FIELD JOURNAL

ALEXANDER WETMORE

Haiti and the Dominican Republic.
March 21 to June 9, 1927.

Western United States.
April 13 to May 18, 1928.

Western Europe.
April 10 to June 25, 1930.

Haiti and the Dominican Republic.
May 15 to June 1, 1931.

1927

March 21, Monday.

Left Washington via Perm. R. R.
at 12:50 a.m. and arrived
New York City 6:35. Registered at
Hotel Pennsylvania.

Visited Abercrombie and Fitch
and made various purchases.

At 11:30 went out to American
Museum of Natural History. Lunched with
Murphy, Miller, Nichols, Boulton and
A. H. Johnson.

At two called on Mr. Schwarz
and spent an hour and a half
on the Porto Rican mss. He is editor
for the ~~Washington~~ New York Academy of Sciences.
Met Mr. Barnum Brown.

Called on G. K. Noble who gave me
information regarding Santo Domingo.

Boulton wants to borrow any
material of nesting passerines that we have
to study Louns. I told him he was

free to use anything we had.

Examined type of Microsiphonochus
breuosteri. Superficially it resembles
Setopagis parvulus but on close
examination one is struck by the long
tarsi which suggest Myctophomas.

DeWitt Miller has also discovered the
curious elongate alula in Agapornis
taranta. I told him of my photograph of it
and said that he could use it.

We discussed how to arrange of the
Procellariiformes and made the following
change in our classification.

Order Procellariiformes

Family Diomedidae

" Procellariidae

Subfamily Puffininae

Family Hydrobatidae

Subfamily Hydrobatinae

" Oceanitinae

Miller wishes to place Coscoroba
ahead of Alcedines to which I have
no objection. He wishes also to place

the Poliophtila ahead of the Sybra
but I see no objection in this.

Dined with Mr. Hedberg M.W.
Sterling's Companion in New Guinea and
later went with him to a hockey game
at Madison Square Garden. Great sport.

March 22, Tuesday.

Repacked my baggage this
morning.

Had breakfast with M.W. Sterling
and Hedberg and heard more of New
Guinea. Went to Abercrombie and Fitch to
get a new gun case and a few other
supplies.

Called Dr. Dwight's residence only to
learn that he had gone to the
hospital for a slight operation.

Sailed on the Ancon of the Panama
Rail Road Steamship line at three P.M.

A cold wind blowing in the harbor
that sweater and overcoat did not fully
check.

March 23, Wednesday.

Still cold today

Position at noon Lat. $36^{\circ} 29' N.$, Long. $74^{\circ} 00' W.$

The Herring gull was common today though we were far out of sight of land. I observed both adults and immatures.

With them were a few adult Ring-billed gulls and at ten in the morning I had a good view of a glaucous gull for several minutes.

Jaegers were fairly common. All seen had square tails, a slight ring on the neck and light breast and abdomen, elsewhere dark. They were active but were not molesting the gulls to any extent. I saw four together on several occasions. Their flight was noticeably quicker than that of the gulls and at times they suggested falcons as they wheeled and turned.

I believe the presence of these four pairs so far from land to be due to the fact that they are in northward migration. One during the forenoon four

terns rose from the water at a slight distance. I supposed they were the arctic tern but was not certain.

Several gamuts all adult passed the ship.

No petrels seen.

A school of forty or fifty porpoises seen during the forenoon and one small whale at a distance.

Mrs. K. F. Ainslie, investigator for the Bureau of the Budget is on board.

I occupy a seat at table with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Stelling; he is an architect bound for the Canal Zone.

March 24, Thursday.

Position at noon Lat. $31^{\circ} 35' W.$, Long. $74^{\circ} 12' S.$ Run today 294.

We passed Hatteras last night and found the water rough as usual.

No gulls were observed today.

Twice I saw ~~small~~ medium-sized dark birds apparently shearwaters flying barely above the waves but at such a distance that I was not sure of their identity. No petrels over the wake of the ship.

Patches of sea weed floated in the water and I noted one Portuguese man of war.

March 25, Friday

Position at noon Lat. $26^{\circ} 33' W$; Long $74^{\circ} 15' S$. run 302 miles.

No birds of any kind about today. Flying common. One school of porpoise.

Floating weed very common.

Made the acquaintance of Congressman Crosser of Ohio who is going to Haiti.

Also Mr. Nettleton mail clerk on the Ancon and Mr. Latimer of the Canal Zone.

March 26, Saturday.

This morning I awoke at six to find Bird Rock Island in the Bahamas a short distance away to the eastward. A lighthouse stood on the northern end. Scrub was visible on the upper portion of the island but it was too dark to make out anything else.

About twenty-five miles south we passed west of Fortuna Island with many bays and indentations and scrub forest covering

the inland hills. There were sandy stretches back of the beaches. A group of a dozen houses on the northwest marked a small settlement, and I saw another house on the south coast.

Castle Island 115 miles to the south had a light house on the west, with two small houses beside it and a boat house on the beach. The interior of the island rose in a rounded hill covered with scrub. The south coast had a low ledge of rock exposed.

Near Fortuna Island I saw one Royal tern, a frigate bird and two Audubon's Shearwaters and near Castle Island sighted one brown booby.

Position at noon Lat $21^{\circ} 31' N$. Long $74^{\circ} 07' W$.

March 27, Sunday.

At six this morning I awakened to find the Ancon steaming slowly into harbor with hills rising on either side of a wide harbor and the white buildings of Port au Prince, Haiti directly ahead. The boat docked at seven and after watching operations

a few minutes to get the method
of procedure I had my baggage taken
ashore by a negro in a red cap.
a colored customs inspector in
Khaki checked off the number of pieces
on his manifest and another
colored boy who spoke a few words
of english with whom I had
made a bargain in the meanwhile
loaded my dummage in a little
hand truck and we started out
toward the long pier and after
three hundred yards of jolting
progress came to colored gentleman
inside a wire fence who was
~~the~~ inspecting personal effects. My own
pieces I sorted out and then asked
for the chief of customs. This gentleman
in nearby building proved to be an
American. I explained my business
showed a Smithsonian letter of introduction
and told him that I had guns and
ammunition. He said at first that I

had better leave them with him but
on seeing my luggage with everything
locked told me to take the whole
along but to do no shooting until
I had arranged for my police
permit. ~~He~~

Will Bebe was at the dock
to meet his father and had kindly
offered to take my stuff off to his
schooner but this I thought best
to decline. He placed his car at
my disposal and I drove them to
the Bellevue hotel where I was
fortunate enough to get a room
as Port au Prince is terribly crowded
at present with American. Half an
hour later my luggage arrived on
the same rickety old hand truck
by which it had reached the
customs house. Two sweating negroes
carried the trunks to my little
room in the third floor, here called

the second and in a few minutes
I was again established in the field.

As today was Sunday there was
not much to do except look
around. I find the hotel clean
and the food good. The building is
~~on a~~ situated where it looks out
over the Champ de Mars toward the
White Palace of the President. From
the bay the land slopes gently
upward so that from the
hotel porch which is broad and
shaded there is a view of the
blue waters of the bay with steep
hills on either hand, bare except
for scattered trees and bushes
but faintly green, with the rim
back of Gonave Island in the distance.

We devoted the day to walking
about and saw a polo game
in the evening played by marines.
Met Mr. Macrossen who has

estate in the north.

March 28, Monday

This morning at nine I called
on General Russell, American High
Commissioner and talked briefly with him.
He received me very pleasantly and referred
me to General Julius Furrill ~~chief of~~
who has charge of the work of gendarmerie.
I had a letter to this gentleman also
and he gave me considerable time.
He told me that whenever I was
ready to go to work he would give me
letters to the chiefs of the districts
under him which would be of
material assistance. He introduced me
to a number of his staff including
Major Best in charge of the gendarmerie
of Port au Prince. Also gave me a
complimentary police permit for my guns
The usual charge is \$10 deposit on each
gun and a two dollar fee for the
license.

General Jarrill sent me in his car to the office of Dr. Freeman head of the Service Technique, corresponding to our Department of Agriculture who gave me nearly two hours of his time and much valuable information. We arranged for him to send an assistant with me to learn the art of preparation of specimens and I told him that I should be pleased to identify any material for him. He wishes me to work in connection with his men and has a number of points where I can get accommodation. He took me to my hotel and later called for me at 2:30.

Ordered three suits of tailor made Whites at \$10 each.

Dr. Freeman was insistent that I leave the hotel and go to his home so that I effected the move this afternoon. He lives above the city toward Pethorville

77-31

GENDARMERIE D'HAÏTI

QUARTIER-GÉNÉRAL

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAÏTI,
March 30, 1927.

TO ALL OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE GENDARMERIE D'HAÏTI:

This letter is to introduce Doctor Alexander Wetmore, the Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute.

Department Commanders, District Commanders, Sub-District Commanders, Non-commissioned Officers and Privates in command of outposts of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti and all officers and enlisted men of the Gendarmerie will please extend to Doctor Wetmore every courtesy.

Julius Turill

JULIUS TURRILL,
Chief of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

GENDARMERIE D'HAITI

QUARTIER-GENERAL

G-2

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI,

28 March 1927.

From: The Chief of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti.
To: WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Subject: Temporary licenses to carry a shotgun,
double barrel PARKER and a "GAME-GETTER!"

1. The bearer Dr. Alexander WETMORE is
authorized to carry the above fire-arms or any other arms
he may have in his possession while in the Republic of
Haiti.

Julius Turrill

-----JULIUS TURRILL.-----

Mrs. Freeman received me most cordially and spent the afternoon in a pleasant yard admiring tropical plants not seen before in many years and seeing an occasional birds.

Mr. Jungeneel, of Cap. Watten, representative of the California Packers association called in the evening.

March 29, Tuesday.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Freeman Villa Keitel is located near open ground. I awakened this morning before daybreak to hear a stealthy rat rummaging among my luggage chewing a bit here and there and lay idly under my mosquito net wondering what he was about. A barn owl screeched once or twice in the trees outside. I fell asleep again to awaken at 5:45 when I dressed and walking in 300 yards found myself in heavy scrub through

which led trails to occasional clearings where there were little houses. Birds abounded and I spent a happy hour identifying old friends migrant from North America and making new acquaintance among the local birds.

The scrub was a dense mesquite with some cactus.

As the sun rose the air was hot and close and I perspired freely. There was heavy dew.

After breakfast Mr. Freeman sent me to Damien ~~at~~ $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the city where he has established a new experiment station and a school. Mr. Colvin, principal in charge gave me considerable information and I met Dr. J. N. Walcott, entomologist. Mr. Freeman wishes me to take out Pierre Sylvaire a Haitian boy to teach him to skin birds. The school, of which one wing is constructed is a modern type of building with large rooms and high ceilings.

Dr. Walcott, Pierre and I walked out along the Cul-de-Sac River which drains the plain of the same name. The plain air so that the "river" was mere brook, shallow and only eight to fifteen feet wide running through a shallow depression.

We continued then by auto along the road to St. Marc to Sources Quantes where there is a strongly saline sulphur spring. A colony of leaf-cutting bees had their homes in the face of a cut bank and were busily ~~strong~~ constructing cells of fragments of vegetation. The spring was almost at sea level with clumps of mangrove just beyond and a view of the open blue water.

Dr. Walcott drove me back to his home for lunch - in Port au Prince only a square from Freemans - where I had a fine view of the nest of ~~a~~ Dulus. Later he drove me with Mrs.

and of good variety. Most of them are small or medium-sized inhabitants of the scrubs when they are overlooked by the casual eye of untrained but are recorded by the ornithologist without the slightest difficulty. Their forms were almost constantly in sight at every stop. The contrast to what I remember from Porto Rico was marked.

At seven in the evening I went to the Hotel Montagne where I had dinner as the guest of Dr. A. E. Vinson, Acting Director of the Experiment Stations under the Service Technique in company with Mr. Claude Herbert Inspector of rural schools and Demonstration Farms (Extension work) and his wife and Mr. J. H. Hawk Superintendent of industrial education and his wife. I learned much of Haiti during the evening.

My day was replete with new experience.

At Montfleury I saw a wild

grape that is said to be quite common. ~~Another~~ A tree that is common is the Haitian Oak or Bois Chene Catalpa longissima.

March 30, Wednesday.

~~I~~ rose at 5:45 and worked until seven on notes. The sun rises pleasantly its coming preceded by a great outburst of crowing from cocks scattered through the neighborhood and the occasional call of a peacock. ^{the gobble of a turkey, domestic sounds, etc., which} the Gray Kingbird calls, the oriole sings and then as the sun appears there is a great outburst of sound from the palm chats. When the warmth of the rays begins to be felt the honey creepers sibilate its wheezy little song and a black crow comes gabbling and calling into the tree just outside my window. The air is soft and balmy.

At eight thirty Dr. Wolcott drove me out to the north to within eighteen

miles of St. Marc. The road was the usual limestone macadam and was good though in places rather narrow. We stopped at various points to make observations.

The western end of the cul de sac plain is covered with low mesquite ~~with ~~fringe~~ where~~ where water is available there are fields of cane, bananas and occasional patches of cotton and other crops. Sisal is being tried.

Continuing toward the hills to the north the rainfall apparently diminishes as ~~the~~ cacti become more abundant and the scrub is thorny and dense.

At Sources Puantes the road swings down along the sea to pass the end of a low range of barren hills covered somewhat scantily with thorny scrubs to ~~come~~ finally to the small level valley known as the plain of L'Arcahaie. Here there is more cultivation particularly of bananas. There is evidence of increased rainfall as

shown by denser ranker vegetation. The next range of hills, high and steep sloped shores in this more generous downpour of water but the talus slopes are stony and loose so that the water runs away through the porous soil and the land appears as dry and stony as that below. The trees however are strong and tall.

There is here one extensive slope covered with a fine stand of the west Indian birch Elaphrium sin-
rubra the trees rising 60 and 70 feet tall. They are now ~~bare and~~ leafless ~~but~~ and rose gaunt and bare above lower growth but intrigued the mind with their possibility of strange birds. A few clearings were being made but this bird section crowded between mountain and sea was comparatively uninhabited.

We continued on nearly to Mont
Rois. The hills here came close to
the sea with tree and scrub on
their slopes.

Birds were abundant and as we
stopped the car laurencia came working
through a low tree within twenty feet.
Song came from the tops of bare trees
and I had here a glimpse of Microgaster
montana.

After a lunch eaten by the
water I examined various things
of interest and we returned.

Made a few errands in town,
and then went out to Dr. Freeman's.

~~At~~ six accompanied the Freemans
to a cocktail party at Mr. Barnes
where I met many Americans.

Mr. Barker who had climbed
Mont Les Roches told me of this section
and makes me believe I should see
it.

We bed out this thirty.

March 31, Thursday.

At nine thirty this morning I left in
a Dodge car supplied by Mr. Freeman
of the Service Technique for the Coffee
Experiment Station at Fond des Negres.

The road lay along the north shore of
the southern peninsula as far as
Miragoane. At this point there seemed
to be increase in rainfall and at
the station located near the center of
the peninsula at about 1000 feet
altitude the vegetation was notably more
dense and of a different type than
farther to the east.

Mr. C. H. Arnold Director of the Station
made me comfortable in his house placed
on a hill above the valley where we
arrived at 1:00 P.M. en route the
Haitian chauffeur for some reason unknown
to me tried to drive over a boulder
18 inches high in the road and cracked
his transmission housing and knocked out
the drainage plug in the exhaust behind.

WE drove a plug in the gas tank with a rag wrapped around it to stop the flow of fluid and plugged up the transmission leak with my shaving soap and so came along.

After lunch Dr. Ernst took me down through the plantation and I saw and collected a number of birds. WE spent the evening in conversation after I had prepared my skins.

It is cool and pleasant here.

Rain came briefly in the afternoon.

[1st Shy is *Veronilla* *Solanus*.]

April 1, Friday.

At six this morning we drove to Etang Miragoane. (Etang means a small lake, Lac a big one). The lake now is low and is divided into two parts. I walked down through a wet meadow with extensive growths of *Eleocharis* of large size through a cane field and so reached the

edge of the lake over a grassy morass bridged by heavy clumps of saw grass. I had two shot birds and killed two *Fulica* *Caribaea*. but lost one. Hundreds more swam on the open lake out of reach. The black fellow that I had picked up to get the birds I killed went in nearly to his waist in mud in retrieving.

From here I attempted to struggle along the shore of the lake hoping for other shots, but after half a mile gave it up as I made too much noise and the birds swam ahead of me out of reach. The hunt was terrific and I pursued heavily.

WE swung out then across a muddy channel and walked down along a marshy stretch in which I found more birds and with two barrels secured two *Fulica*

Caribaea, on S. American and on
Florida gallinule. We turned inland
here and entered a forest of
logwood, of low trees in which there
were many migrant warblers.

Finally we came to the main road
and reached the auto track which
was waiting for us.

We drove toward Miragouane
stopping for lunch in the shadow
of a bank where I remained to
skin birds and Dr. Arndt continued
to town. I had a constantly
changing audience as negroes of
both sexes passed. The negroes
became interested and remained to
see profit as I gave in bodies of
the larger birds.

Returned to the station at three and I was busy until late preparing skins. The evening was cool.

Last night I collected a number
of insects.

In the Etang miragoane were many
turtles swimming in the water.

There is a tiny frog here with the
pleasant whistle imaginable. Whu
whu whu whu whu ici. I heard one
calling last night, and after prolonged
watching saw the little creature on
a leaf and captured it. Others heard
in various localities.

April 2, Saturday.

It rained heavily last night, but I slept the sleep of the tired and healthy and knew nothing of it until I arose this morning. The sky remained partly overcast by clouds during the day so that field work was much more pleasant than yesterday.

We drove about a mile to the southwest to where the road crossed the Riviere Seche and then turned in following in a general way north along the stream bed and then climbing up to about 1800 feet in the mont Richelieu. The

lower course of the stream true to its name was dry in spite of last night's rain. The hill slopes were sprinkled with little cayas or houses and I had to use care in shooting.

The country was wooded but was cultivated for coffee, bananas, and yautias with occasional little clearings planted to corn and beans. The houses were well on slopes away from the stream.

After climbing to about 1800 feet (800 feet above the road) we turned down from a high ridge into the stream bed again to find that here there was running water. A crude trail led down the stream itself with frequent necessity to wade through the shallows. The course was rough and stones dropping rapidly.

In the coffee plantations I found birds in abundance particularly woodpeckers, robins, the lizard cuckoo, Tolmarchus,

grackles and loquies. In the higher course of the stream however there was nothing. The birds found in the changed conditions of cultivated woodland were practically ~~those~~ the same in form as those seen in similar situations in Porto Rico. Clusia sericea was a common shade tree with bamboo, mango and so on.

Returned at noon and spent the afternoon in caring for my material and notes.

It was foggy in the morning and humid but dry at noon.

In the evening I walked out for a few minutes through the coffee plantation and found the air agreeable and pleasant as the sun was behind a hill. Gray robins ran about or called, the woodpeckers called and chattered, doves cooed and the rattling calls of the lizard cuckoo came from the trees. I saw two night hawks circling overhead.

I saw a bird trap set today, square made of small limbs crossed at the ends, formed like the usual bird trap of the stations.

April 3, Sunday.

We drove this morning across to the Caribbean coast at Aguin an ancient town founded by the French with buildings in various stages of disrepair. The plaza particularly was desolate and forlorn.

From the Fond des Nègres station we crossed the Rivière Seche and another stream and climbed through a low divide that gave a fine view of the sea. The road wound down the opposite slope through growths of xerophytic shrubs, hedges of cacti and little cultivated fields.

Low hills rise immediately back of the beach and are covered in part with dense scrub. Rocks is exposed.

At various headlands between which are extensive beaches of fine sand. In the distance I had a view of the a Vache which goes by was at the entrance of the bay.

I had intended to climb one of the low hills but went first to a mangrove swamp where I found so many aquatic birds that I did not ~~continue~~ continued along the sea until time to return. Lower areas were ~~low~~ flat or growths of mangroves while sandy elevations were grown with xerophytic vegetation.

The sun was hot but was tempered by a steady breeze.

We returned at ~~noon~~ to the station. Rain threatened during the afternoon but did not materialize.

April 4, Monday.

At seven this morning the barometer registered 28.56. At six this evening it registered 28.55.

Today was clear and warm with clouds passing in the afternoon but no rain.

We drove this morning to a point three miles west of L'Acauil between Miragoane and Petit goave where there was a cave in a limestone cliff two hundred and fifty yards north of the road. The cave was fifty feet above the level of the little valley and ran in for a distance of 100 ~~hundred~~ feet. The floor sloped so abruptly that there was considerable wash in it with no rocks that I could find to hold old bone deposits. As we entered I flushed a barn owl that flew back in and then came out over my head. Beneath one ledge was a considerable deposit of pellets where I gathered a series to show the food preference of the bird.

A few feet away we dug a hole two feet in diameter down to the rock at a depth of eighteen inches. The soil was mixed with bat guano and was black. At the depth of a foot I found a few bones but as these included the lower jaw of Rattus I considered them of no importance. Other holes yielded nothing.

A few good sized bats fluttered about or clung to the roof where they were protected in deep foot holes. I noted their skulls in the roof pellets but in the deeper holes they would be safe. They had a scent gland on the forehead beneath a fold of thin translucent skin that exuded an oily fluid.

On the flats two miles further west I collected lizards of two

species both terrestrial in habit living under fallen leaves and branches. ~~etc~~

The ~~valley~~ depression of the Fond des Negres ~~offers~~ an abrupt contrast to the dry area to the eastward. From the hill at the eastern side the ~~valley~~ floor appears pleasantly green thus differing from the drier scrubs elsewhere. The line of increased rainfall is decidedly abrupt. It is reputed to be one of the spots of Haiti with a truly humid tropical flora. I saw Cecropia peltata on the slopes of the Richelieu mountains.

In the afternoon I collected a very large green lizard which I shot as ~~it~~ it rested head down on the trunk of a tree 35 feet from the ground. It resembled a green epiphytic growth so closely that

it was several seconds before I could make it out clearly after Mr. Arndt had pointed it out to me. Two smaller lizards taken with it were secured in the ground.

Leint Gardner of the Gendarmes at Miragoane accompanied us this morning together with Ekman the Swedish botanist.

There was an Acacia like tree in flower at which I shot a specimen of Mellisuga catherinae.

A mouse caught at the coffee experiment station was Mus musculus. I have seen several gray rats.

April 5, Tuesday.

Clear today in the main but with the sky overcast at times. Very hot in the sun but cool in the shade.

In the early morning I climbed to the summit of the range of hills south of the experiment station, a continuation of

higher St. Louis mountains to the westward.

The lower slopes were in open pasture. The upper reaches in coffee. The summit had a highly stony soil which however was fertile as trees and shrubs grew in it in profusion. Some of the trails on the steeper slopes were cut down until I could not see over the banks.

From the summit I had a view of the sea at Agaña while on the north the fertile green valley of the Fond des Negres spread before me.

These hill slopes are all populous and I was seldom out of sound of the garrulous gabble of negro french or the sight of little thatched huts spread over the hills. Chickens, goats, ~~and~~ ducks and pigs were spread everywhere the two latter in other the goats sometimes free and sometimes

tied. Chickens seemed to be making their own living everywhere. I collected the euphonia today for the first time.

The older ~~Haitian~~ men that I meet are frequently very friendly and point out the trails or tell of rammers and point out to be had a little farther on. The youngsters are frequently half terrified when I come suddenly upon them, and hasten to one side on the path.

At the house, when I returned at ten I met Dr. Boughton a veterinarian for the Service Technique and Mr. Kingman. Following this I went out with a boy who rather a man who was able to climb and raised two nests of Dulus. The method of climbing was interesting. A double ditch around the

trunk of the tree was made with two separate ropes. The ends of these were tied to make two separate slings. The man thrust a leg through one loop until it rested on his thigh and put the sole of his bare foot in the other. He rested ~~alternately~~ on the ropes in alternation, supporting himself by one while he pushed the other up and then throwing his weight on it while he pulled the first up.

He made rapid progress and was soon at the nests which he pushed out so that they fell to the ground.

On one I found a number of tree toads and anolis, guests of the birds that remained secreted among the twigs until unceremoniously jostled out by their fall to the ground. I collected all I could capture of these.

In the afternoon I shot two of the large green tree lizards, a foot long. They live on the trunks of trees where in spite of their brilliant green color they are very difficult to see especially as they slip quietly to the opposite side of a limb when any one approaches. The regular patch is brilliant orange. Their claws are very sharp so that one clung after I had killed it. The Haitian boys were much afraid of them and ran aside when they saw them.

Heret. Gardner of Miragoane came in the afternoon with Mr. Ekan and Mr. Pierre Rogavie. Gardner had a remarkable little idol that he had seized in a voodoo temple and promised to bring to the S. C. in the summer. He was investigating an alleged death by poison. Another man claimed to have been poisoned at the same time but

escaped by vomiting. The sample
of his retainings which he exhibited
in a bottle contained a millipede
and some other creatures which he
claimed to have brought up!

April 6, Wednesday.

This morning we left Fort des Negres,
this morning at 8:30 and at 12:30
were in Port au Prince. Ekman joined us
on the way.

The Ancon was in port on her way
north and I heard that Dr. F. M.
Chapman was aboard. I had a few minutes
talk with him before the steamer sailed
and waved at Mrs. Chapman on the
upper deck.

Saw Ekman for a few minutes
and hope to arrange to go to Morne
la Selle on Friday.

Mrs. Freeman gave a very pleasant
dinner in the evening with Gen. & Mrs.
Russell, Dr. & Mrs. Colvin, Capt. & Mrs. Cook,
Mr. & Mrs. Goss, Dr. & Mrs. Cumberland, Mrs.
Wolcott and Babe present. a very pleasant
evening.

April 7, Thursday.

Drove this morning to Petionville with
Mr. Perry to arrange for horses for
trip to Morne la Selle. Then with
Ekman and Arnett made purchases
of various necessary supplies for the
trip. Including a visit to the
market for rope and a "sac py"
a panosier woven of palm leaf
that is very strong.

Arranged my outfit for this trip
and did some writing.

At four in the afternoon Dr.
Freeman drove me ~~out~~ through
Croix des Boquets as far as La
Tremblay where I collected a few birds.
The road lay out through the level
Caf. Le Sac Plain and alternated with
areas of sugar cane little settlements and
stretches of heavy mesquite scrub growing
twenty-five feet high. All streams were
now dry.

Mr. Dunlop American Consul
called in the evening and after I
skinned birds until twelve.

April 8, Friday.

Dr. E. L. Ekman, Dr. C. H. Arnold and
I left in a Camion for Petenilla at
eight. Arriving there we found 2 horses and
a mule waiting and at a quarter of nine started
up the mountain. Petenilla is about 1000 feet
above the sea.

so Kencroff where is a road wide
enough for wheeled vehicles but very
steep, winding up the steep slopes
and at intervals yielding wonderful
views of Port au Prince with the
misty sea beyond. Over the broad
reach of the Cul de Sac plain with
the white shores and blue waters of
the salty Etang Saumatre in the
distance.

At three thousand feet there was
a decided change in ^{roadside} vegetation, as the
familiar weeds of temperate regions
appeared. *Daucus carota* was in blossom.
All these slopes are cultivated and

grazed so that there can be little
resemblance to original conditions, only
those birds persist that seek out the
little nooks where they may have
shelter.

Kencroff has scattered houses
on a rush of small
ridges has and is used by Americans
in summer to escape the heat of
Port au Prince. From the northern edge of
the settlement we had views of great
mountain ranges and of the broad
cul de sac plain divided into squares
of cultivated field and mesquite scrub.
A straight line of road leading across
toward Morne la Selle showed in the
distance. To the south and southwest
was the huge bulk of Morne la Selle,
our objective leading out toward Limy
seen mountains in the Dominican Republic.

At Kencroff I saw *Lamprochalcodon* ^{relative}
of the first time. No other peculiar birds were
noticed as the slopes were cultivated
or closely grazed.

We stopped at the roadside where
water from an irrigation ditch, cleared

push rain down a bank. Took
off the pack saddles and tied our
animals out to graze. After a few
moments, dickering with ^{some} ~~some~~
women resting here we had the
materials for a lunch and proceeded
to prepare it. After four boiled eggs
eaten from the shell with a spoon,
some bananas, two biscuit and
two cups of hot tea I felt as
fresh as in the morning though
we had come up nearly four thousand
feet.

This road here led to the east
around the slopes of Mont Brabant
and to the east of Surey which
lies south of Kinsroff. Pines
(Pinus occidentalis) appeared in small
numbers and became more numerous
as we travelled out on a rougher
narrower trail than the one of
early morning. At many points we
traversed steep slopes where there
was a drop of a thousand feet
or more to some narrow valley

or occasional travelled the ~~bottom~~
edge of a high ridge where the
land fell far below on both sides.
Abundant was always the huge
rampant of the Sella, broken into rough
ridges at the western end but extending
in a tremendous unbroken bulk to
the eastward with steep slopes that
at places became huge precipices.

At four in the afternoon we
began to descend into the valley
of the Riviere Jacquesy a tributary
of the Grande Riviere Cul-de-Sac and
dropped a thousand feet to the stream
here flowing rapidly with clear
water ~~grass~~ six feet wide. The bottom
was grown with conifers.

We made camp here unsaddled
our animals and I washed the back of
my pack horse in the stream. Twigs
from shrubs made a soft bed and
natives brought us grass for the horses
and eggs for ourselves.

I skinned a swallow that I had
shot in the afternoon. Shortly after dark

we ~~went~~ turned in for a night's rest.
I was awake many times and
lay in ~~calm~~ contentment watching
the hills bathed in the clear light
of a half moon. Several parties of
Haitians passed during the night.
My horse was nervous and at
intervals came over to smell of me
just to make sure that I was still
there.

April 9, Saturday

Our camp on the Riviere Jaquessy
is at approximately 2400 feet. The
stream is tributary to the Grand Riviere
Cul de Sac. ~~It~~ We were at the
actual base of the Massif de la
Selle.

The night was cool and moonlit.
I awoke at daybreak and had half
an hour before breakfast to work up my
notes and collect another hemiproschelid.

The morning light came slowly into our
cup valley.

We ate breakfast before an admiring
throng of Haitians, gathered our belongings
and at eight were again on our way.

Yesterday I plodded along ^{at my task} ~~and~~ a
farting horse under necessity of constant
attention to the roads. This morning I
subsidized a small negre to the amount
of thirty cents to relieve me of this
task and give me opportunity to look
for birds. Our trail ~~led~~ in steady
zigzags up over steep slopes, mainly
bare of trees and either cultivated or
in pasture with little thatched houses
constantly in sight and people
coming along to meet us every few
moments.

~~At~~ At an altitude of 5000 feet we had
regained our loss of yesterday and
stopped to rest for a few moments
when we had a broad view across
~~the~~ ^{great} ~~transverse~~ valleys with sharp
edged ridges mainly bare of trees leading
~~all sides~~ down into the stream beds
at their bottoms. Here I shot a Spondalis
and an Elania.

Up to 6000 feet the trail was steep

but not particularly difficult. We came suddenly however to a rocky rise up which the horses managed to get for the first step but no further. My horse was the first to lose his footing and went down backward for twenty feet over the rock careening into Elman's breast and in some miraculous way keeping his feet. Next the mule fell off a steep bank but thanks to a steady pull on the leading rope kept right side up and then Elman's horse went down.

We took off the packs and after some discussion made up bundles of 30 to 50 pounds. Fully twenty people had gathered in the meanwhile and after some palaver we arranged for porters to the top.

The poor animals had to scramble up tremendously steep pitches as best they might stumbling and jumping helped by our shouts and

assisted by the leading ropes. There was nearly fifteen hundred feet of the worst trail that I have ever put a horse over and at times it seemed that we would surely lose one of the animals. The trail was merely a succession of rises over rocky projecting ledges with rough broken stones without soil offering the only footing.

Finally however we came out at the top of the ridge in more Cavaillon and were on the rim of the tremendous cliff that had overhung us during the day. After a rest we made up packs again and wound down over a rocky trail into a great stretch of wonderful pine forests where crows came croaking to greet us. After various wanderings over trails unknown to us and that need

little description except to note that animals and men were tired, we came at five to water at an altitude of about 6500 on the south base of ~~Mont~~ Cavaillon at the source of the Riviere Chotard draining into the Caribbean. There was running water here for a short distance and then the stream became dry.

We selected a camp site at one side of the main trail ~~unusable~~ our tired animals and made a bargain with a boy who had guided us for ^{the last} half a mile when we had become confused in a maze of interlacing trails to care for our ~~animals~~ for a gouide (20 cents) a day apiece.

The lower forest had been recently burned but we found fortunately the hollow a short distance from the main trail that had not been touched. Here a lean to frame was soon erected covered with a water proof chut from

from my kit, a camp fire started and things put in shape for the night. We had taken a small bite to eat on first stopping and prepared a heavier meal after dark.

The night air was chill and I found a vest and a flannel shirt none too much to keep me warm.

April 10, Sunday.

Sleep last night was unbroken save for a stray dog that came into camp and that was frightened away when I threw a machete at it. I kept watch for it for a time however mindful of what had happened yesterday morning on the Riviere Jaquese when we awoke to find that a dog had sucked twenty eggs that we had bought to take up the mountain with us and that we had left in a supposedly secure place beneath a rock. We were out at daybreak and I

Walked up 250 yards to the running water. I found a wash in the cold water, highly refreshing.

After breakfast we climbed up again to the next ^{Cubaio} ~~Cavanah~~ rising a thousand feet through an open forest of Pines (*Pinus occidentalis*). *Elanias* chattered and twittered, amid the trills of Pine warblers. Crows cawed in the distance and bands of parrots and parakeets shrieked. Suddenly an insect note caught my ear and I saw a stocky little bird resting on a pine limb 60 yards from the ground. In a minute more I had my first Crossbill in my hand. Birds were fairly common and I collected a number.

Habitations here are scattered with ~~flank~~ new clearings for fields on the lower slopes only. There are no permanent habitations on the actual summit.

We are camped near the crossing of two main trails - one from Port au Prince to Jacmel and Sal Tron, and the other to Nouvelle-Foraine. Traffic through here is astonishingly great. Haitians in groups of two to a dozen pass constantly, mainly on foot but occasionally with horses. We secure food without the slightest difficulty as it is merely necessary to inform passersby and in a short time word goes out and eggs, chickens and vegetables are brought in. We pay 25 centimes for "une pil" or three eggs, 2½ goudes for a chicken and so on. The natives are friendly but considerably in awe of us particularly of the gun.

I hunted for a time in some thickets above the pine forests but found little. The more open slope at the summit of the ^{Cubaio} ~~Morne Cavanah~~

had great growths of yucca some
in flower. A few of the leaves were
battered properly to hold water from
last night's rain so that I
obtained a refreshing drink.

By turning over stones I collected
several skulls. Two large ones were
male and female and were found
under the same rocks. To lighten
my load I had been forced to
leave the alcoholic tank in Port-au-
Prince, but for fifty cents I bought
a quart of tafia clarine, redistilled
rum from a "marchant" in
a passing group and so was able
to care for these specimens.

I also secured an earthenware
that was of large size and a dull
metallic green in color.

At one I returned to camp and
had lunch. Ekman and Arndt.

went off to a nearby ravine where
I remained to care for my birds.

It was very pleasant to sit
under our little shelter with the
pleasant odor of pine coming to
my nostrils with an occasional
crow or parrot calling. The ground
in places is covered with white
clover now in blossom and there
are other familiar plants.

The water near our camp is
the main source for the entire section
and strings of people go to it
constantly bearing gourds, ^{cans} ~~jars~~ and
bottles on their heads.

The evening was cold and sharp
and more rain fell in the night.

April 11 Monday.

We were awake this morning at
the first sign of day and by seven were
on our way to Morne la Visite which
rises to about 7200 feet west of Morne
Cavaillon. The trail wound at a gentle
angle through open pine that had
been frequently burned. We passed
a deep sink of which I have seen

several and looking down I saw
a barn owl resting at ease on
the summit of a round column of
stone ^{twenty-five} ~~four~~ feet below the surface
of the ground. The "Injin" as the
boy with me called it was about
^{four to five} ~~four~~ feet long and was divided into
two parts by an arch. The sides
were all steep and I could not find
a way to get down for which I
regretted as I should have liked very
much to have had some pellets.

On the slopes below the summit
of Morne la Visite I found an
area of dense thicket of low scrub
and trees intermingled with
strands of ~~low~~ climbing bamboos
that turned it into an impenetrable
thicket.

As we entered this I heard the
song a thrush like that of *Mimocichla*
a variety of the lowlands but still

different and in a moment I
had a glimpse of the bird in a tree
too near to shoot. Entering the
thicket I crawled about painfully
for over an hour and finally
had one of the birds come out
within a few feet of me.
This time a defective ^{cap} cartridge failed
to explode the cartridge so I lost
my bird. I had slight glimpses
of two others on the trail but
they disappeared in the scrub without
offering a shot. The bird is undoubtedly
a new species. It is dark gray above,
white on throat and abdomen and
dusky brown on breast and sides, with
yellow bill. It is the size of
Mimocichla.

Morne la Visite marks the
summit of the great precipice
that here forms the north side of
the Massif de la Selle as high as

seen by the traveller who reaches
Turey. The drop is sheer in places
for several hundred feet and goes
stupidly down for fifteen hundred to
two thousand feet. The day was
clear and the view magnificent. The
trail wound through the thickets
climbing steadily up only a few
feet from the edge of the precipice
so that I had frequent glimpses
out into the open valley. The
actual summit was bare except
for a low pine or two. I had been
fortunate to shoot my first cloud
swift.

A second hunt for the Thrush
through the thickets brought me
to the open pine lands below and to
camp at once. A rain storm came
as we ate our lunch and the air was
very cold.

After lunch I prepared my

birds and then worked on
my notes.

The rain darkened the trunks
of the trees so that the long
mosses ^{permeated by the water} with which they were covered
stood out in bright green contrast.
The afternoon sun was pleasant.

April 12, Tuesday.

The night was cold and day
dawned clear. Damp makes the cold
more penetrating but I believe that the
thermometer at dawn must stand between
50° and 55° Fahr. I walked up to the
waterhole for a refreshing wash in cold
water and soon after the sun rose.
Mr. Arndt and I walked down through
the pine woods until we came to the
low rain forest in a deep ravine along
the Rivière Chotard, the stream that
passes camp. The growth was not
tall as the highest trees were only
fifty or sixty feet tall and much of

it was mostly low scrub. The ferns and similar vegetation was abundant. And there was much climbing bamboo. The growth was extremely heavy and was very damp. It was supported apparently by the clouds that below continually up the canyon in ragged wisps that wound and disappeared so that for a time obscured the entire view.

A steep trail led down through this jungle which we followed to about 5500 feet. Most of my birds were taken at 6000 feet, where they were common but few were seen below.

I noted Microgeia, Zootheres angustirostris, Loxia and Phoenicophilus palmarum as characteristic species.

On our return we found an old garden or jardin that had been allowed to go bad where there was an open space of sod dotted with

guava and other weeds and with abundant birds.

Dense growth followed the dry streambed of the Chotard with pine grown hills on either side. The soil was extremely rocky.

The afternoon was given over to the preparation of specimens and notes.

The negroes look upon us as potential purchasers for everything. As this morning Ekman was offered a horse and this afternoon a girl came by with more rum.

I wrote my notes in the late afternoon in a little hollow protected from the wind with parrots screaming as they passed in flocks and thrushes singing in the distance.

April 13, Wednesday.

Clear, fair and cool this morning. St. Dr. Arnet returned today to Port au Prince, leaving his mule behind and going via

Mome ha Visite.

Shortly after sunrise I went up to Mome ha Visite and walked carefully and cautiously up the path watching for the black robin. I heard the calls of one or two in the distance but none were near at hand. In fact at this early hour few birds were stirring. The vegetation was dripping and everything was damp. I reached the ~~open~~ summit without a glimpse of the bird I desired and sat for a few moments at the edge of the cliff to admire the wonderful spread before me. Banks of cloud were rolling against the southern face of La Selle at its western end. But elsewhere the view was clear. A white spot far down to the southwest ~~that~~ caught my eye and I supposed it was a birdling until through the binoculars I

saw that it the sail of a boat on the Caribbean whose waters were entirely obscured by the morning haze.

A party of two Cafuzos passed over the trail bound on some one of their usual errands and I waited for a few minutes until their ~~valley~~ chatter had quieted in the distance. From ~~the~~ seat at the brink of a tremendous declivity so steep that it was almost a cliff I had a wonderful view of mountain primorae. From Mome ha Visite which is 7200 feet above sea level the Massif de la Selle curves in a slow semicircle with the ^{to the east} concavity to the north. Behind the line straightened to Mome Cabais. A tremendous valley lay below with La Selle rising stupor from it. Above 5500 feet the steeper slopes were covered with forest. Below everything was cut away into bare cultivated slopes

with only scattered trees. A mountain ridge to the north marked Furey and Kniskopf, with Morn Branchant. Fort Jacques on this mountain I saw in coming into this region. ~~Below came the clear heights of~~
The Morn la Visite has a band of dense thicket covering about 400 feet below its top with the summit wholly bare except for clump grass, a few low pines and a shrub or two.

Returning round the path I worked along cautiously watching all spring. From far below me came the calls and chatter of negroes working in the fields mingled with the beating of work drums and the chants of laborers. The song of a solitary came clearly from a tract of forest

and whistling cautiously. Suddenly my eye caught movement in what seemed to be a black shadow and an instant later this resolved into

the form of the Thrush that I sought. In a few more seconds I had the bird in my hand and found it even more beautiful than I had supposed.

The alarm note of this species is a rapidly uttered whinra whinra whinra. The song suggests that of munocula but is clearer, slower and higher pitched. I worked again through the trail catching one or two glimpses of the bird I sought but without getting a shot.

Returning to the summit I found where something had been digging little holes like those made by a skunk around the bunch grass. It resembled the work of a mammal but I could see no tracks.

I delayed here until a bank of clouds came in and rain started. A little band of migrant warblers mainly

black-throated blue, but with a ~~yellow~~ palm warbler or two, some Pine Warblers and a Black and white came up to the ridge and I delayed a few minutes to watch them and then sought shelter under heavy ~~scrub~~ below. After half an hour it seemed clearer and went on down the trail getting very wet from the showering.

Suddenly one of the black-throats flew up near at hand and an instant later another hopped up onto a fallen log in the dense growth where it appeared like some black knot. I was successful in shooting it. These birds are extremely shy and keep to the thickest growths. The association here on *Mom ha kait* is what Mr. Kuman calls the *Arthrostylidium* thicket from the climbing bamboo that binds it together. The birds come out into little open spaces where they run about like robins but at the slightest

alarm disappear into the densest cover where it is very difficult to obtain a second glimpse of them. Their movements in the heavy shadows that they affect are slow and after running a few feet they pause motionless where they merge entirely into their background. A second alarm note to that already mentioned is whew whew whew whew.

I returned to camp at noon to find that the morning rain had started a flow of water in the Riviere Chetard. On our arrival here we had found just running water about ~~three~~ hundred yards above with pools below filthy with soap where women had been washing. The running stream soon carried this away and I had the pleasure of a wash and some clean clothes.

Rain began as I finished preparation of specimens at dark and continued so that it was late before we were able to prepare supper. Very cool.

April 14, Thursday.

The morning sun came through
holes among the pines, steaming
with moisture from the precipitation
of yesterday as we walked along the
main trail east for nearly a
mile and then descended into the
series of cultivated fields known as
the Jardins Bois Pin where the
majority of the Haitians of this part of
La Selle live. This lies on a
slope to the south and is below
the level of the summit plateau.
There is extensive deciduous forest
here with great growth
through it of the climbing bamboo
so that it is difficult to penetrate
except along the numerous footpaths.
Large areas have been cleared by
felling the trees leaving stumps three
or four feet high. The tree trunks and
undergrowth are felled and burned
and malanga (taro) and cabbage
planted immediately. There is no banana

up here but sweet potatoes and
corn are common crops. Older
fields have most of the stumps
removed. Many are abandoned
for some reason and have dense
growths of dock bearing ripened
seeds. Some of the older clearings
that had not been ~~so~~ cultivated
recently had developed fine patches
of soil among the clumps of bushes.
White clover in blossom was
abundant in these.

Small birds swarmed here and
I spent a most interesting morning
shooting little but making many
observations. - We soon had a
queue of Haitians that at times
numbered ten or a dozen all curious
to see what we were about. We had
been told that there was a large cove
in this region and had employed a
guide to take us to it. After inspecting

several sink holes it appeared
however that creole word 'boot-la'
did not signify a true cavern but
something else. And we gave it
up.

On returning to camp the
water was running in the stream
more strongly than low and fully
60 women and children had
gathered to wash and secure
water. Apparently at this time the
Riviere Chetard is one of the main
water supplies of the region as strings
of women and children come constantly
with containers for water. These vary
from ^{a few} five gallon oil tins to many
calabashes & carried in baskets,
all born on the head.

We had nearly reached camp
and then came a crumpling
rain. Two women with small
children came and begged shelter
and we admitted them until finally
my 9x12 Penn mark shut had

under it eight or nine Haitians
in addition to Kman and ~~the~~ the
adult negro men wear trousers
and shirt. The women a loose
blouse and a skirt with often
a long dress over it. Many times
this dress is carried with their
other burdens to keep it clean and is
only donned when they come into our
camp.

The children are naked in many
cases, others have a cloth that extends
down the back, others wear a shirt.
This custom holds until they are eight
or nine years old. ~~So~~ the party that
we sheltered were several only four or
five years old. They shivered with cold
and huddled closely for warmth. This
is certainly a difficult place for them.

As we finished lunch a second
storm came on and we again
sheltered a party one of whom intimidated
by stealing our stock of tea.
At dark a third storm came that

persisted until noon. It was accompanied by lightning and as it came from the east beat in on us badly. I crouched behind my rain coat and slept as best I could. The fire struggled along and finally went out but finally persisted. When the storm passed I fired two Squamata pigeons in butter and served with washed bread we made a meal.

April 15, good Friday

Very cool last night and clear and pleasant water noon when the sky clouded over again. As I finished breakfast I was pleased at the sight of a flock of Chimney Swifts chattering overhead.

I went down again through the Jenkins Bois Pin to make a second careful search for Brachyspiza but without finding it. The vast crowd of migrants of yesterday seemed to have passed on though I still saw many

Dendroica caerulescens and in one place a number of Palm warblers.

After a shot or two I gathered my usual retinue in addition to the boy who I had taken along to carry my bag for me. This crowd was better trained than usual, however in that they kept behind and so did not interfere with shooting.

The extensive pine forests of these uplands are a never-ending pleasure to me. The trees grow from six to two feet or occasionally thirty inches in diameter and have reasonably straight clear trunks. They rise 60 to 100 in the air and grow in open formation. The needles are long, fine in a fascicle and when not burned carpet the ground. The forests remind me in many ways of the pine forests of the southeastern States. Regular burning is very destructive. Large areas beneath the pines are covered with bracken fern.

At ten I returned to camp and Mr. Ekman and I [with two young Haitians went up to investigate the sink hole above camp that the natives call "Trujin". This is near the base of Mont La Visite at about 6500 feet altitude.

The sink has abrupt walls fifty feet high and is 50 feet wide by 150 feet long. Its center is spanned by an arch so that above it is divided into two parts. There are extensive stalactitic formations along the side walls. Great tree ferns grow in the bottom and there were several species of ferns in the walls.

We cut a small pine growing nearby with numerous branches, trimmed off the branches a foot from the trunk and lowered the trunk into the hole. These branches made a ladder that made descent easy. I was the first one to go down with Dr. Ekman second. To

my surprise the Haitian boys followed us. The floor of the sink was of rough limestone boulders concealed beneath decaying ferns and was difficult to move carefully because of the possibility of a hidden cavity. It all proved however to be solid.

Below the stalagmites where I had seen the owl resting I found a considerable deposit of bones from pellets and farther down discovered a nest containing two young in a little cavity leading out from the floor.

Adjacent were many more bones. I collected a considerable number but found only rats and an occasional bat's skull among mammals. There were a small number of birds including remains of crossbills and the cloud swift.

After making this collection I had started out when my attention was drawn to a hollow thirty inches in

by a foot wide behind some
hanging stalactites six feet from the
floor in such a position that it
was completely sheltered. Climbing up
to this, a weathered skull caught
my eye and on picking it up
I discovered that it was that of
one of the extinct rodents for
which I had been searching. Careful
digging revealed many other bones
among them several skulls of
mesophontes. I picked out some of
the better material and scooped
out practically all of the earth into
two sacks and brought it along.
This material was all at the
surface as the soil was nowhere
more than three inches deep and in
most places was less. Mesophontes
lay exposed at the surface. The
material however was all extremely
old and was very fragile. It
was without question an ancient
one, yet it came through all kinds

nothing to indicate whether it
had belonged to Ixyl ostologa or
I. glaucops. The soil was all
loose and the bones were not
fractured. The bones were in such
condition that I am satisfied that
they are not modern in the sense that
they ~~must~~ have lain in their
present situation for more than 100
years. The sink itself is wet
so that digging in the bottom showed
nothing. The mere chance of the
elevated site preserved the bones
that I collected.]

Rain came again in afternoon
and evening but I prepared specimens
and packed for departure tomorrow.

These notes written by the
uncertain light of a candle.

April 16, Saturday.

A clear morning with steam rising
from the damp ground as the early morning

rays of the sun came streaming through the trunks of the pines. Air cool and pleasant.

We began preparations early to break camp. Our horses came early and also the boy who had been engaged to show us the trail to Nouvelle-Fouraine. I had to spend a short time in repairing one of the *Sac Pies* which had been torn in passing through brush on our arrival. A little group of *Haitians* gathered about our fire watching our preparations.

These hill people seem stronger, more alert and more independent than the people of the lowlands and less indolent. Their cabbles or huts are of the same type as those below but none are whitewashed. Further all are located away from the trails usually at some distance so that in traversing the main travelled routes one sees no sign of human habitation a relic of war times when the people had to avoid

being conscripted for the army and when visible wealth was also frequently taken. About the houses everywhere I see ears of corn still in the husk tied in neat bundles and hung from branches of trees frequently 40 or 50 feet from the ground with a band of tin around the tree trunk somewhere below to prevent rats from climbing to the grain.

At our camp recently some of the people who had taken refuge there from rain put ears of hard corn on the coals for a few moments and then proceeded to pick off the kernels one or two at a time grind them up in their teeth and swallow them, eating exactly as might a horse.

So far as general conditions have gone our camp here has been excellent. There are no mosquitoes, no flesh flies to bother when I am preparing specimens and no gnats. In fact the place is free from insect pests of all kinds.

At nine ~~we~~ were packed, had the animals loaded and were on our way. The road lead along through the open pine land for some distance.

Calls of trogons, songs of the Pine Warbler and the excited notes of courting cloud swifts came to my ear. The trail was wet but not too slippery.

We passed the base of Monte Visita and then entered wet

Arthrostylidium thicket and after a short distance went over the crest of a steep slope and

worked slowly down over a steep pitch to better ground below. There were many bad places where there were ~~continued~~ open rocks exposed without soil but the trail was passable and we made it without too great difficulty. Once below we traversed the face of steep incline where in places the earth was quaking and there was danger of a landslide.

