

March 4, Monday, 1946

Left Bolling Field this morning at 9<sup>00</sup> a.m. in a C-45 Army Air Forces plane with Lt. Col. K. W. Northamer and Capt. L. A. Turk as pilot and co-pilot. Walter M. Perrygo, Scientific Aid in the U.S. National Museum accompanied me as assistant. We flew down the Potomac and then past Richmond and Raleigh. The day was warm but with a head wind. The plane was new (no. 117) with space for 5 passengers. It was fully equipped and modern and was as easy riding as any that I have been in. We traveled at 6000 feet with the sky clear but a ground haze that I farther south I attributed to smoke from burning fields. At 10<sup>40</sup> we came down at Poplar\* Field near Fayetteville, North Carolina for gasoline, and also took time for a sandwich, leaving at 11<sup>30</sup> with two army air service nurses

As additional passengers. I noted Florence, South Carolina, the snake-like Savannah River and then Jacksonville. Headwinds were stronger now. We flew straight south along the coast passing once to circle down to 500 feet when an unexplained smoke signal burned a short distance off shore with several crash boats speeding toward the spot. There was nothing in sight and we continued south at 1500 to 2000 feet. From this elevation I could see gulls, ~~over~~ the water sometimes in scattered flocks that resembled handfuls of paper with confetti scattered over the surface. Because of head winds which cut down speed to 140 miles an hour we came down again at about 2:30 at Banana Field, a naval installation on the coast opposite Melbourne for more gas.

We finally reached Morrison Field five miles west of West Palm Beach at 4:30 p.m.

Here we checked in with Capt. Myers at the Air Transport Command

Passenger Terminal and learned that we had a travel priority for the next plane to Panama, leaving Wednesday morning.

We were quartered in the officers club, went over to West Palm Beach in the evening when I wired Jess Zetek in Balboa of our arrival. Stopped in at a dog-racing pavilion for half an hour to watch two greyhound races and then back to bed.

March 5, Tuesday.  
The night was comfortably cool with a pleasant breeze so that I slept under a sheet. Did not awaken until 6:30, when I took the usual shave and shower and had breakfast.

We went then to the Passenger Terminal to check with the immigration Service, Customs and the Medical officer and then were free until afternoon. We rode in to West Palm Beach again, walked along the waterfront

through the place, a phasant  
maleon if that is what they call it  
shaded with coconut and Royal  
palms. Birds were interesting, including  
Mockingbird - at airport and in town  
Boat-tailed grackle - common. The adult  
mules seemed to have brown eyes as  
nearly as I could tell without binoculars  
Loggerhead shrike - two hopping about  
on ground searching for nesting material.

Wandering Gull - several

Pink-billed Gull common

Laughing Gull - common

Pelican - several. Fr

Cormorant several

Pink-necked Duck a little flock

Lesser Scaup. Half a dozen.

~~Yellow~~ Palm Warbler. one at airport, the  
typical form.

English Sparrow a few

Melodious at airport

Turkey Vulture one.

Fish Crow several.

At 1<sup>30</sup> all passengers flying  
over water were assembled in  
the briefing room and shown a  
film on what to do if one of the  
C-54 land planes has to come  
down on the water, excellent instructions

Then came checking with the  
Personnel office and the receipt of  
tickets. With this out of the  
way we went back over town  
and walked out to the charter  
boat dock to look over the fish,  
a few dolphins, mackerel and  
jacks. We ate at Hudgins  
Sea Food restaurant - very good,  
and then returned to the airport.

Temperatures pleasant, possibly  
72° in the breeze.

March 6, Wednesday.

The call boy came this morning  
at 2:40 to awaken me for a 3:00  
a.m. call, as he expressed it to  
make sure that I would be awake in  
time. At 3<sup>30</sup> we were at the passenger  
terminal for a final check, and at  
4<sup>20</sup> were on board the plane a  
C-54, with boxes of freight  
lashed along <sup>half of</sup> one side, a double bank  
of seats opposite and a single row  
of bucket seats behind the freight.

at 4<sup>30</sup> we bundled out on the runway in pitch dark and at 4<sup>45</sup> were in the air and head south.

At a quarter of six there was a rim of red in the clouds to the east, and around 6<sup>30</sup> I had an occasional glimpse of light colored roads or occasional other land marks as we crossed Cuba. We flew at 8000 feet and beyond there there were only glimpses of the water below with banks of clouds. The air was smooth except occasionally.

About eleven we came in to the distance, ~~crossed~~ and after a long swing came down on Albrook Field at Balboa. The air was hot as we came out of the plane.

We checked in at an office for War Department personnel and presently Col. Sitzer met us and took us to the officers club where we were billeted. There were located in an airy second story room with a good breeze blowing through.

Presently Lt. Col. C. H. Morgan, aid to General H. P. Harmon came and took us to lunch, explaining the facilities

available to us. At two we called a car from the motor dispatcher and we went over to call on James Zetek at 0902 Amador Road.

This was a three story frame building with ~~space~~ beneath for car parking and storage with Zetek's office and laboratory on the second floor.

We talked here until 5<sup>00</sup> and then returned to the Officers Club.

The small collecting <sup>cases</sup> had been in a fire in a box car coming from Washington to New Orleans and was somewhat charred outside, and wet from water inside. Tools were rusty and fabrics moldy but the outfit is still usable.

Zetek came ~~for~~ later to take us to dinner at his home where we spent a pleasant evening.

March 7, Thursday.

A cool breeze blew through our room all night and I slept well, awakened two or three times briefly by a strange goatsucker <sup>(C. rufus)</sup> ~~song~~ that was new to me. Chuck ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> we. We were out before six thirty and breakfasted at seven.

Worked on notes a bit early and then walked down to the Post Exchange to purchase a few additions to the outfit. Here we met Mrs. Ludwig in Major Hankster's office who turned us over to a young lieutenant. ~~When~~ an hour we were back at quarters again with everything we needed. Col. Schweizer telephoned that Brigadier General H. R. Harmon, in command at Albrook's Field would see us at 10<sup>30</sup>. The Headquarters office lay across a little valley behind ~~the~~ quarters. We walked down a winding path in the warm sun to our appointment.

We talked with Col. Schweizer and also met Col. Keith, ~~Brig.~~ Morgan's superior. When the General arrived we had coffee and a talk that lasted until noon. A sergeant (supply) brought over some jungle boots that we'd trust in for fit and some other supplies. General Harmon assured us that we were welcome and that the service would do everything they could to assist us.

After lunch we changed to khaki, packed up a small kit for collecting and at 2<sup>30</sup> left the field in a C-45 for San Jose Island. Our route lay directly

out past Saboga and Taboguilla. Flying at 2500 to 2700 feet we had an excellent view of the long line of coast leading off to Darien, and behind the dim outlines of the Pearl Islands. Presently I could see Saboga and Pacheca in the north and Rey at the side. We had an excellent view of Pedro Gonzalez when I could pick out the little point on which the village of Cocal is situated and beyond also could see Moreno Island where Morrison collected a few birds.

The savanna at Bald Hill showed clearly from the air and I could pick out the other familiar landmarks. The pilot made a quick run over the airstrip after a banking turn and then swung around to drop easily down. As the ground we were told that ours was the second plane to land here.

Col. Adrian St. John, Commanding officer ~~was~~ in a few minutes to meet us with Major Campbell. Later I met Col. Elliott who I had known earlier.

We drove in a government car over the road to Major Campbell's quarters located near the old engineer's camp where Morrison and I had lived. Here we put a few things together and then at 4:30 drove out the south road to the Navy Cove where we spent an hour watching for birds. The cove is narrow and protected by high bluffs on either side with a small red mangrove swamp at the head. I was interested to find that birds were present in this area in the number and kind that I would have expected two years ago when working here. In fact for this area I could detect no change.

On the return one *Columbigallina talpacoti mesophila* flushed near the Rio Mata Puerco which was a new interesting because of the open ~~area~~ in what had been a completely jungle area. Gallators sang blue horned-creepers flew about a Golden warbler passed an Elaenia or two called white spotted Sandpiper and a Louisiana water-thrush tumbled at the water's edge and an osprey circled high overhead. A flock of the small white *Chalchicomula vauxi ochropygia* circled over the water or high over the trees.

We returned at six for supper and then went out again in a jeep first to the garbage dump and then down to the southeast stream where the water works is fully installed. The evening air was cool as always. I spent the evening on my notes. Between 4:30 and 6:00 p.m. and 6:30 and 7:00 I recorded 25 species this afternoon.

March 8, Friday.  
I awakened at six this morning and spent half an hour watching the birds around the edge of the Headquarters area behind our house. After breakfast we went out in a jeep accompanied by Capt. Porter and went on out past the Rio Marina to the top of Red Hill. Here we turned out the East Loop Road and continued to Bald Hill. There were two or more extensive stretches of high forest here.

Bald Hill is a small savanna covering the rolling slopes of a hill with about 80 to 100 acres of area. The soil is the same grade clay found over most of the island and the space is grown with bunch grass two feet or so high. Which two or three

little groups of trees stand out in the savanna and on the whole the line between grassland and jungle is sharp and definite. I can see no reason for the savanna as distinguished from a growth of jungle.

We saw one *Oryzoborus fumus* here and one or two *Colaptes auratus* especially peculiar to the grassland in the way of birds.

We drove then to the end of the road to the north, returned & watch for birds along the way.

Before going back to camp we went down a new road to an imitation of the Ensenada de La Bodega south of the mouth of the Mata Puerca.

Strangely enough we picked up no ticks though two years at this same calendar period they swarmed.

We drank cups before lunch and then I got my notes in shape. The sun is clear today the breeze is cool and the sun warm.

At four we went out again in a jeep out the South Road to the South Beach. This had been developed as a recreating area for swimming. The beach is broad

and of fine white sand in a deep cove with rocky islets at the entrance. A small stream with a few mangroves at the mouth extend at one side. We made various observations here and then returned to camp at 5<sup>30</sup>.

The officers from Washington entertained this evening with a cocktail party at the Officers Club, followed by an excellent buffet supper served on the open dance floor when we had the cool breeze and when we could look out over the two bays. This was followed by a movie after which I went to bed.

March 9, Saturday.

The air was damply with moisture condensed on the roofs so that it rained down to drip off the eaves.

Major W. W. Campbell accompanied us this morning down the South Road and out a jeep trail to the east.



leaving the car we walked down a trail of 400 yards or so to come out on Playa Grande. We passed through a good stretch of high forest and finally emerged a short distance to the south of the stream that comes in at the south edge of the mangrove swamps of the Rio Marina. This beach thus far is happily free of us and presented the same wild aspect that it did two years ago. Almost immediately I spied a small boar, a sow and three little pigs walking slowly toward us. The wind blew from their end, they walked slowly along until presently at 75 yards the sow became uneasy at the three strange motionless objects before. Presently an eddy of air brought our scent and all dashed off.

The old camp that I found was badly weathered and the boat partly buried in sand. We walked on over to the channel of the Marina and then turned back.

At eleven after a shower and change I went to Col. Adrian St. John's office where Col. Elliott, Col. Nixon and other officers were gathered to the number of a dozen, where they asked me to give them a brief review of our scientific findings, which I was pleased to do. Questions followed and I talked for about 40 minutes.

Suddenly we heard an alarm and looked out to see a wisps of smoke issuing from the door of Col. Nixon's quarters in the cottage adjacent to us below. We ran down immediately the fire engine beating us but by that time the flames were coming out the door. The building was completely gutted. It developed that fire had caught from a kerosene refrigerator which then exploded throwing burning kerosene all over the roof. Nothing

could strip through water kept  
the flames down.

We had lunch, I paid our  
bill and Major Campbell drove us  
slowly out the East Road to the  
airstrip. We arrived just before the  
plane a C-45 piloted by Major  
Cornett came in. Col. Elliott  
went back with us.

We left the strip at 2:35 p.m.  
and at 3:05 after an easy passage  
came down on the Albrook Field.  
Col. Elliott kindly sent us up to  
the Officers Club where we were  
soon installed again in our same  
room 5A.

After a shower I sat in shirt  
and shorts in pleasant comfort while  
I worked on notes.

We dressed formally, had dinner  
and then talked for a while with Captain  
and Mrs. [the Captain is aid to  
General Harman, and Col. Lee. and  
then went to bed.

Summary of observations on San José Island  
March 7-9, 1946. The general impression that I

gain from this visit to San José  
Island is that the bird-life on  
the whole shows little change  
except for the following:

1. Increased human activity has  
driven some of the shy species  
to areas not reached by roads. This  
seems true of the larger herons,  
and seemingly the herons also. There  
is apparently a decrease in number  
of the tiger-bittern due possibly to  
shooting.

2. The clearings made for roads  
for quarters while they have  
driven the forest birds back ~~have~~  
~~been~~ advantageous to forms that  
frequent the open. The <sup>trout</sup> Kingbird  
and the ground-dove already are  
spreading into these and will  
undoubtedly now increase in number.  
Pigs, wood rails and deer seem

to have withdrawn into the  
remoter areas between the roads.  
Snakes are less in evidence also  
and probably the larger ones have  
learned to stay under cover.

For a time shooting was permitted  
but now this is prohibited. There  
is little evident disturbance  
therefore of the wild life except  
that incident to human use  
in general.

Which I did not visit many  
areas where gas experiments had  
been carried on those that I  
did see did not differ appreciably  
in abundance of birds from other  
sections except where cover  
had been destroyed.

The officers stationed here are  
definitely interested in scientific  
work of all kinds and encourage  
it.



March 10, Sunday.

We were out early this morning and spent a little time in looking at the birds.

Albrook Field Officers Club is on a knoll with trees along the roadways, Hibiscus and other shrubs beside and behind the buildings, and a broad, grass-covered slope behind that leads down to a roadway with the headquarters office on the next rise beyond. Small birds are common, having adapted themselves to these new conditions. We are in building 14 next to the main club building, a structure for transient officers.

Here are the birds that I have seen here regularly: (shown)

A pair of Troglodytes musculus

These come out from the bushes and work around in the short grass. This morning they had found some water, bathed, dried themselves somewhat and then took dust baths.

A pair of Thamnophis dolichus

I was interested to see these birds come out in the open into the <sup>4</sup>branches of the trees. We saw many sparrows, something I have never

seen before. They seem somewhat alert and self conscious as though they felt that they were doing something unusual.

*Vireo flavoviridis* sings from the shade trees.

Blue Tanagers come regularly.

*Volatinia jacarina* occurs at the border of the grass field.

*Tafura naevia* calls all day from the taller weeds and adjacent thickets.

*Vermivora peregrina* comes casually through the trees.

*Cassidix major peruvianus* is common on the canon.

*Tyrannus melancholicus chloronotus* is fairly common.

*Regulus leucophaius* chatters and sings.

*Myiozetetes cayennensis* common in the trees.

*Elania flavogastra pallidirostris* is singing constantly from open branches. The birds erect the sides of the crest and hold the center depressed so that the sides stand up prominently. I can see through the open center as the birds look away from me.

*Amazilia tzacatl* common about the

*Chlorostilbon assimilis* passes occasionally

The curious goatsucker noted on our earlier stay was calling at dawn. It is not *Nyctidromus*.

*Cathartes aura* passes constantly overhead.

We were supposed to take the 7:00 a.m. train for Barro Colorado Island but our transportation to the station failed us so that we had to wait until afternoon.

At three we called on Zetok to celebrate the sixth birthday of his grand daughter. Zetok took us back to the club where we changed to trucks and then to the station where we took the 4:40 train for Frijoles. Mrs. Hillen of Pomona College had arrived and we went together.

The country was dry and there was much burning along the track. We were at Frijoles shortly after 5:30, where I found Dr. + Mrs. L. Sharkey, O.S.R.D. and also Mr. Middlewart, <sup>of Forest Products Lab.</sup> ~~Cherka~~

The caretaker took us over in the launch Jacana to Barro Colorado Island and at dark we were eating an excellent supper of soup, brown roast pork

Sauerkraut and beans, with canned  
peaches and coffee to follow.

Mr. <sup>P.V.</sup> Mook was here also. Dr. T.  
Schneirla of New York University was  
out until late following his swarms  
of driver ants.

Perrygo and I turned in at night  
for a sound night's sleep interrupted  
once when a heavy squall of wind  
with light rain came through and  
roused the howler monkeys to protest.

March 11, Monday.

We were out this morning at 6<sup>15</sup>  
had breakfast at 7<sup>00</sup> and then went  
out immediately. Trails are all  
named and lead to all parts of the  
island. On each there are numbered  
markers at 100 meter intervals with  
the numbers increasing ~~over~~ one trail  
away from the laboratory. We went  
out Snyder-Molins trail to W.M. Wheel  
trail to Fred Miller trail. This latter led  
along a ridge. Toward the end it branched  
led to Range light no. 8. This was placed  
at an elevation of about 200 feet above  
the water, being a tower 12 to 14 feet high.

a small clearing led down to the  
water. I took several photographs  
here and went back then to Fred  
Miller trail and went out it to  
marker 19, returning then to the laboratory.

Near the trail leading to the  
Range light we saw three ~~small~~  
jacarinas, (white-leaved), and later  
when we came back two came  
down within a dozen feet of us.  
We also noted one agouti, and  
found the spines of a tree porcupine.

The trails are in excellent shape.  
In the afternoon Zetzk who had  
come over in the morning and I  
went over various matters concerned  
with the laboratory.

The payroll is as follows:

Francesco Viola - Chilean - eradicator	
Who is foreman	per month \$137.50
Three laborers	" each \$ 50.00
The cook Mercedes	" \$ 40.00
Food is included.	

The OSRD project now under the Navy  
has Dr. Shanon (whose wife is with them)  
and Mr. Mook. The Forest Products Laboratory

of the Department of Agriculture has on  
been here checking literature in plywood  
m.

In addition Dr. T. Schneirla of New  
York University is here.

Fitch and I discussed enlarge-  
ment of the facilities at some future  
time and agreed that the clearing  
could be easily enlarged behind to  
the extent of another 4 or 5 acres easily  
by moving the termite testing areas to  
another section.

Fitch has been instrumental in having  
a new station built at Frijoles and  
also in the establishment of a commissary  
there. Accredited students under the  
credential supplied by the Executive  
Officer receive a pass on the railroad  
and also a card allowing purchase  
in the commissary.

We need additional facilities to  
allow accommodations for women  
as the place at present is built on  
a basis intended for men.

Mrs. & Mrs. Caryl Haskins who have  
been recently will present us with  
new engine for the launch used  
for hauling supplies and passengers.  
The car was pleasant and the coming nightfall.  
Falls 25 coats came to the garbage in evening.

March 12, Tuesday.

There were further showers last evening  
and the air this morning was damp  
and humid. Birds were singing and  
calling actively, noticeably more so than  
yesterday.

We followed Raymond C. Shannon  
trail to the lake, then returned via  
J. Van Tyn Trail and Thomas Barbour  
trail to the laboratory, being out about  
4 hours. The Shannon trail was cut  
by several branches of a stream  
some of which contained pools or  
running water in which I saw  
fish. The jungle growth was greener  
and more luxuriant here and birds  
were very abundant. Van Tyn trail  
on the other hand was dryer. The  
trail led down to a little bay along the  
lake shore in which water lilies were  
in bloom while the open area was  
bordered by the usual growth of grass.  
Stumps barely above water level -  
many of them - mark the trees of the  
forest flooded when Gatun lake was  
formed. Occasional giant trunks stand  
in the shallows.  
We saw one band of White-faced



monkeys and one deer, close at hand  
A group of a dozen Navy boys  
came over as "tourists" for an outing  
to see the island. And among other  
things captured a small fer-de-  
lance.

Zetok and I finished our discussion  
and revised the circular of information  
to go out to prospective visitors. Also  
examined the area above the building  
where expansion is possible.

We crossed to Frijoles at 4:10 p.m.  
and left by train for Balboa Heights  
at 5:15<sup>5</sup> arriving at 6:05<sup>5</sup> p.m. Zetok  
took us to the officers club at Albrook  
Field.

I spent the evening in writing some  
official letters and in working on notes  
and memoranda.

March 13, Wednesday.

This morning we were out early  
and I worked on notes until 8:30.  
Walked down to the post office then to  
mail a package of film and called  
then on Lieut. Col. C.H. Morgan  
to complete some of our arrangements.  
At 10:20 we secured a car for  
the motor pool and drove in to

Mr. M. Latimer, jr., secretary at  
the Embassy.

Following this I drew money at  
the bank and went to Zetok's house  
to secure a gun that we had left  
there. There I met Barber, who  
I had known in Haiti in 1927.

We purchased some things at  
the French Bazaar in the Plaza  
Santa Ana and then returned to  
the Post at noon.

This afternoon we were occupied  
in further arrangements and in writing.  
At 6:30<sup>20</sup> Dr. James Zetok called for us  
and drove us to the Tivoli Hotel in  
Ancon where we had dinner with Mr.  
& Mrs. Barber, who I had met  
in Haiti in 1927. We had a pleasant  
evening here returning to the post at  
a quarter of ten.

March 14, Thursday.

Dawn comes at six and by 6:15<sup>15</sup> it is  
faintly light. We had breakfast before  
seven, packed our baggage and then  
listened to the birds for a time.  
A Summer Tanager came to the tree outside the window

At nine we went down to the airfield Base to take a plane. Col. W. H. Kemp had come over and we had a good talk.

At 9<sup>15</sup> a.m. we left in a C-47 with Sicut. Ruck as pilot and flew to Tague air field in eastern Darien on the Pacific side between Guasachiní and the Colombian frontier.

The flight was easy and comfortable. We had 12 men on board, our field equipment, two big jacks for some purpose and various other kinds of gear. In thirty minutes we were over the Pearl Islands when I had a view of Pacheca, Saboga, Bayamita, Vivece and Rey. The latter island is heavily wooded and in the southern half was without clearings except for one near Santelmo Bay. A half hour later and I saw Cape Guasachiní with the little village on the point and Mt. Sapo rising behind. In a few minutes we were circling the Tague air field and immediately were on the ground.

Sgt. E. W. McCarthy is in charge here. He conducted us to quarters in what had been used as a dispensary when this post was operating full time. Here we have a room about 18 by 30 feet with two capacious clothes cupboards, a shower bath and wash room in one

corner. The water is excellent and we have electric light. The building has a three foot screen all around being 4 feet from the floor.

The air strip lies between the beach and the Tague River near its mouth, with the little village beyond near the sea. The buildings for the air field lie back under a good grove of trees.

We unpacked and arranged our things, thus taking until <sup>early</sup> afternoon. I walked over there to call on the Corregidor at the village Don Arnulfo Condino R. who received us courteously and who when we had explained our mission told us that we were welcome.

The village has 30 houses or so elevated 4 to 6 or 8 feet above the ground. They are spread out with trees among them and occasional little gardens. The place was clean and pleasant. The houses had board floors, walls of cane stems Caña Blanca standing close and roofs of palm thatch. But the eaves there were thin poles laid lengthwise to allow air to enter but to keep out intruders. Two small launches

lay in the river mouth in front  
of the town with several beautifully  
grade Indian cayucos on the banks,  
long, narrow and with flattened ends.

We stopped in at Chino's for a  
Coca Cola at 20 cents per bottle  
walked over to the long sandy beach  
and then returned to quarters.

Presently we walked out along the  
air strip parallel to the beach. There  
were tall growths of cane and occasional  
trees, with green forest at the end.  
Everything is completely dry. I  
found a few birds active and  
collected them.

The evening was cool, quiet and  
beautiful.

March 15, Friday.

Dawn came a few minutes after  
six, heralded earlier by the calls of  
Nyctidromus. We dressed and walked  
out to the edge of the air strip where the  
little blue-black grassquits were upflying  
about in the open.

Breakfast was at seven and shortly  
after we were walking out the length of  
the airstrip to the southeast accompanied  
by ~~Heteromyz~~<sup>geronimo</sup> to show up the trail leading  
to a low range of hills, the region  
where we collected bordering on

the Onabraba Lisa. The area  
parallels the ocean with cane  
caño blanco and Tilia growing  
8 to 10 feet high or more very densely.  
Further inland there was other  
brush and we were soon on the  
little stream where there was gallery  
forest with trees rising 75 to 100 feet.

