTO BARRIOS, GUATEMALA

HAVANA, CUBA

LISTENERS

New York to Cristobal, Canal Zone

DU PRE, Mr. John	McCLELLANVILLE, S.C.
MASTERTON, Mrs. Dorothy	PATERSON, N.J.
MILLER, Mr. Harwood	BALTIMORE, MD.
MOKSVOLD, Mr. Norvald	BROOKLYN, N.Y.
NORRIS, Mr. John	WESTMINSTER, MD.
PARK, Mr. Robert	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
PESSOLANO, Mr. Anthony	WILMINGTON, DEL.
PUSTILNICK, Mr. Luis	PANAMA CITY, R.P.
REKSTEN, Mr. Oscar	LYNCHBURG, VA.
SELLS, Mr. Earle	WASHINGTON, D.C.
WARMOLTS, Lt. & Mrs. Irving	COCO SOLA, C.Z.
WARMOLTS, Miss June	"
WARMOLTS, Miss Jeanette	"
WARMOLTS, Master John	"

New York to Port Limon, Costa Rica

ARIAS, Mr. Francisco	SAN JOSE, C.R.
BARNETT, Mrs. Elizabeth	"
BARZUNA, Mr. Jose	"
BROWN, Mr. Robert	WASHINGTON, D.C.
CABANACH, Mrs. Rosa	SAN JOSE, C.R.
CABANACH, Mr. Luis	"
DIAZ, Mr. Evenor	"
ESQUIVEL, Mr. & Mrs. Rodolfo	"
HATCH, Mr. Fletcher	WEST NEWTON, MASS.
KIRKLAND, Mr. & Mrs. G. & Infant, Geo.	GOLFITO, C.R.
LINDO, Mr. & Mrs. Cecil	SAN JOSE, C. R.
METCALF, Mr. & Mrs. Robert	NEW YORK, N.Y.
PENA, Mr. Julio	SAN JOSE, C.R.
REDMOND, Mr. Kenneth	GLEN RIDGE, N.J.
RODRIGUEZ, Mr. Jose	SAN JOSE, C.R.
ROWE, Mr. Hartley	NEWTON CENTER, MASS.
VARGAS, Dr. Francisco	SAN JOSE, C.R.
WETMORE, Dr. Alexander	WASHINGTON, D.C.
WILKIE, Miss Elsie	NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

New York to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala

ARENAS, Mr. Carlos	TIQUISATE, GUAT.
CERVANTES, Mr. Rafael	GUATEMALA CITY, GUAT.
CORR, Miss May	NEW YORK, N.Y.
DURAN, Mr. Miguel	TIQUISATE, GUAT.
FEARY, Miss Mary	NEW YORK, N.Y.
GONZALEZ, Mr. Victor	PTO. BARRIOS, GUAT.
THOMES, Mr. & Mrs. Russell	DARIEN, CONN.

New York to Havana, Cuba

TAYLOR, Mr. John	BOSTON, MASS.
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CRUISE PASSENGERS

de BELLEFEUILLE, Miss Isabelle	WORCESTER, MASS.
BOLTON, Mr. & Mrs. David	BROOKLYN, N.Y.
BOULEY, Miss Ghislaine	LEOMINSTER, MASS.
CARQUE, Miss Anne	NEW YORK, N.Y.
COLLIER, Miss Harriott	NEW YORK, N. Y.
COLLINS, Mr. & Mrs. Russell	DALTON, PA.
EBSEN, Miss Annette	MONTCLAIR, N.J.
EGGINSON, Mr. & Mrs. Clyde	KEYPORT, N.J.
PREMBERG, Mrs. Olive	NORTH GIRARD, PA.
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GRAY, Miss Arvilla	NEW YORK, N.Y.
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McBRIER, Mr. Harvey	NORTH GIRARD, PA.
NAGLE, Mr. Michael	RIDGEWOOD, N.J.
NAGLE, Miss Dorothea	"
ONKEN, Mr. Frank	BALTIMORE, MD.
PADRONAGGIO, Mr. Joseph	NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARKE, Mr. & Mrs. Albert	POMPTON PLAINS, N.J.
PARKER, Miss Charlotte	NYACK, N.Y.
PETERSON, Mr. & Mrs. Erick	FOREST HILLS, N.Y.
PUGH, Mr. Nicholas	BROOKLYN, N.Y.
RUST, Mr. & Mrs. Paul	BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
SIMS, Miss Grace	EAST ORANGE, N.J.
STANLEY, Mr. & Mrs. George	LAKEWOOD, OHIO
THORNTON, Mr. William	MILTON, MASS.
WALSH, Mr. & Mrs. James	BROOKLYN, N.Y.
WEARE, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas	BRIGHTON HEIGHTS, N.Y.
WHEELER, Miss Frances	ALBANY, N.Y.
WRIGHT, Miss Patricia	WOODHAVEN, N.Y.

* *

ships. Made the acquaintance of
Mr. Victor Yargas today who lives in Guanacaste
and who knew of my coming through
Juvencio Valerio.

October 7, Monday.

Another beautiful day with enough
wind to cut the humidity and a
calm sea. Excellent food and a very
pleasant group of companions.

This day I devoted to sunbathing
morning and afternoon, with a dip in
the pool on deck. Water temperature about
80°.

October 8, Tuesday.

As I came out of my stateroom this
morning I looked with surprise to
see the eastern end of Cuba in the
distance and after breakfast sat and
watched the shore with glasses. Low
mountains lay inland. With the ship
out far enough at first so that the
actual shore was hidden below the water.
Near the center was a strip of coral
flat topped mesa. Beyond this we came

closer in so that I could make out details on the rock escarpments. That at one place lay in three distinct levels, the old shore, lines with the island mountain tops beyond hidden in mist.

There was considerable forest on the slope with open slopes back of the beach, now light green from the rains. Toward the north I saw only one house but south of the center there were several. Finally we passed a tall light house with a wrecked fragment on the shore nearby. Adjacent was a little town with old wooden houses built near the shore. At the village I made out that which seemed to be the mouth of a little stream, bordered by red mangroves. On the slopes above were the buildings of one or two fincas standing in corn fields, and sugar cane. A tall slender small leaved palm stood in the crest of the ridge (resembling *Acacia*.) As stated above the higher slopes

seemed well wooded and the whole suggested good bird country. The gash of a trail leading down to the village showed across the steep firth of the escarpment midway in the ascending slope. To the south a long line of trail was evident leading down to another settlement which was lost in rain before we came near enough in rounding the point to make out its details.

Here in rounding Cape Maisi I noted several waders and sooty terns fishing in company, and an osprey identified easily as *Carolinensis* by the dark streak on the side of its head crested near the ship. I heard one warbler struggling against the wind - would but it dropped astern without coming near enough to be identified.

One afternoon, late, I was delighted to have a good view of the end of the Southern peninsula of Haiti.

especially since the north section
had been barely visible through clouds.
As we came nearer to my delight
the clouds parted for a few
minutes giving us a brilliant
view of the blue bulk of Morne
la Motte and arousing many names.

The view of Cape Maitland was
the best I have ever had as the
sun was hidden giving good light
behind me.

As we left Haiti behind four
red-footed boobies passed us flying
low over the water headed for distant
Navassa somewhere ahead but
out of sight.

We ~~had~~ had much rain
during afternoon and evening.
October 9, Wednesday.

Sun alternated with showers
again this day so that sun
bathing was again in order.
October 10, Thursday

We came in slowly over a
smooth sea this morning to dock
at Cristobal about nine. The pleasure

lay at anchor near the breakwater
and after stopping for quarantine
the ship moved slowly and not
in a direct course through what were
said to be minefields. An Italian
liner lying at anchor at one side
interested here was another indication
of war.

I went off the ship at once
and took a taxi to the Washington
Hotel where I found Dr. James Feltch.
We talked for an hour in the hotel
veranda looking out toward the bay
with a steady procession of
sea planes roaring over head. In
fact today I saw at least twenty
planes for every turkey buzzard.

At eleven we drove to the
railroad station the drive taking us
past a long boulevard where hundreds
of families were living in tents
refugees from a fire that had destroyed
large sections where poorer people lived.
Some rebuilding was going on but
even many blocks nothing was
being done.

In the train Dr. Zittel introduced
me to ~~various~~ people, Mr. Christian
and Captain ~~head~~ of the
zone ~~join~~ among others.

As we moved along parallel
to the canal it was easy for the
eye of the naturalist to pick out
the probably fortified points as they
comprised the higher hill points
and were cleared and in grass.
I was told that as each ship comes
in to the canal she is searched
and then a government crew of
enlisted men is put aboard who take
entire handling of the ship during
the passage. Nothing may be taken
on board.

At Gatun I passed ~~the~~ ~~crossing~~
passengers from the ship on a special
train. Through special arrangement
the train stopped at Frijoles to
let us off and we walked out
across some ties lying in swampy
land to a roofed landing where
Chiché the attendant from the
island had a launch. We were
soon out in Gatun Lake headed for

Barro Colorado Island. The laboratory
buildings look out toward the canal,
and in fact may be seen from
the railroad just before reaching
Frijoles.

The channel across was marked
by 5 gallon oil cans stuck in stakes.
Outside these were the stumps
and dead trees standing in the
water remaining from the forest that
formerly covered the valley.

At the island we climbed
slowly up the long series of cement
block steps that led to the
laboratory buildings over green slopes
of a small clearing at the
head of a bay. Forest clothed the
slopes on either hand.

The principal building is two
stories high, the first floor open except
for screens with cement floor, laboratory
tables and apparatus are ranged
about with shower baths and
toilets at one side. The dining table
stands at the end nearest the kitchen

Above are sleeping quarters and other facilities.

The kitchen stands behind with two smaller buildings near it. One of these is a new cement block office building of two rooms for Zetek with a third room building nearby for the small library and for collections of plants, heads of reptiles, a few bird skins and so on. All was in good order. There are four smaller structures nearby even for living quarters also - each one with running water.

We had an excellent lunch, well cooked and then rested for a bit. Following this Zetek showed me the terrate experiments where treated blocks of wood are set in the earth. #6 treated by Bentsch is the oldest and except for a little rot due to $1\frac{1}{2}$ years in the earth was in excellent condition. Each block had a metal number tacked on.

Following lunch I went out with Sylvester for a brief two hours in the forest. We climbed up ~~and~~ an excellent trail with trees rising high above us and fern undergrowth below. It was a delight to move silently through the damp, dark growth with strange bird notes or the growling roar of howler monkey breaking the silence. The spot is truly ideal for the field biologist.

Last night 3.6 inches of rain fell but here there were no showers today. Then spite of the rain the trails were hard and there was little mud.

The terrain of the island is rolling but the trails led easily over the slopes. I was told that the higher forest lay farther inland.

Returning to the island I looked over the library and the scheme of notes and collections. At five Chichi took me in the launch back to Frijoles. Swallows rested on the channel markers, cormorants perched in tall dead trees standing in the water. At Frijoles I had a few minutes

wait during which I watched the
numerous swallows hawking in the
evening light and listened to the musical
song of a wren.

At 6:30 I was in Colon and
went at once to the ship.

In the evening I was ashore for a
time to make a few purchases and
then returned to the dock.

In the morning I saw a
flock of 50 or 60 large white birds
in casual flock formation fly
across the bay. Apparently had
black tipped wings. For a minute
I thought they were gulls but
more probably they were wood
ibis.

October 11, Friday

Sky overcast this morning and
air humid. I went over town
for a brief period and then walked
around the huge dock looking
at the orderly piles of freight. Balsam
wood planks for New York, solid &
substantial in appearance but light
in weight, square folded beds for New York

and so on.

Unloading began this morning
and a little after twelve we were
under way in a light rain squall.
We ran out of sight of land
with showers all the afternoon.
We came in to the dock at Puerto
Limón, Costa Rica at midnight and
immediately had the inspection for
quarantine and immigration.
Mr. Aubrey Welch, American
Vice-Consul came aboard and
Coronel Tostoresi, Comandante de
la Plaza, a fine looking man
who greeted me ceremoniously in the
name of his government.

The immigration inspector
treated me most courteously and
later when his duties were ended we
sat until 1:30 talking.

Fortunately my stateroom was
on the outside so that when I
did get to bed after finishing my
packing about 2 a.m. I was able
to sleep.

October 12, Saturday.

I was out this morning at seven
had breakfast and then I saw
Dr. Juvenal Valero ^{Boqueron} Director of the
Museo Nacional in San Jose on the
dock. We talked until after eight
when my baggage went off and
was placed immediately in the
train.

Following this Dr. Valerio and I
walked out through the pleasant
town of Limon inspecting the huge
fig trees in the plaza and
walking out along the shore. The
sun was hot but a breeze
was a saving feature. The town
was pleasantly well situated on
level land with good clean streets.

After we left in a special
train to which was attached the
President's special private car for
the Venezuelan minister Sr. Briceño
^{family} Mr. Robert Brown, secretary of the American
Legation and myself. Baggage was
passed free without examination.
The road passed out near the

sea where I could see the delta
de Uras where Columbus had landed
a small rocky island on which
there is said to be a spring of
water. The land here is high enough
near the shore so that it is swampy
only at the borders of the streams.
For a considerable distance ~~we~~
we passed through a ~~beautiful~~
palma forest a beautiful site
and then came out on land that
was cleared and cultivated in little
farms.

Beyond here again the road
climbed for a time along the Rio
Reventazon ~~although~~ the tropical
zone and then entered an
intermediate area that looked as
though it would be excellent country
for work. We stopped at
Biquieres for lunch and then
continued along the beautiful
mountain valley with steep
hills rising on either side.
On the lowlands the country

people were largely negroes but
at Turrialba this race reaches its
limit by land and beyond only whites
are found. Here then began not
only the mountain zone but the
zone of the white race.

In this upland country there
was denser settlement and much
of the land had been cleared so
that it was now in pasture and
farmlands with extensive areas of
coffee. Towns were more numerous
and were larger.

We came at Tur to the station
in San José where I was met
to my great pleasure by Doña Amparo
de Zuleta and Modesto Martínez. Also
here I met Mr. Tom Harrington.
After a few minutes of talk I
continued to the Popo Hotel de
Costa Rica where as a guest of the
Government I was given a suite
of two large rooms. Modesto and
Dr. Valerio left me here and I
proceeded with the usual after
journey tasks of laundry, clothes and
a bath.

At eight Dr. Valerio and Mr.
C. F. Underwood met me in the
lobby and took me to a meeting
of the Sociedad de Geografía y
Historia de Costa Rica held to celebrate
El Día de la Raza - Columbus Day.
This was held in a large and ornate
room magnificently decorated in the Teatro
National across from the hotel.
The first speaker in English graphic
language told the story of Columbus
and his first voyage of discovery.
Then came a stirring poem
dedicated to Spain followed by
other addresses. It was closed
before we came away.
I met ^{Licenciado don Luis Demetrio} ^{Libero, Ministro}
of Education and also saw
Dr. ^{Paulino de la} Borrell of Mexico City. It
was a great pleasure to me to
meet Don Anastasio Alfaro
now over eighty but with
clear active mind though
somewhat frail in body.

October 13 Sunday

I slept until eight this morning and felt much refreshed. The day was clear and bright.

Dr. Valerio came for me about ten and took me down into the Zoological Garden in the Parque Bolívar. We walked out a few blocks from the hotel to the edge of a low bluff overlooking the stream and then descended winding steps into the garden located on level ground beside the stream. The bluff 80 feet high and the trees make a great shade. There was a large enclosure for deer and smaller ones for jaguar, monkeys and other animals. I saw flying cages housed birds. Among the latter I was especially interested to see Dendrocygna (a pair) walking about on the earthen floor of an aviary with as little concern as Valley quail under similar circumstances.

There was a small aquarium and a pool for turtles. The collection is to be confined to the fauna of Costa Rica - A sensible decision.

Following this we walked over to the Museum located in an antiquated building in the central part of town. The archaeological collection is most excellent both in pottery and stone and contains ceremonial metates and others that I have never seen duplicated. There were also some wonderful pieces of gold in peculiar ornaments. The mounted birds and mammals were mainly old. Some by Cherrie and Underwood. The effect of fading from light is far more evident here than with us in Washington. I saw birds such as Pharomachus with the ornamental plumes completely devoid of color. This material will largely need to be replaced.

There were exhibiting of mounted hunts in connection with woods. The study series of birds was contained in wooden cases with sliding

trays. There seemed to be good series
of common ~~birds~~ rare birds - e.g. I
noted a trayful of *Zelodonta coronata*.
The bulk of this material was taken
by Juan Cooper, Carmiol, Underwood and
Cherrie. I find in fair shape though
many lacked complete data and
were poorly made. There were extensive
series of pottery & other artifacts and
of plants.

I also saw a fragmentary skeleton
of a ground sloth that was of
much interest and series of fossil
shells from near Lumin.

In the afternoon Don Anastasio
Alfaro came with his son-in-law
to present to me three volumes of his
collected writing ranging from poetry
and stories to natural history and to take
me for a drive to the airport, a
new construction at the edge of
town in what is known as the
Savanna, a natural prairie. The
building itself was decorated with
paintings and carved beams. The

CLUB UNION

Se conceden todos los privilegios de Socio Transeunte durante
un mes al Señor Doctor Alexander Wetmore
presentado por el socio

Sr. don Modesto Martínez

San José, C. R., 14 de Octubre de 1940.

[Signature]

PRESIDENTE

[Signature]

SECRETARIO

Esta tarjeta es estrictamente personal, y no da derecho a llevar visitantes al Club.
Deberá presentarse cuando fuere solicitada por los directores o empleados.

home of Doña Amparo^d Zebidin lies
directly across from it,
later we drove out to a suburb
and then returned. It was most
interesting to me to discuss with
Don Anastasio his early work, his
stay in the United States and his
contacts with early naturalists.

In the evening Robert Brown
Secretary to the Legation took me to call
on the American Minister Mr.
Hornbrook in his home.

Returning for dinner later we walked
out to the main plaza where the
Sunday evening parade was in progress,
a double or quadruple row of girls
and other women with occasional
novios or other privileged men strolling
counter clockwise and inside an
equally continuous procession of men
(no women) moving clockwise.

October 14, Monday.

At nine this morning Don Juvenal
Valerio made a formal call with
three members of his staff in charge

Of the sections of Zoology, Archaeology,
Botany and so on. C. F. Underwood
was with them though I learned
later that he came on his own and
that he has no connection with the
Museum.

Underwood must be nearly
80 but seems active and vigorous.

At eleven I went out to the
Museum to talk further of plans. Dr.
Veleris will go with me and will be
one of his men from the museum with
me. He is inclined to wish to
work in the lower part of Guanacaste
near Bagaces and Beltrano. When they
are extensive estates and Haciendas and
this section has been well covered. We
looked over the map and then left the
matter counted later.

At two this afternoon I called
with Veleris on Sr. Tinoco,
Minister de Departamento de Educacion
and had a pleasant visit with him.
He is a young man, quiet, and
seems very efficient. He is much
interested in a new building for the
Museum.

From here we returned to the hotel
where I got a taxi and we drove
out to the ~~former~~ President's palace
where we were ushered into a
small waiting room painted in dull
yellow and brown. After some
waiting I saw the President's Secretary
called for a few minutes and then
left my card for the President. We
went next to the Ministerio de
Relaciones Exteriores and then met
the minister just leaving. He
requested me to return at ten
tomorrow.

On town we met Mrs. Langkuster
and son John on the street and
went with them to the office of Modesto
Martinez where I found C. H. Langkuster.
Modesto had a telegram from Mr.
Wilson from he Mojica telling him that
the lower Guanacaste region was too
wet & too full of mosquitoes at this
season so that it was settled
immediately that I would go to
Liberia as originally intended.
I had a very pleasant conversation

With Mr. Lankester, a man widely
informed on everything pertaining to
the Natural History of the country.

At a little after five Modeste
Martinez took me to the home of
Mr. Tom Harrington in a suburb.

Mr. Harrington, brother-in-law of John
& Coling Carter had arranged a
cocktail party in my honor and
I spent all very pleasant hours and
a half talking part of time in English
& part time in Spanish. Among

those there were present C. H. Lankester
and John Lankester, Dr. Victor Vargas,
Mr. Wells of the Rockefeller Foundation,
Dr. Borbolla, archeologist of Mexico City,
Modeste Martinez, S. J. Tenoco

Minister of Education, Neumann
son of the entomologist who was recently
killed.

I returned to the hotel after
some talk with Borbolla regarding
Taylor's work in the caves of Coahuila.
He assured me that everything
was O. K. and said that he
would write Caso re specimens so

that there would be no mistake
there. I therefore sent a radio to F. M.
Setzler in Washington instructing
him to tell Taylor to proceed.

At nine I attended an
interesting performance by the Korean
dancer Shin Bokki. When Borbolla
and I sat together. Tickets 10 colones
each - about \$1.75.

October 15, Tuesday
Clear again this morning after
a threatening overcast sky yesterday.
I awakened early and at seven
walked out to the edge of town
across the Rio Torres. Above the
river was an interesting laundry
for popular use built by the
request of Don Claudio Almaraz
according to a plaque near the
entrance. A series of cement basins
were sheltered under a roof with
a large trough of water ~~running~~
running between. Behind on either
side were long clotheslines and

grass plots on which clothes were spread to dry. There was space for 40 women or so.

The section across the river ^{alt.} seemed to known as guadalupe. I had a view over fields of the crops of the town and then returned a night for breakfast.

C. F. Underwood came at nine and talked for an hour. He has a commission to collect mammals for the ~~Costa Rican~~ Museum of Natural History and wants to join me to make a collection on the supposition that he would help me skin ^{my} birds. I told him however that I had arrangements made with Valerio and that I was here for ^{so} short a time that this hardly seemed feasible. It is rather to me and I imagine would be difficult.

Sat. Am I went to Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores where I, after a brief wait I was received very cordially by the Minister

Licenciado Alberto

~~Echa~~ Echandi when I thanked him for the courtesies that I have been shown. He was particularly to ask that some one was going with me. I visited Modesto Martinez in his office and told him about Underwood and then went with him to the home of Doña Amparo Zelaya at the airport. This is the home where Ridgway worked when he was in Costa Rica. I saw two photo albums filled with pictures taken during their collecting. In the patio of the house was a large aviary - filling the patio in fact - perhaps ⁵⁰ ~~40~~ feet long by 16 wide and 20 high. In this was a pair of quetzals that this last year had hatched and reared a young bird. The male was about 4 years old and now had shed his plumage. I was shown the two sets of ^{yellowed} ~~yellowed~~ ^{old} ~~old~~ counts for this year and last and was much interested to

in the fact that the plumes for this year were about 3 inches longer than those of the year previous. Then were small trees in the cage and the birds were quite unafraid. In fact when Mochet and I entered the male quetzal swooped several times at our heads. The young bird was now grown and had lost the coffee brown immature plumage except about the head and tail. The nest was in a hollowed tree trunk placed ten feet from the ground. I climbed up to examine it and found that it was about ²⁴~~25~~ feet through by 3 feet high. The opening (single) was six inches across and inside a space 15 inches across and a foot high had been hollowed out. In the center was a round depression 7 inches across by 10 inches deep. The sloping bottom of the larger space was scored by the bills of the birds and the central hole had

a soft lining of fine dried dust from insect borings within the cavity - perhaps from ants. The birds were active and sprightly and in excellent condition. The young one had been fed on earth worms and cut fruit. (The adult pair were secured later by Charles Condon, and were brought to New York Zool. Soc. in New York. See Condon, C., *Animal Kingdom*, vol. 46, Feb. 4, 1943, no. 1, p. 3.)

October 16, Wednesday.

I was out at 3³⁰ this morning and left at four in an auto with Juvenal Valerio and Alfonso Segura. Paleontological geologist and zoologist in the Museum. To visit the vertebrate fossil deposit at San Ramón. I had a glass of milk and a piece of cake at the hotel, and then stopped at a little all-night cantina for a little food. There was little to see until we reached Alajuela except to note the extensive coffee plantations on either side, and the extent to which electric light is used. Even at the country places of better class the lights were burning all night.

At Aguadela we found Rómulo Valerio waiting for us in the plaza and then Juvenal left me.

It was barely light now and it was a beautiful sight to see the full moon hanging in the sky at the horizon with full yellow color when the land was clearly visible in all directions from the light of the coming sun.

We arrived at San Ramón at 6³⁵ to find the road beyond where it was unpaved ~~crushy~~ so that we continued on foot. The Poas volcano was hidden in cloud and the sky was overcast for most of the day with little sun until about 3⁰⁰ p.m. when it began to rain.

We followed a fair road for over an hour walking rapidly up and down over the rolling slopes with especially deep valley at La Barranca. Beyond we passed the village of San Miguel and then near the top at the opposite side turned off to the finca of Gabriel Barrantes known

as Piedades. The locality I should judge is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of San Ramón located on the Quebrada Ramirez.

Our host conducted us into his house with clean, polished floor of wide boards, a low one-story building placed against the slope of a hill. The porch in front was given over to a carpenter bench and tools. The front room where we sat had a bed at one side, photographs and pictures on the walls. A small dining room lay beyond and behind was the kitchen. Several smaller rooms belonging to foremen and other workers were distributed 300 yards or more apart on the slopes below and above the house was a trapiche or sugar cane mill. The sugar is molded into round cakes six inches in diameter ^{at bottom} and tapering a little at the top. ^{the same} height. Don Gabriel was a tall, rather

slender man but strong and ~~active~~ ^{active} with gray hair and
moustache. As I was perspiring
he told me that I must keep my
hat on in the house and set me a
good example by retaining his
own broad-brimmed straw. He had
read in the papers of my coming.

Don Gabriel brought out a
bottle of Guaro de Caña, a
sweet cane rum, contrabando, i.e.
of bootleg manufacture, to which had
been added a root identified
only as salsa that was supposed
to be healthy. It was really good
reminding me of the Paraguayan rum
and I had no trouble in disposing
of the $\frac{2}{3}$ tea cup full that was my
portion, though Segura joined if I
strong. We talked about the war
coffee and other subjects until we
were taken into the ~~hall~~ dining
room for food. I drank agua
dulce the boiled cane juice from
the trapiche to which one added
milk and ate a very good

~~the~~ torta de huevos which was
a sweet bread made with eggs
sugar and milk.

Following this we walked
down into the valley of the Quebrada
Ramirez through little pastures and
cane and cornfields to the stream
itself. Here there was exposed
a bed of dark colored sandstone
in which I saw occasional
pieces of fossilized bone, evidently
of ground sloth. These lay in
a rock stratum about 10 ft
thick that over which the stream
flowed for a space and then cut
through with the rock stratum at
the side. 50 ft or so beyond
this there was a fall of 50 or
60 feet into a deep narrow valley.

The brook bed was narrow
the stream being 6 to 10 ft ~~wide~~ ^{as well} ~~now~~ ^{now} is
shallow and running swiftly. The
rock face was cloaked by lush
vegetation which was cut away so that

we could examine it. There is evidently a considerable amount of the bone here though how much can not be told because of form of the exposure. The material taken out for the museum had been removed from six or eight beds in the bank. This deposit is definitely one of importance but one somewhat difficult to work. Quarries could be had at the house - somewhat crowded - and work had best be done in the dry season when water is low. It would be possible to divert the stream so as to work the bed. The rock is ~~hard~~ firm but not too hard.

It would seem to me best perhaps to arrange for one of Valerius staff to come to Washington with the specimen already taken out when it could be studied and described. Following this the man could go into the field with one of our paleontological parties for the summer and then return

to spend the winter in learning preparation in the museum. We spent an hour and half at the deposit, stopped to thank our host and then returned to San Ramon arriving about 1:00 p.m. Then I called on Prof. Alberto Brennes (address San Ramon) who lived in a little house at the side of

sun grass grown square when
cattle grazed and boys played ball.

We entered through a narrow
door with an unfinished room at one
side and a small bedroom at
the other. Here sat and talked for
a little time. On the cupboard was
a stack of plant driers and other
reminders of the home of a native
were visible.

Dr. Brennes is primarily a botanist.
He appears a small, slender man
with full, graying beard and did
not seem at all well. He must
be 70 years old.

We had a bottle of Costa Rican
beer in a cafe and I bought two
cans of sardines, crackers and a
dozen oranges in a store. With
these we made a lunch. I
stopped at two places on the way
back to try to collect but rain
came and nothing was moving.
We reached the hotel at 4:30 p.m.

The route traversed today ran
through Huecía, Alajuela, Grecia,
Naranjo, and Palmar to San Ramón.

The entire region is thickly settled
and has been so for many years.
Natural forest is almost lacking
except for occasional little tracts
on steep almost precipitous hills, or
on the equally steep slopes in deep stream
valleys. As far as I can see there
are extensive coffee farms with
shade trees over the coffee. Beyond
the land is cut into little
pastures, corn and cane fields and
smaller coffee groves, bushes
and trees line the railways and
trails and mark the boundaries
between the small fields. In the deep
cut valleys there are little groves of trees
and clumps of bamboo. Scattered
trees and clumps of shrubby stand
in the pastures. The land is rolling
with occasional slopes that are
very steep. What birds there are
must accommodate themselves to
these conditions. I actually saw
relatively few. Collecting here would
now be quite difficult! The region
is one that reminds me vividly of Antigua and
Guatemala City.

From our high slope beyond San Ramón today I had a distant view of islands in the Gulf of Nicoya. I was not far distant from Punta Arenas. The elevation at the fossil deposit was about 1100 meters.

October 17, Thursday.

This morning I worked for a time on notes and went then to the Museo Nacional ~~where~~ where I looked over some birds and helped Aguilar the head of the Department of Zoology to identify several.

After lunch I went by the office of Taca (Transportes Aereos Centro America) to get a plane schedule for Liberia and then by chance met Valerio. We had planned to go to the Volcan de Irazu tomorrow but it is storming badly up there. Valerio asked me if I could leave for Liberia in the Province of Guanacaste at 6:45 tomorrow and I said yes so we bought our tickets immediately.

This gave me a very busy afternoon. As I reached the hotel

Mr. Lankester came in and I talked with him until 3:30. Following this I had to talk with Modesto Martinez, Donce Amparo Zedeno, and Tom Harrington. Valerio came again in the evening. It was 11:00 p.m. before I had my outfit separated and packed so as to leave the "city things" in San José.

October 18, Friday.

I was out this morning at five and a few minutes after six Juvenal, Valerio and Carlos Aguilar, jefe de la Sección de Zoología arrived. We went at once to the airport in a taxi. Then I found that we could take only part of the collecting outfit as the plane was full - the rest to follow tomorrow. At 6:45 a.m. our three-motored plane rolled up, and we entered and were off immediately. These ships carry 12-15 passengers and the most miscellaneous lot of freight

I have now seen. The rate is 20 centimos a pound (Exchange now is Colons 569 to \$100 U.S., making the Colon of 100 centimos worth about 17.6 cents) to any point in the Province of Guanacaste. Our load included everything from hand baggage to a live pig in a crate. En route I saw ~~boxes~~ of cheese being loaded for San José, besides small packages of all sorts for local places.

The wind was blowing hard and it was rather cold at the time. The ship ~~brooked~~ a bit late off. The ship looked a bit in the breeze and then looked off toward ~~Punta Arenas~~ ^{Puntarenas}. As we rose I looked directly down on the house of Doña Amparo and could see clearly her large veranda in the patio. Across the Meseta Central the land was thickly populated and from an elevation of 5000 feet or so ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~looked~~ ^{looked} down into small squares of pastures, cane, coffee

and other cultivation. Little houses and fincas were scattered everywhere and I could see the auto road and the railroad for ~~Punta Arenas~~ ^{Puntarenas}. As we came down over the slopes to the lowlands where palms and bananas predominated the air was very choppy and passengers began to get sick.

We landed in a long narrow airport a mile or more from the town which was at the end of a narrow spit of land. We dropped mail and freight and took on a passenger or two and then were off for Santa Cruz on the Nicoya Peninsula. We travelled over mangrove swamps bordering the sea to the mouth of the Rio Tempisque and then cut across the wide delta of that river to the Peninsula. The land here rose in ~~low~~ sharp ridges from a few hundred to a

a thousand feet or more with
small level valleys between. The hills
were covered with ~~low~~ scrub and
forests and the valleys were
wooded or open. Along the river
the land was low and swampy
with many wet places. I saw
occasional white herons and once
a flock of jacanas.

^{Myself first in Santa}
^{John} here we returned to
Niroya over the same type of
country and then passed over
the little town of Philadelphia to
stop briefly in Tempusque. Here the
and at the other place the airport
was a long, rather narrow grass
field with a small structure at
one end consisting of a shut iron
roof supported on posts with a
square locked about in one corner.
At Tempusque a cluster of saddle
ponies crowded in the shade behind
the building with their riders
walked out to the plane.

It was very hot in the lowlands
and I had long ago taken off sweater
coat and tie. We were soon off

again on the last lap of our journey
and at 9³⁰ a.m. landed in Liberia. I
examined the land from the air with
interest as this was to be my collecting
ground. The land was level cut
by small quebradas and small streams,
covered with young growth of trees.
To the west lay the sea, farther,
and to the east the mountain
Pico de la Vieja, and farther south
Volcan Muravalles.

The airport was at the edge of
Liberia and the building a little
more pretentious. I said goodby
to our pilot Crawford, who
said that it had been rather a rough
trip. A little pig in a crate was
unloaded here. Truly this air service
is a wonderful thing in this section
as otherwise it is reached only by
a long and troublesome journey overland.

I was introduced to Don Pedro
Feminae with whom we were
to stay and we were soon in a
little truck and in the village.
Don Pedro's hotel has no name

And is more of a pension. Than
a hotel. It is a rambling
one story structure on a corner
of a ledge plaza opposite the church.
We were given a good sized common
room with a patio behind ^{the porch} on
which is the balcony where we
eat.

We went with Don Pedro to
call first on the governor of Guana-
caste, he being the capital of
the province. The governor came to
meet us on the porch and ~~was~~
brought into his own office where
Don Juvenal introduced me as the
honored guest of the government who
had come to Guacastote to make a
collection of birds. The governor
Sr. Don Juan Munoz placed all
at our service and said that he
had read in the papers of my coming.
After pleasant talk for a few minutes
we continued around a plaza to
the Cuartel a new building of
pleasing design suggesting a
medieval fort. with projecting
bastions at the corners.

Here we were halted in the street
by a guard with rifle and bayonet
while an orderly strode out to
learn our business. We continued to
stand in the street while he went
in and presently a call which
notified the sentry to let us pass.
We intend to be thrusting into
the presence of General Gregorio
Aguirre Sibaja who greeted us
courteously and said that there
would be no difficulty about my
work.

We returned then to walk about
the town and then had lunch.
In the afternoon we walked out
again along the narrow swift
Rio Liberia which crosses a bed
of washed sandstone rock. The soil
here is white and sandy and the buildings
are white so that Liberia is known
as La Ciudad Blanca.

We followed the groom trail
out through fences and was happy
to see many live oaks. I had
my first sight of the long-tailed

Crested jay Calocitta called him
Wraca and saw many doves and
parrots.

This is mainly a catth country.
The sun was hot but in afternoon
there was a pleasant breeze that
was very agreeable.

The elevation at the airport
is 96 meters.

We ate in the evening by
the light of an acetylene torch. Later
I talked with the Judge David
Caviechione who was educated in the
United States and Canada and still
later walked out with him to listen
to a band concert at the plaza. Some
visiting bandmaster ~~was~~ stopping at
the other hotel and the local band
was playing - very well - in his honor.
The plaza is dominated by a huge
new church constructed of ~~concrete~~ ^{sheet}
iron on the general artistic plan of
a grain elevator. A throbbing gasoline
engine somewhere gave life to scattered
electric ~~lights~~ ^{lights} that glowed but gave
off little light. The band was located

under a balcony and had the benefit of
candles and acetylene torches. Small
boys - a dozen of them - rested on the
ground in front, picking at themselves like
little monkeys until scattered by a police
man. Rows of people sat or stood about.
Presently the moon rose and I
walked slowly around the great
plaza to watch the silhouettes
of the coconut palms against its
light and to feel the soft air
of the ^{cooling} breeze coming from the
mountains. These are the things
that make my memories of the
Tropics.

October 19, Saturday.

I slept well last night in spite of a
morning companion and a few mosquitoes against
whose coming my only protection was to
wrap myself in a sheet covering my
head completely. I was out shortly after
five at dawn and shaved and washed at
the little sala beside the kitchen.

In the early morning we went first
with Sr. Soto, an assistant in the hospital
to inspect the pater there. The building was
the usual one story structure of substandard walls
built directly on the street with a large
patio groups of people several with children

set or stood about waiting their turn in the clinic. I met the doctor in charge and saw girls and attendants coming and going. The patio had several cages in which were a few purple gallinules and wood rails, orioles, and a young Tanager. Also there were many flowers.

A little later Don Antonio, head of the school invited us to inspect the school. This is a ~~rather~~ more pretentious structure on the plaza, part of it two stories high. It is in process of renovation with additional rooms being built on. Painting and renovating was going on.

The rooms opened on the patio, those on one side being assigned to girls and on the other to boys. The sutra in charge of the girls, an attractive lady told me that the play periods were in common. As I looked in the rooms there were 15-25 children to each teacher and all were busily working. There was a little kitchen where food for a lunch was prepared at the morning play period.

About 11 a.m. I heard the plane arrive and we went around to the agency to await the arrival of the baggage. This came soon and at once I was fully equipped and on my way to the field with

Soto leading us as guide.

We went west along the Rio Liborio. The authorities here have instituted an extensive system of draining and I was told that there was no malaria here now. The ditches were lined with cement blocks to prevent wash. The doctor told me that the water supply was all right but I have started to chlorinate it with Kalazene tablets. At the edge of town I saw a mosquito trap ~~of~~ from which Soto had taken 3 Anopheles the night before. The trap consists of a narrow funnel with a slot in the side all around four feet from the ground and the upper third screened. A house is just inside for 'bait'. The authorities operate four of these about the town.

We walked along trails through a fringe of brush. Along the river finding birds common. My first specimen was a Centurus followed quickly by others. I saw one Lur. Aratinga from the town there seems to be little settlement.

Along the road were the great

spreading trees called here the
Guanacaste, Bithorobium saman
that I saw three years ago in
Venezuela. I admire their huge trunks
and symmetrical forms.

The sun was hot but not
unbearable and I enjoyed my morning.
My first bird fell in the water
and Don Velazco waded for it. I built
a bee nest and Aguilera behind me
was stung but these were minor
incidents.

Doves were common, and I was
interested in the white-breasted cactus
wren.

We returned to town at noon when
a quick shower put me in good
shape. The afternoon work went a
little slow because of the heating
and explaining that I did ~~not~~ as
that it was said when I finished.

In the evening Don Juvenal and
I walked out to see the dancing
at the Cafe Prangana (= paranda).
Here there was a marimba with
three players, a girl in the middle
and a man on either side, with
a guitar accompanist and later a
boy who beat a snare drum in a
peculiar manner. There was one dancer

called the punta Guanacateca that
suggested the Mexican mapanga
but was more rapid, and had
no singing. The couples turned and
whirled quickly and alertly with their
backs opposed without touching.
Their dances were of the ordinary type.
This at the old church a more
stylish dance was in progress with
the band trumpets wailing. This I
found of little interest and soon
came away.

October 20, Sunday.

Today my friend Don David
Cavichione Juez here in Liberia had
proposed an excursion that I was
very happy to take to a place where
the Rio Colorado and the Rio Blanco
join where an electric plant to serve
Liberia is under construction. This
was distant 8 kilometers to the north
over a road roughened by the
wet season rains and over which
our 1928 Chevrolet truck bled
and groaned under the skillful
guidance of a driver who used
very care to get us over the rough
places.

We crossed through a tract of land with low elevation with better, black soil and then came to sandy ground again to leave the car at the construction camp for the electric light plant.

The Rio Colorado has fairly swift current of clear water that runs in a stream 40 to 50 feet over a stony bed. There is a fringe of large trees along the river with occasional deep quebradas in which there is bamboo and other undergrowth with a sandy bed either dry or with a little water in the bottom.

For the hunt we started out in procession: first a very small dog with tail in the air going he knew but when but leading us importantly. Then A.W. with shotgun and glasses, and then Don Juvenal Aguilar, the judge, and a lawyer ^{editor} Sr. ^{Marin}, followed by a group of young men. With the assistance of second 11 birds.

Up stream the land became rolling and there were exposures of sandstone.

The sun was hot but not oppressive and there was a breeze. At eleven when I was through with the birds

we went to the pigs or pig hole where the rivers joined and there had a most refreshing swim. There was a party there from Lima who had come out from town in a car and on horseback for breakfast in the country and to bathe.

Afterward we sat ~~under~~ in a little grove with dirt floor where the Señora made us pinobello, stirring parched corn meal and ground cacao into cold water with a whirling mixer rotated rapidly between her hands.

This evening there was music in the park by the band, a dance in the old church and two marimbas playing for dances in cantinas.

October 21, Monday

This morning Don Juvenal Velasco returned by plane to San Jose. I wrote for awhile in early morning and then at nine we all rode over to the airport in Don Pedro's camion. The sun was hot and there was little breeze today. The airport shelter here is about 50 feet square,

being a galvanized iron roof over a
cement platform, open at the sides. Water
is piped into one side to a pile.

Possibly 30 people had gathered here
to await the plane which came in at
9:30 from the west swung down over
the fog, and filed to flight away
some horses at the far end and
then circled to come in for a perfect
landing.

Here was the usual ^{ground} of passengers
getting out and greeting friends,
checking details of packages unloaded,
and of loading again and then the
ship was off to disappear quickly
toward the south.

Aguilar and I walked out
along the quebrada bordering the
airport that was narrow, winding
and cut about 20 feet deep through
the soft sandstone that lies
a few feet below the surface. The bottom
was sandy in part and in part
stone. There were occasional pools
of water and in one or two that
had dried I saw numerous dead
mammals. The banks were lined
with brush and there were scattered
larger trees.

It was late in the forenoon and the
sun was hot so that birds were
either quiet or absent in the dry scrub.
A small momotus came down to a
perch and was taken; I noted an
occasional hummer; a Campylostoma
flew along ahead until I finally secured
it. After ~~working~~ the whole reminded
me of late September at home particularly
since many of the birds were in
molt.

After working about here for some
distance I came back into low
brush near the airport and then had
better luck as I secured a sparrow
hawk and found a flock of Calocitta.

The evening was quiet and still
with no breeze, but when the sun
was down a cool air that was
pleasant came stealing over the town.

The park was quiet tonight except
for occasional couples, each with
a little girl for a chaperon. There
was a motion picture in in a
shed like structure and a variety of
little shops were open though I
saw few people making purchases.
I went to bed at eight as mosquitoes

were about. I have taken quinine
for the last two nights.

October 22, Tuesday

This morning I was out at the
usual time about 5:25 finished my
notes, had breakfast and was on my
way to the country before seven. We
went ~~along~~ the Rio Labea into
the Finca America covering much
the same territory that we did on the
first day out but going farther off.
This was light dirt on the grass
and bushes in early morning.

Birds were more active in early
morning but still were hard to shoot.
I came in at eleven thirty with
11 specimens - all good material.

There was retrato - a band concert
in the park in the evening but it
had hardly begun before rain came
and drove the people indoors. We
sat under the eaves at the hotel
and listened for a time.

The wind had changed to the north
this morning and there was a feeling of
dampness in the air. The rain
kept on without much interruption
through the night at times coming
rather heavily.

October 23, Wednesday

The sky was overcast this morning
and water ran in the streets. Don Pedro
however felt that the road was
passable so by seven we were off
for the Rio Colorado in the light truck
bumping along over water-filled ruts as
the driver showed the car skilfully
from side to side to avoid deep cuts
or obstructions. A tire blew out and
had to be changed and we were
stuck once but by a little after
eight we were at the construction
works.

The air now was clearer and the
clouds had lifted. Everywhere birds
came out of the scrub and were
drying themselves on open branches.
A flock of crested jays sat with
long tails hanging straight down near
one another in a tall tree. Parrots
flew about and smaller birds were
active in the bushes. There was indication
of migration now as there were
many Baltimore Orioles, a few yellow warblers
and one yellow-green vireo with other
birds moving through low trees.
For an hour I had good collecting

when a shower came and we both
sheltered under the trough of that sheltered a
small stone crusher. As the shower
ended one of the young men attached
to the party today snatched a plank
with a slant disturbing a swarm
of wasps that drove us into the open
again.