Tracy was in sight opposite on the crest of a ridge and we ~~ourselves~~ were crossing through an area of cultivation denuded as usual of all ~~exterior~~ cover except for scattered trees and occasional lines of low shrubs along water courses.

At noon we descended finally through a maze of trails to a stream bed, then and there stopped for lunch. Rain came as we finished cooking eggs and we covered the baggage with the Cammack shirt, propped up one edge and sat under it ourselves. This shirt by the way, was used as cover for our beans in the mountain and proved satisfactory in every way as which night it is absolutely waterproof. This noon I sat for nearly an hour in

with my head resting against
the top of which rain beat down
steadily without any moisture
coming through whatever. Ordinary
canvas under similar circumstances
would have soaked through in
five minutes.

I caught a canteen full of
water from the run off and
enjoyed a drink of clear water.

The rain finally ceased and we
crossed the stream and started
up the steep slope opposite. Almost
immediately we came to a
rocky pitch that was too much
for the loaded horse so that we
had remove the saws, carry them
up by hand and then lead the
horses up. We came up more than
a thousand feet and then wound
about among the usual sharp
edged ridges until at last

we came to Chapelle Four
where we spent the night. Old
Commandante Blanc who was as
black as the usual run of
negroes cleared out a little room
in his ^{in his} ~~in his~~ ^{cave} ~~cave~~
and a heavy mat on the floor
and then a soft mattress and
we were sheltered for the night. The
church from which the place takes
its name was apparently little
used. It was a nondescript
structure forty feet long by 20 wide
built probably originally like any of the
little houses but repaired later as need
arose with sheet iron. The cross on
the ridge had lost its arm so
that it stood erect merely as a single
stick. Beyond the church and other
other buildings made the settlement
which is marked on maps as
Nouvelles Lousians that name however

applying to the entire section of
country. Beyond the buildings stand
in a narrow ridge with steep
slopes on either side. Beyond the
houses was a square tomb
~~with~~ old as usual with an
inscription in French so poor that
I could not read it.

The moon was clear and
full and it was a wonderful
night. I went to bed early
but not to sleep as the place
was alive with fleas. I thought
first there were only a few and
caught and killed a number. The
night air was cool and I tried
then the scheme of uncovering to
drive them out but they cut
crawled under me and so kept
warmin. Finally I made a
reconnaissance with the flashlight
and found 25 ~~where~~ my head had
lain and then gave up.

April 17, Monday.

Did eight we bade Commandante
Blanc and his fleas good by and started
down toward the river below
a descent of 800 or 1000 feet.
On the opposite side an ascent
of 2500 feet began immediately
and it was a quarter past 10
before we were at the top. We
were here on the morne St. Vincent
(called by abbot the morne Wozem)
and found small areas of dense
thicket at 1740 meters and a
little under. We swung across
the ridge known as morne Brouet
or cimetairie Brouet and passed
a short distance east of Furcy.
Slopes here were evidently covered
with forest at one time as on
the side but have been entirely

cut away to furnish areas for
cultivation. A few straggling pines
~~are~~ remain with occasional
trees of other variety. At noon
we skirted the peak of Mont
Douchant and descended into
Kuschoff. Lunch consisted of
half a dozen bananas eaten as
we walked and we continued
on the long descent to Petionville
arriving at 3:40.

A telephone to Dr. Freeman soon
brought up Mr. Arndt in the
camin and we were shortly back
in Port au Prince. After a prolonged
scrub and clean clothing I
felt greatly refreshed.

Mr. Voochies of National Bank of
Haiti called in the evening

April 18, Monday

This forenoon I arranged specimens
and outfit for drying from the hill

damp and then at eleven went
down town for mail, and called on
the American consul. He made an
appointment ~~with~~ ^{for} me with
the representative of the Dominican
Republic on whom I called with
regard to my trip to Santo Domingo.
In the afternoon I was occupied
with notes and other matters.

April 19, Tuesday.

Visited Will Biber's four-masted
schooner at the Bizoton navy yard
where the Haitian navy a cross between
a tug and a ferry boat very old and
rotten lay at anchor.

Biber kindly let me go down in
his diving helmet. A wonderful experience
to sit on the ocean floor with the
surface like opaque glass above and
handsome fishes swimming about a
few feet away like so many birds.

Burb has arranged a camp on the deck of his schooner, and is very comfortable.

Lunched with Mr. Dunlop the American consul.

In the afternoon wrote a short radio talk on the birds of Haiti to be given through the Service Technique after translation into French.

Arranged an outfit for a trip to Hinche tomorrow.

Dr. Vinson and Dr. & Mrs. Barker in for dinner in the evening.

lunched with Mr. Dunlop American
Consul.

Later in afternoon prepared a short
radio talk on the birds of Haiti to
be given through the Service Technique
and arranged an outfit to be
taken to Hinche.

Dr. Vinson and Dr. and Mrs.
Barbour in for evening.

April 20, Wednesday.

Mr. Barbour took me to
Col. Foyers of the Marine Corps
this morning and I obtained
permission to go to Cape Hatien
next week and return by plane.

At ten left with Dr. Freeman
for Hinche.

We went out across the Cul
de Sac Plain and over Morne
Cabrite. The northern edge of the
plain becomes increasingly arid, each

become abundant and the
whole section is similar to
that of the plain of Arcabon.
The contrast between the
two sides is pronounced.

We stopped at the base of
Morne Cabrite and again at the
top and saw a few birds. The
hills are rough limestone with
little soil. It offers a fine
view of the Cul de Sac plain
and the mountains beyond
including the whole high
range of La Selle.

Beyond Morne Cabrite the road
dips into a hollow and then
ascends Morne Rouge. From here
it goes steadily down to pass
into a canyon leading through
to Las Cahobes. Morne Cabrite is covered
with a dense natural xerophytic

forest that has been little disturbed.
There are many native palms
among the trees.

Morne Rouge and the entire country
beyond is now under cultivation and
is largely denuded. Bananas, cane,
taro, corn and similar crops in
small fields predominate.

Beyond the country was brief
until we approached Las Cahobes.
We stopped in the canyon before
entering Las Cahobes and on a
steep slope among trees found birds
common. I shot an ovenbird.

Las Cahobes appeared more prosperous
and in better state than many of
the towns of the lowlands. Most of
the houses were made of boards
cut from palm tree trunks. It
looked like an excellent site for
field work.

Beyond we crossed the Artibonite
river and stopped for lunch. Afterward

I walked out along a narrow
winding Haitian road, a narrow path
for pack animals, bordered by fences
and hedges of Bromelia. Royal palms
were abundant and there were
extensive cane fields. I collected several
Dulus.

We came finally to a native
sugar factory where cane juice was
expressed between crude rollers of
mahogany turned by ox power. The
juice was boiled in a shed
adjacent and made into native
sugar.

Beyond Las Cahobes we came
into the edge of the great central
plain of Haiti. The land was
broken by deep cut ravines grown
with scrub and with undulating
surface. The uplands became broader
and more open until there were

extensive areas grown with grass. Deep cut ravines continued all through. In one or two ridges I noted scattered pine.

Before reaching Kinohi we turned to the right across the Riviere Guayamoune and came to the experiment station of the Service Technique under M. J. E. Boog-Scott, the house placed on a hill overlooking the river valley with the town beyond.

Towards evening I went out through the Ravine Papaya and collected a Black and White Warbler and a grasshopper sparrow. The evening light on plains and mountains was beautiful.

The country is very dry now as the rains are just beginning. Its general appearance is that of West Texas or New Mexico.

April 21, Thursday.

Dr. Freeman left this morning at 11 min.

I spent an hour or two in the morning observing birds about the house, and shortly after nine went with Mr. Boog-Scott to St. Michel by auto truck. This journey carried me clear across the great central plain of Haiti. Our route lay through Maissade, crossing several small streams and then out on to a more level area to the Savane Dorian and finally to the Savane grande. The western side of the plain is very level, the two savannes mentioned being without undulation for long distances and with very few patches of trees. ~~There~~ There is one area of over eight miles through which

We crossed no stream. Toward
Maissade and from there east
to Hinche the Savannas are small
and are dissected by numerous
ravines grown with heavy scrub
providing cover for birds.

The present period is the end of
the dry season. During the rains
an imported grass known as the
Madame Michel grass grows to
a height of two to six feet and
the country is a beautiful green.
In the dry season this is burned
off to make room for the next
year's green feed. The effect of this
constant burning is easily seen in
the fauna. Toward Maissade and
Hinche birds were particularly common
as the ravines and gulches
afford safe retreat from the fires. To
the west however the country was
barren of life and for miles we

saw scarcely a bird. Fire here
destroys everything and there is no
retreat from its destructive forces.
The soil to the westward appeared
black and fertile. To the east it
was more rocky and sandy.

Maissade was a small town
of the usual type with an
open square without shade. Market was
on today and we walked through
looking it over. The market here
was fenced in with a gendarme at
the gate. Met Lieut. C. D. Wade
in charge of the Gendarme station.

L'Atalaye is a plantation about
four miles from St. Michel located
at the edge of the plain with limestone
hills just beyond. We continued to
St. Michel where there was another
market in progress. We bought three
candles here made of wicking of local

in basins for five centuries each.
The plaza here was enclosed
enclosed by a wire fence and had
evidently just been planted.

We called on the Magistari
smoked a cigarette and had a
glass of beer and then [returned
taking a side road to the
caves near St. Michel. So there
we followed the map given me
by Mr. J. S. Miller which was very
accurate. We climbed up a
slope on a limestone ridge through
hot dry scrub past a small
cave and then to a larger one.

The rough opening lay in a
slight depression but with harsh
stone.

On entering the air was
cool and pleasant. Stalagmitic
columns divided the cavern, known
as the Grotte San Francisco into two
parts. One projecting point had

a crude resemblance to a seated
human form on a pedestal and
was a Woodoo shrine. On the rock
beside it were two small calabashes
one two and one half and the other
three inches in diameter filled with
clear water and scattered near
were seeds and other small articles.

The soil in the cave was
reddish ochre in color and
very loose. On digging it rose in
a powder. At the far end was
a chimney admitting light with
fig tree roots descending through it.
At one side was a ledge on
which owls had nested giving
us their prey in the form of bones.
Miller's excavation lay below this.
The original digging of the geological
Survey explorers was near the
center. I examined the place
with the greatest of interest as,

the type locality of my *Tyto*
ostologa and in imagination saw
this great bird resting on the ledge
or flying on soft wings up through
the chimney to range the nearby
hillsides and savannas in search
of its prey.]

Did a small amount of
digging but attempted nothing
extensive.

Rain was threatening but fortunately
did not materialize as when it
rains the road across the plains
is not passable for autos. The
soil on the level savannas is
black and fine which in the hilly
sections it is very stony.

We returned through Maricao
where we picked up a priest
and then came on to Hinch.

The evening air at Hinch at
an elevation of 1000 feet is cool
and invigorating. Those long in the

tropics feel it as too cold for
comfort. At this season it strikes
me as an excellent place for
a sanatorium for tuberculosis though
whether this holds in the dry
season or not remains to be seen.

April 22, Friday

Was out this morning at six
and worked until seven on notes.
At 7:30 Pierre Sylvan and I were
taken to the head of a small ravine
leading into the main Ravine Puje
and following its winding and
turnings until it entered the main
ravine and then continued down it
for a short distance. We returned at
twelve.

This ravine was cut through a
yellowish soil containing many layers
of water worn stones and in places
was cut to the bed rock. It
had many turnings and was

grown with logwood and
other low trees. Cattle had
opened trails along its course
so that it was not particularly
difficult to follow it. Water was
not running in it but there
were numerous water holes along
its course containing clear
cool water. I saw many small
fish in these.

Birds were common and
I returned with a considerably
assortment. There were many
pigeons along the course of this
stream, and I shot Columba
inornata, C. squamosa, Zenaidura and
Oreopelia chrysa and saw Zenaidura,
Chaemophila and Melospiza. Their variety
is almost astonishing.

The song of the mockingbird
was constantly in my ears reminding
me of our southwest.
At noon the sky became

overcast and the distant hills
very ~~hazy~~ hazy. Rain is threatening
but did not materialize.

I worked on specimens until after
dark.

Sylvan has improved in his
technic and makes a fair skin
now.

April 23, ~~Friday~~ ^{Saturday}.

This morning I worked along
the lower course of Ravine Papage
following it nearly to the Riviere
Guaymouic. The dry stream bed
here is broader and there are many
high clay banks. The bed of the stream
is stony and scattered along I find
shells washed from some marine
deposit along its course. (Shells are
of the Venus type).

In some places there are growths of
deciduous trees sixty or seventy feet
high. There is considerable wild
country within the fifteen hundred
acres belonging to the experiment station

but below are the usual small fields and dense settlement customary in Haiti. People here are however retiring and suspicious of foreigners so that as one comes when I shoot, a welcome relief as the collection of a dozen to twenty boys that I have had at other places quickly becomes a nuisance.

I returned to the house through dense scrubs along some small ravines and then over elevated ~~rocky~~ stony knolls bare of trees.

The sun was extremely hot. In the afternoon it clouded and heavy rain fell to the south. Here however we had only a shower.

It cleared in that afternoon and the evening air was cool and pleasant. I walked out to watch for night hawks and spent a pleasant hour watching the sunset light on distant mountains and the shifting shadows over the plain.

A small bat seen coming. Insects and lizards not particularly numerous. In probably constant burning.

April 24, Sunday.

We rode over horseback this morning into the first line of foothills to the northwest to a falls called locally Bassin zinn and that shows on my map as Bassin Zine. As this is my first experience aboard a horse in some years I asked for and was given a gentle fellow who after a certain amount of surprise made no objection to my shotgun sticking out on either side.

[We rode across the level savane where shoots of grain are beginning to show and entered a series of drawins where we passed at times along narrow crooked final ravines

between fields. After two or more miles we came to the Samana river a stream of moderate size that at this point comes down over a great smooth rock surface at a steep pitch for a distance of 150 feet to empty into a pool 50 yards across.

We climbed up on one side into a large chambered cave that harbored numerous bats and a colony of cliff swallows. One narrow, nearly perpendicular cleft led down to water below and was filled with bats. Water flowed through the cave and it was wet throughout so that we found no bones. The entrance was large and was artistically decorated with growing ferns.

Above was a narrow gorge for the river with a small natural bridge of rock. The water had a peculiar greenish white color due to

lime content apparently and below 8 feet was opaque to vision. I saw two kinds of fish and was told that they grew to fair size. Natives have a superstition I am told that he who enters the Bassin never leaves as he is pulled under by a spirit. However we enjoyed a swim and came out greatly refreshed by it.

After a lunch we rode back to the house where I prepared my specimens and at dusk walked out to secure two more nighthawks.

April 25, Monday.

We were out this morning in the cool pleasant air at Lanzer and at eleven I was again at Trumenis after a ride of 70 miles. It was clear, cool and pleasant

We picked up a priest in Hinche who came in to Port au Prince and called on his brothers in Thomonde and Las Cahobes the latter offering us wine.

I had another view of the majestic bulk of La Selle from Morne Calicot and in a short time we were in Damien. I met Mr. Jerry and Mr. Johnston here who have a place near Monte Christi, Santo Domingo and wish me to visit them.

At four in the afternoon with Dr. Freeman I called on President Borno and presented a letter from Mr. Humbal Price, Haitian Minister to Washington. Mr. Borno is a pleasant, cultured gentleman of slender graceful build, with mustache square chin and aquiline features. His talk covered natural history, agriculture and money expended in the United States on scientific investigations.

Following this I called on the ~~Minister~~ for Santo Domingo who promises me a letter to the Dominican authorities at the frontier.

In the evening the Biological Club of the Service Technique met at Dr.

Freeman's. A circular from Stiles regarding Poch's proposal concerning changes in the rules for Zoological nomenclature was read and I was asked to explain it. A committee was appointed to draft a resolution against Poch's proposal was appointed to report at the next meeting. Dr. Garrison a naval doctor remarked that he wished to back Dr. Stiles in any matter.

I spoke for an hour on the avifauna of Haiti.

endemic
migratory
introduced
Subfossil

birds

April 26, Tuesday

At 7:30 this morning I left Port au Prince by motor launch plane for Cap-Haitien en route for Poste Charbonnet with Mr. Barbours of the Service Techniques. The plane taxied along the ground exactly like an auto and then as it rose ceased all vibration. In fact in spite of the beat of the air against my head it seemed that we were barely moving until I looked at our shadow slipping along far below.

We passed quickly over the Cul de sac plain with a fine view of the sea shore and the shallows and were soon above the mountains.

The first range was rather bare but had some expanse of forest. The Morn Cahos about 6000 feet high had pine forest on its summit and scant settlement. On the hills to the south trails traversed all the ridges,

and much of the country was divided into small fields by fences, with many little houses. Trails led crookedly up steep slopes everywhere. Only in a few hills were extensive tracts of forest. The contrast with Morn Cahos was marked.

We crossed the great central plain just to the east of S'atolye and suddenly I was delighted to perceive the great bulk of Christopher's Citadel on a high hill directly ahead; a massive fortress of stone constructed with tremendous labor. We passed directly along the eastern side where I had a fine view of its magnificence and then swinging around so that I saw the ruins of the palace at Sans Souci below near the little village of Miret.

The instant we passed the citadel the slopes to the north became green with vegetation, with the increased rainfall in great contrast to the arid area to the south. A few minutes later we were landing easily in the field at Cap Haïtien. The trip was highly enjoyable and a pleasant experience.

From the air view it was more than ever impressed with the aridity of Haiti. Except for the north slope beyond the citadel, the section about Mirebalais, Fond des Nègres and the top of La Selle the parts that I have seen are all extremely dry.

The landing field at Cap Haïtien is located just outside the town. I waited here for two hours for the arrival of Captain Pressley and Dr. Barbour and found when they

finally came that they had been delayed by a slight accident in which a tire on the landing gear had burst in making a landing at Hinche.

We drove into the town and I stopped for a few minutes to call on Mr. Elliott, Adventist missionary and brother of a neighbor at home. After buying some food supplies we left by auto for the L'Avance Technique station at Poste Charbert between he Iron and Caracol. Inland lay the usual line of limestone hills which our road lay across a level plain that I had been entirely cleared during the period of the French colonization but that now was covered with scrub except for occasional fields. It was cut by small streams and had occasional low knolls over its surface.

At Poste Charbut there are fields of Sisal and other crops and hundreds of acres of scrub covering the level land. The place was ~~used~~ formerly as a gendarme station and has a tremendous house and quarters for gendarmes.

I walked out toward evening through the scrubs and found birds abundant.

It is dry here but not uncomfortably warm.

April 27, Wednesday.

In the early morning I walked out through the scrubs near the house and then after sun after eating breakfast followed the Riviere he Iron now dry in company with Captain ^{P.A.} Pressley nearly to the coast and then cut across to Caracol to the sea.

The dry river bed has ~~cut~~ a shallow trough in the otherwise

level terrain. The soil was fine and gray in color and was covered with low scrub and occasional fair sized trees. Toward Caracol it was divided in many small fields. In these were a few royal palms.

Caracol is a straggling village of thatched cages spread at random over a little open plain. We walked over to the gendarme station and spoke to the men and then walked on toward the bay. The church was a long rambling structure with as usual the cross arm of the cross decayed away. The cemetery at the other side of the village had the sides of the graves marked by asymmetrical ellipses formed of small conch shells. There were no mounds. Cliff swallows were nesting in the

from the roof inside the church.

Beyond the village was an open plain of baked mud evidently flooded at times of high tide. Then a line of mangroves with an opening paved with stone, under water at high tide that led to a little rocky beach. At one side was the outline of the foundation of an old fort and in the water the wreck of a stone gun. On the shore end lay a huge rusty cannon.

I am told that Columbus landed here on Christmas Day, 1493, that one of his ships was wrecked and that from her timbers he built a fort and left men behind. These were murdered by Indians however on his return on his second voyage.

I collected three copper rails, a yellow warbler and a water thrush here. Chartered by a friendly gentleman. A little negro boy retrieved my rails from the mud and was delighted with three ging cob (five centime) pieces that I gave him.

We rested for a time under a shelter in the pleasant air of the trades, soft and refreshing. A vessel, a small schooner at anchor bore a large square and compass on her stern. We returned at noon to Porto Charbut by road.

Birds are abundant here and of considerable variety. Mockers made the early morning house vocal with song.

I prepared specimens on the veranda in the afternoon. Mr. de Coppel of New York and Mr. Pettigrew interested in a sisal plantation nearby were callers.

In the evening Barber and I with his foreman David Desval walked down to a plantation of young sisal plants, a new and interesting crop here. There was a small amount of water in the river here and large numbers of doves mainly *Zenaidura* and *Myadestes* had come in to water. There was a constant flutter of wings as they flew out ahead of us.

Cloudy with a few drops of rain in the night.

April 28, Thursday.

We left Poste Charbon this morning at six thirty in cool fresh morning air. On the way in we stopped at Mr. Tanguet's plantation outside Cape Haitien where extensive plantings of Pine apple have been made.

I examined some fine old french ruins here and was shown the nest of the large hummer on a banana plant.

After certain preliminaries at the flying field I was embarked in Captain ^{U.S.M.C.} Chessley's plane and at 9:45 we started back for Port au Prince. Through association with the captain and familiarity with the process of hab. not with the slightest nervousness. We taxied down to the lower end of the field, turned and with a rush of air were away, rose easily and at five hundred feet swung to the southwest toward Gonaves. I had out my route map on which the Captain had indicated our journey so that I was able to follow it exactly. We went directly to Gonaves with the Citadel far to our left.

The north plain was green with verdure to the crest of the southern boundary hills. Beyond the Plaisance valley showed as a green oasis in an area otherwise barren.

At Gonaives was a great area of plain divided into innumerable somewhat irregular fields with people at the cages staring at us as we were flying low. This gave way to a tremendous alkali plain stretching to the south bordered toward the sea with growths of mangroves in which were ^{large} ~~tremendous~~ lagoons. We followed this saline lagoon area clear down to the mouth of the Artibonite river.

We flew low and had excellent view of the ~~innumerable~~ ^{multitude} of waterbirds. Pelicans flew about, there were a good many great Blue Herons and literally hundreds of Little Blue and Louisiana herons. Some of these held their ground but the majority flew in wild disorder as we passed at an altitude of 150 to 300 feet. Certain flocks had flocks of Black-necked

stilts, with willets, yellowlegs and flocks of Ploverias that I did not identify certainly. Finally we turned in toward the fertile land and as we crossed in front a flock of a dozen flamingos flew below us followed by three roseate spoonbills. It was a most novel sensation to see all these in silhouette from above looking down on their broadly spread wings.

We passed them down the high St. Marc ridge where there were numerous ruins of old French habitations and the usual sprinkling of white tombs. At the edge of the Cal de Sac plain we descended from 5000 feet to near the earth and crashed to the

coast where we followed down
low over the mangroves and
lagoons and seeing again many
herons, shorebirds and one flock of
Bahama duck.

We landed at 11:15 at the
flying field at Port au Prince. As we
had flown near the earth all
the way this trip was somewhat
rougher than my other and I
was somewhat nauseated, but
this did not detract in the
least from my enjoyment of a
novel experience.

The St. Marc ridge had many
rock exposures and occasional tracts
of deciduous forest. Scattered over it
were a few pines.

Mr. Perry kindly took me to
Dr. Freeman's house where I changed
up for lunch. In the afternoon I
visited the consulate for mail and

made tentative arrangements to
go to Santo Domingo. Also finished
corrected a copy of my bird list
for the island which Dr. Freeman
has had made.

We drove out at dusk with
Dr. and Mrs. Forbes as far as
Gressier at the edge of the heogane
plain. A campfire was burning
here and we stopped to watch
it for a time.

^{Mrs.} Dr. Forbes who have just arrived
and Dr. Vinson were in for dinner.

April 29, Friday.

This forenoon I spent in various
errands all accomplished thanks to
the use of Mr. Freeman's car.

Called on Mr. Gross Charge d'Affaires
acting High Commissioner. Also on
Gen. Surrill to thank him for his
courtesies, and Col. Fryer Chief of Staff
Marine Corps who gave permission for

my airplane trip. At Damien I saw Dr. J. N. Wolcott.

This afternoon I wrote a few necessary letters and repacked my outfit.

Extremely hot for the past two days.

In the evening, was out for dinner with Dr. Colvins in company with the Greenmans and Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs.

April 30, Saturday

At five thirty this morning a Cadillac car hired for the trip to Santo Domingo City arrived and at six I was embarked on my way my baggage stowed in the rear while I rook in front with the chauffeur.

The morning air was cool and pleasant and we were soon across the Cul de Sac plain and ascending Morn Cabrit.

The trip to a point beyond Cahobes was over ground that I had covered in going to Hinch. Beyond here my road branched off to Belladere crossing level or rolling ground cut by deep ravines. Ground with scrub and low trees. There were extensive areas of open prairie. Mountains lay in the distance and toward Bellelun we entered hilly country.

In Bellelun I stopped in to see Lieut. Fitzgerald Brown who has been here since the occupation and after a few minutes talk continued after a paper had been signed in the Customs house.

A short distance beyond we came to Comendador a straggling little village inside the Dominican

frontier. The dividing line by the
way was marked by a gate across
the road in Belladere.

Don Comendador I presented a
letter from the Dominican minister
Sr. A. Howard in Port au Prince
in the Customs House where I
was passed without formality of
examination of baggage and also
to the Chief of Immigration when
the formalities were simple. I
was conducted then to the
Teniente de la guardia a tall
slender chap with nails on his
little fingers half an inch long and
highly polished who treated me
with great courtesy but informed
me that a permit from his
Captain in charge of the district of
Izua was necessary before

he could pass my two guns
and my ammunition. He telegraphed
promptly for this but reply was
delayed. It developed at half past
five in the afternoon that there
was a break in the line so that
no reply could come.

In the meanwhile I had
spent six hours and a half sitting
around in the little guard house
talking to the lieutenant and his
men and the Alcalde and the
juez. They were very sympathetic but
could do nothing for me. Finally
the lieutenant gave me a
receipt for my guns and ammunition
and left them in his charge.

We continued from Comendador
at six with a storm approaching.
To Las Matas the road led

over winding level prairies or
circled through rounded hills
round with scrub crossing
occasional small streams by
rough stony fords.

At Las Matas at dusk we
came to the finished carretera
a broad smooth macadam road
that led clear to Santo Domingo
city. The road is in construction
beyond this point and in a year
or so should reach the frontier.

We continued rapidly in the
dark to the town of San Juan
a journey not without thrills
as the road is not fenced and
the stock at nightfall comes
out on the carretera because it
radiates the heat absorbed during
the day and is warm than

the scrub forest on either hand.
We grazed numerous cows and
burros. And set one horse on his
tail but escaped without
serious accident. Once today we
slid into the ditch fortunately
without overturning.

In San Juan we found
accommodations in the Hotel El
Gran Via. An excellent supper
made us forget the boiled plantains
and rice ^{and beans} for which I had paid
a dollar in Comandancia at noon.

After skinning two young sparrow-
hawks that I bought of a boy
yesterday I turned in tired.

May 1, Sunday.

At seven this morning we were
en route for Azua arriving about
nine. I called on Capitan Figueroa

at the fortaleza to learn that he
had ~~wired~~ permission for me to
enter my guns but that due to
the break in the river it had
not arrived. He had known Dr. Abbott
and wished to be remembered to him.
After some discussion the Captain gave
me a card to the lieutenant at
Comendador and I set out
on my return journey. I met the
lieutenant at Matagaya on the
way up and had a glass of
wine with him. He gave
me a card to Sargento Caceres
and at one o'clock I was
again in possession of my arms
and ammunition. The break in
the wire cost me **175** miles in
travel and fifty dollars in cash.
However handling the matter in
this way ~~it~~ undoubtedly saved

me a long delay in getting
down to work and perhaps
necessity of a trip from Santo Domingo
to Comendador which would
have cost more.

I stopped to eat in San Juan
at three and at six was again
in agua. At 8:30 I arrived
in Santo Domingo and obtained
quarters in the Hotel Francais.

From Comendador to Las Matas
the road leads through rolling
hilly country with occasional
prairies as described. Below
then it traverses a fairly broad
level flooded valley with hills on
either hand at a distance. Much
of the land is covered with scrub
forest but there are a few small
prairies. Very few houses are seen.

Near San Juan were fields planted in corn beans and rice the soil being fertile and productive. The entire section is green from recent rains. The level section continues for several miles beyond San Juan and then comes then a series of rolling hills through which the road descends to the arid sloping plain leading to the sea beyond Agua.

On the north I had a view of the high mountains their tops today obscured in cloud. The lower scrubs are thorny and cactus grown. This section continues beyond Agua and finally changes to an area of rolling hills.

Beyond here I saw little except the ever present scrub in the light of the head lights on either hand. This settlement continued to Bani and from there onward the country was in farms and houses were numerous. Near Santa Dominga the macadam road changed to asphalt and the one way bridges gave way ~~into~~ structures that permitted autos to pass.

May 2, Monday.
After seven hours sleep I was much refreshed. The first hours of the morning were employed in a little writing and in the usual routine of arrangement for laundry and repairs to outfit. At nine I called at the American

Consulate and met Mr. Horton
vice consul. But found no mail.
At nine thirty I secured an auto
and drove to the house of
the American Legation in the
hill back of the house of the
President where it was cool
and where there was a good view
of the sea.

Mr. E. E. Young, the American
Minister was very cordial and
met Mrs. Frost his secretary. At
eleven Mr. Young went with
me to the office of Señor Lic.
Rafael Augusto Sanchez, Secretario
de Estado de Relaciones Exteriores
to whom I carried letters from
Sr. Morales Dominican Minister in
Washington and Sr. Lovato Minister in
Port au Prince. The Minister was
out but this assistant took us

REPUBLICA DOMINICANA
SECRETARIA DE ESTADO DE LO INTERIOR, POLICIA, GUERRA Y MARINA
SANTO DOMINGO

NUM. _____

ASUNTO _____

A LAS AUTORIDADES DE LA REPUBLICA.

El portador de las presentes es el Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Sub-Secretario del Smithsonian Institution, quien se encuentra en el país, con objeto de hacer estudios de la Flora y Pájaros de la República, para el Museo Nacional de los Estados Unidos.-

Por tanto recomiendo muy encarecidamente a todas las autoridades civiles y militares de la República Dominicana, prestar cuantas garantías necesite el Sr. Wetmore, así como también cualquier ayuda que se le preste sera altamente apreciada por este Despacho.

LUIS GINEBRA
Secretario de Estado de lo Interior,
Policía, Guerra y Marina.

to the office of Sr. ~~Louis~~ Luis
Gonzalez, Secretario de Estado de lo
Interior, Policia, Guerra y Marina
who gave me not only a
card to cover permission for
my guns but also a
letter of recommendation asking
all authorities civil and military
to assist me as needed. At
eleven thirty I was in possession
of all papers necessary for my
work. I was astonished at the
rapidity with which the affair
was worked.

At twelve I called on Mr.
Murphy the American Consul.
In the afternoon I wrote for a
time, and visited the bank
for money and made inquiry regarding

Steamer passage home.

Made a few purchases.

A dashing rain fell in the afternoon.

May 3, Tuesday.

In the early morning I walked out to examine a place where I had seen many palm swifts yesterday.

Made enquiries and arrangement for passage home in a month shall probably go via Cuba.

Repacked outfit for transportation by train.

An American named Mr. Canby visited me in the morning and gave me considerable information regarding the country.
Extremely hot.

Un caso de antropofagia y de ofrenda a los dioses del vodoux, faé descubierto en Barahona.

Historia Diaria
Santo Domingo
May 2, 1927

Una haitiana de nombre Rosita, informa nuestro colega EL ESFUERZO, de Barahona, edición del jueves último, en el Batey Santa Bárbara, del lug. Barahona Company, intentó comerse a la niña Belica Encarnación. Resulta que la niña desapareció como por encanto entre 6 y 7 p. m. del día 17 en curso y como a las 12 de esa noche fué encontrada en el apo-

ento de la casa de dicha haitiana con la boca tapada con un trapo para evitar que gritara, mientras esa monstruo trataba de chuparse la sangre de un brazo utilizando un calimete. Caso horrible que ha podido evitarse milagrosamente.

La mañesa esa está presa a quien se debe castigar duro, muy duro y después expatriarla por perniciososa.

Exploración de nuestros bosques en busca de ejemplares de aves

Victim Diario, Santo Domingo 5/3/27

Ha llegado a esta ciudad procedente de los Estados Unidos, comisionado por el SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, el señor Alexandre Wetmore, quien viene con el propósito de hacer una incursión por nuestros bosques, en busca de ejemplares de aves raras, en las que nuestra fauna es riquísima y de las cuales muchas son desconocidas.

El señor Wetmore, visitó ayer al Secretario de Estado de lo Interior y Policía, acompañado del Ministro Americano Mr. Young, con el propósito de llenar los indispensables requisitos para cumplir su encargo.

Así mismo visitará el Departamento de Agricultura.

El comisionado Wetmore ha visitado con idéntico encargo varios países del continente Sur y de las Antillas Mayores y Menores.

Aquí le deseamos el más provechoso éxito científico.

May 4, Wednesday.

At eight I loaded my baggage once more in an auto, mailed a handful of letters and started for San Francisco de Macoris, called locally Macoris del Norte to distinguish it from San Pedro de Macoris of the south. The road was a broad carretera, asphalt for a space and then macadam. We travelled ^{west} the northwest towards Bonao.

As far as Los Alcarrazos the country was level or slightly undulating, cultivated or in pastures with shrubs and trees growing in gullies. For this country it was populous and little houses were fairly numerous. At Los Alcarrazos a flat tire gave me a first moment to search for birds but I saw comparatively little.

From here to Villa Attagracia the country was undulating with hills in the distance. This town is not given

on my map but is a short distance south of the frontier of the Provincia de la Vega. There were many forested hill slopes here, level stretches grown with scrubs interspersed with clearing. ~~It~~

From here to ~~above~~ Bonao the road wound among forested hills where clearings were few. The forests ~~and~~ shrubbery was verdant from the recent rains. Below Bonao was ~~a~~ a narrow valley in which I had the curious phenomenon of high steep hills on the west clothed with dense evergreen forests and lower rounded knolls on the east covered with a growth of pine. The difference in the two sides was striking and may be due to soil conditions. At this altitude the pines are slender and straggling notably less luxuriant in growth

than in the high mountains. From Bonao to near Cotui the country became gradually more open until from West of Cotui clear to Macoris it ~~became~~ was a great ~~level~~ ~~plain~~ ~~area~~ grown with Royal palms and extensively cultivated. It has rained through here and the country is green.

San Francisco de Macoris I found to be a dusty little town with a hotel not too clean but with good food. I played in lark here as I found that the train goes to Sanchez in the morning.

The smaller number of people here is easily noted in the fewer persons travelling the roads.

After eating and writing a bit I walked out over the town which did not take long, and then climbed a low hill at the end

of the street passing the hotel, a
knoll 75 or 80 feet high. It was
very hazy and I did not have
vision far far. I looked out
across a level area dotted
with palms and groves of trees
with hills in the far distance.

At six I returned to the hotel
to find it full of mosquitoes so that
I put on two pairs of socks to
protect my ankles against bites.
The land lady is a huge, old
Spanish woman in a very dirty
dress but pleasant and courteous.
Two young ladies of dark skin and
no virtue to judge from appearance
sit about in the combination bar
and dining room for the assistance
of such who may need them.
The only saving feature of the
place is the trade wind which
comes this far inland and mitigates
the heat that I found in the capital

city. I had a very fair supper of
fried breast of chicken, white potatoes both
boiled and fried, rice and beans and a
demi tarron. ~~off~~ The boy took out the
empty beer bottle from my room meal
and brought it back filled with
strawberry beer going through a pretense
of opening it for me. It will figure
on the bill as at the price of bottled
beer.

I sat in the plaza, planted pleasantly
with shrubs and trees until after
nine enjoying a cool breeze and
comparative freedom from mosquitoes.
After this I turned in choosing a
few bed bugs as a lesser evil than
the mosquitoes. The latter hummed in
an increasing chorus through the night
outside my tent.

May 5, Thursday.

At 7:30 I bought a ticket for
Sanchez on the Ferrocarril de Santiago
y Samaná and secured a seat in the

half of a coach reserved for first class passengers. The second class section had longitudinal benches instead of seats. The single coach filled rapidly as few delaying until the last moment before driving up in autos to get aboard. My baggage went in a freight car.

At La Jina, the junction I changed with the aid of a time and a young gentleman of color to the somewhat more pretentious main line train where I had a more commodious seat and could admire the landscape through the window without stopping.

The line continued east through the fertile Vega Real of Columbus stopping at occasional little towns. At every house cacao beans were spread out in square of canvas or cowhides to dry in the sun and I saw many

groves of cacao. As far as Pimentel the country was semi-open with many royal palms and groves of other trees. Beyond here many swampy meadows with shallow pools of standing water. Beyond Pimentel there was evidently heavier rainfall the hills increased and were correspondingly denser. At Arenoso the train stopped beside a channel of the Yung, 10 yards across and flowing swiftly with muddy water.

Beyond here we passed the gran Estero or wooded swamps that separates the hills of the Samaná peninsula from the Cordillera Septentrional, making it practically an island. We were soon at Sanchez at the northwest corner of Samaná Bay where I walked up a winding street to the Hotel Aleman of Mrs. U. Hagen on a knoll overlooking

the bay. I told Mrs. O'Hagen that I had been sent here by Dr. Abbott and was very pleasantly received. I ate an excellent meal in a cool airy dining room and later sat on the balcony in the soft rush of the trade winds and wrote up my notes.

Called at the fortaleza to show my permits to the captain and found that the lieutenant also remembered Dr. Abbott.

My baggage was brought up from the station by hand.

Arranged a packing case and cleaned out my collecting cases.

May 6, Friday.

At seven walked east through the town and along the beach or about six miles. On its main part Sanchez has houses directly in its winding hilly streets but in the outskirts the buildings are set back in pleasant little yards, a circumstance due to

the fact that the town was not founded until 1881 when there was a tendency to depart from the old Spanish method of building.

The tide was out so that I was able to walk along on a beach of coral rocks or limestone with occasional stretches of sand all under water at high tide. At the mouths of little brooks that emptied into the sea the land was low. Elsewhere there were banks from 10 to 30 feet high with exposures of coral and limestone. Numerous points had blocks of limestone lying in the sea and some were difficult to cross. Beyond one point I rested in a little recess in the rock during a rainstorm. Unluckily I blundered into a wasps' nest and was stung several

times on the side of the beach.
On getting rid of the creatures
I lost my glasses and suppose
that they must have fallen into
the sea as I could find them
nowhere.

As the tide came in I went inland
here and spent some time in watching
Dulus. Also waded around in
a small fresh water lagoon but saw
little. I believe that it has been
dry and that water has only come
into it recently.

Several showers of rain passed
during the forenoon.

The section above the beach
is composed of an interminable
series of little hills thrust out
toward the sea so that one is
continually going down into a
little depression or climbing out
of one. There were many little

cultivated ~~thickets~~ fields and
pastures and occasional thickets.

It was hot so that I perspired
heavily but at the hotel I
found the pleasant trade wind
blowing through as usual so
that after a shower and change
of clothes I was again comfortable.

Every one remembers Dr. Abbott here.
Mrs. Degeu has given me room no.
9 as a work room where he prepared
his specimens so that I have it
arranged as a laboratory where I
can work undisturbed. Archibald
Stanley who watched me prepare skins
told me had accompanied Dr. Abbott
on excursions into the hills. In
the evening when I walked out through
the back yard to a little store into
whose doorway I could look from my
room to enquire for bananas the
colored woman asked if I were a

friend of the old man who used to be in the same room and said that "he was good ol man."

May 7, Saturday.

I climbed the steep sloped hill back of Sanichy this morning. The Monte Las Cañitas and found it a tough job and difficult hunting. When I got to the top, I was drenched with perspiration when I reached the summit of the steep story trail that traversed the face of the hill. Above this was a banana plantation with somewhat gentler slopes and beyond the forest. There is little travel here and the hills are an almost trackless jungle. I followed an old trail back over a hill crest but had to make many detours to avoid fallen trees and impenetrable brush. Trees grew 60 to 80 feet high with dense jungle below.

Birds were fairly common but difficult to see, and still more difficult to find when shot.

From the hill whence I turned, a look down upon the little town and out over the bay beyond. The Yuma river. Grasslands - a tremendous flat grown with with forest. Flocks of white headed pigeons flew out of this constantly back into the hills.

I collected a number of lizards from tree trunks and shrubs, all apparently one large species.

The hill is an exposure of limestone. Below the summit I encountered a deposit of conglomerate. A shower of rain passed during the morning after which the air cleared.

At the summit I shot a *Lawrencina*
nanq and spent most of the
morning looking for others but
without getting any.

At the hotel I occupy one
little room at the front for sleeping
and have another at the back where
I do my work. The arrangement is
excellent and is one used by Abbott.
I have a little porch behind where
I can work without being disturbed
and at the same time keep reasonably
cool. When my work is finished I can
lock this place up and leave everything
secure.

May 8, Sunday.

A soon this morning I went
in a launch belonging to one Pablo
Seng to the mouth of the Barrigo
Barrancota. We crossed directly
to the south side of the bay where
there were several small rocky

islands cut off by shallow
channels from the mainland. The
limestone composing these was
much undercut by the waves.
The main shore beyond had steep
limestone slopes rising direct from
the water with occasional little
bays in which it was possible to
make a landing. The slopes were
wooded and clearings few. Access
to this woodland is extremely
difficult as there are few trails.
From the sea, the line of hill
tops is remarkably even for the
inter western half of the bay. At
the south side of the bay the
water was clearer than at the
north where floods in the Yuma have
made the water very muddy.

Water in the mouth of the
Barrancota is fairly deep. The mouth

is an estuary with mangrove
forests with trees 30 or 40 feet high
on either shore. I landed in several
places and found solid ground
in places while in others it
was necessary to climb laboriously
over the mangrove roots. By lunch
I went inland for a mile and
a half or so and then did some
exploring in a very cranky canoe.

Water birds were - more or less of
a disappointment. I killed a royal
tern and saw a number of pelicans
at the mouth of the river. Along the
stream were occasional little Blue
and Green Herons but nothing more.
The remarkable feature of these great
swamps was the vast number of
White-crowned Juncos found on
every hand. This was the dominant
species of the region. The woodpecker
was common and I saw occasional

parrots, crows red-tailed hawk, *juvencus*
Vireos and gray Kingbirds and
killed one Bladians.

Our return trip leaving at
one was anything but pleasant.
The trade winds blew strongly
raising white caps through
which we travelled parallel to the
waves rolling and pitching so
that I could barely keep my
seat. The engine stopped at short
intervals and threatened to quit
altogether. I soon became sea sick
and was relieved when we were
finally ashore a little after three.
I had a bite to eat and then
prepared my specimens.

May 9, Monday.
Extremely hot today. I followed
the trails east along the coast
finding the stretches sheltered from
the trade winds almost impossibly

hot so that I was drenched
in perspiration.

At one projecting point I
found a little grassy opening
shaded by trees where the tracks
swept through and rested here
for a time in an atmosphere
delightfully cool. It was far more
pleasant to ~~rest~~ rest here in a
cool breeze than to follow stifling
trails inland.

Today I located a trail leading
back inland toward Las Arenas.

A boy shook down two green
coconuts for me and opened them
with my pocket knife. The slightly
acid taste is highly refreshing.
This is the only drink I have ever
found that satisfies thirst as completely
as good clear water.

Bird life along the coast here

is not greatly varied. Families
of grackles are seen at intervals
but the Dulus is the most
abundant bird. At intervals I
find toolies, mockers and jamaican
vireos with occasional hummers,
honey creepers and gray Kingbirds.
Among the mangroves are
occasional green and little blue
herons and pelicans and
me in a white a Royal tern
fly over the sea. The mockingbird
and vireo are the dominant
songsters.

Worked on the balcony on notes
and specimens all afternoon. In
the pleasant atmosphere here, cooled
by the sweep of the trades it is
difficult to imagine the heat of
the scrub when the breeze does not pass

May 10. Tuesday

At six thirty this morning I crossed in Pablo Seng's Canoe to the north mouth of the Rio Yuna, the one now open. There is a broad bar across the entrance so that Pablo's assistants had to climb out and shoot and we were at some trouble in getting across. Once over this bar the channel was deep and we had no further difficulty.

The main channel here is from 50 to 70 yards wide and flows with fairly swift current. It is now very muddy from rains.

Near the mouth the banks were grown with tall broad-leaved cat-tails and an umbrella headed sedge Cyperus gigantea Vahl. that stood six or eight feet high. Water hyacinth bordered the

channel in a few places.

A little farther up the banks were higher and I was able to land and walk about. In a few places there were open marshy savannas but most of the area was grown with low scrub that from the floods was open below so that I could walk about without difficulty. Royal palms were abundant. Cyperus gigantea is known only in the region at the mouth of the Rio Yuna.

Cattle and hogs ranged through here in some numbers and there occasional little houses.

At intervals small streams came in from the side the black water proceeding from them contrasting strongly with the muddy water

of the main stream. In the woodland were occasional fern pools.

I went up as far as the mouth of the Arroyo Guayabo which I followed back inland for some distance.

It rained heavily last night and occasional showers came during the forenoon. Returned at two to Sanchez rolling heavily in crossing the bay.

May 11, Wednesday

Heavy showers beat a resounding rattle on the roof at short intervals through the night and dawned to find the ground sodden and the sky overcast. At six I left in Pablo Leng's launch for San Lorenzo Bay with a boy named Willie last name unknown who was

familiar with the region and promised to show me the Cayos de los Pajaros. We had the usual trouble with engine in crossing. The bay was a little rough from the storms of last night. The Cayos de los Pajaros known to English speaking inhabitants as Pelican Keys lie to the west of the entrance into San Lorenzo Bay. They are blocks of limestone left behind in the erosion of the limestone cliffs. Two are 200 ^{feet} ~~and fifty~~ long the third not more than one third as large. They rise 40 to 50 feet from the water and are undercut by the waves. I land on a rock ledge in the lee of one and by the aid of tree roots scrambled up over a rock face to the slopes above. Low trees grew along the crests and on the

deeper soil of slopes. Elsewhere
there was growth of vines and
grass that covered everything
with a mat of green vegetation.
I had to step carefully as
the surface was in places deeply
jagged and smooth masses of
vegetation frequently masked
dangerous pitfalls.

~~Little~~ Blue and Night Herons
and a few Louisiana Herons flew
about and a few pelicans and
frigate birds were nesting here. I
made careful search for turtles but
found none. Land shells were very
common and I collected another.

A colony of Roseate terns had
begun nesting in the smallest
island. I collected three of the
birds but did not land.

We continued into the broad
stretch of San Lorenzo Bay with

low land planted in coconuts
on the east and limestone
hills coming to the water on
the west and south.

[From the ~~south~~ sea the
line of hills on the south side
of Samaná Bay is even in
latitude clear through to San
Lorenzo Bay. From a distance the
shore line also appears even but
on nearest approach it is found
that it is composed of innumerable
projecting shoulders separated by
long bays some with sandy beaches
in front of which are groves of coconuts
and others, lower, covered with

mangroves. In many places the
erosion has left little islands
behind so that the whole coast
line is dotted with islets rising
fifty to hundred feet in air. Islands
and rocky coast line are under cut

by waves with a bunch
five feet from high water with
a second line of undercutting
above it. The second comes evidently
from storms. The rock is limestone.
Wherever there is soil there
is abundant vegetation. The
entire coast line is one of the
most picturesque imaginable.

At San Lorenzo Bay I found
William Simmons, colored, of Samaná
with two other men living in
a large cave near the entrance
to the bay. Simmons spoke fair
English and when I complimented
him on it said "yes sar, olín
Amurrikán from Samaná. My father's
come from Turk's Island." Simmons
has worked here for many years
told me that he know of 28 caves in
this immediate vicinity so that

whole place area seems to be
honeycombed. I was in three
large size and two smaller ones.
Near the entrance in two near the
sea were great deposits of
shells and crab remains very
evidently old Indian kitchen
middens. The shells were small
conchs and clams. In one cave
I saw such deposits six
feet thick ~~in~~ an excavation
which had not yet reached
bottom. There is room here for
much interesting archeological
investigation. In the cave at
the entrance of the bay I
found a few fragmentary small
bones which I collected but
secured nothing of great importance.
Simmons said that Dr. Abbott
had lived in this cave for fifteen days.

I followed an old railroad track with rails disintegrating in rust, left by an old joint company development inland for some distance to find that the coast line here was made up of isolated hills that if the land were lower would be islands. These were separated now by lagoons and mangroves swamps and were covered with a dense jungle.

Birds were common but collecting was difficult as it was hard to move about.

Rain came at intervals during the afternoon.

I started the return trip shortly after three and reached Sancho at six after considerable difficulty with the motor here principally to

inexperienced handling on the part of Pablo and his ayudante. I skinned my terns this evening to prevent their spoiling.

The captain of the policia brought me a live red-tailed hawk with the tips of its ^{primaries} wings tied together in front of the breast with a piece of rag and its feet trussed together so that the poor bird was helpless.

May 12 - Thursday.

Was occupied during the entire day in making skins, preparing notes and packing specimens. Extremely hot.

May 13, Friday.

Although the omens were bad - note the day and date above - I decided to take a chance and made a long trip into the interior of the peninsula. Shortly after six in the morning I walked east about three miles to Juan Flores and from there turned east into the interior. The trail was well marked for half a mile, rising slowly over a gentle slope dotted with little patches of bananas and gardens with many royal palms and a considerable area of thicket. Here however the road began to divide and before long I found myself at the end of a road that terminated at a little house. A boy that I accosted here was half afraid of me and refused

to go with me to show me the road through. Retracing my steps for a short distance I ~~met~~ another youngster naked as to clothing but independent as to his attitude toward the entire world. He said yes he would show me and strode along in front in all the importance of his eight years until we came to the point where a faintly defined trail led up the steep slopes of the main hills. The naked I gave this youngster was probably the first one he had ever had in his life and was welcomed with an astonished grin.

From here on the climb was steep, leading over bare slopes among

banana and *Uapaca* plantations.

I was cautioned all along as the dangers of getting lost in the forests. "a centro" and began to think that I had made a mistake in starting out alone. I was agreeably surprised therefore on passing two or three newly made clearings and ~~on~~ stretch of forests to come to a broad well defined trail that was ten to twenty feet wide in places and was unmistakably marked.

This trail led through a forest of trees fifty to seventy feet high with undergrowth beneath but sufficiently open to be passable. The forest was green and pleasant, the earth damp and the whole attested an abundant and regular rainfall.

The trail was unmentionable as in most places it was a mass of tree roots radiating over innumerable niches when water was collected in the clay soil. I slipped and slid through this as best I could, finding the feet very stretches a welcome relief.

The front of the hills here is an east and west ridge with an altitude of somewhere about 1500 feet or a little more above the sea. Behind this was a depression of about 300 feet with a little stream and then another hill equal to the first. Below this I found a small lake in a depression in the limestone, lying at least 1400

just above sea level, about
100 yards long by 75 yards wide.
It had aquatic vegetation and
I saw one turtle in it, as well
as two Dominican grebes. I climbed
another low hill beyond and
continued to a point where I
could see down into the sea.

The little settlement of Las
Terrenos was said to be somewhere
on the trail beyond.

The lake was known as the
Laguna de Rancho Fabian. The
peninsula has through its center
three lines of hills the inner
one being separated from the outer
lines by very shallow valleys.