Birds were common and in  
a few minutes we were collecting. We  
returned at eleven with 21 birds of  
18 different forms, having seen  
various others that we did not  
try to take.

The afternoon was given over to  
preparation of specimens with various  
brief interruptions, one to remove a  
bad splinter from a native Span's foot,  
another to translate some arrangements  
for the sergeant.

The sky has been overcast today with  
rain evident over the Serrania de  
Jaque. Our quarters are airy and  
comfortable.

About 5 a sprinkling of rain fell, enough  
to moisten the surface of the ground and  
more was evident off toward the mountains.

In evening there was thunder.

At sundown I saw four birds pitch on to the starved surface of the air strip a quarter of a mile away and walked over there to find four golden plovers, a surprise. I collected one, a killdeer and a Texas Nighthawk.

After dark partridges began calling and I shot one a hundred yards from our <sup>house</sup> by the shine of its eyes in my flashlight.

March 16, Saturday

The sky today remained overcast for most of the day with the Cerrania de Jaques hidden in cloud and the air humid.

We went again back in the area of the Quebrada Lisa working through the gallery forest mainly. This day we drove but the mile and a half or two miles to the hunting territory and the truck came for us at eleven which was a great help.

I saw morpho butterflies. *Tilia* and *Tabernaemontana* are in blossom. Yesterday a native brought in a yearling ground howler monkey that he had killed with a machete.

The surf has been running heavily all day.

March 17, Sunday.

The air was drier today but still at intervals clouds swept in heavily. Above the beach and the mountains inland were visible only in part.

This was a holiday morning and that we were a little late in getting a start. One of the boys drove us down to the south end of the airstrip and then along to where the road paralleled the beach. The truck was out and we walked then down to the south for about two and one half miles to where a projecting rocky headland blocked further passage. Jaqué Point projects north of the river mouth to make a small shelter behind it into which the river opens. The town is south of the river mouth. Two small rocky islets project off the point. To the south there is a sand beach 200 yards wide that sweeps in a long curve to the south to terminate in the small point of rocks mentioned. The beach is bordered behind with *Tilia* growing in a good stand with cane behind it. A small stream enters a mile and one half below, being the

little creek ~~open~~ which the camp  
water supply is taken, two smaller  
streams enter beyond. The range  
of hills rising from 100 to 400 feet  
beyond crosses from the Rio Jaguá  
to the sea at the southern headland.

The beach swarmed with small  
red and black crabs and except for  
an occasional turkey buzzard or a  
cormorant flying over the water there  
were no birds. Spotted sandpipers were  
around the rocky areas. Whenever there  
were few birds in the lilia or the  
cane behind. There were no mangroves  
in the creek mouths.

About <sup>five and a half</sup> ~~two~~ miles down there is  
a stand of Cincho trees Cavanilleia  
planiifolia and others of gigantic size  
tower from the wooded slopes back  
of the headland.

March 18, Monday

Damp this morning, with the sky  
overcast but in the late afternoon a dry  
wind came and the air cleared decidedly.  
The mountains remain partly hidden.

We walked across to the river jaguá  
in early morning, finding the tidal  
mouth 200 to 300 yards broad, bordered  
with an extensive mangrove swamp.

We followed the edge of the swamp  
up stream for a mile and a half  
working in and out as the density of  
the growth permitted. Birds were common  
but collecting hard.

I noted red and white mangrove.  
The taller trees were 100 to 150 feet tall.  
We returned along the edge of the city field.

At noon Dr. Young Darwin and  
Smith his wife, a 14 year old boy and  
two small youngsters, on at the  
mother's breast came to buy a piece of  
ice from the ice machine. Later they  
man with some experimenting turned  
on the water faucet outside our quarters  
and the woman and the small  
youngsters all had baths, laughing  
and enjoying it thoroughly.

March 19, Tuesday

The air was cool ~~the~~ early morning  
and the sky was overcast for most of the  
day. In afternoon the mountains cleared  
somewhat.

We collected around camp before breakfast  
taking several interesting birds. Afterward  
we were driven in the truck to the  
beginning of true jungle in the road toward  
the spring water supply and walked on

out in the cool morning air.  
Finally we climbed to the top of  
the hill immediately above the little  
stream at the small dam that  
improves our water.

Birds are most common in the valley  
near the water but we found  
Thamnophilus punctatus on the  
summit.

Today we secured several good  
sized birds and had the further  
complication of visitors in the  
afternoon - a plane load - so that  
we finished our work after dark.

The sea runs heavily on the  
beach here as this is an open roadstead.  
The point to the south is called  
Punta Fundadero.

There was quite a migration among  
small warblers this morning.

~~19th~~ March 20, Wednesday

We drove into the village this morning  
secured a cayuco from Chino the  
principal storekeeper and in this ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~governor~~  
paddled up ~~out~~ into the Rio Jaque  
to a landing among the mangroves  
where a trail led up over the hill  
called homa Dolores.

Tidal currents run strongly in the  
stream.

We hunted along the base of the  
hill for a time and then went up the  
trail to the summit. It climbed steeply  
to a narrow ridge and then followed  
this on up. The woodland was  
galling forest with some palm in the  
undergrowth. Birds were fairly common  
and we secured some interesting ones,  
particularly a Calliste (Tangara) and  
two Thamnophilus punctatus. One  
of my came by. On the return we  
shot a cormorant and a partly  
albino Buteogallus.

The afternoon was busy with  
occasional interruptions to translate  
between the sergeant and the native  
workmen.

Soon after arrival here I developed  
a bad throat cold but now it is  
about at an end and I can talk easily  
again.

Hamby came in the evening and I  
had conversation with Ana, sister of  
our cook Pasqual.

Fairly clear today and quite hot.

March 21, Thursday.

The sky was clearer today though clouds hung over the mountains. The truck, the only transportation here, has broken down so that we are now on foot. We walked out to the foot of the Loma gongile, the first hill to the south and then followed along the base of this nearly to the sea. The slopes are steep and the sand away from the mountain is soft and swampy but we found firm footing at the base of the slope. Toward the sea there were steep rock faces with small caves eroded by ancient wave action. The coast here would appear to be rising slightly.

This section was heavily wooded and birds were fairly common. Under one overhang I found 30 or 40 bats and collected two, both females with large embryos. Considerable flights of Barn Swallow and Texas Night-Hawks this afternoon + were

March 22, Friday

The sky was mainly clear today though the distant mountains were covered with clouds.

We were out at 5<sup>45</sup>, had breakfast before 6<sup>30</sup> and then walked out toward the pier at the Rio Tague at the northern end of the air stop. There is a tongue of high ground here rising six or eight feet above the river and projecting out through the mangrove swamp to the edge of the stream. We noticed pottery fragments here and <sup>geronimo</sup> ~~heronimo~~ told us that when the field was under construction they found some complete jars and pots. The site is that of an old Indian camp.

~~Heronimo~~ <sup>geronimo</sup> joined us here and in a few minutes his 22 year old son Concepción came with a well shod cayuco. In this we set off upstream. The river divides a narrow channel cutting off a mangrove swamp island. We went up the

Narrow inside channel to have a view of it. In about two miles the banks became higher and the mangrove growth was replaced by Tilia and then that was interspersed with cane.

Small houses of cane, elevated six to seven feet on poles stood in little clearings with cayucos tied to stakes or hauled up on the bank in front. At three miles in the section called El Brazo we landed at a little finca belonging to ~~the~~ <sup>Geronimo</sup> ~~the~~. This is on the river, immediately east of the Loma Gonzalez that we ascended from the western side. There was considerable rather dry low forest here with an abundance of birds.

It took an hour to come up and another hour to go back, a very profitable forenoon as we came home with 20 good birds. He asked ~~the~~ <sup>Geronimo</sup> ~~the~~ to sell me a stem of bananas but he presented them to me. On our return he asked me to shoot a large parrot for him to eat, this being a common one I was pleased to oblige though I

pondered somewhat over the exchange - a bunch of pine fruit for a bird that I considered far from savory.

The river here is the artery of travel to the interior. There are few land trails. The culture of the people centers in the cayuco as a means of transportation.

March 23, Saturday.

We were out before seven this morning, walking out past the south end of the airstrip and down through the low growth to the forest on the slopes of Loma Gonzalez. We climbed up today to reach the top of the crest to the south of the water intake. There are few birds along the dry upper slopes but lower down near the water we find many. We came out of the woods a little after eleven with 20 specimens.

It was hot walking the two miles back to camp after our hunt was finished. This afternoon Gilberto Mory the principal storekeeper in Tague called and a little later the police officer



Lucio Paz appeared in clean uniform, pistol and billy.

Gilberto, known universally by the nickname "Chino", has a Chinese father and a Panamanian mother. He is intelligent and informed on the country and has a very good house. He tells me that his father owns the land where the airstrip is laid out and that formerly this was a pasture for cattle. Business was good for him blowing the way but now it is falling off. He would be an excellent agent in arranging or collecting expeditions into the interior from this point.

There are no ticks and no red bugs here at present. Also very few mosquitoes. Malaria was very bad here until the establishment of the air field. Spraying with DDT at frequent intervals seems to have put it under control. We use insect repellent constantly in the woods.

A native brought me a small live owl tonight that he had secured in a hollow tree in his finca. I bought it from him for 25 cents.

March 24, Sunday

We crossed this morning by Cayuco - called by <sup>Gerónimo</sup> ~~the~~ variously cancha and juraguá - to the point <sup>El Chorro</sup> opposite Jagüé where two trickles of water come down over the rocks. Women and boys cross here constantly to fill calabashes, jials and other containers with water, and to wash clothes. I saw one woman bathing calmly with her dress on, rubbing soap down her back and front and later rinsing it off, still clothed.

We climbed up a steep slope to an escarpment that dropped abruptly for 100 to 150 feet to the sea. Here migrants had dropped and in places the woods were filled with Olive-backed Thrushes and Summer Tanagers. I saw Bay-breasted Warblers and Red-eyed Vireos, also. We came down finally out of the woods and walked along a little

back, picking up a small queue of the curious who exploded in a variety of excited remarks at every spot which happily for our reputations were successful ones.

Finally we crossed to the village where I made a few pictures and then back to quarters. On the way by lucky chance we saw one of the small toucan that has been whistling here and secured it.

In evening it was quite comfortable down to 73°. I sat for a time admiring the sunset light on the hills and then walked out along the edge of the airstrip. Thrush were flying overhead at dusk and I saw one Killdeer and one golden plover on the ground.

For ten days collecting we have 196 birds of about 90 forms and 2 bats.

March 25, Monday

Sky partly overcast this day but sky bright. We went out at early dawn ate immediately and walked over to the wharf to meet <sup>geronimo</sup> ~~Heston~~ and his son

Concepción who soon appeared coming with the cayuco from the village.

Two of <sup>geronimo's</sup> ~~Heston's~~ daughters and a niece accompanied us in another cayuco, taking advantage of our trip to go up to the finca for plantains and yuca, and probably too for the excursion. They would hardly have gone alone.

The wind blew in from the sea last night and was cool, so that for the first time here I had the sheet on my bed pulled up to my chin. A trace of mist hung immediately above the water, but disappeared soon as a light breeze arose. We travelled quickly as we had the morning tide with us.

We proceeded to El Brazo and landed at <sup>geronimo's</sup> ~~Heston's~~ finca when this time we hunted farther back along a little stream. Birds were abundant so that by ten we had 24, the largest day we have had.

Sempalmated plovers and least sandpipers flocked on our sand bar in a busy flock. Nine Kingbirds (*Tyrannus tyrannus*)

came into one small open tree top,  
resting close together. Evidently they  
were passage migrants.

We were back at 11<sup>30</sup> and ate.  
As we started on our birds a small  
plane came overhead and traversed the  
length of the field ~~tiping~~ with the  
pilot tipping his wings indicating  
that he was going to land. It proved  
to be Lieutenant Benavides of the Peruvian  
Air Force travelling alone in a small  
light aircraft. He had spent two weeks  
at Albrook Field and yesterday with  
two other planes started for Colombia.  
They stopped overnight in Turbo and  
this morning started for Cali. They  
ran into bad weather and had to  
return to Turbo. Benavides radio went  
out of commission and he lost the  
other two. He came finally to the  
coast and followed up to Jurado.  
Seeing radio towers he landed on the  
beach but learned that the station  
was closed. So he came on here.

I was occupied at various times  
during the afternoon in translating  
and helping him with messages.  
It was after 8 p.m. before we finished  
with notes and specimens.

March 26, Tuesday

The distant mountains were hidden  
in heavy dark cloud all day until  
evening when they cleared somewhat.  
Lieut. Benavides was unable to leave.

We were out at dawn and went  
up river about a mile to an inlet  
called Laguna Playa Nueva for reasons  
that no one could explain. This was  
a former channel of the river which  
had cut the present one a few years  
ago. Birds were plentiful and of good  
variety. We hunted both in water  
and on land securing a number  
of species not taken earlier.

The water in the river is at present  
clear and here in this lower section  
is slightly salty <sup>as seawater comes in with the tides</sup>. Fish abound and  
brack water constantly.

We worked this afternoon as  
usual, finishing at dark.

March 27, Wednesday

Hazy this day with fog drifting in  
from the sea across the hills and the  
mountains hidden.

We walked out to the south getting  
into an area of old clearings that had

not visited before, leading back to a low hill. We had good collecting here returning with 21 birds.

Captain Turner, a chaplain was in camp this afternoon. The Benaroides finally got away this middle of the forenoon.

A Colombian woman came at noon to tell me that her mother was seriously ill, very evidently with malaria. I gave her some atabrin.

On late afternoon there was a heavy storm over the mountains to the southeast and at dusk the rain extended in a light shower to the airfield.

March 28, Thursday.

Light fog blew in from the sea through most of the day though it penetrated only part way to the airfield. The mountains were covered with cloud and at night there was lightning over the sea.

We went up the river early as far as the first deep bend where we lunch and walked through a very interesting stretch of forest. The trees were tall with open undergrowth below, with enough trails so that we got around

without difficulty. There were many birds here and we came out with a good variety.

The sun was overcast with haze all through the morning.

On the return another suddenly appeared on the surface rolled round to look at me and then went down. I saw tracks of one several days ago in the mud near the pier.

Packed a number of birds that were dry this evening.

March 29, Friday

Clouds swung in from the sea to cover the tops of the low hills to the south of us, and the air was damp and humid all day. At noon a light shower fell. The rainy season evidently is near.

This change in the weather has made an immediate change in the birdlife. The areas of Tilia and cane with occasional taller trees that border the west side of the airfield that have seemed <sup>almost</sup> entirely birdless until now except for an occasional ground dove, seed-eater,

greatcatcher, worn of Ant-shrike today  
fairly swarmed with small birds. We  
started to walk over to Quebrada  
Alisa but within a quarter of a  
mile encountered so many birds  
that we made our hunt along  
the west side of the airfield. By  
nine thirty we had 19 birds birds  
include several that we had not  
seen before. Many came up into  
the tree tops where they were easily  
seen.

We walked across them to the  
beach where turkey buzzards patrol  
constantly. As we came to the sand  
a buzzard rose in front of us and I  
killed it. Immediately another  
swung in over it and I killed it  
when we sat down and Perrygo  
took the body out of the first one.  
I finished this while he took over the  
second and we soon had the  
two completely prepared and carried  
them to camp that way.

Two planes had come in, Col  
Keith being with one of them. I  
did some translating for a girl  
clerk who had come down to clear

up a payroll case, we talked for  
a while and the Colonel then left.

This evening Vincent Chin,  
part Chinese and part Panamanian  
I believe, a well educated man appeared,  
having come from Panama in  
Gilbert's Chin's launch today. He leaves  
early in the morning for Chibeceria  
up river, ten hours by cayuco, for  
a deer hunt.

He told me that to enter the  
Indian country it was necessary to  
go with a letter of introduction  
stating your business to the alcalde  
in Chepo. He in turn would write  
out a permission which had to  
be delivered to the Cacique of the  
Indians, after which one could proceed.  
He is in business in Panama City,  
a young man who spends his holidays  
in hunting and fishing.

March 30, Saturday.

Today the air was clear again though  
the woods upstream were wet. We went  
up river in early morning rather  
slowly as the tish was still running  
out. After the activity of the first

two days birds were remarkably quiet until nearly noon. Seemingly they were resting and drying themselves. An occasional heron or kingfisher flew along the river and the ubiquitous parrots flew overhead and that was about all. We landed at the lagoon where we stopped two days ago and this time hunted along a long chain of hills that led back to the loma Gongahy.

For a mile or so we saw very little. About 10 a.m. with the sun on birds suddenly became active and at eleven we had twenty. We started our return then but again had to work against the tide as it had changed and was now flowing up stream. This made slow work so that it was 12:30 before we reached the airfield. We progressed largely by poling through the shallows which is not as comfortable as paddling as it is jerky.

On the way down we skinned out the bodies of a great Blue and a little green heron.

It was after dark before we finished our skins. We walked

then over into the village to Chino's store and bar, drank a bottle of pep and talked for awhile. Chino had a freshly taken alligator skin, salted and also showed me the dried skin of a night hawk recently taken off by the Indians. This would sell for \$5.00 to \$10.00 in Panama City where it would be used in making love charms and promoting masculine vigor. The bird was the Mexican Nighthawk, a female, but the superstition attaches to any of this group. The stars shown tonight but the mountains inland remain shrouded in mist.

March 31, Sunday

The morning was clear and hot the afternoon slightly overcast. At sunset a slight sprink of rain fell but after that it cleared. The mountains however remain hidden behind rain clouds, indicating that the rainy season is near at hand.

We worked out along the brush bordering the airfield finding birds here mainly quiet and inactive.

The same was true of the low forest toward the water intake. In fact we now have this area fairly well worked out.

We continued on up a rough stream bed when Perrygo had flushed two herons that were probably tiger bitterns a few days ago. We did not find them so I climb up one steep slope without seeing much while Perrygo went on up the way he was headed. He had fortune in securing a beautiful quail-dove and the first Myiobius that we have taken.

In evening we found hummingbirds coming to a flowering tree beside our quarters and collected them.

April 1, Monday

We had breakfast early this morning and have an arrangement with the cook ~~probably~~ I give him a quarter on such occasions (he works for 25 cents per hour) and we crossed. Then to the pier to find ~~the~~ <sup>Gerónimo Suarda</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and a new boy</sup> ~~Armando~~ <sup>Armando</sup>. It seems that Concepción is to go in to Panamá when Chin's launch goes, which maybe Tuesday, or perhaps Wednesday or Thursday, who knows? The exchange is a good

one as Armando is intelligent and a hunter. Tide was against us so that progress was slow but the morning was pleasant so that I enjoyed the journey. The air is clear again although the mountains were partly hidden by haze. We stopped above the deep bend and walked in past the little house of old sea Julia who lives here alone - an old woman whose pleasant smile shows 3 teeth. We made our hunt and then came back when I received a regalo of a bunch of bananas and 2 fresh eggs, and in return gave a quarter.

Lunch hour is early, so this day we had brought a can of beans, some buttered bread. With bananas we made a good meal. On our return we had a shower, changed, drank a cup of coffee and went to work on our specimens. We now have 133 species approximately and 370 skins.

Mail brought me news of an honorary Doctor of Science tendered by the University of Wisconsin so that I wrote an immediate acceptance.





El Chorro and as the tide was low  
walked around the rocky point on  
the north side of the river at its  
mouth. Then pass and here for a  
distance and then we had to climb  
from rocks that in places were smooth  
and polished and slippery with algae.  
Finally we waited until breakers  
ceased for a minute, ran quickly  
through a foot of water and scrambled  
up the final rocks and down the  
other side.

We found ourselves here on a  
curving sandy beach La Playita  
backed by coconut palms with the  
usual fringe of *Stichia* and other  
shrubs. There are few birds in  
such situations here. A Duck hawk  
flew by, a spotted sand piper perched on  
the rocks, blue tanagers ranged in  
the trees and worms & chalcids under  
mats.

Presently we started back over the  
hill, climbing up a steep ridge and  
down the other side to El Chorro.  
As we came down the little stream  
valley in the woods we could  
hear the slapping of clothes as the  
girls pounded them on the smooth

stones. We called to them to warn  
them that we were coming so that  
they could get on their clothes but  
the noise they made was such that  
they did not hear us until we were  
almost down when there was a  
scramble for waists. One woman scolded  
us roundly but we joked her until she  
had to laugh.

Tide was far out now. A pelican  
flew by, first I have seen inside  
and I've crossed to walk back to  
camp with 23 good specimens.

An evening we sat out in the cool  
breeze for some time studying the  
mountains inland with kind of  
our maps.

April 3, Wednesday.

Clear today again, hot, with a  
cool breeze.

We walked down the long beach  
past the first point of rock, the ~~beach~~  
smaller beach called Playita del medio  
that leads around to the south to the  
Punta Fundadero. I had expected one or  
more valleys leading back inland here  
but instead we encountered steep  
quebradas that led up on a long

ridge called Loma Playita del Mackis  
This in turn ran back to join the  
highest point of all on the Loma Fundeada.

On the way down we saw fifteen  
or twenty little Blue herons feeding in  
the surf like so many sandpeeps and  
I collected a bat <sup>at</sup> the edge  
of a grove of tall cipro trees.

After passing the first point we  
swung in across a small flat  
seeing nothing in the way of birds.  
It is curious that there are no  
birds in this beach area. We

turned then up the ridge and  
climbed alternately through palms  
forming an undergrowth beneath tall  
trees, sand green forest. It was very  
dry but Pedrogo caught one little  
red frog *Dendrobates*. Then saw  
few birds in the palm areas and  
not many elsewhere but by hunting  
we made an excellent collection  
including several not taken before.

Other places where the steep slopes were  
covered with leaves it was very slippery.  
Finally we reached a long narrow  
ridge following it to a place just  
below the highest point on Fundeada.  
Here we turned back to come out  
finally on Playita del Mackis again.

Here Armando climbed agilely up  
a coconut palm to get a supply of  
japas - drinking coconuts. There was  
plenty in fact all of us could drink, though  
I was very thirsty.

Then came the long walk back  
up the beach. This swarm with  
crabs of three or four species.  
Back at camp Sergeant McCarthy  
had excellent hamburgers and coffee  
to say nothing of canned blackberries,  
as regular "chow" hour was past.

It was after supper before we finished  
our birds.

We walked over then to give  
<sup>Armando</sup> ~~Hieronymo~~ his instructions for tomorrow.  
A new moon hung in the sky low  
down in the west and the air was  
50 ft and plus out.

There is considerable interchange  
with Colombia through here. Gilbert  
Muniz's launch left for Panama City  
today, a journey of 24 hours.

April 4, Thursday

Two young mechanics, Murphy and  
Newell, both excellent men have been  
with us since Monday installing a  
new motor in the broken down truck. This

Morning we rook out south of the air  
and then walked again down to Playa  
del Medio. There was a slight mist  
blowing in from the sea, in contrast to  
the clear sunlight of yesterday.

Tide was in and we had to take off  
our shoes to get around the first point.  
This time we went up the Quebrada  
Fundadero, going well back into the  
hills. This is a fair sized brook,  
even now in the dry season. We climbed  
up two small falls, each 40 feet high or  
so. The clear, sweet water runs  
down over a stony, sandy bed.

The mountain slopes here are  
covered with green gallery forest  
with only a small amount of palm.  
The higher slopes were quite dry.  
Curiously enough, birds were encountered  
in here at long intervals and then  
single or in pairs. By hard hunting  
we secured twenty between 7:00 a.m.  
and noon, four being species not seen  
previously.

After starting up the Quebrada  
we saw a Giebel's hawk and  
I tried to slip up on it for a shot.  
It flew farther up and in following  
it I soon found myself near  
the top of a ridge leading up

to the higher levels. The slope was  
gradual for over half a mile but  
I could find no birds so I finally  
went down a steep pitch into the  
stream bed and worked slowly down it  
to the sea.

The tide now was out and we  
picked up a number of dead shells of  
large sand dollars of two species. I  
collected others here on our first visit.  
They are most common on Playa  
del Medio and for about a mile and  
a half to the north.

The truck was waiting for us at  
12:30 a welcome sight and we were  
soon back at quarters. This auto haul  
is a life-saver on these long trips.

Rather hot and close this afternoon  
but our birds are drying well.