I followed down along the river
securing a few more birds and then
a heavy downpour came when we
took shelter in a little thatched house
in which no one was living. We
were here for over an hour before the
rain stopped. By the time we
had reached the construction camp
I had enough specimens and we
returned to town over a gullied
road that ran with water.
I was happy to get in again as
there were prospects that we might
easily get stuck.

The wind ranged from northwest
to southwest during the afternoon
and evening with downpours
of rain that lasted for an hour
or more.

It cleared a little at sunset
and then rained heavily again later

An matter that pleases me especially
here is the energy that the people of
Costa Rica show in early morning. Those who
have work to do are abroad before day - this
morning men were passing along the
street at 4:00 and by 5:30 people are
moving in numbers. The stores open early
and the schools begin at 7:00. There
is no difficulty whatever in getting the
morning coffee at 6 or a little after 20
that the naturalist can get a good start
in the morning.

October 24, Thursday.

The wind was still in the northwest
this morning with the sky heavily
overcast. It had rained heavily all
night and water stood everywhere. During
the forenoon however only occasional
light showers came though I was soaked
from the water on grass and brush.

Aguilar and I were out early
and went up the Rio Tibia above
town out past the football fields were
a row of poles stuck in the plank
rats to be out of the rain.

The region was one of pastures
succeeded by small cultivated fields of

yuca, bananas and dry land rice. Further up was low forest with heavy undergrowth of wild pineapple and bamboo. New clearings were being made in this.

Birds were fairly common and I came in at about 11:00 with enough to keep me busy all the afternoon. It began to rain immediately and continued at intervals all afternoon and evening so that a stream of water ran in the street.

There was another retreat or band concert in the evening with the people remaining in the houses to listen. Also a chance to hear marimba music that continued into the night.

It is warm here in spite of the rain so that a single shirt at times is too much cover. I had a sleep in light pajamas.

There was definite indication of migration today in movements among oropendos - Baltimore and I believe I saw Bullock's oropendos today - *Tyrannus melancholicus*. Also noted a rose-breasted grosbeak, a summer tanager, a scarlet tailed flycatcher and nightingales. Going up the Rio Lirio I came into a section of low sandstone hills

through which the stream had cut. These were covered with low scrub away from the stream and seemed to have little life in them.

October 25 Friday.

It was good this morning to awaken at dawn to find the sky clear except for a few scattered clouds that were turned pink from the rays of the sun. We were out before seven and followed up the Rio Lirio beyond the point called Lago de Agua where a dam diverts water into two small settling tanks from which an iron water main runs to the town. There is no settlement in this direction beyond the last houses of the town distant from two to three miles.

There was an excellent strip of forest along the river that was narrowed as the stream entered a section of broken sandstone hills but that followed the stream closely. To my surprise this region and the barren rolling knolls and spurs on either hand covered with small

oaks and other trees scattered fairly
with scattered bunch grass over the
sandy, stony soil was practically
barren. An occasional *Myiarchus*
called along the stream. At a turning
vulture soared overhead - nothing else.
This rolling country stretched away,
rising gradually toward distant
Volcan Santa Maria and Rincon de la
Vieja. We walked out for some
hours and then turned back.
I found my collecting below
where the river came out of the
hills.

There was some evidence of migrating
murmur in occasional *Junco*
and yellow Warblers and yellow throats
Vireos.

The sun was hot again today and
it was good to get under a shower.
October 26, Saturday

Clear and pleasant during the
day with fleecy clouds travelling
across the sky. In evening it became
cloudy and there were heavy storms
toward the mountains but only a
few drops of rain fell in Iquitos.

We were out shortly after six
to find the vegetation covered with

water. The *Pis. hiberna* is still
muddy but has receded somewhat from
flood stage. We followed downstream
in the *Finca America*.

The rains seems to have stirred
the birds in the bush to activity
and they were moving on every side
in great contrast to the birdless
area that we worked yesterday.
By ten o'clock I had 21 specimens
and could have taken many more.
The activity was evident both among
migrants and residents. The latter
are mostly in part and there is
little song except from *Phainopepla*
and *Heliodytes*.

Among migrants I noted a good
many vireos today (*d. galbula*) and
numerous *Junco* warblers. *Chondestes*
oculipennis circled over the church
in evening.

There is one band of *Atelapha* in
the heavier forest along the river
here but I have seen no others.

The long afternoon was devoted to
skins. A girl has improved in
technique and in addition to making

up a couple of specimens for his own practice helped me appreciably by skinning these birds for me which I finished. In evening there was considerable activity in the town. I walked out for a time to listen to the marimba music that produced by one girl at the Cantina Prangana being specially good. The dancing was fair. Many there show strong influences of Indian blood. In form, features and in dark brown skin. There are many also here who have come down into this country from Nicaragua. I was in bed shortly after eight.

October 27, Sunday

Sometime during the night I ^{was} awakened by the rattling of the window shutters and found my bed shaking in a slight earthquake that persisted for nearly a minute.

This morning I had notes to write so that though I was up shortly after four it was nearly seven before I started for the field. We crossed the Rio Lirio by a bridge in town and walked out south along the vacant road and trail

that leads to Bagaces. A space approximately 225 feet wide is cut off from the adjacent pastures by barbed wire fences for a mile or so and then the enclosed area becomes irregular. ~~We~~ I worked out about two miles or a little more to the southeast. The region is one of extensive pastures with a good many cattle. The land is level and has scattered trees and shrubbery with intervening spaces of grass. Birds were abundant. A high fog lay over the land but rain did not come until evening and for part of the day the sky was nearly clear.

By ten I had sixteen birds and then returned to town. Aguilar has become fairly expert in skinning now and has acted appreciably during the past two days by removing a few skins for me.

At noon I had for dessert a glass of penol or penolillo, which according to Nati (short for Nativila) our waitress is called piata in Nicaragua. It is made with chocolate and browned ground maize mixed with sugar and quite palatable.

And this evening there was a piece of the meat of the tepescuintle, which is of good flavor.

Another band concert this evening with the customary parade around the park. I listened to the marimbas at La Prangema for a time and then went to bed.

About 8:30 I heard small migrant birds calling from the sky.

October 28, Monday.

Another day without rain though clouds drifted across the sky at times obscuring the sun and in afternoon there was thunder and lightning. As we walked out west in early morning a young horseman accosted us and suggested that we look for birds in his brother's finca just across the river giving instructions as to the gate to enter. Then the brother said that he believed in protecting birds but that it would be an honor to have some taken for science. So we greeted an elderly woman holding a baby in front of the house and went on in.

These men had just finished milking a herd of cows. As we went up a lane ahead of the cattle a man came along on foot and walked with us a little way. He like Aguilar he was a "Cartago" i.e. from Cartago though that term is applied down here to all

those from the Meseta Central. He had been educated in music but finding no outlet in this talent had travelled to Colombia and then had returned to come down here and rent some land on which he was growing crops.

I found that a considerable area in this estancia had been cleared by cutting away the forest and was planted in little fields of corn, rice, and beans with occasional squash. The palm trees had been left and the original growth remained in low places. Abandoned fields grew up in bushes over which sprang morning glories.

We wandered around in the forest for some time finding birds common and of good variety. The brush was thick and in water and it was difficult to follow any direct line because of bushy tangles in the way.

We finally came out on the main highway to Medellin, our usual road and returned to town along the river.

Mail arrived today, letters being delivered here at the houses for me. Quite hot this afternoon - Washington weather in full summer - hot and humid.

October 29, Tuesday.

Clear today and very hot. We were out before six thirty on the road toward the Rio Colorado, a level valley cut by quebradas with sandy bottoms in which water from the recent rains stood in pools. There was plenty of corn but birds were scarce except for a few species like *Columbigallina*, *Helminthophila*, *Centurus* and parrots.

We walked a considerable distance to return in the heat a little before eleven with eleven birds. Aguilar takes one or two each day to skin and make up and now that he is becoming more expert helps me by skinning some of the medium-sized specimens for me to make up.

I see occasional ticks in the country but have had only one on me. Stingy ants are the most troublesome insects as they abound. There are no ants in the houses and I have little use for insecticide except occasionally when house flies become numerous.

I finished my birds before four today and sat for a few minutes to enjoy a glass of limeade. Later I rested on a corner of the porch to write my notes with parquets and yellow warblers calling from the trees near by and a little cooling breeze blowing.

October 30, Wednesday.

The morning sky in Leticia was clear though heavy clouds hung over the mountains to the east. About nine these covered the sky but only a few drops of rain fell. We were out about 6:20 and walked west across the river following the highway to the point where we have been coming out of the woods. Here I found a stand of original timber on low ground. *Spizella* birds were abundant and here I secured finally a species of *Dendrocolaptes*, the first of its family I have seen in this region. So far I have not seen or heard a *Troglodytes* or a *Tamarind* for which I can see no reasonable explanation as the region is in every way suited to them.

Many of the trees in this woodland were large growing to 80 or 90 feet. Below the ground was spun in places and in places soaked with inching with. At one edge of this area was a shallow lagoon. And near this the land was somewhat undulating with an exposure of soft sediment.

The morning remained overcast, so that it was pleasant walking. The full heat of the sun here is almost overpowering so that I try to get in by eleven.

October 31, Thursday.

The early morning was clear with the mountains showing sharply outline and near at hand. El Com. Miravalles was clearly visible. About nine clouds came over the sky as yesterday hiding the sun so that the breeze was pleasantly cool.

Regular and I walked out south of town on the carretera that leads to Bagaces going out to where a quebrada crossed the highway, a little water in it. I judged that at the farthest point we were about three miles from town. The country was covered with partly open scrub in places dense and in places quite open. There must have been some heavier timber to the east as I heard howler monkeys in that direction.

Shallow depressions were filled with water with a few herons about. The chattering of a flock of the crested jays led me to a small ten foot tree lying quietly in the grass. At

another point I saw four or five Armaillos. The first one came passing along under the bush without seeing me. The next ran quickly and a third dashed off with a rush.

Birds were common out here and of good variety.

Tonight there was a party in honor of ~~the~~ men from San Jose who had come down to inspect the sanitary service. I was invited and, although expecting to remain only a brief while but found so much cordial goodwilling that I remained to the end. We talked at first and then came dancing in which I was invited to join. Toward the end when the wine and a highball or two had loosened matters a little we were taught the Punto Guanacasteco which is a variant of the old Spanish dance. The orchestra stopped about midnight after which there were recitations and some very good singing. I enjoyed the evening thoroughly. At the close the whole group walked down the street to see that all the girls got home safely and were finally all in bed.

November 1, Friday.
After going to bed at 1³⁰ I was up
this morning at 5³⁰ and left an
hour later with Don Pedro in a
truck for the Rio Colorado. The
day was clear until afternoon and
very hot. The road was dry but
extremely rough.

I crossed the ~~the~~ river on a
bridge and followed down stream
over rough stony ground through
forest with much undergrowth
including a great deal of the wild
pumpkin. The river has considerable
fall here and runs over a rocky
bed.

I came finally to more level land
with open meadows backed by
groves with ~~a~~ ^a ~~brush~~ ^{forest} along the
river. The meadows were wet in
part and drained down into a
sluggish winding channel in the
woods. I saw one deer and flocks
of mourning doves. Birds were fairly
common and I secured four not
taken previously.

When Aguilar and I returned to the truck
at 11 P.M. I was soaked in perspiration.
I turned in tonight at eight.

The basin swallow migration seems
now to have passed. I noted none today
in a region where they had been common.

In a place along the Rio Colorado
I found a forest where the trees stood 150
to 175 feet tall with the ground open
beneath. The guavaeac was included
in this forest growth.

November 2, Saturday

Cortez today with a breeze that blew
dust along the drying trails. We went
out west toward the Finca America
continuing along the road to a shallow
brush ground lagoon and then hunting
mainly in the tract of heavy forest
to the south. This is the principal
area of lowland forest of large trees that
I have found and contains the elements
of heavy forest fauna. The trees are
tall and in part are open beneath and
in part covered with brush. I walked
along for some time without seeing
much and then suddenly came on to a
small flock of forest birds from which I
took *Hylophilus*, *Rhynchocyclus* and
Hylophilus.

I walked also along the borders of the
lagoon but did not find much. The basin

shone today but there was a cooling breeze so that it was comfortable.

In the afternoon Mr. Bert Dehagton came in for a few minutes, an American who has become a naturalized Costa Rican in order I suppose to hold property here and who has within two months bought a huge ranch called Hacienda Santa Maria at the base of Volcan Santa Maria. He was on his way out to San José but told me to go up to the place and use it as a base. It is in the country that I wish to visit and offers a good opportunity. In fact I have been trying to get in touch with him for several days.

With Don Pedro I called on the general at the market and was told that they would supply me with two riding animals. Dehagton told me that he was just organizing and that his furniture was still in San José. He said that it would be necessary to bring bedding so I spent my evening in bargaining for four blankets and in buying a few cans of food. American friends are on the market here in canned goods and I got two English made blankets. Wrote two letters and went to bed at nine.

Liberia, 2 de Orbe. de 19 40

Candel

a Edgardo Baetclau

DEBE:

2	2 latas grandes frutas	\$	6	-
	1 " leche	"	4	-
	1 " palmerin "D.M."	"	2	-
	2 " tomate	"	4	-
	2 " sardinas R. de M.	"	2	-
	4 " " Banquet.	"	2	-
	1 bot de Ron Diego	"	6	-
	1 " jugo mora	"	2	50
	2 lbs. Café	"	1	60
	5 " azúcar	"	1	50
	candelas	"	-	50
	frase	"	-	60
	1 paquete cacao Domini	"	5	50
	6 paquetes " Cacique	"	2	10
	Total	\$	40	30
	(Cuarenta colones, 30/100)			
	1 lata grande frutas		3	-
	2 " melon "		3	50
	1 " leche Klin		4	-
	2 lbs. azúcar		-	60
	Total	\$	51	40

Señor Valerio.

La altura de Liberia, (o sea el
del campo de aviación, según informes para los
aviones de la Enta o Taca) es de 96 metros
sobre el nivel del mar.-

Muy atentamente,

David Cavicchioni.-

November 3, Sunday

I was out at five this morning and left at six for the country going out toward the Finca America and returning at 9:30 with twelve birds. The sun shone but there was a strong breeze that mitigated the heat. Birds were rather quiet and hard to find.

At the return I found the Clachar family and various others gathered waiting for a carreta to transport them to the Finca America for the day. They invited us to go along but we were forced to decline.

On town I packed up my outfit and had a man come in to estimate on the pack animals necessary. The bargain being for three with a peon. The peon to bring back the animals to the cantal for \$40 colones.

The breeze continued all day. I bought a few more things and got my affairs and notes in shape. There is much discussion always about all these moves but they come out all right in the end.

November 4, Monday

I was out this morning before five and finished packing the outfit for the mountain trip. Morning coffee and an egg came at ten minutes six and at 6:10 I went over to the postoffice to mail a letter. The two horses, very good ones, promised from the Comandancia, arrived about 6:30 as promised but it was after seven before the three pack animals appeared. The packing proceeded the first thing being that I had to send out to buy 35 varas of rope as the man had not brought enough. Packing was in Don Pedro's pack patio where it proceeded peacefully. And at eight we were on our way. As we set out I found that Jorge Clachar, with a big round Dutch known as Cerveza and the son of the gentleman who had rented me the pack animals had joined up. Then were goodbyes to Don David the judge, to Maria the Conyer and to Dona Pedro's family. Two blocks out there was the usual halt to adjust packs and then we were on our way.

The road led to the northwest across the Rio Libera and then up over rolling

ridges through dry arid country covered scantily with scrubby trees except where we dipped down to cross a tributary of the river by a little bridge. Beyond here the arid country continued until about an hour and a half out when suddenly some of the ridges became greener and more upland. Beyond here we climbed a bit and came finally to the deserted estancia house called Las Delicias. Two miles west of here grasses had appeared in abundances and small bamboo grew in the woods. The road led along ridges in the main with green grass in places two to three feet high.

Behind the Rincon de la Vieja was cloaked in cloud banks. And occasional misty rains passed without interfering with the sunshine. I had a distant view of the ocean and the breeze was cool and invigorating. We came then to an agricultural part of the Rio Libera for some down to the south, and climbed a long slope to come up on to a high open valley or rather slope

with the Hacienda Santa Maria
visible a mile away across rolling
pastures.

Before this I had passed Mr. Dehaen's
brother in camp on the way out with
his wife and a sick child. He told me
to go ahead and to tell Antonio what I
wanted.

I found the young hacienda house
built in the form of a square with
the South end open. The kitchen was
on the southeast and rooms devoted to
the work of the estancia on the west.
We were soon unpacked with my
things in the huge room that Dehaen
has been using. ~~His~~ place has been
deserted for several years and only within
the past two months has he begun
to develop it. He has now gone to San
Jose to get his furniture.

We arrived at one and to my
surprise I was only a little stiff
from the journey and that some passed
away. My mount had no bit, merely
a rope halter and the saddle was
the native monteño's a large saddle
with no pommel but with broad
leather sides that cover the whole
side of the horse. By good luck the

stirrup leathers were long so
that I could adjust the stirrups
to comfortable length. The fact I
thoroughly enjoyed the ride.

Shortly after two we had almogel-
rice, beans, ~~stewed~~ roast dried peccary
ribs with sweetened oatmeal water
to drink afterward. A drink of this
kind takes the place of the dessert
here in Guayaquil. Our beverage was
usually sweet limeade, except occasionally
when we had penol.

I spent the rest of the afternoon
on my notes and in getting settled.
Taking a few photos, dark so on.
One of my companions came down with
Mallina but there is none up here.

The ranch house lies at the top
of a long rolling slope that leads
away to the west and south. To
the west there is a fine view of
distant Bahia Culebra. To the south
the ridge crosses a broad ~~shallow~~
wooded tract with distant
mountains beyond. As near as I
can judge the elevation is about
2000 feet.

The sunset over the distant Pacific was beautiful and the evening air cool; in fact I put on a sweater finally.

The ranch house not only has running water, gas and electricity but electric light. I read a bit in the evening but was asleep before eight.

November 5, Tuesday.

We had our desayuno of gallopinto - black beans and rice mixed and fried with onions - bread and coffee and milk before six and went out immediately to see what we could find.

A small coffee plantation lies immediately back of the house, bordered along the water edge by orange trees loaded with fruit. In fact here I had my orange juice this morning before breakfast.

The head of the Rio Libring swings into a deep but wooded valley to the north of the house. We crossed through the coffee and then climbed up about 800 feet along a narrow ridge to a high flat covered with gallery forest of fine trees with low growth among them. The region is known as Papal.

I walked along rather carefully retracing my steps over to check my direction as the forested area here is vast and I

did not care to lose time by having to come down the mountain by some difficult way.

The sun shone steadily all day with occasional clouds driving across it and there was a strong breeze. Toward the east this kept the sun from moving but on the high flat it was comparatively quiet. Birds were fairly common up there and I returned at twenty minutes of eleven with 19 specimens. It was pleasant to sit in the afternoon in cool comfortable air with an occasional glance out the window at fresh green grass, trees hung with oranges and an occasional flock of macaws passing which I prepared my skins.

Mr. Bert de Kington's brother-in-law returned at dark and we had much talk in the evening. Peccaries are common here in droves. In fact most of the meat we have had thus far is puerari. Also had pava yesterday which I took to be curassow.

I sleep under a wool blanket very soundly.

November 6, Wednesday

At five this morning it was fairly light with banks of clouds blowing swiftly over the shoulder of the mountain. We sat under the friendly shelter of the porch outside the kitchen and now I find the cool air of night and morning agreeable without recourse to flannel shirt or sweater.

I finished my notes as a shower passed and then at 6:30 set on horseback under the guidance of Napoleón Villarreal. The trail led across rolling pastures where the psons were clearing out the encroaching brush slipping down into wooded gullies to cross small streams of clear water tributary to the Rio Chibria and then rising again.

Finally we entered a tract of forest where there were a few old plantations of bananas and coffee but where vast areas remained untouched by the axe.

Many trees rose to heights of 200 feet with cover stands more prevalent. In places the forest floor was open and in places grown with scrub coe'd with vines. I worked with machete in right hand suspended by a thong and shot gun in the left.

We rode along for about two miles to a place called Los Cuadros from the old fields now nearly overgrown and then with the morning mist finally dissipated and the sun's rays slanting down through the trees enlivened the forest birds. We tied the horses here while I worked for two hours securing a fine lot of specimens in a limited area. I shot one booby but was only a few feet away and several agoutis. Red, blue and yellow macaws voiced disapproval overhead but did not trouble to fly at my shots. Everywhere the vegetation was lush and green.

It was pleasant to ride back afterward in the warm sun across the springy turf, with an occasional macaw at flushing underfoot.

At the house there was the usual routine of cataloging and skinning. Black flies are a pest for an hour in the late afternoon but disappear as the air becomes cool.

In evening Don Fernando and I

had a shot of rum, our dinner
by faint electric light and then bathed
for an hour in the cool, pleasant air.
There are no mosquitoes. Later I
sat out with the juns watching the
distant flats under the clear light
of a quarter moon.

The elevation here at the house is
approximately 750 meters. The high
flat at Papal is about 900 meters.

November 7, Thursday.

Clouds rolled across the shoulder
of the mountain this morning but
after a few showers the sky cleared
and a beautiful day of sun followed.

Don Fernando took me up into
the forest just to the east of house,
his small brother accompanying ^{us}.
We rode out across the pastures and
then into an old trail that led up
through a fine stand of tall forest trees
to some old coffee and banana plantations.

As we entered the woods along
a little stream there was the excitement
of seeing two or three parrots (guaras)
fly out with raucous calls. I left
my horse and followed and soon
came on to a flock of a dozen or fifteen
of the great birds in the tops of

the tallest trees when they hid
among the limbs in the most surprising
fashion considering their large size.
We peered out with craning necks
and long crests. When alarmed they
flew from branch to branch and ran
quickly calling raucously. My first
be, a wing shot I missed as I
put the charge of shot into an
intervening limb, but then tumbled
three birds in succession with
neck and head shots from a height
of 65 to 70 yards. It was then
necessary to retrieve in order to
avoid losing the birds and
I was soon on my way back to
the house with a heavy load.

We rode up to the upper
end of the trail and I hunted out
this woods with rather poor success
as small birds were few. So I
came out into the open and worked
through a pasture to secure two
Chamaethypis. An *Amphispiza* eluded
me and a meadowlark that I
shot on the wing was lost in the grass.

while I had only ^{small} birds to
prepare this was enough as the
then quans took considerable time.
And the coming I walked out in
front of the house to watching the
sun setting over the Bahía Culebras.
Far to the South there is a glimpse
of the head of the Gulf of Mexico.
The air temperature here night
and morning must average 70° to
 72° degrees, and it is comfortable all
day long.

Today I had a glimpse of the
Volcan de Miravallas further hidden
in cloud. It shows a very
high bulk from this aspect as
it is cut off from Pico de la Viga
by the lowlands.

November 8, Friday

Today was beautifully clear again
with a warm sun and a cloudless
sky. Napoleon led us somewhat un-
necessarily out over a mile or two of pasture
until I took things in charge and
we turned around and went over
into the forest at Los Cuachos.

Here forest birds abound. I worked
around with gun in one hand and

machete in the other in the dim
light beneath the trees occasionally
following the trail but more often
working along ~~near~~ it around the
deadfalls. For a distance there would
be silence except for the raucous calls
of macaws somewhere at the side
and then I would hear chattering
notes or whistled calls and small
birds would appear in the bushes or
in the lower trees and I would
have chance for a specimen or two
before they disappeared. It was ordinarily
out of the question to tell what
they were before shooting as the light
was dim and the leaves thick.
Usually the little flocks seemed to be
accompanied by *Myiophobus* though
this was not always true. Occasionally
I would come across a pair of
Henicorhina about a deadfall or a
squeal would bring two or three
Dendrocephalus to cling to the tree trunks
twenty or thirty feet from the ground.
And more rarely there would appear
one of the most strange, most unusual
species of the avian inhabitants of
the forest floor, always something

new and interesting. Rarely I had glimpses of birds in the taller trees for overhead, but seldom succeeded in identifying them.

The afternoon was a little cooler with fewer quats to bite my hands until about five when they appeared in numbers and were a perfect pest.

The half moon tonight gave a beautifully clear night. At 7:30 I went to bed.

November 9, Saturday

Rain fell during the night and continued for a time in the early morning. The sun did not come out until nearly eleven after which it was clear and pleasant.

I rode out with Aguilar and Antonio as attendants to Los Cuadros again as with the mist that came in continually this seemed the best opportunity for collecting. Everything was drenched with water.

In two places I found flocks of 15 or 20 *Ramphastos* ^{*superciliosus*} ~~*peruvianus*~~ that had come down out of the fog to feed on berries at the borders of little thickets in the pastures. It was highly amusing to watch them hopping around to fly only when we were within 40 or 50

feet. A *Buteo magnirostris* also sat on a limb looking down at us as we passed 30 feet beneath.

The birds I found today were gathered principally around a line of moving vultures when they fed on or near the ground. I returned several times to find them gathered at this one spot. Collecting was difficult because of the dark woodland and lack of sun.

On return I secured several other birds in the coffee plantation back of the house.

I determined today that the little stream that crosses the wooded valley at Los Cuadros runs toward the east so that this locality is in the Atlantic drainage.

November 10, Sunday

Clear and pleasant in the morning rain in the evening.

I was out shortly after five and wrote for an hour. As I finished breakfast Napoleon came with word that two men were coming on horseback on the trail below. They had disappeared behind trees by the time we came out to see but the supposition was that they were coming to see me so I waited a short time. The supposed

men however proved to be visionary
so we started up the mountain as fast
there was an open pasture above the
house that seemed to give easy access
to the high shoulder on which there is
an old trail but I found that it
instead of being short turf as it had
appeared from below it was wretched high
or more in grass and tough bushes
so that after pushing laboriously through
it for a distance I came down into the
coffee plantation and started over.
We climbed along the long ridges
marking the trail as we went and
continued back over two miles to
an elevation of about 2000 feet.
The ridges dipped into a small depression
and then rose again to continue.
There were blazes of an old trail here but
it had not been used for years by men.
There was indication however that
animals were using it along the
higher levels as in places the path
was quite evident.

Tall high trees of good size marked
the forest with lower trees beneath.
The ground had some growths of
bamboo and bushes but for the most
part was fairly open. There were no
openings except where a dead tree
had fallen and broken down the

surrounding vegetation and on the
slope away from the sun it was
at times so dark in the obscure shade
that I had difficulty occasionally
in aiming my gun as I could
not distinguish the first sight.
So the last the slope was gradual
but to the west the land dropped
abruptly into a tributary of the Rio
Libra. Above this the mountain
rose abruptly and I was back far
enough so that I was opposite the
high point called Santa Maria. This
shows an exposed rock face below
the summit.

Some vines and creepers hung
from the higher limbs and there were
fair growths of epiphytes and of moss
in the tree trunks. These however were
not extensive and the forest was
definitely of the gallery type.

Birds are plentiful but are
interesting. I secured a curious
dark-colored, a small insect and
an obscure, though that I consider
typical mountain birds. I came
across one band of birds over a
moving line of ants but had difficulty
in obtaining specimens from it.

November 11, Monday

Rain fell during the night and must
continued until eight this morning. The
trails this morning were slipping when
Don Fernando, Aguilar, Napoleon and I
rode out to a trail above Los Cuadros.
En route I picked up an amphibian
that has checked me until now, also
a meadowlark.

We left the horses in the woods and
continued on foot across a heavily over-
grown field into ~~forest~~ primitive wood-
land that extends over the mountain going
up over a ridge for a mile or more.
Almost at once I heard a howler
and moving up found tracks of a
medium-sized jaguar. Farther on
I saw where some animal probably
a jaguar had a comfortably dry lair
beneath the upturned roots of a fallen
tree in an area surrounded by
bamboo. Near here another big cat,
or perhaps the same one moved out ahead.
Don Fernando thought this second one
was a puma but I believe it was
the jaguar. Still farther on there
was a rushing ahead and I found
fresh tracks of U. tigris known here as
danta. All this took place in one area
where we could seldom see far ahead

because of the undergrowth.

Everything dripped with water and
I was soon soaked. There were birds
in here but to be secured with difficulty.
My chief prize was a Cathartes which
I have seen before but which until now
has escaped.

We came slowly down through the
woods into Los Cuadros where I shot
a trogon, the first for this area and
then on to the animals. It was
12:30 before we reached the house.

I worked tonight until it was
fully dark before wrapping my last birds.

November 12, Tuesday

Rain fell during a good part of the
night and I awoke this morning to find
heavy clouds drifting swiftly by on both
sides of the mountain at the house. Between
showers we rode down about six miles
and a half to an elevation from 300 to
400 feet lower and then collected for
the forenoon. Here there was mist and
showers occasionally but for part of the
time it was clear. We returned to the
house just as a heavy rain
began at noon not as it was but
not nearly so soaked as we might
have been.

The region we investigated was
one where rolling pasture with rather
thin stony soil covered the rolling hills
while the deeper hollows were filled
with forest. There were many oaks
here some of them three and four feet through
with noticeably spreading tops growing
in forest formation. Mixed with the
trees. Below there was much bamboo
and creepers though in many places
the ground was fairly open.
I saw where jacarinas had been
feeding in acorns and noted tracks
of deer.

Birds were fairly common though
here. I found only little groups of
Eucnallactes and a plain colored
Dendrocygna feeding at a morning
column of ants with chattering
remaining on the tree trunks or in
the bushes but returning always to
the ants even when their appetites seem
satisfied and they remained only to
rest.

A strong wind blew in the afternoon
and evening and I put on a hood
shirt for the first time since I have
been here. The rain had spread
today clear across the lowlands

November 13, Wednesday
Swiftly moving clouds closed in
around the Hacienda at dawn and it
was obvious that it was to be a wet
day. We were out early and rode down
across the wet pastures and through
woodland to an old coffee finca called
Leona an hour's ride and perhaps 800
feet below the Hacienda house. With
Don Demando, his twelve year brother Jose
Angel, Napoleon, Aguilar, myself and three
boys we made quite an imposing
Cachalade. I shot a grasshopper
sparrow just below the house and then
we continued as I wished to check this
lower area.

So my disappointment it was
on this day at least barren of bird
life. The trees were of good size many
of them oaks with the forest floor
choked with a growth of bamboo with
slender stems higher than my head.
Along the trail this presented a solid
pink and on the woods. There were few
open spaces for it. We worked laboriously
at the tips of two ridges without
hearing a bird note and then I
followed a trail on foot for some distance

With one *Chlorostilbon* as the sole specimen, and a buzzard, one vulture and a *Myiarchus* the only other birds seen.

Rain began so we started back about ten to arrive at the house soaked.

I saw two *Sceloporus* on the way at which I did not get a shot. ~~They are~~ *They are* uncommon here which is a little surprising. Aside from *Chlorostilbon* I have seen one other beautiful large species in the woods.

Also flushed a covey of half grown quail today of which I have no specimens. It chased in the afternoon and I worked over my outfit, packed specimens and made the arrangements for departure.

Every morning one or two of the house show blood on the shoulder where the Vampire bats have bitten them. There is a large fig tree below the forest that I have not taken.

November 14, Thursday

Except for a shower or two in late afternoon there was no rain today. I was off at seven with Aguilar and climbed ~~the~~ Cerro Santa Maria behind the house to the summit which I estimated at 3000 to 3200 feet following the trail sent on previous trips and then extending it. High up cloud hung over the mountain

most of the day clearing occasionally to allow the sun to appear. The wind was strong and the air at the top was appreciably colder than below a fact that came home to me very definitely as my shirt was soaked with water from the bushes and perspiration so that I felt it decidedly.

There were tree ferns here and I noted some other changes in vegetation. Moss on the tree trunk was more abundant. In the coffee plantation at the house there were a number of birds and I secured several here. Higher up I saw little until the summit where on a sheltered slope out of the wind I ran into a little group. There are other species here that I have not taken but I have no time for another trip. There is more forest in this south end of the mountain than at the north where the volcanic peak proper of Rincon de la Vieja rises. The *Chlorostilbon* are bare and there are said to be *pinacoles*. The extent of forest on the east face is probably considerably less. I was told that there were public lands beyond the line of the Hacienda Santa Maria to the east and north.

The earth was slippery today on the slopes and the going moderately hard. I was back at 12³⁰ with seven birds.

The whole afternoon was devoted to skinning. In evening I discovered a line of agricultural ants carrying off rice from a bag in our room. I colder again this evening but still I am in short skins.

November 15, Friday.
Clear but with a strong wind. Showers came in evening and the air was appreciably cold.

I rode out this morning on a horse named Monte Cacao and worked through a series of groves and thickets and the flats below the horse. Undergrowth in these was fairly dense but I had some interesting collecting. Returning with ten birds including a jay and a wren not taken before.

As one interesting experience on the return a grasshopper sparrow flushed and hopped back again into short grass. I started to dismount but Don Fernando told me that the horse was steady and would not mind. So getting a good grip on the reins I hopped over and as the sparrow flew killed it in the wing about as much to my surprise as that of any one.

The afternoon was devoted to skins and packing.

The evening light over Bahia Culebras was beautiful.

I was soon far enough today to get a good view of the main peak of Puncón de la Vega to find that I was correct in supposing that the forest lies at this eye. The volcanic cone rises bare and yellow brown. There is a vast expanse of forest from the Hacienda along the mountain slope to the west and north that so far as I know has no trail of any kind in it. It runs from about 1800 feet up over the mountain.

This evening I examined claw marks of a mountain lion on the wall at the door of the Hacienda made about two months ago!

I have seen scuffs here several times that I have not identified. Also saw a *Proethonius* today. The comparative scarcity of hummers at this season is interesting.

November 16, Saturday.

Before seven my outfit was all packed and by eight we were on our way down the mountain. With expert packing available at the ranch there was no uncertainty about the method to be used.

My specimen cases were put in sacks and carried flat.

As we came away a flock of fifty great macaws gorgeous in color came sweeping down from the copper pinea group with raucous calls turned overhead and alighted in the mango trees as if they had come to tell me goodbye. That they had come to tell me goodbye.

The trip down was the reputation of the journey to the ranch. The road lies along narrow ridges with easy incline. The day was overcast so that we rode comfortably and the rain fell behind us on the mountain.

The fertile soil extends down to the lower ranch at Las Delicias. Beyond there is sandy ground poor in content extending almost to Liberia in which the oaks are shrubby and there is little herbage. Contrasted with the waist high grass of the higher country is striking. The slopes of Rincon de la Vega proper appear entirely bare of trees. The forest back of Guacipilin (the Hacienda) is of the type at La Honda apparently with considerable undergrowth of bamboo. There is quite a stretch of high forest on the slopes west of the

trail that I cut that appears interesting. There may be other birds in the higher points. I had a glimpse of a small bird in heavy undergrowth that appeared almost black. I thought of the small dark pteropodids and of Zelandina but have no idea what it was.

Liberia was warm and it was pleasant to return to the hotel of Don Pedro Ferreras. The horses were soon unloaded and Don Fernando Aguilar and I sat at lunch with Don David bottles of cold beer with Don David and the Señora gathered around talking over the mountain trip and the ranch. The latter by the way has 11,000 hectares according to Don Fernando.

I spent the afternoon in packing specimens. When coming to La Marmaba played pleasantly for a wedding dinner nearby. In evening I walked out around the little park to listen to Maria playing the marmaba at La Prangana and to watch the full moon through the clouds. Before home I was under my mosquito net with the bats cooing the warm breeze.

aside from buzzards very few birds were seen below the ranch until at hibina.

November 17, Sunday.

Last night was agreeable for sleeping in fact in the early hours the night shut on my bed left me cold.

All seven this morning I went out to the Rio Colorado in Don Pedro's truck. It is dry here now as I am told that there has been little rain since I went up to Santa Maria. The road has been greatly improved. I hunted today in the region between the Rio Blanco and the Rio Colorado making especial search for a Gallinule that I saw him on the first day but without success.

Birds were relatively scarce and hard to find. I note one seasonal difference between the low country and the grove at Santa Maria a yellow flowered shrub - a composite - at times in full blossom giving a colorful fall appearance. As it is common ~~elsewhere~~ I noted it especially in visiting yesterday. Down here its season is completely past.

I had a brief shower in the pazo when the rains joined and returned to spend the afternoon in

making up a few skins and ~~in~~ continuing my packing which now is well organized.

The young chap continued his merimba music in the afternoon to my pleasure.

In evening there was the usual concert of Sunday evening in the park with more people than ordinary in numbers. I went to bed fairly early but had a somewhat disturbed night due to cold talk outside my windows when the dance ended at midnight, a singing companion, and a flock of *Carrina* that circled around whistling.

November 18 Monday

Clear and cool this morning. By six we had had our coffee and were on our way out the road to Philadelphia for the last trip afield. I followed down the Rio hibina returning at 9:30 with a dozen birds.

It is very dry now and dust lies in the roads. Morning glories have come into bloom - also a wild pea that looks exactly like a sweet pea and there are other flowers that were not present two weeks ago. In spite of this numbers were notably few, far less in numbers

them two weeks ago.

Birds were abundant and collecting was good. By returning before two I had the best part of the day and avoided the severe heat of the sun that came later.

At the house I prepared my specimens finished packing, and then called on the governor and on the general at the cuartel.

In evening I sat for a time in the park in cool pleasant air and then shortly after eight went to bed.

November 19, Tuesday

Clear and warm this morning. My routine was to close my suitcase and have breakfast. Don Pedro then took the baggage to the Taca office. The Transportes Aereas Costa Rica when it was duly weighed. It traveled on a government pass and was allowed 30 pounds of baggage. For the rest I pay 20 centavos a pound to San José. 1,250 pounds excess cost me 50 colones or about \$9.00 and included my outfit and collecting gear.

About 8:00 we went out to the airport and at 8:30 the plane arrived. Just as we were loaded and

were about to leave Don Fernando came riding in having come down all the way from Santa Maria for a last good by.

The plane left at 8:50 and crossed directly to Paso Sempegué. From the air I had my last view of Liberia and of my collecting ground. From the air I could see clearly the broad valley of the Rio Sempegué with the river rather low and narrow here. About half way from Liberia to the River there is a definite escarpment apparently more than a hundred feet in height that breaks down to the level flood plain. This plain is flat with many marshy places in which I saw huns and jacanas.

At Paso Sempegué there is a factory of some kind and level ground with few trees. The landing field here is bad as it is too small. To reach Santa Cruz we crossed a low angular hill and came

down in a vally surrounded
by low hills covered with small
trees. Micoa was somewhat
similar though the vally was
wider. The hills here are dry and
covered with a barren scrub.

From here we swung over to where
I could see the Rio San Francisco
again, wider here and carrying
much sediment. The upper end
of the Gulf of Micoa into which it
empties is extensive mud flats
and is shallow. We passed to the
west of the Isla de Chira which
has a ~~short~~ range of low hills
in horse shoe shape open to the
south with a channel cutting from
the south and almost cutting the
island in two that looks curiously
like an extension of the San Francisco
the island being below the mouth
of the River.

We crossed the Gulf directly to
Punta Arenas. The water was
calm and I saw an occasional
fisherman on a boat near shore.
~~Punta Arenas~~ ^{Punta Arenas} lies at the end

of a long spit of land which is
almost entirely occupied by the town.
The landing field is inland at the
base of the spit. From here we
crossed directly to San José where
we landed about 11¹⁵.

Dr. Juvenal Valerio was there to
meet us, also Bert De Langton
and his wife, Don Fernando
Sales' sister. After some talk I
went to the hotel to clean up. C.
Underwood called and then I had
lunch. Took a taxi, stopped at
the Legation for mail and then went
to the Gobernación offices for a
visa and my passport. Then to the
Museum for a long talk with
Don Juvenal and also with
Modesto Martinez. Checked then on
my steam passage.

Bert De Langton came at 5⁰⁰
and we had a long talk and General
Scott. He gives me a cordial
invitation to return to Santa Maria
whenever I can. At seven I

went out to the house of Robert
Brown Secretary of the Legation for
Demer. Present

Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Le Baron
an attorney concerned with aviation
Capt. ~~John~~ Summers

Army air corps located in Panama

Mr. & Mrs. H. F. Allard of Dept of Agriculture
rubber investigator

Dr. Theodore J. Grant on same
mission

A pleasant evening. That left
me go to bed at midnight.

November 20, Wednesday

This morning early I did some shopping
and then at 10 o'clock out on the street
car to La Sabana to the home of Dona
Amparo Zela which looks out through
our iron gate to the first point of the
airport with the Candelaria mountains
behind.

Then I had a pleasant forenoon in
talking with Dona Amparo and in
watching the pair of quetzals with
their young one in her aviary.
Almuerzo was elaborate and very well
prepared with hot biscuit made by
Dona Amparo herself as a special

favor to me. She is noted in Costa
Rica as a culinary authority. Later
drove into town with Dona Amparo
and Modesto Martinez, stopped at
his office for a minute and then
returned to the hotel.
Called on Mr. Harrington at the
bank did some shopping and writing.
This morning early I was at the
Museum to check over some
things with Aguilar.

Mr. Harrington called for me at
5:30 and took me to his home where
I met Mrs. Harrington and his
two daughters.

At the hotel later I spoke with
Don Federico Páez former president
of Ecuador to give him the regards
of Captain Carlos Eloy affair Ecuadorian
Minister in Washington.

Did some packing in the evening
and went to bed fairly early.

November 21, Thursday

Overcast all day with rain in
afternoon and evening.
Early in morning I drove out to the

house of Dona Amparo Zedeno who
gave me a painting of two hummingbirds
that Don Jose Zedeno ^{had} prized very highly.
She was under the impression that she
had told her that they had been done
by Audubon. (On later examination I found
that it was an original from Gall)
Called on Valero at the ~~Museum~~
and at 11³⁰ went with Modesto
Martinez to a luncheon of the Rotary
Club at the Club Union. Where I was
given a flattering introduction and when
I listened to a talk on syphilis
and to much discussion of the coffee
situation.

In afternoon I called on the
Minister of Foreign Affairs to give my
thanks for the courtesies received in
Costa Rica and on the Minister of
Education on a similar mission.
My visit here has stimulated interest in a
new building for the museum which we
discussed. I talked with the Minister
of foreign affairs regarding the Convention
for the protection of flora and fauna and
suggested establishment of reserves.
Spent half an hour with Don Anastasio
Affaro very pleasantly. He is very del.
His mind is keen.

En nombre del Club Rotario de
Costa Rica quiero presentar un saludo muy
afectuoso al distinguido sabio norte-
americano Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Secretario
que en este caso equivale a Director - del
Museo Nacional y de la Institución Smith-
soniana de Washington, D.C. Para mí esta
oportunidad es doblemente grata porque al
saludar al sabio ilustre, saludo también
a un amigo excelente y leal. El Doctor
Wetmore tiene bondad en el semblante,
sencillez en los modales, ecuanimidad en
la actitud. No es uno de esos sabios que
ignorán todo lo que no sea su ciencia. El
Doctor Wetmore es intensamente humano y
todo le interesa en la vida de la cual no
se ha alejado en hondas abstracciones como
ha sucedido a otros que, como él, a la
ciencia consagran su vivir.

Cuando lo ví actuar como organizador
principal del Congreso Científico Americano
que se celebró en Washington durante los
primeros días del mes de Mayo del año
corriente, quedé sorprendido de su dinamismo,
de su agilidad mental y física, de su com-
prensión. Y debo declarar que desde en-
tonces en cada uno de los que tuvimos el
honor de figurar como delegados a ese Con-
greso, tiene el Doctor Wetmore un amigo y un
admirador.

También tuve el gusto de verlo
moverse gentilmente en las muchas fiestas
sociales que fueron parte del programa de
ese Congreso. Y al revés de tantos sabios
que desdeñan todo lo social y no hacen
transacciones con la frivolidad, él

bosques y lostrinos y los vuelos de las aves. Es un mundo de belleza inimitable porque de las aves de Costa Rica puede decirse lo que de las mujeres de Costa Rica; que no hay ninguna fea.