At the border of a field on the
outer line of hills I captured
a very slender green snake. Two small
black snakes were secured in the

trail in the forest.

Bird life was abundant. Vireos
sang constantly, the small billed tody
was common, many thrushes called
and I saw an occasional *Oreopleura*
montana.

It was fairly cool in the
trail but at any exertion I
expired temporarily so that I
was drenched completely in perspiration.
I reached town again at four
with a sandwich or two and
prepared my birds before dark.

May 14, Saturday.

This morning I packed and
despatched two boxes of specimens
through M. Moya, ^{Hijo y Co.} ~~a~~ ^{agents of} the Clyde line. They are supposed to go
on the steamer *Huron* on May 24.
I learn that there will be a Clyde

Line freighter from Puerto Plata on
June 2nd & 3rd for New York.

The sun at midday is extremely
hot but in the shade the cool
blast of the trade winds is very
pleasant. I walked down the street
on an errand admiring the green
of the grass in the yards and the
blue of the hills in the distance
and later wrote on the balcony
with the bay in front ruffled by
white caps. The muddy water of
the Yuna fills all this side of the
bay, ~~joining~~ the clearer water beyond
can be easily seen. The other day
when I crossed the bay I found
the clear and the muddy water
separated by an absolutely sharp line.

May 15, Sunday.

This morning I repacked my
outfit, put specimens in shape and
did the other things necessary for a
journey.

On this afternoon with
A. S. Amber walked down along
the shore of the bay at the
west end. The shoreline here is
muddy but has a higher
beach that is dry. It is
strewn with drift from the
Yuna. I looked for shorebirds
but saw none.

Collected a number of insects.
Dragon flies of three species were
common but were very shy.
Secured a number of Fiddler
crabs and collected some chills.
I suppose that part of the latter
may be drift from the Yuna.

May 16, Monday.

At six this morning I sent
my baggage to the station via a
who carried the various pieces

on his shoulder. I was given
one check for the entire lot
a little slip of paper and made
sure at the last minute
that the stuff was put aboard
the train.

Left at 7:30 via the Ferrocarril
Samana y Santiago which runs
from La Vega to Sanchez and so
does not reach either of its
alleged destinations.

As far as Villa Rica the
swampy savannas of the Gran
Estero persisted. Beyond here the
land was higher and above
Pimentel there appeared dry
open prairies usually of small
extent that even in places
close cropped by cattle.

Cacao is the important

crop of this section and has
produced abundantly this year.

The day was exceptionally
clear so that I had a
full view of the central
mountain range rising in
rolling ridges in the distance
with an occasional sharp
projecting peak.

The train divided at Los
Cebullos with no announcement
whatever of the fact. By a mischance
of fate I was in the section
that went to La Moca instead
of La Vega. The line here took
away from the mountains and
became somewhat more rolling.
all through it is fully cultivated
in cacao, some coffee, bananas,
maize and small crops appearing

wonderfully fertile. Small streams were numerous.

At La Moca I subsidized a young man with an auto for \$3.00 to take me the 22 Kilometers to La Vega. We road around town several times with loud honking of horn until he picked up two other passengers at fifty cents each. These rode with the driver who had hung his cap on the emergency brake, leaving me to rattle around with my guns and a watermelon belonging to one of the other passengers behind. We drove at 35 to 40 miles an hour, taking all kind curves on the wrong side so that I was glad to get to town.

Registered at the Grand Palace

hotel a very good two story building of cement.

Picked out my outfit for the hills and then made inquiry regarding transportation. Ended up finally with a visit to the governor of the province who gave me a card of introduction to all authorities and finally went with me in an auto. That I hired to look up a gentlemen with vergüenza who had horses and mules. He agreed to furnish me mules at \$2.00 each and a horse at \$5.00 for the trip to Constanza.

Saw part of a very poor movie in the evening but it was too noisy to go to bed early.

La Vega lies at the south
edge of the valley with low
hills covered with pine just
beyond the town.
May 17, Tuesday.

This morning I put in a short
time in completing my outfit and
in bringing my notes to date.

My pack outfit came shortly after
eight to my surprise as my arrangements
had been made at such short notice
that I should not have been surprised
had they not appeared until noon.

The governor arrived with them
and with Sr. Manengo Almonte
who furnished them. The packing
was accomplished without difficulty
and in a very expeditious manner
so that at nine I was on the
road with a saddle mule for
myself and four pack animals. Two
boys rode two of the pack mules

and Sr. Almonte decided to come
along for company.

We stopped for a few moments at
Sr. Almonte's house, ^{5 Kilometers from town} so that in reality
it was 10 before we were on the
road.

The road led along through
the lowlands past cultivated
fields and pastures with many
palms after crossing the Camu
for one last time. It turned
suddenly up a steep fitch and
began the climb into the hills.
The road ~~was~~ broad but was
steep and badly washed in places.
It was not long before we were
among pines while in steep valley
at the side was an abundant
and varied deciduous vegetation. After
crossing the face of one hill we
came up onto gradual slopes
grown with a wonderful pine

pine forest with short green
turf beneath. The breeze was cool
and pleasant and the air laden
with the scent of pine. The general
aspect was that of the Central
Rocky mountains at 7000 feet.

Slope succeeded slope as we
ascended gradually. The pines
were open and grew with straight
rough-barked trunks to 60 to 80
feet or more in height. Pine Warblers
sang and I heard crossbills.

Crossing this first ridge we
came down slightly into a
broad valley of pastures and
cultivated fields in which is
located the town of Jarabacoa.

We passed a short distance east
of town without entering it
and continued to the Jimenoa
river at its junction with the
~~Guarabato~~ Baiguate. A stop here

gave time to eat a bit of bread
and cheese. Martins circled overhead.

From here we began an
abrupt climb of at least 1500
feet up an extremely steep
slope. In places the road was
cut so deep in clay banks that
there was barely room for the
mules ~~to~~ pass so that I
had to loosen my feet and balance
under the animals back while
the ^{empty} stirrups rattled along at the
side.

We were soon among pines
and eventually came up on to
a grassy opening beyond which
was a rain forest jungle. I had
the joy of a fine *Oreopelia leucotis* ^{pinis}
crossing the trail in front of me on
the wing. We rested for a moment
and then continued along a series

of ridges with pines at either
hand and steep slopes covered
with dense dripping jungle.
I had a view of Microgaster
montana and of one Brachyopsis.
The scenery was beautiful and
I paid more attention to it than
to my mule. Long vistas through
pines were mingled with rides
along ^{humble} ridges where there was barely
room for the trail while I
looked down from ~~100~~ to 500 feet
through jungle or stream beds.

Rain covered distant peaks
and finally enveloped us. I
put on a raincoat and so kept
dry. The road was now slippery
~~and~~ in addition to being steep in
many places. We continued to
push along and for the last
half hour it was completely dark
so that I had to trust entirely

to the mule who in some
~~strange~~ way kept her feet in
some of the steepest riding that
I have ever had down to a
head water of the Jimenoa to the
little settlement of El Rio where
we spent the night in the house
of Dr. Francisco Antonio Rodriguez.
We arrived at eight and dined
on rice and fried eggs. I
turned in at ten for a good
night's sleep.

Dr. Abbott made this one of
his principal collecting points living
in this same house.

May 18, Wednesday.

At five thirty this morning I
walked out to see black swifts and
Mellisuga. I washed at the little
stream below the house and
saw a eucalyptus tree in the
yard.

We had a small cup of black coffee and then were on our way at 6:30. We passed through a considerable area of rain forest where considerable clearings were being made and kept climbing up and down through a series of ridges with pines on every hand. Finally we descended the last ridge into the valley of Constanza with the little town of that name in sight ahead.

It had rained heavily so that the trail was very slippery.

The floor of the valley was level and open with one open prairie a quarter of a mile across that was level as a floor.

Pine forest was abundant though many clearings had been made.

At ten thirty we rode into town and came to the store of Don Antonio Afud, the Sr. Syndico

to whom I had a letter from the governor. Don Antonio was not at home but his wife assured me that proper arrangement could be made so that we unpacked and piled my stuff in the corner. An hour later Don Antonio came and was very agreeable. I also met the Alcalde.

After a welcome meal I was given two rooms in an empty house across the street from the store, the same quarters occupied by Dr. Abbott and was settled in short order.

At three I walked out and collected some black swifts and other birds and then returned to work up my notes.

Rain came in the late afternoon

May 19, Thursday.

At six this morning the air was cold but the sky clear. The temperature I estimated at about 60°F .

I ate a private breakfast of my own of a piece of bread that I had procured last night, and ~~one~~ can of sardines and then walked out to the north into a valley that curved around toward the east in a section known as the Arroyo arriba. A small stream drained this valley flowing south to the town. The hills on the west side of the valley or left hand side as I went out were grown with a fine forest of pine with little or no undergrowth except bracken. On the opposite slope was the dense jungle of a rain forest.

I walked out through a winding lane made of rails that gave way soon to a trail that followed the

stream. Patches of forest alternated with cleared fields on the opposite. Finally I came into a trail that led up through rain forest to a watershed where I looked down into a valley draining in the opposite direction.

I crossed here to the opposite ridge and returned by a trail that followed along the ^{crests} ~~tops~~ of ridges through an open pine forest. The sun shone clearly but the air was cool and bracing. It is pleasant to work again in a region where the air is invigorating so that in climbing or walking one enjoys the physical exertion. The contrast with the hot lowlands where one forces overheated muscles along in a perpetual drip of perspiration is marked.

All through the deciduous forest I heard the song of the solitaires and in the open and among the bracken under the pines *Brachspiza* was common.

I returned at noon and prepared specimens in the afternoon. Between whiles dickering with various comers for Indian artifacts of which I bought a considerable number at an average price of five cents each.

The wind blew in the afternoon and showers came at intervals.

May 20, Friday.

The sky clouded over this afternoon with fleecy white clouds but the sun shone all day. There seemed to be passing showers in the distant mountains.

Shortly after six I went down the broad valley toward the east. As soon as I was away from town I crossed the open pastures to the pines near the hills and spent the forenoon in working through the beautiful coniferous forest. Where fire had passed the ground

beneath the trees was open except for bracken. In some sections there had been no burning for several years and here young pines made a thick stand and the ground was covered with fallen needles.

The early morning air was cool and fresh. The sun later was hot but not at all uncomfortable.

The high slopes of the hills had a covering of deciduous forest. I spent most of my time in the pines only penetrating into the other forest at one point for a brief space.

The valley floor in this direction is level and open cut by a small stream. In part it is under cultivation or in pasture and in part in pine forest. About a mile east of town is a broad open prairie approximately 500 yards square and very level. It has a few scattered

guava bushes but is so open and level that it reminds me of a landing field for airplanes. It is close cropped by stock so that has a firm covering of turf.

Old plantations that have been abandoned are soon covered with a growth of guavas.

I am told that in the winter months frost is not unusual at Constanza though there are occasional years when it does not occur. In a locality called Valle Meva which is slightly higher the cold sometimes forms ice.

Bananas and plantains are growing but all show signs of frost. There are many oranges trees but the fruit of all is sour.

Last night at dusk I saw a small bat flying over the street with slow rather direct flight. By invitation of the Syndico, Don Antonio I shot it before an

admirer audience. It was a tailed species apparently an *Eptesicus*.

In the afternoon I bought an assortment of artifacts which preparing my species. It was cool and comfortable all day.

Rain came in the evening and continued through the night. A male pigeon spends much time in my little house and has selected a nest site in the rafters where he coos enticingly but to no effect as there is no mate for him. He coos loudly and at frequent intervals during the night so that this evening I did not admit him as he has been disturbing my slumbers.

May 21, Saturday.

Awoke this morning with a severe diarrhoea caused I hope by some cabbage that I ate last night.

Ate a light breakfast and then walked out to the southwest across

an open flat ground with guavos. After crossing a little stream the Rio Pantouffa flows to the east ^{here} I crossed a knoll covered with pines and came down into the rocky canyon of the Rio Constanza which flows to the west and is about 20 to 25 feet broad flowing with swift current. The Pantouffa flows into the Constanza eventually. On my map the latter is called the Limón.

Beyond here was a steep ravine ground with deciduous forest. A brook came down the ravine with a little trail very obscure beside it. I climbed up through here for over five hundred feet securing one each of the two species of Microgees.

Today I heard the song of Brachyspiza and was disappointed as it is not as sweet and

pleasing as that of the South American forms. In fact I did not recognize it as a sparrow.

The mocking bird is absent in this valley so that there is little bird song. An occasional Vireo sings from near a stream but the screeching of parrots, the querulous calls of ainis, or less seldom the mournful calls of Blacicus are the dominant bird sounds.

The Dominicans have local names for the larger birds but small species are known almost universally as siguas or siguitas without distinction as to species.

There is a large cactus 35 feet high in blossom near my house. I photographed it in the afternoon.

May 22, Sunday.

Diarrhoea continued with increased severity this morning so that I only walked out for a mile to a pleasant spot among the pines ~~where~~ I contented myself with taking a few pictures and collecting some insects not having ambition to climb up and down the steep slopes in search of birds. I had made up my mind that I was in for a siege of dysentery and cursed my negligence for drinking water here without boiling or chlorinating, when my stomach sent up a mess of cabbage eaten forty hours before which explained my difficulty. I went back to ~~my~~ little house to take a big dose of castor oil and refuse all food for the day. The señora was greatly exercised

at this and insisted that I did not like her cooking but I finally persuaded her that I was doing the proper thing.

Many people came to town today and there was a continuous cockfight with great cheering and shouting out behind Don Antonio's store.

Trade for Indian artifacts was good during the afternoon and I picked two good pieces in addition to many pottery fragments. Between barbers I laid in my cot listening to a few bird voices and wishing that I were able to get out.

There are a few mosquitoes in the rain forests here but none in town so that I sleep without a mosquito net, a blessing in my present condition.

May 23, Monday
Aneroid reading 12 noon 25.70.

My intestinal trouble had checked this morning and ate a little food. Spent the forenoon in packing artifacts, writing, and other miscellaneous tasks. Ate heartily at noon and after sallied out for an afternoon walk. There is the greatest possible satisfaction in walking or resting in the great stretches of pine forests with the wind blowing through the branches overhead, the sun warm and the shade cool.

With exception of the harsh squalling of parrots and the screams of the Guaranon the bird voices of the pines are subdued and of little power. Their very faintness, among the rush of winds lends charm to the confused warble of the cistina, the sweet trill of the song sparrow or the ^{chattering} ~~suble~~ buzzing stimulation of the pine warbler.

I walked out west of town collecting a few birds and a number of insects. Secured thrips mainly in the flowers of a pea.

The clouds have been low all today and at sundown descended to cap the mountains on either hand.

May 24, ~~Monday~~ Tuesday.

A fleecy of clouds lay over the shoulders of the mountains surrounding the valley at day break but the sun rose clear and continued thus until mid-afternoon when rain clouds closed in and showers with light thunder came until water ran in the streets.

Barometer at 4:30 P. M. 25.66.

Walked out to the west to the edge of the valley through a pine forest of pine and then over a ridge

that led me to the steep slopes
of Loma Cinguela. There was the
usual mixture of chakra, and
pine and deciduous forest with
steep broken hillsides composing
mountain scenery of the finest.
As the pines one expects momentarily to
hear jays and nuthatches but instead
there comes only the strange calls of
Blacicus, the woodpecker or the cooing
of a broom.

Though many of the birds are
preparing to breed the general aspect
of the country is that of late summer.

I returned at noon and spent the
afternoon indoors as usual.

In the early morning, a number of
crows and Amazilia passed over coming
from the east, flying very high overhead.

Heavy ~~May~~ Rain fell late in afternoon
and at night.

May 25, Wednesday.

At day break the valley was filled
with fog so dense that it was
after eight before it lifted.

I went out to the north and
followed a trail that led up
along a ridge covered with pines
and finally continued through
a heavy belt of deciduous forest.
The trail climbed steadily but slowly
until finally I was at about
5500 feet elevation or perhaps a
little more. I transversed a considerable
area of deciduous wood and finally
emerged on a high pine knoll from
which I had a view of further high
ridges partly in pine and partly in
heavy deciduous growth that stretched
beyond for miles. Occasional clearings
were being made but on the whole
the country was wild and with
little indication of habitation.

I spent my time watching through the pines for possible crossbills and working cautiously through the deciduous growth for quail-doves and as I did not secure either came home with little game but with many interesting observations.

The deciduous trees grow forty to 60 feet high and are not particularly large ranging from 10 to 15 inches in diameter. With an occasional one remarkably larger up to three feet. In places the ground beneath is fairly open but such areas are small and in general there is dense undergrowth bound together by the climbing bamboo so that to penetrate it is slow and painful. On the higher levels are slender trunked palms under which the ground is more liable to be seen than elsewhere. The

hill slopes are steep so that in working through this growth one usually goes either up or down hill. Moss hangs from the trees and there are great clusters of tillandsias on trunks and branches. The sunlight filters faintly through little openings but has difficulty in penetrating to the ground. Earth leaves, bushes and tree trunks are damp and wet and water drips continually from the higher branches. There is little bird life in the dark galleries below but in the limbs above where the sun reaches trogons, pigeons, euphonias, honey creepers, woodpeckers and other forest birds display themselves in numbers.

There is little mixture of pine and deciduous forest the two types remaining separate. It is

usual for pines to cover ~~the~~
slope of a valley and deciduous
growth the other. My experience
yet is so limited that I
can see no reason for the difference.
The soil in the pines is sandy
and is loam in the other type of
forest so that there may be an
underlying geological factor in the
form of rock that controls the
matter.

Heavy rain came again in the
afternoon.

Twice today I thought I
had a glimpse of some running, mammalian
creature that darted under leaves but
was never sure.

Rain continued after dark, the
streets running in water. A pack train
came in from La Vega in spite of the down pour.
At nine it cleared suddenly and the
stars shone.

May 26, Thursday.

Fog filled the valley again at
daybreak and the sky remained
overcast until nine. There was
little sunshine comparatively all day.
In afternoon it rained to the
north and east and showers fell
in Constanza.

I went out to the north
again to try for a mysterious pigen
that I saw yesterday. The trails
were washed to some extent by
the rains of yesterday and the
rivers were high so that my
usual stepping stones were covered
by water.

I sat for an hour in the jungle
watching for my pigen but without
success. There came a constant series
of noises to the ear, the falling of
leaves and twigs, the dripping of
water, the rustling and flapping of pigen.

overhead and strange sounds
that I could not interpret. Light
was subdued so that occasional
shafts of sunlight appeared as yellow
as straw. Leaves and trunks were
wet and wet voices brushed
me whenever I passed. In the
heart of a wet jungle it is possible
to see about to some extent as
the dense growth overhead kills
out part of the ground cover. ~~At~~
the borders of the woodland however
the case is far different and here
the densest possible growth
occurs so that it is difficult to
see at all.

Returned to town at twelve thirty.

Barometer at 1:00 P. M. 25.60

at highest point reached in hills at 11:00
A. M. 24.57.

Showers came in the afternoon
but it rained less heavily than usual
lately.

May 27, Friday.

At daybreak I went out again
to the north. Heavy ~~mist~~ fog lay in
the valley and when it parted
momentarily, I had a view of cloud
banks overhead. It appeared that I
was in for a day of rain. but
about nine thirty the sun broke
through and shone until afternoon.

I followed my usual route along
high pine ridges into the great
bit of deciduous forest for one last try
for *Protophila leucometopius*. Luck
was with me today as I secured
a fine specimen.

I continued then over a series
of knolls down an obscure nearly
lost trail into a valley to the
west where I turned back toward
town. The main stream of the Arroyo
Pantouffle headed here in a

series of small branches. My trail when I finally found it led through a magnificent forest of pine.

The arable land here under present methods of cultivation is that of on the steep slopes grown with "deciduous" forest. Concoms as they are called, are formed by cutting down all the tree and burning them. Pines are then cut in the nearby pinery and split into small rails with which ~~are~~ constructed a palisade fence that is hog and cattle proof. The land is then planted to beans, tobacco, corn, ^{small} potatoes, sugar cane and so on. I am told that a concom will produce for from one to four years, the latter being exceptional when it is abandoned and a new one formed. The old field grows up

to dense woods, pokeberry and so on and finally has a growth of grass with very bushes and eventually a stand of guava. The forest does not come back. With the present population the rate of use of land is considerable and more people are coming in regularly. It is easily apparent that the forest cover will go and with it will disappear *Oreopelia leucometopis*, the crows, and parrots. The *Brachyziza* ~~should~~ continue as it comes into the old clearings and finds them congenial haunts. The condition presently there will be what I found in Porto Rico. It is hoped that reservations may be formed before it is too late.

After some consideration I put my *Oreopelia* in alcohol. There is a fair series in the American Museum

and it may be long before another collector comes in here. There is nothing known of its anatomy and it looks peculiar.

The afternoon remained clear until nearly six when rain came.

My mules are supposed to come to El Rio tonight and reach here tomorrow. I am told that the road is extremely bad, cheering information when I am through here and wish to get down.

May 28, Saturday.

Arranged my outfit this morning and worked on notes. A fine clear morning but heavy rains in the afternoon. Trails are reported a sea of mud between here and El Rio.

Pear reports as to the coming of Don Manengo proved untrue as he did not appear and is doubtless working on our agreed schedule in

which he was to reach El Rio tomorrow night.

After the rain in the evening it turned very clearly so that every tree on the nearby hills stood out distinctly. The ^{nearby} grass and the leaves of the guavas are light green and stand out in beautiful contrast with the dark green of the pines.

Callers from El Rio in the evening without news of Don Manengo. They inform me that the Mongoose known as the Huron is common there and that they have dogs that hunt and kill it. (I shot a mongoose near Sanchez, the only one I have seen but neglected to record it).

They say also that domestic dogs do much damage to corn by eating the ears when they are in the milk stage.

They report the Hutia (Solodon) from low altitudes but not here and very rare.

May 29. Sunday.

This morning I decided to pack up and go to El Rio as I can do nothing here. The trails ~~were~~ wet from the rains of yesterday but the sun was very hot this morning so that things dried quickly. There were the usual delays in starting which I endured with a philosophy gained in some years of travel but at ten I was finally on the road. Don Antonio was kind enough to allow me to use his own saddle, american made which I found very comfortable.

Water stood everywhere and the trails were muddy and slippery. ~~all~~ ~~thing~~ vegetation was fresh and green. ~~about~~ As we were about to leave the valley we met Don Manengo Almonte came for me a day ahead of time so made a quick exchange of pack animals

and continued. We reached El Rio at two and had hardly had a bite to eat when rain came and continued until dark. It was useless to go out as no birds were moving so that I visited the store, fed the ducks, watched the gambling in the cock pit - there was no cock fighting today - and passed the time otherwise until time to go to bed.

Many indian artifacts are found here also.

From Constanza to Sires the country has been fairly well cleared. There is then some wild area but near El Rio much of the timber has been cut. Destruction of the forests here is moving rapidly and steps should be taken to set aside park areas if any of the natural

Cover is to be preserved. In a few more years the island will be in the condition that I found Porto Rico fifteen years ago with forest restricted to areas of second growth mainly and the less adaptable species of the faunas reduced in numbers or extinct.

May 30 Monday.

Heavy fog lay over the land this morning and as the clouds lifted there was indication that rains would come early. As usual under these conditions the mules had wandered far so that though we were out at six it was eight thirty before we were under way. The trails were very bad but we found as we proceeded that the rains had been local so that no water had fallen.

toward the mountain El Barrero. The steep trail down here was nearly dry as otherwise it would have been impassable. There has been much cutting here also so that only on a few hills does timber remain.

It was a relief to be down the worst of the road with rain following steadily behind us. We ate a light lunch at the junction of the Baiguat and Jimenoa Rivers and then continued. Showers fell occasionally but we reached La Vega ahead of the heavy rain.

Registered at the Grand Palace hotel and cleaned up.

Called on the governor of the Province Teófilo Cordero; Bido in the evening to express my thanks for his assistance.

I was told that the Solenodon
is fairly common near Jarabacoa.

May 31, Tuesday.

Packed my outfit this morning
and made arrangements with
one named Calamidad go help
me - to take me to the train
for Puerte Plata tomorrow morning
in Santiago.

At nine thirty I called on the
governor again and then left by
auto for Santiago. The road led
over through Moca, a route traversed
and described previously. Beyond Moca
were extensive banana plantations,
fields of corn and pastures. At Santiago
it appeared to drier and somewhat
more arid.

Santiago is larger than La Vega
but did not impress me as favorably.
There was the usual square known
here as the Parque, while the market

went by the name of the plaza.

I came over primarily to see
the Exposicion which has been
running for the past month, particularly
as I had been told that there was
a collection of bird skins on exhibition.
The Exposicion turned out to be
on the order of our county fairs. The
grounds were located two kilometers
from the center of town. About
30 small frame buildings faced
an open circle, each one
being devoted to some particular
district as Moca, La Vega, etc.,
or used as a theater or
lunch room. I was disappointed
to find that about half the buildings
were closed so that I saw only
part of the exhibits. There were many
agricultural exhibits, much furniture

made of native woods, manufactured
articles of various kinds, needle
work, school exhibits and
curiosities of all kinds. A painter
of La Vega named Godoy had
several paintings of Girona. Much
of the "art" was extremely poor,
particularly the nudes.

The collection of birds consisted
of a mounted red-tail, a Mexican
Sooty yellow-headed parrot, evidently
a cage bird and a broad-
winged hawk. There was also a
mounted Caiman 8 feet long. In
the exhibits from the Province of
Azua was a living iguana of
about 3 feet in length.

I returned to La Vega at night.
Today I learned that there will
be no train for Puerto Plata tomorrow
as that will be election day. I
may miss my boat.

Mr. Sackett of the National City
Bank gave me a magazine or two
to read this evening, first I have seen
since leaving Port-au-Prince.

June 1, Wednesday.
Put my outfit in final shape
for travelling this morning; went
to the photographer for film and prints,
made some small purchases, changed
my guns and was otherwise
occupied busily until noon.

Worked on notes in the afternoon.
Very warm.

June 2, Thursday.
At five thirty this morning I left
by auto for Santiago where I arrived
without incident at 6:45 and went
directly to the station. The train for
Puerto Plata had on rather small
coach and the usual collection of freight
cars. Baggage of all the passengers was
placed in one freight car where we

were supposed to have faith that it would arrive safely at its destination, as we were given no checks of any kind. Even suitcases were not permitted. Being a canny individual I gave the conductor something to make sure that my things would not be taken by some one else as the car was open and we made numerous stops.

The line of railroad crossed a cultivated plain for a distance and then in a series of interminable curves began to climb through hills of the Sierra septentrional. Hillslopes were cleared and cultivated for most part with patches of forest only on the more abrupt fronts. I saw no birds of particular interest and believe that there is little here.

At noon we came to a point where I could see down into the

Atlantic with the little town of Puerto Plata clustered on a point in the distance. We came slowly down through canefields and after seemingly endless switching were in town.

I took my baggage to the Hotel ~~Esper~~ Europa and after dinner secured mail at the American Consulate, from Mr. Bickers Consul. Also drew some money at the National City Bank through Mr. Gordon the manager. He heard that the Clyde Line freighter Erick Lindoe on which I hoped to obtain passage home would not be in until morning.

Toward 4 I walked along the shore line ~~with~~ at which I saw nothing except a green house. Heat tempered by the steady beat of the trades.

June 3, Friday.

The Erich hinde arrived early this morning and Captain T. hinde agreed to take me as passenger. Mr. J. A. Julia, a Dominican also secured passage. Put my luggage aboard at 11:00 but it was 4:30 P.M. before we were under way.

Healed straight north for New York.

June 4, Saturday.

A light breeze from the north east today. No birds.

June 5, Sunday.

No breeze today and temperature extremely hot.

June 6, Monday.

This afternoon a cool wind came from the northeast a grateful change from the heat we have experienced. No petrels whatever about.

June 7, Tuesday

Wind southerly today, cool and pleasant. Noon position Lat. $33^{\circ}54'N$. Long. $72^{\circ}25'W$. making about $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. At eleven this morning I saw one Oceanodroma leucorhoa and in late afternoon four were about. Much Sargasso weed in sea.

June 8, Wednesday

Wind northerly very cool.

Noon position Lat. $37^{\circ}30'N$, Long. $73^{\circ}00'W$.

Many petrels over wake. At noon I saw one Cory's Shearwater.

^(Volucella sp. a tropical species found in decaying vegetable matter, probably from our cargo of coconuts)
at 2.00 P.M. a large green fly came in from the sea to me, and alit on my clothing. It was almost gone when I captured it.

I have been told that large numbers of sea birds breed on the islands known as the Siete Hermanos so that natives go there at some seasons to gather eggs to sell.

June 9, Thursday.

We reached the dock at 12:45 P.M.

And soon after I was ashore.

The customs officer had gone ashore
to get lunch so that it was 1:45

before I got away. At that I
caught the 2:20 Pennsylvania
for Washington arriving 7:35 P.M.

Last Bird minutes

Next mammal no. 1300.

April 13, 1921, Friday.
Left Washington via B. & O. 3:00 P.M.
warm and pleasant.

April 14, Saturday.
Arrived Chicago 9:00 a.m. Spent
the day at the Field Museum. Called
on the Director to learn that Dr. Davies
was seriously ill with an affection
of the heart from which he probably
would not recover. His assistant
Mr. Sim greeted me very courteously.
In this institution a pass is necessary
for admission to the third floor
laboratories and collections. Mr.
Sim escorted me to the elevator
personally and gave me the freedom
of the upper floors.

I called on Dr. Karl P. Schmidt
to make inquiries regarding Nebraska
Island etc. first that he had not
been there personally, but had published
a list of the reptiles from specimens
collected by R. H. Beck. Apparently
there should be a collection of
birds from there in the American
Museum.

Called on Mr. Elmer P. Riggs,
paleontologist, who showed me some
additional fragments of bone from
Patagonia. He said that he had others
that were not unpacked. He has

also some bird material from France.

Dr. C. E. Hellmayer very kindly returned for the afternoon although it was a holiday in order that I might work in the skin collections. Arranged an exchange with him for a pair of *Urophelia*. Wrote Richmond regarding this in the evening.

Examined skins from *Propanila*, including *Parva violacea*, *Elaenia Chirici* and others.

Spent some time in the exhibit halls. On the systematic collections certain cases had a central division of wood extending through the entire case leaving a broad wall for exhibits on either side. This was painted light buff. Mounted birds and mammals were arranged on this in sections of branches or with terrestrial species on little projections. Labels, black letters on buff were placed at the side. The whole was very pleasing as it did away with the straight line of shelves.

Ate lunch on a capstan in the basement which was crowded with children.

At five I went to the

home of Ruthven Deane, 1222 North State St. for dinner and a most pleasant evening.

As I came up the steps I noted a bullet hole through the plate glass of the front door.

Deane had a comfortable apartment where he has many books on birds and his wonderful collection of photos of ornithologists more than 1100 in all. He has been particularly interested in items relating to Audubon and has a fine collection of bookplates.

It snowed heavily all day but cleared and turned very cold at nightfall.

Left Chicago at 11:00 P. M. via the Santa Fe.

April 15, Sunday.

Between La Plata, Missouri and Kansas City. Waspish post with covered with ice ^{in part}.

Many birds had been caught by the storm of yesterday apparently. Robins were scattered everywhere through the open fields and I saw many flickers. Numbers of Wilson's Snipe rose from marshy places.

Arrived in Lawrence at 11:50 a.m. where I was met by Jay, Margaret and

the Holloways. Walked toward Haskell Institute in the evening meadowlarks were in full song.

April 16 Monday.

Spent the forenoon part of the day at the University. Called on the Chancellor, Prof. Blackman, Geo. C. Foster, Prof. Moore and others.

Bunker has made great improvements in the Natural History Museum. He has built up a large collection of skeletons both of birds and mammals getting many of them in series. Six to twelve though the majority are locally taken they represent a most valuable series for study. They are well labelled and are preserved in pasteboard boxes, all arranged systematically so that any species may be examined without delay.

Martin has added considerably to his material. He has some avian fossils from Patagonia that he and I may study together. Later apparently a Carianthus like bird.

He also showed me a sectioned cycad from the Moabian Cretaceous to be described by Wilbur and said that later he might let the

Not Mrs. have a section.

At 4:30 I spoke before a group of nearly 200 in Series Hall on Zoological collecting in Hispaniola.

April 17 Tuesday

With Fay left Lawrence on the Santa Fe at 10:28 a.m.

At Lake View were many cots and I saw others in streams and fields as far as Emporia. Near the latter place I noted a vesper sparrow, a yellow-shafted flicker and some shorelarks.

Immediately west of Strong City hills with rocky escarpments bordered stream valleys with considerable timber, a good spot for zoological investigation. Marsh Hawk male seen near Strong City. Several crows a few miles west of Newton others near Ellinwood.

Western meadowlark singing at this point. Dozens of black-tailed jack rabbits scattered over fields of wheat and alfalfa.

To this point scattered groves of trees have been abundant though most of the land is under cultivation.

April 18, Wednesday
air clear and pleasant this morning
with the songs of the western Meadowlark
coming in through the windows and
magpies, Redwings and Mourning Doves
in view.

Snow visible on north slopes at
7500 feet near Palmer Lake.

Aboard Denver 10:00 a.m. and
registered at the Brown Palace Hotel.

In the afternoon R.B. Rockwell
took us out to the Colorado
Museum of Natural History. A
new wing has just been completed
and is ready for occupancy. This is
on the south side. A north wing
added some years ago is now filled
with exhibits.

Mr. J. D. Higgins, Director, is absent
in South America. Mr. Harold Cook was
also away. I heard rumors of possible
retirement of Mr. Higgins.

Mr. A. C. Rogers, Chief Preparations
Division of Mammals, very courteously
showed us through the new section
of the north wing in the basement
where some excellent fossil mammal
mounts. A long jawed Mesodon
stood exposed.

Mounted in a long wall
case were mounted complete skeletons
of two Brontotherium, two Eotriceratops

and a Trigonia with standing
as a level stretch with scattered
vegetation and a painted background.
The whole was very pleasing.
With most of these exhibits as
part of the label there was a
geological time scale from the Eocene
to the present with an arrow
indicating level of occurrence of
the particular specimen. The profile
was given as it might be exposed
on the face of a cliff or high
bank with somewhat irregular
outline.

The whole printed in silver on
dull slate black was very effective.

A stalactite cavern had
a depressed irregular floor, lighted
artificially, an excellent exhibit.

A display of crystalline gold was
shown in a special safe with
steel doors that swung back to
expose a glass fronted case.

A synoptic series of birds were
shown in a long wall case with

eggs of the various species in a
tall case joined below.

Small groups were very good.

The museum has ceased to sell
post cards and instead offers a
booklet of views at 50 cents, sold
at a little stall in the museum.

My old room on the second floor
still shows the fine view of the
mountains but has been lined
completely with cupboards so that
all specimens and supplies were
concealed from view. The men
here were working on South
American skins.

I met Mr. Harry James one of
the trustees who will visit me
in Washington.

Study skins of birds and
mammals were kept in large
cases in very fair order. They are
little used ^{now}.

At four ^{o'clock} Rockwell drove us
out through Golden to the
summit of Hooker Mountain, a
most interesting trip as it
took us over familiar ground
where we had collected intensively
nearly twenty years ago. The entire
area is now embraced in the
park system and is accessible
by excellent auto roads. Trees

and shrubs had made considerable
growth but I recognized many
familiar points. Saw red-shafted
flickers and one adult sharp-
shinned hawk. Returning to Denver
by seven and had dinner and
spent the evening with the Rockwells
Ammon in blossom on Hooker Mtn.

April 19, Thursday.
Clear and pleasant left Denver
on the Denver and Rio Grande Western
at 8:15 a.m.

Fruit trees were blossoming in
littleton but above 6500 feet there was
little sign of spring. I noticed Western
meadowlark at Salida, a Kingfisher
below Natron at 7500 feet, a Killdeer above
Leadville at 10,200 ft where the ground
was covered with snow and a robin
in Tennessee Pass at 10,240 feet. The ground
here was white with snow but the
auto road seemed to be open as I
saw cars going through.

April 20, Friday.
Awoke this morning near Price
Utah to find ice on ponds and
the air cold and sharp.
On the valley above Provo fruit
trees were in blossom and the sun
shone warmly. The sky was clouding
when we reached Salt Lake City at

11:15 and, by one o'clock a mixed snow and rain were falling.

This continued until five and then cleared showing the mountains and the Ogish range with a valley level. At eight another snow descended that covered the city with white.

We registered at the Hotel Utah and then attended the organ recital in the Tabernacle as per program.

Mr. Harry Finch one of the City Commissioners took us out in the afternoon, first to view the new airport and then to the University of Utah. I tried to find Dr. F. J. Clark, professor of Zoology but found him out. Met Prof. Hyman Schneider, of the Dept. of Zoology who said that we had loaned him some mineral specimens for study.

I found the museum in a low, one story frame structure with a single large room 50 by 75 feet and one or two smaller rooms beyond. There was a cement floor but the building was not finished inside, the exhibits, entirely fossils, being placed about on frames or crude tables.

The specimen of *Barosaurus* that I had come especially to see was largely prepared. It was shown to me by Mr. Earl Douglass who has been employed here for the past three months. The tail is complete except for the tip and a section from near the end which was removed in excavating a small tool house during work of the Carnegie Museum and is said to be in that institution in Pittsburgh. The pelvic vertebrae have been cleaned and are in fair shape. The pelvis, also cleaned is nearly entire, and in fair condition. The thoracic vertebrae partly cleaned lack the costal processes and were considerably broken. Douglass said that he had most of the other processes but that they required to be replaced. There is one hind limb in fair shape, with femur, tibia and fibula but no toe bones. The other is missing. This is possibly part of one forelimb but this was found dissociated and may belong to another animal. The specimen impressed me as being two poorly preserved conditions to be very desirable, though it could be restored.

I saw one very good *Allosaurus* skull. And some other odd and ends.

There was a small collection of plants and a few insects from the Green River Excavations.

There was no bird material known to Douglass.

I also glanced through the mineral exhibit which was better arranged in the science building and was placed in cases.

In the basement of the Capitol was an exhibit of the products of Utah, commercial and agricultural, with some cases installed by the state game commission showing birds, fairly well known and many nests with eggs.

The zoo is located in Liberty Park and has a few birds and mammals only. In an outdoor series of cages were a number of wolves and some mountain lions. I was shown four three year old wolves ~~and~~ by birds whose mother was a male mule dog and father a plains wolf. One that I saw clearly was pale like the father and another dark like the mother. Dutch Schinder, the keeper said that he

would send me the skulls of ~~the~~ when he happened to die.

Mr. Finch then drove us out to the New State game club below Woods Cross where he had worked for in 1914. Dozens of ducks were in sight and the whole trip was very interesting. Following was my bird list.

Red head	
Mallard	
Gadwall	
Pintail	
Cinnamon Teal	abundant
Green-winged Teal	one pair
Shoveller	
Coot	
Avocet	
Stilt	
Lesser yellowlegs	
Killdeer	
Willet	
Red-winged Blackbird	
Brewer's	"
Yellow-headed	"
Cliff Swallow	
Iris	" Short-eared Owl
Robin	
Western Meadowlark	

Mar Pross this morning saw a flock of a dozen snowy birds and all along river

flocks of California gulls and
a few Ring-bills following
closely behind the flocks as
farmers turned the furrows
in the fields.
Also noted several white
pelicans on Utah Lake.

April 21, Saturday
Awoke this morning to find
the ground white with nearly
four inches of snow which
disappeared so rapidly under a
bright sun that it was nearly
gone by the time of our departure
on the O. and R.G.W. at noon.

I walked over and inspected
the sea-gull monument which
stands in the temple enclosure.
The monument is capped by two
gulls with raised wings spread
in conventional form. I do not
imaginatively mind one might
identify them as Larus Californicus
but it is safer to consider them
as plain "sea-gull" as they are
designated on the base. They stand
on a globe at the summit of a
pillar of stone. They are made of
bronze. Four bronze relief plaques
at the base depict ~~scenes~~ a
pioneer and his family in despair

at the destruction of their crops
by insects with several gulls appearing
in the air to assist them. First a
group entering the valley as pioneers,
then a group reaping ~~the~~
bounteous harvest of grain
with a newly erected log cabin
in the distance.

On the fourth face is an
inscription designating this as
the sea-gull monument erected
in grateful thanks to God for
sustaining the birds to save the
all important first harvest. It neglected
to secure the exact wording.

We had one hour in the car
where I watched the California
gulls seeking refuge from the
dining cars in the railroad yards
and then continued west across
the train cut-off. There were numbers
of scaups and a few eared grebes
in the water. Several California
gulls followed the observation
car exactly as they followed in the
wake of ships at sea. One formed
a proper air current rising
over the side of the track and
sailed with set wings in a
straight course for many yards,
rising and falling with varying
quits.

At Lemay, Nevada. I noted a pair of Buffheads in a pool of waste water from the railroad water tank.

A careful Biological Survey of the State of Utah, covering all the desert mountain ranges would be a worthwhile proposition.

April 22, Sunday.

Awoke this morning in Truckee and lay in bed enjoying the mountain scenery - through intervals in the snow - shut for an hour. At American where stopped for ten minutes high on the side of the mountain above the American Fork River I saw a sharp-shinned hawk circling far below and heard the call of long-curved jays - supposedly *pyrrhuloxia*.

The foothills were pleasantly green and parklike with abundances of flowers. The poppies especially made a fine show and continued through the valley. At Rosville I saw a little green heron (*B. v. anthraci*) and at Davis a fine Red-bellied Hawk.

Arrived at Berkeley at 1:37 P.M.

We spent the late afternoon and evening with Dr. & Mrs. Joseph Grinnell.

Dr. Grinnell and I walked through the campus of the university going up in the Campanile for a view. I was told that this structure is especially built to withstand earthquake shock. The paleontologists use the various landing stages as storage for fossils and Grinnell has his mammal types in the base as this is considered one of the most secure places in the campus.

I saw brown towhees and song sparrows, Point Pinon juncos and the beauty of long-curved jay that occurs in this region. The latter were nest building and pulled and twisted dead twigs of pine, packing them vigorously when they refused to make a fence. Had a nest on the side of a building.

On the evening Dr. Grinnell and I called for a few fragments on Dr. B. W. Evermann and on H. S. Swarth.

April 23, Monday.

We met Mr. & Mrs. Donald Dickey in the Hotel this morning for breakfast and later with Dickey went to the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. Examined a paper with Allen.

Miller dealing with wing molt
in Lanius ludovicianus in which
he finds that in birds of the year
the alula & adjacent coverts are
tipped with white, so that they
may be distinguished from adults
and that the young molt the
outermost primaries the first fall
but not the innermost. A most
interesting and excellent piece of
work.

Spent nearly three hours with
Miss Hillegard Howard and C. H. Burt
who are engaged on the preparation
of a paper that designate the
names of the parts of the
bird skeleton for use particularly
of paleontologists. They are using
an english nomenclature. The paper
is one that I have had in mind of
some time myself. I checked
over the various plates carefully
giving them many suggestions
for changes and corrections.

Met Mr. Chester Lamb who has
been collecting for Grinnell in
Lower California.

Had lunch at noon in the
Faculty Club with Grinnell, Dickey,
C. Camp, W. D. Matthews, and Ralph
Chamney and R. C. Murphy. Murphy
had expected to go to Australia

yesterday in connection with
the Whitney South Sea Expedition
but was recalled to New York
with the eve of sailing.
He had with him a Zeiss
Elmer camera that looked very
effective for field use.
In the afternoon I went
out the Lower California birds
a wonderful collection of well
prepared skins, most of the
forms in series I examined
critically the next morning. They
have been described and found
a Swarth had told me that they
were well characterized. The
black phoebe races are very
obvious but all others I can
now easily distinguish.

We dined in the evening at
the Faculty Club as guests of the
Grinnell with Miss C. Brooks, Mr. &
Mrs. Allen, the Dicks, Dixons,
and Raymond Nalle.
After I returned to the M. V. Z. for
an informal reception to the
Dicks and Weinman. I spoke
briefly on ornithological work
in Washington.

April 24, Tuesday.
We moved this morning from

Berkeley to the Hotel St. Francis
in San Francisco. Dickey and I
went out to the California Academy
of Sciences in Golden Gate Park
and were there for the day.

Mrs. B. W. Evermann, Director showed
us through the institution with
Mr. Joseph Maillaird and Mr. Harry
Swarth.

The exhibits in the large
mammal hall are as pleasing
as any ~~not~~ found today in this
country. The room is fifty by
180 feet with high ceiling. The
walls are wainscotted in ~~dark~~
wood with broad panels of
plate glass behind which are
the animal habitat groups. The
best that Rowley produced. Small
groups of smaller mammals fill
the spaces between the larger ones.
Table cases through the center
of the room do not detract from
the vista or the view across
to exhibits on the opposite side.
Lighting is by skylights over
the groups of mammals which
the main wall is also lighted.
The back grounds are painted by
noted painters.

The bird hall had excellent
groups but the general effect was

not so happy. Light backgrounds
on one side and dark ones on the
other made reflections in the
glass fronts of the cases so
obvious which a high screen
of paneled wood had been
erected through the center.
The central vista was thus
eliminated with the result
that the hall appeared crowded.

The S. C. Hart Aquarium
was highly pleasing with
its wonderful display of
Hawaiian fishes. Mrs. Evermann
told me that maintenance
for about 170 separate aquaria
came to \$55,000 ~~per~~ year.
I saw a nice little pair of
Spheniscus mendiculus from the
Galapagos.

In the afternoon Swarth
showed me the collection made
by Harold in Nunak Island
last year. nice series of birds
very well prepared. Also looked
through a Galapagos collection
with large series of *Geospiza*
which Swarth is now identifying.

The Maillaird collection is
maintained as a separate unit and
is quite complete for North America.
There is a very fair collection

The eggs also belonging to the Academy. Each set is in a glass topped box finished in black paper, the eggs being supported on a bed of cotton over which is spread a square of black mercerized cotton cloth of light weight. The cloth is of such a size that the margins project over the sides of the box and are held firmly as the cover is pressed into place. This draws the eggs gently but firmly against the top glass top and prevents them from rolling about. The eggs are shown in a pleasing and striking manner but in a way that is too wasteful of space to permit adoption for a large collection.

Mr. J. B. Shwin curator of reptiles is engaged in rearrangement of the collection. One large box is filled with land tortoises there being about more than two hundred from the Galapagos. These have been skinned out and pinned. The alligator specimens are in glass topped jars on shelves in wooden racks. The margin of the shelf is raised slightly to

prevent bottles from rolling off and as a further safeguard against earthquake damage there is a wooden bar that slips in a slot across the front of each shelf that in case of tremors would prevent jars from tumbling to the floor.

Shwin has a press with heavy type with which he makes tags of gum for giving locality, date and collector. This tag being tied to each specimen, a further precaution against loss of identity in case jars are broken.

As I examined specimens the songs of the Nuttall's Sparrows came pleasantly to the ear.

Later we drove around a cliff drive.

April 25, Wednesday.

At eight this morning we left the Hotel St. Francis and drove south to Palo Alto and from there to Leland Stanford University where I had my first view of the famous quadrangle and the chapel. We found a very good and pleasant house on the campus and lunched with married

Mrs. Wood and his niece
at the Woodtick country club
among fine red woods. The
little dining room was built
around a clump of small
redwoods whose trunks rose
as pillars through the glass
roof and towered into the
sky above a most delightful
and pleasing arrangement.

Following this we
continued down to Saratoga
and from there crossed
into the mountains crossing
a winding dirt road that
led through the hills
giving vistas of sea and
gravelly and many beautiful
red woods as it climbed
gradually to a summit and
then descended beyond.

We came finally to Santa
Cruz and so on to Monterey
at dusk where we stopped
at Pop. Ernst's for abalone chowder
served in huge abalone shells
and a great bowl of steamed
mussels set on the center
of the table for all of us.
At nine thirty we stopped
for the night at Del Monte
lodge on the ocean front at

Pebble Beach.

At Stanford many cliff swallows
were building under the eaves
of the college structures and
in the mountains above Saratoga
were dozens of Point Pinos juncos.
The black-headed Grosbeak was
singing at the Woodtick country club.

April 26, Thursday.

The morning was clear and
pleasant with the fog hanging
off shore so that we had a
clear view of the bay. We drove
south in early morning to view the
Monterey cypresses and then
returned to Pacific Grove having
covered the entire seventeen mile
drive.

At Pacific Grove at the Hopkins
Marine Laboratory we found the
front door locked and a sign
on the glass stating that those who
wished to see the director should
go to the back door and tell the
janitor. As the back door was
unlocked we wandered in and located
Walter Fisher in his office. He showed
us through the new laboratory and
we then continued south. The
valley below Stanford became very

hot and dry but after a space
we crossed toward the coast
again where everything was once
shore green and pleasant.

After dark after nightfall to
Santa Barbara where we had a
cottage at the Miramar in Montebello.

April 27, Friday

We awoke this morning to
a world of flowers and green lawns
and breakfasted in a glassed in
Pavilion looking toward the sea.
Santa Cruz Island stretched at
sea and later in the day, from
the hills I had a view of
Guacapar and Santa Clara my
first view of the coast islands.

Called on Dr. A. P. Unadach
to find that he was an osteopath
with a considerable clinic.
After signing his "garden book" we
were taken into the "garden"
a gravelly space beside the
clinic on which were spread
boards and rocks of all kinds.
The majority of these were concretions
found around cetacean bones
though the Doctor made no
distinction between these and plain
concretionary nodules, and in fact
attached little importance to

the fine fossil skulls in the collection
pointing with pride to sections
of strangely weathered form
particularly where these suggested
even faintly animal forms. The
frame of the collection was a
block of what to my eye was
concrete kept secreted in a
box, where the light was dim
in which was impressed a no. 14
shoe sole!

On the lot of specimens I
saw at least four good whale
skulls. Some three to four feet
long. Two at least were complete
except for part of the rostrum.
There was one in particular in
an elliptical lens of ^{white} stone beneath
water worn in which the whole
back of the skull was exposed
and the rest of the bone was
evidently inside. The matrix was
an extremely hard, a consolidated
clay that a knife would barely
scratch. Other fragments contained
vertebrae. The lot was valuable
but preparation would be extremely
difficult. Some of the specimens were in a room

good specimen to get.

Kellogg should see this.

We continued then to the Santa Barbara Museum, an institution unique of its kind. Located on a quiet side street the building has one low story and is built in mission style. Dr. Ralph Hoffman, Director, was absent on a botanical expedition to Guatemala, but a Mr. Stewart, who seemed to be in charge, and Mr. Rogers the archeologist. There are several small halls 30 by 40 or 75 feet each with a very neatly arranged collection. Labels prepared by Miss Jordan were pleasingly and artistically printed. There was a hall of archeology, one of mammals groups, two of birds one being groups and the other systematic, and one devoted to flowers. A cactus garden occupied the dry arroyo bank behind where there was a small building with living snakes. I saw no skin collection and the field of the institution is restricted to its immediate vicinity.

The great collection of eggs, the most important thing scientifically in the institution was in storage except for a small set of eggs

containing eggs which were in drawers beneath the cases containing the mounted birds. The drawers had glass tops but were in danger of falling as there were no stops to prevent their being drawn clear of unit. Stewart told me that these included probably less than five per cent of the collection. The rest are stored in red wood cases above the tops of the exhibited cases where they are inaccessible and presumably are safe. In my opinion however they are in a precarious situation as Stewart now goes away and there is no evident interest in eggs in the institution. A large lot of eggs to which Dawson might perhaps have some personal title had been segregated and held apart also in storage.