April 5, Friday.

We went out at the first light and  
shortly after six were bound up river in  
the canoes, with the canelates of  
~~Herrera~~ <sup>Gerónimo</sup> and Armando aided by  
the incoming tide. The river was  
practically full, the air was clear and  
fresher than parrots few birds were in  
evidence.

An occasional Mangrove warbler sang from the lower swamps. Spotted Sandpiper flew out ahead of us. But the usual green herons and many of the other water birds were absent. I suppose that they had gone back into the swamps and cut-offs away from the main stream.

The current had begun to abate as we came to ~~Hieronymo's~~ <sup>Hieronymo's</sup> finca at El Brazo so that we stopped here for our hunt. As we entered the woods I heard a strange note and followed finally to hear this fruit-crower

*Querula purpurata* come in overhead. I followed them and devoted myself to the tall trees in heavy forest. Perrygo went directly up the small stream bed and had most of the shooting. We finally came out with 26 birds of which Perrygo had taken 18.

While ~~Hieronymo's~~ <sup>Hieronymo's</sup> went across to get some bananas we sat on the porch of his little house and then ate a lunch as we came down the river with outgoing current.

This afternoon was busy and we worked until after dark. A call drew us to see two red eyes shining in a tree. I felt certain that it was

a large owl but it must have been a mammal as it fell out at every shot. ~~And~~ we found blood but no feathers. It was ~~slain before we were in bed.~~  
April 6, Saturday.

I awakened this morning at 5:30 to find the sky in the east obscured by mist. We were on our way up river with the tide before 6:30. To give some of the boys here an outing I have engaged another cayuco for today and tomorrow at a cost of \$4.00 for the two days. This morning two mechanics who have come down to fix the truck accompanied John Murphy and Newell.

Our regular cayuco was not available so ~~Hieronymo's~~ <sup>Hieronymo's</sup> had a chingo for us a long narrow dugout about 30 feet long. To my surprise it was quite stable - much more so than the ordinary canoe that we use at home. We went up about 4 miles, i.e. a mile above ~~Hieronymo's~~ <sup>Hieronymo's</sup> place at El Brazo, to an old channel called La Pulita and went back half a mile into this along a narrow channel. Here I shot a purple gallinule and also a jacana.  
We left the chingo and the cayuco at

a small house belonging to a young widow woman and walked westward through some very green fields into level heavy woods.

In half a mile or so we came to slightly higher ground in the form of knolls still covered with timber, and here I shot two fine quail, *O. monticola* *guianensis*. One I had to kill running a difficult shot. The other flew like a rocket up a slope where I picked it off on the wing at 60 yards.

Birds were common in here and we came out with 24 specimens.

~~Head~~ <sup>Gerónimo</sup> putted us some ripe bananas and we ate these and canned beans and a cheese sandwich as we came down river.

There was much migration in early morning. One flock of 75 Kinglets passed, looking like swallows in the air. We saw two fast moving flocks of Cliff Swallows and in the woods I shot an olive-backed thrush.

We came rather quietly down river with the ebbing tide and by two, after a cup of coffee and a cigarette were at work on our specimens. We finished up by nine this evening by working diligently, Perrygo doing the last two skins while I wrote my notes.

April 7, Sunday

Perrygo had a severe attack of indigestion last night from a can of beans and meat that he ate yesterday and was ill all night. Fortunately I escaped. I made him remain in today to keep him out of the sun but took Sergeant McCarthey and another chef with me in the extra caynes. ~~His~~ <sup>Gerónimo</sup> was late due to some Saturday night drinking but showed up finally a little before seven quite drunk. So finally we were off.

The day was beautiful with a clear sky except for scattered banks of cloud on the east that gave a beautiful sunrise; in fact the only striking one that we have had.

The current was favorable and we went quietly up river in spite of much loud talk on the part of the drunken one. It was after 10 before he was reasonably sober and I was quite irritated with him before the morning was over. I had expected to go higher but stopped at ~~His~~ <sup>Gerónimo's</sup> place at El Brazo in view of all of the difficulties outlined above and made the hunt there.

I followed up the quebrada keeping

track of my six companions as best I could. The first bird was a wood pewee sitting on a high perch in the open. A Kingbird six feet away did not move.

Then I came across a swarming band of ants with the characteristic birds in attendance. *Myiophylax* chattered, dark woodpeckers climbed a few feet from the ground, and I took one *Antonolus* and a *Gymnophytus bicolor*. The bar-footed birds chattered and laughed but dashed in <sup>among the ants</sup> to get the birds that shot, coming out to rub their smart feet with many exclamations of pain. The sun was obscured for a time and birds were quiet. When the sun appeared and small birds were active again.

We left at eleven and were back in camp shortly after twelve. I had 16 birds and found that Perrygo had taken three. We prepared the specimens this afternoon.

There is definite movement among birds here though it is hard to say how far they go. For instance we find few mourning-birds here now though up to four or five layrags they came regularly. Songbirds were common when we arrived in March but now we see comparatively few.

April 8, Monday

This was another beautifully clear day with sun tempered by breeze and clouds building up over the distant mountains in afternoon. The air was dry until sunset and then suddenly it was damp again.

I was up at five thirty and at six thirty walked out to the pier to the Caynes, a lighter better balanced one than I have had before. As this we travelled rapidly up the river to land finally opposite the mouth of the channel La Tulita. I estimate this at from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 miles from the mouth of the river at the village.

I had intended to climb a series of low hills that came out to the river bank here. Beyond these the stream turns to the ~~west~~ valley that leads back to the distant mountains on the Colombian frontier and the extreme eastern part of Darden. There was a broad flat here that had been cleared many years before except for a few tall trees, but that now was grown with *gerava* and other brush with little trails leading every where through it. Here small birds

were abundant and I ended by getting all we needed here including several not taken before.

Overnight most of the Spotted Sandpipers have disappeared. I saw barely a dozen in the round trip, whereas yesterday there were a hundred or so in this same area. Bay-breasted warblers were everywhere, Kingbirds flew about in flocks and the brush was full of olive-backed thrushes. They were calling as they do in night flight and occasionally one sang.

After getting my traps I walked up toward a small house. The soil was loose and sandy with pigs and dogs in abundance. Apparently the mice swarmed also as Armando began exclaiming about them at me and stopped constantly to pick them off.

I came back quickly with the current and reached the post a few minutes after 12. Perrygo had been out around the post and a small boy sent me two birds from up river. In addition I found a manakin killed yesterday in one of the game bags still in perfect condition. In all we put up 31 skins by 7:30 at night, adding 6 fowls to our list that

had not been taken previously. Near the end of the return trip a great blue heron flew out ahead and I knocked it down at 70 yards, a feat that was followed by a chorus of yells and appropriate exclamations from the two or three caycos in sight on the river.

The water in the river is strictly tidal and is strongly saline as far up as we have gone thus far.

April 9, Tuesday.

In early morning the sky was perfectly clear and the mountains stood out all day with banks of high cloud above them following sunrise. I was on the river bank at 6:15 when Gerónimo and Armando came with the caycos. The incoming tide current was strong and in an hour we were at El Brago. Apparently the amount of salt water that comes in depends on the strength of the wind and waves at the mouth of the river. Yesterday the water was very rough out the entrance and I found the river water up to El Brago cold and strongly salt. Today the sea was calm and the water in the river was fresh.

The sun was hot today but not unpleasant as it was tempered by a breeze. I landed at the same spot as yesterday and walked out slowly through the thickets. The first birds taken here were a pair of the small myiarchus for which I have been searching.

After working out through this flat we turned in along the base of the line of low hills that mark the boundary of the area that I have worked thus far and skirted the base for <sup>some</sup> half a mile through tall forest. A large tinamou flew up through low tree tops and I knocked it down but lost it.

The forest birds seen were the common ones so that finally I did not care to collect more here since I was shooting only things of which ~~we did~~ <sup>not have</sup> sufficient series.

We found when someone had cut down a large espave tree, had chopped out a section and had begun a medium-sized cayuco. The log had been flattened on top. The center of the cayuco hollowed out and then the sides had been outlined and cut out for  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the their depth the rest of the log remaining as yet

unworked. It was as if the lower half of the canoe was still embedded in the log. This was over a quarter of a mile from the river.

I returned then to the river and came presently to the casita of the Sandoval family. This was the usual square hut, elevated six feet from the ground and wholly open underneath. The floor was of a hard thin tree shell, something in the order of cecropia and the walls of cane lashed to a pole frame. This particular one had the floor platform about 24 or 25 feet square, with a wall across the back, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of inside as a sort of wind break. The thatch roof descended in wide eaves to aid in shielding the interior. The señora was the mother of the corregidor of Jaqué, Armelfo Sandoval and a striking looking old woman, strongly Indian with an intelligent face lined by her age, but with clear, dark eyes, and long, jet black hair with a slight wave in it. Obviously she had been a handsome young woman. She is the aunt of Armelfo Sandoval.



who was with me and I was interested to see him take her hand ~~like~~ a firm clasp and then raise the back of it respectfully to her lips. This morning I had encountered Cateban's new son and a cousin in one cayuco, and Saturnino, Armando's cousin and another boy in a second boat coming up river from a fishing trip. They had set a barrier of white cane poles lashed together by flexible vines ~~to~~ across the mouth of a small estero when the tide was in and so had trapped nearly a bushel of small fish. At the house the young women were cleaning them and getting them ready to dry by slitting the scales and placing them in a cayuco elevated on poles to keep the dogs out of it. The sun shone hot in those and there was no breeze so that they were almost cooked.

The ladder leading up to the house platforms is interesting. A series of notches 5 to 6 inches deep and ten or twelve inches apart are cut in the side of a section of flattened tree trunk ~~long~~ when from

ten to twelve inches through. This rests at a steep angle like a ladder. People and dogs rise it easily, the dogs going down head first. At night or at other times a section of curved wood is laid over it to keep out the pigs and dogs. And when the owners are away it is laid on the ground.

We came down the river with the current in an hour and a quarter delay while I shot a immature black hawk which on the wing I thought was something else, and also an anhinga, the first one we have seen. At one place ~~Hesperomys~~ <sup>geronimus</sup> sharp eyes saw a stem of riped bananas fallen on the bank and we picked them up also. At the wharf I found John Baise one of the labor force men waiting for me with the truck.

The evening light on the mountains an hour before sunset was so clear that we rode out to get some pictures. The moon is now half full or more and I wrote my notes after dark to a steady chorus of parrot calls. When

The sky is dark they call mainly at dusk and daybreak, but on moonlight nights at this season their calls come steadily.

The little quebrada that I entered today along the edge of the *bona* is called Quebrada del Tigre as not so long ago some one going in there to get water to drink found a jaguar. This is immediately above ~~the~~ <sup>Gerónimo's</sup> place. The flat grows with *glavas* and other brush between ~~the~~ <sup>Gerónimo's</sup> place and the *bona* is known as Guayabal. The whole area is in the river bend section called El Brazo.

April 10, ~~Wed~~ <sup>Monday</sup>.

Clear during the forenoon with the sky hazy in the afternoon. The distant mountains have been clear for several days. Am listening to the gossip between the *cañeros* that pass on the river & gather that a number of families began planting their rice immediately after the rain of several days ago but now they believe they have started too early. This is dry land rice and needs daily rain when it begins to grow.

The night was cool and pleasant.

We were up at 5<sup>30</sup> and an hour later had crossed to the river and were on the way to Laguna Playa Nueva. The river level was low and the current was moving upstream thus favoring us. We hunted along some side channels for half an hour or more and went into the entrance of Playa Nueva as soon as the ~~current~~ <sup>water</sup> permitted. The lower part is dry when the tide is out.

We had excellent collecting in some high forest that floods in the rainy season so that there was no undergrowth. This was adjacent to the mangrove swamps. As we came in I killed a small *Chaetura* from a little flock circling over a stretch of open water. Then we turned off into a narrow channel where presently I saw a *Myiodynastes* and shot it. We landed and immediately took a pair of *Copurns*. and then I saw a bird with much white in a tangle of *crupus* in a tree top that when I had it in hand I did not recognize

for a minute until I saw that  
it was a white-breasted Helodytes  
a species that I had not expected in  
this particular place.

Other birds followed and at dawn we  
started back with 20 specimens. On  
the return we followed another channel  
that brought us out not far from  
our landing at the pier. In one place  
the channel was blocked by a fallen  
mangrove trunk resting 8 inches  
above the water. We stepped out and  
the men lifted the caynes to  
slide it over when we stepped  
again.

The grass and herbage here in  
the pen is dry and brown at  
this, the end of the rainy season,  
and leaves fall steadily from many  
trees. Some are completely leafless.  
This is typical arid low tropical  
zone.

"Chino's" address at Jaqué is  
as follows  
Gilberto Mong  
Calle 9  
Casa 10 alto  
Panamá  
Panamá.

He is the principal business man in  
Jaqué being now about 28 years old,  
born of a Chinese father and a Panamanian  
mother. His tienda labelled "Chino's Bar"  
has a division of framework through  
the center with liquor, beer and soft  
drinks on one side (the beer kept cold in  
a Servel refrigerator). And a variety  
of goods on the other. He has been  
very friendly to me and I am sure will  
be of assistance if needed in any further  
work in this area.

According to talk with Gilbert's  
this afternoon the Rio Jaqué higher  
up divides into two main branches.  
The Rio Pararandó swings to the  
north along the base of the Serranía  
and has only a few Indian families  
on it. The Rio Jaqué proper goes  
back into the mountains toward the  
Colombian frontier. Friendly Chichans  
live along the higher course. The first  
families are where the river is fairly  
large. To reach the higher camps  
it is necessary to use the long, narrow  
shallow draft caynes called chingos.  
It should be possible to get houses  
to live in here. The Chichans have

trails through the forest for hunting.

According to Gilbert the dry season opens in January and extends well through April. January and most of February however have high winds that interfere with hunting. March and April are the two best months.

The story that Chin gave me a few days ago as to the requirement for a letter from Chepo to the Indian Cacique is without basis. The only requirement is for a permit from the Panamanian government to carry firearms in the country. The Indians in this area are organized, on a family basis, the head of the family being called the Cacique. There is no head Cacique.

April 11. Thursday

The change in tide hampered our operations today. At 6:30 we found the water coming in but still very low. We went first into a narrow channel among the mangroves, the mouth of the Rio Charo. The sun was over the tops of the trees but below it was still dark and cool. Parrots called and shrieked in the mangroves and at intervals pairs flew up to start

across the sky on the morning journey to some feeding <sup>ground</sup>. An occasional Kingfisher or spotted sand piper flew ahead of us - and that was all. Presumably the channel became practically dry due to low tide. The river itself a little higher near Loma Dolors is fresh and runs a long way back into the country. However we could not hunt there under present conditions so came out and proceeded to the Laguna Playa Nueva. Part way in we were blocked here temporarily by the low water so landed. I collected two hummingbirds among the Tilia while Perrygo went farther in and secured two fire parrots that we have not had before - Eucinetus.

Presumably the water permitted us to continue and we went on further to land at a trail and walk back into an area of guavas and other low growth - a guajabal - Beyond here there was a new clearing being made - a woman helping her husband. It was late by now and we returned.

In evening at dusk Perrygo and I secured the loan of the truck, the

only one on the field - happily running  
and went down into the broad towards  
the water intake. We drove to the end  
of the road, when it was nearly dark  
so we turned on our flash lights  
and started night hunting. Partridges  
were scattered along and an occasional  
quail indicated some small animal.

We went slowly up to the end of  
the trail at the water intake, and  
there sat for a time. There were a  
few fireflies <sup>with eyes gleaming in the light</sup> and occasional <sup>specimens</sup>  
in here but that was all. It was  
hot and still in the woods. An owl  
apparently a small one called on the  
hill above and that was all.

We returned to the air field and  
drove down. One golden plover flushed  
but the interesting thing was to see  
scores of spotted sandpipers that had  
dropped in on the dark tar-gravel surface  
in the moonlight and were resting there.

We saw a number of partridges  
and an equal number of night hawks.  
Along the road a little rabbit hopped  
out and I shot it. They are known here  
as *muleti*, the name *congo* being  
applied to the parca.

It was nearly 11<sup>30</sup> before we were  
in bed.

April 12, Friday.

This morning "Slim" - Clinton Vaughan<sup>+</sup>  
drove us down to the end of the road  
toward Loma Gonzalez. It was hot  
again and mist clouded over and  
threatened rain. We went through  
the entire area, Perrygo going up  
the left hand stream to the top of the  
hill while I worked through the  
country below. We found nothing new  
and feel that have covered this  
area fairly well. We did however  
secure additional specimens of a  
~~several~~ species of which we had only  
one *s. f. f. f.* Also I saw a *plumbeus*  
kite, a new arrival and heard one  
yellow-green vireo a new arrival.

We were through by 5<sup>15</sup> but I had  
one complication in that movie reels  
arrived on the plane today so that there  
were movies tonight. We started at  
dark with only the gun in camp, but  
villagers straggled until the little  
theater was full. It was hot in there  
and I was relieved to get outside.

April 13, Saturday.

The Friday evening show seemed to have been too much for <sup>Gerionimo</sup> ~~Gerionimo~~ as he showed up this morning still pretty drunk. If we were to be here long I would do something about it but as we are practically through it is best to ignore it.

Sick was against us this morning so we only went a short distance landing on the west or south side of the river opposite the mouth of Laguna Playa Nueva. This was just at the upstream side of the mangrove swamp. The woods were wet here in places, dry in others.

Almost immediately we shot two *Colinus pinnatus* near our collection and continued with additions to our series where needed. Birds were common but of many we had enough.

We came out about 10:30 as by that time everything was quiet. I was interested to find another small group of *Erinethis* in here, handsome little parrots in the hand but appearing plain in the trees.

Clouds came in low over the hills but the port was clear. We had our specimens drying all afternoon.

April 14, Sunday.

This morning we walked over to the village and crossed in a cayuco to the trail leading to the radio and radar establishment at La Playita on Bahía de Piñas. The tide was nearly out, exposing broad areas of gravel bar and we had some difficulty in getting the cayuco in far enough so that we <sup>could</sup> cross the mud to firm ground.

A small stream came in here and we hunted along it for a time, finding some excellent hummers and a small tanager that we needed.

The trail led over a wooded hill and down the other side to the station located on a bench about 100 feet above Bahía de Piñas. The buildings ~~were~~ had cement foundations and pillars and were of definitely permanent construction. I went on down to the shore of the bay where I had a distinct view of Santa Dorotea de Piñas, a

settlement somewhat smaller than Jaqui. A small stream comes in at the village.

Heskett who has visited us at the airfield asked us for dinner and we had a really excellent meal.

At one a shower came followed by a heavier rain, fifteen minutes later that lasted half an hour.

We left there about two and came up over the hill through the wet woods. Rain had extended over the ridge but not to its base on the Jaqui River side and we found Jaqui and the airport dry.

Rain, light but continuing for nearly an hour fell at the Post for an hour beginning at dusk.

Movies in the evening with most of the village in attendance.

April 15, Monday

The morning was overcast, with sun in the afternoon. We devoted the day to cleaning up our outfit, drying specimens and packing.

Last night we made a tour of the airfield seeing a migration of Spotted Sandpipers and numerous nighthawks.

Supplies, Jaqui, Darién

1946

not used  
350

Aux shells

1000

16 gauge ammunition

# 12 shot

100

4

# 10 shot

100

22

# 8 shot

100

25

# 6 shot

100

25

Cotton

8 rolls

0

Cornmeal

6 lbs.

2 lbs

Sawdust

6 lbs

2 lbs.

Collected 639 birds

3 mammals.

642

For packing 10 pasteboard boxes in 2 cases.

1 2oz bottle of insect repellent (army issue) was sufficient for 2 men for 2 weeks.

2 dozen rolls #120 Plus X film (11 pictures to roll)

1 " rolls " Ansco color film ( " )

Supplies for each trip into any interior locality should include 1 or more stuffing boxes knocked down 30 X 12 X 16 inches for large birds.

A cougar cat hunting at the end  
of the field most distant from the town  
unfortunately eluded me. It appeared  
to be hunting the spotted sandpapers that  
were dropping in.

In the late afternoon I walked  
over town for a farewell call on  
Arnulfo Londono, the Corregidor,  
and on Sargento de la

Playa (Policia). I had a long talk  
with Londono regarding work in the  
interior who verified what Gilberto  
Mong has told me regarding the  
Andinos. I asked specifically if  
any papers would be required should  
I return to work in the interior  
and he assured that they would  
not be necessary.

Gilberto Mong had gone to Quayabo  
and will not return until tomorrow  
night. I left my regards for him with  
his brave wife who was tending the  
store in his absence. As we talked she  
was counting out 5 cigarettes which  
she sold to a customer for five cents.  
As I returned two women came



out to ask me to look at an injured girl. I went into the house to find a 16 year old girl seated on the floor leaning against the wall with a burn from scalding water that covered ~~more~~ than  $\frac{1}{2}$  the side of the calf of the right leg. I returned after supper and covered this with a 5% sulfatiazole ointment, gave her some aspirin and left a small bottle of boric acid ointment with instructions to put it on in 24 hours after the other had somewhat dried.

About 8:00 Perrygo and I walked over to call on <sup>Germano Sicida</sup> ~~Francisco~~ and his family. They were just finishing supper. I gave him 12.50 to pay for a new caynes that he had found as a parting present. While he ~~was~~ on the pay roll at the airfield he works there on a 5 day work basis. In this instance he has had the afternoons free and in return has worked for me Saturday and Sunday mornings. Perrygo and I gave him our initials W.P. and A.W. to cut in the gunwale:

We added the last bird to our collection this evening - after our packing was complete. While I was at the village in the evening a pigeon hawk alighted in a tall tree at camp where Tom Watson - Pop to the rest of the men as he ~~was~~ 34 while they are 20 - shot it through the neck at 90 yards with a carbine. Perrygo skinned it and made it up flat.

April 16, Tuesday.

Habit is such that we awakened at dawn as usual and after a walk out toward the airfield came in for breakfast. Following that we cleared up remaining details in leisurely fashion and by ten o'clock had everything in readiness. The plane a C-47 <sup>arrived there and</sup> <sup>Capt. M. E. Hearn, pilot.</sup> presently our outfit was loaded, two Davien dudraus had come over with their wives and a younger girl, as well as three or four children. One of the men-Italians I have seen at Gilbert's mango place. They were grouped apart under the shade of the wing of the plane - little people, forest people looking with indignant interest at the details of everything they saw. Presently a C-45 came in and

little naked 6 year old boy called "to his father - "It is bringing a man." We thought that is the ducks and all laughed; as the remark was in Spanish the americans nearly did not understand. I was pleased then to have dtalians come over and ask me to take a picture of two little girls wearing dresses. Their mothers brought them out, but they were afraid and cried, so that we laughed at them and gave it up. I did however get pictures of the older ones.

The women ordinarily go with the breasts unbound but here they wore scarves that covered the body from the shoulders down.

I had some talk with dtalians about the river country and found that it pleased him when I said that I might come back in there another year.

We left at 11<sup>00</sup> circling over the hill so that I had a fine view of Pinaas Bay. We crossed then to Isla El Rey in the Perlas archipelago launching about 11<sup>30</sup> at the airstrip which is on the southern end of the island in the narrow part with the little village of Mafofa not far

away. Aviators talk about this airfield as it is short with a cliff at either end and further is high in the middle and low at either end. Our Captain however set us down skilfully and we taxied back to the hangar.

There were series of low buildings here set among coconut palms. Back of them were cliffs 60 feet high dropping down to the sea. We had a sandwich here - bacon and egg well cooked by the Lieutenant in charge, and I had time to walk about a bit before we left.

The jungle here was all low scrub, very dry at this season. There was no high forest visible.

Hundreds of cormorants flew past in flocks, dozens of brown pelicans sailed along the shore, and in the distance a group of 50 or 60 frigate birds were soaring.

I observed the grackle *Cassidix* several of them, and one *Elainea Chingensis Chingensis*.

On the take-off the Captain let me stand in the doorway of the pilots cabin when I could see full front! As the plane roared out over the water the birds, especially the pelicans sick-clipped

swiftly down to get below it and  
away from the propeller wash. Some  
were caught and whirled nearly  
into the water. It was obvious that  
they were reacting from experience  
and that they were trying to get away.  
The Captain then let me take  
place as the co-pilot was flying  
and I rode thus until we were  
past Saboga and Taboguilla islands  
and nearly in to Balboa.