Costa Rica a pesar de su pequeñez disfruta del gran privilegio de tener tantas clases de aves como todo el Continente europeo. Pero sobre ese privilegio de número hay que colocar el de la belleza porque en esto nuestras aves ocupan un lugar muy elevado. No se necesita ser un hombre de ciencia para darse cuenta de esto. A la vista saltan, por ejemplo, los trogones todos de deslumbrantes colores metálicos que refulgen al sol; entre ellos está el magnífico quetzal que fué en los tiempos de los mayas de hace siglos símbolo de riqueza y de autoridad y que es en los tiempos de ahora y en estas mismas tierras mayas, símbolo de la libertad. Notable es también la familia de los colibríes, todos al parecer teñidos con polvo refulgente hecho de piedras preciosas. Y tenemos la familia de las Cotingas, entre las cuales está la Cotinga Amabilis que por su plumaje azul de cielo mezclado con el morado ritual, parece ser el pájaro azul de Matterlink.

No quiero seguir hablando de nuestras aves porque no terminaría jamás. El Doctor Wetmore lleva ahora una gran cantidad de ejemplares y de notas y ya veremos todo lo que para la ciencia va a significar este viaje suyo que viene a completar la obra de otros sabios entre

HACIENDA LAS CONCAVAS
CARTAGO
COSTA RICA, C. A.

Nov 20 1940.

Alexander Wetmore Esq.:

Hotel Costa Rica.

My dear Wetmore,

I was most interested to hear from
Palmer that you expected to return to JF
yesterday after what I trust has been a
thoroughly delightful trip in Guanacaste.

It would give us great pleasure
to have you here for a day or such time
as you can spare, or if we can help you
with horses for any trips you may plan,
that would be a privilege.

The weather is marvellous for this
season, but is likely to go soon at any time

If you have to unpack your birds for a
final drying I hope you will allow me
to see them,

With kindest regards,

Yours faithfully

Col. Cantwell

Went with C. F. Underwood out to his house in San Pedro and looked over a few birds that he has. He gave me a young owl. He is old but active and is planning a collecting trip mainly for mammals at the present time. I believe that he had hopes of selling me the lot of skins but they were quite ordinary and I was not interested. Came home in the rain.

Read a bit and ~~did~~ ^{packed} some more packing and labelling luggage in the evening after spending more than an hour with Valerie who came to talk with me.

November 22, Friday.

With Valerie went out to Cartago at eight this morning when I walked around the town a bit and called on Otón Jiménez, the druggist, an old friend of Maxon and Mann. At nine we ~~went~~ ^{met} John Lankester who took us to the Hacienda Las Conchas about fifteen minutes ride distant. Mr. Lankester has had this farm since 1924. It lies near the foot of Volcán Chiriquí.

on the ^{head of the} Atlantic slope and is in
coffee principally with extensive pastures.
We walked out in the morning and
a small lagoon ~~in the morning~~ had
a delightful lunch and then examined
his wonderful garden with its collection
of plants from all over the world.
Naturally orchids were pre dominant
though on extensive porches we saw
an extensive series of cacti and
succulents.

His collection of birds is in London.

My car came at two and we
returned to town stopping briefly
in San Pedro to meet Mrs. Nehemiah
whose collection of insects is now in
the National Museum.

This land now is all in farms with
most of the tree growth cut away.
Fields extend practically to the limit
of drainage. One to the east and south
could see forests. Birds were
scarce.

In town I called on Modeste
Martinez and at the consulate.
At five I went out to the
home of Mr. Hombrook American

Minister who was giving a cocktail
party for a group of 35 American Army
Aviators who were flying down to
Panama. I had dinner with these
fellows later. Met Lieut. Shoemaker of
Washington a nephew of Clarence
Shoemaker.

November 23, Saturday.

Left San Jose this morning
with Valeris and Aguilar as an
escort of honor to him. Modeste Martinez
and Robert Brown came down to say
goodby, and when we left the
Carriage I found Mr. & Mrs. Hankster
and John (Lew) at the station, as well
as Prof. Torrea Rojas and his two sons.

On the train I met Davidson
with whom I had come up from Puerto
Barrios four years ago; also found
Rene Belbenoit the French refugee
from Devil's Island on board. He gave
me a copy of his last book.

The trip down was the reverse of my
journey up. I saw Spotted Sandpipers,
Belted Kingfishers, Swallows and common

Along the Rio Perentayon between
showers of rain.

The train reached here at 3¹⁵
and by 4³⁰ I was safely aboard with
my luggage.

Nelson and Aguilar accompanied
me to the American Consulate where
I saw Mr. Welch, and then at
5³⁰ I said them goodby at the
ship's side.

Sailed at 6⁰⁰ p.m. on the
United Fruit Line steamer Veragua.

November 24 Sunday.

A lazy day in which I
spent mostly in the sunbath.
Air clear and a calm sea.

November 25 Monday

We came in this morning just
Bonacca, Utila and Roatan with a
good look at the latter - a long island
with two fair-sized settlements at the
northern end on the western side. Low
hills made the center of the island. All
there there was a certain amount of forest
though cultivation apparently had cleared
most of the lowlands.

We came in at Puerto Barrios Guatemala

about five previous to which I
had a distant sight of the lowlying
Turneffe Keys.

On Board I saw Mr. Austin
agent for the United Fruit Company and
in the evening went off to the club house
where there was a dance. Returning about
eleven to the ship I spent some hours with
a strong beamed flashlight in watching
the schools of fish that were playing and
feeding beneath the wharf. I saw among
them two good sized groupers and a
turpin slightly more than four feet long.
A yellow-crowned night heron walked
along the wharf.

November 26, Tuesday.

Today I made a trip to the Mayan
site at Churruigua with the cruise
passengers from the ship and found it
interesting and much worth while.
The day was clear until late afternoon
though it has been raining much lately
and the Motagua River was high.
We reached the site about 11³⁰ and
had about six hours.

To reach the monument we
walked ^{about} from the railroad along
a path ^{that} through a banana plantation.

to enter a great, cleared plaza
more than 400 yards long and 150 feet
wide where the jungle growth had been
cleared out leaving only the tallest tall
trees that afforded a certain amount of
shade over a smooth grass lawn.

The various statues and altars
were ranged along this with elevated
mound area of earth and stone at
the end that marked the site of small
temples. As I examined the various
points of interest I heard a constantly
loud sound from the jungle, prominent
among which were the chattering
warbling whistled calls of the yellow
tails.

We returned to Barrios at six to
find the carrier still running with
its endless stream of bunches of bananas
into the chipsheds.

November 27, Wednesday.

Loading continued up to two a.m.
when the ship left. At eight this
morning I had a glimpse of three
low islands in the Saphodha group.
About 10 we passed Half Moon Cay
where there was a distant stretch of
what appeared to be mainly mangroves
with a slightly higher island near

at hand on which were coconuts and
a *Cyathochaeta*.

November 28, Thursday

Sunrise this morning with
overcast sky in the afternoon.

The east end of Cuba came into view
fairly early and at 3:00 P.M. we came in
to the Harbor of Havana, docking
immediately.

On the dock to meet me I found
Dr. Carlos de la Torre, 82 years old and
Cuba's most eminent scientist, Dr. Jorge Roa
and Dr. Abelardo Moreno both of the
University of Havana.

Dr. Rodriguez Capote, director
de Embajadores, greeted me in the name of
the Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense and
his government.

On Don Carlos' car I was given a
brief view of the old part of the city and then
taken to the Instituto de 2^a Enseñanza
No. 1, a high school where I was met
by Dr. Felipe Mancía, the Director and
members of his staff. Here I was shown the
Quallach Collection arranged in one large
high room 150-160 feet by 50 feet. The material
was shown in wall cases and in cover glass
cases in the center. The insects, mollusks and

birds made the bulk of it with fishes mammals and some other miscellaneous material in addition. The insects were encased in the original sealed boxes the size of cigar boxes with glass top and bottom and the insects pinned on narrow paper strips. The birds had the original label covered by another more modern one. The place was immaculately clean.

I looked especially at the birds when I saw the pair of *Passerina jugens* from Cuba, the white pelican and the *Campylorhynchus* with the deformed bill in which the upper mandible had grown out in a long arc a foot long until it touched the top branch on which the bird rested. It is legend that it was fed by its mate. I might suppose however that it had learned to ~~eat~~ ^{incubate} which ants for in their curved runs and so can for itself.

Other adjacent halls included general museum exhibitions in natural history.

While here Dr. Domingo Ramos came to greet me with Dr. Cepeda. (see adjacent memo.)

We drove then out the long drive through Vedado and Miramar to the Habana Yacht Club restricted in membership to Cubans and Americans. Where ~~one~~ had a most delightful Sanguini cocktails.

We returned then to Don Carlos house in Vedado where he gave me two paintings of the Cuban war and of woodpeckers made by the French artist of the Paris museum for Don Carlos when he had to go to France in 1898 during the period of the rebellion.

We dined in the restaurant Paris on lobster and chicken with beer for a beverage and then at 8³⁰ I was returned to the ship where Moreno remained with me until sailing time.

I was supposed to call on the Minister of State but he had the engagements that did not permit.

I was told that I have been awarded the honor of Carlos Cespedes, the highest in the favor of the Cuban government and that had the ship come in on time there was to have been a public reception for me and the presentation by the President! Now they want me perhaps to return on February 27 this national holiday day for the presentation. Or perhaps it may be sent to Washington. A great honor, but one that will require Congressional sanction before I can accept. We sailed at 9⁰⁰.

November 29, Sunday

Fair sunny weather today, with most of my time on the Sun deck. The air is distinctly cooler.

November 30, Saturday

Colder this morning but still with a calm sea. Many ships in sight.

December 1, Sunday

Cold and raw this morning. An amazing amount of shipping moving north and south - so that 11 Naptuna 12 ships were in sight at one time. Calm sea.

We came at rapid speed to put off a passenger with some appendicitis at Amalantia at 12³⁰ and then lay there until we could dock at 5⁰⁰.

My passport with those of all other Americans was taken from me by the immigration officer, a proper regulation to safeguard them.

Met the Customs and Mr. Miss Birmingham formerly our agent here and now a Customs droppetress who smoothed my way appreciably.

Registered at the Hotel Lexington.

Dec. 2, Monday

attended to some details of shipping collection this morning and then left at 10³⁰ for Washington.

No 6467

SPECIAL
PASSPORT

United States of America

PRESENT THIS PASSPORT WITH YOUR APPLICATION FOR A NEW PASSPORT

WARNING

Under the provisions of the Neutrality Act of November 4, 1939, and the proclamations and regulations prescribed thereunder, IT IS UNLAWFUL, unless specifically authorized, for American citizens to travel to or in any area declared by Proclamation of the President to be a combat area.

IT IS UNLAWFUL to use any American passport in violation of the restrictions placed thereon by the Secretary of State. (40 Stat. 227; U.S.C., title 22, sec. 221)

No. 6467

Special Passport

*United States of America
Department of State*

*I, the undersigned, Secretary of State
of the United States of America, hereby
request all whom it may concern to permit*

ALEXANDER WETMORE

*a citizen of the United States, safely and
freely to pass and in case of need to give
to him all such aid and
protection as would be extended to like
citizens or subjects of Foreign Govern-
ments resorting to the United States.*

SEE PAGE 6.

The bearer IS PROCEEDING TO
MEXICO ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS
FOR THE SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION.

The bearer is accompanied by his
Wife.

Minor children.

Given under my
hand and the
seal of the
Department of
State at
Washington on
FEBRUARY 17TH
1939

Correll Hull

Description of bearer

Height 6 feet 3 inches.

Hair GREY

Eyes HAZEL

Distinguishing marks or features:

X X X

X X X

X X X

Place of birth NORTH FREEDOM,
WISCONSIN

Date of birth JUNE 18, 1886

Alexander Whitmore

Signature of bearer.

Photograph of bearer

This Special passport is valid only for travel in the countries designated and in connection with, and for the duration of, the official business indicated herein. If the travel on official business for which this passport is issued extends beyond 2 years the passport is subject to renewal.

See stamp on page 11

This passport to be valid must be submitted to the Department of State for endorsement after each return of the bearer to the United States.

**THIS PASSPORT
IS NOT VALID FOR
TRAVEL TO ANY
COUNTRY IN EUROPE**

Renewal, amendments, and extensions

AUGUST 29, 1940.

THE BEARER IS PRO-
CEEDING TO COSTA RICA ON
OFFICIAL BUSINESS FOR THE
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. HE
WILL ALSO TRAVEL IN CUBA AND
GUATEMALA.

R. B. Shipley

CHIEF, PASSPORT DIVISION

SEEN
DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

August 29, 1940

R. B. SHIPLEY

CHIEF, PASSPORT DIVISION

BY

James E. Anderson

Visas

VISA OFICIAL

VISTO EN LA

EMBAJADA DE MEXICO

WASHINGTON, D. C. FEB 21 1939

PARA DIRIGIRSE A *méxico*

NO. *25* DERECHOS *GRATIS*

El Embajador de Mexico

Contillo Nájera

VISADO OFICIAL

No. 137.

Visto en la Embajada de la

República de Cuba

Buena para

Washington, D. C.

sep. 25 - 1948

Manuel Cuervo

Primer Secretario

Gratis.

Visas

No. 117.

Oficial

Visto en esta Legación en Costa Rica en Los Estados Unidos de América.

Washington, D. C. Septiembre 1948

Manuel Cuervo

Unidad

Visas

VISADO en la Gobernación de la Provincia
de San José de la República de Costa Rica.

Bueno para dirigirse a *Estados Unidos*

Via
10 de 19
10 NOVIEMBRE 1940
San José.

ABSTRACTS FROM PASSPORT REGULATIONS

1. Passports are issued in the United States by the Secretary of State, through the Passport Division, Department of State, Washington, D. C. Applications for passports should be made in person through clerks of Federal courts, clerks of State courts having jurisdiction in naturalization matters, or through passport agents of the Department of State. Passport agents of the Department of State are stationed at New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and the Department of State, Washington, D. C. Applications should be filed from 2 to 4 weeks before the passport is required, depending upon the distance from Washington.

2. Americans residing or sojourning abroad should apply for passports through the nearest American consulate.

3. Persons in the Philippine Islands desiring passports should make application to the United States High Commissioner, Manila. In the Virgin Islands, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Guam, and American Samoa application should be made to the chief executives of those islands.

4. Special passports are valid only for travel in the countries designated and in connection with, and for the duration of, the official business indicated therein. Such passports may be renewed under regulations prescribed by the Secretary of State for a period not to exceed 2 years if the holder maintains the same status as held by him at the time of the issue of the special passport.

5. Americans making their homes or residing for a prolonged period abroad should register at the nearest American consulate.

1941

February 26.

Called today on Sr. Vargas
first secretary of the Colombian Embassy
who kindly gave me a diplomatic
visa on my special passport. I
had an interesting conversation with
him, and another with my
old friend Jono, Agregado
Comercial, who was representative
for Colombia at the meeting of
the Committee of Experts on
Conservation last spring.
His home is in Cartagena where
he has a business with his 3
brothers.

Also secured a visa from
the Venezuela Embassy through
Sr. Lecuna, Second Secretary.

Feb. 27.

Mr. Boon second secretary at
the Netherlands legation gave me
a diplomatic visa on my passport
for Curacao.

March 2, Sunday

Left Washington via P. O. R. at
1:50 p.m. and arrived New York
4:45 p.m. and registered at the
Hotel Lexington, 48th Lexington
ave. much snow on the ground

March 3, Monday

Checked steam passage this
morning and bought supplies.
Secured some rifle ammunition
(manus) for Carlos Lehmann at
Griffiths and Howe - 202 East
44th St, to whom I was sent
by Abernethy and Fitch.

March 4, Tuesday

Yesterday evening I finished an
obituary notice of good old Fleming
for the obit. and sent it to Washington
to type and mailed to Decatur.

This morning I checked over
data on nominations of Latin-
Americans for Honorary membership in
the Washington Academy of Science

and sent a memo to Dr. Rossini
Secretary of the Society.

Visited the American Museum of
Natural History. Went called on
Anthony with regard to work on the
manuscript of Harper and Glor Allen
on extinct and vanishing mammals.
Also saw Sumner and Chapin with
regard to A. O. U. Check List matters.
Received a telegram and a special
delivery letter from the office regarding
Colombian permits.

March 5, Wednesday

Completed my packing early this
morning and then called Gray
long distance at nine. Following
that I went by taxi to Pier 9
to the United Fruit Line S.S. Quirigua
where I met M. G. Carraker, Jr.,
who had just arrived up from Tomas
Prión, N. J. We checked our baggage
and tickets and saw our things
aboard and then came back to
630 7th ave, to the British

visa control office to get us a
visa that our passports that will
allow us to visit Kingston, Jamaica.
While the ship is at the dock there.
This was obtained without difficulty.
We sailed at noon. Air sharp
and cold so that it remained in
for the afternoon.

Many Herring Gulls, an occasional
ring-billed gull and rarely a
Bonaparte's Gull came about
until dark.

Motion pictures at night.

March 6, Thursday.

Calm beautiful sea today.
Herring Gulls about in morning
but had disappeared by noon.

Air cold but not too disagreeable.

March 7, Friday

Decidedly warmer today but with
overcast sky. I changed to tropical
washed clothing and was comfortable.
No sun. Sea calm but rougher toward
evening.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
GREAT WHITE FLEET

S. S. "QUIRIGUA"

C. R. GLENN, Master

SAILING FROM NEW YORK CITY,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th, 1941

--PORTS OF CALL--

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA

CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA

CRISTOBAL, C. Z.

LIST OF PASSENGERS

CRUISE PASSENGERS

AHLFORS, MR. & MRS. A.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
BANKS, MISS. E.	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BEACH, MR. & MRS. E. M.	BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
BERGER, MR. & MRS. K. F.	"
BREITZKE, MISS. IRMA	CHICAGO, ILL.
BUBB, MR. & MRS. J. J.	DEARBORN, MICH.
CARY, MR. W. H.	BROCKTON, MASS.
CHARVAT, MR. T. F.	CLEVELAND, OHIO.
CHIAPPETTA, MR. & MRS. J. F.	WESTPORT, CONN.
CLARKE, MR. & MRS. A. N.	FALL RIVER, MASS.
COYNE, MR. & MRS. H. P.	MILTON, MASS.
COYNE, MISS. MARY, A	"
DEWAR, MR. & MRS. H. D.	GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
DUNNE, MR. JAMES	HOLLIS, N. Y.
DUNN, MRS. JOHN T.	WEST HARTFORD, CONN.
DU PLAN JR. MR. & MRS. H. B.	CHICAGO, ILL.
DYER, MR. C.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
EDWARDS, MR. & MRS. HENRY, H.	BRISTOL, CONN.
EUSTEN, MISS. EUGENIE	SYRACUSE, N. Y.
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HOYT, MR. & MRS. M. K.	NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
HOYT, MR. FRANK	"
HUBBARD, MR. F. D.	"
HUTCHINSON, DR. & MRS. CARL	AUGUSTA, MAINE.
INGRAHAM, MISS. VIRGINIA	BALTIMORE, MD.
JENKINS, MR. GEORGE, O.	BRIDGEWATER, MASS.
JEWETT, MRS. H. J.	BALTIMORE, MD.
KORNSTEIN, MISS. EDITH	BROOKLYN, N. Y.
PARTRIDGE, MR. WILLIS	BROCKTON, MASS.
ROBERTS, MISS. ANN, M.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
ROBERTSON, MR. KENNETH, R.	"
ROBINSON, MISS. EDITH, M.	"

ROSS, MRS. GALE	SANDY HOOK, CONN.
SCHJOLIN, MR. & MRS. HANS O.	BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
SEIBOLD, MR. A. B.	GLEN COE, ILL.
TIERNEY, DR. & MRS. L. M.	WEST HAVEN, CONN.
WEINSTEIN, MR. & MRS. M. B.	PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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ALECIO, MR. F. A.	WOODSIDE, N. Y.
ALEXANDER, MISS. MARION	ROCKPORT, N. Y.
BURNIE, MR. & MRS. A. N.	BEAVER FALLS, PA.
CLARK, MR. & MRS, N. T.	DOVER, MASS.
CARTER, MR. E.	JAMAICA.
CONEY, REV, J. A	NORTH BERWICK, MAINE.
FRIESE, MR. & MRS. MAX	RYE, N. Y.
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HITT, MRS. ROBERT	"
HITT, MISS. DIANA	"
KENNEDY, MISS. A.	WEST YORK, ILL.
KERR, DR. PHILLIS	WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
LATANGE, MRS. F.	NEW YORK, N. Y..
LOWE, DR. R. W.	RIDGEFIELD, CONN.
MARTIN, MR. H. W.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
MENA, MR. MANUEL	"
McDONALD, MRS. F. L.	"
McNAMEE, MR. V. L.	LITTLE NECK, N. Y.
NEILSON, MR. C.	GROSSE POINT, MICH.
PAYNE, MR. E.	WASHINGTON, D. C.
PEIFER, MRS. L. J.	HARRISBURG, PA.
ROWLEY, MRS. A.	OTAWA, CANADA.
SALERNO, MRS. MAE	NEW YORK, N. Y.
SELLERS, MR. MAX	WINDSOR, VT.
SHIRLEY, MRS. N. W.	NEW YORK, N. Y.
TATE, MRS. AMY	ST. ANDREWS, JAMAICA.
TATE, MISS. W.	"
WALKER, MRS. J. A.	"
WEST, MR. & MRS. V. F.	FORESIDE, MAINE.
WOOLSON, MR. & MRS. ERIC	WESTPORT, CONN.

(Over)

NEW YORK TO BARRANQUILLA, COL.

ALEXANDOR, MR. & MRS. F. J.	MONTREAL, CANADA.
BUITRAGO, MR. & MRS. E.	BARRANQUILLA, COL.
CARRIKER, MR. M	BEACHWOOD, N. J.
FISH, MR. H. P.	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
GHEO, MR. D.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
HACKMAN, MR. & MRS. A. L.	MAPLEWOOD, N. J.
HACKMAN, MISS. A. M.	"
MEJIA, MR. J.	MEDELLIN, COL.
MILLER, MR. CHARLES	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
WETMORE, MR. ALEXANDER	WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW YORK TO CRISTOBAL

FORBES, MR. LESTER	SOUTHPORT, CONN.
MARKHAM, MISS. EVELYN	BALTIMORE, M. D.
NORTHEY, MR. & MRS. JOHN. H.	CHARLOTTE, N. C.

March 8, Saturday. and
Today the sea was smooth, the sun
was tempered by the steady flow of the
trade winds. ~~and~~ had four and a
half hours on the sun deck dived
between morning and afternoon and
a swim in the pool.

We passed Cuba in the afternoon -
first the low sweep of Cape Maisi
then the lighthouse and the little
settlement with cultivated fields in-
terposed with the forest; and then the
buffy red sea of what I suppose
is a mile trail coming down across
the slopes. We swung in for a
distance along the south coast
and did not see Haiti at all.

March 9, Sunday.

At daybreak we were off Kingston,
Jamaica and at 8³⁰ had come in
to the dock past the low point of
Port Royal and some low islands of
small size. A warship lay at the
opposite wharf as we came in. We
went off at once and secured an

Old Buick. Carver and I went to the Jamaica district which occupies a low building in the center of the town. An addition had been recently completed and exhibits were being moved into it.

The buildings were low, yellow painted with large airy halls. As it was Sunday the door was closed but on the explanation of Lawrence our driver that we were "foreigners" the porter obligingly opened for us. The birds were badly crowded in four or five glass-sided cases and were all old specimens - some of them very good however (from the standpoint of rarity not of taxidermy).

Behind the building were a few small aviaries and animal runs where I saw geocorps brown a thick-kneed rather woolly looking agouti, the Jamaican tortoise, crocodile and Euphrasia. The aviary held half a dozen beautiful Geothlypis viracola, Leptocoma hypoleuca, Jamaicensis, Zenaidura macroura, white-crowned juncos, and a white-winged dove. Also saw the Amazona.

We drove out then through the town and across a surfaced road over a mountain and then down the winding valley of the Castles River to Castles and the Castles gardens.

Kingston lies over a level flat with fairly rich, clean shrubs. The population this Sunday morning seemed predominantly negro.

After the usual array of little shops and close set houses we traversed a region of gardens with small houses and then were in the country. On this drive we saw no original forest whatever, only slope showing scrubland. Bougainvillea was in blossom but most of the hibiscus and other flowers were past.

Rain came at the gardens so that we could do little except to sit on the porch of a little rest house. Fortunately the trees in blossom in fruit were attractive to birds and here we saw many interesting things.

Magros crouched around offering
worm hots and bage, and strings
or belts of seeds of various kinds.
When it appeared that the rain
would not cease we started
back for town with rows of water
bunning in the road. The car
gave trouble of course but we were
back at the ship by one and sailed
again at two.

My bird list was 16 species
which was not bad considering the
rain.

The afternoon in the open
sea with the full force of the
trades was rather rough. Mist and
showers continued for the afternoon.

March 10, Monday

Sunshine again this morning so
that I got in two hours on the
sundut.

About three in the afternoon land
appeared ahead and we were soon in
the muddy discharge from the Rio
Magdalena. Band presently were

travelling up a channel with low
swampy land on either side. The
port of Barranquilla is some distance
above the sea. On the west bank
of the river the land was a little
higher and there were occasional
houses, or a factory. Marshy land
frequented by herons lay opposite.
I saw occasional royal terns,
american egrets and turkey vultures.

We were at the dock about
4³⁰ where Mr. Raymond Phelan
~~an~~ American vice-consul and Mr.
Jerry B. Sanders American vice-consul
met me. Carrick and I went off the
ship with these gentlemen and we
waited in the Customs House for an
hour until the baggage came off.
I also met Sr. Aguirre local
representative of the United Fruit Co.
and Don Luis Carbanel, who came
with a greeting from Dr. Armando Dugand.
The Customs official gave us freedom
of the port very courteously and we were

Soon through. I took with me the two suitcases that I am carrying to Bogota and we drove down to the town through the narrow, streets of the business section and out to the Hotel Del Prado in a newly developed area. The hotel is a huge rambling structure built in angles with a swimming pool, gardens and lawns.

Mr. Pheasant and Mr. Sanchez remained for dinner, an excellent meal. It is cooler here than I had anticipated. As the town lies on a low bench when it gets the full force of the trade winds which keep the mosquitoes down.

We were in bed about ten thirty with the wind beating steadily at the screened windows opposite my bed.

There were many people in and out of the hotel and the bar and grill were filled all evening. This town seems a very busy place.

March 11, Tuesday

This morning I was called at five to reach the office of Avionca at six. Here I transferred from taxi to bus and was driven out to the airport in the country distant several kilometers from the city.

A group of young men took me in charge, weighed my baggage, checked my ticket and at seven a bell rang at which the crew went out to the waiting plane. The passengers followed and we were off. The plane was a Douglas that could carry 22 passengers.

The sun had risen as we came out to the airport and for a minute the lower edge was cut in a jagged line, possibly by the projection of the Santa Marta range invisible in the haze.

We followed the Rio Magdalena or rather its valley as the plane made a straight line and then many curves. The atmosphere was hazy in the beginning and continued so throughout the early part of the trip. The lower coastal plain was dry and

rather arid in appearance but
higher up the land became more
rolling and green.

As we left the airport I saw
the inevitable and several
groups of black vultures.

Over Antigua I had glimpses
of hills covered with heavy
forest in which yellow flowered trees
stood out.

Clouds drifted by, became denser
and finally we flew just above
an expanse of fluffy cloud bank
that obscured the land except
for an occasional glimpse. It
became rough for a while and

then suddenly we were over the
Bogota Savanna rocky at first
and then level cut with cultivated
fields now fallow or recently plowed.
At 9:50 we came down into the
airport.

Here I was met by Mr. F. N. Pily,
of the United Fruit Co. who came on
behalf of Mr. Xamori the agent here.

Mr. Pily kindly took me over town
in ^{his} car when I secured a room
at the Hotel Granada in the center
of town.

Here I unpacked a bit, and then
at eleven went down through the
town to the American Embassy where
I talked with the first secretary Mr. Wright
who took me to the Ambassador Mr.
Braden. (Mr. James Harris Wright).

I returned to the Hotel at noon where
by chance I met Dr. Clarence Haring of
Harvard who is here briefly and had
lunch with him and Dr. Raymond Christ
a Guggenheim fellow who is here studying
land tenures and their effect on people.

I returned at 3:15 to the Embassy
where Mr. Wright took me to the office of
Foreign Affairs located in the old home of
Simon Bolivar. Here I was introduced
to Dr. Frances Ortega ^{in charge of protocol} and left a card for
the minister of Foreign Affairs. I saw
him a portrait of Bolivar done by an artist
named C. Gill said to have been made in
London when the patriot was there on a mission.

I was taken then to Sr. Pinto
Valderrama Jefe del Departamento Central
Who ascertained that I would have to
have with an army officer who would
be designated by the minister of war
and would accompany the expedition at
my expense.

I met then also Mr. Julio
Gonzalez Nieto, Jefe de la Oficina de
Inteligencia y Relaciones, who gave me
a new map just issued of the
Guajira.

I returned to the hotel at five
to meet Dr. Ascanio Dugand,
Director del Instituto de Ciencias Naturales
and Dr. F. Carlos Lehmann Venz had
much talk with them.

With them I visited Dr. Augustin
Nieto Caballero, Rector of the University
in his office. We tried to see if it
would not be possible to have
Lehmann designated to represent the
Colombian government as he is going
along with me, but this proved not
to be practicable.

March 12, Wednesday.

I was out at 6¹⁵ this morning
awakened by the usual tolling of bells
in the churches, talk of pedestrians on the
streets, the howling of auto horns and
the other morning noises that pervade
all my memories of Latin American capitals.
The air was cool and sharp and the
water in the shower cold but I did
not find these ~~things~~ uncomfortable.

I breakfasted on orange juice, toast,
egg, coffee and milk and wrote for
a time.

Carlos Lehmann came for me and Raymond
Crist at 8⁰⁰ and drove us to the
Instituto de Ciencias Naturales at the
Ciudad Universitaria located outside
the city on a level tract of ground
of 100 acres. At 9⁰⁰ Dr. Augustin
Nieto Caballero came and showed us
through the new buildings and explained
to us his plan for a modern school
and in his office displayed a model
showing all the buildings contemplated.
Two are under construction now which
when finished will complete one fourth

of the installation. The roadways of the campus have all been laid out and preliminary work done in developing the grounds. Lawns and flower beds were already growing around part of the buildings. All construction was in white stucco over brick and all architecture was modernistic.

We visited first a student center at the large stadium where there was a cafe, and gymnasium facilities. A basket ball stadium nearby, one of the first constructions in wood was now being replaced by cement. We were in a building devoted to the school of Architecture, and of law, and also visited a dormitory for men. Everything was clean and well arranged, well lighted with abundance of framed prints of good pictures scattered over the walls. The various buildings had well arranged library rooms with a fair supply of books.

The whole expressed the enthusiasm of Dr. Nite and it was a pleasure to see the students, and the scattering of girls among them. ~~At the~~ the Institute was a

Veterinary school with classes in progress.

The Instituto de Ciencias Naturales was of the same white stucco as the other buildings, the central section being two stories high surrounded by laboratory sections of one story. The ~~door~~ entrance led into a patio, bright with flowers and water pools. I had a long conversation with Dr. Luis ^{Maria} Muvillo, in charge of entomology, a specialist in Coccinellids who wants me to arrange to have Chapin come down to work here. He impressed me as a highly enthusiastic and competent man. There was another man whose name I did not obtain working on Membracids of the ornamented type.

The section of plants impressed me as the best developed and with the largest collections. Dr. Dugand who is a botanist told me that they had about 15,000 named plants and as many more unnamed. The specimens were ranged in standard herbarium cases. Dr. J.

Enabrecasas formerly of Madrid, is now working here. Dr. Arbalaz has gone on a special mission for his government to study Agriculture in Puerto Rico.

The closet collections were ranged in excellent Ward cabinets in the west, trays developed originally at the National Museum.

I visited also a laboratory for the study of fungi and plant pathology.

All the rooms were well lighted with excellent equipment. Most of the workers were young.

The ornithological section occupied one wing where I intended to see a row of exhibition cases. The first contained the old collections, which farther on was a modern installation with excellent taxidermy. The older ones showed the usual early attempts at such work, but the newer mounts were excellent and were well labelled. The office and work room were at the end.

Birdskins numbered two or three thousand I judged but were not of good quality. Work in classification has just begun and is difficult as

there is no comparative material as yet. Many skins were kept in paper cylinders or transparent cellulose cylinders and were filed in deep drawers. Most still lacked labels. The skinning was excellent but the make up poor. Small birds apparently were put in paper cases to dry and on the whole were better than the larger species.

At noon we returned to town. After lunch I called on Mr. Hamer, who is head of the United Fruit Company office here, who had been advised of my coming by Wilson Popeye. He had been recently in the guajira as far as Uribia.

At 3:30 Dr. Dugand and Lehmann came for Crist and me in one of the buses that the University runs from the city to the campus, good sized trucks, labelled Ciudad Universitaria on the side. On this we drove north along the eastern edge of the savanna and then climbed up over a range of mountains on the east side.

The valley floor was level, open
and all either in pasture or cultivation
except for occasional marshy spots.
Along the fences were lines of eucalyptus
and I saw occasional groves of other
trees and of an introduced cypresses.
The general appearance of the country
was definitely that of Normandy
in France.

On the mountain slope was a
thicket growth like a chaparral.
The original forest persisted only in
occasional steep gulches. In
many places the soil was thin and
rock was exposed.

We returned to the city at dark
to have tea and discuss plans for
field work.

I believe that I am enjoying Bogota
more than the other capitals that
I know. Steep-sided mountains lie
immediately back of the town and
the city is built along the Savanna
at the base. The other section shows the
usual narrow struts but much
reconstruction is going on. The new
developments in the suburbs have

~~Many~~ Many brick houses with painted
gables and roofs that have a hint
of the Swiss chalet type of architecture.
Some are Moorish in style. Many sit
back behind grill fences and walls
amid lawns bright with flowers.

The elevation here is above 8500 feet
but as it is farther south the temperature
seems to me like that of San Jose,
Costa Rica. The sun today was warm.
This evening men were wearing
overcoats but I did not feel the
necessity for mine.

I now seem to be completely adjusted
to the difference in altitude.

The valley and mountains are
hidden behind a smoky haze. A
little rain fell on the eastern side
of the mountains today but none came
in Bogota.

I was in bed before ten after an
hour in reading the evening paper,
and a Gira de Gogira given me
today by Dugand, in the great
parlor of the Hotel which is heated
by a tremendous fire place.

March 13, Friday

The bells in the church of San Francisco directly opposite my room awakened me again to a morning of sunshine. I wrote for an hour and then went with Dr. Lehmann to the Instituto de Ciencias Naturales, and later with Lehmann, Dugand and Crist to the Rockefeller station here. Then I met Dr. Bugher and Dr. John Weir and was shown their interesting researches on jungle yellow fever.

As a matter of precaution they gave me the yellow fever inoculation, $\frac{1}{2}$ centimeter. Telling me that they knew that it was good for 4 years thus far and perhaps for life. It was entirely painless. After I am glad to have this certificate.

Afterward I did some shopping & Dr. Lehmann had lunch with me. He is the third generation of Carlos Lehmanns here in Colombia his grandfather having been German consul in Popayan. He is now 86 years old. Dr. Dugand came for me at

2³⁰ p.m. to take me to the Colegio de la Salle.

But before that I visited in the city Dr. Leonidas Gomez, at Calle 18, no 588, a dentist about my age who is an enthusiastic sportsman interested especially in snipe. He hunts constantly and displayed a box $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches by 2 inches deep filled with the tiny first primaries of snipe that he had killed, a curious sort of trophy. There appeared to be two species of *Capella* represented. He had mounted specimens of *Capella jamesoni* and *C. undulata* (subsp.?) and told me that the birds were common.

The Colegio de la Salle is situated on the hill at the base of the mountains when it overlooks the city. A steep drive led up to the entrance with the high building above and a new wing under construction. In the reception room

We were received by Hermano Agustín who sent for Hermano Apolinario Maria. The order is that of the Hermanos Cristianos or Christian Brothers and is characterized by a black habit with a white sash 6 x 10 inches below the chin.

Apolinario Maria is French, now about 80, a man of medium size with blue gray eyes and strong hawk-like features. After some talk he took us through the museum located in a low wing at one side of the main building. Here there were two halls, one about 80-90 feet long and the other 60 each 35 feet or so wide with collections displayed in the old style.

Through the center were racks of pinned butterflies and other insects in glass pinned boxes, flanked by rows of stuffed animals, fish and various curiosities. Around the sides low down were mammals, fish, reptiles, some stuffed and some

in fluid. Above beginning at 8 feet or so above the floor and continuing up for four or five tiers were ranged hundreds of somewhat roughly mounted birds. Most were of Colombia with a scattering of species from Europe and North America. A case six feet high by six feet wide contained 20 fairly deep drawers in two rows in which there were pinned bird skins each wrapped in cellophane to protect them against dust. This material, partly identified had been taken mainly in the last three or four years and was fairly well made with good data.

I saw several albino hummingbirds at least 4 species in the mounted collection. The first in this family that I have ever seen.

Rain came while we were here and fell for most of the afternoon.

We went next to the Biblioteca Nacional, a large modern building 5 stories or more high, only recently built. I had a glimpse of a well lighted comfortable reading room of good size. Research rooms were ranged above and stacks below.

We went then to Santa Bibiana also at the base of the mountain slopes overlooking the city which had been the country estate of Bolívar where he had lived with his mistress Doña Marina (Sines). There were many relics of the patriot here, and some beautiful surrounding gardens.

March 14, Friday

Sunshine again this morning. Dr. Nieto had arranged to come for me this morning but something slipped in the arrangements and he did not appear.

I called on Mr. Scherer, American Consul, and also talked again with Mr. Wright, Secretary of the Embassy.

Who told me that he had been promised that the officer to accompany me would be named today.

Lost a crown on a front tooth and went to Dr. Ernesto Fajardo a competent young dentist to have it replaced.

Dr. J. C. Bugher of the Rockefeller Foundation came in the afternoon and we discussed avian physiology for over an hour.

In the evening Dr. J. Cuatrecasas and Dr. José Rojo y Gómez called. The latter is a geologist in the Bureau of Mines, interested in paleontology of mollusks and reptiles. He told me that the old lake of the Bogotá savanna dated back to the late Pliocene or early Quaternary. He has found reptilian remains in fossil deposits here.

Mr. Carlos Lehmann and his young sister-in-law took me to the movies this evening in a fine modern hall air-conditioned - which here means heated! Afterward we had tea and cakes, a popular Colombian custom.

Dr. Lehmann brought me letters
to the Police Officials of Santa Marta,
And Uribia. Signed by Alfredo
Aguero Arenas, Director General
which will be very useful.

March 15, Saturday

Rain fell heavily during the night
but ceased with dawn.

I went early to the National
Bank here to draw some money. Quite a
process. A young man took my
travelers check for \$50 and entered
it on a sheet. Then he filled out
a form with a lot of figures that
he did not show me. Then another
young man signed the form and
initialed some other sheets. Then
a third man entered data from
this form on a sheet before him.
Checked it carefully and then wrote
out a check. These papers went to
another fellow who did something to them.
A messenger brought the checks
back to another chap who sat and
spinned letters for a bit and then
condescended to initial the check.

and make another entry. I regretted
to add that they had been checked
again by another individual. A
man at another window received
the check and gave it to me, and
I took it to the cashiers window
and received the money, which
incidentally was 75 centavos less than
the proper amount!

Dr. Lehmann called for me at nine
and took me to the Instituto de
Ciencias Naturales and then with
Dugand we continued north on the
Savanna to Mosquera and the laguna
de las Herreras distant about 20 to
25 Kilometres from Bogota.

I discussed the question of exporting
specimens with Dr. Dugand and showed
him the decree which he had never
seen. He agreed with me the check
on duplication indicated was impossible
and said that Dr. Lehmann could
authorize the export on behalf of the
Ministry of Education. The Instituto

would have the material collected
by Lehmann and Cortez and so
should have representation of the
anfauna. I told them that I
would eventually publish a report
and that if there was anything
they really wanted to let me know.

The level savanna with
the long lines of eucalyptus backing
along the dividing line between the
fields is most interesting. Ditches
bordering the roadways bear some
water in them but at this is the
dry season the general water level
is low. Most of the fences are
now of barbed wire but in places
the old adobe block fences remain
sometimes topped by barbed wire.

We crossed the Rio Bogota
on an old stone bridge left from
Spanish times.

At the lagunas de la Horra
the water was reduced to a mere
creek or so of the wet season
extent. The dry areas being marked
by beds of rushes. The water area
was extensive however the open

space being bordered by bands
of rushes. The lake lay against
a low range of rocky dry hills
when there were scattered growths
of flat pad cactus, low bushes
and bunch dry grass. The aspect
of the landscape was exactly that
of some cienaga in the semi-arid
hills of New Mexico. Dry rocky,
hills of colored buff and brown
and black ^{contrasted} with the deep green of
the vegetation on the lake shore.

The pasture land is heavily
grazed so that there is little
grass cover except where there is
water. Low ranch buildings were
scattered about and there were
occasional towns grouped about little
plazas of fine grass bordered
by trees.

Zonotrichia capensis subsp. *abundans*
everywhere being the most abundant
birds. In the lake were coots, ducks
and herons, and dark breasted

Swallows circled about rock faces, bridges and houses. Buzzards and black vultures crossed the sky. Except for the Zonotrichia bird life was fairly common but not abundant.

On Mosquero, we stopped at the Colegio de las Padres Salesianos which has an old wing of adobe with a balcony across the front and a new section of brick where there are many windows.

On the passage to the door were two or three rather watchful old Indians and a child or two came for some assistance. We met a young padre at the entrance explained that we wanted to see the museum and were taken at once inside, the entrance being into a small ^{many floors} patio with a statue in the center, and two stories of rooms above. This was the old section where the second story room, apparently the habitations each had a name above the door.

The much larger newer section had a large rectangular patio with brick floor where dozens of boys, ran and played under the supervision of two or three padres. I could see through an opening into another patio where several priests walked or conversed. This new section had been recently completed. The long section of gallery on the second floor through which we walked was white and clean and led past a small library, a room devoted to physical apparatus to a room 31 by 75 feet given over to the museum. Wallcases across one end were devoted to birds not too well mounted. In the center was a case filled with stuffed mammals. The ground tier below the birds was filled also with mammals but I could see only protruding heads and feet without reaching down.

Farther down the room were the cases devoted to minerals, stuffed fish, mollusks, some archaeological materials and other miscellany including wood samples. In one case were teeth, jaw and limb bones somewhat fragmentary of mastodons from the hills near sight through the window above the laguna de la Herrera.

The birds were mainly from somewhere down on the llanos but included a few from the savannas. An ~~old~~ Austrian was in charge, an elderly man in worn clothes, with face much browned by the sun, evidently very happy in his work. His specimens unfortunately had no data other than the number. I identified for him two or three things concerning which he was uncertain.

We returned to town at 1:30 for an excellent lunch at the Restaurant Temel.

At four I went to the dentist, who found that he would have to make a

new tooth for me. Later I did some shopping. At noon and again in the late afternoon the streets are crowded with pedestrians. crowds gather in front of bulletin boards in front of newspaper offices, where late bulletins are printed in chalk. Friends cluster on street corners & talk and through all this come street cars and autos which in some miraculous way avoid hitting anyone.

I talked in the evening with Victor Oppenheim, a Latvian geologist who is said to be one of the foremost authorities on stratification throughout South and Central America. He has been through the Guajira and tells me that there are trees in the Serrania Cujana.

So far I have not felt the need of a big overcoat. In fact I have not had it on. The sun when it shines is hot, much of the time since I have been here it has been cloudy. Only when the wind blows does it

seem cold & it takes a certain amount of determination however to step into a shower bath that is practically cold at six o'clock in the morning!

March 16, Sunday.

Rain fell again last night and it was misty and cloudy this morning.

At eight Mr. Cuatrecasas & Mr. Boyo came to take me to Monserrate accompanied by Dr. Crist, Dr. Leopold Richter, the entomologist from the University and Dr. Trias and his son, the latter a surgeon from Spain who came here because of the war there. We drove up to the funicular railway at the upper edge of the city and then were taken in the cable drawn car up the steep pitch and through a tunnel to emerge finally at an elevation of 7000 ft. Here at Monserrate a path along which are scattered little shrines, a dozen of them or more leads up to a church that is frequented especially on Sunday. Many of the devout are Indians who make the long steep climb on foot. Vendors sold wax

candles to be placed at the shrines, and pictures of the saviors and the saints. Many made of this a picnic excursion bringing benches. Others at tomatoes and I drank coffee in a little restaurant behind the church. While below the crest of the hill beyond was a row of chicharras for the poorer group. These were built in a long trench with a galvanized roof the place being divided in steel pointed compartments 15×30 or 40 feet. Here were offered roast chicken, soups in great cauldrons, meats and stuffed chicken necks with other delicacies. Men and women slipped about through the crowd offering little cups of aguardiente from a bottle carried under the poncho or shawl, sumptuously as this was election day and the sale of liquor was prohibited.