Met the Rett Bros Taxidermists who are doing excellent work in mammals.

We continued south from Santa Barbara along the coast, going many curves and finally turned in to the Ojai valley. Within we stopped briefly at Dickley's ranch I saw the hooded oriole among other birds.

Arrived in Dickey's home in
Pasadena late at night.

April 28, Saturday

After admiring the many flowers
and birds in Dickey's yard
we went to his office where I
dictated some letters and wrote
up my notes.

In the afternoon Harry Harris
took me for a drive and then to his
home where we talked and had tea.
Lee Chambers came in later and we
accompanied him to his house to examine
his cactus garden.

Harris says that he has an Andulab
original for me.

In the evening the Dicks
had Dr. & Mrs. L. B. Bishop, Dr. & Mrs. George
Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Harris & Mr. & Mrs.
Lee Chambers in for dinner and a
very pleasant evening.

April 29, Sunday

This morning we spent in
examining the Dicks' garden and
his "rat" house a hollow tile
concrete building in the rear of his
garage where he keeps at present
his collection of large birds and large
mammals. Van Rossum came over
and we put in much time in

specimens. There are some excellent series
of many birds.

In the afternoon we drove to the
Van Rossum's and later called at
Gene Law's nest box.

April 30, Monday

This morning we visited the
California Institute of Technology
in Pasadena. A large building is
going up for Morgan's work in
experimental biology and another
building for the humanities. Dickey
has a very excellent room for his
collections and is expecting more
space.

At noon we lunched at the Pasadena
Athletic Club where we met my old
friend Ben Steller now head of the
Department of English in Occidental
College, Eagle Rock. Van Rossum is
one of his students.

In the afternoon at the dentist's
I worked with Van Rossum over
his Salvador bird list.

In the evening there was a
gathering of local members of the Cooper
Club where I met as old friends,
Harry Harris, Lee Chambers, Gene Law, Van Rossum
and saw for the first time Wright Pierce,
Harold Robertson, John L. Ridgway, Dr. Guy Rich,
Luther Little, Lawrence Peyton and his brother,

George Willitt
Harold Michener, ^{John} Mrs. Rowley, Son,
Robert Moore, ^{John} Judson, and others. 27
were present.

After talking informally we
had a showing of the Tanager
film.

May 1, Tuesday.

Worked with Hoye Miller at
his Laboratory at the University
of California in Los Angeles examining
Pleistocene material. From asphalt
beds at Carpinteria he has a
woodland fauna including a
small crook throat *cl. bellini* to
be *corvus caninus*. Also studied
"Morphnus" *laggetti* which I have
recommended to make a new genus
allied to *Urubitinga*; and *Mephosites*
and *Neogyps*.

We had lunch together and
then went to the Los Angeles
Museum of History, Science,
and Art where a very large
wing is just being completed.
I spent the afternoon with
Dr. Bishop examining his fine specimens
and walked through the exhibits
with Willitt. The The Buge Hall
was pleasing as usual but
most of the rest of the exhibits
were somewhat disorganized due

to the construction going on.

In the evening we dined with
Mr. & Mrs. L.B. Bishop and spent a
pleasant evening. He has a
very list of his collection on sheets
of paper arranged systematically
where on each birds are columns
marked for the months of the year
with the numbers of specimens
that he has, divided as to sexes.
And on the other side the localities
from which his birds come; his
series are excellent.

May 2, Wednesday

Remained at Dickies this morning
arranging some notes and recognizing
a bit from a heavy throat cold.

In the afternoon we visited the
Huntington library where I saw more
Gambel's than I had supposed
were in the new world including
the famous Blue Boy and "Pinkie" the
former fine and the latter to my
eyes not so good.

In the evening the Dickies gave
a dinner to Dr. & Mrs. R. Milliken,
Dr. & Mrs. Chester Stock, Mrs. G. E. Hale,
Dr. Bernalda, ^{Dr. A. G. Noyes} Col. and Mrs. Winick
of the California Institute of Technology,
a very pleasant evening.

May 3, Thursday

At nine this morning had a conference with R. G. Millikan and A. A. Noyes at the California Institute of Technology in which there was outlined to me a plan for development of a department of Vertebrate Zoology adequately financed and the suggestion that I might care to undertake its development. I replied that if it were financed I would take the matter under consideration.

At one we left by auto with Donald Dickley for San Diego. A pleasant trip arriving a little after six to register at the Maryland Hotel. Here we found the Laws, Storer, Grinnell, Cushman and Swarth. We dined with the crowd and then Ray and I spent the evening with Cousin Belle Kupper and Aunt Julia Crouch who were living at 2529 Second St.

May 4, Friday

Meeting of the third annual convocation of the Cooper Ornithological Club. Spent at nine this morning in the building devoted to the Museum of the San Diego Natural

History Society with fully 75 persons in attendance.

After an address of welcome by C. G. Abbott, Director of the Museum and announced greetings from the A. O. U. as its president and then opened the program with a forty minute talk on Hispaniola.

Full program all day with lunch at the zoo. In the Zoological Society where I with Dan Staats, a young man of some promise I inspected the exhibits. Animals are all kept in outdoor runs more or less shaded from the sun and appear in excellent condition. The grounds are extensive and include a section of rolling country.

By special invitation I attended a meeting of the board of governors of the Cooper Club and was elected a member of that body. The meeting considered the matter of ~~pro~~ incorporating the club.

May 5, Saturday

Full program again today with lively discussion. Luncheon in the Japanese tea garden.

Dr. C. H. Townsend is here, just returned from the Galapagos with 180

live tortoisins from Albemarle Island.
with which she hopes to establish
breeding colonies here, in Panama,
Texas and Porto Rico.

Informal dinner of the club
at the U.S. Grant Hotel this evening
with Hoye Miller as toastmaster.

May 6, Sunday
At eight this morning went
with Fey and a party of 35
to North Coronado Island. The
sky was overcast and the crossing
was pleasant except for rough
water which occasioned some
sickness.

The island is about half a
mile or a little more long and
rises in steep slopes from the
water edge. Landing was made
without difficulty with a cliff
on some flat rocks.

The steep slopes were grown
with cacti, low shrubs, and
Eusebyanthemum ~~and~~ other plants
forming good cover.

The Western gull *L. o. wymani* was
the most conspicuous breeding bird
nests being scattered every where on the
ground above high tide mark.
Some single and others grouped
in loose colonies. The nests were

slight hollows lined with grasses
and herbage and contained from one
to three eggs. I collected a
single for Margaret - fat flesh color.
California Brown Pelican - Common
One nest with well grown young
seen.

Phalaropus
Common. On flight from the mainland
to the island. These birds almost
invariably followed gulls so that
from one to half a dozen were
seen flying low over the water.
with one, two or more gulls
serving as pilots.

Northern Phalarope. Hundreds scattered
over the open sea.

Red Phalarope. Many mingled with
Northern Phalaropes on open sea.

Oceanodroma melanica. Several seen on
the open sea. wing very conspicuous.

Puffinus gravis a few in open sea.
Xanthus maculatus a few over open sea
two found dead, eaten by some bird
on island.

Duck Hawk. A nest with three
well grown young still in down under a
projecting stone on a steep slope 200 feet
above sea. Most of the feathers about
the nest were those of jumping birds
with a few Phalarope remains.

Coronado Island Song Sparrow - Common

in vegetation. Apparently nesting as
males pursued other birds that
invaded their territory. The song
is of the usual song sparrow type.
The birds were seen mainly within
100 feet of the shore.

Ash-throated Flycatcher. One seen

Dusky Warbler one seen

Louisiana Tanager one seen.
collected a *Shrike Lanius* *Spizella* found in Lower Calif. and
one *Coronatus*? and a land shell *Epiphygmona Killethi*

May 7, Monday ^{Stearns} ^{Humphill}

Called on Mr. Wegeforth at
the zoo this morning but was
not able to see him.

Spent the forenoon with Mr.
C. Abbot Director of the Natural History
Museum inspecting exhibits and
specimens. The institution has over
11,000 birds at the present time

including three groups of Caracaras.
Their local exhibit is arranged
entirely on open stands, not on shelves.
They employ shrubby branches and
frequently have several birds on
various limbs of one branch.

Spent the afternoon with Aunt
Julia and Cousin Belle and
the evening with Floyd Russell and
his mother.

May 8, Tuesday
left San Diego via A. T. & S. F. at

9:00 A. M. On Los Angeles I
called Donald Dick by phone.

Rain fell beyond San Bernardino,
and it was cold and sharp at
Burstow. In fact cool weather
continued clear across the desert.

May 9, Wednesday.

Arrived at Williams at 7:00
A. M. and after breakfast walked
out through the hills to the
south. The wind blew cold
but was soon tempered by the sun.
beams on the quaking aspens
showed in the firs of Bill
Williams up to about 8500
feet but ~~with~~ ^{the} ~~stems~~ ^{stems} were still
bare above that. The line probably
marked the boundary between
Transition and Canadian zone. Oaks
in the valleys were not yet
starting to leaf.

There have been many changes
here in deforestation but in
a valley to the southeast we found
remaining a wonderful stand of
yellow pine.

Red-shafted Flicker several
English Sparrow - two in town
Long-crowned Jay - common
Voult Sparrow, two
Pine Siskin several

Phon bones? Vireo - several in song. This song being quite different from that of *alticola* or *solitarius*.

Wren Warbling Vireo - common

Arctophila Warbler - several

Black-headed Grosbeak - several

Rock Wren - common

Hepatic Tanager - one

Wren Robin - several

Wren Bluebird - common in pairs

Mountain Bluebird - one pair

Mourning Dove - common - mating

One Antelope Squirrel seen.

The Canyon Wren, formerly common was not seen.

Left Williams at 4:00 P.M. and arrived at Grand Canyon 6:30 P.M. registering at El Tovar Hotel.

May 10, Thursday.

Clear, cool and pleasant this morning. After breakfast called on M. R. Tillotson superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park. Went with him and Glenn P. Sturdevant to Yavapai Point where the little museum building for the Park is being built. The roof is not quite complete.

In the afternoon Tillotson, Glenn Sturdevant, and I to the head of the Yaki Trail and we walked down two miles to examine rock strata

in which are found fossil footprints. The exposures here are not particularly good except in one or two places.

A shale formation in which David White has exposed series of fossil plants was better but the rock is soft and the fossils will not last long exposed to weather.

Collected thrips on flowers of Yucca brevifolia.

Secured some fragments of fossil sponge from the Kaibab Formation.

May 11, Friday.

This morning Tillotson drove Sturdevant and I seven miles west to the head of the Hermit Trail where we walked about a mile to the fossil track exposures above the Hermit Basin. These are really excellent. We went off a quarter of a mile to the south of the trail and found a track exposed. I took three footprints of it away.

Will list for Canyon.

Mourning Dove - common. Flocks of hundreds seen at Corral between the rim and Williams.

Prairie Falcon - a pair in canyon below Yavapai Point.

Western Red-tail - one on Yaki trail.

- Red-shafted Flicker - a few
- Broad-tailed Hummer - a few males.
- Raven - several
- Long-crested Jay - common
- Citron Jay - a few in desert Basin
- Woodhouse Jay - on Hermit Trail
- House Finch - several
- English Sparrow - a number at El Tovar
- Sittler. Has known them here for the three years of his residence
- Western Chipping Sparrow - common
- Black-headed Grosbeak - several
- Evening Grosbeak - one male near El Tovar
- Arizona Junco - a few
- White-throated Swift - common
- Vireo solitarius - one
- Audubon's Warbler - common
- Grace's Warbler - several
- Black-throated Gray Warbler - a few
- Canyon Wren - on Hermit Trail
- Rock Wren - common
- Rocky Mountain Nuthatch - common
- Song - decidedly different from western
- Robin - several on Fifth Avenue at El Tovar
- Western Bluebird - several
- Gray Titmouse - one singing

Left Grand Canyon 8 P.M.

May 12 Saturday
Arrived Albuquerque 3:10 P.M.

Registered at Franciscan Hotel.
Visited University of New Mexico.
House finches nesting on campus.

May 13, Sunday
Left Albuquerque at 9:50 for the south leaving Day to continue at 2:00 P.M. for Lawrence.

Three musicians in a Ford smashed into side of train 2 miles north of Las Cruces. One killed others badly hurt - apparently drunk.

To a point below Socorro we followed the Rio Grande. We came then on to a gradually upland with much creosote bush.

Arrived El Paso 6:30 P.M.

Left El Paso via S.P. 7:30 P.M.

May 14, Monday.
Arid conditions continue nearly to San Antonio where there is sudden transition and the fields are green with grass.

May 15, Tuesday
Arrived New Orleans 7:35 A.M.
Left via D.C. 8:30 A.M.
Arrived Jackson, Miss. 2:10 P.M.
Meted Will Wetmore and thus coming arranged with him details of settlement of father's estate.

May 16, Wednesday
Completed business details this
morning.
Left Jackson via D.C. at 4:30
P.M. very hot.

May 17, Thursday
in office for Washington. cooler
today.

May 18, Friday
arrived Washington, D.C. 7:05 A.M.

1929

May 23, Thursday

Left Washington, D.C. 3:30 A.M.
Spending the night in a Pullman
car in the station. Arrived Philadelphia
via P. R. R. 7:30 A.M. and registered
at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.

Spent the forenoon and lunch hour
with members of American
Association of Museums in the
Hotel discussing museum matters.

In afternoon visited Academy of
Natural Sciences and saw Dr. Stone
with whom I talked over Chick-Lint
and C. B. B. matters. He is not well.

The Academy has just installed
a museum exhibit illuminated by
the violet ray which is very
pleasing. It is shown in a
darkened chamber of story with
a switch by which the light is
turned on for one minute in which
a clockwork mechanism automatically
shuts off the violet ray and turns
on the usual illumination.

Stone has had all the old collection
of duck skins remade and has some
wonderful series of these birds, all very
uniform in appearance and in
excellent condition.

Met R. de S. Schainan back from
Siam with a collection of birds which

He is determining for report
work for more than two hours
on Haitian and Dominican material
acquiring all the data that I need
from these series of specimens
for the Academy for my report.

Dined with Chas. Underdown at
the English Phœbe, 217 Sydney St.,
An excellent dinner.

Spent the evening in discussion
of museum problems with a group
in the hotel.

May 24, Friday.

Discussion of problems of industrial
museum in A.M.

Lunched with George Stuart at
the Girard Trust Co. in a little private
dining room, in company with
Witmer Stone.

Discussed proposal for handling
A. O. U. funds.

Later Stone and I went out to
the Zoological garden and saw
Brown the Director.

An exhibition of water snakes shown
outdoors was very attractive. A
tank ten feet square by 4 ^{or 5} feet
deep had a pile of stones in the
center with water trickling down
the side, filling the bottom to
a depth of six inches and then

running out through an
overflow. This held thirty or
so ordinary water snakes slithering
in the sun over the rock pile over
which they climbed easily or
swimming in the water. As an
improvement there should be two
or three outlets one above the
other so that if the lower one in
ordinary use became clogged the
others would afford drainage and
prevent the pool from overflowing
which would allow the snakes
to escape.

An outdoor cage 40 x 60
feet by 50 feet high would at
once find had been erected for
a group of half a dozen gibbons
a most attractive show. The
animals had a variety of swings
cylindrical bars in which to disport
themselves.

A pool with cement bottom forty
feet across, three feet deep at the
center held seven *Caloscytus*
Chrysocome and four *Aptenodytes*
macrurus. A sand beach at one side
safforded a little play.

In the bird house I saw
Parotia, *Selenicidae* and other birds of
paradise.

Attended dinner of American Association

of Museums this evening and
then left at 11:30 for Boston
via P. R. R.

May 25, Saturday.

Arrived Boston 8:00 A.M. Standard time
and went at once to Cambridge, Mass
and walked over to the Museum of
Comparative Zoology to find that Mr.
Barbour, Director, was home ill with a
cold. Sent him a note regarding one
or two matters via his Secretary, at
evening Peter took me to see Friedmann
who was in Dr. hospital for a major
operation and discussed with him
the curatorship of birds in Nat. Mus.
Should he come to this place he would
want to carry on some histological
work and at last I would provide
microtome, microscope etc.

Examined various specimens mainly
making notes for the Neipmism report
and I went over the exhibits of the
entire museum.

The zoological museum has been
entirely rearranged a vast amount
of material discarded, some of fear
removal, and the whole reassembled
a teaching museum in Biology.
The place has been entirely changed
and painted an elevator put in and
electric lights installed.

C. Boden Kloss came in the afternoon
Peter and I dined at the Harvard
Club in Boston and drove in the
evening to Peter's home at Harvard.
Country very beautiful now.

May 26, Sunday.

Walked this morning to hear
Bobolinks singing outside my
window. Jim and I walked
out through the country seeing
an abundance of birds of good variety.
Collected a male Nashville Warbler
for a skeleton.

In the afternoon we drove up
to Peterburg N. H. to see C. F. Batchelder
but found that he had gone to
Cambridge.

Else I just opening this birds
here. a fine view of Mt. Monadnock

May 27, Monday.

Drove in to Cambridge this morning
where I took the subway to Boston
and continued via N. G. N. H. & N. H. to
Taunton where A. C. Bent met me
at the train.

Examined the remainder of his
collection of birds eggs which he is
presenting to the National Museum
and agreed to send some as gifts
to pack and ship it continues arriving

the summer. Bent has begun
work on the next volume of
life histories which will include the
gallinaceous birds.

He will send for our files the notes
from which he wrote the earlier volumes
but we do not care for the original
of the finished manuscript.

Mrs. Bent drove us to Providence,
R.I. where I left at 5:12 via
N.Y. N.H. & H. for New Haven, Conn.
arriving at 7:48 P.M.

Called Dr. Leonard Sanford and
went out to his house for two
hours or more. He is anxious to
get Myctagrus.

May 28, Tuesday

Very warm today.

I had a moment early in the
morning in the gallery of art of
the Fine Arts school. A long high
room with statues and a few
paintings about it and some of
myer's fine rugs hung on the walls.

Breakfasted with Mr. Sanford
at 8:45 and went then to the
Peabody Museum.

This structure is made of dark
brick with a great square tower
and in general appearance suggests a

church. It is now full but
there is ground adjacent for
expansion.

Discussed the cave exploration
project in New Mexico with Mr.
Hall director and Dr. Thorpe. I
decide to make another attempt
I will let them know

1930

April 10, Thursday.
left Washington - via Pennsylvania
Ry, 1:25 A.M. and arrived
in New York about seven.

Scheduled to sail for Vigo at
11:00 but learned on arrival
that the sailing was postponed until
Saturday, though I had made
specific queries regarding this
yesterday afternoon.

Registered at the Pennsylvania
and telephoned my office that
I should remain there.

~~Visited~~ Busy waiting lost baggage
and arranging repairs until noon.

In afternoon I visited American
Museum of Natural History.

April 11, Friday

Made some purchases of
supplies for trip.
lunched with Dr. Chapman
at the American Museum in
noon. In afternoon visited
the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
a musty place with some
wonderful exhibits.

April 12, Saturday
Sailing postponed again, this
time until tomorrow.

Made some purchases at
Abercrombie and Fitch in A. M.
In afternoon visited New York
Public Library and looked up
the Swales Collection on baseball
which is being handled very well.

April 13, Sunday.

Spent a brief time at the New
York Zoological Park this morning.
Woodland birds seemed to appreciate
logs and a ground cover of
leaves.

The Roussillon of the French line
was scheduled to sail at 5:00 P. M. and
finally got away at 6:30, - after sundown
the Captain thus avoiding the jinx of
a Sunday sailing. The deck was crowded
at departure but most of those present
were friends of passengers as the
passenger list was small.

April 14, Monday

Position at noon $40^{\circ}14'N$, $69^{\circ}05'W$.
A dozen herring gulls were over the water
of the ship all day. I was surprised

Passenger List

S. S. ROUSSILLON

Sun
Saturday,
April 12, 1930

NEW YORK
to HAVRE
via VIGO

French Line

INFORMATION FOR PASSENGERS

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

Information Bureau:

An information bureau has been provided for the convenience of passengers, and all requests for information of a general character should be made here. Radiograms, cablegrams, telegrams, and letters will be received here for dispatch, and no member of the ship's staff, other than those on duty at this office, except as hereinafter specified, is authorized to accept such communications. Here mail will be distributed and postage stamps may be purchased.

Passengers should personally ascertain, before disembarking, if there is any mail for them at this office, and may, if they desire, leave a forwarding address, in order that any communications received after they have left the ship may be re-directed.

Passengers desiring to have letters for America forwarded by the pilot from Sandy Hook must give them, (fully stamped with United States postage,) to the Purser within one hour after leaving the pier. Other letters must be stamped with French postage.

Exchange of Money:

For the convenience of passengers, the information bureau attendant is prepared to exchange a limited amount of money; rates will be quoted on application.

Charges Collected on Board:

Passengers are requested to ask for a receipt on the Company's form for all charges collected on board.

Bordeaux - Halifax - New York Service:

On all westbound crossings, the steamers Roussillon and La Bourdonnais sail from Bordeaux direct to Halifax, and from Halifax to New York. Reservations for westbound passage may be made with the Purser, upon request.

North African Motor Tours:

Full information, reservations and tickets for the North African Motor Tours, conducted by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique may be obtained at this office.

Pier to Pier:

The attention of passengers is called to the fact that the French Line steamers sail from a covered pier in New York to a covered pier in Havre, thereby eliminating the disagreeable feature of changing from steamer to tender and from tender to pier.

CABIN PASSENGER LIST

"ROUSSILLON"

Gross Tonnage 9,653; Displacement 17,380; Horse Power 6,500

FROM

NEW YORK to HAVRE and VIGO

SATURDAY, APRIL 12th, 1930

M. RENÉ BOURDEAUX * Commander

M. DE BROCA	2nd Captain
M. LAVIGNE	First Lieutenant
M. GUYOMARD	Chief Engineer
M. MOUNOU	Second Engineer
Dr. BUYOO	Surgeon
M. DUCHESNE	Purser

M. Periou	Chief Steward
M. Ardois	Wireless Operator
M. Guilhem	Wireless Operator

CABIN PASSENGERS

:- LISTE des PASSAGERS :-

Paquebot " ROUSSILLON "

Commandant René BOURDEAUX

Récapitulation :

Pour Vigo :

Cabines	15
3 ^e Classe	43

Pour Le Havre :

Cabines	17
3 ^e Classe	6

81

T.S.V.P

CABIN PASSENGERS

Mlle. E. Averill
Mr. A. Cerejido Lopez
Mr. M. Chappey
Mme. J. Chappey
Enf. G. Chappey
Mr. V. Cid Fernandez
Mr. A. Clark
Mme. M. Clark
Capt. Th. Costello
Mme I. Etcheverria
Mr. J. Flanagan
Mr. F. Garcia Insua
Mr. G. Gorrino Lamiguiz
Mr. E. D. de W. Haskell
Mr. A. Lloveras
Mr. J. Mencia

CABIN PASSENGERS

Mlle. M. Moure
Mr. J. R. Ouvina
Mr. P. Payot
Mr. R. Perret
Mlle. M. Robard
Dr. J. Roger D'Anzan
Mme. G. Roger D'Anzan
Mr. J. D. Rodriguez
Mlle. L. Stanley
Mr. R. Trapote
Mr. Valcarcel
Mme. de Valcarcel
Mr. B. Van Leer
Mme. M. Van Leer
Mr. L. Yance Fernandez
Dr. A. Wetmore

to see them this far off shore.

April 16, Wednesday

Position at noon $40^{\circ}17'N$. $52^{\circ}48'W$. a few Puffins Kuhli borealis observed today.
It is very cold.

April 20, Sunday

Position at noon $42^{\circ}51'N$, $27^{\circ}07'W$.
A few Shearwaters of the Kuhli observed.
also one jaeger that I took to
S. parasiticus.

April 22, Tuesday.

Position at noon $42^{\circ}46'N$, $16^{\circ}07'W$.

Numbers of jaegers about today.
Among them I identified a
number of S. parasiticus and two
or three S. pomarinus. All are
now in fine plumage.

April 23, Wednesday.

This morning about ten the
first gulls appeared when we
were still about 90 miles off the
Spanish coast. I took them to

be Larus fuscescens affinis. They became increasingly abundant as we came in toward the coast and were very common in Vigo Bay.

Vigo harbor is enclosed by hills giving excellent shelter. We steamed in past several Spanish warships and came to anchor off the wharves distant possibly 500 yards from shore. There was great confusion at landing due to the inability of the officers of the Broussillon to adjust the landing stage to the deck of a small tug. I made arrangement with a small launch to transport myself and my baggage to the wharf, through the custom house and saw my bags and chests slung precariously over the side of the ship to the smaller boat below. I was the first passenger ashore and in the advance made enquiry at once for the jefe. This was a little after noon. The jefe received me coolly, said that he was expecting me and passed my baggage without examination. My shot gun was

held until tomorrow as the necessary papers arranging its entry were not at hand at that moment due to the lateness of the hour.

I registered at the Hotel Continental on the water front just across from the customs house, a tall building where I secured a room with bath of sorts at 25 pesetas a day including food.

~~Water~~ I walked up through the town. The streets were paved and well lighted. A main thoroughfare about 40 feet wide had the sidewalks indicated only by an iron grating coming a quarter the sidewalk and street being at the same level. Pedestrians and horses alike walked in the center of the street which was thronged with men and women old and young. Most of the movies were Cine Sonoro "talkies". It was pleasant indeed to walk once more on land.

Retired at 10:30 but did not sleep until twelve due probably to change in time here 5 hrs or more earlier than home.

April 24, Thursday

Was awakened this morning at daybreak by the pleasant song of a Swallow, my first land bird on a new continent my second being the omnipresent House sparrow.

The bay in the early morning light was beautiful with its rocky shores and green hills rising abruptly beyond. Clouds passed constantly and every half hour or so a light shower fell but still the streets did not long remain wet, and pedestrians carried umbrellas or rain coats constantly.

I secured a ticket and sleeping car accommodations for Madrid early then proceeded to the customs house where I was treated with every courtesy but where two hours were required to secure the necessary permit for my guns. I had to deposit 264 pesetas - about \$5 on them.

At two-forty P.M. I was taken to the station in a bus,

my baggage checked and I got aboard the sleeping car for Madrid. The car was like our comfortable cars and by a tip to the porter I arranged to get the compartment, designed for two for myself alone.

The country here is green and well-watered with every available foot even on steep slopes tilled. Much of the land is cut into very small tracts many of them not more than thirty by fifty feet each some cases each having a separate owner due to the division of land among sons through inheritance.

Everything was green and leaves were well advanced. Fields were green with yellow and pinkish flowers and the entire landscape was one of great beauty. I marvelled at the quaint appearance of the houses with tile or slate roofs and at the stone fences made of narrow stones cut eight inches thick one to two feet high and projecting four or five feet above the ground. Similar support

of stone held up the vines. Grass was cut but named in little bundles which were then laid in the sun to dry and the trees were regularly pollarded so that they had rounded tops and few low limbs. Everywhere were people fields and houses, green vegetation and fertile soil.

The railroad followed the Rio Gino. ~~The~~ growth was scattered and only occasionally and rather remote from towns was there any forest of consequence. I noted Salvatierra de Miño as one possible place to stop and Orense as another though the latter seemed rather far from good collecting ground. The track ascended rapidly beyond Orense leaving pine forests behind and traversing a very rugged section where men were fishing in the swiftly rushing river.

At 5:30 I had a very fair meal in the dining car and then went to bed.

April 25, Friday.
At daybreak this morning I

found an entirely different landscape from that of yesterday. The train traversed a broad open plain with dry soil, farmed in sections and in sections given over to cattle. There were occasional open stands of pine all with rounded tops due to being pollarded. The first station I saw was Arevalo.

Beyond Avila a pleasant city I came in sight of the Sierra de Guadalupe and a little later the Sierra de Guadarrama which were crossed. Both were covered with snow on the higher summits. Near Las Navas were extensive forests of pine all marked for turpentine and at Escorial were deciduous trees.

All through this section I saw many magpies and occasional starlings.

Arrived at Madrid at 9:40 a.m. and registered at the Hotel Palace. I 45 pesetas for an outside room and bath with food additional.

Went to the American Express Co to learn the address of D. Chase of Pasadena who called on me in Washington and met him there by chance.

Later called at the American Embassy where I received a permit to collect and had a pleasant talk with Mr. Brown Langhlin the Ambassador. Received a permit allowing me to collect.

In the afternoon worked on notes and correspondence and walked about through the city.

The sun shone clearly and the air was pleasant though briskly cool.

Shops, offices and most institutions close from one or two to three or four in the afternoon. Found the Natural History Museum closed at that time also.

April 26, Saturday.

Cool and pleasant this morning with the sun shining. My aneroid

shows 2500 feet elevation in my room in the third floor of the Hotel. The air is clear and in general reminds me of California. The old world plane tree used commonly as shade is half leaved out and the horse chestnut is in blossom.

At ten thirty I went out to the Museo de Ciencias Naturales which occupies one wing of a long building. As the Director

was not yet in I spent an hour looking through the exhibits. A long hall with a high ceiling was ~~the~~ 65 x 200 feet was devoted to birds and mammals mounted for display. Long wall cases contained old mounts and new of single mammals and birds arranged according to no particular system and badly crowded. Through the center were other cases of conventional mounts and a series of very excellent small biological groups, principally of birds but with a few of mammals, particularly of chamois, and a bear labelled

as killed by King Alfonso XIII.
The taxidermy on these newer
installations was really excellent.
A gallery running around the
room contained exhibits of reptiles
and fish and smaller rooms
at the sides displayed collections
of minerals, fossils and a few
archeological specimens. A few
cases of shells were distributed
among the birds on the main floor
and others were shown along
a stairway.

When the director had arrived
I climbed high stairs to his office
and was received in most
friendly fashion. After a few moments
conversation he introduced me to
Sr. Luis Hozano Rey in charge of the
section of vertebrates who I found
working on fish but who is
much interested in birds. Also
met Sr. Gil Sletget who speaks
english very well and Sr.
Francisco Pacheco who is working
in geology.

These gentlemen immediately organized
a trip for me to a little Casita
in the Sierra Guadarrama above

Vista la petición que por conducto de la Embajada de los Estados Unidos eleva a este Departamento Ministerial Dn. Alexander Wetmore en solicitud de autorización para cazar aves durante los meses de Abril y Mayo del corriente año en las provincias de Pontevedra, Lugo, Oviedo, León y Santander, y con el fin de coleccionar diversos ejemplares con destino al Museo Nacional de Estados Unidos.

Vista la Real orden de este Ministerio de fecha 28 de Febrero último referente a la concesión de autorizaciones para la captura y transporte, con fines científicos, de los ejemplares de las diversas especies que se relacionan en los artículos 2 y 33 del Reglamento de 3 de Julio de 1903 para la ejecución de la vigente Ley de Caza.

Esta Direccion General, teniendo en cuenta los fines pers-
guidos, ha dispuesto conceder a Dn. Alexander Wetmore la auto-
rizacion que solicita, solo y exclusivamente a los fines cien-
tíficos, en las regiones y durante los meses mancionados, de-
biendo dar a conocer la presente autorización a las Autori-
des encargadas del cumplimiento de la Ley de Caza en los lu-
gares en que pretenda hacer uso de ella; la cual podrá usar
las restricciones que en las fincas rústicas impone el der-
cho de propiedad.

Lo que comunico a Vd. para su conocimiento y el de las
autoridades a que pueda afectar esta autorización .

Dios guarde a Vd. muchos años.

Madrid 8 de Abril de 1930.

EL DIRECTOR GENERAL

H. Dmauchin

Sr. Dn. Alexander Wetmore.

the city and were most courteous and friendly.

Dr. Sletget who has travelled much with Witherby had lunch with me and we spent the afternoon in looking over the bird collection. The skins are kept in glass topped boxes in wooden cases.

This evening I did some writing and arranged my baggage for the trip tomorrow.

April 27, Sunday.

This morning at eight I left Madrid in a bus bound for the Sierra de Guadarrama above Madrid in company with Dr. Luis Lozano Rey, Sr. Francisco Hernandez-Pacheco and David Chase. We travelled with a group bound for a club at Peñalara for a days outing.

Leaving Madrid we crossed a stretch of level country that at once became undulating with low hills bordering valleys in which were scattered growths of oaks. Vast expanses of land

without habitation of any kind were said to belong to the royal family and to be held simply for the sport of hunting.

The road climbed steadily upward the country becoming rough and stony and the hills higher. At about 5000 feet the first firs appeared *Pinus sylvestris* becoming increasingly snow abundant until about 5500 feet they formed dense forest extending over steep slopes.

At Peñalara the clubhouse was located at 6600 feet. The building had a commodious dining room used also as a lodge, a storage place for hundreds of pairs of skis in a basement and sleeping quarters above. It is one of a series scattered through the mountains of Spain belonging to club of more than 2000 members.

At 4000 feet elevation a rain began that at 6000 feet changed to wet snow this continuing all through the day with a heavy

fall so that I was not able to ~~do~~ the field work I expected. I walked out in the wet snow along the road examining the short needles and small cones of the Scots Pine *Pinus sylvestris*. On the ground was juniper and much brown the latter most curious with its long branchlets of even diameter throughout colored a clear dark green. An occasional bird voice came from the pines but in the heavy snowfall I could see nothing.

At nightfall we entered the motor bus and Chase and I, with one Hieronymo a negro from the museum to care for us were left at the Estacion ^{Alpina} Nacional de Biología our house maintained for the past fifteen years or more by the Museo de Ciencias Naturales as a spot center from which to study the fauna and flora of the Guadarrama. There is here a two story stone house with a commodious laboratory room and a living room stairs and bedrooms above. The living room had the fireplace, very shallow and without a mantel

the flow being continuous with the fireplace itself, a great hood, a part of the chimney six by ten feet extended out over the hearth and kept smoke from coming out in the room.

For supper we went up to the house of the road-keeper a few yards above where the kindly Señora short, dumpy set, active and efficient prepared for us a simple meal. Her fireplace had a true flue, the hood extending far above the mantel and being at least ten feet square rising in pyramidal shape and coming within six feet of the floor. It served efficiently to reflect heat.

As we ate the host, his sons and three or four others stood or sat silently grouped together on the opposite side of the room all watching us intently but not insolently and saying little. The firelight played about the room and the whole in its primitive simplicity offered a pleasant change from the ornate and luxurious quarters

I have occupied more recently.

April 28, Monday

At daybreak I was awakened by whistled bird songs from the shrubbery below my window and soon had my first bird for this expedition in Mind, a hedge sparrow, truly an auspicious beginning for a collection of species from the continent new to me.

After coffee we walked out through a forest of pines above the station along pleasant paths that led near rushing streams.

Pinus sylvestris here grows 40 to 70 feet tall with heavy wood. The bark of the lower trunk is blackish covered heavily with a growth of light green lichen. Among the branches the trunk and the larger limbs are light reddish brown the contrast between the upper and lower part of the trunk between decided and one that immediately catches the eye. The trees grew in open formation with open vistas between them. When the tree growth became scanty there was an abundant stand of

of broom growing in close clumps
on the ground. There were occasional
open meadows bordered by low
bushes and small deciduous trees
with many long stemmed coarse
thorned Vambles.

Rocky slopes outside the pines
were covered with a low stand
of what I took to be Artemisia
the appearance and odor being
exactly that of Sage brush.

Birds were common locally and
by noon I had ten specimens
which I decided was sufficient
for the first day as I had notes
to arrange and it was beginning
to rain.

At one the Señora served us a
very savory meal, the first plate
being an excellent dish of rice,
sweet red peppers and sausages,
followed by beefsteak, lettuce,
orange and banana all washed
down with a light white wine.
The others six of them, including
Hieronymo and the Señora, sat at
another table with a great bowl
of potato soup in the center in

which all in turn dipped their
spoons until it was finished.
When the plate was set in a
window sink, ~~and~~ the cat which
had been waiting patiently jumped
up and finished cleaning out
what was left. A pair of pigeons
flew ~~in~~ through the open door
and ate the bread that we threw
them greedily.

The afternoon was devoted to
specimens and notes. About three
the rain turned to wet snow
that continued to fall heavily for
the afternoon. About five I
went out for half an hour to find
storm-chats about the only bird that
was active.

Today I collected my first specimens
of coal tit and great tit and heard
the calls of the Cuckoo so exactly
like the cuckoo clock that they are
recognized instantly.

The fireplace was a great comfort
and we were very comfortable.

April 29, Tuesday.

After dark last night the snow changed
to rain and continued all through

the night. I awakened this morning to find snow and rain mixed driving across the land with scarcely a bird note to be heard above the rushing waters in the valley below. The storm continued all through the forenoon so that it was useless to go in the slush as everything in the way of birds was under cover or had moved down into the warmer valley below. We have had no view of the higher mountains during the entire period of our stay.

At eleven thirty I had an auto take us down to Cerecilla where we took a train for Madrid leaving Cerecilla at 1:14 and arriving in Madrid at 3:20. Cold continued and it has been raining at Madrid.

Pinus pinna is fairly common through the lowlands along the railroad track, growing usually in little clumps. The tree has the top rounded in a manner that is very characteristic.

Registered at the Palace Hotel

Had a severe diarrhoea so that I did not eat dinner.

April 30, Wednesday;
Day still overcast and threatening.

Received mail at the embassy and sent a cable to the office regarding Pearson's appointment as delegate to the International Committee on Bird Protection.

Went then to the Museo Nacional de Ciencias Naturales where I saw Señor Don J. Bolívar the Director and met his son who I had seen in Washington two years ago.

Demonstrated to Sr. Stetget our methods for examining bird stomachs and determining percentages of contents.

At four in the afternoon I returned again to the Museum where I showed Señor Lozano and Señor Stetget your methods in making bird skins using a *Cypsaetus melba* sent in from Guadalajara as a subject.

May 1, Thursday

This morning it developed that today is a Holiday, ~~perhaps~~ a sort of Labor Day, so that no taxicabs were running and the majority of business houses were closed. I managed to get into a bank, and to make one or two minor purchases and then could do nothing more. Visited the Biblioteca Nacional where I had to obtain a brass check and a slip of paper for making requests for books before I was allowed to examine the catalog which was kept in an anteroom. The catalog consisted of a series of little loose leaf in form about 4x8 inches each slip being devoted to one reference, rather poorly lettered. The books bore captions of artes, Belles Letres, Sociologia, etc., each one being devoted to a subject. The slips were arranged at random.

I had to retain my brass check before I could allow me to enter the reading room, which was like the reading room in any other

library but with tremendously high ceiling and poorly lighted. Also very cold.

In the same building were a series of halls devoted to modern art mainly painting. Most of the work was quite ordinary and in many cases depicted gloomy subjects as deathbed scenes, funeral ceremonies or the execution of martyrs.

At one I went to the Museum and was taken out to lunch by Stetget, Lozano and Bolivar, jr. We went downtown to a little restaurant where we had steins of excellent beer, fine large shrimps *Perlae*, which were most excellent eating, fried cuttlefish cut in small rings, each being a cross-section of the body, Boiled marine mollusks of the genus *Littornia* eaten with a black-headed jim cold raw salted ham (which I did not eat), ^{cold} broiled chicken and great slabs of cheese, a highly satisfying meal.

Then Chase out the Palace Hotel and then went to the Palacio Real where I had a letter allowing

allowing admittance. We walked first across a great open ^{the Plaza de Armas} square in area in the center of which I picked up a freshly dead House martin, found it in excellent shape, and dropped it in my pocket. Not every day that one has opportunity to collect a specimen in a royal palace. Following this we joined a party of American tourists in a little waiting room and presently were shown through a series of rooms by a politely courteous and efficient guide. In the crowd I found Mr. and Mrs. Royal Eccles whom I had known in Ogden, Utah.

The rooms were progressively more ornate and decorative until they culminated in a great throne room. The ceiling paintings, marble decorations and ornaments were remarkable and wonderful.

At six thirty I returned to the hotel where I found that my trunk had gone to the station.

I prepared the rest of my baggage and left shortly after seven myself in a bus provided with some difficulty. Handling baggage and everything was more difficult than ordinary, also considerably more expensive.

David Chase met me at the station which was filled with roistering students and we left at 8:15 in a sleeper bound for Puente de los Fierros in the province of Oviedo, the ancient Kingdom of Asturias.

May 2, Friday.

I awakened at daybreak near La Robla. The ascent of the mountains began shortly with snow in sight and the higher peaks. There was little or no timber on this southern slope, the land a Bursanga which had been recommended to me being bare except for bushes. At this altitude about 5000 feet, the train entered a tunnel passing through the summit and then began the

descent toward the north. The mountain scenery when a view was possible because of the many tunnels was magnificent. The slopes were steep and the valleys deep and narrow, with slopes covered rather scantily with deciduous trees and bushes. The higher points were covered with snow but below the ground was bare. I regretted the clouds of mist that interfered with the view.

We reached Puente de los Fierros at 6:30 when our baggage was unloaded through a window in characteristic fashion and we were escorted by a silent, confident, matter of fact lady to a little porch across the tracks where I made arrangements for meals and lodging and we had our morning coffee.

Following this I went over to the station to talk to two guardia civiles who informed me that they were stationed here only

because of a local strike and that there was no guard here than Pola de Lema far below. I presented my collecting permit and was assured that the caminos of which there are many were open.

By 8:30 we had changed clothes and were on our way up a rushing stream that rolled down a steep walled valley with hills rising 1500 to 3000 feet on either side. The elevation near the station at Puente de los Fierros according to my altimeter is about 1840 feet. As we were collecting above this I credited my specimens to 2000 feet.

The country was pleasantly green except where the eye caught the snow of the higher peaks. We followed winding foot trails too narrow for vehicles that led across the face of the steep slopes, a main road following near the stream and others branching off to lead

to higher levels in the ~~past~~ hills. The whole terrain was divided by stone fences or lines of cut brush into irregular fields many of which at a 45° angle so that I felt like a goat as I climbed up and down after birds.

Houses were relatively few and the land was given mainly to grazing. Higher slopes were ~~more~~ naked rock projecting in huge masses, or were covered with bushes and shrubs with occasional scattered trees. The trails were lined with shrubs and low trees, the green of the grass was dotted with violets and other flowers and cherry trees were in bloom. Small vales were springing their leaves and the season seemed to correspond to that of the last week in April at Washington. The ^{brilliant} green of the lower slopes and the waterfalls in the face of the ~~the~~ dominant features that caught the eye.

Most of the shrubs were spring and thorny and tore my hands. Birds were common and while not particularly wild were shy and kept closely to cover. On the steep slopes it was difficult to follow them when they were started and flew. I returned however with ten at noon, all killed with the collecting pistol.

Mist filled the valley in early morning and the sky was overcast for most of the day. At short intervals the sun appeared but shone only for a minute and was then obscured. Light showers of rain were frequent. The air was cool but not cold.

May 3, Saturday.

Last night the sky was entirely clear and early this morning there were only light clouds. These cleared away at once and the day until late afternoon was clear and bright.

By seven thirty we were again on our way over the trail up the main valley continuing without pause to the ^{fastest} point reached yesterday. From here we climbed up the steep slopes of a lateral valley to an altitude of 3000 feet. A part of the way was through open meadows and a part through brush and low trees. Everywhere the slope was abrupt and climbing difficult. At the highest point birds on the oaks were just flying and in areas exposed to the winds there were few birds. From the highest point I had wonderful views of the snow-capped mountains above the valley across from us.

The contrast between the scene at 3000 feet and the 1000 foot level near the river was indeed remarkable at this lower point the leaves being half way out.

Returning to town at noon I was stopped by two members of the guardia civil who wanted to examine my game bag but

instead I got out my permit which was examined with some interest but with the objection that it allowed me to "coleccionar" birds but not to "cazar" them. I indicated a more careful reading of the permit which explained the matter properly, showed my passport and then after a little more general conversation we parted in friendly enough manner.

The afternoon was devoted to skins.

The wind blew down from the higher mountains in evening bringing with it clouds that covered the hills above town and a cold raw air. We walked out down the road to discover two or three groups of houses ~~and~~ a church that we had not previously seen and also located a trail leading out along a branch of the main stream that seemed worth a morning's trip.

This morning we saw a squirrel at 1800 feet eating green leaves in a budding tree.

May 4, Sunday

Another beautiful day with the sun shining clearly and pleasantly over a world of beautiful green.

This morning we followed a branch of the main stream passing through the lower part of the town and crossing the railroad track were soon in a warm valley carpeted with green grass and with shrubs and trees half in green leaf. Little meadows were raised one above another with clumps of brush beyond and the land was more level than ordinary. Violets were everywhere, with an abundance of strange flowers and clover carpeted the meadows.

There were the usual cows grazing in the meadows and occasional people traversing the trails.

Birds abounded in fair variety

and songs came from every side & collected fifteen specimens without particular difficulty.

Insects now are very abundant. I see white butterflies, mourning cloaks and occasional little blues.

May 5, Monday.

The sky was overcast today and the air damp. Slugs, black in color and varying in length from two to eight inches were crawling over bare earth or grass. Snails, which are common here were also active.

The sky remained overcast for most of the day with only occasional glimpses of the sun and birds were rather inactive. In the afternoon clouds swept in over the hills immediately above town and rain fell at intervals.

We were out early and followed the lateral valley below the village, collecting for a time in the same area as yesterday and then climbed up a steep trail that led us through

the tiny village of Villar de
Paramal a cluster of twenty-five
or thirty houses gathered closely
together about a low church
looking almost as ancient as
the rocks ~~among~~ which it stood
with its low stone houses and
slate or tile roofs. The houses
were grouped at random with
a muddy, dusty street passing
between them barely wide enough
for passage of a yoke of oxen
and ~~without~~ any orderly
arrangement so that we had to
make several attempts before finding
our way through. I took a
number of pictures but the
people refused to pose, hiding
or moving quickly aside. As
I took my last view of the little
town from a ridge at one side
a man on a balcony yelled at
me not to take his house and then
moved quickly inside.

The people as a rule are rather
stolid, only the older ones speaking
as we pass on the trails, and
exhibiting little curiosity about

us. When it is muddy they
wear a wooden shoe with two
blunt projections in the center of
the sole these making a curious
appearance in the roadway. These
wooden shoes slip on over the
ordinary felt slippers and are taken
off before entering houses. Children
wear them as our youngsters
do rubbers. When they walk
quickly on hard streets they
sound like horses.

We descended into the valley
of the little stream again, crossed
it at an old mill and
came to a forest of chestnut
trees spreading over a long
slope. The trunks of these
trees were gnarled and twisted
with many scars the largest
being ~~than~~ to five feet through.
From twelve to twenty feet from
the ground all had been
pollarded, a process that had
been repeated many times until
the trees seemed more dead than
alive with their huge, scarred
trunks surrounded by small

bushy limbs, the larger ones of which were now being hacked away. Their appearance was strange, desolate and depressing and a hobgoblin wood that was devoid of bird life.

At intervals among the trunks were little circular niches built up of small flat bits of slate, two feet high and four or five feet across that may have been used in collecting chestnuts.

Climbing up through this open grove toward the top of the ridge the ground became more rough and rocky and there was much moss. Bush too had collected away from the trails.

Finally we emerged above the trees on a ridge beyond which we descended into a green valley drained by another rapidly tumbling stream and came finally back to the little meadow of yesterday just a rocky cliff before which soared hawks and ravens.

The warm sun of yesterday

reduced the amount of snow visible on the higher hills appreciably.

We went directly across from the station of Navidella at the highest points reached today. Although collecting was carried on today in the general vicinity of Villar de Parama I am labelling all specimens Puente de los Fierros as that is a station on the railroad that is easily located, and these hills have many scattered hamlets which would be very difficult to locate on maps, scattered only a few kilometers apart.

In general the people of this section of Asturias live in groups in little villages and go out from there to work on their farms. The stone buildings scattered through the pastures are all barns and there are no country habitations. The life of the people is entirely gregarious. The tillable land is limited in

extent, and there are a few cows. Beyond this there is nothing. And the country population is decidedly limited.

May 6, Tuesday

Chase continued to Uviedo this morning. After seeing him off on the 6:30 train I had coffee and then went up the main valley to the west continuing for a considerable distance beyond any point attained previously.

The slopes on either side of the valley rise from the river itself steeply with no level ground. The trails pass along the side hills there being two or three one above the other and one is continually climbing up or down in traversing them. The fields are small and are divided by stone walls or by ingeniously made brush fences. ~~At~~ Beyond two kilometers above town there is little cultivation, the people handling a small number of cows only. There

are small tracts of woods, some of trees of considerable size but all felled so extensively that the birds seem to care little for them.

There are few people in this upper valley where I was today.

At ~~the~~ point a great dyke of rock thrust vertically up and the river had worn a channel down through it. The stream passed through a channel not more than twelve or fifteen feet wide between huge masses of stone, the water tumbling fifty feet below a bridge built across the tops of the stone. This is known as Puente de los Cabras. I continued over rocky slopes a short distance farther seeing comparatively little and then returned by a higher trail.

The sun shone for a time but it rained for most of the afternoon and was cold and damp.

I bought a pair of the curious wooden shoes for 2½ pesos.

May 7, Wednesday.

Awoke this morning shortly before seven to find a drizzle of rain falling which continued intermittently throughout the forenoon. I was occupied for the forenoon in packing specimens and outfit in writing, a good day to move as it would have been more or less useless to have gone out in the field.

The "rapido", the fast passenger train from Orizaba did not leave passengers for Busdango so that I therefore travelled on the "mixto", which carried both freight and passengers, a more plebeian stratum but one that made practically the same time as the other. Half the town turned out to see my equipment of baggage taken to the station by a little truck and the boy to whom I gave two pesetas for this service was delighted.

While waiting for the train a wedding party came up the road probably from the church below. First came the bride and

groom, the former all in black, probably because she was in mourning with a long black veil and a band of lacy white across her forehead to indicate her happiness. 15 yards in the rear came four girls abreast and behind them six more abreast, at an equal distance behind these a group of ~~four~~^{two} couples and finally in the rear a group of young men.

A bell rang announcing the coming of the train which appeared immediately. I saw my baggage loaded into a little baggage car and then put my hand baggage in a first class compartment which I occupied alone. The coaches of this type are about one third the length of our railroad cars and in the one I occupied had doors opening on either side into compartments that ran the full width of the car. The passenger opened the door and chumped his baggage in as best he

could and then climbed in after it. Presently the station master rang a bell three times, a train guard blew his whistle and in a moment or two we were off. No one takes up tickets sitting on the train or on arrival at the destination.

The road wound steadily upward back and forth across the steep slopes of two valleys passing through a seemingly endless series of tunnels. In the few intervals I had glimpses of my collecting region of the past few days to find that I had covered this area even better than I had supposed. The higher slopes were green with grass but only occasional trees had begun to leaf out. At Pajares below the station I saw a little village but the slopes appeared entirely steep to be suitable for collecting.

The rain in the valley had fallen as snow at 5000 ft.

On due time we came out of one last long tunnel which had

carried us through the summit of the pass and rolled down into the little town of Busdongo.