We flew low along the western  
shore of Rey Island with hundreds  
of pelicans and cormorants below.  
Little blue herons flew out and  
saw an American egret.

Occasional clearings were scattered  
along the shore each with a little  
cut in it. The scrub appeared  
low.

at the north end pelicans were  
resting on a small island.

I had a fine view of San José  
picking out Playa Grande and  
other landmarks, and also of  
Pedro González. After coming to

the north end of Rey and adjacent  
islands we crossed to Pedro González  
flew along the east side and  
then turned in to cross directly over  
the village of Coral barely clearing  
the ridge above it. This eastern  
section of the island had been largely  
cleared and now at the end of  
the dry season. My hunting here two  
years ago had covered the most  
favorable section. I was told there was  
a lagoon on the western side  
and saw it from the air, a  
small, irregular body of greenish  
water shut off from the sea by  
a strip of sand and bordered  
by mangroves. Little blue herons  
and cormorants flew over it.  
We turned then up the west side  
when finally I looked again at  
Trafulle and Señora islands and  
then stood off for Albrook Field  
flying about 300 feet above the  
water. I saw no birds here at

except for an occasional pelican - in contrast to March 1944 when there had been many gulls and pelicans.

Between Rey and Pedro González I saw one Sula leucogaster elisae

We landed at Albrook Field at the P. A. D. hangar. Major Richard P. Gray Jr was in charge of all transport here and agreed to hold our equipment until we needed. Col. Keith sent a car for us and we crossed the field to go to the officers club where we were soon in a comfortable room. We went to the barber shop and then walked down to call on Colonel Troy Keith, Commanding Officer to thank him for his courtesies. He told me that General Harmon was in Washington.

He sent us in to Balboa to pick up mail and we came back then to the officers club.

It seemed strange to see the swarms of people and the strings of autos. Also it is decidedly cooler than at Tegué.

Steak for dinner, preceded by

a rum high ball, some telephone calls, my notes and I was ready for bed.

My air view of Isla El Rey indicates that it may be a drier island than San José. As for Pedro González clearing for cultivation has proceeded rapidly in the last two years. Apparently the main forest remaining is in the northern end especially along the cliffs of the northwest coast.

April 17 Wednesday.

We called on Col. Troy Keith this morning, Commanding Officer, and on Major Crane who is his assistant while Lieut. Col. Morgan is in the States. Following this we went over to Panama City on some errands. Sidewalks crowded with people, streets lined with automobiles, all this seem strange.

James Zittel took lunch with us

at the Tivoli and afterward brought us back to the Officers Club at Albrook Field.

I had made some tentative arrangements for transportation for our equipment by air to go with us but a Scout Watts in Transportation telephoned this afternoon to say that the rate would be \$75 per pound which is too high. I then called W. E. Adams of the United Fruit Co. at Cristobal who said that they would have a freighter within a week for New York.

In the evening we dined with with Zettl and his son-in-law and daughter Mr. + Mrs. Frank Rohde of Guayaquil and their little daughter Elida. At 8:00 we went on to a meeting of the Panama Canal Natural History Society of which I am an honorary member where I spoke to a very pleasant audience on my trips of 1941 in the Guajira Peninsula.  
It is definitely cooler here than in Jaque.

April 18, Thursday.

This morning at dawn there was a fine chorus of the native robin that was like that of our northern bird at this same season. There were six or eight at least within hearing of my bed. The song ceased immediately when it was fully light.

During the day when the sun is shining and it is hot Elainea flavogaster pallidigularis sings and calls constantly being highly noisy. I hear them along the shaded streets in Balboa as well as here at Albrook.

The banded ant-shrike Thamnocephalus is not so noisy now as when we were here at the beginning of March but is still evident. I saw one yesterday in a little open hedge bordering a yard in Balboa.

The Tafura that we heard in March still sings back of the Officers Club but is not so noisy, and

the hours when it is conspicuous.

It would be interesting to study these changes in habit in detail. They are similar to the adaptation of our wood thrush to suburban life.

At eight thirty we went down to the air terminal to check on transportation. Then I arranged to bring ship 3 cases of specimens with us by air.

I went over then to James Zetek's place, 0902 Amador Road and with him called on Capt. Gorin at the United Fruit Co. office in Panama. Here I arranged to ship three cases of field equipment, and a few miscellaneous specimens packed with them by ocean freight on the S.S. Borda Blue to sail for New York on May 5.

We called on Mr. Pitto, at the American Embassy to check up on passports. I learned that he had been definitely instrumental in clearing our passage home by military aircraft.

19

WE returned then to the air terminal where I arranged with Major Gray to send the three pieces to go by ocean freight to Zetek's house to be held until the steamer was loading.

WE had planned to drive out into Boacaina toward Parara this afternoon but a heavy rain came so we cancelled the trip.

19

On the evening we dined with James Zetek to celebrate the 18<sup>th</sup> Wedding anniversary of his daughter Ella, who made for the occasion the Peruvian dish seviche. Meat of corbina cut in small flakes is mixed with a little onion and various bits of aji chumbo very pungent - and the whole covered with lime juice, allowed to stand for 10 or 12 hours - in the ice box. Excellent food. Mr. & Mrs. Zetek were also guests. He is a former assistant of Zetek and now a lawyer.

April 19, Friday  
I heard the small tinamou calling in the field below our window several times during the night.

and before dawn the goatsucker  
heard here in March was calling  
chuck-whip-whip-whaa-u. This  
must be *Caprimulgus rufus*.

A robin sang and an Elaenia  
called at 5 minutes of five and  
now at 10 minutes of six as I  
write these notes, with light out  
the robin chorus is in full swing.  
It would do full credit to our  
birds at home. As would the  
burst of song that comes just now  
from the little house down on  
the roof above the balcony.

Col. Keith sent his car for us at 6:20  
and at 7:20 we were loaded and off in  
a C 46, a twin-engine plane somewhat  
larger than a C 47. As we crossed the  
airfield I saw three barn swallows  
circling about my last actual view  
of birds in Panama.

We took off toward the west  
made a long circle and came in  
to the east and then north over  
the western edge of Darien. While  
adjacent to Panama City the country  
was well settled beyond this was

194  
which centered on the highway to  
Chepo the land was forested the trees  
becoming denser and taller at the  
center of the distances and continuing  
thence to Punta Marganillo where we  
left the coast.

At first we traveled above cloud  
banks at 9000 feet then the clouds  
thinned and the sea was visible  
below. Presently Major Sidney F. Cleveland,  
in command who I had met at Jaqué  
came back and told me to go up forward  
where I had the pleasure of sitting in one  
of the julets seats for nearly an hour with  
a wonderful view of the cloud-filled  
sky and the sea far below.

Presently I saw some reefs ahead  
and from the chart ascertained that  
this was Serranilla Banks. Our course  
carried just to the east and I had a  
fine view in spite of the distance.

Beacon Key, the most southern one  
had a triangular section of solid ground  
that appeared sandy and was perhaps  
an eighth of a mile long. Middle Key  
and East Key were edges and narrow.  
They appeared to offer possibility in  
harboring sea bird colonies but probably

nothing more. The land from this elevation seemed practically awash but I am certain that it was well above the highest tides. It ~~certainly~~ surely would be swept by hurricanes.

at 11<sup>15</sup> Cayman Brac and Little Cayman were in sight. We passed directly over the former. Settlement seemed to be principally along the northern shore where a road paralleled the coast for most of the length of the island. The eastern end was slightly elevated with an escarpment, not high but distinct running east around, forming the shore at the end and then receding inland a little toward the central section.

Then came Cuba, and presently Miami. At 2<sup>00</sup> p.m. we were down at Morrison Field at West Palm Beach, Florida. We were assigned billets in Barracks T-46. We were driven in a truck arranged for passengers with a young lady for chauffeur first to an office where we each received two shirts and a pillow-case - deposit \$3<sup>50</sup> each.

And then to the long wooden building where we found our beds.

We went back to the customs office where we were courteously received and arranged to ship three boxes of specimens, that we had brought with us, in bond to Washington.

Called then on Capt. Campbell, Liaison Officer, who told us that he believed that there would be passage north for us tomorrow but would inform us in the morning. At the airfield the English Sparrows looked very large to us. Mockers sang at the barracks and boat-tailed grackles flew about.

At 5:30 we took the bus to West Palm Beach and went to a sea food restaurant for a gorge as we had had nothing to eat since 6 a.m.

Rain in the afternoon but clear and cool in the evening.

Our barracks is spacious, having about 30 single beds spaced three feet apart. The dogmen here have come from the States, China, India, and are now bound for civilian service in Panama.



April 20, Saturday

At 7<sup>30</sup> this morning we went to Capt. Campbell's office and presently were taken to the Capt. in charge of QTC transportation north. A C-54 was due to leave at 9<sup>00</sup> but we could not go on it because we did not have definite military orders. I made inquiry there regarding trains and was taken to another office where I received highly efficient service and a reservation for a section on the Florida East Coast Ry. at 9<sup>00</sup> tonight.

Our baggage was in Capt. Campbell's car and he was taking Col. Macarty to the express office at the Florida East Coast station. We went along to pick up the transportation and get the baggage so that we would be free for the day. At the station I heard the wail of people buying tickets and when it came my turn asked about earlier trains to learn that there was one in ten minutes and that

could transfer my reservation to it so that at 9<sup>40</sup> a.m. we were in the Pullman and on our way north.

Both of us were better pleased to ~~go~~ by train as the weather promised to rough and we were tired of the roar of airplane motors after the trip of yesterday.

It rained in early morning and there were occasional showers later. The country seemed beautifully green and we enjoyed the scenery.

April 21, Sunday.

I awakened before six to look out at half open blinds on the trees and dogwood in blossom.

We reached Washington via the R. F. & P. Ry and I went at once to the Museum.

Addresses.

Sgt. Emmett W. McCarthey 16196739  
OAF auxiliary airfield Jaguè  
APO 825-A, % Postmaster New Orleans.

Mrs. Katherine McCarthey  
5115 South Vada St.,  
Chicago 9, Ill.

Miss Pat Conover  
143rd + Beacon ave (Bill McCarthey's  
Box 155. Orland Park, Ill. girl)

Leonard Heskett (at La Playa)   
26 Maine St.,  
Brunswick  
Maine.

Jerónimo Sicaida  
Armando (Armandito) Londoño.  
our assistants  
Jaguè, Darién

● Mr. John G. Baise  
Route 2, Zenia, Ohio (photo)  
(father of John R. Baise, Jaguè)

Gilberto Mong,  
Calle 9 Casa  
Casa D. Alto  
Panamá

Capt. M. M. Archer,  
20<sup>th</sup> T.C. Squadron  
APO 825, % Postmaster New Orleans  
(flew us from Jaguè Apr. 16, on our return to  
Albrook Field)

March 20, Thursday, 1947.

Accompanied by Watson M.

Perrygo & I left Washington at 6<sup>00</sup> p.m. on the Seaboard Airline. Weather cool and spring a little late as buds are just starting on the elms.

Friday, March 21.

We awakened this morning south of Savannah, Georgia and were at breakfast shortly after sun. Clear all day. Frost in early morning and air fairly cool south to Lake Wales.

A short distance south of that point Perrygo saw a sandhill crane at a pool near the track at about the same point that I observed a pair in February, 1944. In the region north of Lake Okechobee were many egrets, wading and snowy herons. One Caracara near Fort of Passengers.

We arrived at Miami at 5<sup>10</sup> p.m. and went immediately to Pan-American Airways to check our passage. Following this we walked over to the Columbus Hotel where a room was reserved for us for a bath and general clean-up.

We read and rested after dinner and a quarter of eleven when we returned to the Pan-American office for the bus and the long ride out to the airfield.

Saturday, March 22

Our four-motor plane left at 1:20 a.m. and we were off on the long, dark ride southward. It was rough over Cuba as usual, smooth riding for the rest of the distance. About 5:00 I was awakened by the lights coming on and the stewardesses asking if we did not want to eat breakfast. I went back to sleep for a few minutes myself, and then suddenly we were over land, coming straight down toward the Pacific side of Panama. At first the tree tops were a distant blue below with occasional taller tops standing out in relief.

As we passed the center there was a definite difference in the appearance with huge cyprip trees standing out above the other trees, in places in

great abundance. At our lower elevation I could make out an occasional espave in blossom and then finally a fine show of scattered Tabebuilla. We swung in a circle over the ocean and then came in to an easy landing at Albrook Field, Canal zone.

As we came up to enter Customs James Zetek waved to us and tossed me a telegram from the office. We went on into a waiting room where presently our names were called and we were taken through immigration without delay. Outside our bags were brought over to us and Zetek took us to the Tivoli Hotel. When we had breakfast, cleaned up and then went over to Zetek's house.

At 9:30 he drove us over to call Major General H. B. Harmon in command of the Army Air Force. Captain Orsill

met as we came in and took us  
Col. McCoy and then to Col.  
P. B. Griffith who is General Harmon's  
Aide. Col. Griffith took down to the  
General office where we found Major  
Crane who assisted us last year.

It was arranged without delay that  
our outfit would start from Zetel's  
place Monday morning at nine when  
we were to meet Major Crane. Also  
that we would buy our supplies  
at the Commissary that evening.

And that a plane would take us  
to Jaque' at 8<sup>00</sup> a.m. Tuesday  
morning.

We went then to Quarry Camp  
where I met Brigadier General  
L. Mathewson, who presently took  
us in to Lieut. Gen. W. D. Crittenberger  
Commanding General, Caribbean Defense  
Command, to whom I paid my  
respects, and described my plans.  
He was cordial and presently we  
were on our way again.



MINISTERIO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES

RICARDO J. ALFARO  
MINISTRO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES

CERTIFICA:

Que los señores Alexander Wetmore y W.M. Perrygo están autorizados para efectuar ciertas investigaciones biológicas relacionadas con los pájaros en la región del Darién.

En fe de lo cual se expide este certificado en la ciudad de Panamá el día veintisiete (27) de Febrero de mil novecientos cuarenta y siete (1947).

We drove then to the American Embassy where I saw Wilfrid P. Allard, vice-counsel who handles cultural relations matters. The Embassy had informed the Panamanian Government of my coming in accordance with a memorandum sent from the State Department. And Mr. Allard gave me certificate signed by Ricardo J. Alfaro, Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores, stating that our mission was recognized by the Government.

We then met General Hines, American Ambassador with whom we had a pleasant interview.

We returned by taxi to the Tirol happy over our accomplishment of the morning.

As we sat at lunch Col. W. H. Komp came in and greeted us, and later took us over to Zetzel's house at 0902 Avenida Piedad where we

sized up the field outfit, secured some alcohol for the tank for alcoholic specimens and made other arrangements.

Col. Komp took them down into Panama City where we shopped for gifts for the Indians. Three dozen fish hooks came in assorted sizes. When I bought half a dozen bright red lip sticks and the same number of dry rouge I explained that these were gifts for the Indian women. So pleasantly the good-looking sales girl said questioningly "so you are going to have six Indian girls" to which I replied, "But you see there are two of us" to which she nodded with perhaps more comprehension than was warranted. I bought bright colored yard goods, some I hoped was fast in color and a plastic compact. Completed the purchases for the moment and we returned to the hotel.



TEMPORARY VISITOR PASS

R/fvl

Albrook Field, C.Z.

Relief \_\_\_\_\_  
Guard on Duty \_\_\_\_\_

Date 24 March 1947  
Time in \_\_\_\_\_ out \_\_\_\_\_

Name Doctor A. Wetmore  
First Middle Last

Has permission to enter and remain on Albrook Field for the purpose  
of ~~visiting~~ OFFICIAL BUSINESS

whose office or residence is in Building HEADQUARTERS, USAAB, Albrook Field  
for a period of three days 24 March 47 to 27 March 47

Upon issuance of this pass, I agree to observe all rules and regula-  
tions pertaining to this Base and also agree to return this pass to the  
guard that issued it.

Signed: \_\_\_\_\_  
Name A. Wetmore  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

PERSON TO WHOM VISIT WAS MADE:

Signed: Lewis O. Ola  
Name: LEWIS O. OLA  
Address: Major, Air Corps  
Time Departed: March 24 (AM) (PM)

Alb M.P.  
Form # 9

Time Departed \_\_\_\_\_

It is not as usual, and dry. & ful this evening as though I had been here a week.

Col & Mrs. Krump and Zetzk dined with us this evening. We were in bed shortly after nine.

March 23, Sunday.

I even this morning found us refreshed after ten hours sleep, but I lay quietly for a few minutes listening to the excited calls of Elaine

flavogaster, the gray robin, the Centurus and other birds outside.

We breakfasted quietly and then wrote for a time.

We walked out for a mile or so near the hotel finding the ground very dry. A good breeze tempered the pleasant heat.

At 12<sup>30</sup> Mrs. Harman called for and we stopped by Headquarters at Culbrook Field to pick up the General, then to their home for a pleasant luncheon. Following this the General drove us to a hill top overlooking the airfield. Here I had

another view of the dry and dead  
woods. Bca common species of  
birds abound in these jungle districts.  
We could see Ancón Hill and  
Sosa Hill, the latter the smaller,  
which block the airfield on the  
Pacific side.

At a quarter of four we returned  
to the hotel and then took a  
taxi to Zetek's house where we  
spent the rest of the afternoon  
discussing Babro Colorado's island  
affairs.

We dined with Col. and Mrs.  
Kemp, with Zetek present and  
Dr. Alexander Fairchild + wife in  
later, a very pleasant evening.

March 24, Monday

warm today with a breeze that  
was hot. The vegetation appears  
very dry.

At nine we met Major Crane at  
Zetek's house where a truck came and  
took our equipment to Hangar 2 at the  
airfield at Albrook.

Following that we went to the

Commissaries at Albrook, Corozal and  
Balboa purchasing food supplies and  
various items of equipment. Supplies  
are shorter here than at home and  
we had to make a good many substitutions.

We lunched at the Officers Club,  
went to the bank and then for  
a few purchases over town. At four  
we were through and back at the  
hotel.

Zetek came over for dinner, and  
I was delighted to meet her.  
Manuel Elgueta of Santiago, Chile,  
here overnight on his way to Costa  
Rica where he serves on the board  
of the agricultural station at  
Turrialba. He was our guest with  
Zetek as a second one at dinner.

Zetek tells me that Kemp, who  
is running tests at Bca, wanted  
the per diem reduced below \$3<sup>00</sup>  
which we can not do. distributed  
Zetek told, Bureau of Entomology men should  
receive 3<sup>00</sup> rate unless we are compelled to raise  
all rates.

March 25, Tuesday.

We were out at 5<sup>40</sup> this morning, checked out of the hotel at 7<sup>15</sup> and took a taxi to Base Operations, Albrook Field. There we found Lieut. O'Neill in charge of the shops and repairs, an old friend of last <sup>year</sup>. Col. Griffiths and Major Crane came down to see us off and introduced us to Lieut. Col. Henry G. Hamby, jr., who was pilot for the C-47 that took us to Jacuie. We found all our equipment aboard with two buckets, two Washbasins and two machetes that we had requested. We taxied out to the field and then had to wait as a Pan-American plane was reported coming in with a dead engine and a crash landing was feared. It landed safely however by good fortune, and at 8<sup>35</sup> we were air borne. We circled slowly directly over the course. Presently I saw Pedro Gonzalez Island below us, then San Jose with Rey Island to the side. We next sighted the coast below

7  
(Place)

4/22/48  
(Date)

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: I, \_\_\_\_\_

Alexander Wetmore  
(Full Name)

am this date about to take a flight or flights as a passenger in certain Army aircraft; and whereas, I am doing so entirely upon my own initiative, risk, and responsibility; now, therefore, in consideration of the permission extended to me by the United States through its officers and agents to take said flight or flights, I do hereby for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, remise, release, and forever discharge the Government of the United States, and all of its officers and agents, acting officially or otherwise, from any and all claims, demands, actions, or causes of action, on account of my death or on account of any injury to me which may occur by reason of the said flight or flights.

The term "flight or flights" as used herein is understood and agreed to include the preparation for, continuation, and completion of flight or flights as well as all ground and flight operations incident thereto. It is further understood and agreed that this release, among other things extends to and includes negligence, faulty pilotage, and structural failure of the aircraft thereof. The execution hereof does not operate to waive any statutory right conferred by act of congress.

A. Wetmore

(Signature)

W. B. Little

(Witness)

J. E. Graf

(Name of person to be notified in emergency)

W. B. Little

(Witness)

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

(Address of person to be notified in emergency)

(Witness)

The signed release card will be attached to the authorization for the flight or flights and carefully filed by Commanding Officers for future reference. A separate release will be signed for each day's flight or flights.

# Supplies purchased for jaguá trip

Rice	10 lbs	Spaghetti	2 cans
String beans	15 "	Syrup	2 bottles
Potatoes	10 "	Jam	1 "
Onions	2 "	Worcestershire	1 "
Oatmeal	3 lbs	Hot sauce	1 "
All Bran	2 pkg		
Crackers	1 pkg		
Toilet paper	3 rolls		
Sugar	10 lbs		
Flour	2 lbs.		
Laundry soap	8 bars		
Hand soap	3 "		
Table salt	3 packages		
Bacon	1 slab		
Black pepper	1 lb		
Dried fruit	4 lbs		
Raisins	2 "		
Cooking fat	5 "		
Coffee	4 lbs		
Milk (14 oz)	14 cans		
Spam	3 "		
Tuna fish	2 "		
Soup	8 "		
Sweet potato	2 "		
Klim	1 lb		
Bicarb. Soda	2 cans		
Tea	36 bags		
String beans	2 cans		
Peas	2 "		
Pork + beans (large)	3 "		
Tomato juice	2 "		
Commod meat	4 "		
" fruit	8 "		

Garachiné and presently saw Bahía  
Pinas and then the mouth of the Río  
Fagué. At 9<sup>20</sup> we were on the ground.

Our gear was unloaded and taken to  
the building opposite the Dispensary,  
where we branged it in order and then  
went over town to see Gilberto Mory.  
I found him threshing rice in a  
little building back of his store. He said  
that for a week he was wondering  
when we were.

Geronimo Sicaida, our viejo of last  
year was up river as was Armando  
Bordón but Gilberto sent off an Indian  
to notify them that I had come and to  
tell them to come. Later, in the afternoon, I  
went back and arranged with Gilberto  
to get another man so that we could  
have three. I had much talk in afternoon  
and evening about the upper country  
and it appears now that we will go  
to a place called Chicao.

We uncrated our equipment and in  
the course of the afternoon repacked and  
got everything in order.

In evening Armando Bordón showed  
up with a cousin of Geronimo's and it  
may be that we can get away tomorrow.

The post here is under Saint Wilbert E. Habakangas. Everything is in excellent shape. Two showers came this afternoon but the men say that this means nothing as it is merely the change of the moon.

The only thing broken in the outfit was the Coleman lantern which had been improperly packed. We were able to get an old one from Gilberto that uses Kerosene and it is all right. He had discarded it but Perrygo had it adjusted and fixed in half an hour.

March 26, Wednesday.

It was hot in the early part of the night, cooler later. Brief rain showers came in morning and afternoon.

We finished our packing this morning and then went across to Jaque where I bought additional food supplies, including rice, sugar, salt and land for the men.

I expected Gerónimo Sicaida this morning but he did not appear until after eleven. It developed that the

Indian messenger had not found him as he was off cutting bananas at La Tulita. He was delighted to see me and agreed immediately to start up river.

I arranged with Luis to rent a piagua for 30 cents per day.

I am to take a large Piagua belonging to Gilberto Mory and pay him on return whatever may seem right.

Have also hired 4 men at \$1<sup>50</sup> per day as follows:

Gerónimo Sicaida.

Pío Rojas

Armando Londonio

Marcial Pereyra

However before we got away Marcial developed a fever so that instead we took Gerónimo's son Concepción Sicaida.

There were the usual delays in getting away. About 3<sup>15</sup> Armando arrived to tell that the piaguas were coming so we loaded the gear in the truck and drove over to the little pier at the end of the airport. However it was nearly four before we were loaded.