From the hill we had magnificent views of Bogota, and the Santandean and behind it mountains with their

slopes covered with bush and occasional plantations of Cypress or Eucalyptus. The original forest is all gone.

I took some pictures but was finally stopped by a guard who said that a permit was necessary. Returning we walked down through a beautiful park. W.D.

at the hotel I met a geologist from the Geological Survey who I have known in Washington.

At four Crist and I went out to tea at Dr. Cuatrecasas. He and his family live in an apartment in the new dormitory at the University. When from the fourth floor they have a beautiful view of mountains and the Savanna. Mr. Rags and his family were there also. Dr. Cuatrecasas showed us a very fine set of feather ornaments from the ^{parrots} ~~parrots~~ of the in extreme Southern Colombia. Among the birds he was showing the collar I found a summer tanager. He had a fine blow gun from the same place. I was astonished at the slight force

of breath needed to propel the light arrows.

After an excellent tea we returned at six thirty in the street car to Bogota.

A huge swastika flag - red with the upside down emblem in the center has flown all day from the German Consulate a block from the hotel. The purpose no one seems to know. I may note that this is national election day here.

March 17, Monday.
To the dentist at 8:00 this morning and then occupied until twelve thirty with errands around town which included a call on J. H. Wright, Secretary at the American Embassy.

To the dentist again at 1:45. At 3:00 Dr. Jorge Anaya-Soto, Director del Laboratorio Químico Nacional de Analisis e Investigacion took me to his laboratory where I spent an interesting hour. He is working in soil analysis, testing materials, and general laboratory analysis of a chemical nature. When

work for the government is finished
he is free to undertake paid work, the
first to go to the support of the laboratory.
He intends to build up his work
similar to that of our Bureau of
Standards. I was most favorably
impressed by the modern apparatus
available in his laboratories and
by the type of young men employed
under him in them.

I took a taxi then to the
Instituto de Ciencias Naturales where
I talked with Dr. Dugand and had
a final visit with them.

It has rained off and on all day
and I was told that this might
mark the beginning of the rainy season
here. Clouds hung over the mountains
all day.

Dr. W. D. Johnston, Jr. of the U.S.
Geological Survey very kindly gave
me the Barranquilla Sheet of the
American Geographical Society's map
which will be of great use to me.
Dr. Prouty of the Bureau of Mines and
he are travelling in the strategic
Mineral Survey.

I had an excellent dinner and a
pleasant evening in the home of Dr.
Jorge Ancizar. I dined with Dr. Augustin
Mato Caballero as the other guest.
We sat before an open fire and talked
until ten. The arrangements in
the house and the service were
identical with ours at home.

March 18, Tuesday
This morning was clear and
sharply cool but later it began to
sprinkle again.
Visited the dentist at first and
had my new crown installed, \$5.00,
not bad, but I fear that it is going
to give me trouble.

Called on Mr. Scherer American
Consul and on Mr. Hamer of the
United Fruit Company. He told me to
go in Santa Marta to the Casa de las
Inespujas of the United Fruit Company
which was very kind of him. Mr.
Turnbull was in his office also.
The rest of the forenoon was occupied
in writing and various errands.

The bus left the Aironeer office for the airport at 12⁵⁰ and a few minutes later the passengers followed in passenger cars. At the field I found Dr. Lehmann and his wife with Dr. Dugand. I had put on a typical worried suit in anticipation of Barranquilla and found a sweet and delightful overcoat comfortable.

The plane left at 2⁰⁰ p.m. with six passengers. On board I made the acquaintance of Arthur B. Wood, a young man employed as a seismologist by the Cia Petrola Shell of Colombia who is stationed now at Ciénaga.

The rain clouds allowed over the mountains back of the city so that we travelled out into the sun. The mountain slopes below the edge of the savanna were steep and almost entirely denuded of forest. Small houses were scattered everywhere with trails leading over the slopes far down into deep valleys. On the savanna I had a clear view of the meanders of the Bogotá river. We

known soon were again over the great forests of Antioquia and Santander with the flower-filled

trees of Tabebuia chrysantha. Mr. Wood who knows this entire region pointed out roads that they had built in their exploratory ^{woods} clearings at gold mines and other matters of interest.

The lowlands again were clouded with the haze of smoke from many fires so that little could be seen except the copper shroud of the muddy Magdalena seen dimly below.

We reached the Solitud airport at Barranquilla at 4⁴⁵ p.m. where the heat came in full force and felt very good.

Mr. Terry B. Sanders, Jr. met us with a taxi and took us to Del Prado Hotel, stopping en route to get a plane ticket for tomorrow. At the hotel we enjoyed the breeze blowing in across the swimming pool. Mr. Park, American Consul came in the evening with Mr. Philant and Mr. Sanders, whom we had a pleasant hour with them. Later Mr. Lehmann who was accompanying me and I talked until

bottom with Mr. John C. Bagley
in charge of the work of the Rockefeller
Foundation in Bogotá at Calle 55
10-46. With him was Mr. Huntington
of the American group of business
men down here and back.

March 19, Wednesday

Dr. Lehmann and I were called
out 5⁰⁰ a.m. and at 6⁰⁵ were
on our way to the airport by bus.
Again the sun rose and we went
out the road, and this time I
had a definite view of a part
of ^{the} Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta
below its rim.

At the Avianca station I met
Mr. Perez Arbalaz, former Director
of the Instituto de Ciencias Naturales
and had a talk with him. He
has just returned from a mission
to Puerto Rico.

Our plane left at 7¹⁵ a small
one this time 8 passengers or so named
Sebastián de Balazar. We rose lightly
and quickly and drove directly across
the delta of the Magdalena to the
airport near Ciénaga. I could

see first expanses of marsh and
then mangrove swamps bordering the
Ciénaga Grande. White herons abounded
and I could not certainly name the
birds that I could not certainly name. The
one channel was a breeding colony
of white herons that I supposed were
egrets.

I met Capt. van der Ciénaga Grande
but it was clear beyond.

The airport was new and fairly
dusty, located out in the country
about 30 Kilometers from Santa Marta.
It was large enough to accommodate
small planes and could be enlarged
for greater use. Here we waited for
our baggage. The hot air ~~scattered~~ finally our baggage
was loaded in a small bus and
then we were off for Santa Marta. We
reached the airport at 7⁴⁰ a.m.

The road led along the base of
low hills covered with cacti and
scrub with everything very dry.

Unnumerable ground-larks of two
species flew up, perched and I
saw occasionally anis and lephthila.

By the kind instruction of ~~the~~
~~then~~ Mr. Hemon of the United
Fruit Co we went to their Casa
de Huéspedes in the Prado, a
pleasant house. Then Dr. Lehmann
and I left our baggage and then went
in by car to the store of Señor
Miguel Antonio Zuniga who has a
considerable wholesale business. From
here we continued to the Park Hotel
on the water front where we found
Mr. Carruth.

The road in from Cienaga was
a little rough but fairly good.

At Gaira there was a salt works
and near here we turned off
on an extensive saline flat which
in this dry season was dry and
smooth and over which we
drove rapidly. The open spaces
of land in among hills, but
there also seemed to be bare, open
salines of some extent outside the
rains where could not be used. For
rich areas there were not bushes on
them.

We called at the office of the

Comandante when we met
Captain ^{who was}
a friend of Lehmann's; and also
Teniente ^{this is}
a day of fiesta. The Comandante
was away. We are to see him tomorrow.

We also visited the store of
Zuniga and looked over the crops.
Monto Cabriter and I had
lunch and then spent two hours
talking over plans. I ordered two
white suits cotton drill at the
Sastoria Napoli. And we went
then to my room at the Prado where
I wrote for a time.

Here at the guest house I found
Mr. Simms a young Englishman
who told me that he was organizing
a branch of the British Association
which is to be a school for the
teaching of English and that he
had 950 students enrolled. He
is interested in the botany of the
Santa Marta region but has to learn
the names of the plants, and also in

in the minerals. He had heard
of the Smithsonian and was much
interested in our plans. He is
arranging field trips later into the
Sierra Nevada.

Carriker and I had a delightful dinner
in the evening, dinner afterwards and
then a call on Señor Salcedo
whom we met also. See
and

I returned to the guest house at 10³⁰
to go to bed.

About nine the ~~retrograde~~ wind
which I hear now is known properly
as Viento de ^{alisios} ~~trance~~ blew up very strong.
It has been steady all day but this
evening it carried great clouds of dust
from the dry streets.

March 20, Thursday

This morning I was out at dawn
and went until 7⁴⁵ before going across
to the Park Hotel in town for breakfast
with Carriker. Birds called and sang as
the sun rose in early morning.

We walked in for a little exercise
across the level space of the Prado,
which is occupied by the station
of the United Fruit Co. This could be
made into a landing field, but as

República de Colombia - Ministerio de Gobierno
Policía Nacional.
Oficina Sección de Extranjeros

Numero
1076E

Bogotá Marzo 13 de 1941

Señor Comandante de la Policía Nacional
Santa Marta. -

Por medio de la presente tengo
el agrado de presentar y recomendar a
Ud., de la manera más encarecida,
al Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Secretario del
Museo Nat. de Washington, a su asistente,
Sr. Carriker, y al Sr. Carlos Lehmann,
encargado de la Sección de Ornitología
del Instituto de Ciencias Naturales de la
Universidad Nacional, quienes viajarán
durante de una semana hacia el
Departamento del Magdalena; Santa Marta,
Ciénaga, Fundación, Valledupar, Riohacha,
Uribia y la Guajira en general.

Van dichos señores con el ánimo de
realizar una exposición científica del mas alto
interés en cooperación con el Instituto de
Ciencias Naturales de la Universidad.
Puego a Ud. se sirva prestar toda
clase de apoyo y facilidades para el mejor
resultado de su misión científica.

De usted, atento servidor
Alfredo Aguero Arenas
Director general.

it is the field is 30 Kilometers distant.
We crossed to the waterfront and
went in down the walk, watching pelicans
and frigate birds as we proceeded.
After breakfast we called on
the ^{Mayor} Comandante de la Policia
Nacional of the Departamento del
Magdalena, an able man of
35 or so, tall well-built and active
in appearance to present a letter. He
gave each of us a letter to all the
police under his direction, being an
introduction and an assignment. Then
Mr. Lehmann met various acquaintances
including the Mayor-Comandante
whose name is Alfonso Lino Prietas.
The Comandancia is located on the water
front at the western end of the long
walk. It was pleasant to sit in
an open gallery while our letters were
being prepared. The Mayor-Comandante
also gave me a personal letter to
Luis Cotes Gomez in the Guajira.
We called then on the
Comandante de Batallon Cordoba, Mayor
Marco A. Duarte also a friend of
Lehmann's who had known him when
he was stationed in Popayan. He told
us that he would assign a lieutenant

to us in accordance with instructions that this would be for a period of about five weeks. We are to cut him below when we are ready.

I also have ordered two white cotton drill suits here from the Sestieri Napoli to be tailor made at 12 pesos (about \$7.50) each. I had a fitting for one of the coats today.

After lunch we went out to the United Fruit Company's commissary and ordered a considerable quantity of food and other supplies.

At four Carrión and of mt. William Fly, Carrión's brother-in-law who drove us up to the coffee plantation at Cincinnati, famous through the work of many naturalists.

We went out of town on an asphalt road that presently became a dirt road and entered the hills. So beyond mine at 2200 feet there

were dry and covered with scrub. The settlement here has developed into a small straggling town. At about 3500 feet the slopes became greener with some coffee. The road was not quite complete to the plantation so that we left the car and proceeded on foot.

The plantation house is located on a mountain shoulder with coffee all

about. The slopes full of rose stuffy all about. The house was well arranged modern and comfortable with a lawn in front with Bougainvillea in full flower along the boundary fences. Birds were common and remained out until dark.

We had a very good dinner, listened to news on the radio, read a bit and went to bed. The temperature was about 70° quite a change from the 90° or 20° of the lowlands.

March 21, Friday.
This morning we were out before dawn and left ~~at~~ sunrise on mules for Vista Nueva Carrión's old plantation. The trails were excellent winding across the face of the slopes through the coffee, and it was good to be out on a strong, easy gaited little mule.

The mountain slopes were shrouded in smoke haze so that the snow peaks in the distance were hidden. I had a fair view of the San Lorenzo and El Quemado mountains. Vista Nueva has forest nearby in addition to pastures and much coffee. The house

is located on a little flat where
Cavarty tells me he found many signs
of dogman habitations.

Orlando Fly, brother of William
and his wife are living there.

There were signs of birds here and
this would make an excellent point
for collecting. I had much pleasure
in my early morning observations
at this point. We returned by a
higher trail to Cincinnati. Water is
abundant here even though this is
the dry season.

The only pictures I could obtain
were two of three of the house because
of the haze.

We left shortly after nine rolling
smoothly down the narrow winding
road with wood pygmies and other
birds flying up at intervals.

At the edge of Santa Marta we
stopped to see the old house where
Simon Bolivar died, where an
excellent memorial to him is nearly
completed.

Mr. Fly left me at the guest
house in the Prado at 10:30 when I
had a shower, changed clothes
and then called in Mr. Mays,
the United Fruit Company to thank him
for facilities here and to get information

regarding shipping the truck that we
have hired to fundacion on a flat car
on the railroad. The road to the point
is very bad and it is necessary
anyway to pay a considerable sum to
get across the river at fundacion.

I called them for clothes, visited
Zuniga, and went then to the Park
Hotel where I met Carriver for lunch.

After lunch Carriver went out to
complete some of our business which
I returned to the guest house to spend
the afternoon in writing. On the hot
dry air in underwear and slippers
with a fan going I was very comfortable.
I swam again in the evening
and went to bed at nine.

March 22, Saturday
I was up this morning at six
and worked on notes and papers
until eight.

Well paid hoped to get away tomorrow
but learn that the Sunday train carries
no freight so that we have to postpone
departure until Monday.

I spent most of the morning at
the guest house where I packed my
guest clothes to have them in order.

sorted out my papers and made everything ready.

This afternoon I went most of the afternoon and caught up in correspondence. Hot and dry with a good breeze.

In the evening Carvelin and I had a swim and as we were in the water Lehmann and one of the Zuniga boys came past with a boat driven by a powerful outboard motor and took us around the bay past some little houses of fishermen and the rocky islet of El Moro.

The swim and the warm air made me sleepy early, so I left the little groups pursuing the Malicón and the band concert in front of the Comandancia and came back to the guest house to bed.

March 23, Sunday.

A pleasant day - not too warm.

I returned to the guest house immediately after breakfast. Made myself comfortable in shirt, shorts and slippers and wrote steadily until twilight on my notes for the address to be given at R. U. infirmary.

After lunch various things developed that needed attention and Carvelin

and I were busy with them until dinner time. While he was in the police station making arrangement about some papers I saw a grand row when the police brought in a group of political friends who had had a little too much to drink and got into a fight. During their arrest they threw one police man into the sea.

We called on Miguel Antonio Zuniga in the late afternoon, and also at the home of William Fly when I met his wife and family, Miguel, his wife and Pedro Salcedo and his wife.

We packed the truck this afternoon. We have everything in readiness. We wanted to leave this morning but the railroad does not handle freight on Sunday so that we could take the truck.

March 24, Monday.

I was out at 5³⁰ this morning and went at 6¹⁵ to the Park Hotel for breakfast. We were at the station at seven when we found the truck loaded in its flat car. Tickets to Fundacion were pesos 2.40 each, with second class at

a cheaper rate for the chauffeur
mora, and Cortez, Lehmanns assistant.
There was also a third class. The
first class coaches were comfortable
though at times there was discomfort
just.

There was the usual confusion of
people at the station but we were
finally at 7:30 a.m.

The route followed was entirely
level. We passed an extensive salt
works at Guaya and traversed vast
areas of Bananas. Outcrops were
marshy places and grass grown
pastures.

In many places I saw single bullock
driven to haul fair sized two wheeled
carts. Many of the carts having
sides padded with palm thatch.
Men rode ~~up~~ on horse and mule
at the stations and vendors came along
to sell lottery tickets and so on.

At 11:00 we reached the terminus
of the railroad at Fundacion. Here
I saw Mr. Wood ^{A.B.} again of the Shell
Company engineers. We went to the
Hotel Espana for lunch. Not too bad.

There we found Mr. Paul Petzold
who said he was from Jackson Hole
Wyoming. Miss Elizabeth Knowlton
Paul K. Petzold.

a member of the Society of Women
Geographers who knows Lucy Mann,
and Mrs. E. S. Cowles of 2 Alden Place
Bronxville, N.Y. These three were on their
way out after having climbed the Santa
Marta Range to the top of the Sierra peaks.
They reported a most interesting trip.
and said that the trip up into the
high country from Valledupar was
not too difficult.

After lunch we went around to
Wood's place where we met
his companion R. H. T. Schat a Dutchman
from the Dutch East Indies. These
two gave me a most interesting
explanation in their work of Seismic
mapping of the geologic strata below
the earth's surface.

We bought gasoline here and put
a new battery in the car. At there
Mr. Wood and Mr. Schat took us in their
station wagon down to Caracolicito
something over 50 kilometers beyond
Fundacion leaving the truck to follow.
We traversed dry woodlands and some
cultivation over a very fair road. Birds
were abundant everywhere. At
Caracolicito we were given the privilege

of a two room house with thatch roof and a cement floor that the shell engineers use as a base and moved in immediately. The Pension Amira offered very fair food. We were in bed but Jim & I slept very comfortably in my sleeping bag with no cover though others used a blanket or a shirt.

March 25, Tuesday.

We were out this morning at five, had a good breakfast and finally left at 6:30 in our truck intending to drive well down toward the Araguani River. The track led south from the village through tall forest with considerably undergrowth but not difficult to cross. ~~The~~ ^{Some} ~~areas~~ ^{areas} were being cleared but there was much in original forest. Birds were abundant and in point of fact we went only about 3 Km. south of the village by eight o'clock carried and a few birds of 22 species and called it a day for collecting. The truck took us to our house where we organized for work and started in Dr. Lehmann Cortez and the hermit's return

about eleven laden with macaws, toucans and hawks.

We sent the truck to the Araguani River for water, when it broke down and we had it towed. Curran and I were busy until 5 with our specimens. It is very dry here and water in wells is low and inclined to be salty. The sun is very hot but a breeze blows lightly and our house is not uncomfortable.

March 26, Wednesday.

Yesterday afternoon we sent the truck to the Rio Araguani for drinking water. We have 2 five gallon cans with us and then it ~~broke~~ ^{broke} down so that we had to pay 3 pesos to get it towed back to town. Three various "experts" took off different parts and discussed with the result that we finally paid 13 pesos to have the machine towed to a garage in Fundacion for repairs. Maria went with it. I am rather pessimistic regarding it, but fortunately we are located in excellent bird country that has not been worked before.

A fairly heavy rain fell last night.

so that the surface of the ground was wet. The sky was overcast this morning and I am shown camp so that the undergrowth was wet.

We went out south of town again on foot. Caracoliche consists of 20 or 30 small houses so that it is only a short walk into ~~the~~ the country away from houses. Considerable areas adjacent to the village have been cleared by felling the trees and burning ~~and~~ this process is being steadily extended. Fortunately large areas have not yet been touched.

In the forest the trees are large size are spaced with smaller ones between. Below the ground is covered with broad-leaved plants that grow from knee-high to waist high, with occasional dead falls and tangles. Crickets are relatively few so that passage through this growth is easy. The forest is of the gallery forest type. There is so much smoke haze that there is no point in taking pictures.

This morning I worked out with Juan who carries my game bag and my large birds and Coco I wanted for me

for a dollar a day for a short distance west of the road leading to the south. Birds were common. I shot a large Amazon parrot and then a golden-called king parrot (Penelope) and then started back reaching the house with 12 birds. Currier came in a few minutes later with another dozen so that we had enough. We sat in the house between two doors at our folding table when I skin which Currier makes up the specimens. We were

through, or rather I was at 5:15 p.m. when I moved a chair out to where I had bugs and wrote for a time.

His food here is not bad. The Pension is a block or less down the street, a three room house with a large covered behind. Two tables that will seat 4 to 6 people each are ranged under a narrow porch. One has a tablecloth for the guests' use, and the other an oil cloth cover for those of lesser rank. Cooking done over the small fire pit under an open shed a few feet away.

For breakfast this morning we had cafe tinto, avana (oatmeal gruel) eggs and arepas (ground corn, fried in cakes).

For the noon meal, yuca, rice, lentils & pork cooked together, boiled plantains, heavily salted stiet, fried fresh pork and an excellent soup followed by cafe tinto.

The sun is very hot here but a little breeze tempers it and I do not find it uncomfortable.

March 27, Thursday.

I was awake at dawn to a clear day, with powerful sun and a fair breeze that made it not too uncomfortable. It is dry here and I do not perspire as readily as I do some places in the tropics.

The gentleman with the machete who Carreras calls my "secretario", whose task it is to carry the game bag and get the birds as a shot then took me this morning down another trail that led past the telegraph and post-office and then down a lane that led to woodland. The town is a little larger than I had supposed as there are two streets.

This back country has been divided by partly developed roads into squares and the apparently is to fall all the woodland and make pastures. The trees are cut and then burned, a wasteful process. Sometimes the fires sweep tracks of woodland.

We came through a section of fine gallery forest across a dry wash with stony bed and then into an open pasture. At the wash a fence had been put down to make a prizo or well where cattle could be watered from wooden troughs. The water is slightly salty.

Small birds were abundant all through here and I soon had all I needed. After killing a big macaw I turned back and walked slowly to the village through the pleasant morning air.

Back at camp I laid out my birds had a shave and bath and cataloged my birds. By that time Carreras had returned with another 13 which I cataloged and then began

to skin. We had finished ten by noon. I skinned and Carriker making up - with sixteen more including a guan and a macaw for the afternoon. I was finished in time to write my notes before dark.

The truck returned this morning from Fundación under its own power and seems now to be working properly.

We are remarkably free of pests here. There are no mosquitoes, no ticks, no red bugs. A few gnats come in the afternoon but they are not bad.

March 28 Friday

Clear and hot today. The smoke has lessened somewhat since the light rains. The moisture on the ground has entirely disappeared, though this morning there was heavy dew as that dead leaves lying on the ground in the woods were wet.

I walked out to the southwest again making a round of about 3 miles mainly through tall heavy forest. Birds were abundant, and

I watched mainly for species that we have not taken. I returned before nine with a dozen and Carriker returned a few minutes later with fourteen. We could easily shoot 50 birds here but restrict ourselves to what we can prepare properly.

Today I was able to secure a few pictures very fast because of the smoke.

There is considerable jungle among the young people here, mainly in the hands though it shows also occasionally in the head and neck.

March 29, Saturday

Clouds obscured the sky at dawn but by nine they had cleared away. The sun was hot and it was very dry today.

We drove in the truck along an old road to the west of Caraculito to collect in an area of woods lying approximately five miles to the west.

This region is being taken up by settlers who cut and clear tracts

of land burning the trees and
brush. In the center of this opening
a small thatched house is built
and farming is supposed to proceed.
The fires often get over into the
adjacent forest so that it is
burned also. The whole makes a
desolate sight now that it is in
process and I suppose will be replaced
by settlement of a reasonable kind.
The forest when we collected
was green but very dry. Birds abounded
and were of good quality. As the
trees are cleared away the majority
will have to disappear together with
thousands of the little things.

The road was rough and it
was something of an experience to
ride back and forth.

March 30, Sunday.

Rain fell locally last evening so
that the gutter along the road in
front of the house ran full. In
the early morning there was a
high fog that had cleared by eight.

I took the truck this morning
and drove about 8 miles northwest along
the main highway to Rio Ariguani
a stream 20 to 30 feet wide carrying

a fair amount of water but so
shallow that it could be waded in
most places. In one pool I noted a
number of fair sized fish. This stream
lies immediately east of the Ariguani
I worked to the north through a
brush ground pasture and then went
back through a wooded valley
lying between low hills. The forest here
was fairly high, xerophytic in type
and open with scanty undergrowth.
Few of the trees had heavy leaves. The
soil was sandy, filled in places with
stones.

Birds were common and by
nine o'clock I had my quota. In
the forest I saw lots of crabs
in the trail and followed them for some
time but the bird got away. A large
flock of *Columba speciosa* was a beautiful
sight. In one place I found a small
band of army ants and looking
about saw a *Dendroica* and a *Chondestes*
their usual companions.

One of the *Cebrosities* noted today
was the *Bejuna de Cadena* in which
the stem is so corrugated as to seem
double, resembling crudely a chain.

Carriker today followed a dry wash that comes through town to the north for a distance of about three miles. His specimens I marked simply Caracolito.

March 31, Monday

Rain went around us last evening but the air this morning was fairly and sunny.

We were up at five - our usual hour with the help of Carriker's alarm clock. Our breakfast began with coffee, papaya - a special delicacy known here as lechoza. This was followed by oatmeal gruel very thin, and scrambled eggs accompanied with a cup of panela, crude brown sugar boiled in water.

At six I was off in the truck for the Rio Ariguamito again where I disregarded at the beginning the many small birds that offered and went back to try for the pajuel, the crane I had seen yesterday. I found the bird but could not get a shot so turned them to other collecting.

First a small bird that was followed by a fine Accipiter bicolor that began to chatter at me when I shot. Columba speciosa flew high overhead in little

flocks. Small birds moved through the trees. I went down them to the River and followed up stream.

Birds were common and by nine I was back at the truck with 14 good specimens. It was clear then and very hot so that I was wet with perspiration. It was pleasant to rub back in spite of the bumps of the rough road.

Then camp I laid out my birds, returned to the shed for a sponge bath. In the meanwhile Carriker had stumped found another trip up the dry wash that leads through town. I catalogued our birds and made labels. We had finished four by noon. And then worked until six to finish.

Supper by artificial light, furnished by Howell Thomas' news over the radio. And then in the evening I wrote my note while Carriker wrapped specimens for packing.

Quite hot today with rain clouds banked around us all afternoon. Our food here has been very good and our house convenient. Five men make difficult travel.

Following seen here but not taken by
Carvalho or me. ^{or recorded in my notes} Those shot by Lehmann were:

x *Tigrisoma*

x *Buteo arizonae*

x *militaris*

x *Gansonyx*

x *Falco s.*

x *Glaucochlamys*

Coccyus celsa

x *Trogon massena*

Hirundo lunifrons

Myiodynastes

Thryothorus

Crypturus

Ceryle

Colinus

Chaetura possibly *pelagica*. seen flying
regularly.

Chaetura small

Sporophila

Chloroceryle americana

Sciurops virens

April 1, Tuesday

We packed and were on our
way at 8:00 this morning. The
baggage was arranged so that two
trunks made a cross seat near
the front with a canvas canopy on
poles overhead.

To Caracoli a distance of 37 Km.
the road wound through low hills
climbing and then descending with
many turns. The forest was low

and very dry. The hill section
is indicated on the map as Alto de las
Minas.

Caracoli has six to a dozen small
houses and has barren hills nearby.
Beyond we entered a savanna area
that in all is more than 30 Km.
across with level floor like an
ancient lake bed. 3 Km. east and about
8 Km. east were two open areas, completely
level of 1 to 2 miles across free of bushes
and trees. The ground was firm and
with very short grass, strong in only a few
places.

This savanna area extended for a long
distance partly open and partly in groups
of cactus *Coult.* and some fine palms.
Through here were certain interesting
birds.

Thryothorus

common in

8 air or little group

Buthius several seen, very tame

Belomphus abundant

Sturnella one seen

Beyond was the small village of
Valencia.

And at noon we reached Valledupar
where we had a fine view of the lower
levels of the Sierra de Santa Marta. A
trail leads from here to San Sebastian
in the higher level of the mountains.

We ate lunch in the Hotel Central of Ricardo Latacuma and rested for a time. It was very hot but the road all day was not dusty due to heavy rain that had fallen yesterday evening.

Valledupar has several hundred people. Here I bought a saddle blanket for 6 pesos and a leather case to carry a rain coat in the saddle for another 6 pesos.

A fine Kilmetering beyond, possibly 10 Km. We crossed a fair sized stream and here there was good forest. There was good collecting ground here.

The ridge of low hills capped by a rock ledge led along to our right rising to possibly 2000-2500 feet and appearing rather barren.

At a sign ~~showing~~ toward Villa Nueva the higher mountains rising to 5000-6000 feet were in sight to the right. Villa Nueva is a good point from which to work.

We continued on to San Juan de Cesar for the night arriving at 5:00 p.m. Here we found accommodation in the house of Sr. Romero who operated a pension ^{and} who placed at our

disposal a large room 20 x 40 feet with a door and a window. Noting a furnished bed I put up my own bed while Cortez slept in the trunk which was parked in the street outside. The other four occupied beds or hammocks and had a morning bath with the Chunchos or at least hehmann did. We walked out through the town.

We walked out through the town for an hour before supper finding in a little bar and billiard parlor refreshes the *pincha* made from fresh pineapple and excellent. This place had a kerosene *piral* refrigerator as did our pension.

Then I bought several mochila-knit bags of jute at a very reasonable price.

At the Comedor we sat at our table with the Señora Stovel at another smaller one completely covered with platters from which she served us liberal helpings of rice, beans, a good tortilla and *tinto* (red wine).

We hooked the radio on an antenna already in place and had good music from Peru, Philadelphia, Bogotá and Lima.

April 2, Wednesday
For breakfast we had liberal
helpings of rice, papaya, arepas,
eggs and coffee and were under way
at 6⁴⁵.

Outside San Juan de César was
some excellent collecting ground near
a small stream. Near Honesca
we stopped at an excellent military
post, new and modern, which
Demento Rubiano showed some
other. Near here rice and other
crops were grown under irrigation
and small birds were abundant.

Opposite Honesca, at some distance
away was a high, rounded
ridge in the Perija range somewhat
isolated from the main western
section by a low pass.

Beyond the land was more
arid and through Barrancas. There
were great areas of scrub
on which many species were now
without leaves. At Manantial was
a large spring with people near it.
Near here and from here to Pirochaca
we saw occasional Guajiro Indians.
The men and boys naked except

for a cloth for a g-string
and perhaps something around
the neck. The young men were
finely formed. The young women
had the cheeks blackened with
something like charcoal as is their
custom.

I contrasted them in my mind with
the three or four Arawakas seen
yesterday in Valledupar with a small
beaded dress and long draped garment
of white cotton.

The road came through a
narrow space between the two
mountain ranges, winding among
low hills and then at La Cruz
turned along the foot of the foothills
of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta
to Barbacoas. Here there was fair
forest with low rocky hills inland,
good collecting.

From here we turned toward
Pirochaca more than 50 km away
across an undulating area
covered with cacti and dry scrub.
Small birds were common here, and

I saw tropical, *Pyrocephalus*
Salsphorus and *Dendrocygna*
We passed through two or
three little towns. The engine gave
trouble with the cool again so
that we were delayed an hour
on the road, arriving finally at
Piohacha at 12⁰⁰.

Then we secured quarters at
the Hotel Iwoli. Rufford Daga
proprietor to whom I had a card
from Dr. Oppenheim.

It was cool last night in
San Juan and delightful in
early morning (we left at 6:45)
but the midday sun was hot
until we came out on the flats
toward Piohacha where we had the
sweep of the trade coming in from
the ocean. On land we had a good
breeze.

At the hotel we met Samiente
who is in
charge of the police. He took at two
to call who is
the chief of the customs house here
with jurisdiction over the wharf.

The quajira down to Venezuela.
This gentleman had his office in a
massive two story building on the
water front with a fine breeze
sweeping through the corridors and
rooms. He was very helpful
and courteous. Like the Germans he
is a young man.

We called then on Sr. Gratiamao
Gomez to whom I had a letter from
Oppenheim. He called in us later
at the hotel. He has the agency for
air mail and told me that he
handled up to five hundred letters
a month.

Sra. Romero told me last evening
of a colony of Germans located within
the last year or two at Cotazze
on my Dick Canda. I saw a bus
in front of her place adorned the
Alemania with a small swastika
for decoration before and after the
name.

A notice in the hotel at Piohacha
advertised that Avianca will
open air service twice a week from
Vallidupar to Cienaga. It was told

That air airport is under construction
5 km. out of Roshacha.

My afternoon was consumed
in insect talk. The truck is being
overhauled again. I wrote for
a time in the evening.

April 3, Thursday.

Carroll's alarm clock went off last
night at ten thirty but I was up at
five this morning as usual. We had
coffee and eggs at six and after some
small delays were on our way. The truck
was still in the garage so that we had
arranged for a passenger car. The first
thing was the usual stop for gas.
The station was closed so we went to
another where I gave the driver 50
centavo to make his purchases. Then
the truck ~~found that we had a~~ driver
tried to turn around in sand and for
a long period was stuck. Then at
the edge of town it developed that
we had a broken spring shackle or
something I did not know which. So
we got out and stood around until
presumably another car arrived. This driver
also had to get gas but did not ask
for a loan and finally we were off.
The night had been cool and pleasant
and breeze from the sea continued this

morning. We drove out 7 Kilometers
on the highway toward Fundación and then
went into the scrub.

Here there were a few trees 30 to 35 feet
high and many shrubs from 5 to 8 feet.
Candelabra cactus were common as
was a flat pad cactus with long slender
spines, whose pads broke off and stuck
in ~~my~~ clothing when the spines had to
be extracted with care. Many of the
bushes had thorns and extensive tracts
were grown with the prickly wild
pineapple. Altogether it was a region
in which one moved with care.
The soil was sandy and loose with
gravel in little washes. There was no
water and everything was dry to an
extreme.

Birds abounded. One had only to
move into the bushes and stand when
they came all about. There was good
variety also. My first specimen was
a gnatcatcher and after that they came
rapidly. We secured two of this form
that have Roshacha for the type locality.
Myiophobus s. leucos and Myiophobus
pusillus. I wonder who collected
the specimen of the latter that served as
basis for the original description as
the sun rose it became very hot and

birds immediately were less active.
About 8:30 the sky clouded over and
with the breeze it was pleasantly cool.
The truck came for us at a little
after nine and we were soon in town.
In a bath in a good shower was
welcome after which we moved to
the rooms that are to be ours during
our stay. I cataloged the birds
immediately and before six was the
afternoon we had finished 24 skins.
This room faces the north where
we have a cool breeze in the window
and at the same time are screened
from view from those passing in the
street.

At 3:30 Don Goratiniamo Gomez
came and took me with him and
to the alcalde where I presented our
police letter and the passports. The
Alcalde thanked us placed himself
at our service and we left.

Also I walked out when the sun
was a little cool to take a few pictures.
There are some interesting old buildings
in the water front, a church and
a pleasant plaza.

April 4, Friday

We were set for an early start this
morning but at the last minute the truck
refused to start. After watching various
gentlemen tinker with it for a while we

got a passenger car and drove out to
kilometer 6 on the highway where by
nine we had our quota of birds.

I have now a new attendant "Carlos"
who does not talk much and will probably
learn what I want him to do.

Small birds abound in these dry scrubs
even though there is no water. We walk through
rapidly and my eyes catch but come quickly
stopping constantly to look and birds appear
constantly. Many range through the
bushes and a few on the ground.
There is not much song at this season
but the birds call regularly. The
breeze from the sea is stronger today.

I see a good many Goajiro
Indians travelling the trails and
also in town where they are used for
servants. A good many of the Colombians
seem to carry guns.

In the late afternoon I walked out
to take a few pictures and found the
Captain exhibiting a girls basket ball
game so stopped for a time to watch.
Also found a little place that had ripe
bananas and ate three. I miss fruit
here very much.

April 5, Saturday

Sky overcast again this morning with the sun appearing finally about 8:15.

We crossed this morning on a broad expanse of sand. That in this dry season closes the mouth of the Rio Ranchero and worked along the banks of the river. The stream then marks the boundary between the Departamento de Magdalena and the Comisaria de la Guajira. So today we collected in the Guajira.

Bordering the river was a narrow line of red mangroves and behind the white mangrove. Then came a band of alkaline land grown in ~~set~~ a sort of greasewood. Behind was the cactus & thorn brush scrub.

The birds here were of a different type than those seen on other days. There were herons, white & greater yellowlegs and kingfishers along the channels, *Cynallaxis* in the salt weed, and *Claytonia* in the mangroves.

Water thrushes and yellow warblers were common as migrants and I saw one flock of ducks.

At noon Mr. Terry Sanders, vice Consul arrived and shortly after them came Dr. Schmit of Fundación with Mrs. Pratt and Miss Tucker of Barranquilla.

April 6 Sunday

Palm Sunday with palm leaves in evidence everywhere and a procession from the old church at 9:30.

We went out to Kilometer 6 on the highway for two hours and return with 20 birds which we made up rather leisurely finishing at 4:30.

Using the truck to go back and forth I saw much change, as I noted today when I had to walk half a mile down the open highway to get to the truck. The scrub is fairly cool until the sun gets high.

This afternoon we made an arrangement with Nicolás Coto B for his truck for the trip into Guajira proper. We will buy the gas and oil and he will furnish the truck and one man for 8 pesos per day. We will leave at the end of the week.

Prohacha has 5000 coconuts at

present. Gratiwago Gomez is the
most influential man in town.

April 7, Monday

At early breakfast this morning we
said goodby to Dr. Schuf and the two
ladies with him, and also to Jerry
Sando who went over with the guajira.

We drove out in the truck to
the Rio Rancheria to a point about two
miles distant at Barranca where a balsa
ferry crosses to the guajira and
then collected on the side of the
Departamento de Magdalena. The Rio
Rancheria here is about 50 feet wide
and up to 10 or 12 feet deep with sluggish
current. The balsa is a floor of
split palm built on two huge

canoes hollowed from single tree trunks.
I followed along the river and
saw old channels that have been
cut off from the main stream but that
still contain water. There were
Coul divi divi trees, and open fields
of guinea grass. Also a few coconut
palms. Birds of many kinds were
abundant and it was not long
until I had enough.

The air was pleasant for the

greater part of the forenoon. Carrick and
I secured 28 birds and were back in
town by 10 o'clock to find a long day
preparing specimens.

Our evening pastime is to walk
out for helados - ordinarily of
Guaranabano at the Dantzig Bar.

April 8, Tuesday

Very hot today with little breeze until
night when it turned cold again.

We went again to Barranca where
Carrick collected on the side toward
Riohacha while I crossed the Rio
Rancheria into the guajira.

There were some fields of grass here
along the river with scrub inland.
Near a series of lagoons now dry or
nearly so was high mounds the trees
rising to forty feet or so with heavy
undergrowth and many vines.

Shortly after sunrise in some
brush growth the pastures I found birds
enormously abundant as to individuals
so much so in fact that their
constant movement actually interfered
with collecting. Dozens of the cluca
doves flew up with rapidly beating wings

Crested quail raced about on the ground & flew into the trees and Molotins and other small birds flitted among the bushes. When I did see something unusual among them their movements usually served to frighten the other birds so to incite them to flight.

The river here has many fish that are constantly breaking at the surface. This morning as I followed the river to wood they came flying slowly down and I killed one of them. Lehmann who has been hunting them.

In one patch of monte I came across what was obviously a still. And with innocent face asked my boy Carlos what it might be, to which he replied that some one had just been cooking rice.

Yesterday we were introduced to ^{Miguel Maria} ~~Enos~~ Barros of Maricao and had further talk with him today. He has promised to have a horse for us then on Saturday and to arrange for food for us.

This afternoon I made a few purchases. In the evening there was a fireworks in the street, first some crosses lighted

followed by many people and then behind eight men bearing a life size figure of the Christ building under the weight of the cross. As they walked they took first a step to the right and then to the left, the effort being that of the figure itself walking.

April 9, Wednesday
Hot again today but with a fair breeze in the afternoon. We went again to Barranca, Carriker dropping off by the way to work a tract of mangroves just above the mouth of the river on the same side as the town. I had seen rail tracks on the opposite shore and by good luck secured one.

Lehmann and I crossed the river to look for two great horned owls seen yesterday but the birds eluded us.

Our departure and entry are always amusing to me. I sit in front with Mon who drives; Carriker, Lehmann

Cortez, my boy Carlos, and the soldier Martinez stand in the truck behind with their shotguns, a 22 rifle and an assortment of machetes. We make quite an imposing appearance and every one stands to stare at us.

At Barranca we crossed in a dugout canoe propelled by a small boy who came after us when we were through. He 20 centavos I gave him. Left him completely speechless with all the other boys staring at his unblemished forehead. I hunted owls until 7:30 and then turned to and collected a dozen small birds in half an hour including two not taken previously. The soil is dry and through here there are the beds of dry channels. There must be much water here in the wet season.

Birds swarmed as they did yesterday. It is regret to me that I may not be over here at dawn, so as to have more time but a six o'clock breakfast is the best we can do.

While waiting for Dr. Lehmann at the ferry I had a swim and found the water fresh and most refreshing. The fish that I saw breaking and jumping constantly in the river I believe are mullet. Today I saw one crab that resembled in shape and size our common blue crab.

This afternoon I went out and bought two cartons of Piel Roja cigarettes at 1.90 pesos per box of a dozen. Lucky Strike sell for the same price, being contraband! Also after some enquiry I secured 10 pints of White Horse Scotch at 32 pesos. I then on our necessary supplies for entertainment during our coming travels in the jungle.

At 4:30 Lamento Arcasillas Daza accompanied us on a call to the Excellentísimo Señor Bienvenido Joaquín Alcaide y Bueso, Obispo Titular de Castoria y Vicario Apostólico de la Goagira in the old house on the water front. We came in through a

narrow door admitted by an
elderly monk and followed a
narrow hall to a small reception
room with wicker chairs and a
cushioned sofa, a Saint covered with
cellulose on a pedestal in the
corner, some decorated pedestals
and pictures on the walls. The
bishop came in a few minutes
an elderly gentleman with a
full grey beard and a kindly,
intelligent face. We presented a
letter from Miguel Antonio Zamora
and talked for a time about the
Guajira. He promised to send me
a letter at the hotel tomorrow
introducing me to the head of
the orphanage at Nazaret.

At we came out in the fresh
breeze a flock of ^{swallows} ~~birds~~ ^{came}
whirling over the buildings.

The last two nights have been
much disturbed, the first one by
an excess of alcoholic and Sunday
things on the part of certain hotel
guests and last night by ~~some~~
late arrivals, five of whom developed

ptomaine poisoning during the night
with much groaning and other
disturbances. In fact this is one of
the noisiest places of my experience.
The ptomaine was attributed to the
cheese eaten at Fonseca on route here.
The story being that occasionally there
and frequently in the Guajira little
cigars burn over the cheese and
ignite on it causing the ptomaines.
Regardless of what I think of the
explanation I shall avoid eating
cheese in future travel here!

April 10, Thursday

Clear and hot today.
We crossed in the truck to the Rio
Rancheria to a point about 3-4 Kilometers
upstream from the Balsas and collected on
the Depto Magdalena side. On the way
over we passed two or three ^{small} ~~open~~
spaces rimmed with candelabra cactus
that are filled with water during the
rains. Much of the scrub was dry
and open.

At the River there was larger
tree growth than lower down the stand
in places being 40-50 feet high in
a line along the bank and the average
20-30 feet for a narrow belt beyond

this was the thorn scrub and cactus.
Birds abounded here, the wood pigeons
heptotily being present in swarms. Other
species were common. The amount
of water in the stream here was less
than lower down. It is here that the
pumping plant for the town is located.

People, mostly Indians range all
through the bush and I came
continually in touch with them, usually in
pairs or threes or little groups, travelling
getting water or washing clothes.

Three schooners, one motor driven
lay off the wharf this afternoon
in the fresh breeze of the trade.
The coast line here is straight
with no protection. The water is
shallow and there are so many
jelly fish that I have not tried to
swim.

Mr. Jerry Sanders, American Vice Consul
returned from the Guayra this evening.

There was another church picnic
about nine, the images of the Virgin Mary
being carried this time with a large
turnout. As a modern touch in place
of candles many of the attendant
women had little electric flash light
machines in the form of tiny lanterns.