A drizzling rain was falling and banks of snow from the winter lay only 500 ft above the track, the hills rose in rocky majesty on either side, their sharply projecting peaks, barren rock with ~~poor~~ pastures on their lower slopes and ~~dark~~ mats of scrubby brush above. There were few or no trees.

The arrival of a stranger with luggage drew a fair crowd that was curious but not inquisitive. One boy read a label on one of my bags and proclaimed that I was a doctor. The brief inquiry I got hold of a boy from the little fonda and which lay just below the station and in a few minutes was in possession of a small but clean room with a little gallery in front, had sent for my trunk and was myself seated at a little table eating

a fair meal. This consisted of a noodle soup, an ~~of~~ omelith, and a steak and a goat chop, followed by goat cheese and a plate of ~~canard~~ ~~friches~~ and apples.

When round steak is prepared for the table it is cut in small slices $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick, cut a smashing blow with ~~heavy~~ stone flattened on one side which reduces it to a thin wafer and then fried in hot grease.

Following this I walked out through the village. Forty or fifty houses were strung along the automobile road the older houses lying above the station about which was a group of newer structures. The houses were of the usual stone construction with tile roofs and ~~several~~ many appeared comfortable & others seemed squalid and miserable. A drizzling rain continued to fall and the air was raw and cold.

I saw numerous Chaffinches, meadow buntings, and yellow hammers and one Phoenicurus of a type

seen yesterday but not collected. As it was after three by the time I had my baggage arranged I did not try to go afield but spent the afternoon in writing.

The same wooden shoes are used here as at Puente de los Hierros. Old and young, women and children wear a light cloth shoe with a felt sole about the house. When they go out in the muddy street they step into a pair of wooden shoes and so proceed dry shod. These shoes are cut from a single piece of wood and have rather high heels and two projecting flattened points, one on either side, in the sole so that the wear stands elevated above the ground. When walking a great clatter is produced the effect being much like the clatter of a horse's hoofs over stones.

These country people are in general short in stature with dark skin, black hair and dark

eyes. Their faces are rounded and they are rather short and compactly built. Among them, especially among the women are some with bound hair. I saw one girl this morning with medium brown hair mixed heavily with black along the part.

The girls wear knee length skirts and bobbed hair, the effect I am told of what they see of the fashions in American made movies.

May 8, Thursday.

The morning air was clear and sharp and I lost no time in dressing in a room that had never known artificial heat. After coffee, warmed bread and butter I set out at seven with Julio Suarez son of the proprietor of the fonda as guide and companion, going down the valley along the carretera which follows the course of the Rio Bearegra and as soon as I was away from the town striking out through the hills to follow

an open valley back inland for a considerable distance. The valley here are open with rolling hills on either side back of which rise steeper, higher slopes. The valley floor and occasionally part of the slopes are given over to pastures with rocks and above ground with heather and grass in scrubby growth. At 4500 feet there were still considerable banks of snow on north slopes and above this the ground was partly covered with a scanty fall from yesterday. In the background the higher mountains are entirely white.

The streams come down over stony beds flowing rapidly. Willows are just beginning to bud although the grass is green as can be seen and popples are everywhere in blossom. Spring at this elevation is just opening.

Birds were fairly common and of some variety. The hedge sparrow was everywhere in the brushy growths with occasional whinets

stone-chats and chaffinches. Pipits were fairly common as was the meadow bunting. I returned at noon with sixteen birds and a mole that I bought of a man for half a peseta. He said that he expected to sell the skin for that amount and that on Sunday he had captured ten of these animals.

For part of the trip today I had the company of an energetic young priest. Bounced on foot for a little village. Every valley has a little cluster of houses, each group with a name but I am labeling my specimens Bursongo as all are then near at hand and that is the central point.

Dairying seems to be the principal industry here but stock is far from abundant. The peasants are stolid and though they stop to watch me seldom say anything. I spent the afternoon making up skins on the little gallery in which my room opens. Wore underwear and all the heavy

clothing I have with me make me none too comfortable.

Meals here consists of soup, followed by two kinds of meat, cheese and an orange or some other fruit. I do not get sufficient vegetables.

The sun shone at intervals during the day and there was no rain. The air is cold and penetrating.

May 9, Friday.

The morning air at sunrise was cold and sharp and frost whitened the hillside visible from my window. The sky was clear and remained so throughout the day the sun shining clear and bright.

A few minutes after sunrise I went up the highway toward the pass called Puerto de Pajares and was occupied in that area all the forenoon. The road rose steadily and after getting a short distance beyond the village limits I worked out through the pastures

bordering the Rio Bernesga or the rolling open slopes above. At the head of the pass is a foot marking the boundaries between the Province of Leon and Asturias also called the Province of Oviedo in which the altitude is inscribed at 1366 meters. My altimeter at the village of Busdongo reads 4300 feet and as I collected on the slopes above pass I have marked my specimens as taken at 5000 feet.

The slopes above the winding valley are rolling and open with low growths of gorse, a little brown ^(specimen Erica ciliaris.) and in places mats of heather ^{now in bloom.} The grass is a clear bright green dotted with ^{yellow} daffodils and a sprays of ^{purple} dog tooth violet, the shrubbery where present a dull brownish green and the sky above clear blue. Banks of snow lay everywhere but the air was warm and pleasant.

The background was higher hills that were entirely

white with snow and still farther away higher peaks of jagged rock in part with faces too steep to hold snow ~~so~~ that they appeared a cold gray blue.

From the summit of the pass I had a wonderful ~~at~~ view now steep, almost precipitous slopes past the little village of Sajares to the lower levels of Puente de los Fierros where I collected previously. The slopes on this side were covered in part with deciduous growth, ~~with~~ some fair stands of oak and occasional poplars. At the higher levels buds had not yet started but low leaves were appearing.

The fitches were steep with projecting points of hills and in the distance were rough, rocky peaks white with snow. The coastal lowlands were hidden beneath foggy low clouds.

The pass is a small hotel that looked very clean and comfortable. The slopes at the left had been swept by fire and

There was little of interest left. Farther on was an excellent stand of fir timber. My native companion, brought along principally to explain my business to the country folk, claimed that there were occasional bears and wolves there which may or may not be true. I found very few birds at the summit but did not go far down.

Contrast between the opposing slopes of this pass are clear cut and distinct. The side toward Busdango is rolling and open, rising gradually without timber. The opposite slope toward Pajares and the Ovids lowlands is steep and abrupt with slopes well covered with deciduous growth from which came the songs of the robin and the notes of other brush-haunting birds that I had found commonly at Puente de los Fierros.

On the rolling open grasslands were pipits, skylarks and yellow-hammers, wheatears and star and

whinchats. I returned at noon with sixteen birds and was occupied for the entire afternoon with their preparation and with my notes. I was thankful for the warm sun that shone in for part of time on my balcony.

May 10, Saturday.

The morning sun was again clear and the day warmer than yesterday so that for the first time during my stay here I walked during the forenoon without a sweater. The morning air was clear and chill with a hint of frost on the grass. I walked along the valley along the Carretera following the road through a narrow pass that carried both the auto road and the river with naked rock rising steeply on either side for a thousand feet or more to emerge in an open valley where level land extended in roughly semicircular form for about two miles. All this level stretch

And the more gradual slopes on either hand were cultivated. Everywhere little groups of people were working in their tiny fields. Then a man with perhaps his wife and son following a span of patient cattle pulling a crude wooden plow through the dark brown loam. Then another group were spreading fertilizer brought in panniers on the backs of horses. Many always they worked in little groups, several men and women congregating for a task that would be simple for a modern American farmer. Only the herdsmen scattered over the hills were solitary, usually old men. When women assumed the task of watching their two or three head of stock then they went two or more together or were accompanied by children. I crossed into the open valley but with those small villages at all many sides of the valley and people everywhere. Collecting did not seem promising so that I decided instead to work the

narrow defile and one of the rocky slopes, a fortunate choice as the next three hours proved. After collecting specimens of both yellow and white wagtails a black redstart for which I had been on the watch appeared on a point of rock on a slope where a great dike of stone thrust up from the river level in jagged naked points rising from 4000 to 5000 feet. My bird kept flying ahead from point to point until finally it appeared in long range and was soon in hand, a beautiful specimen.

Encouraged by this, with not a feather in sight above I decided to continue climbing, and in fifteen minutes was delighted by the clear song of the blue rock thrush *Monticola saxatilis*. The bird appeared high above perched on a rocky point with one or two companions fluttering near. I climbed slowly and somewhat painfully pausing at intervals to simulate in my

brown Khaki shooting coat on of
the brown cattle grazing over the
hills as much as possible. When
finally within range the slope
was so steep that in shooting
I had to lean in against the
stone to avoid being thrown off
balance by the recoil of my gun.
My bird, in the hand was
beautiful, the more so since it
was one of the species that I
had scarcely hoped to see. The
others led me up the slopes
to no avail as they proved
shy and evasive.

Among the higher points
of rock a curious call came
to ear for a time without
visible source until after a
minute or two I saw a ~~mouse~~
bird shadow moving along the
mountain slope far below and
tracing its upward toward the
sun to its source saw a
crowlike bird sweeping in
bounds and circles over the
slopes at one side. The binoculars
showed to curved red bill of

first Chough. And I watched
its evolution in keen delight.
It passed on to be followed
later by two others that came
in sweeping circles toward me
to leave one of the pair in a
dense growth of gorse 500 feet
below, when it fell at a long
shot.

With the chough retired I
climbed slowly upward to regain
my lost altitudes circling broad
banks of snow with heather and
gorse and another shrub forming
dense mats wherever there was
soil. At intervals projecting
rocks had little overhanging
shelters occupied at times by
shepherds and herdsmen as I
indicated by the signs of fire
before them.

I hoped for more rock thrushes
without success. Finally a pair of
birds swept swiftly around
the slope at a level with me
as I rested on a narrow ledge
and without pausing to consider
what they were by a lucky shot

I tumbled me into the gorge
and reloaded to secure its companion
from a ledge nearby. I was
delighted and astonished to pick
up a fine pair of the alpine
Ascensor *Peromyscus* *crinitus* a
species that I had not the
remotest expectation of seeing.

From my elevation here
I looked over a lower ridge
to the little village of Busdengo and
past it to the Puerto de Pajaro
a little below my present level.
On the valleys below were rushing
streams bordered by little squares
of cultivated fields separated by
the lines of rock fences; above
slopes covered with grass or
low matted shrubbery. Banks of
snow lay everywhere with the
higher hills entirely white
except when they projected
in rough angular spires and
blocks of cold, blue-gray stone.
Flowers dotted the meadows,
clear bird songs came distinctly
from below and over all lay
a golden sunshine that bathed

the entire world in warmth and
light. Truly I was content with
my view and my bag
filled with specimens.
I came finally down the
slopes toward the little stream
in the valley below to Knock
another through from a flock
unwary enough to swing
within long grass range and
followed down through a series
of little meadows irrigated by
little ~~two~~ runs drawn from the
streams to a trail that led me
over a hill toward the carretera
and so back to Busdengo.

Returning at one I was
occupied until nearly dark
with seventeen birds that had
to day fallen to my gun, thankful
for the long day and the
pleasant warmth ^{from the same rays} that came
into my little gallery work room.
I retired at ten thirty with
preparations completed for departure
from Busdengo early tomorrow
morning.

May 11, Sunday

The weather siding across the way awakened me at daylight and I made preparations to take the mixed freight and passenger train called the "Provincial" for Leon at 6:30. It came at seven and I was duly installed in a first class compartment which I occupied alone.

The track descended rather rapidly to 3900 feet at Villamanin and from there more gradually to about 3200 feet at Leon. La Robla maintaining this elevation to Leon distant about 65 Kilometers from Bussango. Below Villa

At Villamanin the leaves on the willows were noticeably half out and the season was noticeably farther advanced than at Bussango. Migrant birds were coming in as swifts were abundant in all the villages below Villamanin.

The hills decreased steadily in height and ruggedness and the river we were following grew until at La Robla there were

only low rolling knolls at either side of a fairly broad flood plain and at Leon reached at 9:30 we were on a broad level area.

The country was divided into long narrow or square tracts of ground cultivated or in grass, in some cases with wheat already in head. Much of the land appeared wet possibly from recent rains and queer batrachian voices came from standing pools of water.

At Leon the station was large and modern in appearance. Passengers apparently were not expected on the Provincial except those who had few possessions and travelled on foot as there were no carriages. A small boy however for half a peseta sped away and in a short time a Chrysler was at my command and my luggage was loaded in under the cold scrutiny of three or four police.

The Hotel Eliden was new and modern as I secured a room, bath with hot water and

food at the rate of 25 pesetas a day.

A hair-cut was first in order and then I tried for mail but found none. Left instructions to forward to Riaño in case any came.

Sunday morning in Leon is given over to promenades along the principal streets and plazas as these were thronged with people. The plazas were rather bare and open and the light reflected from the pavement intense. I walked over to see the massive cathedral and walked quietly inside under a great nave to examine ornate carvings and glass windows. On a ceiling with so many poor the wealth represented might better have been used in charity.

The great old tower had a vertical crack extending down its front for nearly the full length. I do not believe that I should care to live too near it. Kestrels and jackdaws

circled with pigeons about its high towers.

At the hotel I met the Rev. and Mrs. Carroll Perry of Boston who are motoring through this country and talked with them for a time.

After a welcome bath I left at 5:00 P.M. in a motor bus for Cisterna arriving there at 7:30. The bus was large and commodious with a small separate compartment in front for first class passengers. My baggage was loaded on the top.

The road was macadam and fairly good though narrow. Roads and fence rows were lined with tall poplars half in leaf and horse chestnut trees in bloom were in bloom. The country was level and the soil a richish brown sandy loam. It was farmed principally in wheat and grass with many cattle. As I climbed the people lived in groups and there were few country houses.

The villages were constructed largely of squares of adobe and presented a dry and dusty appearance quite different from the rock and stone houses of the north.

The bus travelled rather rapidly on the level and rode comfortably but its model T Ford engine had much work on the hills. At intervals we stopped in little villages to discharge or take on passengers or to have little flat leather cases with mail.

After an interval the road turned along the broad valley of the Esca. A rich stream flowing with shallow swift current over a gravelly bed and swelling in toward the mountains whose distant peaks seemed to rise directly from the level plain.

Soon low hills arose on either side some covered with scrub oaks and at Cisterna we entered a valley with hills rising 500 to a thousand feet on either hand. Cisterna is a small town with

considerable new construction in the way of houses. The Hotel Moderno was reasonably cheap and I had a good dinner after a walk out through the village and an hour spent on my notes.

Poplar trees half in leaf lined the roadways, the grass was green and gardens were planted. The region is noticeably drier than that seen on the north slope of the mountains.

People stare at me everywhere because of my height.

Dinner came at nine and shortly after ten I went to sleep in spite of the striking rattling notes of a mechanical piano in the bar room directly under me and shouts and whoops from the street outside. The Hotel Moderno evidently is the center of the night life of the town and everyone was out to make the most of it.

Elevation here shows as 3170 feet. Air cool but not unpleasant, quite different from the penetrating cold of higher altitudes.

May 12, Monday.

Air cool and pleasant this morning, much drier than at other points I have visited. I was up at seven and had coffee at eight. Was occupied until nearly ten with notes and with making one or two purchases.

It developed at ten that the large bus for Riacho was undergoing repairs and that possibly only a small auto might make the trip and that in this event I could go myself but would need to leave behind my baggage! Made inquiry regarding the hire of a private car but before I had gone far with negotiations the big bus came rumbling around the corner and my luggage was soon aboard and after a stop at the post office and another at a prominent corner to take on passengers we were off.

The bus was ancient and rumbled and creaked with

much jerking and rattling of the clutch in starting. However it made the trip successfully. The road was macadam and rather narrow so that there was barely room for two trucks to pass. It followed the course of the Esala travelling through a level valley with occasional narrowings when the hills closed in on either side to leave room for the river and the road only.

The valley at first was cultivated but near Riacho the tillable land decreased in extent the hills became higher and forest appeared on many slopes. On the background were barren masses of blue-gray limestone with snow on the higher points.

The elevation at Riacho near the river is 3500 feet.

I was delighted to find in the Funda Montañesa a most comfortable little inn with the walls of the dining room decorated with

copper bowls and china ware, ornamental flowers in vases and many other little decorative touches that gave a homelike effect.

I was soon established in a clean comfortable little room and had before me a meal of rice and meat, fried eggs, and roast mutton, followed by cheese, assorted pastries and fruit. This was finished at two. Following this I unpacked wrote some notes and then called at the Puesto de la Guardia Civil where I was civilly received by the sergeant in charge, showed my permits and had some discussion of the country.

Later I walked over the town which lies near the junction of two streams against a little hill and has possibly 50 or 60 houses. A main carretera leads through the village directly. While the other streets are of the usual indefinite uncertain course common to the smaller Spanish villages.

The houses are of stone, in part covered with stucco with red tile roofs.

Swifts circled overhead with a few swallows, sparrows chattered in the trees and I located half a dozen nests of storks each with a pair of birds in the tops of poplar trees. Apple trees in the village were in bloom but the hillsides still appear brown and bare.

May 13, Tuesday.

I was out this morning at 6.30 and walked out through the village in the pleasant morning air and across a bridge over the Rio Esca to following a trail leading across an open hillside with indication of forest in the valley beyond showing along the ridge.

The valley proved to be well forested with oak, but such the trees being mostly small and seldom exceeding 50 or 60 feet in height. Most

were decidedly. All had been trimmed and polished until they presented a gleamed and twisted appearance. On one slope the undergrowth had been cut out, on the other it remained being very dense and thick. Green meadows led along the center of the valley with bare ground about the forest grown with mats of moss leading to some ledges of bare limestone.

Snow shows on distant ridges in some abundance.

The morning sun was warm and pleasant and birds were singing every where. Birds on the oaks and beeches are just beginning to open. Violets were in bloom.

I walked for some distance without securing anything and then suddenly birds appeared and in three minutes I was in possession of my first specimens of the jay, greater woodpecker and crested tit followed immediately by a fine pair of woodlarks.

Collecting was excellent and at 11:30 I rested for a minute on the slope overlooking the village

to find that I had obtained sixteen birds. The village lay on an open flat by the river with hills rising beyond partly covered with snow, truly a pleasant view. The afternoon was fully occupied with specimens, including a fine female *Tetrao urogallus*. Dark did not come until eight.

May 14, Wednesday

At daylight this morning the valley was obscured by fog but as the sun rose this disappeared and by seven thirty the mist had disappeared and the sun shone clear and bright all day.

I walked out to the south over some rolling ridges without coming to a lateral valley tributary to the Esla with a small stream bordered by open green meadows and hills on either side covered in part by forest. Surprisingly enough I find very few birds in these open meadows along these small lateral streams possibly because of the season. Birds were

most abundant in the pollarded forests where the trees are large and widely separated and where there is open turf with little or no undergrowth. Comparatively few occur in the dense scrub that covers some of the hill slopes.

Bucks or ~~oaks~~ and beeches are opening slowly and spring is at hand. I am told that until the end of last week that the weather remained cold and disagreeable.

I see mole workings abundantly and occasional signs of small rodents.

Migration is very evidently in progress among the smaller birds and among the resident species the breeding season is just at hand.

I made a long trip today starting at seven and returning at one but found birds comparatively only one point. I returned with sixteen specimens the greater part obtained in one limited section.

The broader, more open sections of the Rio Yuso and Esala ~~that~~ valleys are given over to cultivation but

except in a few places this does not extend far up the slopes and the upper areas are utilized for forest and grazing.

Herd of sheep range over the hills and small herds of cows are found at intervals. As at other points visited there is no settlement in the country the people all living closely grouped in little towns.

March 15 Thursday

This morning I was out at six to find a thin haze of fog over the village and the air cool but not too sharp. I crossed the Esala to the west and followed out through the hills with the morning sun warm and pleasant in the few woodlands. Migrant birds seem to be arriving regularly and this morning on this particular hillside I noted a Cuckoo, numerous green woodpeckers, a *Sylvia conspicillata* and a pine flycatcher none of which were there two days previous.

I continued over toward two projecting peaks with bare limestone standing out in sharp cut outlines above steep slopes where turf and loose rock were intermingled. Almost at once on reaching this area choughs appeared and I was delighted to see that the majority were the alpine species with yellow bills. A red-billed bird came flying by and I dropped it and a few minutes later secured two of the alpine species in quick succession. A gray partridge however that burst out at my feet got away clean in spite to a close chase with both barrels.

I climbed up on a high ridge over a steep slope where I had a wonderful view of the mountains in the morning sun and saw a few black throats and some kestrels and then returned through woodland to Riano with sixteen birds to prepare.

The leaves on the pawthorns are half expanded now and I

can note daily change in the vegetation.

At nightfall the wind came up to some extent and sky partly clouded over.

When I came down in the morning I find my cafe can leave in a thermos bottle with bread and butter. This is breakfast. Dinner comes from one to one thirty and consists of soup with three other plates followed by cheese, milk, fruit and pastries. Supper is from nine to nine thirty and consists of three plates followed by the same assortment as the noon meal. The foods are excellent at this time of year but would not be so pleasant in the winter season.

May 16, Friday.

At seven this morning I crossed the Rio Yuso and followed along the level stony plain beyond where the Yuso joins the Esca in a valley leading back inland toward the north so located that its slope

had a warm southern exposure.
The lower part of this valley was
grown with a close stand of
small birch which up to 3500
was in leaf in the lower part
being almost fully out. The leaves
decreased in size as I went upward
until at 4000 feet at the upper
edge of the thickets the leaves
were just beginning to wither. Above
the low birches was a stand
of taller trees ranging fifty to
seventy feet tall all much cut
and naked.

An open slope stream with
boulders beyond led up to an
open pass with great masses
of gray limestone projecting on
either hand and leading
off to flank the valley on either
side.

Masses of snow lay on banks
over this open ground and I
could see that much of the
ground had been laid bare by the
burn only within the last few
days. Moles were already working
the earth in these localities and

I saw many mouse runs that
had been made beneath the snow.

Jonquils were blooming
abundantly in places, with Hairs
and Chickweed in the lower fields.

Below the summit of the ples on
the north slope I came to
a fine stand of birch with
trees fifteen inches to three feet
through & rising 50 to 80 feet - they
were plainly untouched by the
ax and showed what the
original growth in this region must
have been. The branches everywhere
were hung with masses of gray
and gray-green ~~moor~~ moss that
filled the trees completely. Snow
lay in great banks on this
north slope with the trees as
yet in winter stage. Among the
birches was an occasional
conifer ^(specimen) *Taxus baccata* but these had
been much hacked and cut.

Small birds were common
through the small birch growth
on the south slope and there
is evident steady increase in
their number. These dense thickets

When fully out will offer a lunar
coron when it will be difficult
to see.

On the sun slopes above was
a few wheatears and juncos and
an occasional bluebird, the
latter very wild. Above circled
ravens and choughs. Descending
into the bush forest on the north
at first I saw nothing but
chaffinches but a little later
collected three Kinglets. It
was a quarter of two when I
reached the village.

The weather today was perfect
with the sun warm but not
too hot and the sky clear.

May 17, Saturday.

At daybreak this morning the
valley was filled with a heavy fog
that did not lift until after
seven. I started shortly after six
for the Monte de Ormas to the
northwest, working slowly along a
series of high ridges I devoted to
sun pasture, the grassy slopes
visible before and behind but

with nothing visible in the
valley depths at either side so
that I had to direct my course
by the sounds from the village
behind me and by the rushing
of water in the streams far
below. I seemed to be walking
in world apart. Toward seven
the sun began to break through
and in a few minutes the
fog had entirely gone except
for shreds of mist that
hung over the Esca.

Almost at the start a
juncot that seemed larger than
normal appeared near at hand
and I was pleased to secure
Canthus campestris.

I travelled through the sun
woodland visited previously
when the trees were spaced rather
far apart and all cut and
pollarded securing almost immediately
a pair of short-toed crupers. Beyond
I came into a small valley
and followed up a little stream
bed past some barns where cattle
are kept during the night to the

slopes ~~good~~ covered by the extensive
Monte de Armas. The trees here
were of oak mainly with scattered
beeches and on the upper slopes
in more or less natural state.
The oaks were heavy trunked and
heavy limbed growing fifty to
seventy or eighty feet tall. Some of
the largest were as much as
six feet through, the majority
ranging from fifteen or eighteen
inches to three or four feet.
The limbs were hung with moss
but not so extensively as the beeches
seen yesterday. This moss with
the twisting and matting of the
limbs makes it difficult to see
small birds when they remain
quiet. Also frequently small birds
that I shoot hang in the branches
but fortunately the trees branch low
so that climbing for them is usually
an easy matter.

This forest is extensive and is
a more nearly natural state with
less cutting than an I have seen
previously. Sadly enough I could
see that wood choppers were making

steady inroads into it and
that before long it would
disappear.

These trees were not yet in
leaf. At 4500 feet they became
smaller and almost immediately
I was on treeless slopes that
above the forest were grown.
Mainly with brown grass and with
occasional patches of scrubby
oak shrub two to four feet high.
Snow lay in great banks over this
area with streams descending
on every side. From 5000 to
5500 feet were rock stream slopes
lying sparsely between banks of
snow with occasionally mats
of a spring grass. At late
lunch beside a snow bank
at 5500 feet just below the
crest of the ridge resting comfortably
in the warm sun, my meal
consisting of a lump of brown bread
a can of "sardines" and a can of
peaches. The latter a native
product and very poor.

On these higher slopes snow
had left only a few days previous

and vegetation had not yet made a start.

On the opposite side of looked out over great masses of snow across a series of rough broken hills with a series of jagged limestone points rising behind. On these inner hills there were no trees. The slopes were exposed being bare and stony. The high peaks beyond seemed to rise a thousand feet or more above my point of observation.

A raven or two circled over head. A beautiful *Elanus caeruleus* circled down into the wind almost within gunshot and then drew off. A skylark sang high in the air. Its breast a point of white against the deep blue sky and a few juncos, black redstarts and wheatears inhabited the rocks. An *Renanthera* *lencusa* was the chief reward for a long and difficult climb. Tracks of what I believed to be a fox led across the snow banks.

The reflected sun from the snow

browned my face rather badly.

About two thirty having covered the available ground I began the descent and worked down into the forest when finally I obtained a specimen of *Dryobates melinus* for which I have been in search ever since my arrival.

Through the lower forest at 4000 feet I found considerably stands of *illex* some of the trunks being very large. A few contained berries. The jonquil grows wild here in the greatest profusion and on the upper slopes were great quantities of plants that had not yet come into bloom.

I came down past the little village of La Puerta just around the Mill from Riaño to see a chaffer bobbing impudently at me beneath a bridge and reached my room at 5.30 with twenty birds to show for my days efforts including four not taken previously.

The arrangement of settlements here is highly interesting. No one lives in the country the settlement being entirely in little towns. From where I ate lunch today I had five of these groups of houses beside Rioño itself in sight with one or two more lying just beyond vision behind a hill. From there the people go out daily to their work in the country.

I learn tonight that this range is known as the Sierra de Ormas. Bears are said to occur as well as wild fig.

May 18, Sunday.

The sun rose so pleasantly this morning that I regretted my decision, based on the necessity of making some 20 S. Kins. of birds secured yesterday, to remain in town.

About eleven I walked out to take some photographs going over to La Puerta a little village just beyond Rioño on the Rio Yucos to get a picture or two of the

nests one located picturesquely on the top of a little church.

As I turned away from this a gentleman greeted me pleasantly and asked me courteously if I would not care to come in to his house to rest a bit an invitation that I readily accepted. We went upstairs into a small room with a fire place where I was seated on a cushion beside an open window and told that I might put on my hat if the air bothered me. It turned out that I was in the house of the school master and I sat and talked for half an hour pleasantly and then came away.

The other evening in Rioño a gentleman on his way to church stopped me and told me that at any time he would be pleased to have me stop in his house to refresh myself with a cup of milk. Such courtesy is highly pleasant.

I wrote a number of letters in the afternoon and brought my notes up to date.

In the little church at services

the entire congregation kneel on the hard stone floor, the women in front and the men behind remaining thus for a considerable time. In the evening the wind blew ~~and~~ it was quite cold.

May 19, Monday.

Cool and sharp this morning. At 6.30 I crossed the Esca and went out through the hills to the west north-west.

The altitude at the bridge on the Esca showed 3530 feet. The stream here is 100 feet wide and runs swiftly with shallow depth over a stony bed.

In the four days that have passed since I was last through these hills there has been an appreciable increase in the growth of leaves so that now some of the branches are almost fully out.

I worked on to the base of the high limestone peaks where I checked an altitude of 4550 feet and estimated that the high peak rose to 6000 feet at least.

I spent some time in working over rocky ledges and rock strewn slopes without however encountering anything unusual.

Returned by a path along the north face of the hills coming down through beeches and hazel in nearly full leaf. Here I was fortunate in securing a garden warbler and a myrtle thrush both new to the collection.

From the hills I checked the altitude of the Sierra de Ormas to find that my estimated altitude of 5500 feet was undoubtedly correct. At one place in that range at the higher limit of trees I saw two birch trees of small trees.

The afternoon was devoted to skins as usual. Through the good offices of the two young ladies of the house I secured an old woollen shawl for 35 prantas, said to have been inherited from the old woman from whom I bought it from her grandmother. Cool and sharp this evening.

May 20, Tuesday
This morning I hired a Chevrolet and left at six a.m. for the Puerto del Porton which is the summit of the pass on the road to Cangas, being to the northeast of Riñas, the distance by road being 18 kilometers. The road followed the yuss for a distance and then turned off to the east into a long valley with a gradual ascent with an altitude of 4450 feet at the summit of the pass.

The slopes here were wooded mainly with beech up to 5500 feet with open valleys in pastured below following the courses of small streams.

I climbed up a steep pitch to come to open rolling country covered with a low grow of heather and brown with rocky points projecting the higher ridges lying at 6000 to 6200 feet altitude.

There was still much snow here. On the pass beeches were half in leaf. At the upper edge of the forest

buds were just beginning to swell.

From the higher slopes I had an excellent view of the Picos de Europa distant in an air line 10 miles or so to the east. The ridge rose as a naked mass of limestone with the top broken and rugged. To the north was another mass of similar rock somewhat smaller. The distance between my location and the Picos was a line of lower mountains which with the one I climbed to the west of the pass comprise the Sierra de Bortón.

The beech forest was fairly open and I found occasionally trunks of very large trees, all of them dead ~~the~~ badly cut up the present growth being entirely second growth.

Beyond the pass the ground broke in rugged slopes to lower ground. The valleys below was filled with mist when I first arrived so that I looked down on to the top of a mass of clouds.

This soon rose however but far beyond the lowlands beyond the mountains lay covered with cloud throughout the morning. Far beyond these cloud banks from the highest summit attained I saw a level line of blue gray stretching across the horizon that I believed to be the sea.

I was somewhat disappointed in not finding a greater expanse of open country more easily available as I had hoped for some birds new to me. However I secured another breeding skylark and some finches the only upland birds seen. I shot two Buteo butes today but both fell just beyond the crest of a ridge into heavy forest growing on steep precipitous slopes where I could not find them.

All through the open woodland junquils and another herbaceous plant were coming into bloom while in the wet meadows & along the streams junquils grow in the greatest profusion covering many

many acres of ground. I descended to the road to find an old gentleman waiting for me to expostulate over my shooting. After some conversation however and the examination of my permit he said that certainly as a stranger came from a long distance I merited every consideration. Following which he led me out pointed out the expanse of woodland on either hand of which he was guardian and gave me freedom to collect as I pleased. He lived in a single house in a little valley just below the summit of the pass and said that he had accommodations of a rough sort if I cared to work in that area. It is too bad that my time is up as the section is interesting and would repay some work. The woodland is wild and extensive and it is here that Tetras occur in some numbers. Snow comes in winter to the depth of three meters and for

practically six months from November to May the region is closed to travel except with the greatest of difficulty. Today it appeared so green and pleasant that it was difficult to vision the signs of winter.

A red-backed shrike that I killed near La Puerta on the return was the best bird obtained.

Piñón is the central town for this entire district and I am labelling all my specimens with its name. The little villages through the hills are legion and are not so located on ordinary maps. The hamlet below the pass is Retuerto, consisting of a dozen or fifteen houses only.

May 21, Wednesday

At six this morning I crossed the Rio Yuso and went off down the valley bed to the mountain mass to the north.

There was a very heavy dew. The sky was cloudy for part of the forenoon and late in the evening

a shower of rain fell.

Some men working in the hills told me that the little pass between the two limestone hills where I went today is known as the Collado de Terqueña. At the base of one of the peaks are some old mine workings with three or four buildings now abandoned.

Progress of spring here has been rapid. In the lower part of this steeply sloping valley beeches are fully in leaf and at the extreme limit of tree growth buds are forming on the trees. There is a noticeable decrease in abundance in bird life and migration seems to be moving on the crest being past.

The summit of the pass lies at 5500 feet with the bare rocky hills rising 800 or 900 feet or so higher on either side. I climbed up through the pass and down through the heavy beech forest on the opposite side to about 4600 feet. Snow has

been reduced by half its bulk since I was here last and the ground is mainly bare.

I have about exhausted the possibilities in the common birds now and except for raptors, wood peckers, grouse and green woodpeckers have specimens of most of the species I have seen. The fauna is not particularly rich. Resident birds are now settled in their breeding grounds. No doubt others will move in during the coming ten days but I can not wait for them.

May 22, Thursday

Arose at eight this morning after a contemplative hour in bed with a view of the green hills with the footpaths that I have known in the past few days visible beyond the red-tiled roofs of the old houses opposite.

After my brief experience with west European birds I am impressed by the greater number of the smaller species that have flight songs and

flight displays as compared with the birds of America. Also by the fact that at this season at least the birds here pay little or no attention to "squeaking". Possibly this is due to the fact that most of them are now paired and look only to the mate in case of trouble and that they may respond in late summer and fall when young are about.

I spent the forenoon in packing, going over my outfit and discarding materials no longer needed now that collecting is finished which ~~was~~ not worth retaining. With several prospectors to pass I have discarded the small amount of ammunition that I have left.

The sky was overcast all forenoon, with rain threatening.

I had dinner at one and at one thirty my luggage was loaded on top of the little bus that runs to Cangas de Oniz which as a special favor came to the door to get

me. I said my goodbyes and at 2.00 was off for the north coast.

The road led out through the Puerto del Ponton.

This morning I adjusted the altimeter setting it back 300 feet to correspond with its reading during the first days I was at Picaño. The other day when I went to the Puerto del Ponton I left it in the car that took me up for a time and believe that someone tampered with it as immediately it registered too high.

This morning the Puerto del Ponton registered 4340 feet. The descent on the opposite side was rapid and at Usija we were at 2580 feet while Cangas de Onis registered only 240 feet.

At Picaño bloom was just beginning to blossom but at 3000 feet its yellow flowers covered the hillsides everywhere.

The road led down steeply through high steep-sided mountains and then below Usija entered a

deep narrow canyon with room at the bottom for the river and the road only with precipitous walls and steep mountain slopes all of rock with little soil rising 1500 to 3000 feet on both sides. This continued for miles the chert widening slightly occasionally when there would be a house or two with some

remarkably terraced fields rising over the steep slopes above. At one or two points the roadway passed through short tunnels. All together it is one of the most remarkable auto roads that I have ever travelled. In several places slides of earth and rock had come into the road way and within a day or two the road was then closed at one point completely.

It grew steadily warmer as we descended. At Cangas I found figs and palms in walking through the town for half an hour. At the just above Cangas

The valley we followed passed out of the mountains in an open region of broken hills.

At Cangas ^{arriving at 4.25} I changed to another bus which left at 5.00 for Arica where I arrived at 5.20 securing a room at the Hotel Pendas.

The town was crowded because of the Fiesta de Maria Christina or some other saint. A carnival occupied an open stretch along the river bank with the usual ballyhoosing for little tent shows, and several roulette wheels operating. A band played at intervals when the strolling groups of young people broke up into couples raising quite a cloud of dust.

In the evening the entire town walked up and down the main street with rockets going off at intervals, street vendors selling ice cream and various other concessions operating. At intervals there was dancing.

I turned in at eleven.

May 23, Friday.

Spent half an hour or more this morning over notes had coffee and then walked out a square to the little river that marks the boundary of the town where I saw a great birds including the Crag martin a surprise.

Purchased three of the soft woven baskets that the women carry here for 90 centesimos, between 10 and 11 cents each.

At ten a gentleman came with a little cart drawn by a burro, loaded my baggage and we started for the station. It developed in our conversation that he had lived some time in Cuba and had many friends in Tampa. Later at the station I met a chap, evidently of some importance who had been much in the United States.

The ticket agent opened up at seven minutes of eleven to sell tickets for the eleven a.m. train which gave me just time to

check my baggage when the train rolled in. My friend formerly from Cuba loaded me into a first class compartment and presently we were off.

The track led through pointed hills grown with trees and shrubbery with lowlands in cultivation until at Llanos we came down to the sea.

The towns through here are small and compact with the countryside without population. The coast is rocky with small bays lined with sand. Today the sea was calm and a clear light blue in color, which with the green of the grass and trees and the many beautiful flowers made a most lovely combination.

Near the coast the land was rough and stony and not suited for cultivation. A good ^{auto} road followed the track. I should like to drive through here sometime.

At Unquera the land was much more arid and rounded,

steeply sloping hills with little vegetation lay on either side with a little stream leading down through salt flats to the ocean.

Beyond here was a better watered area, again, and in limestone hills I saw a ~~one~~ large and handsome columbine deep blue in color blooming.

Near Santander the country became low and rolling and the higher hills receded inland. The character of the country changed also, country residences at a distance from towns being common. At Santander we came in across salt flats to a dusty city, evidently a place of considerable commercial importance. Arriving at 4.25 p.m.

I received my mail, arranged details of my trip to Paris and then walked out to view the town. The usual type of better city with good shops, many plazas, the broad water front and elsewhere narrow streets.

Since leaving Cangas de Onís I
have seen no magpies though I
have kept close watch for them.
Also no starlings.

May 24, Saturday

This morning I made some
personal purchases including a very
good Monton de Manila for 340 pesetas
and a drum work set set for 60.

At once I left by train the
line leading through a foothill
region all day with higher mountains
visible in the distance. The
countryside was green, and flowers
were abundant.

Bilbao and San Sebastian are
manufacturing and mining centers.
At Deva we came down to the
coast again and had the sea
in sight beyond rocky headlands
for a space.

At 8:30 we arrived at
Hendaye on the french frontier with
the usual bustle and confusion
of the customshouse. I had
arranged through the American
Embassy for courtesies here

and got through without much
examination though no one
seemed to pay much attention
to Webster's birds.

Put up for the night in the
Grand Hotel Amatz.

No starlings seen today. On
leaving Santander what I believe
was a Totanus alighted at the edge
of a pool, and I saw several
red-backed shrikes. Swallows and
swifts were common all day.

Farm houses distributed through
the country and towns larger and
more prosperous.

May 25, Sunday.

At a quarter of six this
morning the air was pleasantly
cool so I shaved and dressed.
At seven I was on the express
train for Paris with Spain behind
me. The train was long
with standard coaches, and ^{an} electric
engine, travelling over an excellent
road bed, quite different from the
toy coaches and rough roads of
yesterday.

Travelling near the sea we passed through rolling farmland with many trees. Just beyond Hendaye I saw a single Pinus maritima. Beyond Dax nearly to Bordeaux the country was level and was ground extensively with small trunks of pines, apparently Pinus maritima, used for turpentine and cut into short pole lengths for wood. The extent of this growth was remarkable as it extended for miles with new plantations being set when the old ones were cut. There was considerable eucalyptus here also in places.

At Bordeaux I had a view of extensive salt flats and beyond we came into a country that was slightly undulating but with no hills, covered with vineyards, grain and pastures. It was summer here with the locust in full bloom and grass heads in the fields already mature and brown.

Toward Angoulême the undulations changed to ~~hills~~ rolling hills

which continued through toward Orleans. The aspect of the region traversed was exactly that of Ohio, Indiana or any similar country at home. ^{except that the pines were of Pinus and Juniperus and the roofs of the} Near Orleans the land was more level and there were great stretches grown in wheat in large fields as at home. Elsewhere the cultivation had been in small tracts.

Magpies appeared suddenly in numbers. Beyond Angoulême and continued from there. Occasional red-backed shrikes were seen, crows were common. What I took to be the ring-bill was seen regularly, and swallows, swifts and sparrows were seen at all the time. Near Lamoignon a dead crow of some kind was ~~stuck~~ stuck in a little field to frighten others and ingeniously continued scarecrows in imitation of human figures were common.

At evening sparrows of some kind came up out of the grain to sit on telegraph wires. I saw one harrier (sp.?)

at 9.45 we came into Paris
where in due time I was loaded
into a taxi with all my
baggage and arrived at the
Hotel Continental. A small room and
bath in a little gable cost me
95 francs but will serve my purpose.
Arranged some details of baggage
and turned in at eleven.

Much mistletoe in the trees today.

May 26, Monday.

Breakfast in my room this
morning with grapefruit, eggs,
rolls and chocolate - real luxury.
I find it pleasantly warm here
so that I have gone back over
more to summer clothing.

At nine I got my mail at
the American Express Company, and
after reading it took a taxi to
the Bird Division of the Museum
d'Histoire Naturelle 55 Rue de Buffon.

Mr. Berlioz came at eleven and I
found that Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Pearson
also had been waiting for him
in another room. We had lunch
together and then I spent an

hour with Berlioz arranging an
exchange for a specimen ^{each of}
Chersophilus and Coccycolius.

Met a Mr. Greenway who
has been in Madagascar and
Indo-China with Delacour, a
young American from New Haven.
Also Comte Guy de Germiny
a young Frenchman who at
present is revising the Toucans.

The museum like others in
Paris is closed to the public on
Monday. Entrance to the laboratory
of birds was through a gate
into a little court and then
under an arch where I found
a stairway leading to the second
floor. The bird division occupies
4 or 5 large rooms in which
cases extend clear to the ceiling.
Skins were kept in drawers, the
larger specimens being piled in
several deep with a glass cover.
Smaller skins had the drawers divided
by strips of card board running
from side to side making little
sections just wide enough for
one specimen. This presented

them from sliding to the back and was prefactual to that extent but as the card board warped and was uneven most of the specimens lay on one side and there was more or less friction in wings, feathers and feet in taking them out for examination.

The collection has at least 25,000 mounted birds and 100,000 skins. Mounted types and especially valuable specimens have been taken off exhibition and are kept in dark cabinets arranged in rows where they can be taken out for consultation. All are still kept mounted on T. perches.

The rooms were clean and working conditions seemed to be very fair.

Mr. Germiny took me over to view the exhibition collection. The Duc d'Orleans left a short time ago to the Museum which is shown in a separate building of rather flimsy construction. The first great room with high arched ceiling, more than 100 feet square

was devoted to heads, antlers and a few mounts. Beyond was a series of other rooms, all large with a panorama display of animals mounted and placed in continuous groups with accessories and a painted background. These included a room devoted to the arctic, two to Africa and so on. Taxidermy by Rowland Ward very fair but everything exposed to dust and light so that deterioration will be rapid.

Following this I visited the rooms of the Société d'Acclimatation de France to find that the secretary was away but met Mr. Charles Debeire who I believe is assistant Secretary, and expressed to him my appreciation of the Osidon Geoffroy St. Hilaire medal given me in 1926. He was very cordial.

Sat for a few moments in the park ~~opposed~~ beyond the hotel and was surprised to see ring-doves, blackbirds and chaffinches feeding in the grass in addition to the English sparrows.

I saw in a row of glass
doorcases filling one wall of a
room the collection of mounted
skeltons that served for the
work of Milne-Edwards.

May 27, Tuesday

This morning I prepared for
shipment a collecting chest
with my collection of skins from
Spain, a bed-roll, my guns,
and the hand collecting case.
These I turned over to the
American Express Company with
instructions to send them addressed
U.S. National Museum, Washington,
D.C. Care of the collector of
Customs, Port of New York.

Following this I visited the
American Embassy where I saw
the second secretary, Mr. Macleagh
who handled the correspondence
regarding the importation of my
skulls at Hendaye and thanked
him for the courtesy extended.

Also sent a package of Kodak
film in the diplomatic pouch and
sent a cable regarding the

Wheldon Wesley papers concerning
the International Exchanges which
have not yet been received.

The Centeri afternoon I
spent at the Jardin des Plantes,
eating dinner at a little
restaurant on the corner in
front of the botanical exhibits. Among
the plants I was taken with
the show of useful plants where
a single plant, or case of small
specimens a little group was displayed
in a long series of rows in an
open garden without trees. Entrance
here was free but I paid two
francs to get into the Zoological
Garden and another franc for
entry into the *Pasture Vivarium*.

The zoo display was very
good, most of the animals being
in outdoor enclosures with shelters
for bad weather. The great apes
were in a small house with large
glass windows through which the
visitors looked in from the outside,
a very poor arrangement. The only
buildings where there was entry for
the public were the *Vivarium* mentioned

above and the reptile house. Few small birds were shown and those in a glass fronted house through which one looked in from the outside, seeing little. A fine Bugaramus, ~~or~~ pygmy hippo and some rare antelopes were the best things on show.

The Pasteur vivarium was devoted to small living creatures of all kinds, many insects, lizards and a few small mammals being shown a pleasing exhibit. The water buttes and mantids were attractive as was a little elephant shrew.

On the evening I walked through the park opposite the hotel at the end of the street. At ten a guard in uniform beat a snare drum as he marched down through the park as notice that the gates were about to be closed for the night.

During the night I had a violent chill and was quite ill from something I had eaten.

May 28, Wednesday.

Did a little shopping this morning, bought a ticket for Brussels and then went to the Louvre where I spent the time until nearly one walking through the various galleries.

In view of criticism regarding appointment of watchmen in the National Museum as to the appointments for watchmen and other minor positions I paid some attention to these guards. At the entrance where I purchased a ticket the ticket seller and the various attendants who gave information, sold post cards etc., as well as those selling cards at several stands elsewhere in the halls were women. I counted about twenty.

There is little doubt that most of the men are ex-service men, but for that matter what able-bodied men from 1914 to 1918 were not in service. Of these guards I noted one with eye, some with canes that walked with slight difficulty, one with only one arm and two others

that showed obvious disability. The rest so far as observation went were all active and able-bodied. Three or four were decorations. In general the men were of the same type as those we employ for guards in the National Museum with the same ability to get about and perform the necessary duties. As for the collections there is no need to describe them here. I saw many beautiful things - some of them not displayed to particular advantage.

I ate lunch outdoors in a little restaurant on the Rue de Rivoli and then visited the *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*. The museum of comparative anatomy has an endless display of mounted skeletons with side cases of anatomical preparations. A small space on an upper floor was given to archeology. The museum of mineralogy and Botany was in another building and the zoological museum in still another. The collection of minerals was very well installed and

was as attractive as any. The buildings had great central halls - 300 feet long by 100 feet wide approximately rising to a high skylight with galleries on either side two or three stories high. In addition there were smaller side rooms. The latter had fair lighting in most cases and gave the best display. The former were more interesting than instructive. In that for zoology for example there was a great array of stuffed animals, elephants and giraffes, and deer and so on, all in more or less the same attitude ranged closely in rows reminding me of the old pictures showing the animals congregated two by two to be taxed for preservation on board the Ark but in this case there were usually 4 to a dozen of each kind. I have often wondered where the idea for the old National Museum building in Washington was obtained, with its plan of large

high Courts and side galleries; Here
I saw it even in greater
grandeur! ~~It~~

Light for the Galleries halls
came only from ~~an~~ extension
skylight that had not been
cleaned in years. When glass had
been broken and replaced some
light came through elsewhere
there was little visible but
soot and the halls were
dull and lifeless with dark
woodwork and a general
atmosphere of depression. Back
under the galleries some of the
mounts were barely visible as
objects and it was out of the
question to read the labels.

The birds were all mounted on conventional T perches of white wood and ranged in rows on shelves rising one above another sets in steps the lower ones being forward and those higher being progressively farther back. The specimens all stood very erect with narrow bodies and heads to the fore. I thought of the

upper galleries of some large theater
crowded with spectators and
looked at them. In many
cases there were 10 or 15 mounts
of a single species all side by
side. I counted 16 gambels
and 14 knots for example.

The whole show was typical of the older ideas of museum exhibition.

In the hall of paleontology
many of Milne-Edwards types
of fossil birds were displayed.
The arrangement was by
ages so that the material
was scattered.

Following this I went up to the Laboratory of Ornithology where I saw Mr. C. E. Hellmayr and Dr. Berlioz and spent some time in looking through the collection of birds from Madagascar brought back recently by Delacour, some fine material.

Dr. and Mrs. Hillmeyer took
dinner with me and before
were kind enough to show me
through some of the walks.

of the Jardin des Plantes, the
Colosseum, the old Roman amphitheatre
with its caves for lions or
Christians or both, the University
and the senate. We dined at
the cafe Voltaire opposite the Opera
and later they walked with
me across the Seine.

They are stopping at the Hotel
Corona, a quiet place.

May 29, Thursday.

This morning I took a taxi
in the pleasant morning air for
Gare Nord where my baggage
was checked and I was installed
in the Express for the north leaving
at 9.10.

The country continued in
wheat for many miles and then
became somewhat rolling and
divided in small farms. Settlement
was heavy.

Beyond the Belgian frontier the
country became even more densely
populated and there was a
change in the appearance of the
houses. The growth was

rather scant except in scattered
plantations. Some of the houses
showed the effects of the war
with repairs on roofs and gables.

At 12.50 noon I reached
Brussels passed the customs
without difficulty and took a
bus to the Hotel Atlanta.

It was spring in Paris but
summer here. In the afternoon
I went out to the park known
as the Cinquantenaire where I
visited the Musees Royaux du
Cinquantenaire. The collection
of Egyptian, Grecian and other
antiquities is good and
very well displayed in well
lighted halls not crowded.

There is tremendous waste space
in the great arched ceilings.

The park has many trees with
the blackbird, sparrow and
chaffinch common.

May 30, Friday.

This morning I visited the
Musée Royal de Cinquantenaire
in the Parc Cinquantenaire and

called on Prof. Dr. Jean Capart
the Director. The buildings of the
Museum are closed to the public
on Fridays but remain open all
day Sunday. Dr. Capart was
busy during the forenoon but
I was shown through the exhibits
by one of his assistants and
after dinner at a restaurant returned
at two and spent an hour
with the director himself. This
visit I examined the collections
dealing with the history of
Belgium and with Prehistory
in that country.

The halls were well lighted
and excellently arranged, the material
good and there was no crowding.
The hall devoted of delft ware was
especially fine with twenty or
so examples in polychrome - yellow
principally, ~~that~~ I had never
seen, also a case of black in
imitation of Japanese.

The Flemish wood carving was
very good and shown in considerable
variety. In the prehistoric hall
one case gave a synopsis of the

entire culture, each division
Chellean, Aurignacian and so on being
headed by an appropriate skull
of the race in existence or rather
dominance at that time, together
with carefully selected examples
of the culture. This was highly
instructional and might well be
imitated. Better I make a series
of groups with proper implements.
Modern textiles were shown in
glass frames as were also lace.
~~The~~ very fair scheme.

I discussed exchanges
with Capart and we agreed
that an exchange was desirable
- details to be arranged by
correspondence. He has some
very fair gothic wood carvings
mainly human figures two-foot
high dating from the 15th
century or that he can refer.
Will send photos if we are
interested. Probably has some
pre-chellean artifacts to spare
also.