To my surprise the entire kit went into the big piagua which was 40 feet long, with room for Perrygo and me in the bow. Two men paddled astern



Astern and one on the bow. The fourth man took the other Paragua.

The strong current carried us steadily upstream with little effort. We watched the familiar views, familiar from last year, recalling various incidents in our collecting. After a brief stop at Geronimo's finca in El Brazo we continued soon passing the highest point that we had reached. Here the river turned southwest, a breeze blew and the air was appreciably fresher than on the coast.

About six we were in the section known as Buena Vista where there were scattered clearings. The river was narrower. We enjoyed the evening light, continuing until dusk when we came to a broad gravel bar near the mouth of the Rio Pavarandó which came in from the north to join the Tague.

Perrygo and I set up our cots while the men tied their mosquito nets to poles.

I drifted off to sleep listening to the startling call of a large hawk, a guttural rattle like the rapid drum of a giant woodpecker. Paraguas came about also.

March 27, Thursday.

We were out this morning shortly after five. Geronimo kindled a fire and soon rice and coffee were cooking. With a large can of sardines we made an excellent breakfast. And by seven ~~thirty~~ were on our way. Solitary sandpipers were common all through the morning and I shot one, apparently the eastern form as we did not secure one yesterday last year. Also a *Momasa* appeared holding a butterfly in its bill and I shot it, a new species to us. A little later we passed directly under a beautiful *hexopternis seminplumbea*, none of us seeing it until we were past when I shot it! After noon we stopped at the point where the Loma Coroba came down to the river and then shot 3 small birds while the men were getting some food - bananas, plantains and yuca.

Past the Pavarandó the river did not feel the influence of tides. The current was rapid and the water near the stream averaging 80 to 100 feet wide, the banks rose six to 12 or 14 feet with the bed covered with coarse gravel that formed bars at the turns. We proceeded with push poles rather slowly.

at 8:30 we passed the mouth of the Quebrada Laca and at 10:00 the Arroyo

Biradó on the left. Here the river narrowed to 60 to 80 feet with occasional patches of swift water.

We were at the Quebrada Tingunadó at 11<sup>30</sup> and stopped here on a gravel bar to eat.

The general course of the stream from the Pavarandó was south and east with much winding. A broad valley passed down more or less parallel to the coast cut off by a range of hills. There were many plantations of bananas here and much of the original forest had been cut.

Above the ~~hills~~ there was a view of the heavily forested <sup>homa</sup> Corobá and beyond it the decidedly higher <sup>homa</sup> Alegria. The forests there had not been disturbed. The river passed the end of the Corobá.

A short distance above the Arroyo Tortado entered on the left. And near here we stopped a little after 3<sup>30</sup> and made camp in a little cañita belonging to Pío's brother. Perrygo and I had a bath and then skinned our birds. We ate, arranged our beds

on the elevated floor in close formation with half a dozen pigs grunting on the ground below. It was only 7<sup>30</sup> but by eight were asleep. Occasionally through the night I heard the machine gun rattle of the boats.

During this day we saw occasional Indians. An old woman, naked, was digging little crabs from holes in the clay bank, standing submerged to her waist. Others passed in canoes, the women bare from the waist up. One stopped to talk as we were skinning birds in the afternoon.

March 28, Friday.

The call of the frogs and of the Pauraque awaked me after a sound night's sleep. We breakfasted on boiled plantains and sweet potatoes, coffee and a large can of sardines. The only thing against our sleeping quarters was that the ceiling was only 4½ feet high so that instead of stooping I had the boys carry my cot down to the gravel bar near the piragua to pack it up for travel. We left the Arroyo Tortado at 7<sup>15</sup> a.m.

The river narrowed somewhat again, and turned in behind the Cerro Alegre. I shot a *Campylorhynchus* and we left camp and Perrygo a *Synallaxis*, the first of the latter that I have seen in this area.

The current became swift and the gravel larger until soon we were among stones as large as a man's head, these composing the river bottom in the rapids. It was necessary to manhandle the Piragua up these stretches occasionally with much labor. This canoe is nearly 40 feet long by 30 inches wide. We have 5 men and the main outfit aboard, being nearly 1900 pounds.

From the point where we slept up there was comparatively little cultivation. Occasionally we passed or met Indian women in canoes, some with a youngster in the bow. All were bare from the waist up. When we stopped at noon to eat one obliged us to talk with us for several minutes. They all know our men and are on a friendly basis with them.

We met <sup>Tulis</sup> Julio Mong and his sister Juana coming down river the companion to our piragua after a week's trip up river. Near here several Indians came out to talk with us. One girl was using a bright tin can top as a mirror. I took several pictures here. A huge log lodged across the river here and there was much work getting over it. This section was known rather vulgarly as Moja Cule.

Above the pitch became steeper. When I opened a can of sardines at noon at the juncture of the canoe the fluid shot out due to released pressure. I estimated that we had come up between 600 and 800 feet. <sup>(approx see April 19)</sup> Our course was steadily south and east. The wind blew from the east.

Steep-sided hills <sup>were</sup> covered with heavy forest. Above the Rio Pavarondo the vegetation has been greener and here it is appreciably more luxuriant. The river was cut down to an average width of 40 feet and the rapids

more difficult. Suddenly after our last shallow stretch we came to the point where the Rio Amamado comes in from the south while the Rio Jagua turns north. Both streams narrow to 30 feet and at this season was so low as to mark the cabecera or head of navigation.

Here we found Conejo and his two wives and several children with a house. Five other adult men were here. In all about 25 Indians, all friends of Gerónimo and Pio. We had much talk here with a heavy rain coming up. Conejo said that he was going up the Amamado and then come below. So finally I arranged to rent his house for a month for five balboas (\$5.00). We are to pay 50 cents a hundred for plantains and 25 cents a bunch for bananas.

Sleeping quarters were crowded that night. The ~~pted~~ <sup>platform</sup> is elevated six feet above the ground with a notched pole leading to it as a ladder. The platform itself is 35 by 20 feet with a little raised

space at an end about 8 by 15 feet which is two feet higher than the main floor. The well sloped roof is of thatch and there is a platform ceiling. At one end is an earth platform for fire.

Perrygo and I set up our cots at one end. Gerónimo and Concepción went back to Moja Culo, and Conejo took two of our rubber blankets and his two women and went off to make a camp on the plaza.

We were in bed at seven and I lay for an hour listening to the talk around, looking out at the women curing for their children and getting ready for the night. I was surprised to sleep well and soundly.

Heavy rain fell from late afternoon through most of the night. The Rio Amamado rose two feet or more and became very muddy.

March 29, Saturday.

Fog lay over the higher slopes and the woods were dripping wet. We went out with Gerónimo and Armando through

a heavily wooded flat between the two  
rivers. Birds were abundant but rather  
retiring because of the wet perhaps. We  
shot 14 and a small squirrel. I shot  
two ordinary squirrels for the pot.  
This is definitely a green forest but  
still a gallery forest through which it  
is possible to move without too much  
difficulty. We followed a trail today.

Corygo is one of the men with whom  
I latched at the place the day I left  
last year. Two of the women here were  
with him also. One of the latter was  
shy when we first arrived yesterday  
but by evening none of them paid  
any attention to ~~me~~.

In evening the men returned from  
up the Rio Almamado with two  
curassow and a quantity of small  
fish. Four Indians came through from  
Jurado <sup>which flows</sup> into Colombia, saying that they  
had crossed today. They were travelling on  
foot.

March 30, Sunday

Rain fell most of the night but there  
was comparatively little wind. Several  
of the Indians have colds and were coughing

badly. Last evening as they lay out  
on the floor the Indian men played some  
sort of a game of words in which one  
would utter a phrase when another  
and another and another would reply  
with another.

at dawn I was awakened by the  
harsh single note of what I believe  
was a *Nyctibius* [*N. grandis*]

We went out through the same  
woods that we covered yesterday  
going to the end of the trail. Birds  
were abundant and of good variety.  
We hunted about a hundred yards  
apart and were in after a  
three hour hunt with 20 specimens,  
with two toucans for the pot in addition.

There was a small migration of  
olive-backed thrushes and bay-breasted  
warblers. We also secured one red-eyed  
vireo. No *Vireo flavoviridis* has been  
seen as yet.

Perrygo took another of the small  
squirrels today. They range in the  
topmost branches and are very active.

The Indian men went off some-  
today. The supposition is that the  
women will follow tomorrow.

The sky was clear at intervals  
until afternoon when light showers  
came.

March 31, Monday

The early part of last night was  
moonlight with high fog later. We  
decided yesterday that the Indian  
women had bad colds instead of malaria  
so gave them aspirin and bicarbonate of  
soda which cleared them up so that  
they disturbed us little with their coughing.

This night, as their men were gone  
they ranged themselves in a row over  
near the kitchen end of the platform and  
kept one light burning dimly all  
night.

Yesterday Geronimo cut a trail  
down river on the opposite side below  
the mouth of the Amamado and we  
went out that way this morning  
returning at ten with 24 excellent birds.

The growth was thick with many  
tall trees and much undergrowth.

We have made two short trails  
thus far for hunting.

Birds abound here but are  
largely hidden by the leaves. Partridges  
and I usually hunt a hundred yards  
apart and do not interfere in the least.  
I came across one ant column  
today.

About eleven the Indian men returned  
from a fishing expedition up stream  
and the women packed up and all  
left down stream. Two boys came back  
to ask me for cigarettes wanting to  
buy some. Instead I gave them a  
package and then they posed for a  
picture for me looking very serious.  
One of them had me wait until he  
had fastened on his waist band of  
beads.

Rain came again in afternoon  
but not hard, stopping about five.  
The men claim that some years it is  
much drier here.

It seemed very quiet in camp this  
afternoon with our 25 (more or less) friends  
gone.

April 1, Tuesday

Last evening we were able to arrange our camp and to leave our beds set up instead of having to shift them around during the day - a great relief. We found another complication however in the bat droppings that rattled out of the thatch on to our mosquito nets.

This we adjusted by putting two water proof sheets overhead.

Concepcion started down river at seven for mail and supplies.

This day we hunted upstream to the Rio Chicoas, finding it a small swiftly flowing stream.

The forest in this section was dense and the trees in general tall. There were considerable areas of the palm known as tagua. Birds abounded but were difficult to secure. However we returned at eleven with 22 specimens.

The sun shone until noon and it was very hot. A heavy storm came up river swinging up the main valley and a sprinkling of rain fell in the afternoon.

April 2, Wednesday

Last night was clear with a three-quarter moon riding the sky, remaining clear until long past midnight when mist came in over the valley. Early I heard a screech owl trilling and at dawn the harsh wah-h-h-oo-oo-ro of the giant *Nyctibius*.

We were off early and went quickly through the woods to the point where the Rio Jague above our camp cuts past the foot of Loma Calliherga. Then we followed a faint trail up a narrow ridge to the summit which rose about 750 feet above the surrounding level. The was much paler undergrowth with tall trees rising above it. Birds were surprisingly scarce. We found first a gathering of *Momasa* calling loudly from tall trees, and scattered *Swinocai's* *Louzeaus* feed in the trees. We shot two for the pot, skinning out one for a specimen. We killed others one day and found the meat dark but good. We continued along the ridge to the end, where I had an obscure view

other distant hills. From here we went down the side of the hill toward the Chicao, cutting back to the trail by which we had come.

Here my gun failed, the breaking mechanism sticking. We returned therefore with only a dozen specimens.

One of the last was a little hemipterid *Semiplumbra* that flew up carrying a rat from near the ground so that we obtained both.

I returned soaked with perspiration so that it was good to get into the little stream for a bath.

The temperature here is very even, being from  $73^{\circ}$  or  $74^{\circ}$  up to  $80^{\circ}$ . At night it cannot go below  $72^{\circ}$  though it becomes very damp.

After the mid day meal the men went off down to Moja celo to see if they could get some peccary meat to send down to the village for their families.

Rain came about one o'clock and continued heavily for two hours or more. At two. Conijo and Regulo appeared

with one of Conijo's wives and four or five children, walking in the heavy downpour carrying broad Heliconia leaves over their heads and their pack baskets. After a few minutes' hesitation they came up into the house all soaking wet. Presently the children from 8 to 10 years of age went over to the fire, but the men came down to sit by us. The woman later went over and roasted a plantain or two and brought them to Conijo who divided with Regulo.

The dogs came up but we kept them out by the simple expedient of turning the foot ladder over so that the notches were underneath.

Conijo had come from Guayabo during the afternoon about nine this morning. It is not far as he said, that he had come slowly. He looked over the house, examined the new posts that Geronimo had put in on two sides to strengthen the floor because of my weight (180 + pounds). The Indians are all small people.



The whole group were decorated up with dark dye in curious patterns.

Our men returned in the midst of the rain, telling me that they had bought us 2 pounds of puccary meat for 9 reales, a real being 5 cents.

The Indians left when the rain dropped to a light drizzle about four. The men put on vests for warmth and decoration saying that they had bought them from Chino in Jaqué.

The stream rose considerably in the afternoon. We have cleared out in front so that we get much better ventilation, and also see more birds as they fly back and forth across the opening.

April 3, Thursday

One of Conijo's dogs, del Colombia, was left behind last night through some oversight on her part, and she spent a half hour or so in the most mournful wailing that I have ever heard from a dog.

Fog hung overhead at dawn and

We crossed the river to plunges into wet and sodden woods on the other side. We worked slowly out the trail that Jerónimo made here, getting an excellent variety of birds. At ten when we returned we found that we had 28.

It may be false memory in my part but it appears to me that some of the birds that might be expected to vary are darker up here than the examples of the same species that we secured at Jaqué last year.

Last night we secured puccary meat from the Indians. It is dark and rather strong, but very acceptable. This noon we also had sancocho de paleton, or toucan stew which, made with a few potatoes that I brought up with is very good.

Lima and Manuel, two Indians from the next house below came up this noon and brought some yuca which I bought for a quarter.

Concepción returned at 3<sup>00</sup> pm. Greatly to my surprise, having left Jaqué at 4<sup>00</sup> a.m. He reports that no

rain has fallen in jaguè. I recall that last year we saw storms almost daily off in these mountains.

It was a dry day for a change, and a very welcome one, as the ground is saturated from the heavy downfall of yesterday.

April 4, Friday,

As this was Viernes Santo I had expected that the men would not care to go out but Geronimo observed that they might as well go out as there was nothing else to do. We observed the amenities by eating sardines (canned) for breakfast and at midday. For breakfast also we had some fried cornmeal mush made up in form of plantains that Geronimo's wife had sent up to him.

The day was beautifully clear until 3 p.m. The clear sun dried out the woods and birds were moving about in numbers. We went out through the level woods towards the foot of homa Calle hurga. I went out quickly but quietly watching for tinamou, stopping only to shoot one *Grallaria* along the trail when we first entered the woods.

We watched closely and moved without noise. Suddenly a fine tinamou ran down ahead with a trilling call and in an instant he was mine. Collecting was good so that we were back before ten with 22 birds. I had Geronimo make a drying rack in front of the house and put the trays of birds out when they dried out beautifully.

The ground dried out again and the water level in river went down.

As we finished our noon meal a tiny swallow with dark underparts circled in front of the house and we went out to find a little flock of *Neochelidon tibialis* circling about and lighting in a tall dead tree in the plantain plantation behind the house. We shot several and after careful search retrieved two. The whole area was covered with trash, the sun shone down and there was no breeze. I came out dripping literally with perspiration, about as hot as I care to be.

A light rain came after two and the sky was overcast for the afternoon.

April 5, Saturday

We crossed the Amamado this morning and hunted through the low forest below its mouth on the west bank. Almost immediately I heard a male curassow calling and followed down through the woods to the lower point of the hill. I worked up the ridge until suddenly a large tinamou flew out. Moving more carefully within fifty yards two female curassow flew between two trees one of them stopping when I could see its cranium next. An instant later it was crashing to the ground. Later I saw a male and heard another but did not get a second shot.

I came down off the hill dripping with perspiration so that it was fifteen minutes before I was comfortable again.

We found a faint Indian trail and connected our hunting trail with it. Germino returned at noon and opened to still farther out toward Lomas.

We had clear weather again today and were able to dry birds in good shape. The rain fell again and the ground became still drier. Small birds become much more active under these conditions.

As our hunting starts at our camp we lose no time. In consequence we handle 20 to 25 specimens today without special difficulty.

We are living largely on country food as supplies were low when we outfitted in the zone. Rice and plantains are staples. Fortunately we have coffee and beans. The year quickly becomes monotonous. The sun is terrifically hot when the sky is clear, and with an unusual movement of perspiration enormously.

April 6, Sunday

Clear with sun this morning and the ground fairly dry. A light rain came about 2:00 and the air then was damp and steamy.

We went out to the Rio Chicas this morning getting a good variety of birds

Two species of small squirrels are common here living in the heavy forest where we see them daily.

There is one tree in flower that attracts a good many bees but no birds seem to come to it. And thus far we have located no trees in fruit attractive to small birds.

The migration of northern birds is steady but does not show as many individuals, not as many species as last year at Tague at the same season. Thus we have seen no Tyrannus tyrannus, there are no migrant swallows, and the olive-backed thrushes and bay-breasted warblers are less common.

I believe that in some of the variable species that a darker race will appear in our skins from this region of green forest than below on the coast.

The forest is of the gallery type, and in many places the Tague palm is common.

In afternoon our Indian friends came to visit. Pana, the old woman brought me a present of yuca, and

Indian man some ripe plantains. Presently Conijo came in. I passed out cigarettes, empty shells that we had saved, and I gave Conijo two wires each two medium-sized buttons. They all left about three-thirty.

Conijo asked me to let the women look through my field glasses at which they were both much amazed. Conijo himself kept reaching out to touch the things that seemed to be immediately before his eyes.

April 7, Monday.

Clear and drier until afternoon when showers came. We crossed the Amamádo and I went out over a mile on a trail the gerónimo has cut into a section called Las Peñitas, finally reaching some open gallery forest with large tall trees growing in gravelly soil toward the base of the extensive Loma Sierpe.

Perrygo remained near the Rio Tague at the mouth of the Amamádo. It was hardly 300 yards

from camp but collected about 23 birds in a short space of time.

It seems curious to me that hawks are not more abundant when the large number of individuals of other birds is considered.

Stomach upset this afternoon from canned sardines of which I have had too many.

April 8, Monday.

Both of us somewhat shady this morning. We breakfasted mainly on a bit of bacon and a couple bananas cut up in milk.

The early part of the day was clear and fine. I sent Concepcion down river again in the small piragua to Jaguá to see if there is mail and to get a few supplies.

Last night Chey and Concepcion and Pio went out with a head lamp returning presently with a good-sized paca and a rabbit. Then during the night Jerónimo was restless and got up to make himself a cup of coffee and sing the "cortejo" at dawn. Concepcion

had the animal in the stream washing it and cleaning.

We went back along the diunachó where I kept cutting in to the stream to where the Indians were making new clearings. A good many of the smaller birds are only found with ease under these conditions. We returned with 20 birds.

We come in soaked with perspiration, get a change of clothes, go some to the river, strip, bathe and then wash out underwear, shirts and other clothing. I feel delightfully cool and comfortable after this. But if I got out into the platano behind the house find it immediately insufferably hot.

Hima and another Indian and a strange, mulattoed woman came by in the afternoon. The woman was modest before us keeping a corner of her manta over her breast. Those who come here regularly pay no attention to us. Hima had been down to Jaguá and

detailed the news. The principal thing that interested me was that the Indians on the Sambú are preparing poisoned arrows. Some of their number have been over in Colombia and have become brujos. Several people have died and the brujos are to be killed.

Gerónimo has been drying seeds of barbasco to use for fish poison.

At a little before four heavy rain came and the river rose rapidly to flood stage.

April 9, Wednesday.

As I walked down to the river at a little before six this morning the moon shone clearly overhead with a star or two at the side. A little later however the morning mist came rolling down the valley a hundred feet off the ground.

The dinamado was in flood stage but runs rapidly so that it soon clears. The jaguie which is larger remains muddy conger.

We crossed the dinamado and I went well out into las Penitas

finally following up a large quebrada. The soil here was stony, the trees large and there was a minimum of undergrowth. It was very dark and wet here.

In one place I found a group of male *Pipra erythrocephala* dancing and collected a series of six, making one into a skeleton. The Crax have moved out of this forest because of the considerable amount of shooting here and out there.

Perrygo remained near the mouth of the dinamado.

As we washed up in the river after the hunt a flock of cloud swifts circled in overhead. Finally three came down within reach and I killed one which fell against the face of the bluff but luckily rolled down to lodge at the water's edge where we could get it without difficulty.

Gerónimo cut hunting trail back along the Jaguie River except this noon opening a new section to us. We now have between 4 and 5 miles of hunting trail radiating out from camp.

We are afield ~~this~~ morning by  
sun at the latest and usually return  
by ten to eleven with from 20 to 30  
good birds. We could obtain many  
more but do not have time to prepare  
them. By eleven the woods are quiet  
though some birds come around them  
when the leaves are dry.

I packed up a good part of our  
collection this afternoon. Rain came  
in the form of a light shower at  
beginning at four.

April 10, Thursday.

This morning I went out a  
new trail cut near the Jaguá  
River, and behind our clearing. There  
were a good many birds here  
in the few trees left from the  
original forest but it is difficult to  
collect them as the ground growth  
is heavy and they are hard to find  
when down.

We had light rain in the afternoon  
with oppressive heat before hand.  
The late afternoon was pleasant.

Concepción returned at about one  
from Jaguá with mail and supplies  
having left at five in the morning.  
He was accompanied by an  
Indian living at Moja Culo so  
made especially rapid time. Considering  
his speed at around 6 miles per  
hour we are between 40 and 50  
miles up river.

About seven thirty Pío ~~and~~ ~~arrived~~  
loaded a single shell with care with pellets  
the size of no. 2 shot cut from strips of  
lead and rolled fairly round on a  
metate with a small stone. Armando  
decided to go with him so we let him  
take one of the double-barreled guns.  
They returned at 2<sup>00</sup> p.m. from a trip  
up the Amamádo with a parakeet  
and a tinamou, also two small  
kingfishers.

April 11, Friday.

This morning we crossed the  
Amamádo when Perrygo collected near  
camp while I went well down into  
the heavily wooded area called Las  
Peñitas and then turned inland and

followed up a large barranca with  
running water. The land sloped gently, the  
soil was stony, the trees tall making heavy  
shade but with little undergrowth except  
in places. The barrancas slopes were  
grown in places with a thorny cactus.  
The region was one such as I have  
been trying to get into, but from the  
standpoint of the bird life was very  
poor. One fact I came out after one  
of the hardest hunts I have made here,  
dropping with perspiration but with  
little to show for it. The birds are  
found mainly in the level forest  
near the streams.

No rain fell today. The afternoon  
was close.

While the Chocó passed on his way  
to his field as I was getting ready  
to bathe and asked me to sell him  
a package of cigarettes. I told him  
to stop when he came down in afternoon.  
Then I gave him a pack of Camels to  
his surprise. I had hoped to get  
some pictures but it was too dark.  
Very hot tonight.

April 12, Saturday:

The motmots awakened me this morning  
as usual at 5<sup>30</sup>. Their calls from the  
bluff opposite camp come each morning  
punctually at this time yet we never see  
the birds.

Yesterday Gerónimo made a new  
hunting trail on the opposite bank of  
the Rio Jaguie starting just below camp.  
We crossed and followed it out. I left  
the nearby collecting again to Perrygo  
and with Gerónimo pushed back to the  
end of his picada. Here we cut across  
through the woods until we found  
a broad, well marked Indian trail  
leading back to home Las Peñitas.

This we followed through high forest  
of tall trees with little undergrowth.  
A little trickle of water ran along  
the base of the lower and here the  
trail divided, one line going each  
way along the base and another up  
the hill. I followed the latter up a  
slope that at the time seemed  
easy but that on the return appeared  
inordinately steep.



Working carefully I found very few birds except along the little stream mentioned and those no different the species we have been collecting on the level ground near the streams when the vegetation is heavier.

This is the third one of these tomas that I have climbed to a height of 800 to 1000 feet with the same result in each case. The abundant bird life at this season at least lies below. On my return I had 4 birds of no great importance to show for a long morning's trip, which Benigno who had not been a half mile from camp had 14 including a fine grallaria that we had not taken previously.