Boys carried the tall church lanterns
in advance then came the women
with the electric candles, the image
bore with the same swaying walk
described earlier and then a crowd
of people. The tall, long bearded priest
preceded the image.

Afterward Jerry and I walked out
the long wharf where someone had
caught a grouper weighing over
a hundred pounds. It was beautiful
out here in the moonlight and
we finally came on back leaving the
end of the pier to two lovers.

April 11, Friday.
Good Friday and a holiday. I
drove out in early morning in the truck
toward the orphanage operated by the
Fathers at San Antonio going as far
as an old channel of the river. As it
did not appear interesting beyond I
returned to the river, left the truck
and walked in along the water front
to get some pictures. It was clear
and hot all day.
I packed various things during the
day and wrote ~~some~~ number of letters.

The evening with full moon
was beautiful.

April 12, Saturday.

We were out at dawn this morning
and by eight had our load packed
and at eight thirty were on the road.
Then I have engaged a truck at
8 pesos per day. We to pay the gas and
oil from Nicolás Cotes B. The truck
is a Ford 1939 and seems in good
condition. We loaded two drums of
gasoline for road supplies which
I crowded as somewhat. The truck
bears the name El Emperio Británico.

We drove out past San Antonio
following the shore to Pájaro a small
village right back of the beach. A
group of Indians met assembled here
to load charcoal in little burros.

We crossed several fair playas.
The way that evidently are
flooded in the rainy season. They
were two fair-sized muddy ponds
lagoons here. A band of wood ibis
lived in one accompanied by
American egrets. I saw a few bands
of shore birds flying but did not identify
them.

From here we continued on near
the shore to Manáman. In some stretches
there was much sand, elsewhere we
drove in open playas. In places were
great growths of cactus of the tall
branched type and extensive stands of
low thorn scrub.

At Manáman there are extensive salins
lagoons back of a sandy beach where
the sun evaporates the water and salt
accumulates. There is an extensive salt
works here and I was told that the
Indians gathered the salt for ten cents
a sack. There was a large warehouse
and series of roofed cement platforms
where the salt is baled. Some of
the product was reported to go to the
United States.

As it was 12 we stopped here for
lunch in the Pension Dilia. The
town consisted of 40 or 50 rather miserable
houses fronting a sandy street back of the
beach. We found cold beer in a cantina
refrigerator in a cantina, and a small
windmill charging turning a generator to
charge the battery of a radio. The
pension had a dirt floor room with
two tables. Behind was an open kitchen

Men, women, children and dogs wandered in and out. We had a delicious soup, rice, goat meat, in a sort of hash and coffee, smoked a cigarette and then continued on our way.

The trail led out at first on the road to Uribia; the scrub had been cut out on either side to a width of 60 or 80 feet running in a direct line across ~~open~~ country. On either side stretched cactus and then scrub the latter assuming fair size and density in places.

Finally we turned off to the south on a winding trail that led finally to Maricao. ~~The road~~ led at first through heavy scrub where branches swept our legs, dropping leaves and ants on it. Many places were rough, others sandy. The truck drove along with whining gears occasionally stopping for a minute or two but always easily through.

The men ~~had~~ the load had this difficulty with the overhanging branches - in places the ~~thick~~ scrub was replaced by a nearly solid stand of tall branched cactus.

About midway of the peninsula

we came out into a broad savanna where bushes replaced ~~thicket~~ of the tree growth and trees were small and scarce. Then came extensive grass lands in part sandy covered with yellowed scanty grass.

We came down toward Carrizosa and then turned east through this dense savanna country broken by occasional ^{narrow} belts of monte.

We found Maricao a settlement of about 200 people in slightly rolling region of sandy soil. In the main the little houses were white-washed with palm thatch roofs arranged more or less in lines. We located Sr.

Barros who greeted us kindly and in accordance with his promise took us to a little three room house with dirt floor and ~~entirely~~ suitable for our purpose. We were soon unpacked and had a cold bottle of beer after which came chicken and rice in Sr. Barros' house.

So my great depression it was discovered that the case containing most of the collection of birds that we have made was missing. We started

the trail back immediately to look
for it without much idea that it
would ever be found. It is my own
impression that it was knocked off
our load by low hanging branches
between Pichacha and Págaro.
(which later proved to be true)

April 13, Sunday - This morning
we were out at five. This morning
and before sun were on our way to
the country. I walked out past some
Indian rancherias to a nearly
dry lagoon where there were few signs
there. The ground was covered with
weeds and bushes but was fairly
green due to grazing by sheep and
goats. Everything is very dry.

Birds were abundant around
the lagoon and I secured 13, several
being of kinds not seen before. Some
Indians came over to see what I
was shooting but their curiosity was
soon satisfied. One boy came to me in
the month later and was caring for
an eagle and asked me if I was
going to skin it for a museum. I
asked him when he had learned of such
work and he told me that a "meester"
had been collecting birds last year at
Paragimpo - undoubtedly Ventura Barnes

Two big strapping Indians I saw
in a group helped us unload yesterday
evening and a few others in the same
afternoon today. One woman that I saw
early in the morning had rouge on her
cheeks and was quite fair. The man
had a calabash full of very muddy
water obtained at a water hole at
the lagoon but said that it was
sweet not salty. The town is
supplied by two wells of good water,
pumped by windmills. A small
windmill generates power to charge
the batteries for radiators and cars.

The sky was covered with clouds
for most of the day and only at noon
when the sun shone for a time was
it hot. There were no flies, no mosquitoes
and only one or two gnats so that we
worked in comfort through the afternoon.
The small boys here all have slingshots
but do not seem to be very good shots
with them.

Carver collected today in a
partly open savanna country getting
birds of a slightly different type from
those I obtained in the month.

The truck returned after I had gone to bed with no news of our birds. Bad luck.

Mandia ^{Barros} remarked sagely that in the Guajira nothing was lost. Some Indian always found it.

April 14 Monday.

A slow rain fell during the night and I awoke at five this morning to find the rain in the west. Rain continued until nearly noon wetting the sand to a depth of two inches. Noon came about 10 and the sky was obscured for most of the day. The wind dried the earth quickly.

As we walked across for our morning coffee little flowers were in evidence across the open space to ^{Barros} ~~Barros~~ house standing erect in the moisture. And later birds were in the tops of all the bushes many of them bechaggled from the moisture which they seemed to enjoy thoroughly. Many were moved to long and display.

I walked out again along the lagoon following along the edge of the little marsh. I went out for some distance in the open savanna but entered a region of low brushy

weeds growing two or three feet high which was barren of birds except for an occasional small dove or mockingbird. ^{Pad. Catharus minimus taken}

Andean boys were out with their flocks of sheep and cattle. This curiously regarding me is very easily satisfied and they soon move off.

Christy collected across a Savanna area to the north. Between us we secured 23 birds including 3 *Heterospiza*.

The sergeant in charge of the police called this afternoon and I showed him my papers. He has I now stationed here this being the first town of importance north of the frontier. The Venezuelan authorities are centered in Paraguri and Simamaria.

There was a passenger car in town this afternoon from Maracaibo, which is said to be 3 hours distant. Maricao is said to be 3 leagues from the frontier.

We take our meals with Sr. Miguel Maria Barros who is called Mandia for short. He has extensive holdings in cattle and property here and is the principal man in the part of the Guajira. With regard to our lost case of specimens he reported that nothing is lost in the Guajira. Some one is sure to find

Whatever it is. We are arranging to send out an Indian on horseback tomorrow to make inquiry in all of the Indian rancherías.

Cold and pleasant this evening. Mr. Lehmann is having trouble with his liver due to an amoebiasis (cholera) and with his appendix. I have told him that I doubt the advisability of his going farther into the country. The nearest hospital now is on Santa Marta, 3 days travel distant.

April 15. Tuesday

Clear for most of the day with occasional clouds and a steady cool breeze from the east. We speak frequently of the contrast between the agreeable air here with a temperature of 72 to 80° and the hot winds that blow at Caracacito. I did not find it oppressive today walking in the sun and the afternoon inside caring for ~~specimens~~ specimens was pleasant and agreeable.

We arranged today with Mandia Barros to send an experienced Indian as far as Manawre to make inquiry for the lost case of specimens. If it was lost in that journey there is chance

of recovery. It is my own impression however that it was brushed off the load near Riohacha. Mandia reports that nothing is lost in the Guajira and that everyone knows what is going on. The man will travel on horseback and will be back in four days. I have faint hope of ever seeing the birds however. I may say here that the load was arranged by my assistant who also rode behind and that I feel that the loss has been due to carelessness. My regret is that I did not supervise the work and that is my blame in the matter as if I had this would never have happened.

I walked out to the west this morning across the savanna dotted with occasional low trees. On the plain there was comparatively little but in the small clumps of trees small birds abounded. I secured 14 specimens by 9:20 without difficulty.

I walked out past another windmill where water is pumped into a long cement tank for the stock. Bands of cattle and horses were driven in by Indians to drink. On looking over the country I can see the Indian rancherías scattered

About. and I see ducks constantly.

The land here is very slightly rolling. To the southwest the Sierra Negra. The end of the Peija range is visible. To the east northeast the high isolated point of La Teta gray is visible far away and beyond the slim line of the Serrania Capira.

The sunset the past two evenings has been beautiful.

Carriker collected across from Savanna to the east.

April 16, Wednesday

We drove this morning in the truck out a sandy track to the south and southwest for a distance of 6 or 7 kilometers to a point not far distant from the dry arroyos of the Rio Carriafra. The region was slightly rolling with sandy soil, across a small area of Savanna, then into a brushy cactus area and finally to a region of brush and low trees. We walked out from two chician ranchinas down into a slightly depression where there was a stand of fairly thick forest, far below which many of the trees held leaves. The average growth was from 20 to

40 feet high. I followed out through here for a distance of a kilometer or so and came out with 15 birds of an excellent assortment including several not seen before.

Occasional light showers of rain came and the small birds delighted in them fluffing out their feathers and getting as wet as possible for the pleasure of a bath, quite in contrast to their practice of keeping dry under conditions of ordinary rain. There was much song and mating activity among them. The majority are in good plumage now.

A cool breeze blew all day and it was very comfortable. The slight moisture that we have had has brought out a very few mosquitos.

We were back at ten with 30 birds to prepare work that kept us until just time for us to view a gorgeous sunset.

Collecting began early today as a pair of Belonipterus came flying in to the little plaza in front of our house at dawn. Their calling awakened

me and I slipped into my clothes and was out the door just as it was light enough to see. At that instant I heard a shot and found that Carlos Ichimura had also been awakened and had slipped out the door to secure the shot. He kindly gave me the bird.

Nicolas Cotos, whose truck we have arrived this noon and told me that he had sent out two chickens from Riohacha to Pájaros so that our dragnet for the lost case of specimens is now complete.

A young chichin^{boy} of about 18 or 19 had his face blackened like the women and also the few designs in the same dark stain on his legs.

One of these was running up the thigh. Another was an irregular mark that almost suggested of cattle brand.

There is much talk of the value of the Guajira girls in marriage. At our arrival one of good family had just been taken by a man of means for 100 head of animals - ~~getting~~ cattle and horses, with some other things

in addition. One that came today with her mother and a sister was said to be held at four thousand pesos but it was said that twenty-five hundred would make the deal. Another of poorer family was worth 15 to 20 head of cattle.

A mist fell this evening. All afternoon boys played a guitar in the cantina beyond our house. Today I preserved a small snake taken from the crop of a Buteo albicaudatus Colomes. Also a large bird grasshopper secured yesterday. In the heavy months when I collected today I secured 3 snakes of the higuero type. Masticophis lateralis subsp. novus det. Robert Smith first record for Colombia.

April 17, Thursday. A brief shower of rain came again this morning ceasing about the time we got into the fields. Its effect was to make the various birds vocal and active.

Breakfast was slow this morning. I was out at five and had my ammunition and camera arranged for the morning excursion in a few minutes after which I had time to watch the town awake. Doors opened here and there and people came out to stand motionless, looking straight ahead, expressionless in every way.

Some one started a truck, chickens
clucked and scratched and a flock
of quinea fowl came running about.
I found that a Spanish tax-cop
with a wife and four boys who I
saw in Pichacha had arrived last
night in a chiva (a covered truck or
"bus") and had slept in the school
room for lack of other facilities. A
young Colombian slept in our truck
until an early morning shower
drove him inside.

We went out to the south
to the same point where we collected
yesterday. A flock of five thick-
knees flew up from small barrens.
A large jugum Columba refinis nested
in a tree but flew before I could shoot.

We left the truck in an open
space and scattered out to hunt.
Almost immediately I heard the
raucous calls of chachalacas and
worked quietly over toward them in
some high mounds. The first group
were shy and flew without giving
me more than a snap shot which
I missed because of branches.

Others called farther away and I
slipped over toward them. Suddenly

one came flying directly to me to
perch and close with curiosity too
close to shoot. By judicious movement
it was induced to move a little
farther away until I could kill it.
Leaving me to watch it I moved
carefully in to stalk its companion
calling from a lone tree top.

All this had taken considerable
time so that I began the return taking
small birds as I progressed. Two
Indian boys armed with sling shots
appeared and talked about my
shooting. Three older boys followed
and other two men, one with a
beautiful bow. They usually carry
five arrows each with long
slender steel points, and four
with li blunt tips.

At the house we had word that
the last case of specimens had been
seen in the possession of some chickens
and that it was probably not far
away. Nicolas went off in the truck
to engage but learned nothing. Later
the Indian we had seen came to
make a report which was somewhat

uncertain but Mandia Barros
repeated that nothing was lost in
the Guajira and felt sure that the
lost I'cse was near at hand. He
promised to go out tomorrow to search
and as he knows his Indians we
left the matter there.

Two Indian women came by
in the afternoon in little burros
and I took some pictures of one
to show her blackened face. Cecilia
who is the Guajira woman of
Luis who is travelling with us
as Nicolas' assistant, had her
face decorated this evening with
designs in black.

A cool breeze all day. I
bathed at night for the first time
in two days as water has been
short due to clearing the well.
The air was cool.

A cold epidemic has developed
in the last three days and is
sweeping through the community.
Indians come along and look
at us and specimens sitting in
their char voices but do not
linguize.

There is a large nettle here with
heavy stings that is a ^{very} savage thing
to encounter as it has slender fiddle
like spines that come off in the skin.
Three in my finger today stinging
infamously for a few minutes after which
the finger had swelled and felt all
afternoon as though I had had an
injection of novocain.

April 18, Friday
Clear this morning early, followed by
clouds until about eleven and then clear
sky for the rest of the day.

We drove South again going down
through the monte to the end of the
wood road that we have been following
and worked near the arroyo which
is narrow and deep and completely dry.
There is thick forest here of good sized
trees, only a few carrying leaves because
of a rather high wind. Perhaps birds were
quiet and I hunted diligently to get
the dozen that I obtained. There was
little in the extensive heavy forest so
that I returned finally to the region where
I secured the Chachelacas yesterday.

Mora accompanies me now as
assistant and does very well in helping
take care of the birds as I shoot them.

I perspire fairly heavily in the forest but the climate here on the whole is very agreeable. Also the use of the track eliminates the miles of walking to and from the printing ground that one has on many occasions.

On other return we drove out across an open flat to give Lehmann opportunity to get a black-bear. We appeared and we stepped the truck when I shot it as the others did not see it.

Nicolas and Mandia Barros took the truck on our return and spent most of the day in visiting Indian rancherias without getting trace of the lost case of specimens.

specimens. In the afternoon he became
tired ill with a bad case of
indigestion. He has decided to
return to Santa Marta which I
have advised him to do. He has a
bad liver from amebiasis, a permanent
case of appendicitis which requires
operation. We are getting too far
away from doctors for it to be safe
for him. ~~He had~~ wood w

A car came in from Pishacha
today and brought me an envelope
from Don Gratiiano Gomez with
our mail. This brought the news to
him again that his time has been
extended for another two weeks.

I sat in the evening in the cool breeze facing a beautiful sunset sky while I wrote my notes. ~~It is~~
April 19, Saturday.

a 1 April 11, Saturday
A strong breeze today. I was out
at dawn and wrote a little before
breakfast. We went out north about
10 kilometers on the road to Witria to
the arroyo Salado crossing a great
level plain, slightly rolling but level
in general. The rancheras of Indians
were distributed along the low
ridges. We passed one cemetery where
old thatched enclosures and graves
stood behind a more modern
structure of fine crypts which were
painted white and which showed clearly
for a long distance. The savanna
was dotted with occasional patches of
thorn bush but was bare for long
distances.

at the arroyo was a line of low thorn brush and branched cactus more than a kilometer wide, some of trees ranging from 6 to 15 or 20 feet in height. The ground below was open except for growths of flat pad cactus. There were many small depressions in the ground protected from the sweep of the wind. The arroyo was entirely dry with low cut banks along the sides from the seasons. At intervals all along the Indians had excavated wells or rather water holes 10 to 15 feet deep with a steep path leading into them. The water appeared clear and good though I did not taste it.

All through the forenoon I saw men, women and boys driving bands of sheep, cattle and horses down to water. Trunks cut from the trucks were placed outside the thorn brush fences that kept the stock out of the water holes and water was brought up laboriously in 5 gallon cans for the animals. These people also brought kags and large ollas full in things to carry water to the houses.

The Indians all appeared

friendly enough but few would admit that they understood Spanish. One old woman was greatly disturbed when I wanted to photograph her and seized a child and thrust it behind her. But I laughed with me and another woman when I put the camera away and gave them cigarettes.

Small birds were abundant all through here and I shot 13 by a through here and I shot 13 by a little after noon. Carrick lost his way on the return and did not show up until eleven when we had all started out to look for him. An old woman had directed him to a road which proved to be the wrong one. And then the truck took the wrong turn so that we started up the road to Riochaca. So that it was noon before we finally reached town hot and dirty from blowing sand.

In the afternoon a good looking Indian came riding in, well dressed and in half an hour was drunk so that he could hardly sit on his mule.

Three girls came by in the evening collecting funds for the church.

Food for the last two days has been pretty poor. a ♀ *Hylasichla m. minimus* taken

April 20, Sunday

I went out early with Nicolás, Mora, Luis and the truck driving west on the trail to Carriapia for 10 Kilometers and then south on an Indian trail through weeds and brush to a knoll 2 Kilometers distant where I left the car and continued on foot to the small village of Camiapa. The land was slightly more rolling here than farther out on the savanna. Broad open stretches were grown waist high with dead weeds. There was considerably less growth some of it green but most without leaves.

The village of fifteen or twenty rancherias I judged lay on a low ridge. Beyond was a line of trees that ~~they~~ have marked the line of the river though I did not go directly to it.

I passed on rancheria where an old woman had a hole ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ her bricks deep in the clay earth with calabash seeds soaking in water in the bottom. There she was straining out with a small calabash with holes in it and was placing them in another container. I do not know what they were for. Over the house, which was a shelter

with low palm thatch roof and walls open at the side. I found a middle aged woman and a girl about 18 or 20. Both were sitting in hammocks. I offered two cigarettes. When the old woman told the girl to come and get them. She latter they began to talk in excellent Spanish which she said she had learned in Pishachy. I got her finally to come outside for a picture. Her face was blackened from about the eyes down over the cheeks to the line of the jaw. As she came out of her hammock I could see designs marked on her legs up toward the knee. Her name was Clotilde and I was told that she was the woman of Rafael Barron, a cousin of Mendico. I came on back to the truck.

We returned to town. The rancherias of the Indians are scattered all through the country.

In the afternoon Indians ^{come} and went constantly. The procession to the water tank of men, women and children bearing 5 gallon cans of water is always interesting to me.

Since the slight rains ~~for~~ ^{have} in flower have increased, one yellow and one purple. Their color add a beautiful touch to the arid landscape.

April 21 Monday

We went out at 4:30 this morning and were loaded and on our way to Uribia at 6:45 a.m. Dr. Lehmann, was on my advice decided to return as his appendix is ~~trouble~~ troubling him and it is not safe for him to continue farther in this rough trail. Semente Alejandro Buitrino has decided to return with him. (The permanent address of the Semente is Calle 26, No. 626, Bogotá.) They have arranged to go by Chiva (autobus) to Riohacha later today. I gave the lieutenant 20 pesos for expenses on his return trip which is ample. I allowed a fair margin so that he would not be out of pocket at the time up fully to the requirement that the expedition pay his expenses.

With three persons less in the party with their equipment, the load was easily accommodated in the truck. Field chests were lashed to a crosspole near the front to afford seats with the baggage piled behind. Carlos Mora and his wife rode here. Nicolas Giron and I sat with him.

We started out on the rather rough about road until after 3 or 4 kilometers Nicolas remarked that this was the bad weather road and was too far around. With this he set sail out across the open savanna looking from side to side for landmarks, made a crossing of a fairly deep arroyo

and then swung off toward a distant windmill watching the horse trails until he found one that suited when he turned into it when presently we were again on the main road to Uribia again. He remarked that it was difficult to come through here at night this being a route for trucks carrying contraband.

We passed through a great stand of tree cactus and then came into thorn scrub. The road was rough but passable. At intervals we saw Indians with pack loads of dirt and pools in burros which they hustled aside to let us pass.

A little after ^(43 mi. up the river) noon we reached Uribia and ^{once to the} West of the office of the Comisario of the Guayana, Captain Eduardo Lindero. Here we had a wait as the Captain was busy with an engineer who had just come in with plans for a hospital. At the meanwhile I met the Chief of Police and presented a letter to him receiving in return a letter to the sergeant of Police in Puerto Lopez.

Captain Lindero is proud of Uribia as he located it and founded it in 1935. His office is in a flat-roofed one story building looks out upon an open square with other low buildings scattered around it. A motion picture house is finished a school is under way. He said several very comfortable

appearing small bungalow.

The Captain took us over to his house. When in a patio bounded by a brick wall blind we sat in an open porch comfortably in the cool breeze and drank beer served to us by an Indian boy. On the low tree was a pair of *Salicandria*, a species in which the female is black like the male; a pair of young thick-knees, a pair of *Dendrocygna autumnalis*, two toucans and a baby deer. A pen held a baby peccary. Part of them were brought from the mountains back of Carrizipal.

I may note that yesterday in Maicao I saw the skin of a jaguar brought from this same mountain range.

We bought ^{some} *Carnel salmon* and *Sardinia* in a little ^{shop} and beach in less than half the size of my fist of an old woman in a house. We found afterward that she had given us only ^{pieces} *below* instead of the *Great* for which she had been paid. I was too interested in watching two Indians ^{from} *from* coming in the yard behind to realize what she was doing.

We left Uribia at 11:25 ^{over} the road to Puerto Lopez going directly toward the Cerro Jeta Guajira which was visible for a long distance in the road passing ahead.

A straight cut had been made through the scrub and the trail wound along through this. Near Uribia the land was green with low thorn scrub and *divi-divi*, interspersed with great stumps of the cactus. When the soil was poor and stony. In places there was heavy undergrowth of prickly pear.

As we approached the Cerro and swung around its north base the soil was very poor and the cactus growth and thorn scrub more open. We had an excellent view of this mountain from the north and east. It rises to about 1300 ^{feet} and is shaped like a woman's breast from which it gets its name.

To the northwest was ^{dry} *arrays* with fairly large scrub shading it and then I continued toward the low stony ridge of *Serrania de Papure*. There was little soil and scanty vegetation. Scrub climbed the slopes of the Jeta but in general there were very few trees.

At *el Papure* was a ^{small} *open* valley where fields of corn had been grown. I saw a few other fields near Uribia but there is little farming of this type on the hill.

There was a strong flow of water in the well at *el Papure*. And *Mielas* said

that up to 8000 head of stock could
be watered here in a day. We found
50 to 100 duguans here and several
hundred head of cattle, donkeys, horses and
goats drinking from cement troughs. The
soil was deep in dust that blew about
in the strong breeze. We ate lunch
here and took a number of photos.
Apparently the Indians do not object
to posing, especially when the reward
is a cigarette. This they accept without
a look or word.

We continued on our stony ships
and then across an open plain toward
Cajaro with the fairly high ridge of
the Serrania Cajaro at our left. This,
much larger than the appearance was in
sight for some time. We did not
enter Cajaro this being divided into
two little groups of houses a mile
or more apart one in Venezuela and
the other in Colombia. A chuco ahead
of us stuck in the sand but our
ford pushed through without difficulty.
Beyond Nicolas who knows the
region perfectly swung east of the
roadway and wound about among
the bushes across the barren plain
until he had crossed a bad, sandy
arroyo.

For some distance here the sea

was in sight. Rancho Grande was
a few little houses near the base of
the long ridge of the Cajaro range which
was barren, showing several rock exposures
and with scrub going up its slopes.
Below here were extensive rolling, open
pastures with dry grass, patches of
muntz and low open savannas. I
had the impression that this would be
an attractive beautiful region in January
and February following the rains when
everything would green.

As it was in late afternoon comparatively
few birds were in evidence.

We followed along here just north of
the Venezuelan border for miles. A short
distance west of Castilleja there was a
transition to poor stony soil and then
an abrupt descent down an escarpment
75 feet high to a lower level where
poor sandy soil alternated with saline
playas that led to distant Pagomas
toward the sea.

At this escarpment we found a
young Venezuelan stranded in a cling
out of gas. I gave him a cigarette taken
him in to Castilleja visible below and
we continued.

We had views of distant mangrove swamps here while the road. It was sandy, stony soil with scanty scrub and cacti. We circled the Laguna de Sucacas and came through sand dunes into Puerto López located on a slightly elevated plain 30 feet or so above the beach and distant 300 meters or so from a little bay.

We arrived here at 5⁴⁵ pm. Having covered about 120 Kilometers from Urbina a long distance over roads ~~just~~ such as we had traversed.

We stopped at the police station where I presented a letter given me in Urbina to the sergeant in charge. He offered us every assistance. Through Nicolás' knowledge of this place we went on to call on the Comisario Sr. ^{Ingeniero} Aguero and spoke with him about quarters. He put at our disposal a room 25 x 40 in a low building built of galvanized iron adjacent to the police station. The Comisario occupied two little rooms in the same building.

In half an hour we were located and had arranged with a señora for food. The sergeant sent us a table, and then chairs and for Carrón and me our meals were brought in to us.

We ate, talked awhile and then turned in. The trade wind blew steadily all night.

April 22, Tuesday.
We were out at dawn as usual but were some time in getting breakfast as this was our first day here. We were finally out a little after seven, following the border of the Laguna de Sucacas. Mangroves in places of good size bordered the water, hiding it from view, with open playas in places of good size inland. Bounding these were gravel knolls and old sand dunes and orchard now but with scanty growth of vegetation. At one point there was an outcrop of hematite bearing rock thrust up 20 feet high on a base 40 feet wide.

Hunting in mangroves is laborious always and very muddy. Birds were fairly common and we returned at 10 with twenty specimens including some very good things. We searched carefully for Golden Warblers but found none. I killed one burrowing owl

and we secured a good series of
a blue gray *Atelodermis* in the mangroves.
Also several Wilson's plovers in plays
when they were about to breed. A
few north American migrant sandpipers
were in evidence. 2 Hudsonian Curlews,
some black-bellied plovers greater yellowlegs
and half a dozen *Pisobas* that I shot
me.

Our building proved unexpectedly cool
in spite of its flat roof of galvanized iron
due to the steady sweep of the trade
wind. In early morning this was
humid but dried out appreciably during
the day to become damp again in
evening.

We have a nice little bath house
out back but the water brought by
Indians from a distance costs 20 centavos
for a 5 gallon can and is muddy and
unusable.

In the evening the sergeant walked
with me down to the shore where I
arranged for a boat tomorrow.

We brought water for drinking with us
from Maicao sufficient for our stay
here. Work in the mangroves requires
much drinking water.

This place was prosperous which
it was free port but through diplomatic
representations from Venezuela it was

closed to cut off the flow of contraband
articles to the Maracaibo market. Now
it is dead with 3 small stores and
only a few people remaining. There is
more contact now with Maracaibo
than with Pto. Macha as the former is
more accessible. The port was open for
a short time only.

April 23, Wednesday.

At the sun rose as six Mora and
I walked down to the playa through the
wide sandy street of the town with only
an Indian or two visible and every door
still closed. At the beach there were more
life. Men were cutting wood; women were
moving about and I found more my
boat ready so that we embarked at once
in a calyco, hewn from a large log
with me in the bow and making port dingy.

Almost immediately I killed a green heron
as it flew out, and then farther on landed
in an opening among the mangroves to
walk back along a little trail and secure
a clapper rail.

A young pelican flew by with two
very al terns and I saw occasional
guillemots. At a quarter after seven we
pushed up on shore for a few minutes
to make a breakfast in a can of salmon
and a piece of bread.

A broad channel lined with

mangroves leads back in the broad open lagoon; at first the channel is deep and then suddenly it becomes shallow. The main mangrove growth is along the caño and the shores adjacent. The farther shore of the lagoon is fine with slightly elevated sandy shores.

A few cocos and little blue herons fed in the shallows, and a turkey buzzard soared overhead. As there was little here I returned to the farther shore I landed and walked along through the mangroves. Almost immediately I secured a beautiful male golden warbler, one of the species for which I have been searching and a few minutes later had two more.

I followed around to an open stretch of grass with a few bushes scattered about and returned then to the shore to find a flock of turnstones in the beach.

Marco joined me across and I took a picture of a boat careened on the beach, the Clara Virginia, in which a new hull was being installed.

At the house I found Carillo who had cut the back of his left hand with his machete, fortunately in

such a way that it did not cripple him. He worked up skins during the afternoon though I wanted him to rest.

April 24, Thursday.

Mora and I breakfasted this morning at a quarter of six on a can of Vienna sausages, some hard bread and a little cafe tinto just the night before me by the Señora. Breakfast in Puerto López comes at 8 or 9 customarily and I was given up trying to get anything earlier.

At six Marco set us across the caño that marks the mouth of the laguna de Tacaras and I proceeded to work the mangroves and later on some grass ground dunes with scattered bushes. Among my birds were two of the golden warblers and another rail. I returned with 14 specimens.

There were extensive stretches of open salt grass here bordered by Salicornia and similar growths or alkali barrens. The red mangrove is now in flower.

The collection here has satisfied me well though birds are much scarcer than at Micaes. Their abundance is about equal to that of birds in summer in Maryland and Virginia. My 14 taken

This morning represented 4 hours
of steady careful hunting.

Ecleriken did not go out today.

At four I walked out to try for *dyakos*
but found that most of them had been
in for the night so that I only caught
one. The sun was still bright and
hot but the strong trade wind was
cool. The forenoon was cloudy with
occasional drops of rain; the afternoon
clear. Clouds hung over the summit
of the Serrania Macura all day.

The Indians here are a good
in looks and apparently intelligent
than those around Macias. They own
a very poor lot.

There are no mosquitoes here at
all to my surprise. The only trouble is
with ants.

Puerto Lajas has cold beer from German
operated refrigerators but the stock of cold
cloth appears good. The Indians bring
water from wells from 3 to 6 or 8 Kilometers
distant and sell for 10 centavos for a
five gallon can. Part of it is muddy
and that that is clear is so saline
that ordinary soap has no effect.
Food is not abundant and of little
variety. We have good water to
drink brought from Macias which
is fortunate.

April 25, Friday

We were packed and off this
morning at 6³⁰ a.m. The Señora
has arranged a special breakfast
for us of fried ripe plantains, *pescado*
de oro (cooked salmon), bread (rather
sour but fresh) and *café tinto*.
Sr. don Francisco Aguilar, the
Comisario gave me letters to Teodora
González in Manatí, and Samuel Weber
in Puerto Esfuerzo.
And Juan W. Ruiz in Puerto Esfuerzo.
I may note that I had a letter
to Francisco whose home is at
Rancho Grande sent to me from Maracaibo
through Phelps.

We drove west and northwest
from Puerto Lajas across the barren
flats which are sandy and
dunes of the coast are stony and
sterile so that even the tough scrub
and cactus makes scanty growth.
Back 8 Kilometers toward the Macura
Range there were dry arroyos with
hardier growths of *Prosopis* and
here Cardinals, *Ana lora*, and
quail missing on the pampa where
present in abundance.
Our road lay through the long

broad stretch that separates the
Serrania de Cojoro from the Macuira.
We had rough going for a short
distance with many short ascents
and descents over stony trails which
made slow going. We climbed perhaps
200 to 250 ft to reach the open valley
and then continued through with
changes in level so slight that they
were not noticeable.

There was good growth of scrub
and cactus through here. At
Saguaira about midway of this
great pass was a dry
barrozo with growths of large
muskies and other trees which
birds were visible in abundance
and variety. Here I secured pictures from
a distance of Serrania de Cojoro, and of
some du lians with their sheep.

We descended a very gradual
slope encountering another barrozo
with heavy tree growth.

East of us excellent tree growth was
visible on the Serrania Macuira, and
trees of other kinds were found in small
numbers along our road.

We came down on to a broad flat
with a low escarpment visible to the
north and on this rounded the

north end of the Macuira. There
were extensive cactus forests here in
addition to muskies. At other points we
crossed sterile stony stretches with only
scattered cactus.

Toward Puente Estralla some of the
scrub was abundant in places, scattered
in others. We crossed one broad open
valley to ascend a low escarpment on
the other side where the slope was covered
with good scrub.

At last we reached Puente Estralla
where there is one good house (Casa de
material) belonging to Sr. Don Samuel
Weber and fifteen or so small
walled rancheras. Many of the latter
had rounded ends, breaks of the wind.
Francisco Aguaram had given me a
letter to Weber who we found to
be a large man smooth shaven
about 60 years of age. He told me that
he was born in Caracas and that
when 18 he had come to Riohacha in
a business house. He had his family
there and had been established here about
15 years. His woman here was middle
aged, large with an intelligent
humorous face.

Clawson and I walked out separately

and shot down lizards. I returned
to sit in a hammock in a ~~short~~
floored house to talk with Don Samuel
for whom I had great liking, and
to drink a large cup of ^{fresh} ~~chicha~~
(made of ground corn & sweetened)
given me by the Señora.
I also presented a letter to Juan
L. Ruiz.

Indians were all about of better
grade than those in Puerto Riego.
An old woman was making belts
and I bargained for three at a peso each
to be ready on my return.

Four motor boats were in the
playa, one about to leave for Aruba.
I met the encargador of one, Eliseo,
a friend of Nicolas from Pto. Riego
and learned from him that El ~~hubutata~~
was scheduled to sail from Aruba for
Curacao at dawn on May 11. He
agreed to take me across on his
boat the Compensador leaving Pto. Riego
estrella about noon May 9. The
journey to Aruba requires 20 hours.

I walked out to the rock escarpment
which rises 60 feet or perhaps 75
above a curving sandy beach

that led to a low headland at the
south and point covered with
small dunes at the north. On the
latter side ~~the~~ wind mill was visible.
The water here is fair, but is a
little salty.

We had an excellent lunch of soup,
meat and rice and then continued
at 1:20 stopping at Mamotoco, a
kilometer to the south where ~~Thodora~~
Gonzalez had an excellent house with
the usual ranchos above. There I
left a letter from Francisco as
Gonzalez was absent.

A kilometer or so farther south
was another little settlement. Santa Ana
where we found Padre Andres from
Nazaret a tall white bearded
Capuchin, a little gaunt at 70
years but strong and active. He was
bound for Puerto Riego in a canon
with two nuns and various other
companions and said that he would
be back in four days.

Our road wound across a long
plain, descended in a broad valley
where there was a dry lake playa
and then climbed by slowly on the

opposite through mesquites and
over stones and rocks.

Soon we came abruptly to a
deep green valley with a little
stream and beyond climbed up
to the Capuchin Orphanage at Nazant.

Padre Jose ^{Morales} Augustin ^{Morales} received
us & gave us coffee ~~under~~ a little
porch with a cool breeze blowing
up the valley. It was a delight
to look out and see green leaves.

Soon we were quarted in a
room in the little government house
and later had an excellent supper
of rice, brown gravy and mutton,
in the house of Don Juan ^{Morales} Aguirre.
An hour with the radio and then
to bed.

The inspector here in whose office we
occupy our small room is Don Carlos
Afanador O. Our room is 12 x 16 or 17 ft
so that it has taken careful storage to
get everything in. Mora and Nicolas sleep
in hammocks in Afanador's office adjacent
and Luis has a hammock at Don Juan's.

April 26, Saturday

Our night last evening was cool and
pleasant. I can hear faintly the roar
of the distant sea.

Desayunos at six was a novelty. We
had cafe tinto, eggs and fried sweetened arepas.
The latter my old friend of Venezuela made of
ground soaked corn.

Don Juan and one or two others wanted
to show me the lay of the land so that for
my first morning I had the usual personally
conducted tour. Very kind of them but difficult
for shooting because of the crowd. Under such
conditions I usually confine my collecting to
birds in the trees to avoid filling some under
"assistant" with fire shot.

We walked out a little trail past the
school that led down over a dry
brushy slope into the ^{lower} broad valley of the
rain arroyo 20 to 100 feet below. Then
there was a small flowing stream, so
shallow that I waded it in my shoes
several times without wading in.
More than 3 inches of water several times
during the morning. The flood is steady
and the water abundant. The stream
spread out in a thin sheet over its sandy
bed. The winding valley floor was fairly
level bordered by steeply abrupt slopes.

The entire section along the stream
was divided into small more or less
rectangular fields fenced with sticks
interlaced firmly. At this season

Com was gone but there were sweet potatoes being dug by old Indian women and fields of yuca and squash. I saw many mango trees filled with fruit, a good many coconut palms, none very tall and much green grass.

It was a pleasant sensation to see the green leaves and green grass again. Birds swarmed in good variety but in the kinds that I have seen before except for a whistler that I heard but left for another day as it was in an impenetrable tangle.

Beside the school a fine Parakeet flew over our house and I killed in the air. Don Juan's remark was that for this Afraator owed me a hen! Down down southern water-thrushes and a flock of Dickcissels ranged through the tangles and I saw one solitary sandpiper.

There were the usual cardinal, doves, *Synallaxis* and many other birds.

Washuamen worked along the stream, boys brought flocks of goats and cows and horses were let out to graze. Indians in little groups were digging and clearing and shouted whenever I shot. Their

rancherías were built on the slopes above often on elevated rocky points.

I returned to Nazaret along a narrow trail deep in sand. Calatzen had hunted another Arroyo also with water and between us we had 25 birds. I had been foolish enough to talk of collecting lizards and all through the afternoon Indian boys brought in lizards for which I paid one or two cents - or 5 cents for an especially good iguana. Padre Jose Augustin came over in the afternoon with a fine iguana and a lot of the small fish, the latter carried on the brim of his hat. An Indian brought me three good frogs.

For the midday meal we had soup, rice, sweet milk, sweet potatoes and squash all tender and well cooked and excellently seasoned. The food was most welcome after our very poor fare at Puerto López. The Padre sent us over a plate of salad made with slices of hard-boiled egg, sweet potato and onion that was an important part of our supper.

In mid afternoon Don Carlos brought us each a glass of sweetened condensed milk of course but most refreshing. We had a most busy time with our specimens and I was happy to be in bed at 8:30.

April 27, Sunday.

At first this morning the sky was quite heavily overcast and remained so practically all day. Yesterday it was cloudy in the morning with sunshine in the afternoon.

I went out the trail up the main arroyo which I found leads to Puerta Ligua distant about five hours. An Indian was starting out for this place with 8 or 10 deer goat skins in a burro, riding another burro behind. Then trails are deep in sand and I follow the goat trails at the side whenever possible as there are better walking.

I started in the valley of the arroyo this morning where I left off yesterday. Rock walls in places come down to the valley floor. Elsewhere the bounding slopes are

steep and stony. Trees grow to good size along the arroyos and make fairly heavy growth on the slopes above.

My first shot was at a little owl and then I started on the small birds. Secured another Parakeet in the way home. While the flowing water (this appears a kilometer or so below Nazaret) the streams reach back clear to the mountains then bring far more water than I had anticipated.

Carriker collected farther inland along the arroyo where he worked yesterday.

Mule is down with fever apparently malaria. I gave him Atabrin tonight.

This morning I caught a fair-sized coral snake and added it to the collection. I was much interested in the small size of the poison fangs.

April 28, Monday

The sky was overcast all day yesterday and the same condition continued today. Mule had an attack of malaria last night or rather

Yesterday afternoon which is probably
chronic with him. I broke it up
with Atabrin and tonight he was
almost up to normal.

This morning I worked through
all the broad flat land along the
arroyo below the school looking
for mounds but without success. The
early morning birds were wild as
though a small hawk was about.
Hawks though are remarkably few
in this entire region. I searched
carefully for rats or other interesting
things without finding much of
value.

I found one old Indian boiling
chiviviri pods in a kettle out under
a tree to stain a goat skin that he
had pegged out on the ground. Others
washed skins in the arroyo to
remove the hair. Another group
sat on one of the knolls on the surrounding
hill rim apparently were drinking
chicha as they were talking loudly
until I began shooting when they
stopped to watch me.

At the house an old fellow who
knew some Spanish was drinking

and came back repeatedly to see
us.

I have bought several very nice
knot bags here woven by the Indians
and have had hammocks offed.

At four thirty we called on Padre
Jose Augustin at the school which is
known as the ^{orphanato} orphelinate de Nazaret.
They have about 45 boys and 45 girls
in the same institution but maintained
entirely apart. We saw the boys of
8 to 12 years old the others apparently
being out at work. They slept in
a long room when their hammocks
were neatly rolled at one side
while their work clothes hung at the
other. The building was built
around a patio open at the
river end with a garden behind
where tomatoes and yuca were
grown under cultivation.

The girls side was more modern
with a new building finished within
a year a long structure with one
great long room for hammocks,
another for a dining room and a
kitchen across opposite. Girls of 8 to 10

were taking the seed out of cotton
by hand in a room where two
Chinchovras were being worn.
Outside older girls from 14 to 20
sat along a wall engaged in
handwork of various. All giggling
surreptitiously because I was so
much taller than the padre.
At supper tonight we had fresh
boiled corn on the cob, the ears
being small with very small
grains like popcorn. The flavor
was excellent.

April 29, Tuesday

There are mosquitoes around in
small number at night so that I
have been using a net. Nicolas had
an attack of malaria which I have
cured with Atabrine. Today he is
perfectly normal.

I went up the main arroyo this
morning for about two miles where
the road to Puerto Lopez leaves it,
doing practically all my collecting up
here. I left the house at 6:15 after
breakfast of cafe lino, half an arepa,
an egg and a little coarse grained
cheese and walked out the trail
with Mora carrying the machete

and the game bag. The narrow
winding road is deep in sand but
now I am accustomed to it and
do not mind. It is often easier,
however to follow the goat and horse
trails through the scrub.

The sky was heavily overcast as
usual in morning and today until
nearly eight there was little wind.
Indians were travelling the trails early
on various errands or on their way
to work.

Along the broad flat were mango
trees loaded with fruit and a variety
of other trees with green leaves
grownish by the abundant water.

Here two little springs came out
on the valley floor with trickles
of water running down to join the
main stream.

Almost at once I saw a
motmot fly across the arroyo a
bird for which I have searched
ever since I arrived. I followed it
hastily only to have it fly again as an
Indian came down a trail toward it. He
wanted to talk but I held my finger to
my lips and went on by. By good luck
I found the bird again and killed it, a

fine specimen. A few minutes later
Mora heard one and we moved out
in the open. When I saw the bird
resting in an open tree 250 yards
away. Somewhat also was in hand.

I returned to the house at 9²⁰
and at 10²⁰ went over to the
school the *Arpelmato de Nazant*.
The Padre is P. José Agustín of
Barraquilla address Riohacha,
Columbia. His full name is

R. P. José Agustín Mackenzie. He
is a young man of 30 or so who
was a school mate of Armando Nazant.
He tells me that they have about
8 centavos per day per child from the
government to support the school. He
gives his entire salary as a teacher
to buy food for them. I secured
pictures in both the boys and girls
side and then after a glass of
lemonade brought to me by an Indian
girl, returned to work on our
specimens.

The sky was free of cloud over
Nazant this afternoon but clouds
persisted toward the mountains.
A shower fell over the large mountain
toward sunset.

I sat outside in the shadow of the
house waiting at five o'clock clothing
up from notes occasionally to watch
Indians moving along the trail
over to dismiss the light and shadow
on the mountain.

While others have complained today of
heat to me the temperature has been
comfortable.