The Spy skull is in private
hands being in a private collection.

Following this I went by
trolley-car to Ixhemeren distant
about ten or twelve miles perhaps
more to visit the Musée du
Congo Belge. This also was
closed to the public but
the director, Mr. Schouteden
(pronounced SKouteden) very kindly
met me and with his assistant
Mr. Gaston-François de Witte showed
me through. The building is
large and extensive and in the
exhibit halls has ~~many~~ much
marble finish. It is devoted entirely
to the Belgian Congo. Exhibits
are excellently chosen, not crowded
and are very well shown.

The study collections include
Birds, mammals, Herpetology, fishes,
insects and botany. There are about
20,000 birdskins.

All specimens are kept in a
unit system of well finished
wooden cabinets with trays of
two sizes with glass tops. Albatrosses
are kept on shelves in large
cabinets of the same type. All
collections ~~are~~ in excellent

order and in many cases
specimens were present in large
series.

Schouteden is interested in
exchange for material from
other parts of Africa and can
let us have Congo material.

Mr. de Witte brought me
back to Brussels in his
car, coming through a great
forest of beech where the
trees were grown close together
and very tall. The ornamental
Rhododendrons in blossom here are
wonderful being red, lavender
and white with a profusion
of bloom.

It rained all the way in.

May 31. Saturday.
This morning shortly after
eight I took a train for
~~Antwerp~~ ^{Antwerp} Arriving about
9.30 and spent the morning
at the Zoological Garden.

This organization has about
two squares of ground located
immediately adjacent to the

railroad station. Though relatively small in area the collection of animals was very good and the ground very laid out to excellent advantage giving an impression of spaciousness far beyond that of the actual area, an impression heightened by having large mirrors at various points in the outer wall formed like arched passageways at the ends of paths, reflecting the vegetation and the walls of the park to such advantage that one seemed about to pass through into another enclosure.

In general the entire circumference was occupied by buildings, paddocks and cages with walks leading through the landscaped interior where there were additional enclosures, and ponds but with sufficient verdure to give a beautiful effect. Necessarily some of the enclosures were particularly

large except the runs about the elephant house and some of the cattle were rather crowded.

The flight cage was fully 80 feet high by 300 feet or more long. A Okepi was the prize of the collection, a grown female in excellent condition. Walked with head and neck in a line with the body as would be expected in a forest animal. Also saw a pygmy elephant - kind fat. decidedly oblong - voice high pitched higher than in other elephants. An African elephant female had been broken to ride and went about the grounds with her keeper on her back.

Many labels were of enamel. Most were labels were made on a glazed tile - not too permanent.

In general they had six or eight representations of many species of birds making an excellent show. Garden

clean and very attractive, animals in good condition and keepers well trained.

At one side was a small museum building which contained a concert hall in addition to a Belgian collection and some other material, as well as a conservatory of tropical plants.

In the pleasant room the quick growing box was used effectively for shade and screen. Putnam at twelve to Brussels.

At two-thirty I visited the Musée Royal d'Histoire Naturelle in the Rue Wierz, where I called on the Director Dr. V. van Straelen. We had some discussion on the subject of fossil eggs and he told me that after some study of the subject he does not believe it possible to distinguish the ^{egg} different groups of birds by shell structure alone.

I met Mr. Ch. Dupond, an elderly gentleman with a beard and a general resemblance to the

later pictures of Elliot Coues who is now in charge of the bird collection. Also Dr. van Straelen's assistant whose name I did not get.

The museum has two wings, one of which was built many years ago and contains the old type of stuffed collections. Fairly well displayed however under decent lighting condition. There are here about 20,000 all mounted many of the them very ancient one hundred years old or more. The catalogs are said to be complete but I do not know how much data is available. I was shown a very good Labrador duck, a great auk and 4 passenger pigeons which were kept in a dark cabinet. Dupond was brought into the museum two years ago and is engaged in assembling a collection of Belgian birds both mounted and in skin form. He had perhaps a thousand specimens prepared as skins which constitutes the

study series. With respect to questions regarding the older mounted specimens my advice was to have the bulk of them made over into study skins ~~with~~ as many of them have decided historic value and there are numerous rarities among them.

A new wing built before the war is devoted to geology and paleontology with an exhibit dealing with Pleistocene man in Belgium.

I was shown part of Van Beneden's specimens of fossil birds which I am told are being re-examined by Lambrecht. The types in some cases were made on poor specimens not susceptible of exact determination.

The most striking feature in the museum was a series of 27 nearly complete skeletons of *Aguanodon bernisartensis*, fifteen mounted and the other twelve shown on a representation of the beds in which they were found from some clay shale deposits. The animals were

in excellent state of preservation and made a wonderful series. The Cetacean material fossil and recent was extensive and there was a long series of specimens from the bone from cavern deposits. The set of Wans spelaeus was impressive.

I was asked to place my name in a book a large volume containing not more than a dozen signatures, kept only for the most important visitors! Mr. van Straelen assuring me that my men would be welcome at any time and that he should be pleased to make exchanges.

The building is located in the Parc Leopold and has excellent light and general conditions for study.

On the whole I am very favorably impressed by the three museums I have seen here in Brussels. All are well arranged with study material well cared for, the museum

Cinquanteenaire was a new wing under construction as part of a program of enlargement and I was told at the other two of definite plans for increase in space. Apparently this type of scientific work has governmental approval.

The three organizations seem to operate entirely independently of one another.

June 1. Sunday.

I was occupied with notes, correspondence and packing until noon. The wind was blowing a little rain fell and it was cooler.

At noon the veterans of the world war staged a long procession to demonstrate that they desired more pension. There were many banners with emblems and inscriptions in Flemish; the crowd viewing it was entirely apathetic to all appearances.

The parade blocked the way to the station so that the hotel

bus had to make a long detour to land me at the depot.

I left at 1.10 on the through express for Amsterdam. The way led north through Antwerp with heavy cultivation in rich black soil continuing for some distance.

Toward Eschen at the borders there was a change as the soil became more sandy and then extensive plantations of pine. The country remained entirely level. The pines were planted closely and grew in slender form, being cut for use when they were still quite small.

At Eschen the train stopped for a few minutes to take on Dutch of Customs and immigration officials and change engines. Customs inspection was surprisingly simple as the inspector stopped me before I had my suitcases unlocked to ask if I had anything to declare and when I said no marked everything

including my baggage receipt
for a trunk in the baggage
car.

Toward Rotterdam the land
became lower, windmills appeared
and the country was cut
into long parallelograms by
drainage ditches that took
the place of fences. Grazing
was the principal industry
with however many fields of
grain and potatoes. Canals of
fled through the land with
small boats tied to the banks
and larger streams and inlets
that we crossed held steamers.
Near Haarlem were many birds,
lapwings, godwits, gray herons
and storks accompanied by
young were everywhere.

Toward Amsterdam an auto
road followed the track with
another ~~back~~ road beside it for
a continuous procession of
cyclists. The land was heavily
cultivated here largely in flowers
and bulbs of various sorts.

Arrived at Amsterdam at

5.40 and found young
men wearing badges of the
Congreso Internacional Ornithológico
waiting to receive us. I was
taken to a large room in the
station duly registered and
then went to the Carlton
Hotel.

Had dinner with Major
Flower, Mr. Meade Walcott and
Mrs. Hopkinson. At eight we
went to the restaurant in the
zoological gardens for an informal
dinner with waiters circulating
through the crowd with beer,
whisky and soda as in.
At eleven I came back to the
hotel to bed.

June 2, Monday.
This morning I walked with
Major Flower along narrow streets
and past canals and across
bridges through the zoological
gardens to the hall where the
meetings of the International
Ornithological Congress were held.
The meeting was called to order

by the President Prof. Voimberg at 10.00 with the executive committee on the platform. I sat with Sclater and Howell. I was elected one of the vice-presidents.

Voimberg read his presidential address on the status of species and subspecies sented.

Afterward we were photographed and had luncheon in the zoological garden restaurant. At two the session opened with a paper by Stuessmann followed by an excellent review of fossil birds by Lambrecht. I spent the rest of the afternoon with Lambrecht and found him very deeply informed and a pleasant companion.

A party of us dined together and then from eight to eleven I went over my notes on Spanish birds with Witherby. I told him I would send him for examination any skins that he cared to see.

Weather pleasantly cool. Hotel very good. Most of the Dutch people speak more or less English so that there is no difficulty in getting about.

June 3, Tuesday.

This morning with Casey Wood I walked through the zoological gardens. A Wisent and a mammoth were the most striking things seen.

Attended the general sessions in the afternoon and then at four p.m. went on an excursion by steamer about the harbor.

Dined in the evening with the Witherbys, Bannermans and Sclater.

June 4, Wednesday.

Attended the meetings in the section on zoogeography this morning and heard Hux and Swarth.

After the afternoon we were taken to gooilust and from there by bus to the estate of Mr. Blaauw. We came in through a wonderful lane of beech rising more than 100 feet high and walked about among ponds and paddocks where I saw ten or dozen perhaps more trumpeter swans, one pair with a nest. Cormorants and herons were nesting in a great colony in the tree tops in one area.

June 5 Thursday

At eight this morning I left the central station with a party bound for the island of Texel travelling two hours by train to Velder on the IJsselmeer where we walked from the station to the wharfs and boarded a little steamer. An hour and a half later we landed on Texel at Oude Schied and then divided into parties that were taken by bus to different colonies of birds. The island has a dyke thrown up around its circumference and within that area is entirely level except for the west where there is an extensive area of sand dunes back of the sea.

The land is either cultivated or in pasture with numerous ditches and canals and occasional low areas where the drainage is such that the ground cannot be utilized. The day was clear, warm and pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable though I feared for sunburn in the case of some of

Oystercatchers were common through fields of daisies, a most extraordinary

things, and we saw crows, common and black terns, herons, sheldrakes and so on.

We were served lunches in bags from a truck and in evening had dinner in a beach hotel at Koog. At the evening we returned as we had come arriving in Amsterdam at half past seven.

June 6, Friday

Arose at eight to find another pleasant day with the sky clear.

Attended meetings in the forenoon and afternoon, with a very amusing meeting of the International Committee at 4.00 P.M. Stresmann elected President for 1934 with the meeting to be held in London.

June 7, Saturday

I spoke at twelve before the general session and did my best though it is not very encouraging to look out over an audience and realize that there are eight or ten present who thoroughly understand American.

The sessions closed at four to be followed by a formal dinner in full dress at seven. At my seat at the head table, where I sat between Mrs. Schloter and Madame Delacour we had champagne with a swizzle stick to stir off the gas and a white wine with the fish and a red wine with the meat. It bid at twelve thirty.

June 8, Sunday.

Fairwells midday last night were continued today. I Swarth and I made a trip by launch through the canals in the morning. It was interesting to see the old houses.

In the afternoon Fleming, Swarth and I visited the Rijks Museum to view a wonderful collection of Dutch paintings. There were many birds shown in the work of the older artists from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century many of them being portrayed with such accuracy that they were readily recognizable. Many were obviously foreign species and included

the African gray parrot, American cardinal and flamingo, macaws, lorises and a good many others.

Left Amsterdam by train at nine arriving at Hark van Holland at eleven where we transferred to a steamer that sailed for England at twelve.

June 9, Monday

Arrived at Harwich, England at 6.20 went immediately through customs and boarded a train for London leaving at 6.55 a.m. and arriving at 8.00. With Fleming went to the South Kensington Hotel not far from the museum; address Queens Gate Terrace, S.W. 7.

We visited the Natural History Museum in the forenoon where I saw the famous slab containing Archaeopteryx and examined various other exhibits. The building is large but old but is kept clean and in excellent condition. The exhibition halls have ornate floors in terra cotta on

walls and columns. Exhibits are of the stereotypic type and on the whole are very good.

We dined in the Victoria and Albert Museum which is devoted to art and history and has wonderful exhibits very beautifully arranged, without crowding. It also was very clean.

In both buildings the guards are obviously service men and I noted a small number who had only one arm. All however were active and alert physically and were able to perform their necessary duties without apparent trouble.

At 4.00 I went to Mr. H. F. Witherby's at 12 Chesterford Gardens, Hampstead, London where we had tea in a pleasant little garden back of the house. We spent the late afternoon in examining his collections of Spanish birds, and talk along this line continued after dinner.

Remained with the Witherbys for the night.

June 10, Tuesday.

After a nine o'clock breakfast the Witherbys drove me down to Henley on the Thames west of London. Traffic moving on the left is somewhat confusing at first but moves rapidly and is well regulated.

Except for the almost universal tile and slate roofs London suburbs appear much like those of our cities. Houses are of two or three stories or occasionally four. Many are in continuous rows. Others, more pretentious stand in small gardens. Trees are green and yellow-flowered Salix, and Purple and lavender Rhododendron make a beautiful show.

Past Wexham we came into more open country and moved through a series of small towns. Across the Thames at Henley the country was open with extensive beech woods and open downs bordered by green hedges. Low rolling hills west of

chalk containing many fossils.
We continued a short distance
to Fawley, Buckinghamshire where
Witherby had entry to the grounds
of Fawley Court, an estate of
4000 acres with some excellent
beech and oak forest, open-
cultivated fields and rolling
pastures.

I saw a rookery and a heronry,
and spent the day in thorough
enjoyment of the English countryside.
Witherby collected a young song
thrush on a willow weed and a
gold wagtail for me. The land
was very green and pleasant.
We had lunch in the car as
a light rain was falling.

About four we returned to
the Thames at the Compleat Angler
dun at a little town a short distance
from Maidenhead where I saw my
first Kingfisher.

Reached town shortly after six
when I took a taxi to the hotel
returning to find mail and
to clean up for the evening.

The B.O.C. Dinner

MENU

Hors d'Oeuvres Riche

Clear Ox Tail
Crème d'Argenteuil

Filets de Sole Polignac

Selle d'Agneau Roti à l'Anglaise
Petits Pois Nouveaux
Pommes Diane

Poularde à la Pagani
Salade de Saison

Bombe Glacée au Chocolat
Petits Fours

Café

King Edward VII Room,
Pagani's Restaurant,
11th June, 1930.

June 11, Wednesday

With Fleming went down town this morning to make some purchases and then about eleven returned to the Natural History Museum where I met Miss D. Bate and then went to the Bird room, where I saw Dr. Percy Lowe and got out the series of *Procelsterna* for study. Also met Mr. Kinnear. Mr. Lowe took Fleming, Swarth, Hellmayr and me to lunch in his room. Returned to the Museum for another two hours where I met Hugh Whistler and N. Kinnear. Mayer also is working here as well as W. L. Sclater. The rooms close at five, when Hellmayr and I walked across to Kensington gardens for tea and then returned to our hotel.

At seven I was a guest at the monthly dinner of the British Ornithologists Club at Pagan's Restaurant in Great Portland Street. Lowe presided with Rothschild, Kinnear, Stuart Baker, Ticehurst and others near him. I sat with Sclater, Bannerman,

Witherby and Thomson. Trechus exhibited ~~one~~ Puffinus yellowan and two P. maurelancus which were placed on a napkin on a silver platter and passed around for examination. Discussion followed. Mayer described his experience collecting in New Guinea and I was then called on for some remarks on Haiti.

June 12, Thursday.

Fleming and I visited the Museum of the College of Physicians and surgeons where I saw the collection begun by Brown and many specimens figured by him in his writings. Also his house where he lived.

Following this we visited the Sir John Soane Museum in the same neighborhood, a collection of antique objects principally with some paintings and miscellany gathered by this noted architect and left in exactly the same order in which he had kept them. An Egyptian sarcophagus of alabaster was the prize of the lot.

Following this I worked at the

British Museum in Coalstown until four when I was invited to Dr. Casey Woods for tea.

Sublette, Hellmeyer, Fleming, and I had dinner at the restaurant in the zoological gardens, the grounds being open on this day during the summer until 11:00 P.M. I secured my rights as a fellow of entry by signing the book without paying the usual fee of 1 shilling. The age-age and other instructional animals active at this time were especially interesting.

June 13, Friday.

Went to the American Express company for mail this morning and to the United States lines to secure my ticket for passage home.

Visited Jnos Bland and Sons, 4 & 5 King William St., West Strand, London. Where I bought a 7mm. came gun and 1000 empty shells, ordering them sent to the National Museum in Washington.

We went then by Underground to W. F. H. Rosenbergs place on Harrow Hill taking the Underground to Chalk Farm.

Walking up Hornetok Hill we came to a little wooden gate beside which was a modest little brass plate, brightly polished bearing the legend W. F. H. Rosenberg, Naturalist.

Entering we came into a long narrow yard with grass, trees and shrubbery and went along a walk to an old house at the back.

Ringing a bell Rosenberg's son admitted us to a narrow hall with a strong odor of naphthalene and took us up stairs to a unlocked a door and let us into a crowded room where his father was working over a collection of birds skinned received from the Jackson African collection.

Rosenberg was a man past fifty, rather tall, slender with small mustache and a pleasant expression.

His stock of birds, arranged according to Sharps' Island-list was kept in long paste-board boxes, with much flake naphthalene the boxes being piled on shelves that covered the walls of the entire room. He told that he usually had 5000 species on

hand and that his stock totalled about 50,000 specimens.

At noon I returned to the museum to work on terms and then went out with have lunch with Mr. & Mrs. W. L. Sclater at their home at 10 Sloam Court where I found Fleming also. Sclater and I walked through. At three I returned again to the museum to remain until five when a young man came around and told us that the closing hour had arrived and that we would all have to leave.

Kimear and Hellmays went with Fleming and me to our hotel for tea and sat and talked for an hour on ornithological matters.

About seven I took Hellmays with me to look up George Mason who has stolen some birdskins sent to him on loan. We found 29 Park Way in a very poor neighborhood of small houses and smaller stores. We had to knock twice before we had an answer and then the door was opened rather hesitatingly by a rather

heavy set man of 60 years of age
or so, in a very dirty shirt and
poor clothing who seemed very nervous
and ill at ease. We gave Hellmays
card but were told that Mason
who was a roomer there was
not in but that we might find
him at 4.00 the following afternoon.
Further by Laras, refused to be
sharp and hard to talk to. Seeing
past this gentleman I saw a small
Gorilla skull on the wall and
various other curios of similar
nature. It is not impossible that
we were talking to Mason himself.
We dined at Pritchards - very
well.

June 14, Saturday.

At seven ten this morning I
took train at Union Station for
Spring where I arrived at 8.20 to
find the town a mile or two
distant so that I had to wait
for a bus that finally came to
take me over. Secured lodging
at the Rose and Crown where I
had breakfast and then went to

Lord Rothschild's Museum. Mr.
Arthur Goodson who has been
Harter's Assistant for many years
met me here and took me
in to the building, a large structure
of brick on that corner of the
Rothschild estate only adjacent to
the town and only a few
minutes walk from the hotel.
The bird collection is housed
in one long range 175 by 50
feet and a cross range 100 by 50
feet and in two smaller rooms
adjacent. Another room conveniently
located holds the library.
The lepidoptera occupy two
ranges 175 by 50 feet each, one
being devoted to butterflies and
one to moths.

The birds are kept in
wooden trays with wooden covers
hinged to the tray at the back. These
slide into open racks, large
cases for larger birds at the
bottom and smaller ones for
smaller forms at the top. The
larger trays have stages sliding
tops so that it is possible to get

get at the specimens without
pulling the trays out in any
part way. Each tray contains a
quantity of naphthalene crystals
and the air in the ranges is
strongly impregnated with the
odor of this substance. The
smaller birds are separated in
the trays by little partitions of
card board that prevent them from
sliding about.

Goodson told me that the
collection has grown from 10,000
skins in 1906 to its present
number of 288,000. The Lepidoptera
number about 2,000,000.
There are no catalogs and the
specimens bear no numbers; usually
a list is kept of the species
obtained in each collection. The
genera found in each rack are
indicated on a single label at
a convenient height to be read. The
individual trays have labels on
the top indicating the species found
within so that it is necessary to
pull them out part way to read
the legend.

I worked here from 10 to 12.30
and from 2 to 5.30 and then
returned at 6.00 to spend an hour
in the library. These bookshelves
ranged on open shelves and
are classified roughly by
subject so far as sizes permit.
Each stack is numbered and
each shelf is lettered. A
card catalog by authors gives
a reference to shelf and stack
and each book bears a sticker
inside the cover with the key
number so that it is returned
to its place without difficulty.
The library on birds is very
complete and up to date.

The entire place is remarkably
clean.

At seven I walked up a
narrow high-fenced lane to an
open common and followed
a path through a valley to
a fine forest of magnificent
beeches, bordered by a fringe of
great horse chestnuts 70 feet in
heights. Rheas and Emus fed in
the fields, and many rooks flew

About. The air was warm
and pleasant and ~~very~~ the
country beautifully green.
I spent an hour watching the birds
and enjoying the quiet country
air.

June 15, Sunday

The Tring Museum has light
wooden metric rules, brass mounted 2ft
long that fold over, made by
J. Rabone & Sons, Birmingham.

This morning I had what the
Boys and Crowl called an "early"
breakfast at 8:30 and went immediately
to the museum where I worked for
the day.

Lord Rothschild was in during
the morning and I spent a highly
interesting two hours with him. He
is very well informed and has
them delight in the collections that
he has brought together. We examined
skins, eggs and books and I saw
many rare and valuable things.
We arranged some tentative exchange
and had discussion regarding
the future of his collection.

I lunched at the home of Mr.
Karl Jordan where I met his two
daughters. He has a place at
the edge of the Tring estate;
the estate includes 5000 acres.

Later I had tea with the
Jordans and in the evening
they drove me to a large
estate nearby that now belongs
to the Commonwealth where I
saw a lovely display of
Rhododendrons, and some wonderful
box. The country here is of
underlying chalk formation
and thus smoothly rolling hills.
Many birds but of no great
variety.

At seven twenty nine I took the
train for London arriving at
8:44.

Found an invitation at the
hotel to visit Col. Bealey, 50
Harrington Gardens, S.W.7, and spent
an interesting hour with him. He
has had 20 years in Tibet and
India, knows the Dalai Lama and
has had many interesting experiences.
He met Roerich over there and

tells me that in spite of a peculiar journey that took him to Moscow he does not believe that he is a Communist. He is a cult leader of some sort and derives his money from that source. Madame Roerich it appears has developed some peculiarity of health that will not permit her to live at low altitudes, hence the Biological Laboratory in the Himalayas.

June 16, Monday.

Went to the American Express Company this morning for mail and then to the British Museum where I spent the day in birds lunching in the restaurant.

Called on C. Tate Regan Director of the Museum who seems to be occupied principally with small routine labors. I discussed with him the question of guards and learned that they employ ex-service if able to perform the usual guard duties just as we do.

Also spent an hour with

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CLUB will dine at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, W.1, on Monday, June 16, at 7 p.m. precisely. Members are requested to return the enclosed post-card to the Treasurer, with name of guest if any.

At the Evening Meeting of the Society it is hoped that companions of the late Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston on his several journeys will speak briefly to his memory. The Paper on Petra and Edom by Mr. George Horsfield announced for the Meeting will then in his absence be read in part by Miss Agnes Conway.

This is your information JOR

Miss Dorothea Bate looking
over avian fossil material.

Met W. B. Maxon in the
lunch room.

At five when the birdroom
closed I went again to the
house of George Maxon, 29 Park
walk. The same man opened
the door as before and I addressed
him as Mr. Maxon which after
a moment or two he denied. I
called his attention to the loan of
two pigeons and said that I
had come for them. He said that
Maxon would not be at home
until Wednesday. I told them
that I intended to get the birds
if it were necessary to take the
matter up with the police, that
I wanted them to pack with
some specimens I had at the
British Museum for return to
Washington. He said then that
possibly he could get them for
me so I stepped in and told
him to go ahead. He replied that
the room was locked but that he
would send them to home at

the bird room early tomorrow morning. I told him that unless he did so I should come for them at once, and left. Throughout the conversation he was much confused and I have little doubt that he is Mason himself.

Dined with Selater at a dinner of the Geographical Club at the Ilocado Restaurant. The group being members of the Royal Geographical Society. Met Chippo of the Ken gardens and sat next to Macworth Graed. Very interesting. Later attended a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society to hear a very dull lecture on Petra. A comfortable seat eased my mental pain.

Later Bannerman took to the Saville Club for a whisky & soda

June 17, Tuesday
Went this morning to the Zoological Gardens where I called on Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell Secretary, met Dr. Verbers, the veterinarian and with

BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY),

CROMWELL ROAD,

LONDON, S.W.7.

Telephone:
WESTERN 6323

Telegrams:
NATHISMUS,
SOUTHKENS, LONDON.

The Trustees request the honour of the company of

D. Alexander Wetmore

*at a Reception in the Board Room at 4.15 p.m. on
Tuesday, the 17th June 1930, to meet the Delegates to
the Third Imperial Entomological Conference.*

~~A reply is requested if this invitation be accepted.~~

Mr. Seth-Smith examined the reptile house and visited various exhibits.

Met Major F. Crow at the lunch room by chance & spent the noon hour with him.

At 1:30 I returned to the Natural History Museum and spent the rest of the afternoon working on birds. 1

The figures from George Mason were waiting for me on my arrival!

At 4.15 I attended a reception to Delegates to the Third Imperial Entomological Conference when I met Dr. Calman, Keeper of Zoology, and Wick of Trinidad and others.

A tremendous rain fell in the late afternoon.

Had dinner with A. Landsborough Thomson, 9 Addison Gardens, Kensington, W. 14. And spent a very pleasant evening with him.

June 18, Wednesday.

This morning I went down town to draw money at the American Express Company where with my

mail I found a cable announcing passage of the bill authorizing the new wings for the Natural History Building, a highly acceptable birthday present.

Called at the gun store (Bland's) and found that they had my walking stick gun for me.

Was caught in a drenching rain in the center of Trafalgar Square.

Arrived at the Museum at 10:30 and worked until one on birds.

Lunched with Fleming at the home of David Bennerman. After visited the Science Museum in South Kensington and examined the Wright airplane making a copy of the label.

Completed my bird work and at 3:30 attended a Scientific Pension of the Natural History Museum Staff Association when various new specimens were exhibited and there was much talk over tea.

at 8:25 took the boat train for Southampton arriving at 10:15 P.M. and going at once aboard the the

List of First Class Passengers

AMERICAN QUADRUPLE SCREW TURBINE
STEAMSHIP

LEVIATHAN

59,956 Tons

From SOUTHAMPTON
and CHERBOURG

Thursday, June 19, 1930

to
NEW YORK

Commodore

H. A. CUNNINGHAM, U.S.N.R.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Staff Commander SCHUYLER F. CUMINGS, U.S.N.R.

Chief Engineer - JAMES J. FAGAN

Chief Officer - GILES STEDMAN

Chief Purser - JAMES G. SUMMITT

Surgeon - DR. FRANK STEWART

Chief Steward - THOMAS J. CLARKIN

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None of the ship's employees, other than those on duty in the Information Office, is authorised to accept letters, cables and telegrams for despatch.

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HIGH SEAS MAIL.—United States Postage Stamps and rates are used when mailing letters, and such letters should be posted in the ship's letter box in the ordinary way.

The mail bag is closed a few hours previous to arrival. Full particulars can be obtained at the Information Office upon application.

s.s. "LEVIATHAN"

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1930

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Mr. F. J. Buckland

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Mr. Godfrey L. Cabot

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Mrs. Cardinell

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Mr. Herbert Cohen

Miss Blanche Cone

Mr. L. G. Cousin

Mr. John David

Miss David

Count Alexander De Pourtales

Mme. Pierre de Rostang

Rev. Dr. W. H. Dewart

Mrs. Dewart

Miss Elizabeth Dewart

Miss Mary Dewart

Mr. Russell Dewart

Mr. Joel Drucher

Mrs. Drucher

Mr. Moses Dublin

Mrs. Dublin

Mr. John B. Elston

Mr. R. J. Forhan

Mr. W. R. Foss

Mrs. Foss

Mr. Lawrence D. Frank

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Miss A. M. Fraser

Mr. L. I. Furlager

Miss Furlager

Mr. Louis A. Greene

Mrs. John Gundry

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 Mr. Jesse Hirsch
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 Mr. Rosioe Horton
 Mrs. Horton
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 Capt. C. E. Hutton
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Mr. Frank L. G. Kraniek

Mr. Jacob S. Lauterbach
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 Mr. Carl Lezius
 Mrs. Melville Liebenthal
 Miss Claudia Liebenthal

Mr. S. D. McComb
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 Mr. H. B. Matthews
 Mrs. Matthews
 Mr. James E. Miller
 Mr. John Miller

Mrs. Miller
 Mr. Fred. Mussbaum
 Mrs. Mussbaum

Miss Elizabeth Nelis
 Mr. H. L. Nixon
 Mrs. Nixon
 Miss Helen Nixon
 and Nurse
 Miss Jane Nixon
 Miss K. N. Nixon

Mr. L. J. Ollier

Miss Blanche Pone
 Mr. S. C. Powell
 Mr. H. W. Prentis
 Mrs. Prentis

Mr. H. C. Ramsey
 Mr. D. Rosen
 Mrs. Rosen

Mr. A. P. Simpson
 Mr. Van V. Sims
 Mrs. Sims
 Mr. Edward Small
 Mrs. Small
 Mr. H. W. Smith
 Miss Murice Snow
 Miss Carline Sparhawk
 Mr. John C. Speaks
 Mr. Willing Speneer
 and Valet

First Class Passengers—*continued*

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 and Maid
 Miss Bridget Stack
 Miss Ruth V. Stephenson
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 Mr. Max Strauss
 Mr. Albert Sutphin
 Mrs. Edith F. S. Sztolcman
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 Mrs. Harvey Wells

Miss Roberta Wells
 Mr. W. H. Wemyss
 Mrs. Wemyss
 Dr. Alexander Wetmore
 Mrs. Charles A. Willard
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 Mr. Max Wilner
 Mr. Tarleton Winchester
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 Mr. M. L. Wolff
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MEMORANDA

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Mr. Morris L. Alexander
Mr. Alexandre Alvisi
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Mrs. D. A. Moloney
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Dr. Ivan Proctor
Mrs. Proctor
Mrs. Helene Rota
Mr. Charles Speaks
Mrs. Speaks
Mr. B. F. Schreffler
Mr. W. They
Mr. G. F. Wollinger

Not On Board

Mr. D. J. Cardinell
Mrs. Cardinell

Mr. Edward Small
Mrs. Small

Errata

Passenger list reads:

Mr. L. G. Cousin
Miss David
Mr. Joel Drucher
Mrs. Drucher
Mr. R. J. Forhan
Mr. J. Frank
Miss Furlager
Mr. Frank L. G. Kranick
Mr. Jennis H. Marx
Mr. Fred Mussbaum
Mrs. Mussbaum
Miss Blanche Pone
Mr. Van V. Sims
Miss Murice Snow
Mr. John C. Speaks

Passenger list should read:

Mr. L. G. Cousins
Mrs. John David
Mr. Joel Drucker
Mrs. Drucker
Dr. R. J. Forhan
Mr. Irving Frank
Mrs. L. I. Furlager
Mr. Frank N. G. Kranick
Mrs. Jennie H. Marx
Mr. Fred Nussbaum
Mrs. Nussbaum
Miss Blanche Cone
Mr. Van B. Sims
Miss Muriel Snow
Mrs. John C. Speaks

United States Lines S.S. Leviathan -

June 19, Thursday.

Awoke this morning to find the ship under way - and at 10 a.m. reached Cherbourg where we lay until 4:00 p.m. then setting sail

June 20-24

En route to America. Usual voyage, not seasick, wonderful ship and fine accommodations. Weather very good.

June 25

Arrived New York 9:00 a.m.
Passed customs and left at 10:10 a.m.
via B.R.R. for Washington, arriving
3:15 p.m.

Ammunition for work in Spain

16 gauge	number	not used
No. 12 shot	75	7
No. 10 "	50	26
No 8 "	50	30
No 6 "	50	42

auxiliary shells 32 cal.

No. 10 shot	100	96
No 12 "	400	145

March 16, Monday. 1931

left Washington via P.R.R. 1⁰⁰
A.M. arriving in New York City
about 6⁰⁰ A.M. where I registered
at the Pennsylvania Hotel. En
route for Haiti accompanied by
Frederick C. Lincoln.

We spent the greater part of
the forenoon at Abercrombie and
Fitch purchasing camp equipment,
clothing and other necessities.
Through B. Smith, head of the
mail order department we were given
ten per cent discount on all
purchases.

In afternoon went out to the
American Museum of Natural History
where we met Murphy, and where
Harry Brown showed us a wonderfully
embalmed gorilla complete, one of
five that he had brought back from

Africa for dissection - Had some
talk with Ernst Mayr over the
arrangement of families of Old
World birds.

In the evening saw the movie
Tracker Horn. Some good animal
pictures, one or two tense scenes
but on the whole not much.

March 17, Tues day.

Visited Abrcambi and Fitch
this morning for a few last
purchases. At eleven called the
office by long distance to give certain
instructions when I talked to Mrs.
Pearson and to Mr. Graf.

At two we embarked
most of our 19 pieces of baggage
in one taxi and ourselves and
the rest of our outfit in another
and went to pier 65, North

River at the foot of West 25th St;
Where we embarked on the S.S.
Ancor of Panama Railroad
Steamship line. The Ancor sailed
a few minutes after four.

Quite cold up here

March 18, Wednesday.

Rather rough in the night but
smoother this morning with
bright sunshine.

Fifty or more Herring Gulls
were about the ship all day
but no petrels over the water.
At noon I saw three northern
phalarope.

Now position $36^{\circ} 39' N$, $74^{\circ} 00'$
west.

Warmer with a calmer sea
in late afternoon.

March 19, Thursday

Fourteen herring gulls over the stern wake in the morning were reduced by afternoon to half a dozen.

Much warmer today with a brisk head wind and a shower of rain in the afternoon.

Noon position $31^{\circ}47' N$, $74^{\circ}08' W$.

March 20, Friday.

Calm sea and pleasant weather today. During the forenoon stopped to send a stowaway aboard the Crested Auk northward bound, which gave a chance to get off some mail.

Saw ^{herring} gulls this morning and one Pomarine Jaeger.

Noon position $27^{\circ}00' N$, $74^{\circ}16' W$.

Dance in the evening was not too successful due to ship's motion.

March 21, Saturday -

Sea smooth with a pleasant breeze blowing.

On passing down through the Bahamas we saw Audubon's shearwaters in the early morning with a couple of brown boobies. Sooty terns were noted at intervals during the day with a few common terns in early morning. Two skimmers were noted off

Inagua islands.
Noon position $21^{\circ}53' N$, $74^{\circ}15' W$.

March 22, Sunday.

Awoke at daylight this morning as we steamed slowly in past Gonave Island to the harbor of Port-au-Prince. I had no glimpse of the western end of La Selle which was some distance out.

We were at breakfast as the ship docked and I was pleasantly surprised to have a port official come to inform me that we had the freedom of the port and to designate a porter to handle our luggage.

Dr. Carl Colvin, head of the Service Technique, came on board to greet me, and also Mr. Herbert Krueger who is here on an archeological mission. I was pleasantly surprised also to have Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Parish at the dock to see me. After some talk and waiting Mr. and Mrs. Parish took me over town in their car. I had expected to go to the New Excelsior hotel where Krueger said that he would get us rooms. This hotel however was the one selected for Senator King of Utah who has come down in the Ancon with the avowed intention of getting the marines out of Haiti, so that

there was no room, fortunately for us since there is much turmoil and confusion over his coming and stay which will center about his hotel. We saw him greeted with a long speech in French, with a perfectly huge basket of roses and a great crowd of Haitians.

Mr. Parish took us to the Hotel Splendide where he is stopping where we secured two excellent rooms with a private bath and three porches. The hotel is the usual fine old residence turned into its present use by Madame Frankel.

At ten Dr. Colvin sent his car for us and we went to his home in Petionville where we joined Congressman Dermon of Illinois who had come down in the Ancon with us. We drove then to

Kinskoff up a narrow and winding road newly built where we found cooler air and a good lunch in a small hotel.

Returned at two to see the Ancon seal and then to the Hotel where Haugen met me and talked over his plans. Spent the evening with the Parishers. A tremendous pain fell during the night.

The principal change in Port-au-Prince is in the ^{increased} number of autos and the disappearance of the old horse drawn carriages with their bells.

Heat 90°+ with a blinding sun. Flowers everywhere and the usual crowds of ragged Haitians.

On going up to Kinskoff we saw anis, gray King birds and one petchary, a Sparrowhawk and a red tail.

A-146-peb

A. WETMORE

MAR 15 1931

11 March 1931.

My dear Colonel Cutts:

Mr. Alexander Wetmore, Assistant Secretary, Smithsonian Institution, is leaving for Haiti on the Panama Railroad Steamship Line, sailing March 17, from New York.

Will you please extend to him all courtesies while on the island, and particularly afford him an opportunity for observation from the air of such localities as he may designate.

Very sincerely yours,

B. H. FULLER

This copy for Mr. Alexander Wetmore, Asst. Secretary,
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C.

Colonel Richard M. Cutts, U.S.M.C.,
Commanding First Brigade Marines,
Port au Prince, Republic of Haiti.

March 23, Monday.

Heavy rain fell during the night and the sky remained overcast all day with fog on the hills and occasional showers.

Mr. Parish kindly placed his car at my disposal and accompanied me on a round of official calls and errands during the entire forenoon.

Called first on Mr. Dana G. Munro, American minister to thank him for courtesies received yesterday and found him very cordial.

Called at the American consulate and met Mr. Huth, consul and Mr. Ingalls vice-consul.

Visited Mr. Van Reed agent for the Panama Railroad Steamship line and made reservation for the Ancon sailing May 27.

Called the office of my arrival met Mr. Slocum who is here collecting cannon for the reconstruction of Fort Ticonderoga. His assistant

Mr. ~~Dale~~^{Daulde} a Hollander was at the hotel in the afternoon. He was interested in birds and knew French Island very well.

M. W. Sterling arrived at 2:00 p.m. by plane from Miami leaving here at 8:00 this morning.

Kings came over in the afternoon and we made arrangement for a trip to the North plain.

Met Captain Davis in charge of Customs at the port.

March 24, Tuesday.

With Mr. Parish and ~~Mr.~~ Lincoln called on Col. Cuts Commanding officer of the Marine forces who offered me every assistance.

Also called on General Williams Commanding officer of the Gendarmerie and through Major O. P. Smith received necessary permits for our guns.

General Williams said that they

would do anything in their power for us and told me to let him know when I expected to cross to Grande Island. That he would arrange a boat if notified two days in advance.

Col. Cuts said that the mail plane for Presque flew on Tuesdays and that I could arrange to go out and back in it.

In the afternoon we went out to Damien where I sent Barker but found the other man away. Barker tells me that the high La Roche is more open than the South face, which has the heaviest rains. He told me of a trail crossing La Roche from Fond Parisien to Sal Troy with Fond Verettes as one of the higher points. Also that a trail led across to Sal Troy through Camp France and Morne merise.

In the evening I was the

Guest of Mr. and Mrs. Parish at
a dinner at the club in Petowville
with Lincoln, Sterling, Krüger,
Col. and Mrs. Catts, Mr. & Mrs. S. Coan,
and Major and Mrs. Davis. The latter
is in charge of air transport here
and said that the La Hoth region
was usually in cloud but that
it could be seen to best advantage
probably shortly after daylight in
the morning. He said that he
would fly a special train down
at any time.

Col. Catts told of ^{very} large flocks
of pintails that came into the
region of the mouth of the Arctomite.
Said also that they shot green-
winged and blue-winged teal,
Widgeon, Lesser and greater scaup.

March 25, Wednesday.

was out and six and prepared
an outfit for a trip to the North
Plain. Left at ten minutes to nine

SPECIAL LICENSE:N^o 2434

LICENCE POUR ARME A FEU

VALABLE JUSQU'AU ^{1 July, 1931.} ~~30 SEPT. 1931.~~

Monsieur Alexander Wetmore, Assistant
 Demeurant Secretary, Smithsonian Institute.
 Permis accordé pour un Revolver No. 45175
 Manufacture Stevens Calibre .32
 Nouvelle licence Yes
 ou
 Renouvellement du No. ()

Date: 24 March, 1931.

Dépôt payé (Date originale) No.
 Pas de dépôt (Raison) Auth. Command. Garde d'Haïti.
Signature de l'Officier
OLIVER F. SMITH
 Grade A. C. OF S. G-1. G. d'H.

ORIGINAL TO BEARER

SPECIAL LICENSE:N^o 2438

LICENCE POUR ARME A FEU

VALABLE JUSQU'AU ^{1 July, 1931.} ~~30 SEPT. 1931.~~

A Monsieur Alexander Wetmore-Assistant Secretary,
 Demeurant Smithsonian Institute.
 Permis accordé pour un Shotgun No. 200770
 Manufacture PARKER Calibre 16 ga.
 Nouvelle licence YES
 ou
 Renouvellement du No. ()

Date: 24 March, 1931.

Dépôt payé (Date originale) NO.
 Pas de dépôt (Raison) Authority Commandant Gd.
Signature de l'Officier
OLIVER F. SMITH
 Grade A. C. OF S. G-1. G. d'H.

1. Cette licence est personnelle.
2. Le porteur d'une arme est toujours tenu d'avoir sa licence.
3. Les armes, ou les licences doivent être présentées à toutes réquisitions de la Garde.

J'agréé que je ne me servirai de cette arme que pour la défense de ma personne contre les voleurs, etc., ou pour la chasse et que les règlements de la Garde à ce sujet m'ont été communiqués et sont bien compris par moi.

IDENTIFICATIONS: Nationalité.....Age.....

Couleur.....Poids.....Hauteur.....Yeux.....

No tax
required.

Timbre de 10 Gourdes

Cheveux.....etc.

Alexander Wetmore
Signature du porteur.

1. Cette licence est personnelle.
2. Le porteur d'une arme est toujours tenu d'avoir sa licence.
3. Les armes, ou les licences doivent être présentées à toutes réquisitions de la Garde.

J'agréé que je ne me servirai de cette arme que pour la défense de ma personne contre les voleurs, etc., ou pour la chasse et que les règlements de la Garde à ce sujet m'ont été communiqués et sont bien compris par moi.

IDENTIFICATIONS: Nationalité.....Age.....

Couleur.....Poids.....Hauteur.....Yeux.....

No tax
required.
Timbre de 10 Gourdes

Cheveux.....etc.

Alexander Wetmore
Signature du porteur.

with Mr. Parish and Lurich in Parish's car, and Kruger and Sterling in a Ford that Kruger rented!

We went through St. Marc and Ennery to Cap-Haïtien. The way as far as Mont Rouis was one that was familiar to me as I was over it four years ago. Beyond here hills came down to the sea with the road only a short distance back of a sandy beach. Large forests of gums - gums with occasional little settlements continued to St. Marc. Here we came suddenly to a small fine bay with deep water coming close to shore as ships lay in close to the beach. Beyond we crossed low dry hills and came to the Artibonite River near Port-Sauvage.

The road runs inland near the river for a distance and then

turned north to Dessalines
with level land well cultivated
leading off toward the Salines.
I watched for yellow-shouldered
blackbirds along some lagoons but
failed to find any.

We stopped for lunch under
a huge thapou tree midway between
Dessalines and Gonaves, seeing
many birds.

Turning inland we continued
through dry arid hills to
Ennery where we began the
steep climb across the massif
du Nord. At the summit there
was quick transition within
100 yards from the arid south face
to the better watered north slope
the greener appearance of the
land on the north being almost
startling. The road descended
steeply to Plaisance with much

winding and turning. Mango
trees were in blossom here while
on the opposite slope they had
been in fruit. There were many
trees but little original forest.

The River Rivière had been
recently in flood washing
away numerous houses.

We arrived at Cap-Haitien at
5.15 and registered at the
Hotel Cosmopolite.

Mr. C. Wood, American Consul
called in the evening. Also met
Lieut. Thomas who had been of
considerable assistance to Poole and
Perrygo and a gentleman of color
Les Meus who had been their camp
hand.

Mr. Hachin Chauffeur told
me that the dried body of the
toady was used as a cool charm

by men against women, which
the hummingbird was the potent
weapon of the lady who wished
the affection of some man.

Except in the very arid,
barren sections, birds were common
today; more so than in the
average locality about Washington.

We turned in shortly after
nine thirty all thoroughly tired.

March 26, Thursday

Awakened at six thirty after
the best night's sleep that I have
had in weeks. We breakfasted
on ham, eggs, coffee and very good
bread and then loaded up, made
a trip to the Post Exchange for a
few supplies, and then continued
east toward Fort Tabula. Road fair
only so that it was not possible
to make much time. Day very strong
and air humid.

In a salt lagoon just out of
Cap-Haitien there were many shore-
birds and we stopped for some time
to observe them. Leaving the
sea we travelled a short distance
inland stopping at an Indian
village site on a slight elevation
where two feet of shell mound
marked ancient house sites.
Pottery fragments were common and
Sterling found an excellent amulet.

We bought oranges in the
market at Trou for three
cents a dozen. Very sweet and
juicy. Crossing a river we continued
for about two miles through
a settled area of cultivation.
We drove a few yards off the
main highway then and walked
along a little road ^{leading} ~~to the river~~
along the slope of a low hill to
the ruins of an ancient French
church. The land was covered with

a low growth of mesquite
and logwood, the latter in bloom.
We collected half a dozen birds
here. A eleven thirty we
continued to the Pettigrew plantation.
There are 7500 acres in sisal here
with 7500 men being cleared for
planting.

We were pleasantly received
by Mrs. Pettigrew and were soon
established in the guest house, a
small, separate building.

After lunch we walked
out around a point projecting
into the bay below the house
and then hunched and returned
to the house to work on specimens
while the others continued to
investigate shell mounds.

The beat of the tracks mitigated
the heat and we were very
comfortable.

March 27, Friday

Awoke this morning a little
before six to hear the calls of three
jaguars from the scrub behind the
guest house. We breakfasted before
seven and then were conducted
in the auto by Mr. Pettigrew
around the western end of the bay
through a winding road that
led through endless fields of
sisal to the base of the Morne
des Mammelles, an isolated
double pointed hill rising from the
level plain without other eminences
of any kind near.

The hill was of the sharply
eroded limestone type so common on
the northern coasts of the greater
Antillean islands and rose rather
abruptly to an elevation of
between 75 and 100 feet. It was grown
with dense scrub through which
there was sprinkled considerable cactus

A trail had been cut directly over the top and another around the base so that passage was easy with due caution to prevent slipping on the sharp angles of the many projecting stone points.

Between the hill and the bay an area of several square miles was being cleared for the planting of morseal. The plain had been covered with dense scrub with occasional royal palms. All this had been cut down and was being burned. One had necessarily to think of the tremendous change in ecologic conditions and the decimation in the resident bird life of these scrubs since necessarily most of the birds resident here would disappear there being no place for them to go.

Clearing the land has revealed

a number of old French ruins indicating that this is the second time that the arable land here has been cleared.

Birds were common over the wooded hill and in the area that had ~~not yet~~ been cleared. I was especially pleased to see Lawrence's nana.

At noon we returned to the house and after lunch spent the afternoon in preparing skins. In the sisal fields there are many mourning doves, occasional swallows and sparrowhawks but little else.

Very warm but the heat tempered by the steady beat of the tracks.

March 28, Saturday.

This morning we collected in an area of mesquite, cogwood and cactus along a small ravine

not far from the little settlement
of Paulet ~~about~~ two miles from
the house and at the southern
end of the bay.

Birds were present in the scrub
in great abundance, there being
an evident migratory wave of
warblers so that Prairie Warblers,
accompanied by occasional Redstarts,
Black and White Warblers, and
Sombirds and Cape May Warblers
were found in great abundance.

With the aid of Mr. Parish
we collected twenty small
birds in a short time.

The sun was hot but the
sky was at times overcast with
clouds.

^{H.W.}
Mr. Kruger was excavating here
at a village site and I spent
some time in examining his work. There
is here a considerable series of

shallow middens marking apparently
a scattered village. Eury's shovels
of the pick brought to light bones,
crab claws or bits of pottery,
and some very good pieces were
found.

It was then before we were
able to get at our birds so that
we were until dark.

In the evening Mr. Pettigrew
took us over to the little village
of Paulet where the workers of
the plantation were congregated for
their Saturday evening activities.
Market women who had come in
from a distance to sell their foods
were scattered over an open square
before a little store, some of them
gathered about little cooking fires,
others reclining asleep on their
saddle bags. At one side was

a small frame crouched with
palm leaves under which was
a blind drummer beating his
tombon with the accompaniment
of a boy pounding a bolt on a
small piece of steel. Two women
danced in a little narrow space
immediately in front of him with
the crowd pressing closely about
leaving them barely room in which
to move. They shuffled about
throwing the skirt in front and
going through several postures
some of which were highly suggestive
but ~~none~~ none actually touching.
The drummer beat more and more
rapidly discarding his sticks for
the palms of his hands and
throwing in emphasis by striking
with his elbow. The dancers turned
in perfect rhythm, eyes closed

without apparent attention to
the crowd, the while singing
a repetition of two or three phrases
that kept them to the music.
We crowded in to watch and
in an interim the drummer
gave us a salute by holding
up his drum stick held
down in the upturned crown
of his hat.

Standing back farther it was
interesting to watch children
dancing in little groups, an
old woman throwing her shoulders
in time to the music, and one
woman dancing intently before a little
fire with no one paying the slightest
attention to her.

On a long stool were half a
dozen gambling games each with
its vociferous, gesticulating crier

of divots. Craps were played with a bamboo dice box which in expert hands picked up the dice and rolled them out in increasing rapid motion. Utens crouched on the ground throwing ^{from} little squares of crockery white on one side and blue on the others. These were tossed in the air with a rapid grabbing motion in which the hands finally became a blur before they were cast on the ground.

The air was warm, a half moon shone through the clouds and the scene was one of such interest that I was reluctant to leave. The whole was a happy expression of primitive emotion, regulated to keep it under proper control; The people seemed entirely happy.

Mr. R. W. Pettigrew, is manager for

the Haitian American Development Co.,
address Cap-Haïtien.

March 29, Sunday
Clear and warm today with the trade wind blowing steadily.
Today we were taken by Mr. Pettigrew in a launch to the forts at the entrance of the bay opposite Fort Liberte. With us were Mr. & Mrs. Gordon and Mr. & Mrs. West.

The bay is deep and entirely sheltered the entrance being only four hundred yards across. We landed on the east side at the entrance at the old French fort of la Bouque where we found huge thick walls of masonry surrounding a powder magazine with a tunnel leading entirely around

The inside of the outer wall.
In the powder magazine we collected
a number of bats.

Later we walked around to
another fort, Arre, where there is
a curious powder magazine looking
like a little church and an old
well made in 1760.

These are all described in Saint-
Méry.

The shoreline of the bay is
elevated six to ten feet and is of
coral limestone, undercut by the
water. There are few beaches except
at Fort Liberté, a town of fair
size at the head of the bay.

From Fort Ca Bouguen I could
see a few scattered trees on the
Swan Brothers Islands although the
islands themselves were too low to
show in the distance. The moro
at Monte Cristi is the prominent
landmark.

March 30, Monday.
Clear as usual this morning.
The moon is half full and
the nights are beautiful.
Krieger and Sterling left before day
break for Port-au-Prince.