I came back soaked with perspiration but a bath in the clear stream and dry clothing put me in good condition again.

About noon the daughter of hima who lives below us, a girl about 15 and mainel's wife, a little older came by following hima on their way up to burn off their new clearing. They were not at all shy and let me take several pictures.

It was very hot and completely clear

Birds quieted down so that we remarked on the silence. About a quarter of three a heavy rain fell and in late afternoon when it was cool and pleasant we had our usual chorus of avian calls. The amanado's rose rapidly following the rain.

April 13, Sunday. Concepción went off this morning hunting with the Indians taking the small piragua, but as the river was high from rain we went again in the big piragua across the jacue, collecting in the trees above the plantation, along the shore on a grassy gravel playa, and in the edge of the forest adjacent. Birds were common and we secured a good series.

A flock of chimney Swifts passing rapidly was one of the sights of the day.

The early morning was pleasant but as soon as the sun struck in the heat was intense. The day remained clear and dry so that in afternoon I packed two iron boxes of skins.

When it rains the air is saturated so that packing is impossible, and I have to put away all papers.

Pio and Armando were out night hunting ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> evening and returned about midnight with two pacas, known here as conys, and one kinkajou called Cuisumbi shot up the valley of the Amamadó.

April 14, Monday

Perrygo took the skin of the kinkajou this morning first thing which I caught up with notes so that it was 7<sup>00</sup> before we crossed the jaguá to Las Penetas section. The sun was hot and clear and birds fairly active.

Lina and Manuel our nearest Chocó neighbors came into the plantation to get the few oranges from four large trees that must be 40 or more years old. They produce little fruit which remains green in color but is very sweet. They gave me six or eight, being nearly half the crop.

Today I had the good fortune to find a nest of Gallaria, an experience that I treasure. As I stood watching a Massena trogon on a branch overhead a large Gallaria <sup>= Pittesoma michleri</sup> suddenly appeared ten feet away and ran off scolding which I attempted to get a shot. I thought that it had merely run out from nearby cover out of curiosity ~~and~~ followed it for 15 minutes before it disappeared. I came back then to the original point where I continue down the trail. By chance I happened to glance into the crown of a tagua palm and found myself gazing into a large cup nest holding two beautiful eggs spotted with brown colors. We watched for half an hour, the bird coming back but not offering a shot, when I thought it prudent to continue moving as there were a good many anophelis mosquitoes about I collected the nest and eggs as I was afraid something might get them if I did not.

They were too distant from camp to risk leaving them for a return later.

As I waded out into the stream to bathe there was a crash at the edge of the water and I looked around to see a huge iguana that had fallen out, almost in my hand. I remained still calling for some one to come with a gun, when Armando shot the beast. Later, I gave it to him as a present in return for the oranges.

In afternoon we heard a splashing at the edge of the Amamabó that has now become familiar to us and in a moment there came a group of Indians with an 8 year old boy with a badly sprained wrist. Perrygo bandaged this and I gave him an aspirin as he was in much pain.

Lima brought one of his traps and a fish arrow at Perrygo's request and sold it for a dollar. This being standard price here.

A little after seven I went out

night hunting with Pio and Armando. We waded up the shallows of the Amamabó, crossed <sup>at a deep place</sup> on one huge log and then alternated in and out of the water following the trail over the open plazos where there served and elsewhere walking in water, sometimes half way to my knees. We passed the chucas and half a mile above were in woods for a way and then again in water. We emerged here into a great forest in the Bajos de Chucamaabó which apparently ran for four or five miles. The trail led mainly between Tagua palms their handsome fronds being continually in the flashlight, with glimpses through them of the great trees towering overhead. The trail is the one that leads to Guayabo.

Wolves call occasionally overhead, a trill that must have come from an Uctus and a barking note that I supposed to come from Pulectris.

They refused to decoy waiwain  
and about the middle of the  
Bayos I decided that it was  
sensible to turn back. We cut  
in onto the lower course of the  
Chucas on return.

As we came out into one stretch  
of shallow water a water opossum  
suddenly dashed off with a rapid  
splashing going so rapidly that  
it seemed to stand on the water.  
He took a quick snap shot but  
failed to get. We saw occasional  
*Nyctinomus* and I shot one. Also  
a small opossum that was walking  
in dry forest. Its eyes glowed with  
a beautiful golden yellow light.

I saw several boat-billed herons  
but found them wild as they flew  
at the first sign of light.

I went back at camp at ten.

The 5 cell flashlight is not suited  
for night hunting in forest as  
the light is too strong at too  
great a distance. It picks out  
blatant that hides the eye shine  
of animals so that it is difficult to see them.

I sent Concepcion down river again  
this morning with instructions to  
return Wednesday.

April 15, Tuesday.

Punctually at 5<sup>25</sup> a.m. I heard  
the first call of the motmot as  
this day I covered an area  
rather near camp. It was clear,  
hot and dry for the entire day and  
birds were less active than on  
those occasions when it is wetter  
and partly cloudy.

I collected first from the high  
trees over the plantain plantation  
back of the house which is always  
hard going as the ground is badly  
grown up and birds are hard to  
find. Then I located an open tree at  
the edge of a small clearing on the  
river beyond camp to which birds were  
coming. Here I put on dark glasses  
to cut down the light and by this  
means was able to get a number  
of excellent birds.  
Perrygo made a long trip over

into the Chicas section and then  
to Loma Calle longer without finding  
anything new. We put up our  
4:30 to skin this afternoon and have  
this area fairly well worked out.

Rain began a little after five  
and fell through the evening.

Gerónimo has told me a story  
given to him by a Choctaw Indian  
when he was a young man of this  
time when birds were shot for plumes.  
An American woman lived for some  
time on the Atrato collecting horses  
for plumes. She lived in a little  
house or rancho completely alone,  
had two shotguns, and always  
wore a pistol and permitted no  
one to come into her house or  
to come near her. I wonder if this  
tale has any reference to Mrs. Kow.  
I have questioned him several times  
and always get the same story.

April 16, Wednesday

Sky overcast for much of the day but  
no rain. It was pleasantly cool except

when the sun came through from time  
to time when the heat was like that  
of an oven.

We hunted across from camp today  
finding birds abundant and securing  
several along the river that we have  
not had here this year. Many birds  
were moving through the treetops high  
up.

A good many birds taken here  
such as the Ramphocelus, spine-tail  
and others have had the tails much  
frayed and often partly cut off near  
the middle. I see many flying in  
this condition. Apparently this due to  
actual cutting from the saw edged blocks  
of the white cane that grows along  
the river.

Many birds, in fact a majority of  
the smaller ones are now beginning  
to nest as females taken are ready to  
lay.

Conchito returned at 12 today telling  
me that he left Jaqui at 4:00 a.m.

From this I estimate that we are about 50 miles up river. The piragua he uses is light and well formed and with a push pole it moves rapidly.

It is well that our trip is at an end as the two younger men are becoming insolent at times. I so well fed, probably through Armando's sullenness because we have a large proportion of native food and because Perrygo and I do not always share the few canned things we have.

As I walked in the forest today I thought with real regret that I had only one more day.

Pic and Armando went night hunting again up the Chicas returning about midnight with a paca (coyote) 3 *Nyctinomus*, a *tinamou*, <sup>a water opossum</sup> and a beautiful little forest Kingfisher, *Chloroceryle inde* first we have had.

As for myself I went down at sunset to sit in the end of the big piragua which Gerónimo had moved so that it projected more than half way across the stream. The air was cool, there were no mosquitoes and the fading light was pleasant. Boat-bill herons have been flying down

in evening to feed along the jaguê and was hoping for a shot. João began to call and the evening light faded until the sky showed only light. I had given the birds up, and ~~had~~ Perrygo was looking at his watch to see the time when I had a sudden view of a broad-winged bird that I thought must be an owl passing overhead with steadily beating wings - a hasty shot, a splash and a moment later the bird was mine.

(Boat-billed heron)

April 17, Thursday.

This morning we remained in until 8:30 to care for the specimens on hand and then hunted the far side of the jaguê where I made special search for the *Chicas* - the orch. It seemed too bad to leave the locality bearing its name without a specimen of the bird, and I finally secured two.

The day was fair until light rain fell in evening.

Today when a little indian boy came in with a badly sprained wrist which I searched the medicine kit for a liniment Geronimo examined the hurt with grave sympathy with the boy moaning in pain. Presently Geronimo moistened a finger and gravely made the sign of the cross over the hurt.

Humidity is high up here and heat considerable. At any quick movement during the day we break out immediately in a heavy perspiration. And when rain comes the air inside our house is saturated immediately.

It is desirable to work further in this area at a higher elevation. So do this the outfit would have to be light so as to be transported by porters.

The Chicas valley should give access to the higher levels on the Colombian frontier. The Amamado valley would be interesting for chest or fawns. While in the rainy season it would be possible to go higher up in piraguas or South the advantage of this over the disadvantages of increased abundance of mosquitoes. For shelter tent flies only would be necessary as end and sides could be made of palm thatch.

We have lived here without this however and have found the ventilation an advantage.

April 18, Friday.

This morning we packed in rather leisurely fashion as I did not want to leave until the light was sufficient for photography. The hill directly in front of our little house cuts down the light considerably. The motets awakened me for the last time and it was not long until we had eaten breakfast, had our beds packed and other details arranged. I admired the skillful manner in which Geronimo arranged his load.

Shortly after eight we left and I was interested to see how easily the piraguas rode downstream compared to the difficult with which we had ascended. We came out of the mouth of the Amamado without much trouble and were in the main stream of the Jacuri.

We stopped first at Las Peritas for talk with him and I bought a

small bastion from him. At Moja Culo  
our next destination we found Conyo  
lying under his mosquito net hot  
with malarial fever. This is the  
place of the old man Jose Lo Santo.

The house is like that of Conyo above,  
but a little larger. Conyo could talk  
little and there was not much that  
we could do for him except to give him  
some aspirin to break this fever and  
to leave some atabrine with him. I saw  
one woman at one side also with fever  
and a 12 year old girl with chills under  
another cover.

A barn swallow flew past as we  
went on down.

The high hills to this point are  
near the river and are covered with  
beautiful forest, and I wondered why  
there were so few birds on them.  
Below the valley we had and the  
next range of hills was lower.

A curious shrimp with a  
sharply pointed claw is common  
from above tide water to Moja Culo.  
It makes holes in a clay level at  
and below the water level the holes  
being abundant spaced from a foot  
or two to a few inches apart.

Pio caught ~~me~~ several by digging in  
rapidly with his hands and squirting  
muddy water in the holes when  
presumably the shrimp would come  
shooting out.

Concepcion also brought me a large  
crayfish of the ordinary kind that we  
found common at the dinamadi's.

Then it came out principally at night.  
At the Arroyo Tortado the valley  
widens considerably, and the forest  
becomes drier and more open, changing  
in appearance from bright green to  
gray green. This marks the point of  
transition from the humid tropical of  
the Atlantic and interior to the  
arid tropical of the Pacific side and  
would be an excellent place to make  
a collection.

We stopped here to eat at noon at  
Pio's finca, where we found the usual  
elevated platform but set back from  
the river where it got little air. There  
was said to be a fair sized lagoon  
here, apparently a wooded swamp  
from the description. The hills were



lower down and not so steep.

In this Tortado area I saw the yellow-rumped and the red Pampascoos together, and also three Claytonia pelotica.

The Pomocoras appeared also, some of the three mentioned having been noted above. Through this section there was a considerable migration of Spotted Sandpipers.

The river drops rapidly from the mouth of the demamado to the beginning of the Tortado area with occasional level stretch but with a procession of rapids that fall from 4 to as much as 15 feet. From the demamado to Las Peñitas I estimated the drop as 40 feet; from Las Peñitas to Mija Culo as 80 feet; and from Mija Culo to Tortado as 60 feet. From the place where we ate to huaca where we spent the night the drop was much slower being from one to two feet at each rapid for a total of 20 feet or a total of 200 feet.

From the Tortado area on down there was more sign of cultivation

We stopped at an Indian casita set back a hundred yards from the river where the surroundings were more open. Here Perry got another arrow, ~~one~~ with a single point to add to the bow and the 3-pointed arrow secured from him <sup>up above</sup>. The woman sat by the fogon, the fire, nursing a baby, a two year was growly eating rice at one side; a four year old toothed about, and a little girl about six took an active interest in us. Half a dozen tori parquets walked about eating and playing.

At sunset we came to huaca where there are two houses on one side on a high bank and one on the other. This latter we occupied for the night as the Indian owner was living temporarily on the other. He told us that he was suffering badly from fever.

We skinned three swallows shot during the day and set up our cots which supper was in the making. At first there were no potatoes but when I asked for them a second time they were produced and with a can of

spare, can of meat and beans and one of pine apple we made out very well. afterward our cigarettes the men were talking about their living on american food.

The house was on a high bank overlooking the river and facing the west. A pleasant breeze blew but there were a fair number of mosquitos. When all was quiet I could hear very faintly the sea in the distance.

April 19, Saturday.

We left shortly after seven this morning. The air ~~of~~ here is appreciably drier than higher up.

The river ran easily down for two or three miles to the head of tide water just above the Pavarandó, and the forest had been largely cut away.

I had estimated our elevation at the camp at the mouth of the demamadó at approximately ~~25~~ 300 feet.

From the Pavarandó down the banks were under cultivation

and there were scattered houses. Here too the houses of the Panamanians had closed sides instead of being open like those of the indians. We were interested to note that what had impressed us as a wild and primitive when we were working this area last year now seemed settled and ordinary in comparison with the actual wild area from which we had just come.

We reached the dock at the airfield at eleven and shortly the truck came over for our gear. Soon we were eating an American meal again, and never has one been more appreciated.

We began chaining up the outfit and packing immediately and worked at it all afternoon. In the evening I went over town to call on Gilberto Mong. His brother Tulio who we had seen near Moja Culo was there also. He told us that with him he had gone nearly 25 miles up the jaguá above the mouth of the demamadó.

He estimated the distance from the  
domamado to the sea at 70 miles.  
I place it however at about 50 miles.  
Concepción made the trip in a light  
junk in from 8 to 9 hours which  
would be about proportion.

April 20, Sunday.

This morning I arose at dawn  
through camp custom and spent  
the early morning hours in  
working on my notes. Perrygo  
and I spent a good part of the  
day in finishing our repacking,  
drying skins and other details.

In evening I went out and  
checked my account for field  
supplies with Gilbert Mong,  
and talked with him for a  
time.

April 21, Monday.

Awaiting a plane this morning  
as the sending part of the radio  
at La Playita is not working.

I went over town again where  
I paid my account to Talo M.

Gilbert's brother giving him change  
for the amount.

Also met a man who lives at  
Guayabo who will help me if I  
go down there next year. Gilbert's  
boat is called the Sonnia  
de Jaque and will be making  
weekly trips to Panama with  
plantains. Mong tells me that he  
expects to market about 80,000  
weekly. In case I want to find  
this boat enquire of the Captain  
of the port.

Address for mail is

Gilbert Mong  
Jaque, Darien  
R. de Panama

~~April 22, Tuesday~~

In late afternoon ~~Perrygo~~ drove  
me down through the revetments beach  
the airfield where I had a look at  
the long beach leading down to Punta  
Fundadero and then on along the road

toward the water supply. There has been much cutting here so that a good part of the second growth cover that we had last year is gone.

A rain storm came down from the slopes of the Serranía del Caracoles and joined a heavy storm that had hung over the interior mountains for much of the day so that the country upriver from the swamp at the mouth was blotted out entirely behind a dark screen of storm and I thought how fortunate we were to have come down in clear weather.

Toward sunset light rain fell at the airfield and continued for nearly three hours.

April 22, Tuesday

Clear this morning with the air pleasantly cool. My usual morning routine of shave, shower and clean clothing very pleasant after life in camp.

A. Londoño, the corregidor,

# Naufragio de la "Josefina Mong"

## ... Triste Remembranza

*Dominical* — Triste Remembranza —

*Panamá, América*

*Panamá, R. de P.  
Feb. 10, 1952*

por MARCOS MEDINA

Hizo un año, el 31 de enero, amanecer del 10. de Febrero que se voicó a las 2 a.m., ia motonave Josefina Mong, a causa del fuerte oleaje del Océano Pacífico; sus embravecidas olas y el fuerte viento tambaleaban a la cargada nave, que luchaba fieramente, desde tempranas horas del día con los embates de los fenómenos naturales.

Salimos el 31 de Enero a las 7 a.m. de 1951 de Jaqué, con destino a la ciudad de Panamá, 27 personas entre tripulantes y pasajeros (niños y adultos). Traíamos nuestras almas ilusionadas sobre un futuro risueño; soñábamos despiertos, alimentando así nuestras mejores ilusiones. Comenrios, chistes, cuentos, remembranzas, ambciones, canciones, etc.; brotaban de los labios de los compañeros de viaje. Pero vino la oscura noche acompañada del rugir desconcertante del impetuoso norte; el mar aceptó el desafío y encrespó sus más grandes olas, como si trataran de alcanzar el viento en las nubes; y un murmullo continuo de éste se mezclaba con la silbatina del veoz aullisio. Era un concierto fúnebre.

La Josefina Mong se debatía, cacheteada de babor a estribor; saltaba como un caballo encabritado. Todo parecía común. Habíamos visto el mar y el viento en este consorcio; otras veces habíamos navegado sobre él. Durante los 25 años que vivimos en Jaqué, en donde llegamos a prestar servicios como maestro de escuela, tuvimos que cruzar por lo menos dos veces al año ese mar; ya en indefensos bongos, en balandras o en pequeñas motonavas. Pero el Destino nos tenía reservado un trágico momento...

Llegó la fatídica hora, y la Josefina Mong, nave de 42 pies de quilla, con sus 18 camarotes, salvavidas, pasajeros y todo lo que contenía y llevaba, quedó casco para arriba en un santiamén. Los dormidos pasajeros fueron despertados bruscamente, por las frías y saladas aguas del mar; que sólo brindaba en aquella oscura inmensidad, su espantosa fosforescencia. Cuatro desaparecieron en ese momento y los 23 restantes logramos escalear el resbaloso casco des-

pués de múltiples esfuerzos. Y en medio de los gritos, los llantos y las plegarias, pasamos el resto del tiempo, azotados por un intenso frío; uno junto al otro, para darnos calor.

Como a las 6 a.m. despachá-bamos en un pequeño botecito, que sólo podía con dos personas, al piloto, Neftalí González y al pasajero, Liberato Segura; quienes después de desafiar el fuerte oleaje y a las fieras marinas, que vieron cerca de la costa, llegaron a la isla de Chcpillo.

Quedamos esperando auxilio, luchando sobre la nave que el mar destrozaba por instantes; que se sumergía a cada minuto, vencida por los elementos. Y vino otra noche amarga!... Adultos y niños, nos debatíamos sobre tablas y tablones, que se movían al compás desordenado de las encrespadas olas, hiriéndonos en todo el cuerpo.

El día 2 de Febrero, como a las tres de la tarde, nos recogió un helicóptero de la armada norteamericana, a la señora Sanclemente y al que esto escribe. Una ambulancia del ejército de los Estados Unidos de Norte América nos llevó al Hospital Santo Tomás, en donde fuimos atendidos; quien éstas líneas escribe en la sala 10, por un competente médico, cuyo nombre no recordamos en este instante; después en la sala 7 y de nuevo la sala 10 por los Doctores José María Núñez e Ignacio Fábrega.

Tres meses permanccimos en ese notable establecimiento de salud, recibiendo las mejores atenciones de enfermeras, practicantes y pupilas, de quienes estamos eternamente agradecidos.

Pero allá en el fondo del Golfo de Panamá, yacen diseminados en sus marinas tumbas, Gilberto Mong, Lucio Panezo, Blas Manucl Londoño, Jesús Segura, Magín Baloy, Cesario García y los otros compañeros de la catástrofe más horrible, que se haya registrado hasta ahora en la marina de cabotaje panameña.

Descansen en paz, compañeros desaparecidos; que Dios bendiga y vigile eternamente sus almas...!

Panamá, 5 de Febrero de 1952.

who was absent in La Palma when we came in March called this morning and was very friendly. I told him that I hoped to come again next February and talked to him about Guayabo, at that place proper there is good collecting ground though it is not extensive as the hills come down near the shore. At Cocahite, the lower terrain is more extensive and there is a small river. Several indians have fincas here. This lies to the south of Guayabo and might be a better point to work.

about 10<sup>30</sup> a 20<sup>th</sup> Troop Transport Command plane bringing mail came in with a broken oil line. At the same a C-45 with a medical officer on inspection arrived with Lt. Risk from Base Operations Army Air Forces as pilot. Risk told me that so far as he knew no plane that would carry us was scheduled to come out today. So when a C-47 came to take out the crew of the grounded ship I

asked to be taken out in it.

We took off about 1<sup>00</sup> p.m. & landed briefly at Rey Island where vegetation was dry and broken. I saw San Jose when Bare Hill was brown also and Pedro Gonzalez from the air and about 2<sup>00</sup> p.m. was in the P.A.D. terminal at Balboa. Arranged with Mr. Hart to store our equipment and telephoned Major Crane who sent a jeep to take us to the Troch.

Then we had the usual round of hair cut, shower and change of clothes. James Zetel came at seven to dine with us and discuss Barr Colorado.

April 23, Wednesday.

This morning we went out to Albrook Field at 8<sup>00</sup> a.m. to call on Col. Griffith. I found Major Shanley there who had been in charge of the officers club last year. Arranged with him to haul our equipment from P.A.D.

where we had left it yesterday afternoon.

One crate containing two knocked down packing cases 14x16x30 inches that we had not used I left under James Zetel's house at 0902 Amador Road. Eleven pieces, including 2 of specimens, 1 of ammunition, and 8 of equipment went to the Panama Inn at Pier 18, Balboa. Two machetes, 2 wash basins, 2 buckets and one lot of tent pins were returned to Base Supply at Albrook Field where I had borrowed them.

We went then to Pier 18 to ship the gear to Washington. First it was necessary to weigh and measure the various pieces which was done skilfully and quickly by a middle-aged negro. Mr. Days, the agent, was away, which probably accounted for our further troubles. First, the middle-aged negro in whom hands we came next, said that he could not

Ship on a government bill of lading which was "too tall trouble", so next he said that he could not ship collect, and finally when I agreed to prepay the estimate of \$21<sup>00</sup> plus he went ahead with a series of intricate computations that finally reached over 30<sup>00</sup> dollars and that on a further revision amounted to more than \$43<sup>00</sup>. The whole procedure took more than two hours.

I was supposed to see General Harmon ~~that~~ <sup>at</sup> eleven but found on telephoning that he was engaged but spoke with him over the phone.

Called at the American Embassy where I saw Mr. Allard, ~~Collier~~ Cultural Attaché, and paid my respects briefly to the American Ambassador General Hines.

Col. W. H. Kempf came at 1<sup>30</sup> and we talked until after 3<sup>00</sup>. Also saw Graham Fairchild

and Mr. Trajido.

At four we picked out a light outfit and went down to the Panama station leaving by train at 4<sup>30</sup> for Frijoles station on the Panama Railroad. This Pacific area was extremely dry, more so than I have ever seen it. Frijoles station has been closed but trains stop on notification. Zetek met us at the station, and in the launch El Sol I found Francisco Vitola, Chichi. We reached Barro Colorado Island before six, where I found Dr. C. W. Baintance of an Oregon college who is here on sabbatical leave working on ecological studies of birds.

We watched the cake for awhile, had supper and then Zetek and I talked island business until 10 p.m. Reasonably cool in the evening.



April 24, Thursday.

I awoke at six to find grey light coming in at my window and spent an hour or more in the pleasant ~~business~~ watching the birds about the laboratory.

Zetets and I spent most of the forenoon in sizing up needed repairs and replacements. We ate at 11<sup>30</sup> and left at 12<sup>00</sup> for Frijoles. A heavy downpour of rain came as we reached the station.

We left about 1<sup>00</sup> reaching Balboa at two. Packed, did a little shopping and worked the rest of the afternoon on notes.

Birds were noticeably quiet at the island due I am sure to the drought.