April 30, Wednesday
For most of the day the sky ~~has~~
been clear and the water hot. After
the shower of yesterday the mountains
have stood out exceptionally clear.
At 6¹⁵ I was on my way to the
country walking rapidly along the trail
to Puerto López until I came to the
crossing of the ~~avenue~~ above the village
when I began to collect walking
back toward the main mountain. There
is a broad open valley here with
moderate mountains on either side
much of which has been cut over so
that it is in open pastureland or
scrub second growth. Through this run
little gullies in which are fair sized
trees. Indian rancherias were

located on knolls. I found
one woman down in the woods
with two boys cleaning the green
mangos from a tree to take them in
to ripen. The fruit was fully formed.
I secured a good lot of birds
and was back at ten soaked in
perspiration.

Don Juan sent me over a big
platter of ripe mangos this afternoon.
The fruit here is of good flavor and
not too stringy. After three weeks
without fruit these are certainly
welcome.

I sent Nicolas down to Puerto
Estrella this morning with mail
to arrange to have it sent in to Pichu
by truck.

May 1, Thursday.

Today is the hottest day that I
have experienced in the Guafira. The
sun rose fairly clear and there were
few clouds during the forenoon. Also
the wind was light. About 3:00 in
the afternoon rain fell on the inland
mountains, though only a shower
of brief and reached Nazaret. It was
cool again in evening.

I crossed the arroyo today and

climbed the ^{long} western slopes of the
Cerro directly south of the village. A
sandy quebrada gave entrance and
led up through some fair sized trees
on the ridge at the summit there were
only low trees and bushes with flat pad
cactuses. I followed up to the base of
the rocky peak itself.

From the ridge I had a wide view.
To the north across the elevated
flat on which the school is located I
could see across the arid area to the
sea. To the south was a rolling
valley, mainly cleared with scattered
chupian racheherias. To the west I
had a clear view of the main mountains.
It is evident to me that there is no
higher zone in this range. The higher
slopes are stony and arid. What good
forest there is heads the valleys that
open from the mountain.

Nicolas returned this morning. In
the evening Padre Andres came back bringing
me from Puerto Estrella a little package
of Abuba papers from J. L. Ruiz. Also he
found a note that the sailing of the steamer

El habitador on which I had been
counting for May 8 has been cancelled.
The evening was clear and beautiful.

May 2, Friday

Warm today but not so oppressive as
it was yesterday. For part of the day the
wind blew from the southwest but in
evening it changed again to the northeast.
The sky was clear for a good part of
the forenoon.

This morning I worked in back
toward the base of the main mountain.
The arroyo valley narrows at one point
between the rocky hills. Above this there
is a valley with undulating floor below
then two miles across in both directions.
At present this is covered with thorn
scrub with occasional large trees
with some areas in open pasture. Occasional
Indian rancheros are scattered through
it. This leads to the base of the main
mountain.

I followed a trail today that led across
the base of the north mountain bounding
this valley, following it back until I was
near the base of the large mountain. From
here I could see the terrain on the
main mountain clearly. These mountain
ridges rise to good height but are
too narrow to support an extensive farming.
The upper slopes in the regions that I

have seen are rocky, bare in part and
in part covered with small trees of the
same kinds as those found lower down.
I suppose that at one time there was
good forest of fair sized trees in the great
valley but there have been long since
cut away and the land used by the
Indians. Only the remnants of this
forest exist in the heads of valleys
on the mountain slopes. There is no
special farming to be found here unless
possibly in some high valley.

The slope I was on had now. I
came on down again to the arroyo where
I collected two Spermophiles and found an
old woman guarding some mango trees
filled with fruit.

Juan Manuel Aguilar came riding in
tonight after a two day absence, a
striking figure on his big strong horse with
its trappings. He told me tonight that there was an
ante road into the next valley to the south
and that he would go over there with us
Sunday. He also told of a high valley on the
main mountain in which there are said
to be different birds.

May 3, Saturday

Clear and very hot this morning with
little breeze. At noon the sky was cloudy.

and a few drops of rain fell. Later it cleared again.

I went down in the truck to a broad & rainy seasm playa below a rock escarpment that lies only a short distance from the coast and possibly 5 or 6 kilometers from Puerto Eschilla.

A dry quebrada came out past a low rocky hill to open into the playa. The cerro was covered with low trees with heavy twisted limbs without leaves so that the entire slope was bare of verdure. There were cacti scattered through this. On this slope there were few birds.

A heavy growth of mesquite below was another story and here I did my collecting. Quail flew out in flocks, doves were common and there were many small flycatchers, honey creepers, wrens, little tyrannids and others.

I returned at ten.

Carriter rode horseback to an elevation of about 1000 feet on the main Sierrita de Macur. Here he found green forest without thorns. The only bird seen was Cyenopus.

Padre Andres from the school called this afternoon. The temperature was most pleasant this evening.

May 4, Sunday.

We had breakfast this morning at 5³⁰ and were off in the truck by 6⁰⁰ for the arroyo Sifanao which comes down south of the Cerro at Nazant. A winding track much overgrown with thorn trees led down here with considerable sand. Juan Manuel Aguilar who was with us cautioned against the last arroyo but Nicola's decided to try it and stuck. We left him to get out and walked up the slope to a small house that stood on the edge of low ridge. Rocky ridges rose around east and west with points surmounted by Indian ranchinas. A broad flat groin with thorn trees except where it had been cleared led north to the Cerro at Nazant distant about a mile and half away.

From this point the hill was ^{surprising} like the Ieta Guajira except that it was not so high. According to Juan the Indians call them brothers. The story is that three brothers set out from the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta to go deer hunting and walked far to the east. Their shoes wore out and feet became sore and then they were so tired that they go no further. One remained at the high point in the Orlands called the Morjas off the coast, the second is the hill at Nazaret and the third the Ieta.

Juan and I went down a steep pitch of nearly 200 feet to the Arroyo which carries considerably more water than the one at Nazaret. Seeps come down the slopes all along making it quite boggy in places. This valley because it has more water is more thoroughly cultivated than the two at Nazaret. There are many coconut and mango trees, some of the former being 40 to 45 feet high. In addition I saw yuca, Argus cane, sweet potatoes and beans. There were considerably areas

of grass and the whole valley was quite green. It was divided into "boscos" by crude stak and brush fences. I was told that there was a small lagoon in a far valley and some considerable growths of rushes. The high mountain beyond which is the one visible from Puerto Lopez is said to be cultivated at the top. When the Indians raise potatoes I saw springs are reported of them. With the glasses I could see a long slope not too steep that seemed to have fan sized trees and near the summit.

The birds here were the arroyo were no different from those at Nazaret.

Juan made me a gift of 18 fine water coconuts, and some mangoes. We returned at 10³⁰.

The day was hot but with some breeze.

May 5, Monday.

Heavy rain fell during the night with the result that the roof leaked on Carister and he had to move out in the other room. I was

able to move a few inches and escape.
I was up at ~~3:30~~ 3:50 a.m. and
left at 4 with snow to go over to the
base of the main range. The heavy
rain had washed much of the loose
sand in the trails and had packed
the rest so that walking was comparatively
easy. The arroyo was high of course
and at the pass between the two
hills we removed our shoes and
walked for 300 yards or more through
water.

It was interesting to walk along
with the beam of the flashlight playing
ahead up the narrow trail. Pigeons,
mocking birds and others flew out of
the branches overhead continually. Sleeping
quarters for a large bird population
such as lives there must be something
of a problem.

A great horned owl hooted from
the slopes of the cerra as we passed,
a friendly sound to me though some
might fancy it lonely.

We followed the trail to Quila hoping
across the arroyo when dawn came
and we put away our flashlights.
Indian women moving around the
suncherías were surprised to see us
and at first drew back until they

recognized us. By enquiry we got
on to another trail that crosses to
Castillito ~~and~~ had to go back
across the arroyo to reach it. We
followed this to the main arroyo past
a considerable amount of green grass
and a number of tall coconut palms.

Then we followed up the main
arroyo back in to the hills for a
distance of 125 yards. The water was
clear but with little indication
of settlement above. Everything was
drifting wet and as it was now
day I started to get out food for
day & started to get out food for
a Mesquero. At that moment chachalacas
began to call so I ~~ended to~~
entered a dry wash leading into
the main Serénia following their calls.
This wound around and descended
and suddenly I found a beautiful
little brook of clear sweet water.
A short distance up here I killed a
pair of chachalacas, and then ate
my share of a can of beans, a can of
sardines and some soda crackers in
great contentment. This is the first food
of this kind that I have had in weeks.

and with the sweet fresh water
I felt that I had had a feast.
I followed the creek a short distance
and then crossed into a dry wash
that ascended steeply into the Sierra.
All along the creek and up the mountain
slopes there was fine green forest of
tall trees and comparatively little
undergrowth. The forest was not
thorny except for an occasional
climbing cactus, completely different
from the thorn scrub outside. I
believe that this type of forest covered
the ^{gentle} rolling valley slopes now occupied
by the denuded and that the trees
have been cut away during a long
period to be replaced where they
plantations were abandoned by the
thorny type of vegetation. Occasional
grain trees along the arroyos and the
adjacent slopes bear out this idea.

The mountain slopes were steep and
stony so that climbing was slow.
Chachalacas called occasionally. Atalapha
was common and I killed one Turdo.
The mist rolled in continually interfering
with vision and soaking me completely.
I was soon so wet that I could no
longer dry off the lenses of my glasses
so that I finally gave it up after

climbing up about a thousand feet
and retreating.

An old woman riding a burro
with three or four children also mounted
was started to see at the fort in
the Castillitos. I was (and wanted to know
if I was lost. Walking was not bad
as there was little sun and I was
back at the house before climbing.

Canter rode a mile back in on
a trail at the north end of the
same mountain. He went up here to
about 2000 feet find some old chains
but much forest. He returned with
Arremon and a few *Thryophilus*
and reported other species. Mist
interfered with his work also.

The sky was overcast for part
of the time most of the day and morning
clouds came rolling in low to catch
the top of the arroyos at the village
and then to envelop the high mountain
inland. The air was appreciably cool.

As I returned this morning I saw
a beautiful vulture at the arroyo. It ran
into the bush. This morning while
travelling with the flashlight I saw
one rabbit.

May 6 Tuesday

Sky overcast today with sun for a few minutes at a time only.

Carroll worked again at the mountain collecting at 1500 - 2000 feet.

I took the truck and went down to the coast at Santa Cruz between Punta Estrella and Punta Espada, about 10 miles north of the latter. There are there or there little houses there - nothing more. Juan Manuel tells me that he lived there up to ten years ago when he moved to Mazaret.

The road is rather bad but across level flats partly open and partly grown with thorn scrub and cactus. There are occasional small rocky knolls, then being one called Cerro Santa Cruz within a mile of the beach.

Back of the shore are extensive sand plains in part and in part a level wind plain on which airplanes might land, its length being a mile or more, except that the planes would have to quarter into the wind as the plain is half a mile or less wide in an east & west line.

The beach is of sand with waves breaking on it under the force of the trade

winds. The air was hazy so that I could not see far.

Almost immediately I knocked down two oystercatchers both of which fell in the surf. Mora got one but the other drifted out into the breakers so I called to him to come back as I was not certain of his swimming and the water was rough. I went in after it myself taking the current which did not seem bad. Suddenly knowing I found a strong undertow at the break where the water deepened beyond the beach line. Finally I threw the bird in shore where Mora got it and devoted myself to some strong swimming, finally getting far enough in so that I could get in my feet. In the meantime I had drifted quite a ways and once I thought I might have to swim out to sea. Not a pleasant prospect as there was nothing there. I finally got into shore fairly well filled with salt water and not interested in more swimming. In fact I wondered once whether I could make the land or not.

The truck drove up across the plain
to pick us up and we came on back.

May 7, Wednesday.

This morning I left at four a.m.
and after an hour and a half steady
walking found myself at the place
where I was had eaten on the last trip.
We opened a can of beans here and
ate some crackers. Water in the stream
was lowy there after the rain but
it was still running and as sweet as
on the other trip.

I followed this valley up to an
elevation of over 1200 feet finding water
all along. The gorge was deep but
not too narrow and as the stream bed
led up was through a few feet of large,
tall trees. There was comparatively little
undergrowth.

I tried once to climb out on the
north or right hand side going up but
got onto a steep slope with no trees and
a dense tangle of bushes that seemed
endless so I returned to the stream.

A little higher up on the left there was
a pitch that was less steep and I walked
up it to the crest of the ridge at about
2000 feet. Here I took Arum and a
little below that Sollatos stratifolius.

I followed up to just below the point of
the highest land but then had to
return. The ridge was narrow, only a
few feet wide, with a narrow trail
little used winding down its steep
patches. I followed this on down
with occasional glimpses into the
valley at the head of the main
arroyos. Here there seemed to be no
settlement and the humid forest
area seemed extensive. Finally I
came down to the last water in any
little stream, ate some panels, had
a drink of pure water and started
on the long walk back to the house
which I reached at 11⁴⁰. It is
about 6 miles to the foot of the mountain.
Carriers worked again at 1500-2000
feet.

We were busy with skins until
10 p.m.

Today I saw two squirrels one at
600 feet which I shot and the other
at the crest of the high ridge.
I felt well repaid by my trip today -
Carriers will remain for further work in
the high country.

According to Padre andrés and Padre José Augustin the name of the main arroyo is Cousohorpa. This same name applies to the general region drained by the arroyo being the broad open valley at the head.

Juan Manuel tells me that the arroyo that Carrizosa has been working to the northwest of Cousohorpa is ~~the~~ called Milijenao.

The forest area on the mountain is definitely Humid Tropical. It is thus an island surrounded completely by the arid tropical zone and cut off by miles of desert area from any contact with other humid areas. The only possible passage for humid zone species would be in the rainy season. The region is completely isolated. Apparently it comes down to approximately 600^{to 1000} feet elevation, the lower margin varying somewhat from cutting and clearing by generations of Indians and by slope exposure to the trade winds. It is the moist trade wind blowing against the mountain range that maintains the humid conditions required through cloud banks, ~~and~~ mist and rain. So far as I have been able to learn this forest is confined entirely to the

Macuire Range proper this being high enough to cut off the mountain shades to the west from the moisture laden breezes. The humid forest crosses over the summit of the Macuire and on the west slopes comes down apparently to 1000 to 1200 feet. I know now that I saw its characteristic trees in coming over from Puerto López. I would expect however some traces of the humid zone on the higher summits of the Serranía de Jarasa which lies immediately to the west.

Several common forms like Puya and Pitangas seem to be entirely missing.

May 8, Thursday
After skimming last night until ten I was up this morning at five to organize my outfit and make ready for departure.

At eleven I went over to call on the padres and at noon had the usual breakfast of soup thickened with rice, boiled chicken,

rice, squash and plantains.
At two o'clock left for Puerto Estrella
in the truck. Juan Manuel had asked
to go down with me as he has to get
in to Riohacha. And at the last minute
as I was there at Juan's house Padre
Jose Agustin came running over to
say that Padre Andres wanted to go
also. So when finally on my way
in addition to my 141 pieces of
baggage I had Juan and his
baggage and bundles plus 2 sheep and
2 goats that he wanted to take down
to Puerto Estrella, and the padre
with quajing women to care for
him with their collection of mochilas,
cups, pillows and bundles.

We reached Puerto Estrella at
3:15 when I took my things to
the house of Don Samuel Weber who
was pleased to see me. We talked
for a time, had cafe tanto brought
by his charming young daughter
and then I walked out to view the
settlement, getting a better view of
it in the softer light of late
afternoon than I had had in the

midday glare of my previous visit.
I called on Don Juan Ruiz
to thank him for the Amiba papers
that he had sent up to me. He reads
English but does not speak it. Don
Samuel knows some English in addition
to French, Dutch, Spanish and
Papiamentu.

We found Elises working on
an old truck, inspected the
"Hotel Curacao" a mud-walled
rancho and walked along the
beach to see some turnstones and
a pair of Wilson's plovers.

Juan Manuel and I had dinner
together - rice, chicken, hashed
mutton, a salad of potato, onion
and egg and for dessert a
sweet orange - the latter from
Santa Dominga. I saw sugar
from Santa Dominga at Nezant.

After eating we talked
for awhile by moonlight and
then by a quarter of eight
I was in my cot and asleep.

May 9, Friday

This day passed quietly in Puerto Estrilla while a strong trade wind piled up a sea that made the captain of the launch on which I hope to cross to Arica doubtful about leaving. The main cargo in addition to one itinerant assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian is an assortment of over 30 sheep and goats in the hold which go in the hold and can not be slammed around too hard.

I was up at dawn full of hope at getting away and worked for an hour on notes. A youngster brought me a fresh mug of water and I had a shave. Then a middle aged Guajira woman came with coffee etc.

Desayuno with Don Samuel came at eight and was a real meal - arepas, roast ribs, cold ham, eggs and boiled goats milk. Before I had two sweet Santa Domingos oranges.

Later I saw Padre Andres off

Don Juan Manuel off for Riohacha in a truck.

For part of the morning I sat in the house of Don Juan Ruiz talking with Eliseo supercargo of my boat and with the very good looking young daughter of Don Samuel, Maestra of the school at Santana and herself recently out of school in Bogota. Later I walked out to the point to the north.

Puerto Estrilla is located on an ~~low flat~~ ^{low} ~~that~~ ^{area} ~~that~~ ^{grown} scantily with Opuntia and the cactus with some mesquite and low bushes, none of this growth being high. The soil is too thin to support much vegetation. The land terminates abruptly in an escarpment that is 30-40 feet high with precipitous face below which is the sandy beach. This settlement, which is said to be 60-70 years old, is on a small bay open to the north, with sufficient water for small boats only. I can see the

Cine of super water across ~~between~~
the two points that mark the
indentation the eastern one called
Cabo Falso. I walked out ~~the~~ this
along goat trails hearing ~~quail~~
whistle and seeing an occasional
mockingbird. One or two pelicans
crossed along the beach with
an occasional Wilson's Plover or
a little group of migrant terns
below. At the point on the
slight ~~downward~~ elevation the
sand had blown away to uncover
fragments of a coffin and ~~the bones~~ ~~mariners~~ buried here
in years past. One was a
man of powerful build judging
from the length and strength of
a femur. Over them hovered two
pairs of least terns that had
eggs or young as they darted
nervously at my head.

Breakfast at noon with Don
Samuel, a sister in a hammock
that he had swung for me in
a little breeze swept room, an
hour with Anastasio Alfaro's

Delfin de Corumbé and a walk
or ~~two~~ around the village filled
the afternoon. After our dinner in
the evening we sat in ~~the~~
moonlight in front of the door and
talked until eight when we went
to bed. The wind dropped in
evening and it was cooler so
that I slept sound with a
shirt.

I am told that eggies from
Aruba go to the islets called
has Morijas in May and June
to gather boat loads of eggs which
must be those of terns as they
are described as spotted. These men
follow the usual procedure of breaking
all the eggs in arrival so that
they may be assured that those
they gather subsequently are fresh.

Water here comes from a well in
a sandy arroyo 3 or 4 kilometers distant. Wells
 dug here ^{at the village} are salt.

May 10, Saturday

Don Samuel came to bid me good
morning as I finished writing my notes
and presently a guajira girl brought me

breakfast, a platter of eggs fried in butter, arepas, some soda crackers, cold ham and hot goats milk. The sea was calm and it was evident that I could leave today. So I packed up, walked out through the settlement and took a fixture or two of clenchans loading goats and sheep in a large cayuco to take them out to the schooner. About eleven I sent my own baggage 14 pieces down to the beach. Two Andean boys carried the lighter pieces. For the heavier ones they called a gajira woman who put a rope thing on them and carried them on her back with the thing running across the crown of her head.

At noon I said goodby to Don Samuel and Don Juan Ruiz, and early Andean carried me through the wash of the surf to the cayuco and in five minutes I was on board the Compensador. The motor started after a bit and at 12:15 we were off.

The Compensador is a motor driven schooner about ~~40~~ 38-40 long overall decked over with three small compartments in the hold. The middle compartment was filled with stinking sheep and goats. More of these animals were ranged along

POLICIA NACIONAL
División Magdalena

COMANDO

No. _____

Ref:

Santa Marta, Marzo 20 de 194 ¹

Señor es

JEFES DE SECCION Y AGENTES DE LA POLICIA NACIONAL DEL MAGDALENA.-

En los Municipios del Departamento.-

El suscrito Comandante de la Institución, en nombre de la División que dirige y en atención a la recomendación especial del señor Director General de la Policía Nacional; se permite, por medio del presente, encarecer a Uds. de manera distinguida, se sirvan prestarle ~~tudo~~ su apoyo y colaboración al DOCTOR ALEXANDER WETMORE, Secretario del Museo Nacional de Washington, quien en compañía de otras distinguidas personalidades, viaja por el Departamento con el ánimo de realizar una expedición científica de alto interés cultural, en cooperación con el Instituto de Ciencias Naturales de la Universidad.

El Doctor Wetmore puede portar armas en todo el recorrido de su expedición por el Departamento.

De Uds. atento y seguro servidor,

Alfonso Linero Riascos
Mayor-Comandante.

the tiny deck on either side of the Begin
house. My own baggage was below deck
in the fore and aft holes. A small
boat ^{across the deck} was filled with crates of live chickens.
A miserable, mangy little white dog
crouched in the coil of the anchor rope,
and besides myself there were seven
men aboard. I found a perch on a
board in the small boat where I could
hold to the boom of the sail (carried in
case of mist or trouble) and rode thus for
most of the journey. The captain reclined
by the rail holding the tiller and in
front of him was the inevitable box sheltering
the charcoal brazier in which rice
and meat were cooking. There was no
waste space on this boat!

Our way to Aruba was directly
in to the trade wind and the boat
rode on the waves with constant
motion. Occasionally water came in
over the deck and there was a constant
heave and roll.

The afternoon passed fairly pleasantly.
Off Cabo Salas I saw least terns and
pelicans fishing, and while still in
sight of the low shores of the Guianas
noted blue-faced boobies, and sooty and

roseate terns. Also common boobies.
A blue face made a beautiful dive
directly in front of the boat rising to
a height of 60 feet, balancing for
a half turn in the air and then turning
to plunge straight down to the
water. It struck the surface in a
clean cut surge and disappeared for
3 or 4 seconds then came up and
after shaking itself flew again.

In late afternoon ^(they belong to Venezuela) the isolated
islands called the Monjes appeared
far ahead and at sunset we
passed them. Two lie together separated
by a narrow channel of deep water
100-200 yards wide. Seeing my
interest in the birds the skipper
passed through this channel so that
I saw the islands close at hand.

They are barren rocks without
vegetation so that there can be
no land birds resident there. They
rise 200 feet high or more and are
crudely rounded, some of the slopes
being easily accessible and others
ledges to be reached only by skilful
climbing. At the west end of the
southern one of this pair there is a

bay 300-500 feet long completely
in the lee with quiet water. This
cuts out a section of the island
and has in the standing wall of
its southern face a large cove
that extends well into the rock.
The channel curves a little as it
passes through and has swift current.
Birds appeared in abundance as
we neared the islands. Pairs and
groups of sooty terns sailed swiftly
past with a very few roseate terns
among them. Noddies appeared also,
and a number of blue faced boobies.
The common booby Sula leucogaster
was perhaps most common. A
few frigate birds cruised about. I
identified one red-footed booby but
did not see more. As we came to
a wider section of the channel at
its eastern end 400 or more noddies
hovered and circled ^{in close company} over the water
snatching at a school of small fish.
Below I could see the gleam from
the curving side of an occasional

shark and as we passed one of the men hooked a barracuda. We passed directly through the mass of birds scattering them, but they swam immediately to mass again and continue their feeding.

Six schooners had come in to tie up in the lee of the south island to spend Sunday. The captain told me that this was regular practice and spoke of the delights of early morning and evening there. On the south island several men had established themselves in a canvas shelter made of a sail so that eggging has begun. Few of the birds can escape as the place is easily accessible.

Far to the north before reaching the two islets I could see dimly another isolated rock. To the east we passed near another islet a rounded head of rock that was also visited by eggers.

I ate my supper after leaving here, a can of sardines, some crackers and a drink of water. The rising moon was beautiful over the water, the wind fell and I sat for hours

watching the passing water. I found even it became rougher with much flying spray. The men except for the helmsman disappeared below decks and I moved back ~~staying~~ in the little boat where I had a little protection from the water and finally changed to a hatch cover down down where I was raised a few inches above the swirling water that every few minutes came down the deck from the bow.

The small dog moved around restlessly from place to place trying to keep dry. I slept with a rope end from the sail wound around my forearm ^{with} my head resting on my arms. ~~And~~ holding my knee. Periodically water came over in sufficient quantity to awaken me and I removed my sheet to relieve its stiffness and slept again. May 11, Sunday.

Soon it was daylight and a little later we saw the ~~the~~ ranches hill that marks the high point of Aruba. The shore came up rather rapidly, level in the water with low hills showing and at eight we swung in, with Colmbien

flag raised to the schooner wharf
of Grangestad.

Immediately I was in the hands
of the Customs Authorities and the
police detectives who were both
efficient and polite. But they took my
passport immediately which I
tinkered over my shotgun and 32
automatic to the Customs. I
explained that I was in transit
and after half an hour or so
went over town when I found the
Hotel Carls filled so that I secured
a room in the Pension Flora.

Here I had orange juice, ham
and eggs, and bread and butter,
then I was shown after getting out
of my khakis, sticky with salt
water.

My morning was given over to
straightening out my affairs at
the Customs. I arranged to leave
12 pieces of luggage in the storage
at the Customs and came away. Then
came word that the chief of Customs
after the baggage had been taken off
and deloused to him had decided that
it was to go back on board and be
staked in one of the holds. This is

not a good proposition so I went
back to Ferguson with them again
and had my way. By that time it
was 10³⁰, and as it was Sunday
all trucks had disappeared. Two
messengers came back without
finding one so finally I arranged
for two boys from the schooner to
load the gear into the row boat
ferry, it ran opposite the storehouse
and carrying it in.

Then I secured my passport,
which was inspected again by another
detection later and after 12 I came back
for a good Sunday meal and an
hour and a half siesta to make up
for sleep lost last night.

In the afternoon I drove around
Grangestad a pleasant, clean little
town and then called on Louis
Thielen who I had known in New
York. Later with Mr. & Mrs. Thielen
I drove out to San Nicholas for dinner
at a very good Chinese restaurant where
I enjoyed the luxury of a tenderloin
steak and very good bread and butter.
At eight thirty I returned and
went to bed.

May 12, Monday

It was 6³⁰ before I awakened this morning, thoroughly refreshed.

I drew money at the bank and then went over to San Nicholas 18 Kibankito way where I called on the American Consul ^{agent} who has his office in the Lago Oil and Transport Company building. Where the refinery is located. I had to get a pass to enter here at an outside office. Had to have this verified by the police and finally went in through heavily barred gates, past great oil tanks and low buildings. The Consul's representative was very pleasant and we talked at length about the Guajira.

When I brought a football and a basketball and on my return to Oranjestad arranged with Eliseo Gómez, the agent who travels in the Compensador to take them back to Puerto Estrella for Padre José Agustín at Nazaret. They have nothing of this kind at the school and it is the padre's earnest desire to have them.

There was much discussion of

my guns with the police and customs but they finally agreed to seal them in one of my trunks and let me take them on the plane to Curacao. I was not able to get a plane reservation today but at three took my luggage to the airport escorted by a customs officer so that most of it can go over tonight.

Between Wilkes I have had a little look at Aruba. In general the appearance ~~is~~ that of the rocky sections of the Guajira. The soil is scant as Plinian rock comes to the surface. The land is fairly level with low hills appearing in the distance. Cacti of the candelabra variety abound with low mesquites, many of the latter wind blown by the trade. The highest hill a truncated cone is called the haystack.

Also travel to San Nicholas I have seen the mockingbird, grassquit, ground-dove and zumbido dove, white frigate birds over the water. A long channel cut off from the sea by a narrow line of mangroves

lies along the shore and sends
an occasional spur inland.

Shrubs came at intervals and
the island appears a little green. The
breeze is cool but away from it it
is hot. Along the road to San
Nicholas are many little plaster
street houses with no rancherías
whatsoever.

I had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Louis
Thielen and spent the evening with them.
In the afternoon I met Mr. John Euman
of the Euman Trading Co. Thielen is
known universally as "Boyer", most
people not knowing his full name so that
I had trouble locating him yesterday.

Breeze cool but out of it hot! Mosquitoes
here so that I sleep under a mosquito net.

May 13, Tuesday.

I went to the airport at eight and
left on a Lockheed plane at 8:35 for Curacao.
The airport is about 2-3 kilometers from
town near the shore, small but good. A
detail of Scottish soldiers are on guard there
with a Customs official checking every
departure. The officials of Aruba I think
are glad to turn me over to Curacao
as they have not known quite what to do
about me.

The journey across at 2000-3000

feet above the clouds was smooth
and pleasant. We cut out over the sea
to avoid the Lago Petroleum refinery
and there was nothing to see but the
miles of deep colored sea dotted with
white caps. Soon the end of Curacao
came sliding into sight under one
wing and presently we were over land
again. As we came down I
had an excellent view of two low rock
escarpment in addition to the beach that
seem to mark old shore lines.

The airport has cemented so that we
make smooth landing and I was soon
in the customs house where I arranged
to take out part of the luggage, leaving
the rest to go to the steamer tomorrow.
The airport is 9 Km from town.

Mr. Huddleston, American Consul had
made reservation for me at Piscadera
Bay Club belonging to the Shell Oil Company.
After locating there I went in at once to
his office and then called at S. E. L.
Machero & Sons to check my steamer
passage. A few other errands and it
was noon so that I returned to the
Club which is located on the shore
10 minutes rich from Willemstad. There

is a central building and dining
with a swimming beach in front
protected by net. One story buildings,
each of about 8 rooms, one room deep
range at the sides. The whole set up
is quiet, cool and pleasant. The place
is found as a rest place for Shell
oil employees. I am fortunate to have
the privilege.

The Hotel Americans in town is the
other accommodation available.

I returned at 3:00 p.m. to town to
meet Mr. Martin Machus and secure my
Steamer tickets. Following this I called
on Dr. George R. Hopkins who took
me for an hour drive out on the
island. Curacao is far more densely
populated than I had anticipated with
little ~~to~~ cement houses scattered everywhere
so that now is one out of sight of the other.
The soil is thin with much rock
exposed. Mesquite and cactus are the
prevailing vegetation all of it low.
In one depression where there is subsoil
water was an abundant of green
trees. Low rocky hills were visible in
the distance and the land was
rolling.

At five I returned to Willemstad

to call on Mr. & Mrs. J. A. P. Thiel
and their daughter, resident in the old
part of the city above the harbor with
a narrow winding road close set with
houses winding down to the main
road at the Hotel Americans.

Following this I returned to club to
dress. Dr. & Mrs. Hopkins called for
me at 6:20 to take me to dinner at
the home of Mr. & Mrs. Hadclinton, a
pleasant evening.

May 14, Wednesday.
I was out this morning before
six checked over baggage and then
had a swim in the pleasant
water before breakfast.

Yesterday there was rain so that
once or twice I wore a raincoat
which is most unusual here.

After a look around for birds Dr.
Hopkins car came for me at a little after
nine and I finished a few errands leaving
a parcel at the American Consulate for
Terry Sanders.

At ten Mrs. Hopkins drove me out
through the country to see the land and
to look for birds. It was cool in the breeze

and hot in the sun. She took me through two roads that led through old plantations which through subsoil water there were many trees. ~~So~~ Following which we crossed to the open country.

In a few small valleys soil had been developed and there were gardens and little truck farms the latter being watered by hand by Chinese. Everywhere were pastures with little houses scattered through them and windmills pumping water.

Birds were fairly common though not of great variety. The ground dove and mockingbird were most in evidence. Following is my list for the island (Nomenclature part from *Harterto albis* paper).

Mimus gilvus rostratus common. singing, a mocked song but less rich than ours at home.

Dendroica rufifrons common in the shrubbery at the Discadere Bay Club, where it apparently comes out of the adjacent mangroves. inconspicuous as a shadow.

Coereba uropygialis common at the club where several came in on the porches to search for open sugar bowls from which they ate and over which they fought.

Zonotrichia capensis - a few about the grounds of the Club where they ran about under the bushes or perched in the sun in early morning.

Tiaris bicolor several in shrubbery at the club.

Icterus xanthornus curacaoensis. Two seen in an area of shrubbery.

Icterus icterus. One singing at the club. Others seen in thorn scrub.

Hirundo erythrogaster. One seen May 14 in Willemstad.

Chlorostilbon caribaeus. One in a plantation.

Aratinga pertinax a number calling and flying about in an area of plantations - the familiar *Caracara*.

Falco sparverius. One in open country.

Zenaidura macroura rufa fairly common through open country.

Columbigallina passerina jaypalmda the most commonly seen bird. The base of the bill is distinctly yellowish. One found that had been killed by an ant.

Leptotila versicolor. One calling in a region of plantations.

Euprychostyx cristatus - a pair banded
a road
Fregata aquila several over the bridge
in the harbor.

Sterna maxima a few along the shore.
Sterna harrisi - seen May 14 over
the water opposite the American
Consulate.

I had luncheon with the Hopkins
in their pleasant breeze swept, sea-side
home and then checked up to make
sure that my baggage was at the
ship. After doing a little shopping
I went aboard at five when
I was occupied for a time in some
necessary repacking.

~~At 10:00~~ pleasantly cool in the
evening on board ship. I went to
bed at 10⁰⁰ and the ship sailed
at 10³⁰.

May 15, Thursday.

At seven this morning I could
see the white spots sparkling
buildings in La Guayra and shortly
after we were at the dock. Landing
now is by launches and there is
none of the confusion that prevailed

when I was here 4 years ago.

I was ashore at 9 when Mr.
William Phelps of Caracas met me and
took me to his pleasant home in
Barairo in Caracas. The road up
the mountain has been widened
and improved so that it is much
safer than formerly. Clouds hung over
the mountain top but the day was
pleasant.

In the extensive grounds of his
place Phelps has built his
Museum building which houses a
very good working library and
his collection of more than 12,000
Venezuelan birds. Ventura Barnes Jr.
is his principal assistant and he
has four others so that the collections
are growing rapidly. The skins are
well arranged, carefully catalogued
and card indexed on a visible
index system that seems practical
and well designed. I devoted some
time to the collection from the
Venezuelan Guayra and from the

Paraguayan. Phelps has told me to use the records from the Jugira to include in my report on the Colombian side, a country that I much appreciate.

At a luncheon in my honor at one there were present Dr. Hiri Pittier, looking as fit as ever Mr. Chardon.

Dr. Walter Duxpony, Director of the Museo de Ciencias Naturales (formerly Museo de Historia Natural).

Dr. Guillermo Zuloaga - geologist for the Standard Oil Co. of Venezuela
Abraham Felipe Vegas, President of the Sociedad Venezolana de Ciencias Naturales, Avenida Carabobo, El Paraíso

Mr. Eduardo Röhl, an old friend (apartado del correo 1521)

Mr. Rudolph Dolge

Dr. Ventura Barnes, Jr.

Mr. Phelps, son of W.P.

Mr. William Phelps.

A.W.

Mr. Smith American taxidermist at the museum.

Mr. Zuloaga has paid parties around Lake Maracaibo and offers camp facilities for a scientist from our staff for field work there. He says that I will receive a letter from him on this.

In the afternoon I was taken to the beautiful new building of the Sociedad Venezolana de Ciencias Naturales where the library left there by Mr. Alfredo Jahn has been installed. The building is the gift of Phelps and then to the new building of the Museo de Ciencias Naturales where new exhibits in Natural History and Ethnology are being installed.

Mr. Corrigan American Minister called in the afternoon. I had further time to look at skins and then at six we had tea at the home of Rudolf Dolge.

Chardon and Barnes were in for dinner.

May 16, Friday

I was out this morning at six, had breakfast in my room, wrote a bit and then had a walk around the grounds. Phelps was laid up by a bad cold and remained in his room. I talked with him for a time and then he sent me down to his garage in his car at noon. Before leaving town I went around past the Museum to secure a picture.

The ride down was pleasant requiring an hour, the view of the mountains and sea delightful as always.

I went on board the Santa Rosa at 10³⁰ and she sailed shortly after. At the pier I saw a small fish, percoid in shape with ribbon like fins 3 or 4 times as long as the body light blue in color. Size 3-4 inches long in body, fins over a foot.

We moved west 3 or 4 miles from the coast so that I had a fine view of the Cordillera de la Costa. Rocky cliffs came down to the sea broken by occasional valleys where sandy

LIST OF PASSENGERS

CRUISE

Anone, Mr. E. W.	Lowell, Mr. Richard
Anone, Mrs. E. W.	Lyons, Miss Mary
Ashworth, Mr. George R.	
Ashworth, Mrs. George R.	McIlveen, Miss Rachel P. S.
Axman, Mr. Clarence	McLoughlin, Miss Helen
	Mladinich, Mr. George
	Mladinich, Mrs. George
Bardeen, Mr. M. D.	
Bardeen, Mrs. M. D.	Oastler, Mrs. Adeline
Bent, Miss Wilma	O'Donnell, Rev. Michael F.
Berber, Miss Naomi	Ozurovich, Miss Antoinette
Bingham, Miss Irene P.	
Boylan, Mr. Richard J.	
	Reeves, Mrs. Kitty
Carter, Jr., Mr. Robert A.	Robinson, Mr. David M.
Carter, Jr., Mrs. Robert A.	Robinson, Mrs. David M.
Chapman, Mr. E.	
Crowford, Miss Katherine	Sheridan, Mr. Kenneth A.
Cuddy, Miss Alice	
	Valois, Miss Marie Blanche
Gaffney, Mr. E. P.	Van der Poel, Mr. H. B.
Gaffney, Mrs. E. P.	Van der Poel, Mrs. H. B.
Hodgdon, Mr. Andrew Y.	
Hyde, Jr., Mr. B. P.	Walter, Mr. Fred T.
	Walter, Mrs. Fred T.
Ikle, Mrs. Helene	

FROM CURACAO, N. W. I.

Aberson, Mrs. R.	Drew, Master R.
Aberson, Master R.	Duque, Mr. B.
Aberson, Master H.	Duque, Mrs. B.
Baxter, Mr. A.	
Campbell, Miss N.	Earnhardt, Mrs. E.
Colburn, Mrs. M.	Earnhardt, Miss M.
	Flaherty, Mrs. A.
Dovie, Miss J.	Flaherty, Master W.
Dodge, Mr. E.	Flaherty, Master C.
Dodge, Mrs. H.	
Dodge, Master J.	Heemskerck, Mr. P.
Dodge, Master D.	Heemskerck, Mrs. P.
Drew, Mr. O.	Heemskerck, Miss H.
Drew, Mrs. O.	Hernandez, Miss P.
Drew, Mr. H.	Hynes, Mr. J.

When we were y mantiguilla of jales for a Bolivar

LIST OF PASSENGERS --- Continued

King, Mr. N.
King, Mrs. N.
King, Master N.
King, Miss V.

Moody, Mr. E.
Moody, Mrs. E.

Nash, Mrs. M.
Novak, Mr. J.

Reynolds, Mr. R.
Rutherford, Mr. J.
Rutherford, Mrs. J.

Rutherford, Master J.
Rutherford, Miss J.

Smith, Miss E.
Swinson, Mr. B.
Swinson, Mrs. B.

Van Daalen, Mr. R.
Van der Veere, Mr. P.

Welhous, Mr. J.
Welhous, Miss D.
Wetmare, Mr. A.

FROM VENEZUELA

Aagard, Mr. V.
Abascal, Miss M.
Albriah, Mr. L.
Albright, Mrs. L.
Albright, Miss L.
Angeli, Mr. M.
Arrilaga, Miss A.
Azpurua, Master J.
Azpurua, Miss B.

Baralt, Mr. L.
Bitterling, Mr. W.
Bond, Mr. E.

Chambers, Mr. J.
Chambers, Mrs. J.
Chambers, Master D.
Chambers, Master R.
Chambers, Master P.
Chejin, Mr. M.
Chejin, Mrs. M.
Conroy, Mrs. M.
Craig, Mr. C.
Craig, Mrs. C.

Donovan, Mr. R.
Espinoza, Mr. A.

Ferris, Mr. J.
Ferris, Mrs. J.

Gentil, Mr. E.
Gentil, Mrs. E.
Gobert, Mrs. M.

Gutman, Mr. C.
Gutman, Mrs. C.
Hernandez, Miss I.
Halm, Mr. H.
Jiser, Mr. A.
Klein, Mr. E.

Lagneau, Miss V.
Larsen, Miss E.
Lewis, Mr. H.
Lilue, Mr. M.
Lucas, Mr. J.
Lucas, Mrs. J.
Lucas, Miss A.

Matthias, Mr. L.
Menagh, Mr. F.
Menagh, Mrs. F.
Mendoza, Mrs. L.
Mendoza, Master E.
Miller, Mr. L.
Miller, Mrs. L.
Murphy, Mr. C.

Pacheco, Mr. J.
Perez, Mrs. J.
Perez, Miss J.
Ponte, Mr. C.
Ponte, Mrs. C.

Rangel, Mr. C.
Rangel, Mrs. C.
Rodriguez, Miss C.

LIST OF PASSENGERS --- Continued

Rodriguez, Master C.
Rodriguez, Master J.
Rohl, Mr. H.
Rohl, Mrs. H.
Ryan, Mr. M.

Sabal, Mr. J.
Sanabrio, Mr. H.
Sanabria, Mrs. H.
Sibley, Mr. W.
Stelling, Mr. C.
Stelling, Mrs. C.

Stelling, Miss M.

Tamayo, Mr. G.
Tamayo, Mrs. G.
Tamayo, Miss J.
Treavor, Mr. T.

Zamora, Dr. R.
Zamora, Mrs. R.
Zamora, Miss M.
Zamora, Miss M.
Ziade, Mr. P.

FROM BERMUDA

Alling, Mrs. E.
Arthur, Mrs. J.

Balcom, Mr. A.
Berites, Mrs. K.
Brockner, Mr. M.
Butz, Miss E.
Byington, Miss E.

Cameron, Miss A.
Carlin, Mr. F.
Carlin, Mrs. F.
Choate, Mr. A.
Choate, Mrs. A.
Comerford, Mr. W.
Connelly, Mr. M.
Cooper, Mr. C.

Dalton, Miss M.
DeWitt, Mr. G.
Dillingham, Mr. B.
Dillingham, Mrs. B.
Doster, Mr. A.
Dumand, Mr. R.

Espstein, Mr. O.
Fitch, Mr. A.

Graves, Mr. A.
Graves, Mrs. A.

Gorham, Mr. A.
Guinness, Mr. M.

Hayden, Mr. P.

Irwin, Mr. W.

Johnston, Mr. M.
Johnston, Mrs. M.
Jones, Miss J.
Joseph, Mrs. C.

Linna, Mr. A.
Linna, Mrs. A.
Lowe, Miss M.

Meade, Mr. R.
Murphie, Mr. E.

Payne, Mr. R.

Staehlin, Mr. W.
Streeter, Mr. E.
Streeter, Mrs. E.
Swanson, Miss E.

White, Mr. C.
Woody, Mr. A.
Woody, Mrs. A.
Yoskowitsch, Mr. V.

beaches fringed little bays. I spent
the afternoon in a bathing suit on the
boat deck.

I had a clear view with ~~the~~
fold glasses of Acumarr de la Costa
with the rest house. The little bus
on the beach and the eating place,
where I had lived in 1937.

Toward late afternoon we came
in to Puerto Cabello. ~~The~~ Wharves
being along the front of the town and
of large vessels and a light were
the remains of 4 or 5 German and
Italian ships that had been interned
here and that were destroyed a
month or so ago by their crews.

We walked ashore in the evening
but went early to bed.

May 17, Saturday.
I was off the ship at 7:00
and walked over to the plaza where
I secured a Ford Sedan. The driver
took me to a clean little hotel
where I had, café con leche, pan
y mantiguilla y jalea for a Bolívar

and then drove me up the valley
to San Esteban.

Puerto Caballo is built on a broad
flat with extensive coconut plantations
along the beach. Around it found a
broad valley of sandy soil also grown
with coconuts.

Beyond this the winding road
entered the foothills along the Rio
San Esteban, being a narrow track
along the hills with the valley
floor filled with great cacao
plantations grown under shade.
Well built hacienda houses
stood at intervals along the hills
with gardens shaded by ornamental
trees about them.