The rest of us drove over again
to the Morno des Mammelles where
we walked through the scrub
devoting attention especially to
Lawrenceia of which we secured
seven. Migrant warblers in this
area are comparatively scarce
there being more seemingly along
the inner line of thickets back of
the plain.

I examined a sink hole at the
southeast base of the large hill but
found nothing in it.

Three passing laborers questioned
as to who the President of Haiti was
did not know his name and were

uncertain as to whether he was white or black.

Mr. Robert Pettigrew is manager of the ~~and~~ Blaine Plantation, with A. Art and Walter Gordon as assistants. Address Cap-Haitien.

March 31, Tuesday.

Left Jerrie Rouge at eight this morning returning over the route used in coming up here as far as Gonaves. Below Gonaves we took another road through Port de l'Estère and so to St. Marc.

We stopped in Trou de Walk through the market again but made no purchases ^{from Cap-Haitien}.

The flat ^{where} shorebirds were abundant a week ago was now entirely dry. The rains have ceased and the roads are in better shape.

In Cap-Haitien I called on Mr. Cory Woods, American Consul. We continued then, stopping at the

trail to Bayeux to buy a sack of oranges for 50 cents. At two p.m. in Gonaves we had a very good lunch. The train was full of sailors from an American battleship.

The road through Port de l'Estère was passable in dry weather but little used by autos. The country was level, grown with mosquito and logwood with occasional little settlements and clearings. At the bridge we stopped for an hour to follow report of guineas and soon found them feeding in an open field. Mr. Parish killed one with a long shot and I followed the flock for some distance. That was intense and we all pursued heavily.

A redwing like call drew attention to a blackbird in a mosquito and

I was delighted to collect an Ogelanis Numeralis. Also took one weaverfinch. Lincoln returned with a fine thick-knee solving the mystery of the Cog Savanne.

The Estero here is about 75 yards wide with sluggish current. We saw one caiman and numerous pied-billed grebes. I was reminded of Descenting work here in April, 1799.

There are tremendous growths of cactus all through here.

Arrived in Port-au-Prince at 8:30 going to the Hotel Splendid.

April 1, Wednesday.

This morning we called on H. Paulien ~~Sannon~~ Sannon, Secrétaire d'Etat des Relations Extérieures et des Cultes as an official visit. His office was

in a wing of the palace where we waited for a few minutes in a large ante room until the Secretary was free.

Also saw the president's reception room where there were busts of the presidents lining the walls.

Following this had a long discussion with Col. Cullen regarding outfit and plans.

In the afternoon visited W. Buch, at his pharmacy and learned what he knew about Kuman.

Devoted the rest of the afternoon to official correspondence.

Saw Colvin with Congressman and Mrs. Freeman at lunch.

April 2, Thursday.
Through the kindness of Col. Cullen I was given the privilege of being

necessary articles for outfit from the Marine Corps Quartermaster and took occasion this morning to stock up on various things needed.

Also visited the flying field and with Major Davis talked over plans and details for a flight by plane to La Hott in the morning.

Commander Duncan of the Travaux Publics called at noon and in the afternoon sent one of his head men Engineer Jaimo to talk about La Hott. Lieut. Smyth came with him. After some conversation they went out and got De Joor de Hanthai who had cut a trail to the top of Pic de Macaya a few months ago and we were some time in going over plans and details.

Stirling and Kruger returned from all a Vache this evening.

I was busy going over outfit and other details until nearly eleven.

April 3, Friday.

Was up this morning at 4:30 and after a light breakfast drove Krieger's Ford down to the flying field where Sgt. R. A. Trevelyan, % Marine Aviation, Port-au-Prince was waiting with a plane. We took off about 5:40 with the sun rising and headed due west along the north coast over Leogane, the Etang Miragoans and across to Aux Cayes. The air was cool and pleasant and flying comfortable. Gonave Island was visible in the distance and I had a view also of Petit Gonave. La Selle showed at the left. At Aux Cayes we picked up

the road leading to Camp
Perrin and followed it into
the hills.

La Hotte was clearly visible
as soon as we had crossed
the center of the peninsula,
bulking as the highest mountain
on the horizon and being perfectly
clear of clouds.

Beyond Camp Perrin the line
of projected road to Les Glaces was
clearly visible ~~but~~ a bright
line across the face of the hills.
We turned to the left into a
deep stream valley and cut
across a wonderful stand of
dense tropical rain forest that
covers the eastern and southeastern
faces of the mountain extending
from approximately 3500 to 6000
feet across gradual slopes that

Forman

Macaya

From the East.

Macaya

Formon

From the Southwest

are cut by streams. Apparently this section is one of maximum rainfall.

To the right were rolling ridges with many Haitian habitations, and much cultivation. We followed through here to ^{about} Des Barrières as near as I could judge and swung in then to the north face of the mountain. This side was steep on the northwest becoming precipitous. A deep valley ran along the north base and above it on Macaya were one or two small clearings. The slopes here were covered with pine.

Beyond was a low saddle leading over to the high peak called Grande Colline. The whole north face here was covered with

pine forest of large size without
trails or habitations. We turned
around the northwest side and
crossed along the south face
of Forman which is a low
ridge covered with forest with
a deep valley separating it
from Macaya. The planes
banked and turned through
here so that we passed over
between Macaya and Forman
and crossed directly over the
top of Macaya. On the northeast
point was a small cutting
where the engineers had cleared
at the head of their trail.

On the southwest there is
rain forest and pine mixed. The
scene was one of the wildest
interest. We flew low over

heavily forested slopes of pines
~~and~~ deciduous growth where man
had never set foot looking down
into dark wet depths of jungle
that imagination peopled with
any manner of strange and
unusual birds. And as we
swung in toward Macaya a
rag of cloud gathered over the
peak and the pilot turned
sharply aside from the temporarily
hidden slope.

Both Macaya and Forman
are long ridges with a general
east and west trend with
steep pitches at the east end
and little or no plateau area
along their tops. We crossed Macaya
a hundred feet above the ground
with the altimeter registering 8100 feet

Formosa apparently is 400 to 500 feet lower. Trevelyan says that his altimeter is correct which would give Formosa 7500 feet and Macaya 8000 lower than has been believed.

After working over the mountain mass we came around the south face of Formosa. From Port-a-Piment a thickly inhabited valley leads up to a rolling cultivated plateau, apparently the region called Les Plateaux which comes right to the base of Formosa. Access to the rain forest on the southwest from this point would be easy. We flew down this valley to the sea cut across to Cayes and finally landed for a few

minutes rest on a mud flat at Aquin. The hot air of the ground was almost insupportable after the refreshing coolness of our flight. From here we continued along the south coast to Cotes de Fer over an arid region grown with mesquite scrub and cactus, the earth light gray and with few habitations. Cutting across them into the interior we ~~followed~~ followed along the center of the peninsula over an area of broken hills and sharp ridges with occasional small elevated plateaus. This region was better watered and was thickly settled. Little trails led everywhere to small houses on

the slopes. The river valleys
had high steep sides. The
region is evidently well
traversed except by natives.

Cutting across them to Port-
An-Prin we landed at about
9.15. The flight ~~was~~ the most
interesting that I have yet
had and I have to compliment
Revelyan on his clear understanding
of my wishes and on his
skill as a pilot.

I am starting off in the
Miami plane at ten thirty
and then got our supplies at
the Quartermasters. Captain
Hughes was very most attentive.

In the afternoon I saw
De poor again. I am to pay him
\$4.00 per day and he is to fuel
himself. He will take along three

men who get 4 pounds a day
and feed themselves.

The outline Macaya made
from the east is quite accurate.
That from the west is only
approximate as the plane was
moving fast and there was
no time to correct details.

Got outfit in shape for
the trip this afternoon.
Krieger dined with us this
evening.

The last two days have been
holidays so that it is has
been difficult to accomplish many
things.

April 4, Saturday.

This morning de four came
shortly after eight. He goes on my
payroll today at \$4.00 per day with
the understanding that he furnish his

own food. He brought with him one Odor, to whom I pay 4 goudes daily with the understanding that if he is a good boy I will give him a present at the end. He also furnishes his food. I advanced them men \$20⁰⁰ and sent them to Cayes where they are to get animals at Camp Perrin in readiness for tomorrow night.

Bought a bill of groceries at the crystal market and finished packing the outfit.

Had mail from the office and was busy for some time in reply.

Captain and Mrs. Renshaw with us in the evening.

Wrote a letter to Col. R. M. Cull, in command of Marine forces here sending him a copy of the birds of Haiti and thanking him for courtesies.

April 5, Sunday.

Left Port-au-Prince this morning at nine with Parish and Lurich. I rode with Krieger in a Ford, the other two went in Parish car.

Drove through to Cayes where we arrived late in afternoon. Had expected to meet at noon for some collecting near Aquin but Parish chauffeur made a wrong turn and we continued into Cayes under the impression that they were still ahead of us.

Met Sieut Klein and Sieut King also Dr. Brewster.

Walked along the beach in the evening when I saw a Sea grape growing in an open space with a 9 trunk rising to a height of 35 feet.

Made enquiry concerning the family Rabin, with the Melé Rabin mother of Audubon who was born here.

men in Cayes in mind but
could learn nothing except that
there was an old countryman,
a peasant by the name of Rabon
who lived at the edge of town.
Probably a slave belonging originally
to the old french family of that
name.

Stopped at the Hotel Imperial
operated by Madame Villedonaine.
Very poor.

Elevation at Fond-des-Nigres 850
feet. The pass beyond the road
was only 900 feet.

Met Saint Klein and with him
visited the gendarmerie. Also Saint
King who we visited at his home.

In evening at sunset we walked
along the beach in front of the town
where I saw a sea-grape growing
along in an open place that stood
35 feet tall and had an equal span.
Eight or nine trunks grew from a single
base producing a valuable tree.
There were scattered houses along

as usual with small sail boats
at anchor in front. All a Vach
lay clearly visible off shore. The
only birds noted were two spotted
sandpipers.

April 6, Monday.

At seven this morning we
left Cayes in the two cars
traveling along an open road
that in places was cut through
as though it dated back originally
to the times of the french. We
followed for a time along a stream
called Le Ravine de Sud that was
entirely dry and then crossed onto
an open plain with stony soil
covered with brush.

At Camp Perim we found a
market in progress and made a
few purchases securing some ripe bananas.
This point at the market showed an
elevation of 630 feet which the settlement

proper lay at a higher level
on a bluff above the climb up
being very steep. This is a rest
spot for people living in cages
who have little cottages here.

Beyond here to Post Avance the
road bed is made but is not used
to extent by cars. The bed wound
about over the ridges climbing
steadily higher until at Post
Avance we had reached 1350 ft.
Here road construction had ceased.

At this point we found
Dejour and our pack animals
and unloaded our gear placing
it in the little hut of our
Salomon to shelter from passing
showers of rain.

Work of assembling packs
began at once although the
men were in favor of waiting
until the following day. It

was however only ten and I
could see no object in delay.

The work was trying to some
extent as usual but in due
time was accomplished and

at two we were on our way.

Our train consisted of four riding
animals and six pack animals.
Lincoln and I rode sturdy
mules and Parish a horse.

Our trail led along for
thru miles or so along the
grade established for the auto
road climbing steadily upward
with travel excellent. The slopes
covered with vegetation were
beautiful and we had distant
views of the sea and of Ile à
Vache.

At Sombe Chaval the trail
ceased and we went down a

steep and muddy pitch in
a blinding rain. One of my
stirrups leathers broke and I
had to stop and fix
it. A short distance beyond
an old man living in a little
white house on a ridge tried
to dissuade us from going on as
he said the trail was very, very
bad. Certain of the packs gave
trouble as always and the
trail was either stony or muddy
with many steep pitches.

At five we were in a section
known as ~~Jeffard~~ Jeffard
where at the summit of the
ridge I stopped to talk to a
man who spoke Spanish. Rain
had been constant and when I
made enquiry as to when we
might spend the night he said
that we had better stop with

him. We rode up a hill to
a little two roomed house
with a separate kitchen and
a little shed behind and in
heavy rain removed saddles and
packs. We had expected to put
a tent but were given permission
to sleep in the front room in
the house where there was
just room for our three cots.

We made our supper of what
was left from lunch with
coffee and tea and a can of
beans. Before eight we were
in our beds thankful for the
thatched roof overhead that turned
the steady downfall of rain.

April 7, Tuesday.

We were out this morning
shortly after five, had breakfast

of coffee and oatmeal with
a can of condensed beef with which
we made up a lunch for
noon. ~~this camp~~

Assembling packs went somewhat
better than yesterday but still
was slow and it was after
a quarter after nine before we
were ready. The little house
stood on a ridge with a
valley to the south bounded by
a ridge on which the little
house of our friend who
had tried to turn us back was
visible. Past this we had a distant
view of the sea. This camp was at 2450 ft.

Fog hung dank over the slopes
as we arose but broke away
as the sun came higher so that
finally the air was clear as
we started.

At once we came to bad trail
there being a cut that some of

the animals refused to pass
so that we had to go around.
Within half a mile we came
to a slide that rendered the
trail impassable and had much
difficulty in turning the animals
around, one fell and had to
have the pack removed. We
started then down a wet, stony
muddy trail through a dense
rain forest jungle where the
sun never penetrated and the
going was excruciating. Animals
fell and packs slipped. In
places we had to descend and
lead our mounts. Huge
projecting roots alternated with
mudholes where the animals
sank to their bellies. Steep
fitches over clay banks were gulched
out ten feet deep with the

trail twisting and turning at the bottom. We decided that all stories about the evil trails in this area carried not the slightest exaggeration.

As far as Donte' there was a wonderful rain-forest the edge of the great expanse that led up to La Hoth.

From one slope I had a momentary view of Pic du Forman and some lower hills with a vast reach of jungle.

The rain-forest growth was dense with many palms growing in the deciduous growth. There was extensive masses of creeping bamboo, ~~large ferns~~ were abundant ~~with~~ masses of epiphytes and orchids - the whole draped with moisture. The scenery had constant interest and views of the changing scenery

were wild and wonderful. In places the trees were very tall. In Donte' to walk this forest there was a good place to camp in a clearing near some small houses. Near there the trail had been blocked to prevent passage but we filled in a cut with earth dug from a bank descended into a little stream bed and were soon ascending the steep pitch of the opposite slope. Going here was even more difficult than ordinary. We had to scramble up on foot and then pack animals fell and their loads had to be carried to the top by the men.

We had descended nearly 700
feet from Giffard but on
this summit were again at
2450 feet.

As we rested and waited for
the slowly arriving packs a
pair of beautiful cloud swifts
passing over I put together a
gun found a cartridge and
soon had a fine specimen in
hand.

As we started on fog
swung in to obscure the view
and we were soon in rain
again. We descended through
a series of stony ridges where
the animals slipped and
stumbled and came at first
down a long pitch into the
cultivated valley at Les Glaces
fording the rocky stream of the
same name.

There were here forty or fifty
scattered houses. People were amazed
to see whites and children who
came down to the river to fill
sections of bamboo with water
ran swiftly springing from rock to
rock to get away from us.

I wished first to make
camp here but was assured
that Deron was only an hour
away and that there we could
get quarters with chef de section.
We pushed on past little coffee
plantations, fields of corn and
potatoes through a settled district.
I was astonished suddenly to
come upon a wide, open road
and in a few minutes we
were unsaddling in a pouring
rain. We had ridden for the
last half hour in a growing heat.

and because of unknown trails
I was greatly relieved to reach our
destination.

The house of chief Sifaite
Loco, head of the 5th section of
Pestel was larger than ordinary
with one room 16 by 20 feet
and another smaller. The larger
room was ~~hous~~ ours and
we were soon at home. Packs
were muddy and we ourselves
were soaked to the skin.

Supper was a large pot of hot
coffee which mixed with rum
put heart in us for a supper
of sardines, sardines and bread.

The terrific downpour that
began at six on our arrival continued
without ceasing until four in
the morning. The total fall
being several inches at least. The
corrugated iron roof leaked a

little but not enough to make
us wet as we were able to sit up
our beds between the few drips. There
was occasional lightning.

April 8, Wednesday.

It was astonishing this morning
to find the red clay soil outside
firm and hard with little water
standing in pools. The run-off
after such a storm is really
astounding.

Today we remained at Deron
to give opportunity for collecting
and also to dry our outfit.
Sent a man to the market at
Corail to buy new sacs de paille
our panniers being the worse for
wear. Also to get us some eggs
and two bottles of rum. The
trail takes six hours, and he is
supposed to return part way
tonight and to be here as early

as possible tomorrow.

Parish shot near camp while Lincoln and I went a little farther afield. The region is ~~some~~ undulating plateau with high hills on which there are still stands of the original forest. Elsewhere the land is cultivated. We collected the narrow-billed tody and admired the beautiful colors of the *Spindalis*. Pigeons are numerous and hear constantly the calls of parrots and trogons.

Our lunch somewhat delayed was pigeons and rice. We skinned birds and wrote all afternoon.

The weather remained clear. Parish delighted the old chief by killing a pigeon on the wing and pleased our own boys by giving them three birds.

April 9, Thursday.
Elevation at Deron 2050 feet.
Clear this morning early with high clouds that came over at intervals though I had some opportunity for photos. We were occupied early in preparing the outfit for start on our journey and then had time to walk out through the trails for a few observations.

Salomon who I had sent to Corail for needed supplies returned about ten thirty with his commissions for us and a multitude of smaller ones for the men properly handled.

Assembling packs began with much repair to saddles and other gear due to the fearful trails that we have covered. The work of packing was slow as usual. A horse and a mule bucked off their loads when

once assembled. Another ^{small} horse
sat down, the pack slipped
back and the animal was
supported ^{up on its tail} with front legs waving
in the air until it was released.

Finally at 1:15 we bade goodby
to our friendly host and started
along on our way. After a few
hundred yards along the made
road we turned off into a
trail that led along over
rolling ridges cultivated
extensively in coffee. The region
was well populated and small
houses were numerous. Views
across the green valleys were highly
interesting and we enjoyed the
ride to the fullest.

Finally we came out on
a knife edged ridge ~~the~~ with
the trail along the top and the
slopes falling away abruptly

for several hundred feet on
either side and climbed up
a steep ~~top~~ slope to a pointed
knoll ground with pines, the
first we had seen. This was
the Bois Pin Lacadonis. The ground
was open and the forest scattered
and we admired the change from
the denser, lush growths that
we have covered recently. The
hill rose as a steep-sided
knoll falling abruptly on all
sides with a long ridge
running east and west beyond.

We descended through a
twisted growth that indicated
much wind to the ^{small} Riviere
Lacadonis, forded this and
then climbed up and up on
the opposite slope. The way at
first was deep in mud, winding

Wound through a dense
stand of small trees on which
packs caught and at intervals
I had to get off my mule to
pass beneath low limbs. Beyond
the way was drier but very
steep. Part of the outfit became
separated and was in trouble
on the steep pitches. Three animals
fell and part of the loads had
to be carried up by hand.

While we waited we admired
a flock of the handsome mountain
swallow Lamprochelidon and
Lincoln collected one. The packs
were slow and we were faced
with approaching night.

The owner of a nearby house
said that he had no room for
us but that there were numerous
houses on the slopes beyond.

We continued as rapidly as
possible. Lincoln, Parish and I
riding ahead with our guide
of the day leaving the slower
packs behind. After winding
about through a series of
coffee plantations we came in
sight of two or three little houses
and I wanted to turn in as
I was sure that I had understood
that we were to stop here. The
guide however continued to a
deserted house on the crest of
the hill and we were
about to set up our tent when
a man who had been with us
below arrived breathless to call
us back to the houses I had
seen a few hundred yards below.
The beat of drums that had
begun as we had started after

final assembly of our outfit had telegraphed our coming ahead and we were received cordially by a friendly old haitian and his wife and given a tiny little house with a small inner chamber and a larger outer one.

Packs were soon in shape for the night and Andoin and Salomon prepared for us coffee and boiled potatoes while we opened a can of tomatoes in addition and we were soon eating. Hot coffee with a little rum ^{added} is highly comforting after a day of this kind.

We talked for a time and then prepared for bed. Three cots side by side completely filled our little chamber. I slept in the center with the little door open at my feet. The quarter moon shone in from a marvellously clear

sky and I lay for a time listening to the men talking in the little cook shack and listening for night birds. Nothing but the voices of various curious frogs and crickets came to the ear.

April 10, Friday.
At daybreak I was awakened by a mosquito or two coming in the open door, the first that we have seen since leaving leaving Aux Cayes and I awakened the others at once. At dawn there came the voices of multitudes of grey robins.

We were soon astir for a breakfast of eggs, fruit and coffee and folded our beds to the admiration of an assembly of people of various ages. Our old

Host and his wife came to shake hands and to ask if we had passed a comfortable night.

As we washed the old gentleman gave scripture lessons to two or three men and a woman, who one at a time stood with him at one side and repeated after him as he read phrase by phrase from an incredibly dirty and worn book. This I found was a series of lessons written in French verse setting forth in twelve chapters the teachings of the scriptures. When I came to put on my glasses the old man came up to show me proudly that he also had a pair.

Elevation at house where we stopped at Bois Lacombe 3050 feet.

The little houses here were on a slope but bananas and trees were allowed to grow close

about so that the place was damp and without much sun that the situation was less healthy for this reason was readily apparent in the people. Several were coughing and were less strong in appearance than when we were yesterday.

The local world gathered to watch us pack the usual slow and deliberate process with one or two working at a time and the others standing about or wandering off on other errands.

At 11:15 we were finally on our way. Two ^{pack} animals were played out and I left them here with arrangement for their keep. Six porters were hired to carry parcels on their heads and in this wise we proceeded. The outfit is fast coming to resemble an African safari.

The day was clear and pleasant with clear sky showing in the distance toward the coast and rags of cloud drifting in over the slopes.

We came down over the usual stony and muddy trails to the Riviere des Roseaux where the crossing was along a ledge of rock where the animals scrambled like goats.

One pack animal slipped into a hole and balanced for a minute or two with the pannier awash, finally caught its balance and scrambled out.

We continued up the stream bed for two more crossings and then swung into a long valley where we crossed over pointed knolls to come down ^{stony} to a little stream. Going was bad and increasingly steep.

We descended at the Roseaux to 2250 feet and then climbed back to 3000. It was difficult at times to keep the outfit together and at times there was discussion among the men as to the proper trail as travel here was not extensive and little trails led everywhere. Our animals were tired and I walked up one or two steep pitches to save my mules.

Thus far I have seen no parrots and no ^{crows} ~~robins~~. The ordinary birds noted from the trails I am the gray robin, the honey creeper, and occasional migrant warbler and ~~the~~ the pitchee. Parrots fly in pairs across the slopes. I note occasional juncos and the calls of trogons and the narrow-billed today come from the scrub.

~~At three~~
we saw occasional ridges of
pine forest but this was not
abundant.

At three fifteen we reached
Des Barriere where there was
a ~~squad~~ of half a dozen houses
along a ridge at an altitude
of 3250 feet. The slopes were
fairly open with much coffee
and little natural forest except
on the tops of the highest hills.

After discussion of what to
do it seemed expedient to stop
here for the night as I could
extract no certain information
as to what lay beyond except
that the climb was steep, the
animals were tired and under
the circumstances I was afraid
that we might have trouble.

We were given a small
new cañon for the night, one with

a thatch roof and sides worn
of thin strips of wood without
other protection. With the outfit
unpacked there was time to look
about. The region is one to
steep sided ridges covered with
green vegetation. A narrow
saddle in sight of the house
was covered with pine with
the huge bulk of the eastern
end of Macaya Peak showing
dimly through driving clouds
beyond. The slopes appeared
dark and mysterious through the
shifting veil of mist which
finally closed in entirely leaving
a blank wall of cloud filling
the valley and coming across
to the slopes where we ourselves
stood.

a little flock of *Lamprochalcus*

and a few black swifts circled in ahead of the nests and ^{they may wait here} ~~imposed through~~ the Guava bushes and low trees. We collected two.

We returned to camp to a supper of boiled ^{spout} potatoes, coffee and a can of peaches and finally made up our beds and turned in. Three white m-cots occupied the large room of the hut. Six blacks and most of our Cuggage had the small space beyond.

The pointed hill above the houses was 3650 feet.

April 11, Saturday

We awoke this morning to a drizzling rain that made the clay soil of the steep trails slippery and treacherous. Also to the news that porters were not available since this day was on

on which all the members of a certain society including apparently all the able-bodied of the neighborhood were gathered to pick the coffee ~~fruit~~ crop. A series of notes from a conch shell blown at our hut were answered by similar calls from the hills about and the work had started.

Also this was the close of Lent and a bull was led up to a tree near stuck in the throat with a knife and slaughtered. Following an incision was made in the skin of one front and one hind leg above the knee and a slender wand thrust in forcing the skin from the body to above the shoulder and hip respectively

Two men then sat at either
leg and applying their mouths
to the cut, blew steadily while
as many as could gather round
beat the skin of the animal
vigorously with clubs, the combination
separating the skin from the body.
This operation continued for half
an hour until at the end the
beating sounded like the sound
produced by thumping a foot ball.
The skin was then slit and removed
rather a cumbersome process.

The sun began to show through
and I began the operation of
starting our outfit packing. With
the attraction of the slaughter
of the beef animal it was difficult
to keep this moving, and many
workers came out of the coffee to
watch the strange sounds of

les blames to the disgust of the
proprietor of the land who with
loud words of protest drove the
people back to the task.

I was assured that there
would be plenty of porters tomorrow
who would carry all my outfit
but insisted that I did not
want to leave anything behind.
Extra men gathered soon by our
tent by the time we were
ready for the start enough had
assembled to take everything
and 11:15 we were off. The sun
had come through in the meanwhile
and had partly dried the trails so
that our animals with some
difficulty made the climb up the
first steep slope. The high point
then, covered with pine had
an elevation of 3600 feet.

From there we wound along
over high slopes to a group
of little cages where another bull
had been slaughtered. We stopped
here and after some talk
purchased the tenderloin for our
selves and I made a present to
our men of some other meat.
Our trail followed the usual
ups and downs in several places
being so steep and rocky that
we walked rather than take
a chance on our mules.

At ~~the~~ another little group
of houses still another bull had
been killed. I had some difficulty
in getting the porters through
these places as many people
had gathered to talk.

The coffee grown here is remarkably
fine the branches being loaded with
berries as closely as they could

cluster. The crop is heavier than
anywhere that I have seen before.

At one place a man was rolling
beeswax candles with his hands.
We were told that they were to
be burned at a ceremony nine
days after a death in the
family. Our final descent to
the Anglais river was steep
and treacherous and it was
a relief to come down into a
big canyon to the junction of
two branches of the stream where
three or four groups of houses
constituted the locality known as
La Cour d'Anglais. Here a stream
twenty five feet wide tumbled rapidly
over huge boulders and there
was a small area of level
ground. We arrived here at

about three thirty and stopped
for the night, this being the end
of the horse trails.

Here we found a fine level
space on which to set up our
tent which was erected to the
admiration of all beholders. As
this was the first time that
we have had it up we were
interested in it ourselves and
found that it went up easily
and was suited to our need.
A Baker tent $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet with
a fly. A good rain in the
evening proved that it was
water proof.

Steep hills partly in forest
and partly in cultivation in bananas,
malangas and beans rose to
a height of nearly two thousand
feet on either hand with the
stream valley winding between

them. Birds were common.

We spent a pleasant evening
in our own tent relieved to
be for once away from the huts
in which we had been sleeping
recently.

Air warmer at this lower
elevation of 1860 feet.

April 12, Sunday.

This morning at six Lincoln
and I bathed in the pleasantly
cool water of the little stream
above our camp and enjoyed our
new clean clothing.

Later we did some collecting and
secured four birds.

Porters came down from Deabarriere
under direction of a wily old gentleman
who after trying the weight of various
bundles demanded five gourdes per man
for the trip. Inasmuch as at certain
times he was not paying his men more

than two gourds per man. This I refused to do. Whereupon he said that I could not get up the mountain. Dejour and I then told ~~the~~ six men that constituted our permanent outfit to carry the bundles to a house nearby where I selected six loads and prepared to start. At this signal men offered to carry loads for the three gourds that ~~we~~ offered and started off with the old chap prophesying that I would starve on the mountain. We finally set out with twelve loads, and the porters who had come originally went on back.

Our way was steep, leading up over a ridge and then down the other side across a salt valley and then up again. No one but a Haitian would pick such trails. It was ~~at~~ 12:25 before we got away due to all the talk that consumed the morning and the

confusion with the porters.

This morning another bull was killed just beyond our tent. The animal was tied short by the horns to a small tree and then one of the men tried with all his might to shove a dull pointed knife into its neck. After watching this for several minutes I finally called him over and gave him my hunting knife for the job. The thing seemed needlessly cruel the other way.

Some of the slopes that we crossed were cultivated in bananas, root crops, beans, or coffee. Others were still in dense jungle through which we wound up and down the way in places being almost precipitous. Crossing a little brook we continued up a dry rock slope that was almost chimney climbing like goats to

high shoulder above. Below
there came the steady roar of
the stream passing over the
rocks.

Rain fell, the vegetation was
dripping and we were soaked.
Hegour went ahead with the
porters while I held one boy back
to make sure that I did not
miss the way. I pushed along
as rapidly as we could allowing
only a minimum of rest. Night
was approaching and the Cay
of M. Godet for which we were
bound seemed ever distant. The
slopes became steeper and rockier.
We went down into one dark
ravine and out promise that night
was nearly here as we could
hardly see at the bottom.

Clambering out on the ridge above
we found two little cages with
a group of people clustering about.
The clay soil was so slippery that

it was difficult to stand. Rain
was falling and mist drifted in
over the hills. It was six
o'clock. I made constant enquiry
as to the distance to Godet's
but with my defective knowledge
of roads and the lack of
idea of distance common in
Harti could arrive at nothing
concrete except that the house
was on the third hill. If
meant three intervening valleys
the thing seemed impossible.

One of the cages was a
kitchen partly open to the weather
on one side. The other was larger
divided into two rooms with
a raised platform bed in one
corner in each. Outside everything
was mud. Inside our friendly
host and two or three women
pushed piles of dried coffee ash

to make room for us, brought a burning stick over from the other house and sent two boys out to cut wood. In a few moments a fire was burning and our soaked clothing began to dry.

Our porter had been carrying a box wrapped in canvas and now we proceeded to investigate to learn what our package might contain in the way of food. Two or three boxes of sardines, some cakes and a can of tea were marketing, particularly since I found sugar. I was busily making tea when a small package stowed up in paper, soft to the touch excited my curiosity and I opened it to find a section of tenderloin left from the meat of yesterday. A collapsible frying pan and some butter were soon in use and it was

not long until we were enjoying food. I shared a part with our porter and gave him one of my cigarettes greatly to his pride as he told the others that he had eaten like "un Blanc". It was now entirely dark. The interior of our hut was lightened by shivers of ^{resinous} pine wood that gave a really excellent light.

Shouts from the opposite slope indicated the coming of other porters Andam, Chale and Muna. Two boys fourteen or fifteen years old offered to cross the valley to bring them in for a gourd of water to which I assented. They put on some old shirts, nothing else and were ready to start. Each carried a torch of pitch pine and we took a log from the fire with burning end as a safeguard in

case the torches went out. In
What seemed like a remarkably
short time they were back accompanied
by Charles, with another bundle.
The others had camp for the
night in a little cave with some
goats and refused to come over when
they might be more comfortable.

Charles came in with much
exclamation over the badness of
the trail and proceeded to make
himself comfortable. First he
removed his trousers and partly
dried out his shirt. Then from
his parcel he proceeded to bring
out a bottle of coffee that he
had made in the morning and to
heat it in a little ^{tin} can that I
had given him. Following this
he brought out a bit of meat
and some salt which went on for
a stew and then some plantains
and malanga which were put
on to cook. In the meanwhile
he had found time to roast some

malangas and three green plantains
for the rest of us. With butter,
salt and pepper these were really
excellent and we all enjoyed their
flavor.

Fed and dry we could listen
to the steady beat of rain on the
thatch roof with complaisance,
pleased that we had shelter and
were not out on the mountain.
Our host and Charles kept up
a steady flow of talk with
much exclamation, of coffee, of
trails, of work of different kinds
clustered about our dark faces
of various types, the women coming
in for only a few minutes and
then going out. When the ladies
joined us Charles crouched on his
feet before the fire enjoying the heat
modestly tucked his penis in behind
one heel. A large wood drum

a tamboula, and a tambourin,
a tambour being on the wall.
The host saw me admiring them
and getting the drum gave us
a performance accompanied by his
son on the tambour, varying the
beats of palms on the drum head
to produce various rhythms. The
tambour was especially excellent
in sound.

About midnight we spread
one sheet of canvas that we had
with us on the dirt floor and
hung a smaller piece behind it
for a wind break. We lay down
in a row and soon dropped
asleep. So far as I was concerned
this was not for long as I
found the place alive with fleas.
As the floor was wet I was
surprised at this. I had not
believed that they could live
in the presence of so much water.
Also in the back row I was far

from warm. Lincoln and I sat
up and slept for fifteen or twenty
at a time with our foreheads on
our knees, occasionally turning
on sides, and once or twice making
a new pot of hot tea. The night
passed with surprising soon
and at five thirty we were out
feeling quite refreshed.

The elevated beds were in
corners with one pole running down
from the roof for the free corner.
On the frame which was then
and one half feet above the floor
were loose boards, hewed from
trunks four to six inches wide.
Before turning in the boys and young
men who occupied one side of
the house spread the boards evenly
and shook up the four or five
mats of dried banana leaves that
formed the bedding. The bed was
six by eight feet. Half a dozen lay

together and covered with a single sheet of denim.

In the opposite room ^{were} the women and the head of the house. The former removed their clothing and lay together. Apparently there were two beds in this room. A girl ^{female} stood up several times to look down at the boys on the other side of the partition.

April 13, Monday.

Birds were singing clearly this morning and I walked out in a sea of ^{mist} to find the mountain slopes veiled in mist. A shout across the valley brought in our porters and for breakfast we ate what had been intended for our lunch the day before. Elevation here 3200 ft.

Shortly after seven we continued on up the trail, the slopes being steep and the going hard at times through

a wonderful stand of coffee that at this elevation grew without shade. At 4000 feet we came to the cage of M. Godet the highest place on this face of Macaya where four of the boys and the remaining porters.

Here there were two cages, one of fair size facing another with a mass of ^{protruding} rock and soft mud between. Madame Godet was a brown-skinned woman of pleasant appearance who as mark of her superior station wore shoes. The larger cage swarmed with people, we had the smaller house opposite, and our boys went to ~~still~~ another little hut on the hill above.

Our temporary home had a partition three feet high across the

center behind which lay the household gods. In one corner was a little wooden cross before which stood a bottle a little bowl and a bit of cotton. On the wall behind were three ^{smallly decorated} lithographs of saints.

About ten the rain slackened and Dejour, Lincoln and I went up the ^{steep} slope to look for a possible camp site. I was pleased to locate one at 4200 feet at the upper edge of the clearing, directly against low forest.

We started at once preparations for our tent. The men dug down the face of a gentler slope than usual against a log and made a platform. Scrub was cleared to make a small opening. Fortune favored us as the sun came out and the tent was up before the rain began in the

afternoon. We came down to Godel's at two for a belated lunch of tea, sardines, and a can of peaches looking out at the dreary mud in front with complaisance now that we had our camp.

This morning I sent porters down for the rest of the baggage and though they hung around eating ~~plantains~~ until nearly ten the first arrivals were coming in by three. Truly the way these hill people travel the rough mountain trails is remarkable.

We moved everything up into the tent, put things in order and had our supper at dark with a fire burning in front.

April 14, Tuesday.

This day rain fell almost steadily throughout the day and mist and fog drifted in over the slopes of the mountains. We were busy all day working on notes and in getting our wet outfit dried out and assorted so that no harm could come to our supplies, in writing up accumulated notes and in collecting along the edge of the forest near camp between Showers. A fair number of birds were secured in this way.

The tent platform was enlarged and the clearing cut larger to give us better air and ventilation. At nightfall I had the pleasant feeling, for a few moments only, of having everything finally

shipshape so that our work in Macaya could continue in an orderly way without interruption.

Such peace of mind was a sensation of brief duration. As we were about to sit down for the evening meal Déjourn came up. He came from Godet's Caffe where he is staying with the news that a messenger had come through from Jerome with a telegram, now three days old, calling him home as soon as he could leave.

As I had left details of house work and mine entirely to him I sat down at once to get them down in my own notebooks, a tedious and complicated procedure due to faulty understanding

English and other reasons.
I finally ate about eight
and then turned in. Rain
continued for most of the night.

April 15, ~~Wednesday~~

This morning I was busy
with ^{Mr.} Dejour for a time again,
in paying off two men, Dupond
and Tontou, who had come from
Cayes and in making some
arrangement that might bring
me in another interpreter.

Mr. Parish decided this morning
to return to Port-au-Prince and so
packed up to accompany Dejour.

After writing a letter to Captain
Whitney and Mr. Wyome in Jérémie
explaining my circumstances and
saying I desired as the messenger
who had come from Jérémie was
about to depart with my own
messenger, that he spoke Spanish

and as he seemed active and
intelligent I made arrangement
to take him on at \$1.80 per day
he to furnish his own food. He
had to return to Jérémie for clothing
and other things and after I
gave him \$10⁰⁰ with which
to buy supplies for me also
I loaned him five gourdes to
pay a guide who had shown him
trails over the mountains.

Parish and Dejour left shortly
after noon and Lincoln and I
accompanied them to Godets
for a final good by. Returned
them to my breakfast at ten
as there had been no time
previously to eat.

The morning was clear and
pleasant and remained so until
shortly afternoon.

This morning I also paid off Enens who had come with me from Bois-la-Croix but he said that he would return Sunday.

Also took on as a helper Soudiervent Gochet, young son of the old man who had worked with Ekman on the trail up ~~that~~ Macaya and was thoroughly familiar with the region. This gives me four men at present as my permanent force!

Soudiervent went up the mountain trail with us to about 4500 feet where we collected a fair number of birds.

At the lower edge of the forest there was much creeping bamboo but after a short time the

dense growth of this ceased and the lowland became more open. Deciduous trees stood 60 to 70 feet tall so dense at the top that heavy undergrowth below was crowded out and there was only a stand of tree fern, ~~and~~ creepers and other growth through which it was possible to travel with only moderate use of the machete.

The trail was very steep going directly up the steeply pitched slope with few crops and trees.

Birds were common and active until the rain started when all activity among them ceased. After standing under

inclined trees for a few minutes we returned to camp for food and occupied until night in preparation of skins.

April 16, Thursday.

We were out before six this morning with promise of a pleasant day and after a breakfast of hot cakes and coffee were on our way up the mountain again shortly after seven.

We travelled rather rapidly to 4500 feet and then collected slowly to about 5200 feet.

At 5000 feet bracken appeared suddenly and there were a few scattered firs through the deciduous growth, towering high above the other trees.

Two standing at about the upper limit of our work today one on either side of the tree were huge specimens six feet through at the base.

In early morning birds were inactive as I was on the northwest slope but the sun came into the trees feathered forms appeared in abundance. Collecting was difficult since the wet undergrowth was dense and birds killed at any distance were found with much trouble.

We returned again shortly after noon and spent a busy afternoon in the preparation of specimens writing our notes by aid of a flashlight in

the evening. Very little rain
fell during the day and
the sun on the tent at times
made intense heat, much to
our advantage as our things
dried out and the tent floor
of packed clay also became
dry.

The evening light on the
steep slopes of Grand Collins
opposite was beautiful. The
granite peak would stand out
clear cut and sharp against
the evening sky for a few
moments. Small eggs of misty
cloud formed over the slopes
and perhaps in just minutes
entirely obscured the entire
surface. In a few moments
it would be again clear.
We watched the wild beauty

of this constantly changing
mountain view for nearly
half an hour after sunset.

April 17, Friday.
Except for drifting cloud mist
across the face of La Grande Collins,
known locally as Changelang the
morning was clear and although
clouds drifted in later the
day was one without heavy rain
only an occasional light shower
pattering on the tent for a
few minutes in the afternoon.

We made an early start up
the mountain trail and proceeded
rapidly to 5500 feet. As noted
yesterday bracken and a tree that
looks exactly like a cottonwood
came in at 5000 feet and above
that at 5500 feet pine was common.
A few pine trees grew lower down.

These lower pines grew directly up through the deciduous growth and had the lower branches covered thickly with pine-apple air plants and long streamers of gray moss.

At 6000 feet pines were the common tree and continued so to the top of the ridge.

Beneath were tall heavy growths of bracken with the ground carpeted deeply in long pine needles. The ground floor was wet and in many localities had dense growths of lush plants.

From 6500 feet the slopes were very steep and abrupt so that climbing was difficult. At that level we came to a shoulder of the mountain which continued in a gentler slope to 7000 feet the highest point that I reached.

This upper ridge was stony with a stand of pine from two to five feet through which however did not appear to be very extensive. The ridge here had been swept by fire and much of the lower growth had been killed. The trail after coming out on the shoulder was poorly marked being overgrown with bracken and creepers and was followed with difficulty. The bird life of these higher levels was disappointing. From 5500 feet to 6500 we saw few birds aside from solitaires and an occasional trogon or hummer. In the more open section above birds were somewhat more abundant but we found nothing particularly startling. An Elaenia seemed yellower on the breast than those

I have seen fruit farther east on this island. This however may have been imagination. Asick from this we saw hummers, trogons, solitaires, Phoenicophilus, honey-creepers, woodpeckers and so on, which might have been found at our camp near 3000 feet lower.

Fog lay densely along the slope to the north but only occasional rags of mist drifted across the shoulders up which we climbed. The sun shone at regular intervals. We were five hours in going up, but made the descent in about two. It was necessary to use precaution in coming down the steep patches as they were slippery to an extreme. Rain had fallen in the intermediate section but none at camp.

We reached camp at two and were soon seated at an excellent meal of lentil soup, roast Malanga, bacon and beans with a can of peaches for desert, all washed down with hot tea to which we added a shot of rum.

We started on our birds immediately and worked until nearly dark pausing for supper of sardines, crackers and onion with coffee and fruit.

Later we sat for half an hour or more watching the evening light and the changing cloud effects over the mountains opposite. After dark lights of fires from little Cayes appeared

at about the same level as
our own camp. The air was
cool and pleasant.

Insects were flying tonight
and as a precaution we put up
mosquito nets though probably they
are not necessary. Flies are bad
as the natives say are full of
them and every visitor must
bring us two or three.

April 18, Saturday.

Breakfast consisted of hot
cakes, bacon and coffee after
which I spent half an hour
repairing a shoe. In the constant
rain and water of the last
two weeks the heels have come
off my heavy walking shoes and
in one the ~~leather~~ side is splitting
out.

We went then down through
the coffee plantation past

Godet's house. Godet by the
way is merely a nickname
to indicate a very poor man
as it is the little cup used
by beggars in asking alms.

Formerly Plaisimond Gelin
was very poor so that he was
called Godet. On coming here
he prospered until now he is
well to do but still retains
his old nickname of Godet.

We walked down over steep
slopes through coffee grown without
shade and bananas into a
tract of jungle leading down
to the Anglais river. ~~It~~
was on the southwest western
flank of Maraya with Formon
opposite. We descended to 3000
feet without reaching the river.
Clearings are gradually extending

up the slopes and it will not
be many years until an
interesting forest is gone.

On going up into the rain
forest in Malaya where we
leave the open "gardens" of the
natives. sun-loving lizards
stay behind and we enter a
batrachian realm. Curious frog
voices come from every hand though
the owners are never seen. Except
for the vibrant bird life of the sun
bathed tree tops we are now
so far as vertebrates are concerned
in a Permian world where cold
blood has its advantages.

April 19, Sunday.

High clouds this morning
with indication of rain to come.

We went into the rain forest
just above camp and worked
slowly about through the

more open galleries. Birds
for some reason were scarce
and we covered considerable
area without seeing much.

The light filtered down through
the branches dimly so that at
times in shooting I could barely
distinguish the light on the end
of my gun. The slopes were
steep and every step had of
necessity to be chosen with care.
Most of the trees were of moderate
size but occasionally huge trunks
rose from arched roots that
supported the base of the tree
partly free from the ground. Long
creepers hung down to the ground
from the higher branches. Ferns
and tree-ferns were abundant.
An occasional open stretch along
the trail creeping bamboo hung
like a dense curtain the delicate

printed leaves making an
etched pattern.

After three hours without
much result we came down
to camp and did some collecting
in the open.

At noon Sécherin my new
man arrived from Jérémie
bringing supplies and a letter
from V. G. Wyne. He is to work
for me for 9 months = \$1.80
per day. With him I speak
Spanish. Although I have gotten
along without particular difficulty
it is a relief to have some one
to translate ideas from or into
Creole with less difficulty.

Heavy rain fell across the
mountains toward Jérémie and
in the afternoon a steady
drizzle set in at camp that
continued through the afternoon
and for most of the night.

April 20, Monday.

The clouds hung high this
morning with only a rag of
mist about the higher peaks.

Shortly after seven we started
for our last climb up Macaya.
There was little sun today and
the forest was dark and some-
what gloomy. Birds were quiet
and our sun total for seven
hours collecting was eighteen
specimens.

Entering the forest immediately
above our tent for two hundred
feet the low trees are hung densely
with climbing bamboo that
forms a great canopy as hangsuck
does at times. Above this the
bamboo is less in conduct and
the forest is more open. Small palms
are scattered among the deciduous
trees, creepers hang down from
the higher limbs, tree ferns are

Abundant, and there is a
~~dense~~ low growth of ferns, cannes
and other herbaceous plants that
becomes ~~larger~~ taller and heavier
as one advances. The slopes are
steep, in places verging almost
on the precipitous. The muddy
trail is slippery and going slow.

Above 5200 fms appear in
abundance and continue to the
summit. The trees range from
from two to six feet in diameter
but the stand is scattered and
it is doubtful if there is enough
timber to make the cutting
profitable.

Beneath the firs the ground
is densely carpeted with pine
needles. Ferns and other similar
growth stand four to ten feet tall
and mosses grow heavily everywhere.
The softened light is pleasant

to the eyes and we often stood
to look about at the remarkable
jungle scene.

The slopes of the Pic de Formos
were clearly visible today and
it seemed hard that they were
not accessible. From about
6000 feet as the fog cleared
momentarily we had a distant
view through the deep valley
between Macaya and Formos of
the ^{near English} sea. The white line of
surf breaking on a point was
clearly visible and one had
the momentary impression that
the coast was only an hour
or two away.

We climbed to 6600 feet and
then as the fog came in turned
back. Along the ridge that the
trail follows the air currents are

such that the air is clear
while fog creeps in across the
slopes on either side. It is
remarkable to hear the choruses
of barking frog calls coming
from the moist obscured forest
on either hand.

Birds are abundant through
the plantations below camp and
are common from 4500 to
5500 feet above. From 6000
feet up only an occasional
solitary or P. through is seen but
little else. The heavily carpeted
slopes seem well fitted for some
peculiar species but we have
been able to find nothing. The
clay-colored is the most interesting
bird of the higher reaches.

The high ridge but the summit
has been barren and unproductive.

The region is most interesting
for the *Paradenia* forms that we
have not seen. Following is the
list of those that might be
expected that we have failed to
find:

Falco s. dominicensis

Chaemophila

Aratinga

Myiarchus

Corvus

Mimus

Dendroica pinus

Micrologia palustris

Acternis dominicensis

Hologuiscalus niger (not seen in Macaya proper)

Loxia dominicensis

Loxia

Zenaidura

Brachyospiza

Zenaida

Today we brought with us
a lunch and sat on a log to
eat. A can with the Cabreño

that we had confidently brought
along for beans, proved to contain
corn but fortunately we had
other food.

At then we returned to camp
just ahead of a shower of rain
had a cup of tea and then
catalogued and skinned our
day's catch until a little after
five.

For dinner we had first
a drink of rum followed by
excellent white potatoes, bacon,
the corn we did not eat at noon,
roast plantain, coffee and a
can of fruit. This followed by a
cigar and brought contentment to the
soul.

The coffee picking of the Societe
ybo is now complete and the
people of the local cages are
dancing. The steady beat of the

drums has come all afternoon
from the godet cage and at
six two boys came up and
cleared a little patch of
ground fourteen or fifteen feet
square in front of our tent. Shortly
after dark the beating drums
were heard approaching and
looking out we saw a little
procession of a dozen or fifteen
people led by two young men
all singing to the rhythm of two drums and a tam-tam
coming up the steep trail
lighting the way with pitch
pine torches. Old Charlisme, one of
my men immediately went out
to meet them with long machete
drawn feinting and parrying
with the torch bearers who
used sticks or torches, advancing
and retreating and coming thus in
mock battle to the entrance of

our tent. Salomon, then seized the machete, came, presented the point to me, and then escorted me out to the grating group. The largest drum was then advanced & struck it with my open hand and then the cango dance began.

The group consisted of Madame Godet, possibly 40 years old and a group of young people, ^{mostly} equally divided between males and females.

They danced singly or in couples posturing and turning with suggestive gestures and positions yet never touching. Boys and girls of ten or twelve were as active as those older. Occasionally couples put their arms about one another's shoulders and swayed about to the wild music.

At times a man or a woman executed simple steps alone.

The night was clear, a new moon shining over the dark mountain slopes opposite the tent. But with throbbing insistence and the dark, laughing face intent on this simple pleasure were lighted fitfully by the flaring light of torches.

At the beginning I made a present of money and after an hour and a half gave the crowd a package of cigarettes and limon and I went back in the tent. Shortly after the crowd filed off down the hill and as I went to sleep I could still hear the beating of the drums.

April 21, Tuesday.

We were occupied at camp for the entire day, first in caring for specimens and in bridging notes down to date.

and in the afternoon in preparing for our departure, this necessitating much packing of specimens and so on. The day was clear except for a brief period of rain in the afternoon.

The evening light across the mountains was beautiful.

In the ~~after~~ evening a group came up from the Cape Godet for an hour of dancing to wish us well on our coming journey. The present pick of coffee is finished and there has been a two day period of feasting on food and many plantains. Today a marchand appeared with a gallon of clarine which soon disappeared with much loud talk and noise as a result.

The dancing tonight was more spirited and the music better

due to another set of performers.

April 22, Wednesday.
We were out this morn shortly after five had a hearty breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and coffee and began at once preparations for departure. Which proceeded expeditiously so that the tent was down and everything packed by eight. There was a half hour delay at the Cape Godet but at 8:30 we were off.

I had 15 porters engaged including four or five girls so that we made quite a procession. We will suppose to go down the river which was a shorter way though through a foot or two of water, but as usual our Nartian guides had

their way and we followed the
rough road by which we had
come in originally. We travelled
rapidly however ^{over} the
slopes in spite of muddy
slipping trails that led up and
down over a seemingly endless
series of mountain shoulders
but came finally at 11:30 to
La Cour d'Anglais.

I was relieved yesterday afternoon
at the return of Evans who I
had sent out with S. W. Parish
with the news that the latter
had ~~been~~ come safely to Corail.

At La Cour d'Anglais I found
Celina's journal (whose address is
90 Jeanne Darcosad, Corail, Haiti)
in whose care we had left eight
horses and mules. The latter seemed
in excellent condition and Celina
said that the only pay necessary

was a gourd apiece for four
small boys who had cared for
them.