April 25, Friday

We were out early as usual as we were due to leave at 9:15. I have met Mr. Cole younger here son-in-law of Charles D. Walcott

who is on a business tour with other financial men in a private plane.

Our first destination was Barranquilla as we were unable to get seats in the direct flight to Miami. The air was close as we took off due to the humidity in the air. We had a glimpse of the Savanna, and then the land became steadily rougher and less cut-over and used until we were over the forests that lead to Cerro Azul. The top of this mountain was in cloud but I had a fine view of the great expanse of high green forest surrounding. We passed to the south of it and then were above banks of cloud that hid everything below until we were well out over the sea.

The Colombian coast was dry and brown. The Soledad airport

at Barranquilla was being enlarged and renovated. All passengers were checked by the officials here and then we were free to wander about the station but I went outside soon into the fresher air. My bird list here was Cathartes aura, Coragyps atratus, Cassidix and Columbigallina talpacoti. I had a glimpse of a group of migrant Buteo as we left Balboa but was not certain what they were.

The Magdalena River was muddy as always.

So Kingston Jamaica there was little to note except the sea below us. We circled over the city and landed on the Palisades Airport on an island in the harbor. The atmosphere was friendly here. The airport itself was in an old hangar so that it was high and roomy. A display of tourist wares of considerable extent was offered and pleasant ladies offered us

juice drinks of various kinds without charge. The effort was to aid their charities and to promote tourist interest in the island. The trade wind cooled the air and it was pleasant to walk about outside. I noted three Cathartes aura in the sky, and the large, dark hummer, Anthracoceros mango dashed past me as I examined a low hedge at the side of the building.

We came to Cuba at a point where the shore was rocky, backed by a three step escarpment grown with scrub, and crossed a mangrove-fringed bay to further manglars that gradually gave way to cultivated fields. At the Camaguey airfield it was hot inside and cooler out. As it was four in the afternoon little life was stirring and 4 Cathartes aura were my only birds.

level cane fields, pastures and areas of scrub give to rolling hills and then we were over the mangrove swamps, again on the north coast with Florida ahead as our destination.

As a further paragraph on Jamaica we flew at rather low elevation directly across the island so that I had a good view of it from the air. ~~Probably~~ <sup>Probably</sup> I had seen along the valleys and little foot-trails ~~and~~ the steeply sloping ridges. Everything was in cultivation. What wild life there is must exist in close relations to man.

We landed at Miami airport at 6<sup>30</sup> p.m., and by 7<sup>00</sup> were through customs.

Registered at the Miami Colonial hotel after some investigation of means of getting to Washington. It was nearly ten when we had dined and had our reservations for tomorrow.

April 26, Saturday

A mockingbird awakened me to a pleasant, sunny day. We breakfasted, took a walk over to the waterfront and then sent our baggage to the Eastern Airlines Office. Left Miami at 10<sup>05</sup> in a large, comfortable plane that stopped only at Jacksonville and Atlanta arriving at Washington at 5<sup>00</sup> p.m. As our plane taxied in to the airport I saw two crows walking sedately in the grass at one side.

3 July, 1947

Memorandum for Dr. Wetmore, Secretary.

The identifications for the mammals collected in Panama are as follows:

- 282604 (1381) - Metachirus nudicaudatus  
dentaneus - Rio Jaque April 14, 1947
- 282605 (1382) - Chironectes panamensis -  
Rio Jaque April 16, 1947
- 282606 (1380) - Potos flavus isthmicus  
Rio Jaque April 13, 1947
- 282607 (1383) - Potos flavus isthmicus -  
Rio Jaque April 16, 1947
- 282608 (1378) - Proechimys semispinosus  
panamensis - Rio Jaque April 2, 1947
- 282609 (1376) - Microsciurus isthmus  
vivatus - Rio Jaque March 29, 1947
- 282610 (1377) - Microsciurus isthmus  
vivatus - Rio Jaque March 30, 1947
- 282611 (1379) - Microsciurus isthmus  
vivatus - Rio Jaque April 6, 1947
- 282612 ( ) ♂ - Myotis nigricans  
nigricans - Rio Jaque  
no field no. 81 - 36 - 9 - 12 - 236  
no date
- 282613 ( ) ♂ - Myotis nigricans  
nigricans - Rio Jaque no date  
no field no. 80 - 33 - 8.5 - 11.5 - 238

(Signed) Remington Kellogg  
Curator, Division of Mammals

Ammunition - Darién - 1947.

		not used
1200	.32 aux shells #12 shot	700
200	16 gauge, #12 shot	90
175	" " #10 "	102
75	" " #8 "	65
75	" " #6 "	50
25	" " #2 "	21
<u>1750</u>		<u>1039</u>

collecting period March 27 - April 18 - 23 days

Specimens - Birds - 462

collecting in high forest with  
jungle undergrowth

Sonnet

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,  
And many good States and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortéz when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darién.

John Keats.



1947  
**PANAMA RAIL ROAD COMPANY**  
 COMPLIMENTARY PASS

PASS - - - - Dr. Alexander Wetmore - - - -  
 - - - -  
 - - - -  
 - - - -

Until December 31st, 1947, unless otherwise ordered.

No. 192

*J. McHaffey*  
 President

\$5.00

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
	\$15.00	
	\$5.00	
496-12 THE PANAMA CANAL No. 79282 Name: Dr. Alexander Wetmore Status: Visiting Scientist, C.Z. Biological Area Within the restrictions indicated hereon the above-named person is authorized to purchase commissary coupon books Privilege contingent upon Canal Zone residence. Authority valid until May 31, 1947 Limit of monthly purchases of coupons: (Cashier will record each sale by punch marks in margin) By direction of Governor Issued 2/6 (Conditions on reverse) Asst. Executive Secretary.		
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
	\$15.00	
	\$5.00	
SEPTEMBER	AUGUST	JULY
	\$5.00	
	\$15.00	

## CONDITIONS

This free Pass is not transferable and, if presented by any other person than the individual named thereon, or if any alteration, addition, or erasure is made upon it, it is forfeited, and the Conductor will take it up and collect fare.

The person accepting this free pass agrees that the Panama Railroad Company shall not be liable, under any circumstances, whether of negligence of Agents or otherwise, for any injury to the person, or for any loss or damage to the property of the person using the same.

The right to cancel this pass at any time is reserved by the Company.

In case this pass is lost, it must be reported to the Executive Secretary immediately. A new pass cannot be issued until 30 days after loss is reported.

I accept the above conditions:

## CONDITIONS

This authority card is valid only for the privileges specifically stated on the face hereof, and may be withdrawn at any time. It may be used only as stated below and is subject to cancelation if presented by an unauthorized person.

The card is issued with the understanding that the holder will confine the privileges that it confers to himself and the wholly dependent and legal members of his immediate family actually residing with him and will otherwise comply with the provisions of the commissary regulations.

If the holder should be a resident of the Canal Zone at the time of issuance and should later remove to the Republic of Panama, or if his employment status should change in any way, the question of continuing the privilege should be immediately taken up with the Executive Office (Balboa 3108).

This card is to be presented to commissary cashiers each time coupons are purchased and to the commissary inspectors upon request.

I accept the above conditions.

MR 13736—Panama Canal—10-26-45—5,000

(Signature of holder)



No. 30787

SPECIAL  
PASSPORT



*United States  
of America*

IMPORTANT

The person to whom this passport is issued must sign his name on page three immediately on its receipt. The passport is NOT VALID unless it has been signed.

The bearer should also fill in blanks below as indicated.

Smithsonian Institution, Washington D.C.  
Bearer's address in the United States

Bearer's foreign address

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.  
IN CASE OF DEATH OR ACCIDENT NOTIFY

Secretary

Name of person to be notified

Smithsonian Institution  
Exact address

Washington, D.C.

Should you desire to obtain a new passport after this passport shall have definitely expired, this passport should be presented with your application for a new passport.

No. 34787

Special Passport

United States of America  
Department of State

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit  
ALEXANDER WETMORE

a citizen of the United States, safely  
freely to pass and in case of need  
to HIM at  
protection as would be extended  
citizens or subjects of Foreign Govern-  
ments resorting to the United States.

S- 34000

The beaver IS PROCEEDING  
ABROAD ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS  
FOR THE SMITHSONIAN  
INSTITUTION.

The beaver is accompanied by his  
Wife, X X X  
Minor children, X X X  
X X X  
X X X

Given under my  
hand and the  
seal of the  
Department of  
State at  
Washington on  
JANUARY 14TH  
1901

  
IN  
Secret  
Na  
C  
6  
Cordell Hull

Description of beaver:

Height 6 feet 3 inches.

Hair GREY

Eyes HAZEL

Distinguishing marks or features:

X X X

X X X

X X X

Place of birth NORTH FREEDOM,  
WISCONSIN

Date of birth JUNE 18, 1886

Alexander Wetmore  
Signature of beaver.

*Photograph of bearer*



*This Special passport is valid only for travel in the countries designated and in connection with, and for the duration of, the official business indicated herein. If the travel on official business for which this passport is issued extends beyond 2 years the passport is subject to renewal.*

*This passport to be valid must be submitted to the Department of State for endorsement after each return of the bearer to the United States.*

**SEE PAGES 6, 7, AND 8 FOR RENEWAL,  
EXTENSIONS, AMENDMENTS, LIMITATIONS,  
AND RESTRICTIONS.**

Renewal, extensions, amendments,  
limitations, and restrictions

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

JAN. 14, 1944

THIS PASSPORT EXPIRES:  
JULY 14, 1944

IT IS NOT VALID FOR  
TRAVEL IN ANY COUNTRY  
EXCEPT:

MEXICO, CENTRAL  
AMERICA AND PANAMA -  
OFFICIAL BUSINESS.  
NECESSARY COUNTRIES  
EN ROUTE.

*R. B. Shigley*  
Chief, Passport Division

Renewal, extensions, amendments,  
limitations, and restrictions

THIS PASSPORT IS NOT VALID  
FOR TRAVEL TO OR IN TRANSIT  
THROUGH MOROCCO, ALGERIA,  
TUNISIA OR LIBIA UNLESS  
SPECIFICALLY ENDORSED FOR  
SUCH TRAVEL.

AMERICAN EMBASSY  
(Consulate General)  
Miami, Florida

GOOD March 15, 1944

*Henry A. Vitto*  
American Vice Consul

U. S. IMMIGRATION SERVICE  
MAR 17 1944  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

See stamp on page -- 1

*Renewal, extensions, amendments,  
limitations, and restrictions*

Visas

No. 5280

Gratis

VISACION OFICIAL

Visto en la Embajada de Pa-  
natná en los Estados Unidos de  
América.

Washington, D. C.

JAN 26 1944 19

*Manning*

Secretario



Visas

Visas

THIS PASSPORT  
IS NOT VALID FOR  
TRAVEL IN ANY  
COUNTRY OUTSIDE THE  
WESTERN HEMISPHERE

THIS VALIDATION IS  
SUPERSEDED BY  
PAGE 17

FEB. 11, 1946

THE BEARER IS PROCEEDING TO  
PANAMA ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS FOR  
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

*R. B. Shipley*  
R. B. SHIPLEY

CHIEF, PASSPORT DIVISION

Visas

Visas

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

WASHINGTON

NO. 2230

RENEWED Feb. 11, 1946

EXPIRES Jan. 14, 1948

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

R. B. SHIPLEY

CHIEF, PASSPORT DIVISION

O. M. Stephens



Visas

Visas

No. 3367

Gratis

VISACION OFICIAL

Visto en la Embajada de Pa-  
namá en los Estados Unidos de  
América.

Washington, D. C.

Febrero 27 19 46

*Rafael D. Jarrido*  
2º Secretario



Visas

Visas

**RESTRICTION**

**THIS PASSPORT, IF PROPERLY VISAED, IS VALID FOR TRAVEL IN ANY COUNTRY EXCEPT GERMANY, AUSTRIA, THE MAIN ISLANDS OF JAPAN, HANSEI SHOTO, NANPO SHOTO OR KOREA.**

**BEFORE TRAVEL IN ANY OF THE ABOVE COUNTRIES MAY BE UNDERTAKEN, AN APPROPRIATE MILITARY PERMIT MUST BE AFFIXED TO THIS PASSPORT BY THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE OR AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC OR CONSUL IN A PORT ABROAD.**

**SEEN  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
WASHINGTON**

**FEB. 5, 1947**

**R. B. SHIPLEY  
CHIEF, PASSPORT DIVISION**

BY

*D. M. Stephen*

Visas

Visas

6216

Gratis

VISA OFICIAL

Visto en la Embajada de Pa-  
namá en los Estados Unidos de  
América.

Washington, D. C.

MARZO 18 19 47

Enrique A. Jarama  
2º Secretario



*Visas*

REPUBLICA DE PANAMA  
MINISTERIO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES  
DEPARTAMENTO DE EXTRANJERIA  
AEROPUERTO DE ALBROOKFIELD

Fecha de  
llegada

22 MAR 1947

*Alfonso*  
INSPECTOR DE INMIGRACION

*Visas*

*Visas*

*This passport must be surrendered to the United States Immigration Officer at the time of each entry of the bearer into the United States. If the bearer secures the passport returned to him he must communicate with the Passport Division, Department of State, Washington, D. C.*

**This passport must be returned to the Department of State for cancellation immediately upon the termination of the official status for which the passport was issued.**

1948.

February 15, Sunday.

Warm sunshine and pleasant air after six weeks or so of ice and snow.

Left Washington via Seaboard Air line at 2<sup>50</sup> p.m. Because of the present thaw rivers were in flood.

At Richmond before sunset a Great Blue Heron flew down the James River, a mourning dove rested on a wire and just to the south a small roost of crows had gathered for the night.

Train was crowded by winter tourists bound for Florida.

February 16, Monday.

Awakened this morning in north central Florida with the country green and birds abundant. Red maple in blossom in the swamps (not commonly yet however). Something of a battle in the dining car as various of the chosen people were holding seats for members of the family or friends. Finally the steward told me to sit down anyway.

that passengers could not be kept waiting! So I did - and ordered broiled ham for breakfast.

Great Blue + Ward's Humors, Egrets Snowy and homing birds were common. I saw occasional Sparrow, Red-tailed, Red-shouldered and Marsh Hawks, and occasional shrikes, Mourning Doves, Redwings and Boat-tailed Grackles.

Reached Miami at 12<sup>50</sup> p.m. in pleasant, balmy weather and registered at the Miami Columbus Hotel.

After lunch walked over to the Pan-American Airways to check on my passage tomorrow.

Mr. Howard Doehla called for me at 3<sup>00</sup> and took me to the St. Francis Hospital in Miami Beach to call on Mrs. S.W. Parish who is there, confined for a rest to recover from a heart attack. After a visit with Mrs. Parish I stopped briefly at Mr. Doehla bachelor bungalow for a drink and to meet his cousin Doehla a rheumatic from cripple

who has made considerable money in the greeting card business.

Returned to the hotel at 6<sup>00</sup> and at 6<sup>15</sup> Mrs. Clanchan called for me in a very shiny model Ford and drove me out to Gilbert Grosvenor's home in Coconut Grove, advancing and retarding the spark appropriately as we started and slowed speed. I had dinner with Mrs. Grosvenor and Dr. + Mrs. David Fairchild, a most pleasant visit. Dr. Fairchild is going down to Venezuela to be with Dr. Pittier. Returned to the hotel about ten and went to bed - about ten for rather a restless night on a lumpy mattress (at \$10 per night).

February 17, Tuesday.

Was called this morning at 5<sup>15</sup> and presently went down to accept the chery invitation of the hotel management to a "free" breakfast served without charge to those unfortunates who had to rise before

seem. Being hungry I was naturally delighted to find that the breakfast consisted of orange juice, melba toast and coffee, nothing else, and no arrangements to order anything else!

At the airport I met by chance Dr. Fred Soper, formerly of the Rockefeller Foundation, but now Director of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, bound for Lima, Peru. We sat together for the crossing to Balboa.

Our plane left at 8<sup>10</sup> a.m. We crossed Cuba near Camaguey, then Jamaica and finally after a pleasant crossing came down at Albrook Field at 2<sup>30</sup> p.m. Zetek had made arrangements for my entry, and I was released with my baggage immediately.

I took a taxi to the Tivoli where a room had been reserved for me. Cleaned up and received a telephone call from Mrs. Penes telling me the Yams Zetek was a Barro Colorado Island, would return at 6<sup>00</sup> and would come over to see me.

On the meanwhile I had met by

chance Dr. Paul Galtsoff, of the Fish and Wild life Service, here at the request of the Panamanian government to make a survey to determine the causes in deterioration of the Pearl shell fishery in the Perlas Islands. He had returned yesterday after being out nearly 3 weeks. His collections packed in three boxes had been entrusted to an employee of the Bureau of Mines and Fisheries who had locked them overnight in a car parked outside his house, where thieves had broken in and carried off the three boxes. There was some faint hope that they might be recovered.

As I came in to the landing at Albrook Field this afternoon two pipits Anthus parvus flew close along side as the plane lost speed on the runway. My first view of the Quercus in

the evening, sitting on the Zetek came just for half an hour to make plans for tomorrow and then left to



a meeting at 7<sup>30</sup>.

both I fell into casual conversation with two young Americans on the veranda to find that they were Mrs. Jack Russell, and Mrs. Lenox Clark, 15 State Street, Boston Mass, who were engaged in getting out Mahogany logs. Russell is located above Juradi while Clark has charge of operations in Panama, Brazil and Africa. They know the whole country inland from Juradi and come regularly through Jaqué. I had an interesting hour with them and was pleased to recognize Lima, and Mammel's women, from the upper Jaqué in their photographs taken over in Colombia. From them I learn that the best coastal point to work below Jaqué is at Cocalito which is about 7 miles from the Colombian border. There is a passage between headlands of juncos into a bay with flat land and a stream entering the sea. This leads

back into a fair-sized open valley and runs back to low hills on the Colombian frontier. There are a few families living here, good water and trails so that one can get around through the jungle.

The mockbird was in front of the Twoli as usual - arousing the usual query as to what it is. And *Turdus grayi casius* complained in the blooming bougainvillea on the porch.

February 18, Wednesday

This morning I met Mrs. Robert Terry on the veranda. Also Mr. Syoder at breakfast with Russell, the former logging mahogany on the Chucunague.

At 7<sup>30</sup> Zetek called for me and we went to Fort Clayton where we called first on Captain John R. Millar, Supt. Engineer, who took us to Col. R. W. Adams, Headquarters Pacific Area. Here also I met Major C. F. Gardner with to

Col. Adams. The Washington office of the army has authorized transfer on loan basis of certain equipment for the Barro Colorado Island laboratory. We discussed the details of this and made arrangement for shipment by freight to Angeles Station. After arranging these details Zetok drove me to Albrook Field where I called on Major General Willis H. Hale, Commanding General, Caribbean Air Command. I explained my mission to General Hale and as he was going out to an appointment he turned me over to Lieutenant Colonel General Jamison. I presented a letter from Brigadier General William F. McKee on behalf of General Spaatz and arranged to borrow for about two months a jeep to use in field work.

Details of this were placed in the hands of Lieutenant Reutter.

I called at the office of Colonel Griffiths but found him absent. Met Col. Payne who said to let them know if I needed any help.

Returned to the Tivoli, <sup>Charles Richardson</sup> hired a taxi and drove to the American Embassy where I talked with Mr. Phelan who I had met in 1941 in Barranguilla, explaining my mission to him. The Ambassador General Hines is returning to the States and the Secretary was absent.

Stopped then at the Gorgas laboratory where I met Dr. Clark and Trajita and also Major

Returned to the hotel at noon where I had luncheon with Dr. & Mrs. Robert Terry. He is geologist for the Gulf Oil Co.

At two I hired another taxi, Claude Williams and called on the Chief of Police to arrange for an auto drivers license. He notified the license bureau which took two of my pictures, charged me a dollar and issued me a permanent license for the Canal Zone.

Had another identification picture taken at the Fotografía Charles, Calle no 18, just below the Ancon post office. Will need more pictures for a Panama license and thought that I had better get a dozen.

In late afternoon Jack Russell and I went down into Panama City to locate Gilberto Mong's house. Jack, however, was a little tight and after driving around for an hour we failed to find the place. We learned however that Gilberto's launch is due to arrive from Jacue tomorrow.

Met Cool of the Fish & Wildlife Service who has been making a waterfowl survey between Guatemala and northern Colombia. He reports only small numbers of ducks.

Felix dined with me this evening to discuss Barro Colorado affairs.

February 19, Thursday.

Out at 6<sup>15</sup> this morning. Warm in the early part of the night, cooler later.

at 8<sup>15</sup> I took a taxi to Quarry Heights where I called at the office of Lieut. Gen. W.D. Crittenberger, Command General, Caribbean Defense Command. The General was leaving for San Juan, Puerto Rico at ten, so that I had

EXEMPTION FROM U S ARMY CARIBBEAN TRAFFIC REGULATIONS

MAKE  
Ford

TYPE  
1/4-ton 4 x 4

WD NO.  
20747880

ASSIGNED TO

Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Smithsonian Institution

is exempted from all administrative restrictions pertaining to hours of use, time, place of parking, passengers, and official dispatch, per authority of CG, CAIRC.

FOR THE PROVOST MARSHAL, USAFCARIB:

*John T. Merrill*  
JOHN T. MERRILL  
1st Lt, CMP  
Assistant

EXPIRES 30 April 1948

merely a glimpse of him in his car  
but left my greetings to him with  
Lt. Col. George Mathew.

At ten I drove down into  
Panama City to send a telegram to M.  
H. Sterling in Parita to tell him that I  
was about lined up and would be  
ready to come over any time Monday.

Continued then to the Museo  
Nacional in Avenida Cuba located  
near the water in the eastern part of  
the city. The building was an  
attractive structure of moderate  
size - cement stucco, buff color with  
red roof that I was told later  
had been built for a students club  
and then turned over for the museum.

Mrs. Alejandro Méndez, who is also  
a professor in the University was  
out so I spent an hour or more  
in going through the museum.  
On the first floor, elevated a few  
feet above ground level was a central  
hall, and four or five smaller ones  
devoted to archeology mainly  
with an alcove or two for old maps,

graves, paintings and other historical material and another small one to ancient wood carved saints and other church trappings.

The striking material, in the main halls consisted of 8 or more carved stone human figures almost life size found recently in Chiriqui buried in soil beneath a lava flow that seems to indicate that they were at least a thousand years old. They were male except for one torso, naked except for pair of little breasts ornaments in the form of animals. Several were double, a lower figure, apparently a slave with bare head and broad face, supporting another human figure on the shoulders. The second upper figure had a curious ovate face with pointed chin and high cheek bones and a curious rounded hat that rose in cone with concave outline to a blunt point. Some of them were entire, others fragmentary.

There was in addition a considerable collection of Chiriqui pottery.

A second floor had more ethnology, mainly Brazilian, ~~seen~~ on hall, a few artifacts from Guanacaste in another and the best of the space devoted to a small set of mammals and a few mounted birds some of them from Europe. Several exhibition cases were devoted to bird skins (study skins) from Panamá. I was interested to see that the trogons had faded badly. I noted this same phenomenon in the Museo Nacional in San José, Costa Rica. The skins had data and it would be useful to identify them.

Dr. Mendy arrived before I had finished and also Paul Galtsoff who is working here. After some talk Mendy took to the Police Department, introduced me to the Lieutenant in charge of drivers permits and I filed my application.

Spoke with Dr. Mendy of the possibility of Guggenheim fellowships being extended to Panamá and asked him to consider who might be available.

Met Dr. James of the Pan American Highway Commission at the Tivoli this morning.

Joined Dr. + Mrs. Robert Terry a lunch in the dining room. In the afternoon I put my notes in shape and checked on further matters that require attention here.

Met Lee Cottrane, who was one of the engineers building the camp on San José Island in 1944. He is now with Gulf Oil and is up from Colombia on some business.

At 4<sup>00</sup> drove to the police station to get my Panamanian drivers permit which was ready for me. Continued to the wharves to ask for Gilberto, man's boat the Sorisa of Jaque but found that it was not yet in. So made inquiry for his sister's house but could not locate it.

At the hotel I spent a pleasant half hour in watching the birds in the mesquite. The tree which the verandah in front of my room.