Above the Hacienda San Esteban
there was the small settlement of
Las Angas where the road terminated.
I walked far on along a shaded
trail ~~around~~ the rocky bed of
the river with its clear water.

Birds were abundant. Above
me were the slopes of Cumbre
de Valencia. The region was one
of rain forest, famous for the

collecting that has been done here.
I returned to town a mile,
drove along the sea, and visited
the market.

We sailed at eleven, the ship
is rapid so that by afternoon the
land was out of sight.

May 18, Sunday
Clear today so that I spent the
forenoon in a bathing trunk on
the sundeck. Had a clear view of
the east coast of the Dominican
Republic where the dominant
feature was a sheer rock
cliff which I had not expected.
Later I saw Mona Island
which rose in rounded hills
from the water higher

than I had anticipated. Beyond
I could dimly see the mountains
of Puerto Rico.

There were a number of tropic
birds (*P. leucurus catalyi*) and sooty
terns here.

May 19, Monday.
Cloudy with thin fogs and
occasional showers of rain.

May 20, Tuesday.

I awakened to sunshine as
we came in along the coast
of Bermuda, where a trans-Atlantic
convoy was joining to the dock at
Hamilton. The land was low
and dotted everywhere with white
or pink houses and bungalows
among its cedars. Everything had
a well-tended look like an
English garden. The amount
of the settlement was surprising
to me.

At the wharf my passport
was stamped by immigration and
Customs officials and I was admitted
without great ceremony, the only
inquiry being as to whether I
carried a camera.

Ashore I found the dock along
side Hamilton's main street on the

the little railroad runs with
a row of stones beyond above which
the low slope was covered with
bushes.

Carriages drawn by one horse,
sometimes two in more luxurious
private vehicles were waiting
and presently I found myself in
one driven by ~~an~~ elderly,
erect gentleman with a snow
white moustache en route for
the aquarium. The road led through
the "Deep cut" a notch through
the limestone to the north shore.
And there near the water, beautifully
green or blue according to the
depth past rows of little houses,
gardens, occasional little settlements
where there were stores and tea houses.

The aquarium and museum
were separate two story buildings
on a little island, surrounded by
beds of flowers and runs and
enclosures of a small zoo.

Mr. Mowbray curator was away for the day, but I was shown about very pleasantly by his niece. In the zoo were Galapagos penguins living in salt water pumped in from the sea in perfect health. They have bred here as indicated by two nearly grown young. I also saw a Galapagos tortoise hatched here and a pair of those brought here by Dr. Charles Townsend.

In the museum a point of especial interest was a collection of eggs found in the limestone rock of the island - ~~not~~ having the shell ~~with~~ surrounding the cavity. The larger number were the size of the eggs of terns, shearwaters and tropic birds.

But there were three or four ovate-elliptical in outline much larger which according to Mowbray's label had the size and proportions of the egg of the Common Swan. One contained

bones of an embryo including the unfused metatarsals.

There were shown a few cans of shells, some mounted birds, corals, minerals and a large relief map of the islands. In the aquarium I was a much taken by the growths of anemones as by the fish.

On return we crossed the island now low hills through small estates and stands of cedar to return along the South shore. The whole was a most attractive drive with its flowers and its well tented little houses. The English Sparrow was omnipresent. Bluebirds and Cardinals were common and I heard many white-eyed vireos singing.

Returning I did a little shopping - with English conservatism some of the larger stores closed at noon for the lunch hour, in spite of the tourists clamoring to get in to buy.

We left at three going out
past American warships. Bicycles
were everywhere - I saw a few
army trucks - an auto ambulances
from a hospital and some city service
trucks - no other autos.

Catbird - Common in shrubbery

Bluebird - A number seen in open
cedars and on golf courses and lawns.

White-eyed Vireo. Singing commonly in
shrubbery.

English Sparrow. Unimpressed and

abundant. I have always rather
discounted the theory of relation of
abundance of this bird to the former
universal use of horses, but here it
seems to be borne out. Horses everywhere
and this the most abundant bird.
Cardinal - Common in pairs through
the cedars and about Cairns.

Crow - One seen
ground Squirrel - a few. bill blackish

throughout

Frigate-bird - a few

Yellow-billed Tropic-bird - a number
seen.

May 21, Wednesday
Clear and calm - much
cooler today.

1944

January 30, Sunday
left Washington 6¹⁰ p.m. via Seaboard
airline, accompanied by Dr. Joseph P. E.
Morrison as assistant

January 31, Monday
Arrived Miami, Florida 5⁰⁰ p.m.
Summer temperature. Registered at
Hotel Pittsburgh, ²²⁶ 1st, N.E. street and then
checked transportation for south with
Pan-American Airways.

We were in Jacksonville at nine
this morning and then continued south
through a Florida that at first seemed
very brown and dry. From Lake Wales down
there were frequent marshy places where
Wood's Herons, Egrets and occasional Louisiana
Herons and little Blue Herons were seen. Sparrow
Hawks - very small - marsh Hawks and Red-shanked
Hawks came at intervals with Fish Crows, Florida
Crows and Boat-tailed grackles. Midway between
Sebring and West Palm Beach two fine Florida
Sandhill cranes stood motionless within 60 yards
of the track.

Walked out Biscayne Boulevard after dinner
and returned to Flagler Street and the hotel.
Miami is filled with tourists, sailors and
soldiers.

February 1, Tuesday

In the morning we secured
travelers' check at the American Express
company, made a few purchases and
did other errands.

At noon Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor
came for us and took us to his place
at 3985 Douglas Road where we
had luncheon with Dr. and Mrs.
Grosvenor and afterwards walked
about the grounds. There were dozens
of myrtle warblers in two flowering
trees, one a bombax in David
Fairchild's place. A few prairie
warblers were with them, sparrows
flew overhead and one sharp-shin
dashed by. A catbird called in the
bushes.

We drove into Coconut Grove where
we found Mr. John Sempile and
went there to call on Dr. Frank M.
Chapman, living in a comfortable little
bungalow amid walls lined with
pictures of ~~the~~ Faeris, Audubon,

Jacques and others of sentiment to
him so that he had an atmosphere
even more ornithological than that
he had enjoyed in his office in
New York. He seemed very well and
active, the only difference in him
that I could notice being a slight
slowing at times in his speech.

Dr. Grosvenor, Mrs. Grosvenor, Sempile
Morrison and I went down then
to the "Parrot jungle" owned by
J. S. Scherr, route 2, box 190, Miami,
Florida, on South Red Road about
4 miles south of Coconut Grove. This
man, of German extraction but with
a pleasant shrewd-eyed American
wife maintained a small
hammock of excellent ^{original} growth where
he had 25 or 30, possibly more
Ara macao, A. ararauna and
A. militaris living at freedom and
flying about overhead. I saw several
pairs coming in overhead from a

distance and was told that they ranged out for two or three miles. Certain ones had crossbred producing young that were hybrids between A. macao and A. orarauna, beautiful birds with orange - not yellow - underparts and a wash of orange on the head. I saw at least six of these and Schen said that the older ones were now pairing with the parent stock but as yet had produced no young.

He also had a pair of breeding Goura pigeons and a stock of five young birds that he had reared from them. These were the species with crest lacy throughout.

(Goura goura?) not the one with the heavy bar at the end of the crest feather. I saw the nest, built of ^{gray} moss sticks and leaves placed on the support of such mesh woven with

partly and partly in a fork of a tree branch. 15 feet from the ground. The structure was rather flat but was substantial being 10 or 12 inches thick. One bird was incubating.

In addition to all this he had a few Amazons - panamensis and ochrocephala, a number of cockatoos in cages - galahs, lut- beateri and two others, a pair of rosellas, cockatiels, budgerigars and one or two Aratingas in cages, a few pheasants, monkeys, alligators and a Coati mundi.

The jungle was run for tourists of which there were a good many. The profit in the business apparently came from the sale of postcard curios, soft drinks and candies. Some of the macaws were trained to roll over and would be handled easily, often

holding them by the base of the tail. Half a dozen were trained to rest on the heads and arms of visitors for photos.

We returned to Miami and then at 6³⁰ went over to Mr. S.W. Parish's home at 16 Palen Island for dinner where we met Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Parish's sister. Palen is marsh land, divided among beautiful places. We walked out in the yard to admire the yard, the bank of fine huge hibiscus on which S.W. had spent so much time and water when the Esperanza had been at anchor. Our dinner was delightful with much talk of Haiti and the other things that we had done together. We returned to town shortly after ten.

The Pittsburgh is a small hotel, but clean and comfortable. We sleep well in spite of the noise from the street and from Mr. Ginty's Singing Bear, popular among seamen men across the street. Evening air was cool but not too uncomfortable.

February 2, Wednesday.
Cool again last night but with a warm sun when the morning haze disappeared. In the morning we visited the aquarium located in an old Danish freighter the Prins Waldemar grounded in a slip off Biscayne Boulevard and now a little sad as the upper deck has been taken over for a C.P.O. club by the navy leaving only the lower for a few tanks of gar, alligator snappers, painted turtles, alligators and so. Mr. Watters owner said that he could do little now as he had had the water supply cut off through lack of fuel for the pumps. Saw very good Florida Crocodiles in the yard outside were the most attractions to us in his stock.

Later we walked out on the fishing dock to sit for a few minutes in the sun and watch the pelicans; English Sparrow are common but not obnoxious. Saw Herring, Ring-billed and

Laughing gulls, Royal tern and one Anhinga. Turkey buzzards each past. Last evening we noted a few cormorants at Palm Island. This morning two or three myrtle warblers were flycatching over the two Crocodiles lying ashore in the sun.

This afternoon Mrs. Parich came for us at two and drove us out through the amazing development at Miami Beach from the Causeway at San Marco, Dikids and the other islands north to Laguna Lake and then south into the southern end and back across via Palm Island. The plantings of tropical trees and shrubbery - coconut, date and palm palms, red and orange bougainvillea, Bignonia, figs, and many others make the most amazing display I have seen nothing like it elsewhere in the West Indies or in the Americas.

The roadways presented an ever changing vista of beautiful places fronting on the water each with its fine grounds about it.

The large hotels are now all occupied by the Navy and the boats that normally

lie at the docks were gone - all in service somewhere, though a few are now being returned. A few houses are of the dwarfed colonial type, others have balconies and iron work grills that suggest New Orleans or Charleston, and there is among the newer ones a distinctive Floridian architecture semi-tropical in flavor that is definitely original. The whole view was tropical but different from any such vistas in Latin America in that the windows were enclosed in glass instead of being open. The whole is a most amazing display of the great modern wealth of the United States.

In the evening we took the bus out to Coral Gables (Coral Gables Country Club bus) to Cortez Street and Alhambra Circle to call on Harold and Laura Bailey at 820 Alhambra Circle. We spent the evening in talk and in admiring beautiful furniture, silver and other objects from Bailey's English family connections. Returned to town at midnight.

February 3, Thursday

Dr. J. D. Bagore called for us at 10²⁰ and drove us to Hialeah where Mr. John Clark who handles the rare cactus property had kindly ~~arrange~~ special arrangements to allow us to see the flamingos. We were taken to them by Mr. Taylor and by Joe Morrow who has charge of the grounds and also of the birds. The race track is a great oval divided between a sand track and a turf track. ~~At~~ Across from the grandstand for background is a long planting of tall Casuarina trees with broad lawns in front, dotted with clumps of shrubbery with the fence along the track grown with bougainvillea just beginning to bloom.

The center of the Great Oval is given over to a large shallow lake in which there are several low islands.

The flock of flamingos now number about 400, the majority in fine red plumage. We drove up carefully within 100 yards of the flock and watched them feed - a mixture of rice, ground shrimp and cod liver oil. The birds were wary

so that we moved carefully. A group of 50 or 60 adult males kept by themselves in the water and did not come to the feed until we had moved away. The females and young were tame and fed without fear.

Morrow tells me that since 1939 he has hatched from 30 to 50 young having attained success after several trials. His system is to place a low dike around the crown of a little island, within which ~~the~~ provides earth of a clay consistency. The dike is flooded with one or two inches of water. The flamingos lay on the earth and then gradually build up their nest turret to a height of 12 to 18 inches. One egg is laid. The stock is all *P. ruber*. He had a group of *P. chilensis* but finally removed them.

The birds were in constant motion and harked continually as they moved about.

Later as we sat in the grandstand across the park I noticed that the group of adult males still kept apart, maintaining a constant alert, particularly against the lower flying planes that passed

repeatedly constantly. One curious habit struck my attention instantly. When alarmed these ^{male} birds constantly held the neck fully erect and rotated the head on the neck as an axis through an angle of 90° . This occasioned a flash of light from the bright colored base of the bill as this caught the sun - a true heliograph signal that was given repeatedly by the entire group, very evidently intentionally.

We were guests of Mr. Clark at a buffet luncheon with many present, walking out before to view the grounds in front of the paddocks - beautiful lawn with great plantings of royal palms and other trees.

We sat in a box to view three races and then at 3:45 left for town.

Then we packed our luggage and passed it through customs at 5⁰⁰ p.m.

At 10³⁰ we went in the bus to the air port to finish checking with Customs, immigration and the navy travel control. We were taken to the sea plane base.

February 4, Friday.

We were delayed in departure until 1⁰⁰ when we left in a sea-plane, two among twenty passengers.

Through the night I slept fitfully in my seat with a blanket pulled around me for warmth.

It was good finally to see a glow of red on the clouds to the east and as the light grew I saw that we were travelling above the trade wind clouds with the wrinkled surface of the Caribbean far below. One of the officers told me that we were rising at 9000 feet. All through the night I heard the steady drone of the motors with the plane travelling smoothly, the only jolting of moment coming when we crossed the coast of Cuba.

When it was full day the cloud bank below had thickened and we came down through it to fly at a lower level into Cristobal. Now the jolting was bad and some of the passengers were ill. I had eaten orange juice, hot cereal, coffee and roll at 7⁰⁰ and felt no ill effect.

We finally landed at 8⁰⁰ a.m. Canal

Long time, which is an hour earlier than eastern war time, after flying for some distance with all shades drawn.

When we came out of the plane at four we were on a floating dock from which ~~we~~ we walked into the Customs House. Formalities here were soon finished and at six we continued in a gasoline car across to Balboa.

En route I had a clear view of the buildings on Barro Colorado Island.

We reached ~~Balboa~~ ^{Colon} at ten and registered at the Tirol Hotel where a shower, bath and clean clothes were most welcome.

The air as I write this about twelve is hot and humid. The sky is partly covered with threatening clouds with the sun appearing at intervals. We watched the abundant birds in the trees adjacent to our porch for awhile. After a substantial lunch we felt much better.

At two I went out to locate our contacts and after a visit to Quarry Heights located them at Fort Clayton. I made a preliminary visit only and arranged to return tomorrow morning at to see certain men who were away today.

The Tirol is a rambling, frame hotel that is clean and comfortable. We have room with twin beds and bath. The food is straight U.S. chow except for the addition of fruits, papaya ice cream and similar things.

We turned in before nine to make up sleep from last night. According to the paper our flight was "historic" in that it celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the carriage of air mail by the Chippewas. Notables were at the dock to meet us but we were too engrossed in the details of landing to notice them. The dashing showers of rain that came at Cristobal were behaved to be unseasonal.

February 5, Saturday

Pleasant today in the shade, warm in the sun with occasional moments of overcast sky and light rain that lasted only for a minute or two.

At nine I went out to Fort Clayton to call on Lt. Col. L. W. Glazebrook who is in charge of this special project. After we had discussed the matter of our work the Colonel proceeded immediately to arrangements going with us himself where necessary so that no misunderstandings would arise.

Through him we received the necessary permissions and will be on our way tomorrow morning. I found that our outfit had arrived in good shape, arranged to get alcohol and found that other necessary supplies could be obtained at the site. I was also given a new postal address which would expedite mail, viz. % San Jose Project, QPO 827, New Orleans, La.

We had lunch at the fort, and in the afternoon I examined a report by a water geologist which indicated the formation at the site to be a consolidated volcanic breccia with no indication of water sorting, similar to that found in the Bohio Formation on the adjacent mainland and probably of early Pliocene age, indicating that as the probable period of connection with the mainland.

Met Sient Sobel, who is in charge of equipment. Sient Bedford, and Sient Duke. The latter had given me the final instructions for shipping equipment in Washington. Also Major D. D. Hulsay who shares quarters with Col. Glasbrook. A special light weight paper solution of life cost me eight cents in the Post Exchange.

cigarettes were 6.0 cents a carton. The lady behind the counter was at first doubtful as to our P.X. pass which the Colonel had been at pains to get for us but finally accepted it.

We walked down into Panama City in the evening afternoon along narrow sidewalks crowded with people, including many men in uniform. In addition to the natives. As one matter of interest in Washington cheap watches of the West-Clax variety have not been available for over a year. Here we saw dozens offered and I bought one for \$3.00. At the hotel there is butter in abundance also as we have all that we can use.

February 6, Sunday.

The nights are cool here if one is quiet, and I was happy not to have been compelled to attend the Saturday night party in the Tivoli though it was pleasant to listen to the music.

We checked out at nine thirty and took a taxi to pier 20 in Balboa where our baggage was loaded on a P61 boat, a speedy launch developed for emergency hospital service. This launch had just been reconditioned and it developed immediately that the engines

were not yet ready for action.
We started out through the
harbor and were outside the
submarine nets when trouble developed
and we had to return. About ~~two~~^{two}
two p.m. it was evident that we could
not get away, so Lieut. C. G. Osborne
in charge of the Despatchers office
came for us in a staff car and took
us back to the Tivoli. When Gerrit
Miller and Charles Wheeler were here
about 1937 or 1938 Osborne was
civilian aid to Col. Godfrey and
took these two everywhere into the
jungle. He asked to be remembered to
them.

So I returned to my pleasant
veranda at the hotel to write these
notes and to watch the birds.

In the evening we walked again down
along the main street in Panama City,
first past cantinas and bars ~~with~~^{into} the
poorer stores and then into a quarter
where the places were obviously of
better quality. Refrigerators, cheap watches,
alarm clocks and many other similar
articles seemed strange.

February 7, Monday.

The bird population in my big tree,
a mesquite is quite stable as now I
have identified practically all of the birds
that come and feel sure that most of
the birds constitute a resident population
as I see them in the same numbers and
in the same places.

Before nine Lieut. Osborne telephoned
to say that we were quite sure to go
out this morning and that he was
inquiring to learn if we would be ready.
A few minutes later word came that he
would send a car for us at 9:30 so we
checked out at the hotel and were driven
in an army car to pier 20. For

First I called Mr. John Muccio who
is in charge of affairs at the American
Embassy for Panama to explain that I
had expected to see him today but that
we were leaving unexpectedly.

On point of fact we were delayed further
as the engine in our P-61 was not
functioning properly. I called Lieut. Osborne
to thank him for his attention. Major Welch
came and sat with us for a time and the
captain of a tug boat, along with gave us

a very good warm lunch. We went out through the ^{submarine} into at one p.m. passed the final guard ship and were off at last.

We went directly out past Taboga and Taboguilla islands and then the smaller ^{islands} and Bona straight to the southeast. In an little over an hour land island was visible and soon we had a view in the distance of Pedro Gonzales. As we drew near we could see the little island of Señora off its northern end. Pedro Gonzales appeared fairly high and wooded. To the south of it lay San José in the delos de las Perlas our destination.

At five we came in to Ensenada. Bodoga were we landed in a little flat bottomed skiff in a moderate surf. The trip over was not bad though we had a quarantining seal so that we were rolling and pitching constantly. The P. O. 1, a Dodge boat, about 40 feet long, was outfitted originally as a crash boat for speedy work in forced airplanes.

Landings and rode the seas easily. We ran at partial speed only as the engines had just been overhauled but at that small very good time.

Our landing was on a sandy beach backed by coconut palms. A jeep came down through the sand and we were loaded into this and taken up the escarpment to the top of the island and located temporarily in a construction camp. Mr. Foster, in charge of this project told me that he had come in on January 19 in a large landing barge at high tide with 40 picked men, trucks and full camp equipment had unloaded and had driven the "cat" tractors to the top of the hill since in no other way was it possible to penetrate the jungle. We found about 40 tents set up in a cleared place, a huge water tank perched on a projecting knob on a hill, two tractor engines running a dynamo for electric lights and food for 400 to 500 men.

We went in at once to eat supper and stood and sat around and talked.

For tonight we were located in a tent with J. C. Francis, Jr., of the District Engineers' office. The launch pulled around to a smaller bay where there was a lee as his teachers would not hold in Ensenada Bodega. That evening air was cool and as the full moon sank the full moon appeared in the sky.

A radio sounds from the dining room as I write this, two jigger guns are in progress, and I have seen a string of men coming to the doctor's tent for the treatment of minor injuries. Four jeeps were parked in front of the engineers' office, with a row of trucks behind, and 3 caterpillar tractors lumbered down to put out a fire set in some brush by throwing earth over it.

And up to three weeks ago this island was practically unknown.

February 8, Tuesday.

I slept soundly last evening on a comfortable little spring bed with a mattress, rousing at dawn to look out from our camp on the hill to a calm sea. After breakfast Mr. Foster assigned to us a sixteen foot square tent with raised board floor.

The launch had gone around for the night to the quiet waters on the east side of the island but came around again shortly after eight to Ensenada Bodega. The tide now was out showing jagged rocks on one side of the bay. A small sluggish stream came down to the sea here with a few red mangroves and many *livecinnia* at the point where it disappeared in the sand of the beach.

A black boy named White from British Honduras took a heavy flat-bottomed skiff out and brought off all our baggage at one load landing everything dry. Mr. Foster had placed Phillips

and a truck at our disposal and we soon had everything in camp when we spent the rest of the forenoon in unpacking and getting organized, finishing the job in the afternoon.

Feb. 9, Wednesday

Cool last night. I was out at six had breakfast and then went out in a jeep with William Langenbrunner to a stream 4 miles north of camp which the road had only recently reached. Morrison and I went down stream here through ~~forest~~ tall forest which was fairly open beneath except for occasional growth of spiny black palm and creepers. I noted abundance of the *Bajula de Cadena*.

There were no mosquitoes but we found a good many ticks.

Birds were common so that by eleven I had 14 specimens.

One lizard was common along the water on rocks, dashing across the surface when alarmed.

I followed down to where the tall forest changed to low tangled growth of creepers

and then returned.

Came back to camp by jeep and was busy until dark with skins.

February 10, Thursday

All the days here thus far have been clear with a steady breeze from the west or southwest. The sun is warm but the temperature in the shade is not bad. The nights are cool so that many of the men sleep under blankets.

I was out this morning at six and shortly after seven Langenbrunner took me out again in a jeep to the stream 4 miles from camp. This time we followed a course up stream.

The forest growth was high and it was fairly open below, being well shaded except for an occasional opening. The stream came down in a series of little cascades over slabs of harder rock that formed pools of varying size and depth. The water is clear and sweet.

About half a mile above the road the stream forked dividing about equally. I went up the right hand fork for half a mile until it entered a deep cut. Then I turned back to continue

hunting. The stream meanders down its little valley with little level stretches along its borders which are often grooved with the thorny black palm. Up here we found some growths of Heliconia.

Small birds were common in the trees and in fair variety as that we came home with 13, all small.

Col. Glazebrook arrived at noon with Major Hulsig with him.

We rode out this morning in a jeep and at noon Langenbrunner came out to get me as no trucks had come out that way.

February 11, Friday

About 10 p.m. We rode out to the end of the road with Col. Glazebrook in a jeep looking for pigs. Instead we saw 5 *Myiarchus* of which I shot two. The birds rested along the road where the headlights picked up their eyes. It was interesting to ride out on the jeep and down this muddy made jungle highway. There are remarkably few insects flying here at night. Electric

lights were installed in all the tents last evening, but as of write this there is not a single insect around the bulb in any one tent.

After returning from the hunt we sat and talked in the dining tent where the others had coffee and sandwiches. It was nearly one before I was in bed.

February 11, Sunday

I was out at six this morning and skinned my two *Myiarchus* immediately.

Following this we started down to the beach at Ensenada de la Bodega watching a ride on a truck. The rocky headlands cut off three beaches. Coconut palms grow as a fringe in the cove and in each there is a small stream with mangrove swamp, mainly *Avicennia* behind the palms.

The tide was out so that we walked along without difficulty. At one large pool I saw tracks of a carman, the print of its ^{small} abdomen being clearly visible in the sand.

Pelicans stood on the rocks or fished

and frigate-birds soared overhead. There were no shorebirds and no gulls and terns. Small birds were fairly common.

Iicks are common here and there are also many red bugs.

We returned at noon.

The afternoon was occupied as usual with specimens.

February 12, Saturday.

We rode out to the large stream 4 miles from camp in a truck this morning and worked downstream. A supply of alcohol arrived for us yesterday so that Morrison devoted himself to aquatic collecting within a quarter of a mile of the road crossing. I went farther down opening a trail for about a mile partly along the stream, and where the banks were steep going back into the woods.

As I become more familiar with this woodland I find that few birds are decidedly numerous. They are shy, possibly affected by the unusual noises of the caterpillar tractors that have opened the roads and remain hidden. Now that I can move along more easily without

so much use of the machete I see them everywhere. The pigeons here are cooing constantly, small flycatchers are numerous and warblers and vireos move through the branches.

Under the taller forest growth where occasional trees rise to 100 feet and majority are 50 or 60 feet there is shrubbery below bound with creepers but it is fairly open so that I can get along without difficulty by avoiding the denser tangles. In occasional other areas where the growth is low there is a dense mat of bushes and fox vines that can be penetrated only by hacking a way through.

The forest is so dense and so definitely tropical that it seems strange to look out through an occasional opening to see frigate-birds flying high overhead.

We came back to the road at twelve and half an hour or so later a truck went in toward camp. The driver missed the edge of a pit in one place and we narrowly escaped overturning.

A caterpillar tractor pulled us back on the road and we started back only to find the way blocked by rock ~~climb~~ from blasting. We walked past this and found another truck waiting which took us back into camp. It was one thirty before we ate.

An evening I rook out again to secure a Nyctinomus.

February 13, Sunday.

In the early morning I worked on specimens and other odds and ends around camp. About 9³⁰ I drove a jeep out to the Four mile River and worked until noon taking photos along the stream, going both above and below the road. It was pleasant to walk along with pigeons cooing, Saltators and Elanias singing and Amazon parrots flying overhead. The air was reasonably cool.

About two I went down to the Encarnada de la Bodega for more photographs and later stopped at the camp of the survey party to call on Mr. Jurado and

Mr. Vega who are doing the advance prospecting over the island. They have a good camp site in a clearing in the jungle with platforms built across a little stream where the men can stand and bathe.

Mr. Jurado gave me a spinning stone, a crude celt, a small pottery bowl and a box of fishsheds that he had picked up ~~under~~ in openings between rocks during his work. There are a good many fishsheds near the main camp site.

I came back about five thirty intending to eat and write some letters but found that George Hugo ^{bookkeeper} had been out shooting and had brought in several herons and other birds. So that I was busy skinning until after nine.

February 14, Monday.

Jurado left me a man this morning, Jose D. Pino to accompany us through a trail that he had just found to a small spring and stream to the southeast of the camp site. The trail

entered the jungle about two-thirds
of a mile from camp, being almost
a tunnel hacked out through a
dense tangle of creepers and other
low growth that had covered a
good sized hill for a distance of
1500 yards or more. Descending
a slope we entered the bed of
a dry quebrada and then almost
immediately came to a pool of
clear water from which a stream
four or five feet wide had down under
a growth of tall forest to the
sea a thousand yards or so away.

This small dell was cool
and pleasant with fern growth
below so that I hunted ~~and~~ without
difficulty. The water travelled down over
rough rocks directly into the
sea in a small rocky bay.

I saw one medium-sized fly
and tracks of various others.

Morrison collected Pomacea in
the stream.

I returned at noon drenched in

perspiration and crawling with
ticks so that a bath was
immediately in order.

At sunset I rode out in a jeep with
Russell Foster in charge of the project. In
the evening air was cool and refreshing
and it was pleasant to watch the
light on the trees and the small birds
still active in the low growth. At
one point I was certain that I heard
a ^(either this, proved to be Arremonops) chachalaca or some near relative.

The night air was cool so that
for the first time here I used a blanket.

That night I drove down to thank
Mr. Jurado for the use of his man
and was told that I could have
him tomorrow.

February 15, Tuesday.

As dawn came at six o'clock I
was dressing and at 6³⁰ I was at breakfast.
At seven I rode out in the surveyors'
truck to the Four-inch River which the
boys have labelled Rio Marina. We went
rapidly down stream to the end of the
trail that I have made where I
started Jose Pino cutting and remained

with him to direct the work. We were soon within sound of the boom of the surf beyond a hill covered with dense low growth. I had the trail follow the river however. Soon we were at tide water under a stand of great white mangroves that rose from their broadly buttressed roots to a height of 80 feet in air. There were many little tide channels here with the ground entirely firm beneath. I stopped here and went on back to do some hunting.

Returned to camp at 12³⁰ for a shower to wash off the ticks before lunch.

Col. Glazebrook accompanied by Col. Woodward Administrative Officer and Col. McCloud Technical Officer came over to Isla El Rey in a plane today, circled San José and then landed at the air strip at Mafafu crossing to San José by boat. After dark we drove out over the road where I collected two *Nyctinomus*, a nice pair.

As an amusing incident the engine in the jeep began to heat and obviously

needed water. At the four-mile River I had hidden a quart tin can behind a tree, so we made this point. On filling the radiator we formed a chain in which I dipped up a can full passed it Col. Woodward who handed it to Col. McCloud who in turn gave it to Col. Glazebrook who poured it in. It impressed me as considerably rank to service one small jeep.

On the return we came suddenly into a ramp newly made that day and stopped at the brink to find that we were looking down 40 feet into the tidal waters of Rio Mata Pueras. ~~So we packed up a~~ bridge is to be built here. As we backed around to go down into the lower crossing I remarked to Col. Glazebrook who was driving that I was glad to see that the tide was in!

February 16, Wednesday.
This morning early I prepared the two paraguas and then showed some

of our specimens to the colonels.

About a quarter of eight morning and I went down a steep pitch at camp to a little sand beach in the light of a small cove lying between rocky headlands. Since my arrival I have heard oystercatchers calling here and almost immediately saw a pair on a rock standing in the water. By stalking them behind large boulders I approached near enough for a shot and killed one. The wind gradually drifted it in until I could reach it with a pole.

The shores of this island in general are rugged with occasional small strips of sand in coves and the rest of the shoreline covered with huge boulders that have broken off the cliffs volcanic breccia that forms the base of the island.

At a quarter of five I drove a jip out to a point spring on the road where Chaetura spinicauda were

circling overhead and finally succeeded in shooting one.

I was in bed this evening at 8³⁰

February 17, Thursday.

At six this morning the sky seemed somewhat overcast but the sun appeared immediately and it remained clear all day.

We went out at seven in the truck bound for the four-mile river, a wild, careering ride with a green driver unaccustomed to the road. Finally one of the caterpillar tractor men sat on top of the cab with his fist and told the driver to slow down or get ready for a beating after which we proceeded more reasonably.

Beyond the river there is a steep climb of more than 100 feet over an escarpment on which the tractors are now working to make it passable. Beyond the road has been brushed out for a half mile. As I walked down this stretch I came up to a small sow

snoozing in the sun in a little hollow that she had scooped out. We were within 10 feet before she sensed our presence. When she jumped out she ~~breasted~~ turned a tiny pig that she had been nursing and the two ran away into the bush. I saw six other pigs during the day all of medium size.

I walked slowly down the road, seeing three large *Guil*s and an *Agouti* until I came to the surveyors trail marking the line to be followed to a little protected cove where the stand by boat is to lie.

The trail proved to be about a mile in length. For three quarters of a mile it led through open forest of fair-sized trees through which I could see for 20 to 75 yards on either side. Beyond then the soil became thinner and the trees lower with one or two half grown over *pinings*. The *campment* slopes to the east so that when we finally came near the beach after what seemed to be an interminable walk we found a comparatively small patch along

the side of a dry quebrada down to the sand.

The trail led us to a small cove bounded by projecting rocky headlands. There was a sandy playa on the north side for about 400 yards and an equal distance of small water worn stones ~~rest~~ on the south half. The northern fronting was thin-soiled and arid with scattered trees standing among dry grasses and tangles of creepers. On the distance I could see *Sierra El Rey*.

I returned hunting along the way. In two or three places I noted *bees* rooted trees of large size that had been blown over some years ago. I am satisfied from my observations that the areas on San José Island where the slopes are covered with low jungle and tangles of creepers are due to stripping by *hurricanes*. These winds may be responsible for the

lack such species as the woodpecker which are common on El Rey.

One of the camp carpenters gave me a haircut this evening.

February 18, Friday

This morning we rode one of the trucks to the crossing of the tidal stream that the boys call the Rio Mata Pueras and then followed a crude trail bordering the mangrove swamp to the sea. Here there was a sandy beach behind a stand of red mangrove about 250 yards long with an estuary at the north end that led inland. Behind the beach is a fine stand of coconut palms and then behind this crest another section of red mangroves. I found two Sours mangroves at the south end.

I secured three birds not taken before Oryzoborus, Guara alba and the semipalmated plover. Mangrove warblers are very shy. The Emerald Hummer Chlorostilbon was more common than anywhere I have been.

I came out to the road again at 11:30 to find Morrison still in the woods.

The truck carrying Curel to the outfitting work parties came by so I rode it out to the end of the ~~road~~ roadway beyond the Rio Marina (Four-mile River) and ate with the men. Corto one of the foremen was here with a jeep and I rode in to camp with him. The birds occupied me for the afternoon and a time after supper when George Hugo and I drove down to see Jurads.

February 19, Saturday

The air is very hazy now so that the sun rose like a red ball of fire. There is much burning going on along the road for over two miles out from camp so that there much smoke in the air but there is haze over the sea also.

I went out this morning with Jurado's men. After leaving the work party on the road the truck took me in down to the Rio Marina (Four-mile River) with two men. We went at once down

the trail to the end where I had
these two stunts cutting through
to the long sand beach that I can
see in the airplane photographs.

The way skirted the base of a hill
for a ways when we encountered
our broad arm of the mangrove swamp
and crossed it for a distance to the
higher ground. A small trickle of
fresh water came in here from the
south. We cut through more thick
growth, came down again to the
edge of the swamp at a point where
there were some isolated boulders in
the swamp and then went directly
out toward the booming of the surf.
Almost immediately there was a
band of sand grown with bushes
and beyond the open beach.

We had come out exactly at
the mouth of the river which here
disappeared in the sand.

I looked out across a wild
beach with waves booming in it.
A flock of white ibis flew out from an

opening and out the actual entrance
of the river ~~there~~ a band of 300 or
400 cormorants stood in a close
line or swarm in the water.
We had left the road at 8¹⁰ and it
was now 10³⁰.

As we came out on to the sand
I shot a pair of mangrove warblers.

I went back here as I wanted to
mark the trail better and I had asked
the truck to meet me at 12⁰⁰ on the
road. The men were to stay out
all day so I told them to cut over
the headland into the second long beach.
Morrison remained behind with them.

I came back carefully so as to
make only one track to avoid later
confusion. It was 12²⁰ when I reached
the road and after an hour I came to
camp as I was delayed on the way by
blasting.

I saw one agouti on the return.
Pursell Foster saw a dark colored
deer in the road today.

I skinned the few birds I had shot

and then devoted the rest of the afternoon to packing birds that were dry to provide space in my traps.

I came in soaked with perspiration and had to shower and change before I ate as I was afraid that I would chill.

Ticks are bad and I have an accumulation of 200 to 300 bites.

February 20, Sunday

At seven George Hugo, Art ~~Quate~~ and I drove down to the Rio Marina in a jeep and then walked through to the sand beach. It took us just an hour and a half of steady walking.

We covered the southern of the beaches first down to the rocky headland at the southern end. Several rocks stand off shore, cut off from the main island mass. As we came out on the beach we found a flock of cormorants with a few egrets standing among them. Dick was partly wet so that we had a firm place for walking. The Rio Marina comes out at the northernmost of two openings into the sand. A smaller stream reaches the sea through one to the south. On both little

or no water flows across the sand most of it passing by seepage.

About halfway down toward the headland I saw a boat lying bottom up on the crest of the beach. Going over there we found a tent marking a campsite of 3 to 6 or more men who apparently had spent a day or two here possibly fishing or bathing. They were camped away from water so that evidently they had brought a supply with them. There were several canvas cots folded away, a small stock of food, the tent, stove and dishes. The boat had a split bottom. One man had built a bed outside according to the model shown in the survival booklet. There was no indication as to who the men were.

When the crew approaching the south headland we obtained sweet good water by digging in the sand near the base of the cliff.

We went north then to a trail that I had had cut by the two men yesterday that

crossed the badland to the north
back. I followed this track to the
next badland. A small stream
entered midway but the water came
through an area used by pigs.
To the north I found a dip at the
base of the clay cliff that when
dug out yielded good water. We ate
lunch here.

Afterward we went in swimming
finding the water surprisingly cold,
probably about 60°.

We returned then through the
swamp coming out on the road
again about 4:00 p.m. It was nearly
5:00 when we reached camp.

I found the Col. McClellan and some
other officers had come over.

Worked on specimens until the
lights were turned off at 10:00 p.m.

February 21, Monday

I had two birds remaining from
yesterday to care for this morning but
left soon after seven and walked
down to Ensenada de la Bodega.
Tide was low so that we walked
around to the mouth of the Rio Matto

Puerco.

The projecting badlands are slippery,
when wet so that one has to use much
care in walking. There are fewer birds
out here than in the woods but
the varieties are entirely different.
Today I shot two Turkey buzzards
and skinned them out in the
back. Their subsequent preparation
required most of the afternoon.

February 22, Tuesday

I left camp this morning at 6:00
a.m. with Morrison in a jeep ~~leaving~~ to
go to the end of the road at the East
Cove which is about six miles distant.

Half way to the Rio Marina, a distance of
about 2 miles the road is broad and
well developed except for one rock exposure
which is being blasted to level it down.
For the next two miles it is rather
rough and needs care in driving as
there are several narrow fills. Beyond
the river there is a tremendous hill
with very steep grade. From here on

the tractors have shored ~~on~~ trail
through the forest clear down on to
the beach that was still to be developed.
After the morning air was damp
and almost cold with the air filled
with haze. After leaving the hill
mentioned I turned the wheel over
to Morrison for his first experience in
driving a jeep while I watched for
a possible shot at land rails. However
I had a glimpse of only one and it
escaped.

We drove down on the beach to
leave the car for Col. Glazebrook
who was to come over from Pley
Island and as we did so one rear
tire went down. Possibly I had punctured
it at a point where a tree had fallen
across the road and we had had to
cut around it. A service truck with
grease and gasoline for the tractors came
along later and I turned the job
over to them as there were no tools
in the jeep.

Following this I walked up the
road watching for birds. Parrots

called, pigeons began to hoot and
an occasional whin or Ramporchus
sang from the thickets. The sun came
out warm but a breeze blew so
that I did not perspire as heavily
as when working hard in the woods.

At one point Mr. Vega of the survey
party had started a trail to the
north and I walked out this for a
distance. Here I was fortunate in seeing
two anis - I say fortunate since
this very ordinary bird has become
difficult to secure here and I have
particularly wanted specimens. It
is probably imaginary that they
seem larger to me than normal.
In fact the first that I saw I
thought were Crotophaga major instead
of C. ani.

Service trucks were passing now,
the bull dozers were working, all
disturbing elements in this tropical
forest. About ten I returned to the
bay and worked along the shore to

collect three nice mangrove warblers.
As I have written earlier there is a
stretch of 100 yards of white sand
at the north end of the bay. Beyond
as a stretch to gravel, stones
and small boulders leading to the
southern point a distance of 400
yards or more that I was able to
traverse easily as the tide was out.
The bluff rose steeply for 20 to 50
feet behind sloping to an elevation
of 100 feet or so behind. A
broad-leaved shrub in places a
small tree with light colored
trunk and thin light green leaves
grows near a band back of the shore
extending out to overhang the high
tide line. The flower is large and yellow
and the leaf like that of a basswood.
It suggests a Tilia. On this I
found the mangrove warblers.

There was a row boat in the cove
in charge of George White, a ~~dark~~ coal
black Jamaican who rowed me out
around one small point. The water
is very deep directly in the shore.

The point had a deep cut in its
side, almost a cave and I could
visualize the eroding process by
which the little ~~sand~~ rocks found
off many of these points had been
sent out from the shore. And sitting
on the shore looking out at sea
it appeared that the large islands
themselves may have been scored
from one another in the same manner.
Certainly erosion and the wearing
away of the land here is constant.
At one place we were able to get
a ride in - a very rough ride in
a truck reaching camp about two.
We met Col. Grazebrook on the way
in as he had come over on the
other side after all. Col. Elton of
the Medical Corps was with him.

I had fifteen birds in hand and
so started in on them ^{without troubling to eat} as soon as
I had bathed and changed clothing
~~and~~ I wanted to finish them this
afternoon.

About 9³⁰ Col. Glazebrook and I
with a young Lieutenant in the back
seat drove out to the end of the
road in a jeep. There is a
never ending fascination to me in
travelling these narrow, newly
cut channels through this primitive
jungle undisturbed previously for
centuries. The forest wall rises on
either side, a dark mystery, whose
secrets may be sought only in
difficult excursions over machete
cut trails through thick impenetrable
vegetation.

On this trip we saw no *Nyctedromus*.
I had occasional glimpses of bats
and once two tiny little pigs
ran along the road! At another point
a boar hidden behind a screen of
branches and brush pushed aside by
a bull dog's championed his tusks but
remained unseen. The
eyes of a pig do not seem to reflect
light at night so that we were
unable to get a shot though at
one time the animal was within

35 feet of us. Others were many.

The soil in this more northern
section is definitely better with more
leaf mold than south of the Rio
Marina. Morrison found a few
land shells today and there is promise
of more. Also we found one stretch
of yellowish loam.

I was in bed about 11³⁰.

February 23, Wednesday.

The air was clear this morning
with a few high fleecy clouds through
which the sun rose like a globe
of good fire.

Which reminds me that in the
tidal reach of the Rio Mata Puerco
last evening I shone the eyes of
a caiman. The color was vivid
bright red. Only a single spot of
color appeared showing along the
surface of the water and then
disappearing as the animal submerged.
There were mosquitoes here so
we moved along without much delay.

I had expected to go around to the East Beach with Col. Graybrook this morning to examine the camp. But shortly after nine it developed that the desired boat was not available so I went down about ten to the small bay immediately below camp where I collected four birds. Returned a little before twelve had a shower and then after lunch made up my specimens. The rest of the afternoon I devoted to my note books and other records to bring them down to date.

Several officers and a detachment of men have arrived. A signal corps officer ^{Quate} has let me have a thermometer so that I may get some idea of temperatures. Work most of the afternoon and early evening.

Morrison has complained for two days of his lame ankle and this morning it was in both. Tonight as we were going to bed I noticed that his ankles were infinitely swollen and that one had an angry red spot on it as large as half a dollar. His tick bites and chigger bites do not heal readily. I had had him stay in today as he has lost considerable sleep over late

visiting with the men and when I saw his condition this evening sent him at once to the doctor. His trouble proved to be from tick bites as he had a little more than a degree and a half of fever.

February 24. Thursday
Morrison was improved this morning as his fever was gone and the swelling in his ankles had subsided. I had him stay in all day, and he lay down most of the time.

I accompanied Russell Foster in charge of the construction work in, in the ~~at~~ 2 an army motor boat, about 50 feet long on a trip along the island shore from Ensenada de Ch. Book-ga around the south end to the East Bay. We left about a quarter of eight. The boat proved to be excellent for such a trip.

I had a view of the Begethones in the south point of the island, maintained by the Navy Dept.

The shores of the island jut out in a series of headlands that separate

small bays some with sandy beaches at their heads and others with jumbled rock. In most places the shores rise in steep slopes to an elevation of 100 feet or more and in numerous areas the shore is abrupt and precipitous. The forest is green and luxuriant. Small isolated rocks stand off many of the headlands some sculptured into unusual form.