I had arranged with the
Godet porters to carry to Amiel
which is ^{up} the steep trail
beyond d'Anglais but at La Cour
d'Anglais they went back on their
ward and refused to go farther
without more money. We started
to saddle up with the idea
of putting eight packs on the
animals and having certain
things carried by porters but
before this was arranged a
heavy rain set in and we
decided camp where we were
as the steep slope of the trail
beyond is very bad. The
rain stopped shortly after 3:30

And by four we had the
tent pitched on the same site
where we had camped on the
way in.

I had made a present of
some flour to Celso, and about
five as we were planning supper
he brought me a chicken. Our
evening meal consisted of
fried chicken, boiled white potatoes
and malanga with chicken
gravy, roast ripe plantain,
a can of peaches and coffee
with a little rum and a
cigarillo or two. Our evening
was highly pleasant. We lay
for a time on our cots with
the boys chattering happily under
the fly while they ate their
evening meal and Sédan
singing Spanish songs of the
beautiful Cádiz he had known

in Cuba. The evening light
glowed softly over the high
hills on either hand and
just outside was the rushing
stream of the Anglao River.

The steep-walled canyon has
original vegetation in places on
its almost precipitous sides.

We wrote for a time by
candle light in the evening.

April 23, Thursday

We were astir at the first
hint of dawn and Fred and I
slipped down in our pajamas
to the stream just below our tent
and enjoyed a morning bath
our first since leaving this camp
on our way in, since at our
camp on Macaya the stream was
1500 feet below with a very
precipitous trail up which water

was brought with difficulty.

We breakfasted on oatmeal
fruit and bacon and then began
loading packs, a process somewhat
complicated as always in making
up packs for the first time.

In this instance our load was
reduced below what it was
in coming in due first to the
fact that there are now only
two of us and second that we
have used up a good part of
our heavy canned goods brought
along for food. Realizing that
trails would be bad because of
tremendous rains of which I
had heard I made the horse
packs light and employed six
porters to carry other loads.

We were off at 8:20 travelling
over a muddy trail that ran
for a distance along the green
valley of the Angkor River and

climbed an exceedingly steep
pitch to the group of houses
known as Amel. It was here that
I had hoped to come last night
but was delayed by refusal of the
porters to carry out their contract.
We were here by ten but were
delayed by two packs that gotten
behind for which we had to
wait for an hour. There was
some trouble here over portage
which was finally adjusted.

The altitude here was 3300 feet
so that in climbing we had come
up 1400 feet in this one rise. The
delay gave us time to look about for
a bit and we were fortunate in
collecting two *clainas*.

The view from this high ridge
was beautiful. Steep ridges and
deep valleys fell away on every side.

On the highest, practically inaccessible points were tracts of forest. Elsewhere the land was in coffee growing here under shade. Banana plantations were abundant and there were small fields of beans. Other areas were in grass. Small houses were scattered everywhere over the slopes. The landscape everywhere was green.

With our crowd finally assembled we started on this time with Lincoln and me bringing up the rear. We passed below the Barrier to the north travelling down the bed of a tributary of the Roseaux River partly in the stream bed itself and partly over low ridges that passed by the steeper descents of the stream.

From our high point where we rested I had a view of the Roche Croix, a rock face high

on the face of a mountain that was dark except for a huge cross of whitish color with a longer streak of the same color beside it.

The trail in part was rocky and in part sream in liquid mud. The steep pitches were slippery so that our animals did considerable plunging. My animal broke both saddle girth and crupper and Lincoln had considerable trouble of the same character. We came finally to the mainstream of the Roseaux where flood water since we were here last had reached twenty feet above the usual water mark. The stream was deeper than when we had passed in coming up we came down to the same ^{series of} fords and our

Animals went in to the sides of their bodies. The packs were wet but fortunately none of the beasts fell so that no harm was done.

From here we began the climb to the summit of Bois Sacomb. Threatening rain clouds cleared away and no rain fell during the day. ^{Previous} heavy downpours had left a sea of mud through which our animals floundered. My mule fell in one cut but held up long enough for me to roll off at the side. Finally at four o'clock we came to the top of the ridge at 3250 feet and made camp in an old plantation where there were two or three abandoned cages. We set up the tent in a little tract of grass, the animals

were turned out to feed and in a comparatively short time were settled in a comfortable camp. Water came from far below.

There was the usual assemblage of the curions to watch our camp assemble and to see the preparations for the coming meal of the Blancs. We had had no lunch so that a huge plate of boiled malanga, yellow yam, and white potato mashed with an abundance of butter, canned beef cooked with onion, roast ripe plantain, cassava bread, coffee with a shot of rum followed by a dish of apple sauce gave considerable satisfaction.

One Alceus who had come with us from the Macaya camp

with his daughter goes ~~and~~
in talk about the packs all
through the day. I had arranged
with him ~~to~~ carry and gave
a light load to his daughter.
As we packed in the morning
I noted some large bundles
piled off at one side that
looked suspiciously like coffee
and found that he was arranging
to carry this down for some one else.
He blandly tried to load some of
it on my pack animals but
I would not permit and loaded
every body so that all was left
behind. At night he was talking
loudly about the injustice of
paying three gourdes for such
loads and that he tomorrow
would only continue for four. As
the wages in this area for similar

work amount to a gourd and
a half a day I could see no justice
in this. After supper I called
him in explained through Sédien,
my interpreter that while I spoke
little Creole I understood it readily
that I had heard that he demanded
four gourdes for tomorrow and that
I had decided that I would not
require his services longer. Then
I said him and his daughter off.
Told him that it would be well
for him to guard his tongue and
I preferred to travel without
trouble. Peace then descended on
camp. No doubt he will
wish to work again tomorrow. I
told him that he might remain in
camp tonight and that I hoped
he might have a pleasant journey
on to ~~the~~ Cayes tomorrow - ~~alone~~

As I noted here on our previous steps this ridge is very damp. Our situation at this camp which on the summit of the ridge is better however than in the ~~low~~ ^{clinging} little cage where we had slept on the way in.

Mist drifted in at intervals during the evening. We walked out for a few minutes in the evening, saw one small bat and at dusk a cloud swift drove swiftly rapidly past.

I have with me ten horses and mules and nine men, so that Lincoln and I had quite a safari. Four or five of the boys sleep under the front fly of our tent, Anderson lies in state under a canvas shelter ^{up} over the suspended saddles when

he has constructed a ladder frame of sticks, and others are in a little cage at the side.

April 24, Friday.

The men were restless last night and talked a good deal until I made them keep still. They seem to be better satisfied where we camp near houses, while Lincoln and I were delighted with the comparative isolation of our present camp, placed on a little open grassy spot at the summit of the saddle between two ridges.

Before the sun rose I walked out through the guava bushes to where I had a wonderful view down through a succession of high ridges, the farther ones rising from a sea of mist like steep sided islands.

Bois Sacombe has considerable natural forest and would make a

a good point to collect. It is very damp here and mist came in constantly during the night.

Rain clouds formed and broke away constantly during early morning - in fact during the entire day but no rain fell nor did it rain during the night.

Our outfit went together expeditiously this morning and at eight o'clock we were on our way. The trail down Bois LaCombe to the Sacadumic River was muddy and slippery but with light packs and porters carrying the long rolls that gave trouble coming in we had no difficulty with the packs.

We climbed up the ridge of Bois Pin Sacadumic and rested for a few minutes looking through

the fumes and listening for the fine warblers that were not found. Beyond we continued on down toward Deron but turned off to go through Les Caves to Les glaces. This morning I

allowed Séden my interpreter to ride a little white horse to find above Deron that he had entirely exhausted the animal in addition to having beaten it mercilessly. I gave him the devil but had to arrange to leave the animal to rest with a native with agreement to bring it to camp early tomorrow morning. All this caused delay and destroyed any idea of proceeding beyond the Les glaces River today. Shortly after this I came

Around the turn in the trail
just in time to see Andon
my big boy down Charlene
and send his machete flying
through the air in a flash.
I jumped up and with
Séden got Charlie knife
away from him and had
other men hustle off Andon
down the trail. Gave Fred the
knife, kept the machete and
had Charlie remain with me
while I kept behind the rest
of the cavalcade. After things
had cooled off it developed that
while I was behind words came
between the two men, Charlie
dared Andon to touch him,
Andon hit him and Charlie
went after him with knife and
machete. By the time we had
reached the river both parties

agreed to call the whole incident
"fine" but I kept a watchful
eye on them for an hour until
I was sure all was quiet.

We reached the river about
one and pitched camp in
an open meadow just above
the stream. The river here is
twenty yards wide with
swift current running over
a rocky bed.

After a solid meal Fred
and I walked out along
a trail for an hour or two
to stretch our legs and also
to rest our ears a bit from the
continual clatter of croak
about camp. At this moment
I have 10 animals and 14
people in my employ which

makes quite a cavalcade.
Am keeping the packs as light
as possible to save the animals
as I wish to get out of here as
soon as I can.

We sat for a time on the
crest of a saddle between two
ridges watching the hundreds
of squamated lizards that
flashed about. The entire country
here is verdant green much
in contrast to the more arid
sections.

Wild oranges are scattered along
the trails but none are sweet. Some
have rather unpleasant flavor in
spite of sourness and occasionally
we find a tree with juicy
fruit of fair flavor.

Showers fell in the afternoon
but we were assured that it
had not rained hard for two days.

April 25, Saturday.

Afternoon as usual shortly after
five to find the sky overcast and
rain threatening. The worn-out
horse left blind yesterday morning
came into camp at seven and
at eight we were on our way
across the river and up the
opposite slope. All animals were
lightly burdened and I had
a number of porters. Rains have
been heavy and the 800 or 1000
feet of climb over a long ridge
were over as most execrable trail.
The animals alternately floundered
in mud or picked their way
over rough stones. The opposite
valley where we had had so much
trouble coming over had missed the
rain so that we passed it without
much difficulty and came up on to

the ridge at Giffard. The men wanted to stop here although it was only noon but we kept on to Post Avance. Come down the long winding trail about then in the afternoon with a feeling of relief at leaving behind the rough trails of the mountains. At Post Avance I got rid of two pack animals and paid off Charleome and Salomon in addition to all the porters.

We set up camp and were presently engaged in our usual activities. Salomon our cook promptly got drunk so that two of the other boys prepared dinner. Salomon and Charles presented us with a chicken.

Difference in temperature was very noticeable and we felt the heat. It was good however to look back and see the rain in the mountains and to realize that we were out.

April 26, Sunday.
The sky was overcast this morning and at seven as we were ready to start rain began to fall. We waited after nine and then continued on down to Camp Perrin. The outfit took various short cuts while Lincoln and I rode our animals down the "Chemin grande" or auto road picking up one by one the little things that meant we were coming down to less primitive surroundings - better and larger houses, shelves of crockery and glasses, beaded wire fencing and so on.

At Camp Perrin we unloaded the outfit at the little store of Guitey Pierre where I settled up for two more animals, and sat in state behind a little table across an open door and with Lincoln

checking paid off the porters
and the men who had been helping
with the animals.

Audan and three men continued
with the animals unloaded to
Aux Cayes. I arranged with an
auto truck to haul the outfit
and we were soon on the road
in an old Dodge without
brakes, horn or lights.

We reached Aux Cayes about
3:30 and went to the Imperial
Hotel. Bathes and clean clothes
were the first order of the day
after which I settled up for
the animals with Porcena.

Called S.W. Parish at Port-au-
Prince but found that he had
gone to Jacmel for the day.

Called on Sient. Chas. Klein
in charge of the gendarmerie here
in the evening. He kindly arranged
to send us to St. de la Roche in

gendarmerie launch in the afternoon.

April 27, Monday.

Shoe shines and hair cuts were
impossible to obtain yesterday
but came first thing this
morning, with a barber in our
rooms. Siedien we sent out with
Shoo to be repaired and on other
errands.

At nine Sient. Klein took us
on a tour of inspection of
the gendarmerie station which
we found very well appointed
following which we examined the
launch we were to use this
afternoon. Continual details regarding
the pack outfit came up to be
settled one by one.

We visited the local bank to
draw some money and made various
purchases of outfit.

At one my boys came and our outfit was loaded on a little two-wheeled cart and taken down to the wharf and loaded in the launch.

We were off at two o'clock over a pleasant sea and reached Feret Bay about four. The launch ran directly to the shore and in a few minutes our gear was piled on the beach.

A local man understood our needs for camping and in a few minutes a site was cleared and poles were being erected just back of the beach at the center of the bay. In an hour all was in order.

Feret Bay is a small indentation on the northwest corner of the island with two projecting headlands that give almost perfect

protection to small vessels. A small island lies off the eastern point. Low hills arise on either side to an elevation of 75 to 100 feet with low land through the center. ~~with~~ Coconut palms grow back of the brush with sea grape and another broad-leaved tree among them.

Our tent is on sand and it is a relief to be able sit something down without guarding against the continual wind that has been our portion in the forest thru woods.

We retired with a half moon hanging over the palms and beneath mosquito nets were free of even the mosquitoes that came swarming in toward dark. We receive the breeze at our camp.

April 28, Tuesday.

The region where we are camped is known locally as Se Quok, possibly taking its name from the slight humps that frequent the swamps.

Quendon was sick all night from a combination of clarrine, and other things and kept everyone in camp awake most of the night.

I was out at dawn for a swim from a chair chair back into water that was exactly the right temperature.

We found a lagoon and swamp a few yards back of where we were camped with water six inches to foot deep. Beyond were low hills rising to 100 feet above the sea. Native Cays were scattered everywhere with small plantations of bananas, manioc, sweet potatoes and corn. There was considerable scrub

and scattered trees but no extensive forest.

The temperature was warm and the sun hot except when its rays were tempered by the breeze. But of the wind. The mosquitoes were very bad. We worked along the western end of the island picking considerable scrub.

Birds were common and of some variety. I shot a nice Puffinus. At eleven we had our quota of specimens and sat for a few minutes on a little rocky shore in the breeze looking out toward the distant shore line at And Cayo with the bulk of La Both hidden in rain clouds beyond.

In the afternoon we erected a water proof fly and put a large mosquito net under it to use

for work quarters. Mosquitoes were quite bad and gnats appeared when the wind dropped. The latter gave us considerable trouble during the night.

We worked all afternoon to a steady chorus of song from Cape May Warblers working through the trees overhead.

The evening air was balmy and soft and the evening light in the bay beautiful.

April 29, Wednesday.

A swim at day break put in
shape for a walk with Lincoln
towards the east to the
section known as La Noth.

The local Police Bureau visited us early and told me that he had been instructed by Lieut. Klein to give us every assistance.

① We crossed in a boat to the eastern headland of the bay and

then continued over low rolling hills. The shoreline of the island is cut by numerous small bays with mangroves behind them. ~~There~~ The interior consists of rolling hills with occasional tracts of swampy grassland. There is one fair-sized lagoon.

Much of the land is cultivated
with little houses scattered everywhere.
We found tracts of scrub but no
true forest though there were
many scattered trees of large size.

At noon we returned and were occupied for the afternoon with specimens and notes. The night last night was calm and we had much trouble with gnats.

There was a noticeable decrease among the male cape may warblers last night.

April 30, Thursday.

Rain came during the night but was not heavy. Mosquitoes were bad afterward and it was quite warm.

This morning early the air was hot and still and as I swam at sunrise I could see the outline of Sa Hoth far beyond Aux Cayes, standing clear against the sky without sign of a cloud.

We were out early and worked along the west and southwest coast of the island, going past the mangrove border of the large lagoon. Two bays were bounded by rocky headlands with intervening sandy beaches.

On this open sea side the surf came in heavily with a slow and steady wash.

Near one headland we found two caves like piscines in which

Not seen on the à vache

Woodpecker

Parrot

Lizard and

Locust

Crow

Duck

there were a good many bats.
Also collected tropic-birds here.

We returned before noon
with twenty-one birds and ten
bats. To find that S. W. Parish
had come over from Our Cays.

The afternoon was occupied as
usual with specimens.

An evening the air was perfectly
still so that we could hear the
surf thundering on the beaches on
the opposite side of the island.

A heavy smudge of wild almond
leaves kept down the mosquitoes
and gnats which otherwise would
have been insupportable.

May 1, Friday

This morning I saw at
sunrise in a quiet sea with no

breeze. Mosquitoes were bad and followed me out from shore.

The launch from Aux Cayes came for us about 9:00 but it was ten before we got away. As a heavy rain fell and finally we had to pack a wet tent.

Reached Aux Cayes at 11⁰⁰ and went to the Imperial Hotel, Madame Villedorain, prop.; where we changed clothes had lunch and then packed up for the trip to Port-au-Prince.

Visited Sieur Chas. Bellin at the gendarmerie to thank him for his courtesies and then started.

Heavy rain on the way so that we did not reach Port-au-Prince until 8:30 in the evening.

May 2, Saturday.

Received mail this morning, visited the bank, and arranged

for development of film. In the afternoon bought some light clothing made arrangement for the hire of a Ford car and called on Bishop Carson.

Mr. & Mrs. Boog-Scott of Hinchin in for dinner in the evening.

May 3, Sunday.

This forenoon we devoted to accumulated correspondence which kept me busy until noon.

At one we went to the home of Mr. Walter Vorhies President of the Banque Nationale d'Republic d'Haïti in Toujourn for lunch. Mr. Prindigast of the National City Bank was present. Mr. Vorhies home was on the heights above the city with a

Wonderful view of the town,
the harbor and the seas beyond.

At three we returned to the
Hotel for more waiting.

This evening we entertained
Mr. & Mrs. Carl Colvin at dinner.
Warm with rain in the evening.

May 4, Monday.

Sent off air mail early this
morning. Called at the Customs
house for a pass of spectacles
that I had had sent down to me.
Declared them at ~~\$10.00~~ to find
that the duty came to \$16.⁰⁰.

Fortunately Mr. Johnson was able
to rebate this for me as part of
my outfit, which was entered
free. Visited the customs house
a second time later to receive

RÉPUBLIQUE D'HAÏTI

Commune de Port-au-Prince

CHAUFFEUR ~~Public~~
(Privé

Mr. ALEXANDRE WETMORE

Adresse Port-au-Prince No.

Patente No. Complémentaire
Payée le pour un Mois, 19 31

Receveur Communal

PHOTOGRAPHIE

Chauffeur Public
Seulement

Examiné
par Louis H. Whitthorne G. d'H.

Alexander Wetmore

Signature du chauffeur

(Rapportez tout accident au Bureau de la Police immédiatement)

SIGNALEMENT DU CHAUFFEUR

Age 45 Nationalité U S

Hauteur 6-3 Couleur Blanche

Poids..... Yeux Bleus

Marque.....

Contraventions:

.....

.....

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.....

.....

.....

Valable jusqu'au 30 Septembre 1931

Timbre de 2 Gdes.

Chauffeur Public
Seulement

Louis H. Whitehouse
pour le Chef Police

(Ayez cette carte sur vous en conduisant)

We drove today to Jacmel following the road west from Port-au-Prince along the north shore of the southern peninsula beyond Legane and there turning south. The road was narrow and a little rough but was followed with difficulty. After traversing a broadly open valley for several miles the gorge became narrow and we crossed a small stream by fords several times coming finally to the town of Trouin at the summit of the pass at about 1300 feet elevation.

Starting down toward the opposite slope the road followed the gorge of the Riviere Ganche

crossing and recrossing repeatedly. The route would be impassable in rainy weather. At one point we stopped to collect half a dozen palm swifts.

The entire route was pleasantly diversified with only moderate settlement and considerable areas of low forest. Jacmel is built on low rolling hills back of the sea. After driving around town we returned to a point a couple of miles out to eat a lunch and skin our birds.

Returned to Port-au-Prince at 5:20 and were occupied for the evening until dawn with packing.

preparatory to our departure
tomorrow.

May 6, Wednesday.

We were out at 5:20 this morning, packed our car and shortly after noon went to the flying field to get our photos. Left town at 8:00 for the Dominican Republic.

Heavy rain had fallen during the night but we found that a break in the road just outside Port-au-Prince had been repaired and we climbed down a cumbre without incident. On the opposite slope the central plain was green and smiling due to recent rain and we had a wonderful view of

distant mountains in the Dominican Republic.

When we bought gas in Las Cahobas we were told that the rivers ahead were up due to heavy rain last night a fact that we soon verified.

We came almost immediately to one large stream from which a car had just been washed. The passenger who was busy drying the contents of various things told us that he had been stuck for an hour and a half in midstream. Two men working on the road showed us a passable ford and we went through without trouble rewarding them for their assistance. At the next ford

Nowhere else found the water deep
with heavy mud on the
opposite bank. I tried six men
to fill in the wash in the
stream bed with stones but
stuck in the mud on the
opposite bank as I came out
and finally had to unload
to get out!

Near Belledun several land
slides had filled the road
with liquid mud and we
waited for an hour and a half
before we could through. Haitians
working in the road wanted
us to turn back but we
decided to continue and finally
reached Belledun in a driving
rain. Registered at the guard
station and the customs house

and then continued to
Comendador. A letter from
General Trujillo president of
the Dominican Republic, obtained
through Col. Cutts, brought us
prompt service in the
Customs house and we were
passed without formality.

Heavy rains had fallen here
but the road was good and
we continued through Las Matas
to San Juan arriving about
six and stopping for the night
at the Hotel España.

This area reminds me
much of West Texas at this
same season of the year.

Very hot and humid during
the day so that we perspired
tremendously but pleasantly cool this
evening.

May 7, Thursday day.

We awoke this morning to find a clear sun, pleasant morning air and dew on the grass. Breakfast - desayuno - in the little front room of the hotel directly off the street consisted of bread and butter - not too good - two fried eggs and the inevitable cafe con leche. We ate at seven discussing our plans for the day and then loaded up for departure. Gasoline 40 cents per gallon.

Having long heard of the Corral de los Indios at San Juan I had made enquiry regarding it last evening to learn that it was only two kilometers away and easily accessible by auto. When ready to leave we took a boy aboard as guide and driving along a country lane with dense cactus hedges on

PRESIDENCIA DE LA REPUBLICA DOMINICANA

Santiago de los Caballeros, R. D.,
7 de Abril de 1931.

El portador, Sr. Alexander Wetmore, Secretario Ayudante del Instituto Smithsonian, de Washington, D. C., y sus acompañantes, se ocupan, con fines científicos, en la colección de aves, a lo cual obedece su venida al país.

Con tal motivo se ha ordenado que al Sr. Wetmore y a sus acompañantes les sea dado pase libre en el territorio de la República con todo su equipaje, incluso escopetas, municiones y valija personal, y se desea que las autoridades les allanen cuantas dificultades puedan oponerse al cumplimiento de la misión importante que los trae al país.

Rafael L. Trujillo,
Presidente de la República.

rej/mcpm.

Grat. Rafael L. Trujillo Molina
Presidente de la República

recomienda a las autoridades de la República,
tanto militares como civiles, no molestar en el
uso de sus escopetas, al Sr. Alexander Wetmore
y sus acompañantes.

Santiago, R. D., Abril 7, 1931.

Rafael L. Trujillo

either side bordering low fields
of corn, cane or small crops
or pastures grown with thorny
mesquite we were soon at the
site.

On a broadly open plain,
perfectly level a stone that
stood three feet from the ground,
round, a foot to fifteen inches
in diameter had been erected.
Probably originally it had stood
erect but now leaned at
an angle of about 45° toward
the west. On one face of the
end was a faintly delineated
caricature of a human face.
The end was slightly pointed with
a depression in the tip it seemed
to me possibly of phallic significance.
At a radius of about 100 yards
from this central stone was
a double line of stones from eight

to sixteen inches in diameter
all water worn and rounded
piled up to make two lines
two feet high more or less spaced
approximately ten feet apart
forming a double circle
around the central pillar.
The whole was suggestive of the
modern circular race track. So
far as I could judge they
formed a track circle 200 yards
in diameter. The central space
was smooth, free of stones and
very level. I was told that the
place was now a government reserve
as was indicated by two stone
cement pillars at the approach
inscribed "Corral de los cerros". The
circle was ^{generally} in an excellent stage
of preservation being broken only
by a country trail that passed

through it. The space was
partly covered with cactus and
low thorny scrub.

WE were told that there
was a "camino" or country trail
that was passable for autos leading
directly from San Juan to Barahona
but elected to take the carretera
as more certain. This branched
off from the main highway 15 Kilometers
west of Azua.

The highway for Santo Domingo
city is becoming rough as the
surfacing has worn off and has
not been replaced. There are many
holes in the bridges and the
entire route shows lack of attention.

The country we traversed was
green from the recent rains. Great
areas grown with mesquite
and cactus remained as constantly

of western Texas. Other tracts
were covered with a good stand
of deciduous timber. Dry washes
led through the country everywhere.
When we crossed two good sized
streams of water. Near the second
at Kilometer 68 there was excellent
collecting ground and a good
camp site. (West of Kilometer 68).

As we approached Agua
the country became rougher and
more broken. Also decidedly
more arid.

At Kilometer 15 we turned
south into the carretera for
Batahona and immediately
began a new experience.

Descending through dry scrub
into a great wash the
road followed the course
of this wash for miles finally
crossing a ridge and

passing into another similar
wash. The trail crossed the
windings of these arroyos
climbing constantly in and out
over steep banks. When there
was soil on these slopes it
was deeply gullied and
washed so that care was
necessary to avoid high centers.
Elsewhere there were extensive
areas of rock exposures over
barren ledges or through
accumulations of stones. Our
progress was necessarily much
of the time in second gear.

On either hand were
growths of thorny scrub with
much erect cactus. In
places pad cactus covered the
ground. The soil was dry and
stony and the whole was

reminiscent of the dry areas of Arizona and New Mexico.

At one water hole we stopped for lunch for an hour and walked about a bit on the dry soil.

Doves flew by constantly, mockers sang and we saw numerous Woodpeckers.

Rolling hills and high banked arroyos continued interminably beyond here until finally we came to the great Rio Yague del Sur to find in the deeper soil tall growths of mesquite and other trees. At the Boca del Bazo the road traversed a shelf beside the stream at the base of the cliff with room barely for one car track beside the water which was only a few feet away. The approach to this was over a

rough ledge of rock over which our Ford climbed like a goat moving slowly in low gear to avoid breaking or wheel. Beyond we were in more fertile country for a space with some habitation and then climbed out into steep hills where there was more attempt at road making than previously but where cuts through soft rock were filled with slicks and boulders through which it was necessary to climb slowly and with care. At times it seemed impossible that a car could pass. Water in our last supply gave some trouble but was finally eliminated. The country rough broken and arid was entirely

uninhabited and at times we began to wonder if we were really on the road to Barahona as the way was so rough and broken and the route traversed wound so tortuously among the hills.

Finally in the dim distance we had a glimpse of a wide valley with the high Bahoruco Range beyond with the valley floor covered with squares of sugar cane whose light green we mistook at first for water.

Finally we descended the last winding hill and came into the habitations of the wide yague valley with its cultivated fields and were on a rough but reasonably level rock surfaced road that

crossed the wide flood torrent of the yague; came to a line of railroad and followed it down to the village of Barahona lying by the sea.

So the north of the station was the establishment of the Barahona Company, devoted to the growing of sugar cane. Here we delivered a letter to the head, Mr. Frank Warmoth and were cordially received. Arranging was made at once regarding boats that might be rented for the trip to Beata to learn that none were for the moment available but that one sailboat was expected tomorrow morning.

Mr. Warmoth told us that we would be given quarters in the dormitory but Mr. John L. Segall, took us to his own back

Room assigned us a comfortable room with our own bath and told us to make ourselves at home. At seven we had a most excellent American meal at the Club house.

We also met Mr. George H. Hamor who has hunted here extensively and told of abundant Green-winged and Blue-winged Teal, ^{Cinnamon} Pintails and other ducks in the many lagoons of this area. This region and the St. Marc Area should be investigated to learn the abundance of these birds. He spoke of one Mallard that he had seen killed in Port Rico, and of two Curlew taken here at Barahona.

Rain fell this evening

May 8, Friday

I awoke this morning to find the trade winds blowing softly

in at our window with the blue waters of the bay beyond. After dressing I went for a time on the porch with surf breaking on an off shore coral reef and rain showing over the ocean.

Arranged this morning to have the car adjusted, brakes checked, etc. Had two flat tires before I got the car in the shop so that we were some time at this. Mr. Snowden, chief engineer showed us through the sugar mill a thoroughly modern structure that handles 3600 tons of cane daily.

May 9, Saturday

A tremendous rain fell during the night with heavy showers off and on during the forenoon.

We drove with the Ford south

along a road that travelled
near the sea for a distance of
nine miles near a lagoon called
La Cienaga. The road was rough
and rocky when it passed over the
hills and muddy other places
but we got along without particular
difficulty though with considerable
hardship to our tires.

The hills were well wooded
with dry washes leading down
through them. Everything was
green from recent rains and the
area was much better watered
as a whole than that we had
traversed in coming in here.

We collected along dry washes
and over rolling hills securing
interesting birds. During our heavy
rain we sat in a native Bohio
as the huts are called and were
treated most courteously.

We returned to town at noon

to learn that we had a boat
available for the trip to Beata Island
at \$60.00 for the trip. I closed the
bargain and then we spent the
afternoon on our specimens.

We arranged to sail at six
but were delayed but finally
got away a little after seven,
sailing slowly out in the
soft darkness with the lights
of the town glowing along the
shore. I had a glimpse or
two of the southern cross here
remarkably brilliant. Our boat
a single master with two jibs
was called the Rosita and though
weather worn seemed seaworthy
and travelled fairly well in the
light wind that continued
throughout the night.

May 10, Sunday.

We slept in deck last night and did fairly well though awakened many times by the shifting of the sails. The Bahamas Mountains made a bold descent to the sea with the town of Paradise situated in a small valley with coffee plantations and forests all around.

Toward Enriquillo the hills were lower and the country drier. The shore became steadily lower and the appearance of the hills more arid as we continued south. There were some sandy beaches and in other areas the beach was rough and rocky.

There was one high rocky headland and then beyond a flat expanse with Beata Island in view far in.

We came in to the northward side of Beata to land in a little

cove ^{with} ~~behind~~ a sandy beach beyond which were two small houses standing directly above the shore. The bay was shallow with five rocks, flat-topped and of small extent lying from half a mile to a mile off shore. On these terns were nesting.

We reached Beata at 100 p.m. and went ashore in a small boat that came out to meet us. The gentleman in charge of the salt works then received us courteously and after learning the reason of our visit showed one to us a room in one of his houses, great good fortune as we have a cement floor, a high galvanized iron roof and then doors through which the trade wind may blow. The power of the sun here with its heat reflected from the whitish rock and sand is almost extreme and it was a relief to ~~use~~ inside.

We proceeded at once to unpack and arrange our outfit and in two hours had everything ashore and in place. A tent here would have been extremely hot but as it is we are very comfortable.

Our host has cattle here and gave us each a glass of milk with our supper.

We walked out past the salt works in the evening to see various migrant sandpipers and to admire three flamingoes that stalked about almost within gunshot. As the sun went down the evening ^{air} was pleasant. At dusk mosquitoes appeared but at eight we were under our nets and sound asleep dead tired after the affairs of this day. The deck of a ten ton boat offers little comfort and our various bones ached from reclining on hard boards.

May 11, Monday.

Daybreak found us fast asleep after a solid night of sleep free from mosquitoes under our nets, and with air so cool from the breeze that blew across us that before dawn we were under the covers of our beds.

After a breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and coffee we were prepared for the affairs of the day. The kitchen, a separate building with thatched roof has an elevated table covered with packed earth on which rest three iron frames with ring tops. Fire is built under these and cooking takes place on tops.

After eating we followed a trail into the interior of the island. Back of the elevated beach line on which is built our house is a series of lagoons with highly concentrated salt water, so heavily charged with mineral that the bottom appears pink. Water in these is shallow and the shores are rocky and open.

The island is of limestone formation with the rock exposed everywhere and the surface while level much eroded so that the stone projects in small points that cut one's shoes. Inland there is a solid stand of scrub growing from from ten to thirty feet tall ~~first~~ ^{and} only occasional ~~the~~ ^{trunk} being of large diameter. Certain areas have considerable soil but throughout most of the area traversed the scrub grew in holes through the rock which everywhere formed the surface.

The surface was only elevated from twenty to forty feet above the sea and was in general level throughout this section. We passed three or four small open savannas ground with grass four or five acres in extent with a water hole of brackish taste in one of them.

The heat of the rising sun was intense so that shade or the cool breeze were equally grateful. We returned at ten after three hours and a half afield drenched with perspiration.

In the lagoons a few flamingos stalked lazily about while along the shore were scattered turnstones, semipalmated plovers, semipalmated and least sandpipers. Several barn swallows circled over the lagoon back of the house this morning.

In the scrub at first I birds seemed scarce but as we penetrated farther inland became common. I shot a large Anthracothonax in beautiful feather and then saw a small gray and green bird hopping about in a tree. A moment later and a new species of Microhyla was in hand. We returned at ten with twenty birds to which

I added a royal tern in
breeding plumage killed in the
brush in front of the house.

We began work on the birds
set once grateful for the comfort
of our house and at four had
finished with interruptions only for
the noon meal of potatoes, canned
roast beef, and canned corn aided
by tea, bread and guava jelly.

Later we sat in a shaded
porch floor - without top and
wrote our notes with phalaropes
diving constantly for sardines
packed in schools in the little cove
within fifty yards of where we
sat. Laughing gulls drifted
by with occasional least
and royal terns.

Off shore lay rocks with
rockies flying about. Beyond
five or six ~~hundred~~ distant lay
the main shore, showing a
rocky ledge above the sea and

low undulating hills covered
with gray green scrub. Far
beyond was the distant line of
the Bahamas mountains.

May 12, Tuesday.

Arising at daylight we
breakfasted as usual to discover that
the Aunt Jemima was molty so
that the "golden brown" were considerably
below the usual standard. We followed
the trail past the salt works, admiring
the flamingos stalling in the salt
water, and the least terns nesting on
the dikes thrown up to separate the
troughs or pans in which the water
was evaporated in the sun. Several
great pyramids of salt had been
thrown preparatory to being put in
sacks and two long thatched sheds
were partly filled with salt in bags.
We crossed to the shore to
find shaping crooked limestone full

potholes about projecting
headlands and the bays between
with small sandy beaches behind
which lay salt lagoons.

The windswept vegetation of
the rocky areas was low and
stunted, lying prostrate near the
shore and but little higher
elsewhere. The character of the
vegetation and of the tree growth
inland would now be suspected
from what is seen from these
places. The low scrub is so

dense that it can not be
penetrated. Successfully ~~and~~ that
we are fortunate indeed to have
the trails leading to the interior.

So return to our expedition of
this morning there is some low
grass back of the beaches with
growths of sea grape and cactus.
Much driftwood has been cast up
on shore. The lagoons are open

and it is possible to walk along
their borders.

Some of the rocky headlands rose
forty feet above the sea with
surface rough and broken and
the sea face under cut by the
waves. Deep potholes were common
and we walked slowly and
circumspectly to avoid slipping
on the ^{rocky} points of the shore. The
heat was intense but was
tempered by the breeze.

In several places were extensive
middens composed entirely of conch
shells so far as external examination
was concerned. Several were one
hundred feet in length and four to
six feet high. All were much
weathered. They lay back along
the lagoons and to a lesser extent
along the sea shore.

Willit were fairly common, as were

black-necked stilts. We saw various
migrant shore birds including
thrusts, sandalings, black-bellied
plovers, semipalmated and white
rumped sandpipers and semipalmated
plovers.

We returned at dawn with a
considerably bag of birds that
occupied us until six.

May 13, Wednesday.

About six thirty we followed
the trail back into the interior
of the island taking one that
led us to near the center. For
half a mile there was a fair
amount of soil that in most
places covered the rock. Trees
grew to a height of thirty to forty
feet. The soil was deep red brick
brown in color and carried
considerable humus.

A field that had just been cleared
for cultivation half a mile inland

And here we found eight
or ten mounds about which
were strewn fragments of decorated
pottery, with one or two earas
de los Indios. There were a good
many conch shells, a few clams,
and as good many broken plates
of flat coral of the type that may
be used for coarse graters. Also
a few fragments of flint that
must have been brought from
elsewhere. The whole covered
five acres or more and extended
through the forest for an undetermined
distance. Though inland the
area was slightly elevated so
that the sea breeze swept over
it pleasantly.

Beyond, continuing inland, the
terrain rose in low rolling ridges
the highest being not more than
75 to 100 feet above sea-level. The

surface was entirely ^{sharply} eroded limestone with little or no soil. The scrub was lower, and more thorny. There were many very slender trunked palms with ball shaped heads growing thirty to forty feet high standing above the general level of trees. Scattered West Indian birch barked large in the other growth. The section was much more arid than that where soil was found.

Birds seemed relatively scarce here, even the juncos being reduced in number. We traversed this area for ^{about} two and one half miles finding no change in its appearance. At the crest of our knoll climbed a low tree that gave me lookout over the scrub to find the surface

of the land slightly undulating and covered entirely with the thorny growth. I could see the eastern coast in the distance but toward the interior the scrub continued to the horizon relieved only by the projecting heads of the palms.

Lizards abound. A spotted form is especially common. An *Anolis* less so.

We are drenched in perspiration and return to camp to drink quantities of sweet rain water from the excellent cement cistern.

Rain fell this morning and it rained quite heavily on the coast of the main island opposite.

We skinned our specimens and then wrote for an hour in the cooling sweep of the trades resting in the shade in the fading light of late afternoon.

March 14, Thursday

For several days we have watched several isolated rocks lying off shore in front of our house. and this morning went out in the sailboat to visit them. There are three that are from 100 to 150 feet long by 50 feet wide lying in a rough semicircle at distances of from a mile to three miles from Beata. They are of limestone formation, elevated 15 to 20 above the sea with irregular outlines.

On them Bridled terns and noddies were nesting and with them rested a few brown boobies. One tropic bird was seen.

I landed on them climbing

up steep fitches at the expense of the skin on my hands as the sides were undercut and I had to seize the overhang when the swell was in and climb up as best I could. The surface was rough and sharply eroded. Two species of chenopodaceous plants grew sparingly and on one island I found a single sea grape growing prostrate like a vine and a spreading leguminous creeper with springy seed capsules.

I searched carefully for shearwaters but found no trace of them. Noddies and Bridled

terns were nesting and I collected a series of eggs.

Two boobies and a series of terns with a bucket of eggs kept us busy for some time.

Late in the afternoon, aided by Don Edwards we caught some live lizards for the Zoo.

May 15, Friday.

This morning was clear and hot with an oppressive sun that would be unbearable were it not for the breeze. We walk about drenched in perspiration and return at noon to drink quantities of water.

We walked out along the lagoons to look for shore birds and to examine some least terns nests.

Also to take pictures of some of the great mounds of conch shells

left by Indians. These are found along the shores of lagoons that now are highly concentrated brims. As some of the mounds are at the ~~ends~~ ^{shores} of the lagoons it is suggested that when Indians were here the lagoons were connected with the sea and that the conchs were found in the lagoons. There are three large mounds near the houses from 50 to 200 feet long and 3 to 4 feet high that are made entirely of conch shells. The surface shells are gray and weathered indicating considerable antiquity. Each shell has a perforation in the end through which the muscular tip was cut so that the animal could be removed.

Following this we visited the savanna inland, incidentally collecting a bag of shell material

in an area of Amistims for
Bartock.

After making up our skins
we packed up and pounced
load aboard the Pueta.

We have a can of live lizards
for the zoo.

Our host Don Eduardo E.
Echavaria has his home address
at Calle Mercedes 63, Santa Domingo
City.

At five we bade our hosts adieu
and sailed across to the shore
of the main island where we
anchored for the night. Large
lagoons lay inland and a flock
of nine flamingos passed at dusk.
We slept on a bed roll spread
on deck.

May 16 Saturday.

At three thirty this morning we
were under way and soon had
rounded Petit Cabo. Going was

rough from here to Cabo Mongon
with much tacking. Above the
latter cape the wind veered to
the southeast and we made rapid
time to the northward.

At three thirty we reached
Puerto Caiman, ~~the~~ miles south
of Enriquillo and here tied up
for the night. Lincoln and I
took our cots ashore and then
arranged a meal that would
ordinarily have been sufficient for
four men, sending in to Enriquillo
for bread to which we added a
can of beans, a can of roast beef
and a can of peaches with a
can of sardines and some crackers as
an appetizer at the beginning.

As the sun went down the evening
air became cool and pleasant. We
put our cots on a stretch of
fine gravel distant from bushes where

a gentle breeze gave freedom
from mosquitoes.

The beach here is composed
entirely of rather coarse gravel.
There is water here for drinking
and sufficient rain falls to
allow agriculture though the
country in general appears dry.

We were ashore by eight
o'clock.

May 17, Sunday.

We awakened at four
and a fire was under way.
Capitan Felipe Delgado our
skipper, handling the Rosita in a
masterly way in leaving our
rocky little harbor. Puerto Caiman
distant two miles south of Enriquillo
is the port of debarkation for that
town.

Winds today proved unfavorable.
Until nine a.m. we tacked

slowly back and forth in front
of Enriquillo before a favorable
breeze allowed us to drive to
the northward. At two p.m.
we were near Paradise but
here we were practically becalmed
until after nightfall moving
northward very slowly. Not
until late did a wind
that allowed movement spring
up and we tired of the
constant slapping of the sails
and the rolling of the boat in
the waves.

At daybreak this morning
a flight of roseate and
bridled terns came up from
the south and at dusk off
Paradis the birds were returning
south.

May 18, Monday.
We rounded this morning at

two a.m. as we came finally into harbor at Barahona and cast anchor off the dock. We slept here until five thirty on deck and then moved across to the Barahona Company dock and I walked up to the factory to find the Ford where I had parked it under shelter near the boilers. It started off without trouble and in a few minutes we had our duff off the Roleta and were loading the car on shore.

We paid Capitan \$65⁰⁰ for the trip which covered everything including the services of Perulo and Andreito the sailors.

Before seven we were parked beside our good friend Segalls house and were describing the trip. A shower and a shave and we were ready for breakfast

after which we overhauled the outfit, cleaned it out including cockroaches as big as mice from the hold of the Roleta and had everything in shape.

We called then on Señor General Don Manuel de Pérez Soza, Governor of Barahona to present the compliments of Señor M. M. Morillos of the Dominican Legation in Port-au-Prince. Then I was pleased to meet the Guardia Captain who I had known in Sanchez ^{Bonilla Atiles} four years ago who described in great detail how I had prepared specimens for the collection of the Government.

Following this came gas, air, and other service for the Ford, the noon meal relished by two hungry men the purchase of a few supplies at the company store and an hour and a half siesta to make up for

broken rest the night before.

We were at the home of Mr. George Hamor, Field Superintendent for the Barahona Company, dnc. for dinner, a real New England boiled dinner of corned beef with all the vegetables which suited two hungry men as no other dinner could.

Mr. Hamor tells me that ducks abound in the region of lagoons near Central. He states that some years they arrive at Thanksgiving time but that ordinarily their abundance centers in January and February. From his own identification he says that green-winged and blue-winged teal and pintails are the most abundant. He mentions further blue-bills and ruddies, ~~the~~ true duck, of which he says he has

taken one specimen of a species other than the West Indian and one or two ducks concerning whose identity he is not certain that come rarely. As according to him the green-winged teal nests commonly the identifications require check. (This bird is probably Dafila bahamensis).

For work at this area headquarters could be arranged at Barahona which he says is only 45 minutes by auto from the lagoon area. They would welcome an investigator.

Later we had lunch at Mr. Seyalls with Mr. & Mrs. Booth, Mr. Evans, the Hamors, and a lady whose name has escaped me.

May 19, Tuesday.
Awoke before six & completed my packing and loaded the Ford before breakfast. The air seemed

unusually humid and extremely hot so that I suffered with perspiration. The load accommodated very well as without the groceries of our journey here food supplies that we consumed in Beata the weight and bulk is appreciably less.

We breakfasted with Segall on cream of wheat and bacon and eggs and went then to the store where I wanted to see two ducks in cold storage that Hamor had killed a couple of months ago. When produced from the cold storage plant it developed that they had been plucked and all feathers, and the heads cut off. With the fat still present it needed but a glance however

to identify a Lesser Scaup Duck and a Bahama teal. Examination of these checks with previous information regarding ducks in these islands. Reports of hunters are always vague. It is my present belief that the "green-winged teal" reported here are principally Bahama teal, that blue-wings come through in some numbers with blue bills common, and a few stragglers of other ducks. I am invited cordially to return, or if I cannot come to send some one to work on the lagoons in winter.

After goodbyes we were on our way 8:45 driving out through the canefields to cross the Rio Yague del Sur near Habanero.

The road is wet from rain last night but dries rapidly in the sun. Yellow-faced grassquits, sparrowhawks, jays, and an occasional burrowing owl rest in the telephone wires beside our road and many Zenaida and mourning doves fly up as we pass.

Beyond Habana we entered an arid desert region of broken hills lying at the base of a mountain range. The country was cut by dry washes and grown with mesquite and candelabra cacti. The ground was covered with yucca, ~~an~~ Opuntia, turkey head cacti and a small cactus with extremely long spines. Every step was taken

with caution and at that I filled one foot with spines. Four miles north of Habana we stopped for a short time to collect eleven birds. Mockers, towhees, four-eyes, honeycreepers and Orioles were common.

The road had been improved since our previous journey and with a lighter load we drove this mountain desert section without incident to reach the carretera 15 kilometers east of Aguacate in p.m.

Beyond there toward San Juan we stopped for lunch and intended to make up a few skins. Before I had finished one took rain threatened and we loaded up to continue

int San Juan. Six miles
east of that town we saw
a number of nightbirds flying
and stopped to shoot one.

We reached ~~the~~ Hotel Espana
in San Juan about five. The
evening was occupied with
skins.

Air in this mountain town cool
and pleasant this evening.

May 10, Wednesday.

The air was filled with
fog at daybreak that disappeared
as the sun arose.

In the market I bought a
dozen baskets for 60 cents and a
dozen beswas candles for 30 cents.

We left San Juan at 8:30
with the morning air pleasantly
cool. At Comendador we passed
the Dominican frontier without

particular formality and were soon in
Bellefere where our outfit was passed
without examination. After telephoning
for a hotel reservation in Port-au-Prince
we continued on without further
delay until we got through
the bad roads before rain might
raise the rivers. The road was
in fair condition though in the
last foot water came in over the
floor of the car.

On entering the rolling
plains area near Las Cañobas
we stopped to collect some
grasshopper sparrows and to eat
a lunch. After making up the
few birds collected we continued.

From the steep pitch of Morne
à Cabrits we had a wonderful
view of the Étang Sammiat as
the air was clear for the first
time in my experience here.

At 6:30 we were in Port-au-Prince at the Hotel Splendide.

May 21, Thursday.

Mailed this morning with our breakfast at 8:00 a.m.

The morning was filled with the ~~multitude~~ ^{multitude} of small brands that naturally occur after a two weeks absence in the field - laundry, photographs, clothing and so on. The afternoon was devoted to correspondence.

Mr. Vinson of the Service Technique dined with us in the evening.

May 22, Friday.

Drove out in the Ford to the base of Mont à Cabrits and then turned east on the road to Thomazeau. This led along the northern edge

of the cul-de-sac plain over low rolling ridge where the soil was stony and the land grown with cactus, logwood and mesquite. Birds rather scarce.

At Source Caïman a large spring comes out of the hillside and forms a shallow basin 60 feet across shaded by beautiful trees. Beyond it lies the swampy area known as the Trou Caïman, formerly the resort of multitudes of water birds but dry for a year or more past. Recent rains have put water in some of the depressions but there is very little of the swamp remaining.

Near Thomazeau we found

a colony of the weaver finch
and collected several.

Here the road lay on lower
ground with a number of bad
mud holes. Settlement was thick
and little cages were scattered
everywhere.

Thomazeau was the usual
rambling village with rough,
stone struts. With a boy
for guide we continued on
the road to Glace stopping in
open pastures to collect some
mourning doves and finally
coming to a point about
a quarter of a mile from
the Etang Saumâtre. Hills
and mountains came directly to
the lake shore on north and
south with low ground at
the west and some rolling
ridges to the edge toward

Laguna Enriquillo. Flamingos
fed along the shore.

Returned to Port-au-Prince
for lunch at 1:30 and were
occupied until six with
five mourning doves, an oriole
and eleven weavers.

Hot today with rain over the
Cul-de-sac. ✓

May 23, Saturday.

We drove this morning to
the north toward St. Marc travelling
about three miles beyond S'Arcade.
Clear and hot. Heavy rains had fallen
in this section last night.

We stopped near S'Arcade Matelas
to look for Golden Warblers and then
again at the point indicated
beyond S'Arcade. Here we were
in the foothills of the mountains
at a slight elevation above the

sea. Dry washes led down
through coarse limestone gravel
and the slopes were covered
with strong scrub and low trees.

The sun was extremely hot
and oppressive and birds only fairly
common.

Returning we stopped to purchase
coconut drinking coconuts at
5 centimes - one cent each and
were greatly refreshed by them.

In the afternoon we prepared
our few specimens and then were
down town on various errands.

A tremendous rain came at six
and continued through the evening
passing off over the Cul-de-sac
where we had hoped to go tomorrow.
These storms are accompanied by
flickering sheet lightning and
little thunder.

May 24 Sunday.
Roads were out this morning
so that reluctantly we gave up a
last trip of field and turned to packing
at which we worked until evening.
Rain continued through the day and
the sun did not shine.

May 25, Monday.
Errands and calls occupied
the entire day. Rain fell again
and the sky was overcast.
Dined in the evening with Dr.
Munro, American minister.

May 26, Tuesday.
Visit to the bank, arrangement for
steamer passage and other errands.
Lunch at 1.30 with Mr. Dew, and
Mr. McQuirk of the American legation.
A drizzling rain filled the afternoon
so that we did not get away until
five.

In the evening we dined with
Pierre Rogève in Petenville dining
up in the dark. I missed a cave
in the road on a steep slope
by inches. Mr. Stark of the Pan-
American Airways and Mr. Galt
present ^{this morning with Dr. Munro called on M. Sten-}
of the birds of Haiti. ^{Vincent, President of Haiti and presented him with}
May 27, Wednesday.

Turned in our car to the
Haitian Motors at noon after a
busy morning seeing our luggage
aboard last minute packing and
so on.

Sailed on the S.S. Ancon of the
Panama Railroad Steamship line at
2:00 P.M.

Fine trip out the bay and up
the coast with the hills, usually
gray, and amid a brilliant green
from the rain.

May 28, Thursday

Sky overcast, weather calm. Longing
gulls, Audubon's Shearwaters and
Sooty terns about as we pass up
through the Bahamas.

Le Président de la République d'Haiti

lira avec le plus grand intérêt votre ouvrage intitulé "The Birds of Haiti and the Dominican Republic" que vous avez eu l'amabilité de lui envoyer avec une dédicace, vous demande de croire à sa sympathie et vous envoie l'expression de sa vive gratitude.

Mr. Alexander WETMORE,
C/O. SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Palais National, 24 Juin 1931.

May 29, Friday
Sky overcast weather fine. no
birds.

Occupying stateroom with R. L.
Farnham, of New New York.

May 30, Saturday
a replica of yesterday.

May 31, Sunday.

Rain today. Many Wilson's Petrels
over the wake!

June 1, Monday

Docked at eleven, passed customs
and transferred to the B & O.

Left New York via B & O. 1⁰⁵ p.m.
arr. Washington 6¹⁵ p.m.