Aside from the lighthouses and the old boat in the long sand beach (near the camp) there was no sign of human presence until we came in to East Bay and could see the new road with George Hugo and Ben White rowing out to meet us. The region is one that is absolutely primitive. Coconut palms stand back of some of the palm sandy beaches but there are no large groves. The rock is black and forbidding in the whole except where there are exposures of gray andesite or earthen cliffs of a reddish color.

About half way to the long sand beach we saw a group of gulls on the water and the boat obligingly passed that way so that I collected two - harris trivittia ^{small}. Farther along schools of fish began to break and immediately mackerel, carangids and sea bass appeared causing the surface of the water to boil. Flocks of brown pelicans, cormorants and laughing gulls gathered to feed also with scattered frigate birds. A most interesting sight.

Foster and the captain put out lines and in half an hour had a dozen fine fish when we proceeded. North of the two long sand beaches there is a third shorter one and beyond this a good sized cave in the rock face. Not far beyond we came around the headland into East Bay where the jeep awaited us in the beach. We were in camp again at noon.

I prepared the two gulls and then spent the afternoon and evening in preparing a distributional list, island by island, for the birds of the Perlas group, to compare with findings on San Fco.

Morrison somewhat improved this morning and only slight fever this evening.

February 25, Friday.

Thermometer ~~yesterday~~ 6:00 a.m. yesterday 70° this morning 72°

Was out of camp at 6:30 a.m. and went down the trail to the small southwest stream adjacent to the camp area.

But sunrise the sky was completely overcast with dark, heavy clouds lying to the east and I thought that it would surely rain. By nine however it had cleared.

I moved slowly through the heavy forest hunting carefully the entire area from the sea to the source of the stream. It was terrifically hot returning but the afternoon was comfortable. A strong wind blew in late afternoon

and afterward the air was very clear.

The rolling, steep sided slopes opposite camp are grown extensively with a cane ~~plant~~ has a fanlike top. It has so regular an appearance that it suggests the impression of human planting. In fact that was the first idea of it that I had when I first saw it from the sea. Through this there grow scattered white trunked trees that rise above the light green cane. The trees now are bare of leaves as this is dry season, in contrast to the green of the heavy forest.

February 26, Saturday.

The morning air seemed chill with the thermometer at 69.5°F. with all complaining of the cold.

I went out shortly after 6:30 to the Rio Mata Puerco and followed the course of the stream down to the beach.

When Col. Glazebrook was here last we found mosquitoes at night here. I returned last

evening about 8³⁰ but a slight breeze was blowing and there was nothing to be found either at the road crossing or at the edge of the mangroves. I walked for 15 minutes without capturing an insect of any kind, listened to the plaintive note of a Nyctidromus and then returned to camp.

This morning birds were quiet through the woodland until the sun shone on the tops of the trees when they began to move around like humans. They seemed to feel the cold air.

The tide was falling rapidly when I reached the beach. At a little after eight and was completely low at 11⁰⁰ in fact lower than average so that I walked back along the shore to the landing beach.

On the wooded slope half way from the road to the beach I made three counts of the individual birds that I could hear calling from one place in five minutes, the three points being located approximately one hundred yards apart. I made the count without

reference to species since it is difficult to be sure of the identity of all the calls.

1. 15 individuals
2. 12
3. 11

This gives some check on abundance. All were forest birds.

It could not help constraining this abundance with what I could do at home, the number here being greater in spite of the comparatively restricted fauna.

I returned at 11³⁰ with five small birds and a brown pelican, the latter an exceptionally fine specimen.

After lunch Mr. Rock came to the beach with Mr. Foster to examine some sea urchins that he had found. I was occupied for the afternoon with the birds.

Morrison is considerably improved today.

February 27, Sunday

The Pto Marina was the scene of operations this morning. I obtained the use of Bill Hungenbrowsers jeep and drove out about 7³⁰ taking Morrison to drive the car back.

Worked up river this time through the forest following back along the main fork but not going far. There are areas here where the forest, which is unusually tall is open below for a distance of 100 yards so that there is clear view and not much trouble with creepers. I cut some trail but contented myself in the main with hunting carefully.

My first specimen was a nice Myiophobus for which I have been searching and which I had about decided did not occur. I came out to the road shortly after dawn with 13 good specimens.

It was fairly cool today. Morning temperature 70° .

In the evening I borrowed a newly arrived jeep from Capt. Beach and drove out to Rio Mata Puerca to look for mosquitos but found none. Warrant Officer Greenberg accompanied me. Returning we had car trouble and I finally walked in for help leaving Greenberg with the car. Difficultly was water in the gasoline.

Had Morriam set a line of traps this evening near the surveyors camp.

February 28, Monday

Morning temperature 69.5° . However the air was drier and the cold was not noticed as it was then or four days ago under the same condition. At 9³⁰ p.m. it registered 73° . The air is clearer and the threat of rain has passed.

I went out early on the road to the East Bay in a jeep with Captain Beach and hunted until dawn, returning in a weapons car with a group of officers who were working out some trails for later use in that area.

There is extensive high forest here with good soil, better than on the southern end of the island as I have noted. In several places the ground beneath the trees is clear so that it is possible to see for a hundred yards or more and to walk about without difficulty. There is one grove of large deciduous trees on a knoll of light colored soil that cover 3 or 4 acres. The trees now have lost their leaves making a curious open place in the midst of the green jungle.

Figs were ripe here and parrots came to feed on them. I collected my first specimens & finding two species

as I had suspected might be the case, 2 Amazilia autumnalis and 1 A. ochrocephala.

Maj. General Bullen and Col. Leavins came over today with Col. Glazebrook. I ate lunch with them, setting beside Gen. Bullen and afterward had lunch in my tent for half an hour. Nothing in traps. Worked on specimens until 9²⁰ p.m.

February 29, Tuesday

Left this morning at 8 am in the weapons car and went back into the section above East Bay to secure more parrots. On this I was successful taking a pair of both species.

The day was clear and pleasant with a morning temperature of 72°.

In these woods of this section I see the runways and mounds of the leaf-cutting ants but the sheets themselves are all below ground, apparently aestivating. They show no sign of activity when I walk over the mounds or dig in them and apparently are completely quiescent. The same seems to hold true of other insects as well. In camp only an occasional

large ant comes about and these few cause me no trouble. In the last ten days a few flesh flies have appeared dropping their larvae in my large specimens but they are few in number. This afternoon a predatory wasp hunted through all afternoon over the skins of a pelican and two turkey buzzards and the flies soon disappeared.

I followed down through the woods toward shore encountering a sow and five small pigs, one of the latter with a white band around the middle of the body. The others and the sow were completely black. Yesterday in this same section Lord came quietly I found a band of half a dozen green animals long small boar heard and came walking out toward me to within 25 feet where he stood eyeing me and clamping his tusks. I slipped in a load of No. 2 shot and he remained quiet watching him until suddenly he turned and made off.

A good many figs are ripening now and several of another kind are common. Birds about around this food, saltators and plush tanagers

(*Ramphocelus*) being especially common.

Shortly after dawn I went in with Mr. Foster and Generals Wirt and Christie who had stopped for a couple of hours.

In the afternoon two of the men brought me a young ant-eater that had come walking out near where they were working. It seemed to enjoy my rubbing its head and after a few moments I was able to carry it about by using a little care with regard to its claws.

March 1, Wednesday

Morning temperature 72.5°

I left at 6³⁰ for the Rio Marna in a jeep driven by a young private from South Dakota. I followed the trail downstream to the beach, collecting mainly in the large mangrove swamp.

It was very wet in there as the recent high tides have been flooding far back into the woods along little channels and depressions. I suppose that considerable water stands here during the rainy season.

Once during the forenoon the sky suddenly was covered with dark clouds

that threatened rain but immediately all disappeared and the sky was clear again.

In early morning the parrots begin to fly as soon as the sun is at the horizon, passing in pairs across the island in various directions. Saltators sing, ~~warblers~~ also and I hear calls from the *clay-colored* and other small birds. These however do not become truly active until the sun's rays warm the tops of the trees when they move about freely. At this time also they tend to come out into the open more.

It is a fairly difficult trip down the river as the footing is bad and one is continually stepping up and down over roots, vines and stones. It takes approximately an hour and a half steady going to reach the beach. On two places the way crosses stretches of spring black palm. This wood is tremendously hard so that it breaks the edge of a machete exactly like cutting nails would. I am careful to cut these

stems as little as possible.

The beach is a great semicircle of sand with waves beating on it. Storms have carried sand inland along the stream for a few hundred yards but that the bottom is firm but beyond that point the mud is deep and wading is not practicable.

There are only three coconut palms in this beach, not counting one that some one has cut. Two grow together with a smaller one nearby.

I shot a ringed Kingfisher near the beach and had to wade for it, finishing the tide water very cold. The sea water certainly must be below 60° here.

At one point at the edge of the camp fresh water comes in from one side and here there are always congregated many little birds that come to drink from the pools. Blue honey-cressers, yellow honey cressers, blue tanagers and warblers fly about actively in the cool open shade.

I returned to the road at 12¹⁰ to find the jeep waiting for me and

returned to camp for a shower and something to eat.

Rod bags and traps remain bad so that I am having Morrison work along areas where they are less prevalent.

Was busy with skins until 9³⁰ and did not get to bed until 10⁰⁰ as I had a visitor, whose home is Grand Cayman.

Morrison has a line of traps out but has caught nothing yet. Tonight however he shot two spring rats, one tailless and other with a long tail. They are as large as the largest gray rats.

March 2, Thursday
Clear as usual today though at dawn clouds obscured the western sky. Temperature 6³⁰ a.m. 73°.

Today I remained in camp to care for the mammals on hand, to bring my field notes down to date, pack specimens and other similar things that kept me busy until dark.

The preparation of the ant-eater was a laborious task as the skin was tough and adherent to the body so that I had to skin with the knife every inch of it including the tail.

The spiny rats with the tail had the basal caudal vertebrae very loosely attached to the body so that the entire tail broke off in my hand under very slight pressure. The skin too is tender so that it torn at the slightest strain.

March 3, Friday.

Morning temperature 72°
noon 83° Four p.m. 85°

This is about the average at camp. The sun is very hot and in the jungle where there is no breeze it is very oppressive.

Capt. Beach arranged to send me out in a jeep this morning at 6⁴⁵ a.m. The ~~campers~~ car came for us at 11⁰⁰. I went out to the top of the hill above the Rio Marina to a point where a new trail has been marked due north into the northern part of the island.

I followed a clearly marked trail that proceeded in a straight line. Every eighth of a mile or so it cut across dry quebradas that were 30 or 40 feet deep, sloping toward the east. One was nearly 50 feet in depth with the north side precipitous for a height of 20 feet from the bottom. This seemingly was the exposed side of an anticline dip.

The forest was low to moderate in height with no especial interest in the birds. I travelled to station no 50 beyond the first east trail north of the main road and in this distance found the little Tomicivora (Neorhopias) common. This is the bird that may suffer in the proposed experiments since it is found regularly near the ground. The ~~go~~ wood pigeon Leptotilix also was fairly common and is also one of the species that may suffer.

Aside from these I noted a fair number of Vireo flavoviridis, Lanius subpaganus; and occasional Saltator

hous wren and Ramphocelus
in the lower growth.

Higher up in the tree tops were
Amazona, Columba and one
in awhile a Buteo magnirostris.

The hummers, Chlorostilbon and
Saucerottia range both high and low.

The wood-rail also is found here
in small numbers.

This region is heavily infested
with ticks so I had more on me
today than on any other trip
I have made here. I found fully
150 on me when I got returned to
camp.

A clear beautiful day with
a pleasant breeze. I finished with
my skins early, made some
arrangements for tomorrow and
then wrote my notes.

March 4, Saturday

About 8⁰⁰ a.m. I got away in the
Pb1 on a trip around to the east side of
the island to look for boobies and other
birds. This is a sturdy, fast boat that
is excellent for this work. It was a

little rough until we came under
the lee of the island when we had
good hunting. The breeze had the boobies
moving so that from one to half a
dozen were in sight almost constantly
and many swung over past our boat.
I had little difficulty in shooting
those that I wanted. Also secured
two frigate-birds. Pelicans were the
only other birds seen.

We encountered one small school
of fish and here collected small
fish swimming crabs and various
other small surface species.

We were back at camp after
having secured the birds we wanted.
I noticed that "Shorty" the skipper of
the Pb1 entered in his log that he was
"out with the Doctor looking for brown
boobies and piget birds" an entry that
may be puzzling to some officer if it
is ever seen.

In camp I sent the bodies out
of the birds at once and then started
in to finish them.

This evening there was talk of the manatee. According to Scotty the natives of British Honduras claim to have intercourse with the female manatee. Of course they may have had a woman recently the manatee doubts this and will have nothing to do with them! Another version of the mermaid tale perhaps.

March 5 Sunday.

Walked out to the southeast stream this morning. For most of the forenoon the sky was overcast and once a few scattering drops of rain fell. It was not too oppressive and I perspired excessively.

Birds were rather quiet. I worked down to the mouth of the stream where the tide was partly out and tried to stalk an oystercatcher without success. A few gulls flew over the sea but there was little else.

I secured a few birds and then returned to camp at eleven as several officers were there, leaving Morrison on the stream. Met Col. Woodward

and Col. Leavins on the road and then returned to the tent to clean up. Dr. Clark of the Gorgas Memorial Institute had come over also and Col. Elton. Dr. Clark and I sat beside one another at lunch and we had a very interesting conversation.

The history of settlement of this island of San José is much confused. According to one source the pigs were first here in 1857, another says 1870. Dr. Clark tells me that the stock was reported to have come from Trinidad. ~~Said~~ that he had for examination carried a specimen of hook worm parasites to swim in Trinidad.

From Esquivel, a Panamanian working in Foster's office formerly a judge on the island of Taboga I got the following story. The Englishman who lived in San José at one time resided here with his son in 1910 and 1911. He had his house in Ensenada de la Boquilla and had clearings for yams and other vegetables. According to

Esquivel he brought in the pigs
at that time.

Sketcher had some money reportedly
for which thieves came and killed
him. The son escaped into the
monte after receiving a machete
cut on the head. The thieves left
without getting the money, went to
~~El Rey~~ Pedro Gonzalez and later to
El Rey where they were apprehended.
The son lived later in Taboga where
Esquivel knew him.

I had 8 birds to care for today
but did not get at them until after
two when the visitors had departed.
Finished about five. At five thirty
Morrison had not returned and I
became afraid that something had
happened to him. Dr. Tiddle and I
walked on down to the southwest
stream and followed it up beyond the
first fork where I saw signs of
Morrison having passed. It was then
past six with darkness coming so
I swung around to return by
another trail. We got into camp
as darkness came and I saw Morrison's

foot prints in the dust of the road
ahead of us. He was just coming up
to eat as I came in. He had followed
the stream to the end and then decided
to cut his way out to the road rather
than return. This took him 4 hours.
I told him not to do such a thing again
as he had given me a very bad two
hours for fear that he was injured
somewhere in the jungle.

March 6, Monday.
The sky was overcast for the early
part of the forenoon when the clouds
disappeared. The rest of the day was
dry so that the desiccation of the
specimens proceeded favorably.
At 6⁴⁵ I went out in an army jeep
to the Rio Maricao to work up stream.
This time I cut a trail along the south
side of the stream going about a mile and
finding conditions favorable. The slopes
here are gradual and the entire area was
covered with high forest. The land was
cut to some extent by dry gullies and
we passed two forks of the river carrying

spent the evening with them. I drove them out in a jeep to the water tank hill and later to Jurados Camp. He and Vega are the surveyors and have a separate camp a short distance back of Ensamada de la Bodega.

In this dry season period insects remain surprising scarce. As I write this at 9:00 p.m. by the electric light in my tent not a single insect has come though the light has been burning since dark.

March 8, Wednesday

Col. Romp had come to make a survey of Malaria conditions. As I am familiar now with the creature fresh water I put in the forenoon with him to assist.

We went first to the southeast stream where the water supply is to be obtained. A road has been cut in here in the last two days. I spent some time here in watching swifts and other birds.

After an hour here we returned to the stream at the surveyors camp which drains into Ensamada de la Bodega. Then continued out the main road to Rio Mata Puerco, another small trickle of water beyond this and finally to the Rio Marina.

We went on then about half way down to the East Bay looking for land rails and then returned to camp.

The sky was overcast for most of the day.

I worked at camp until 3:30 p.m. and then went out again to look for land rails going out as far as the East Bay. About 5:30 while returning I saw an agouti sitting at the edge of the road and shot it as it ran down over the edge of the embankment. It was heavy and tough and was covered with ticks many of which transferred to me as I prepared it.

One of the men brought me a live boa and a dead equana at night. The lizard had come too near the snake which reached out, seized it by the foot, threw two or three coils around it and then stretched the equana to break its back.

This same man reports tracks out near the East Bay that he is sure are made by the ant-eaters.

March 9, ^{Thurs} ~~Wednesday~~ ^{Thursday}.
This morning I left about 8⁰⁰ a.m.
in the Abel for Pedro González Island.
This boat has two 200 horse power motors
and is speedy. In addition it draws
only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, so that it is
excellent for island work.

We travelled along the shore of
San José to the northern point.
There is one extensive rock face here
rising from the sea shore for 150 to
200 feet or more. Near the south end
there is a bank of red earth above
the sea and beyond here a small
bay with a stream entering from
behind a low sand bank grown
with vegetation. Some of the natives
have said that there is a lagoon
~~near~~ San José; it might be at this
point though I doubt that there is
more here than at the mouths of the
Mata Puerca and the Maricao.

There was a low swell on the
sea but this was comparatively
little greater as we moved along at
14 to 15 knots per hour. On the passage

between Pedro González and San José
were many laughing gulls scattered
over a space of several miles. Sions
of Pelicans were about and occasional
boobies passed.

The profile of Pedro González is
fairly level at 200 to 250 feet with
occasional round hills rising to 350
feet. Playa Brava showed a
considerable sand beach with a
lagoon behind it. Beyond here the
shore was precipitous.
At two places I saw groups
of half a dozen Tabeo birds
in full bloom, a spot of purplish
pink against the dark color of
the island.

We passed around the north
point with Señora Island and
the north. This island has rock
cliffs along the south side rising
30 to 100 feet and is heavily forested.
Señorita Island adjacent is similar
but smaller. Also wooded. Beyond,

farther north I could see the outlines of Bayamita and ~~Viveros~~ Viveros with El Rey to the East.

As we came around the northern point we saw Trafiche, almost joined to Pedro Gonzalez in its northern indentations. At this point the shore was abrupt and rocky with two of three caves cut into the cliffs. Trafiche had large trees ~~growing~~ its low level summit beneath which I could see the outline of a house that I learned later belonged to an American living in Panama, Mr. Sexton.

Proceeding Trafiche we came in sight of a dozen or fifteen houses on a low rocky point, the little town called Cocal. We anchored off this and immediately two young men came off from the sandy beach in a ^{small} canoe. I explained that we were from San Jose and that I had come to collect specimens of birds and other life with the aid

of my assistant. The men went back for a larger canoe and we were soon ashore.

The little settlement had 40 or 50 people, all negroes, speaking Spanish. I was told that there was another small settlement around the east point ~~called~~ Punta Lancadilla which is known as San Bernardo. A few other houses are scattered over the island, there being about 100 people here all told. The settlement began ^{a primary} ~~about~~ years ago and the people have come from San Miguel on Rey Island.

The houses are square or rectangular with walls of cane and thatched roofs. The point on which they rest is composed in part of level bedded sedimentary rock with fine grain of which I took samples.

As I climbed up the low rock shelf at the summit I noted the scattered skulls of an old Indian kitchen muddle indicating

that they had settled here earlier.
The point lay in the breeze and
was the best village location
seen.

I went out at once with one
of the men along a broad sand
beach, then up an anticline like
weathered into a crude twisting
path to the summit of the bluff
where a path ran along beneath
low trees 40 feet above the sea.
At the side were some old
abandoned ^{fields} ~~bushes~~ overgrown with
bushes.

I followed along here to the
mouth of a little stream nearly
opposite Trafalgar, went inland along
the small trickle of water where
washer women had brought their
clothes and then climbed up
a long slope to the more or less
level summit of the island. Old
abandoned shacks lay along here
and on the summit new ones were
being cut in the low, fairly open forest.

There were considerable areas of black
palm. In general the forest was not
as dense as in San José nor were the
trees as large on the average. I could
see in through the growth and walked
along and it was not necessary to do
much cutting in going in for birds.
We followed a well marked trail when
walking was easy. The whole combined
on this island inhabited by man was
in marked contrast with the dense
primitive trackless jungle of San José.

Further here there was no curse
of ticks. Ants were abundant in
contrast to San José where they are scarce.
I saw no mosquitoes, nor did I
encounter the little biting gnats.

My man said that none of the land
snakes were poisonous.

I walked through to some banana
plantations when it was after twelve
so that it was necessary to return.
By the time I had reached the village I
had 23 birds of 15 different species, I
believe the first collection of small birds
taken on this island.

At the village I left my specimens and gun in the shade in a cayuco on the beach and went on up among the houses to take some pictures. At the principal house which belonged to my boy's mother six or seven men were eating rice and fish - and another pot two or three iguanas had been cut up with the skin still attached with the water just beginning to boil. Several little girls were playing about naked and two or three chickens stood on a jig sleeping in the shade of a log.

I went into the house to sit for a few minutes to rest and talk. Put a film in my camera and took some pictures. Here, for 60 cents I bought a canoe paddle, a canaleta made of "cedar" wood. All of these paddle heads pointed with a ridge down either side of the blade. I hope to take this back to use on my old Tom canoe at Plummers Island.

Mr. Foster had asked that I return the boat by four - With some diplomacy I finally had my crowd loaded shortly after two and we were

on our way. The gulls were still fishing and the Tabebomas still beautiful on the return. We made the return run in about an hour and fifteen minutes. I camp I had ~~and~~ my specimens, had a shower and supper and then skinned 8 of the specimens that would spoil daily. The rest I put in one of the ice boxes at the mess hall for overnight.

March 10 Thursday.
Col. Kemp left this morning at 7:30.

I began work immediately on my birds finishing shortly after two. Wrote until 3:30 and then went out in a jeep to East Bay. I searched for land seals but without seeing any. My only specimen was a fine ring-billed Kingfisher.

Prepared my specimen, packed some specimens and finished my notes after dinner.

Cool and pleasant tonight.

March 14, Saturday

Last evening Mr. Foster told me that he would arrange to let me go again to Pedro Gonzalez Island ~~which~~ view of the excellent material obtained on the first trip. George Hugo had hoped to go along but a sudden influx of work in the office prevented. However he kindly arranged to send Ben with down early to the beach to get the men off the P 61 so that they could get breakfast. I drove a jeep down at 6:30 and brought them up. We were aboard by 7:30. Capt. Duarte of the Signal Service accompanied us.

The morning trip over was a little rough but we made it in good season as the route was familiar. We were ashore at about 8:45.

Martilde Jiménez who accompanied me on the previous excursion came out in a canuco ~~skimming~~ ^{skimming} ~~not~~ much larger than a tub, learned of our wishes and returned with his brother in a larger boat. I sent the lunch and the water bottles up to his

mother's house and went off at once with Martilde.

Morrison remained to watch the shore and the others remained with him.

I followed the same trail ^{day before} ~~as yesterday~~ to the washerwomen's stream where clothes were steaming in a five gallon can over a little fire though no one was about. From here we continued along the top of the low bluff, hunting the bushes in cotton ~~seed~~. The first bird I secured was a blue-black grassquit, Dolatinia and today I had excellent success with the Thamnophilus. We went up the trail to the top of the escarpment and I hunted back through the man forest to its end. Beyond was a section growing to wild cane where there was little of interest. Martilde said that it was quite a distance to man forest so I returned slowly toward the beach. I was back at Cocal by 1st p. m. where we obtained some green coconuts to drink and

sent a boy to the house for the lunch
and water bottle. He brought me
back two hands of excellent bananas.
It was pleasant to sit in an old
cayuco in the shade and watch
the sea, the birds and the little
marshy islands which we ate.
Martilla evidently is the head of
this household. Another launch
bringing fishermen was in the bay.

Martilla says that deer and
ant-eaters are not found on Pedro
González. An owl and the *Nyctinomus*
come about his house at night.
I should like to have a week or
two here some time for further studies.
I found no ticks at all today.

At ten minutes of two we went
aboard and left at once. The sea
was absolutely calm and the
sailing ideal. I saw porpoises
sharks and one school of whiptails
that were leaping free of the water.
We reached Ensenada de la Bodega
a few minutes after three and went
ashore immediately.

Major General Bullen had
come in a speedy boat accompanied

by Col. Woodward and Col. Leavins.
Major General George B. Myer was with him
also and came down to the beach to
meet me with Capt. Stone. They
took me up to camp in one jeep
while the others followed in another.
With our bags of specimens. Morrison
had sacks filled with shells while
I had secured 26 birds of 18 species.

General Myer is an ardent
naturalist especially interested in
birds and their habits. We had
much talk during the evening. The
two generals and the two Colonels
sat with me through most of the
evening while I worked on my
specimens, going to bed about 10³⁰.
It was 9.40 a.m. when Morrison
and I had finished the last of the
birds and were ready for bed.

March 12, Sunday.
This morning General Myer arranged
for a jeep which I drove and we
were out until noon, mainly
observing as my collections here are

about complete. We covered
the path below the surveyors camp,
the south trail leading out toward
East Bay and went down the
Rio Maringa for a short distance.

It was a great pleasure to have
this opportunity.

The generals left at two, when
I carried the three specimens and
did considerable packing.

Dry air all day with the sky very
clear.

Major-General George R. Meyer
Commanding General
West Antilles Command
Panama Canal
Brazing Night

March 13 Monday

Reh. left at 6⁴⁵ to the ~~west~~ trail C-2
that starts in a mile or more east of
the Rio Mata Pueres and runs north
for a distance of over two miles.

At the beginning the trail runs through
beautiful high open forest. One or two
little streams are seeping in small
amount of water run off toward the Rio
Maringa. Another drains in the opposite
direction.

Beyond the soil is poor, the forest
disappears and the way leads through
low tangles of scrub and vines that are
very large. Two small elevations
have stony tops with thin soil covered
with bushes that in this dry season

are brown. I believe that the
large open area shown on the ^{air} map is
of this character.

We walked more than half way
through on the cross trail toward the
east, crossing a stream one half the
size of Rio Maringa that flows off to
the northwest. Evidently this enters the
sea at the first or second bay below
the north end of the island on the west
side. I am inclined to believe that
this may be the stream that Borallinus
describes as it would come down over
a rather abrupt escarpment to the sea,
making the waterfall that he mentions &
the water is sweet and fairly cool.

I had intended to try to cut through
into the open area but finally gave up the
attempt. I had shot a pair of beautiful
plumbeous kites on the way in that had
to be skinned. My packing had to be finished
and I was due to leave early tomorrow morning.
It was obvious that I could not go in
and come out again before dark. It took us
two hours fast walking to get in to the proper
point and we were soaked in perspiration

In two places I saw where ant-eaters
had opened the hills of leaf-cutting ants
recently. One of the men told me that when
the Engineers party first landed on the island
they had caught a full grown one and
had let it go. A steam shovel man
has seen their tracks and diggings along
the road to the East Bay several times
recently.

We came on back to the main
road about eleven. Small birds were
numerous out through this northern
section but I saw nothing peculiar except
the plumbeous Kites which have just
come and a flock of eight swallow-
tailed Kites which also are migrants.

Ticks are more abundant in this
northern area than elsewhere on the
island and we came out covered with
them. Our first tick was to whip the
pinosillos off our clothes and to
pick the larger ones off our legs. At that
I had fully one hundred on me when
I came to take my shower.

We walked along the road a
short distance in the hot sun and
the cooling breeze when a truck
came along and brought us back to
camp.

I was busy during the afternoon
with packing and with arrangements
for departure. I have been comfortable
and happy here and have many friends
dining the men so that I regret to
leave. My studio house is about
complete and matters in Washington
require my return. I am instructing
Morrison to remain for another month
to devote himself to invertebrate work
so as to extend those studies.

This evening I rode down to the
Swing's camp to say goodby to the
jurado and to Vega. The latter tells
me that some of the men from San
Miguel claim that the open section
in the north of San José is of *pusawannah*
with short grass. They also say that
there is a small lagoon in the cloud-

March 14, Tuesday.
I was up this morning at a quarter
of six, packed my mosquito net and
closed my suitcase. My baggage went down
to the beach in a truck and Russell Foster
drove me down in a jeep. At seven we
were aboard the T36, a 70 foot boat and
were off for Balboa. I had my Cast

look at the line of coconut palms on Bodega Bay, and thought regretfully of the reported saramah in the south of the island. San Jose and Padro Gonzales were soon far behind us.

Our trip across was pleasant with a somewhat choppy sea at first that finally became completely calm. I talked for much of the distance with Robertson the skipper who is a brother-in-law of Crockett who the Crockett is predicting to New Guinea.

Pelicans flew in groups looking for fish and occasional brown booby passed and we found the usual flocks of laughing gulls. I saw one Cabot's tern. In mid passage Oceanodroma melanura were common,

and I saw a few Oceanitis. Another small petrel was gray above and white below with indication of white around the posterior margin of the wings.

We were through the nets and at the dock at Puna at 2:00 p.m.

Several times porpoises were sighted and occasional they came over to the boat playing around the bow.

They were distinctly spotted with darker color on the grayish sides and back, the spots being rather small. The largest ones were dark below, those of smaller and intermediate size whitish. The largest were probably males.

One of the supposed males swam for some time directly in front of the bow occasionally rolling over on one side to look up at us as we leaned over the rail only a few feet above him. The action was most amusing as the animal seemed to be examining us with ~~an~~ an ~~much~~ interest equal to ours.

(Kellogg tells me that these were probably Stenella graffmani)

Baggage left with Sobell
1 box, wooden, specimen
1 fibre case, crated, "
1 locker trunk, crated, field equipment
1 gun suffling bag, locked, field bed.

I was able to leave my baggage
here with Sient. Sobell. Sient.
Ulsome sent up to the Twoli in
a squad car. I arrived in
Khartoum feeling fairly dirty, secured
the room that Col. Komp had
arranged for me and was soon
in a hot bath. A quarter in
the hand of a colored boy produced
a pressed suit in half an hour -
a miracle here - and I went
then to the barbershop for a
much needed hair trim.

A coca cola in the bar after-
ward cost me fifteen cents.

After dinner I talked for a
time with Mr. Ellzeu of the
Dupont Company. Also met
Heas of Washington, an Explorers
Club friend.

I was in bed at 8⁴⁵ as
the last few days have been strenuous.

March 15, Wednesday.

Arose at six for another hot bath with the luxury of a good shampoo. Breakfast at seven with Leas and with Ralph Meyer in the same service.

Afterward I wrote until 9⁰⁰, working on notes.

Shortly after nine I hired a taxi to take me to Fort Clayton where I went directly to the Post Headquarters to the office of General Bullard. There I saw Col. Woodward as well as the general and Col. McCloud. I left my film with Col. Woodward for such censoring as may be necessary. It was undeveloped as yet.

Col. Woodward took me to Quarry Heights to Col. Dwyer who kindly gave me air priority through to Washington.

I met also General Brett, Commanding Officer of all troops in the Canal Zone. I thought that this was the father of Margaret's school chum Judy Brett but this proved not to be the case. The general officer had a magnificent outlook from the crest of a hill.

As we talked I saw turkeys ^{vultures} soaring past the great plate glass windows within a few feet either on our level or a little below.

Col. Woodward left me at the hotel where I secured another taxi for a call on Mr. John Morcio Chargé d'affaires at the American Embassy in Panama. I found him to be a very pleasant gentleman, much interested in the San José Project. Here at the consulate I secured a stamp on my passport required by Pan American Airways. Returned to the hotel and arranged details with Pan American Airways representative for my departure as the priority had already come through.

After lunch worked again on notes.

The temperature today has been very comfortable, warm but not too

not. Now that I am acclimated
I find it most comfortable.

Mr. Hubert C. Clark, Director of the
Gorgas Memorial Institute came for me
at two and took me to call on
Sr. Julio Huertematte jr. at the
Huertematte department store in Panama
City. This family holds title to San
José Island.

According to information given me here
an Englishman named George Fletcher,
presumed to have come from Trinidad
established himself on San José
about 1857, bringing with him hogs.
M. Huertematte y Cia. financed him
in various ways to the extent of
4,000 pesos. ~~Negro~~ Fletcher is said
to have had about 200 head of cattle
~~and~~ addition to hogs and to have made
various clearings for cultivation. He
lived in one of the bays and had
3 to 5 "balandras", sea going small boats
in which he transported his produce to
the mainland for sale.

Negros from Isla El Rey came over

at intervals and raided the plantations
surreptitiously. About 1870 to 1871
one such band entering from the
opposite side of the island from Fletcher's
house, were waylaid and captured
by Fletcher and his son or sons.
The men were taken to Fletcher's
place to be held for legal proceedings
but escaped ~~and~~ killed Fletcher,
his wife and one son. A daughter
disappeared completely and one son
was horribly cut but managed to
escape into the forest. The negroes
~~started~~ looted the place and started
out to return the way they had
come along the trail that they had
cut through the jungle etc. make
their raid. The leader, laden
with booty, slipped in going over
some rocks, fell and was impaled
through the abdomen on the sharp
ended stub of a small tree that
they had cut, in making their entry,
dying in great agony. The others were

badly frightened, holding this accident as retribution on the part of the spirits of the dead Fletcher family. The place had been held in fear by the natives ever since, who have come from time to time to loot the coconut plantations but who have not dared to sleep over night there. This is the reason given for the lack of human settlement.

The son, who was not killed, recovered but was horribly maimed. Julio Huertematta recalled having seen him as a small boy and described the fearful impression that he made on him, as he wore a handkerchief over the lower part of his face to hide his missing jaw and other scars and was drawn and bent to one side so that he could walk about only in a crouching attitude with great difficulty.

M. Huertematta y Cia, the firm of Julio's grandfather, instituted

legal proceedings and under a paper that I saw were awarded San José Island in 1877 in settlement of the debt of 4,000 pesos. This information checks with that secured previously from Julio Huertematta, Senior by Dr. Clark.

The story told me by Escavel in Foster's office on San José therefore is entirely erroneous.

On leaving we passed through the market where I purchased 7 hand worn mochilas from Chiriquí for \$6.⁰⁰

Dr. Clark and I then went out to the Institute, located between two hospitals where we had further talk on San José Island. He showed a record of a malaria survey made at Cotal and at San Bernardo (possibly San Bernabé) on Pedro González Island in 1936. This showed only small incidence of chronic malaria among the few black

people who probably had contracted the disease elsewhere, and none among the smaller children. No malaria carrying mosquitoes were found. The date of settlement given me as 4 years ago, therefore is entirely fictitious.

The Pacific sailfish club had their club house on Trafalgar Island. Membership in the club and club house was purchased and included stock in the Trans-Atlantic Air Company promoted by Sexton and a man named Clark (not Dr. Clark) who were the principal stockholders. Dr. Clark had a photo showing a landing ramp on the northwest end of the island. He had often fished here but had seldom gone ashore due to difficulty in getting in and off because of the extensive variations in water level due to tides. The air company went out of business when the War Department prohibited

civilian flying and the club house, formerly under the care of a Jamaican negro attendant, is now practically abandoned, unless it is used to some extent by Sexton.

About 1936 Mr. Clark found out San Bernards two white girls from San Francisco who had come down here for some reason and were stranded. I did not get their full story but Dr. Clark indicated that he had helped get them off.

I also spent some time in talking with Captain Graham Fairchild, entomologist at the Institute who brought me back to the hotel. He is the son of David Fairchild of Miami.

Worked on my notes in evening after arranging for my tickets for departure on Sunday.

March 16, Thursday

This morning Col. Woodward took me to C. H. Strong's office where my notes and papers were examined and sealed. Also made arrangements regarding the handling of my exposed film.

Returned then with Col. Woodward to Fort Clayton where I picked out my Kodachrome film and returned with them to Quarry Heights where I turned them over to Capt. L. V. Albrecht in Col. Strong's office. They will be sent to Rochester for processing. Censored in a special unit that the Army maintains there and returned to me in Washington. The Black and White film will be developed at Fort Clayton, censored and sent to me.

Col. Woodward had kindly placed his car at my disposal so that I stopped at the Provost Marshall's to turn in my temporary pass and at the Canal Zone Administration Building to get an exit card that would allow my departure.

Returned then to the hotel. Dr. James Zetek came for me at 12⁰⁰ and took me for lunch to the Club Union on the waterfront where we had an hour for talk mainly about Barro Colorado. He told me that he and Tom Barbour had been in San José Island years ago but apparently did not get a great deal. They penetrated to the Saramma a tough trip but he remembered nothing special there. He said it was small.

The Union Club is a modern building Spanish style that looks out over the water. At this time the tide was out exposing extensive rock flats. Small boys wandered over these stony fish and crabs with the pools. Off at the water's edge an American egret watched at a sewer outlet for fish which black vultures perched on the end of the pipe intent on other food, a curious combination.

At one we went to the Colegio de la Salle, a good-sized school. This was their vacation period and the brothers were away at a place they

have in the Savannas but two who remained obligingly ~~opened~~ their museum room and allowed me to look over the collection, which was mainly in display. The room was about 140 wide by 125 long and was filled with glassed in cases containing a typical display collection. A huge stuffed crocodile stood on a pedestal at the entrance. There were glass cases filled with poorly mounted birds. Most were taken locally and some had data on them so that a check might be useful for records. In addition there was a small series of mammals, some minerals, butterflies, coins and a few archaeological specimens.

One of the ~~forest~~ brothers told me that in their museum in Barquisimeto, Venezuela they had the skeleton of a megatherium and also bones of a fossil elephant found locally.

I returned to the hotel and about three took my baggage down to the airport and checked in for the trip home keeping out only those things that I would need tonight. From then

on there was little to do but read and to watch the trees and the few birds about.

At 5⁴⁵ I took a taxi to the Balboa station. Nearby there is a fine double line of fig trees bordering the roadway. At 6³⁰ I left in the scooter for Cristobal. The night air was cool and there was little or nothing to see as darkness came almost at once. Arrived at Cristobal at 7³⁰ when we were welcomed at the Washington hotel. This is a solid, permanent old place, ~~better~~ built than the old frame Tivoli but with far less activity at the present time. In fact the dining room was only partly filled at dinner. I walked out for a bit then returned to room and read. A sprinkle of rain fell in the evening and the night seemed sticky and warm.

March 17, Friday.
I was called this morning at 5³⁰ sometimes against my objections as it seemed too early. At a little before 8⁰⁰ we were taken to the sea

plane hangar for the usual techs
checking baggage examination and
questioning. The Clipper plane
from Miami arrived as we
finished and we were moved
along into a space apart.

It developed that batteries on the plane needed checking and in part replacing so that I sat watching the black vultures, the falcons and the vireo in general until eleven when we went aboard. I was fortunate in getting a window seat. After ten or fifteen minutes of taxiing about we were finally off the plane. It came cool and wet here. Off for Miami. We flew steadily at an elevation of about 8000 feet above the few clouds for the most part. Only once was there rough air as for the most part we travelled as steadily as in an auto on a smooth pavement. Far below was the somewhat irregular surface of the ocean on which I could see an occasional white cap.

With caps.
While I was waiting a turn at

the wash room ~~strong~~ companions said
that we passed a small island
^{Crescent Cay in Serranella Bay.}
that ~~was~~ have been ~~on~~ ~~in~~

Her luncheon was beautiful -
soup, filet mignon, mashed potatoes
and green beans, apple pie served
on a flap tray. # 11.5 passed

on a flap tray.
On the afternoon we passed
the Cayman Islands, both
of them being in sight, both
long, rather narrow, with simon's
shoreline. ^{i.e. with Cayman and Cayman Grace} We passed slightly to
the west of the westernmost, ^{with Cayman} and
made out a fringing sand beach around
much of the shore, some areas of
mangrove and a rather brownish
green ~~beach~~ ^{dunes} with some houses
in a little group near the south
shore. Both islands rested on a
narrow ^{barium} shelf that fell away at
once in all sides into deep water.

Next came a little rock on
the south shore of Cuba - back of which
were ~~shallow~~ ^{very} sandy bottom alternated
with brown mud flat beds ~~to be~~ ⁱⁿ with

^{sinuous}
the contrast of colors found in a
piece of malachite. Beyond was
the delta of a little stream with
its main channel winding through
a growth of mangroves. We were
too high to make out the birds but
I knew that they were there. As the
tongue of solid land grew wider
a house or two appeared followed
by the width of the coastal plain.
This was cut off by the sharp
sinuous line of the ridge thrown
into relief by the shadows made by
the falling sun which gave way
to broken hills forming the border of
an elevated plain clothed with houses
and divided into brown squares of
fields with occasional sheep and
areas of green cane. Compact to the
were scattered through this plain
the hillier central part little houses
and huts stood on hill tops whose
sides were dotted with the sharp
white lines of the trunks of royal
palms.

Almost immediately we passed
over into the greener, better watered

sections of the west coast. The
line of a railroad crossed a
stream in a red girded bridge
with more towns scattered about.

Presently both streams joined
to make a larger river and were
again over mangroves beyond
which green flood shoals
stretched out to deeper water. After
we had passed out to the open
sea we came presently to a
small kite shaped island of
low mangroves, and then
nothing more until in the
darkness west of us when the
sun had disappeared there came
the twinkling of signal lights on
the Florida coast. At about 7:30
we swung in to the fantastic red,
green and yellow lights of Miami the
gray line of Miami Beach and the
connecting dots that marked the
causeways between. We had been
coming down steadily and after
two hours were in the water.
We reached the Dunes Key landing at 8:00 p.m.

25 We straggled up the dock into a passageway that brought us into a small waiting room where a serious faced young public health ~~substantant~~ without a word thrust a thermometer into the mouth of each passenger which in turn left us all speechless. Then we were collected and examined one by one and we then continued into an anti room where two young ladies served coffee and tea while a line of immigration officials beyond a glass partition checked ~~these~~ arranged their papers.

Presently the government officials were called, checked and passed on to a larger room for customs inspection. I asked the reservations girl to telephone my hotel that I was in and also arranged for a plane ticket north Sunday. Customs inspection was simple and I was soon finished. At ten I was on my way to Miami where I registered at the Biltmore Hotel. Warm and pleasant here.

March 18, Saturday.
Called the office at 9:00 a.m. did some writing and then at 10:20 met Tom Barbours who has been seriously ill and is recuperating slowly from a bad operation. Various errands took us to the Florida East Coast Fish market where mullet, yellow-tails, red snapper and other fish heads piled up cobbly against the glass front of a counter case where they were buried in shaved ice. A gentleman in a little room behind nonchalantly scaled the fish selected by customers with an electrically driven instrument that operated with great speed and precision. Tom took me a back floor looking out on the Miami River where I tossed fish heads to the brown gulls who plopped up to take them from my hands.

We went then to David Fairchild's place where I had lunch. Afterward Fairchild took to the Fairchild Physical

garden to see the display of palms
A most enjoyable experience -
Here botany replaced ornithology
so completely that my mind
preoccupied by my engaging guide
barely recognized Mockers, palm
warblers and sparrow hawks.

At three I returned to town
and then went out to call on Jay
& Weber at 10800 Biscayne
Boulevard a long bus ride to the
north of town. Weber has been
established here for ten years. His
books were in his office and
his excellent collections in a
cement block fireproof building
20 x 50 feet adjacent to his
house. Mr. Weber gave me a
wonderful supper and at sunset
I returned to town to spend the
evening in under shirt and shorts
working on my notes.

March 19, Sunday

Arose at six and at a quarter
of eight went on to the Eastern Airlines
Station to take the bus to the 36th
street airport which is far from the

center of the city. A mocker sang in
front of the ticket office in town and another
was singing at the airport.

The plane was due to leave at 9⁰⁰ but
was delayed until 11³⁰. I was impressed by
the great areas in Florida away from the
towns that are without habitation. We
stopped for 20 minutes at Jacksonville where
English sparrows were hopping about on
the turf. It was very rough coming in
to Charleston, South Carolina and down
after leaving clouds closed in. Finally
the pilot rose to 8000 feet and drove
through the banks of mist straight
through to La Guardia Field, New York
city.

The passage was rough and I
was sick for a few minutes and then
recovered.

Registered at the Lexington for the
night.

March 20, Monday
left New York via Penn R.R. 9³⁰ a.m.
arr. Washington 1³⁰ p.m.
Fare paid by Eastern Airlines