Below there is a casual assortment of shrubbery with other trees scattered among low houses beyond. Since 1944 I have found that from year to year the bird population here remains about the same. A pair of Centurus rubricapillus clamor over the branches, Myiozetetes similis columbianus chatters, a Tyrannus melancholicus or two come and go from various perches, sometimes a Sublegatus comes up into the branches, usually one Toothstrum cinereum appears, Blue and Palm Tanagers, and Tangara crassirostris pass through the branches, a Baltimore Oriole and a yellow Warbler may come, and Turdus grayi comes up off the ground. Chaetura garrneri, Turkey and Black Vultures pass overhead and a hummingbird probably Chalybura dashes through.

Dr. + Mrs. Terry had kindly

invited me to dinner with Zetek,  
Mr. James and Mr. & Mrs. Adams  
of the Pan American Highway Commission.  
The evening pleasant and highly  
interesting.

Met Dr. Butts, member of the  
Cosmos Club, formerly of Georgetown  
University and now a medical officer  
with United Fruit Company.

February 20, Friday.

Mr. Butts and I sat for a time  
together at breakfast.

at 7:45 I went over to Zetek's  
house at 0902 Amador Road where  
presently W/Sgt. E. L. Vette brought  
and delivered the jeep that I state  
Air Force have loaned me. This  
is an excellent car, just overhauled  
and in good shape. We put it under  
Zetek's house until we left for the  
field.

After some discussion of Barro  
Colorado Island affairs Zetek took  
me to the Balboa Commissary where  
I made some purchases and to the  
Chase Bank to draw funds.

Returned to the hotel at 10:40 to  
write for a bit and to check plans.

Lee Courteau and Russell Foster  
came in to take luncheon with me,  
old engineer friends from San Jose  
Island in 1944.

Further correspondence came at  
noon which I answered and then at  
three went down into Panama City on  
a few last errands. On one of these I  
stopped for a few minutes in the  
city market. At one entrance fully  
100 large iguanas which I was  
told came from out Chepo way  
lay on the pavement, trussed in  
the usual way by fastening the  
hind feet together above the tail where  
the tendons of the two middle  
claws were pulled out a little  
way and one thrust through the  
other. They were carried from  
a piece on short sticks.

One man had 30 or 40  
birds including Tropialis icterus  
icterus that he said came from

Riohacha, Colombia. I noted one female Baltimore Oriole, Saltator mexicanus, Thraupis palmarum, Thraupis cana, Craconus, Tanagra inornata, and one mocker of the plain winged type. There were several juncos in so dark a spot that I could not make them out especially since in common with the other birds they were in sad condition. Noted several Spinus psaltria and two Tanagra leucicapilla.

Drove back along the water front past the statue of Balboa looking out over the Pacific. A few frigate birds and two ospreys circled over the water.

This evening I added the Elanoides flavogaster and Myrnectes panamensis to the birds that came to my tree.

Major Robert D. Harlan came at six thirty and also Dr. Richard Carriker. Bob Harlan took us out to his place at Fort Amador and then to a dinner in the very pleasant Army and Navy

Club there. We returned later to the Tivoli where Dick Carriker and I talked until after eleven.

February 21, Saturday.

Arose at 5<sup>30</sup> a.m. and left at 7<sup>00</sup> from the Panama City station for Frijoles Station. Here Francisco Vitola met us - Dr. Paul S. Galtsoff was with me and we crossed to Barro Colorado Island. Galtsoff and I walked out Snyder-Molina's trail slowly and then we returned. I spent the rest of the day in watching the bird life, in looking over the buildings and examining the installations. Paint is badly needed.

It is pleasantly warm with a cool breeze. "White Dry" the vegetation is still green.

In the afternoon a launch brought Mr. Viggo Jarl of Copenhagen, and four companions and I gave them permission to land and walk out through the jungle. Mr. Jarl has his yacht in the lake and has taken parties to various places to collect fish and



Other marine material. He knows  
Dr. Th. Mortensen of Copenhagen.

In the jungle life was fairly  
active ~~with~~ not as in early morning.  
Some birds moved across and in  
the laboratory clearing all day but  
in late afternoon they became very  
active. I spent the hours until  
dark watching.

Three coats came up the hill,  
a band of white faced monkeys  
appeared and then a band of  
howlers came out into a Cecropia tree  
just below me. With my glasses I  
could see large swellings and gummy  
stuff to warbles on many of them.

The moon, nearly full, was beautiful  
over the lake and I sat for some time  
watching the water. Boats passed  
steadily at short intervals during the  
day.

Robert Brown of Swarthmore College,  
and Ernest V. Engstrom of the Harvard  
Biological Laboratory are here working  
on Army ants. Schnierle who is  
directing the work is absent in

Darien temporarily. Johnson of  
Teachers College, <sup>Brooklyn, N.Y.</sup> is here to study birds - his first  
view of the tropics - is concentrating on  
the "ant-birds" and is making interesting  
and useful observations.

February 22, Sunday.

The roaring of howler monkeys aroused  
me at dawn to another clear, beautiful  
day. White-faced and howler monkeys were  
in the trees as I came out, a small  
ant-eater slithered around in a dead tree top  
looking for termites and four or five  
coats were about the kitchen door.

I had a pleasant hour after breakfast  
watching the birds before our visitors of  
the day appeared. A great school of  
minnows with a long underbelly  
mouth swarmed in the shallows at the  
wharf with cormorants coming to feed  
on them and sabals slashing them from  
underneath. <sup>Anchoa s. spinifer which occurs</sup>  
<sup>in both Atlantic and Pacific.</sup>

Our visitors included

St. Col. Winston E. Fowler, Engineer, Ft. Clayton  
Major Wm. J. Westall

Rene O. Quemarville, Corps of Engineers  
Army of U.S.  
and Capt. John R. Miller

all accompanied by their wives.  
Major Quemarville is a friend of Captain  
Cary of the Division of History. Mrs

Westall Know Sient Tony Di Santos  
of our guard force.

This party went out on the trail  
immediately which Zett and I  
remained behind to discuss island  
matters.

We had lunch a little after twelve  
when I had a session with the  
engineers relative to installation of  
new equipment.

Our final analysis we need

1. a new road and car single track  
for freight only.

The proposed double track for freight and  
passengers is too large and will require  
too much grading, destroying part of  
our present predominant forest.

The one car installation with a trestle  
over the hollow at the bottom is all that  
required.

2. Diesel motor and generator equipment  
to be installed at the shore.

3. a transformer on the hill, centrally  
located back of the Eastman exposures.

I have eliminated the idea of  
metal water tanks as we can make  
a large cement tank ourselves.

Electric lines should be run under  
ground. We can probably do this ourselves.

We left at 4<sup>10</sup> for the mainland  
and I was at the Tirol at 6<sup>15</sup>.  
Here I found Richard Stewart, National  
Geographic Society staff photographer  
Came down from Parita to take me out  
there. We find that the commissary and  
banks are closed tomorrow but decided  
to leave for Parita without the supplies  
we had expected to buy rather than delay  
a day.

Received from additional maps of  
value from Major Robert Hardan.

Dick Carver came in the evening  
and with Galtoff we sat and talked  
for a time with Dr. & Mrs. Terry.

I packed my good clothes and  
wrote my journal before turning in.

As we left the island I saw  
an iguana swimming across the outer  
bay.

Yesterday the cicadas were drawing  
when I arrived and continued until  
an hour or so before sunset. This morning  
they began again about eight.

February 23, Monday.

For Americans this was a holiday under  
new administrative scheme through which  
when a normal holiday, like Washington's

Birthday falls on Sunday then the following  
workday becomes a holiday.

Dick Stewart and I ate breakfast in  
The Club as we were dressed in khaki  
and then were successful in buying  
some of the things that we needed as  
the Commissaries were all closed.

I went over to Zetel's house to pick  
up the jeep and talk this Zetel, Stewart  
came by with the truck from camp  
and we loaded it for the trip out. Stewart  
led the way and I followed in the  
jeep. This car, a Ford, no. 20,770,480  
has just been reconditioned and is in  
fine shape. When I got out with it I  
noted that it had a fine white star  
on it and also the symbol SM-INS.  
for Smithsonian Institution, Spedometer 1735.

We were held up for ten minutes  
at the canal as the bridge was open  
to allow two ships to pass. The road  
for some time was winding, rising and  
falling over low ridges and hills.

The second growth forest was interesting  
with pastures and fields, all dry  
and dusty due to the season.



MINISTERIO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES

A.E.	
COUNS.	
ADM.	
COM.	
CONF.	
CONT.	
FIN.	
GEN.	

MARIO DE DIEGO  
MINISTRO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES

CERTIFICA:

Que los señores Watson M. Perrygo y Alexander Wetmore están autorizados para efectuar ciertas investigaciones biológicas relacionadas con los pájaros en la República de Panamá.

Por lo tanto, solicita a las autoridades de la República que se sirvan prestar a los señores aludidos las facilidades a su alcance para la feliz realización de su misión.

En fe de lo cual se expide este certificado en la ciudad de Panamá el día veintitres de enero de mil novecientos cuarenta y ocho.



*Mario de Diego*

Beyond la Chorrera hills rose to the west some of them being sculptured and precipitous. The broad cement highway went on down near the coast at Chame and continued near to San Carlos and Anton crossing many small streams. Beyond San Carlos

there was some excellent savanna country not too heavily under fence.

The road turned away then to the northwest to Penonomé an old settlement. We stopped here for a few minutes in the shade of some trees to stretch our legs and then continued beyond through Pitile and Nata were broad, level plains when I saw occasional meadowlarks. At Aguadules we stopped for gas at a really modern service station and then on again through Divisa and so on to Quinta.

Here Dr. & Mrs. Matthew <sup>going willingly with them</sup> Stirling were located for archaeological work, and here Watson M. Berrygo had come some three weeks ago to collect until

my arrival. I found them located in good little five room house with patio behind and a kitchen and store room. Perrygo had two howler monkeys hung up that he had skinned that day.

We talked for awhile and then ate under the back porch while a flock of boat-tailed grackles gathered to roost in the tree in the yard.

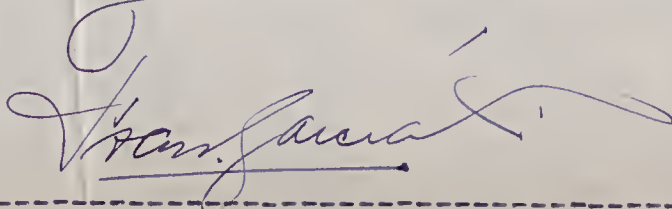
I finally turned in about 9<sup>30</sup> with Perrygo still busy on his monkeys.

February 24, Tuesday.

We were out this morning at dawn, breakfasted and at seven were on our way out to Paris in the jeep. We turned off the highway to reach this place and then continued on for 4 miles north across the shallow Rio Escota to the large Rio Santa Maria. Here we were on tundra.

The land was level with occasional stands of large scattered trees, areas of completely *Juniperus* and other sections of second growth.

El Suscrito Alcalde Municipal del Distrito de Los Santos, en vista del certificado expedido por el señor Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores que han presentado al este deppacho los señores Watson M. Perrygo y Alexander Wetmore, les confiere licencia para efectuar ciertas investigaciones biológicas relacionadas con los pájaros en la jurisdicción de este distrito. Para constancia se extiende la presente en la ciudad de Los Santos, a los quince días del mes de Marzo de mil novecientos cuarenta y ocho.



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Francisco García C.", is written over a solid horizontal line. The signature is fluid and extends to the right of the line.

---

Francisco García C.  
Alcalde Municipal.-



We followed along the river down stream on foot doing most of our collecting here. There were scattered fincas with little houses located on the stream when town people came down for the latter part of the dry season to escape the heat of the towns during the dry season winds which now are just beginning.

Birds are abundant and of good variety and we returned a little after eleven with 20.

Yesterday turkey vultures were in the sky constantly clear across from Balboa but during the heat of the day most birds were quiet. Occasional fork-tailed flycatchers appeared with ground doves, once in awhile a sparrow hawk and tropical kingbird, and occasionally a meadowlark or barnswallow.

We prepared our specimens in the afternoon and wrote notes in the evening in the patio. There are few or no mosquitoes.



The road out here is excellent to Rio Hato. Beyond it is narrow ~~and~~ hard surfaced. Some complain of its being rough but I do not find it too bad. We stopped to eat at the Cantina Santa Clara at Rio Hato, an excellent place.

The moon was full tonight and shone beautifully in the clear sky. We were in bed shortly after nine for a sound night's sleep.

February 25, Wednesday.

At six the moon was still shining brightly and the air was cool and pleasant.

With José, as attendant Perrygo and I drove the jeep down toward Centre on the hard surfaced road and there turned off to Monagrillo, a little settlement of a few low, scattered houses. We continued on over a dirt road to the channel of the Parita River where the road came to a sudden end. There was an extensive stand of white mangrove here but mainly on the other side of the stream. Tides was flowing out swiftly with muddy current leaving bare extensive mud flats

both in the mangroves and on the open flats adjacent. Fishermen told us that in a week the swamps would be dry again. Apparently the full moon may have caused unusually high tides and so have covered the flats.

Back of the flats were dry pastures partly open and partly grown with a thorny scrub. Occasional larger trees had green foliage.

We walked along the edge of the mud flats securing first a fine male Mangrove or golden warbler. We followed down to a little group of houses and then out on a slightly higher ground where there is an extensive shell mound that Sterling expects to dig. Birds were scarce at first but little by little we gathered specimens until at a little after ten we had 23 excellent ones.

The sun is hot, but the steady breeze tempers it pleasantly. An occasional small cloud may drift across the sky but the sun is almost now covered even for finchmimids. I find the temperature most pleasant. The region is strongly reminiscent of parts of Yucatán. Fishing is an industry here and

The men had been out in the early morning with nets. We saw quantities of catfish, some weighing six or eight pounds, called Congo, a few corbina, some mullet and one small shark. In two places there were ice boxes to hold the fish fresh. One boy wanted two dollars for a good-sized corbina which I refused to pay. A little farther on I bought a good one for \$1.25.

We were back at the house by eleven for a shower, in the bath made by Stuart and Perrygo. A 50 gallon drum elevated on a pole platform with a ladder to allow it to be filled. On the bottom is a pipe with a valve and a sprinkler head. An enclosure of palm leaves gives privacy.

We ate lunch under the porch and then started in on the birds. The archeologists are working at distance and do not return at noon.

Mail arrived this afternoon. Before five the archeologists returned, Sterling have opened a new mound, from which in half a day he had taken 40 fine pieces of pottery.

There is definite migration in evidence today. I saw one little group of 1 grammes Melanochlorus with one T. dominicensis moving toward the north and Perrygo encountered a small flock of Baltimore Orioles.

February 26, Thursday.

At six this morning the moon was still shining brightly as I came out into the patio while the east was bright with the approaching sun. Four month old chickens stood with heads drawn in rather sulkily, in a little area moonlight, apparently on the supposition that this would warm them in the chill morning air.

At seven we were on our way out of on the highway back toward the north. Opposite the road that leads to Paris we turned west and drove along a narrow dirt lane to the water line of the forest hills called Los Voladores. We left the jeep here continued on foot into the wooded area following a cart

road up a valley. Much of the ground on either side had been cleared but was now growing up in second growth. The hill slopes were covered with good-sized trees. In early morning groups of howler monkeys rested in ~~there~~. We searched about 70 in a space of an eighth of a mile along the road. Deer and fowls here and I saw 4 Coati Munkis, called as usual Gato Solo. The boys with us claimed they were very good to eat.

We took a side trail across through open woods through a ~~shoulder saddle~~ that let us enter another valley. Here we located a camp along the valley bottom called El Fical. The woodlands reminded me much of the forests in San José Island.

Beyond here the slopes were cleared and were grown in tall bunch grass. This was near the far edge of the hill area with the settlement of Portobello mas. Two specimens today were marked with this name.

As we entered the hills I shot

a small tinamou, a fine specimen.

At El Fical I secured a sulphur-breasted Tanager and Perrigo Harpagus bidentatus. Just beyond I shot the first Short-tailed Hawk that I have ever seen.

We returned to the main cart road and followed it far enough to ascertain that it was joined by the trail from El Fical. A hill about 500 feet high was called El Tigre. According to the horseman who told us this from its summit one could see far, even to Aguadulce.

Birds were not abundant in here as it was very dry but we secured several not taken before. Returned at eleven thirty to town.

In the afternoon I drove Mrs. Stirling in the jeep with the archeological site where her husband has been working. We forded the Parita River and beyond our boy gave the wrong direction onto a cart road that only a jeep could pass and that with difficulty. We finally came out into the proper road and reached the mounds. Several interesting discoveries had been made long since

Feb. 27, Friday.

My usual alarm clock, the grackles roosting in our patio and the one adjacent misled me this morning. Usually they begin calling at cockcrow but do not fly around until the sky is fully light in the east. This morning I heard them moving about and got to find that it was only 5<sup>45</sup> and that the sky was still dark.

Don Fulo Arsamena came at seven and went out with us to show us a new area. Within a quarter of a mile of town we turned off on a dirt road that wound about somewhat but led to some extensive open flats with a lagoon in the distance. Beyond was the mangrove swamps bordering the Rio Santa Maria.

Dry acid thorn scrub covered the higher level raised six or eight feet above the bare flats and ran out on low rocky hills and knolls that projected little fungus from the higher ground. There was some flat pad cactus here in blossom. The trees were all low and there was a growth of wild pineapples on the ground that made it

difficult to get through. Even the weeds had thorns.

We had expected to drive out across the flats to a big ciénaga but found water flowing in a head of the wind so left the jeep on higher ground and proceeded around the border of the flats in front. Many shorebirds were in sight on the water, among them Semipalmated Sandpipers being the most abundant. The Western Sandpiper was here also as one shot gave us 3 of the first and one of the second. Also semipalmated plover, one Hudsonian curlew, a few yellow-legs and a number of Golden Plover. The latter were very wild.

Don Fulo and I penetrated one little border group of mangroves to see a Dyrnid puff-bird resting quietly on a branch. When I had finished picking it up and cleaning it I looked up to see a large white-breasted bird in a tall tree on the knoll above. A glance through the field glasses revealed a wood ibis. The growth was thick but fortunately a little path led up to easy range at 65 yards when a shot tumbled one while

a companion that I had not seen  
flew away. We circled down to the open,  
lung the bird up with a vine and  
then went on.

Perrygo picked up a pair of birdgreen  
albilines on the open flat but we found  
birds scarce.

This whole extensive area is known  
as Alvinia and lies about 3 to 4 miles  
north of Punta.

We came back then to a point  
farther inland at the beginning of the  
flats where we did further collecting.  
The edge of the scrub had an almost  
solid ~~border~~ border of Heppomane  
manchineela, the mangavillo or  
manchineel. The trees now were leafless  
but were in full bloom, the blossoms  
being very small, projecting from the  
sides of spikes one or two inches long.  
The blossoms were too small to give  
much impression of color in spite  
of their abundance. We returned  
at 11<sup>30</sup>.

The afternoon was given to specimens  
as usual. We work in the roofed over  
passage between the kitchen and storeroom  
and the main building where we always have a  
breeze.

February 28, Saturday.

The air at dawn was damper than  
during the past few days, and the early  
morning sky slightly overcast in the  
east. I had intended going out again  
to the Alvinia section farther west  
than yesterday but was told that the  
high tides occasioned by this full moon  
had flooded the mangrove swamps  
to such an extent that it was  
not practically to get around in them.

We drove out then for toward Chitre  
to La arena and then turned off  
on the carretera that leads toward  
Pesé. This was a gravelled road,  
one in that was rough. The  
way led through fairly level country  
bordering somewhat between low  
hills. There was some sugar cane in  
small fields, occasional houses, and  
considerable herds of cattle. Most of  
former forest had been cut away  
leaving only occasional trees and large  
things appeared very dry. I have learned  
in this short week that birds are  
scarce in such places so we kept  
going until we came to a small

quebrada at the small settlement called El Barrero directly south of Parita.

There was a pool of muddy water in sight here so I drove down off the highway and left the jeep below a hour. Behind the pool was a small spring of clear water wholly unprotected. As we arrived girls were filling calabashes from it which when I returned a cow was drinking from the little two foot wide shallow basin.

This was the Quebrada Limón which above the road was bordered by trees and bushes with pools of water standing in the bottom. The small birds were abundant and we had excellent collecting. I found later that the Quebrada followed along beside the main village.

Below our first two houses was a pool in which two or three Snow and little Blue Herons ~~were~~ standing, a young white ibis waded about probing rapidly, and half a dozen muscovy ducklings swam while their mother perched complacently on the narrow top of an fifteen inch high rock and looked calmly down at her offspring.

Cattle paths led along the stream bed which was cut at short intervals by wire fences. The scrub on either hand was dense and thorny.

In addition to the resident birds I saw various yellow warblers and Baltimore Orioles in migration. One flock of Fork-tailed Flycatchers was seen along the road.

I walked up a side road from the finally looking for the carretera which I found only a short distance away south the town immediately at hand. Returning to the jeep I followed down the quebrada to the south finding it completely dry and also devoid of birds.

Driving on these roads is a matter of some caution as many drivers do not yield right of way. We saw one tourist car on our return, badly smashed that apparently had been forced over a high bank.

At the house we found Seawitch Diana Chian of the Museo Nacional with her cousin Colombia from Chile. These two remained for lunch and Mrs. Sterling and Dick Stewart drove

them in to town (Chitré) in the afternoon. We also had a spate of other visitors, the newly appointed mayor and his assistant, the vice-director of the National Institute in Panama City and a small party and various groups of town people come mainly to see the pottery funds but stopping to admire the birds. In the midst of much talk I pursued my cataloging.

After lunch Dick Stewart started us working in the yard which he secured some movies. Our skinning proceeded rapidly so that our 25 birds were finished by suppertime.

The Sturtins, Stewart and Perrygo celebrated Saturday night by going to the movies - Gordon Willey and I walked out around the plaza and then returned to work on notes.

Sunday, February 29

About eight this morning I drove Gordon Willey down to Olvina to examine an extensive shell mound area that I had noted in collecting here earlier in the week. Water had come in extensively across the flats so that areas that had been bare open places on Friday were now soft mud on the surface. We walked in

along the edge of the higher ground over sections that I had crossed the jeep.

The shell area covered one low projecting point and the adjacent slope with oyster, clam and Trumbull's shells to a depth of at least a meter.

It was very hot out here today with little breeze. Golden plover, Semipalmated plover and Semipalmated were scattered across the flats, a frigate-bird soared overhead and I heard wood rails calling in the scrub.

At the house I spent the rest of the day in getting my notes in order and in speaking dried skins. The sky was overcast in the afternoon and the air seemed more humid.

This morning, early, I walked up to examine the church which has a foundation dating back 300 years. The front is of a narrow red bark with  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick layers of mortar. In the center of the steps in front is a large millstone with edges much worn. The pointed cupola has an interesting decorations in the form of rows of the shells of pearl oyster extending closer to the top. Electric

lights at the summit display that  
at night.

Our house located in the center  
of town has mud walls, nicely white  
washed and a rounded tile roof.  
The floor is of brick and there are five  
rooms including a large, airy sala  
in front where we do most of our  
packing. Behind is a separate ell  
with the kitchen and storeroom, a  
passage at the side leads to a  
stockaded patio. On one corner Perrygo  
and Stewart have placed a 50 gallon  
drum on 4 posts with a ladder by  
which the boy can climb up to fill  
it. The whole is walled in with  
palm frond and has a sprinkler head  
on the bottom to serve as a shower  
bath. Our activities center largely  
in the patio and then we place the  
truck and the jeep. We eat in the  
open on the porch beside the kitchen.

March 1, Monday.

Today I took on Don Fulo  
Arosamena as assistant. Until a week  
or so ago he was alcalde of Parita, appointed  
by the governor. Recently he was relieved and

another young appointed in his place.  
He comes of one of the important families here,  
is educated and intelligent and can be  
of considerable assistance in getting around  
the country. We also have Jose, the boy  
that Perrygo has been using who is  
a country boy with a keen eye but  
not too much else to recommend him.

We drove out this morning toward  
the northern boundary of the Province  
to an airfield, now abandoned, where  
we turned off to the village of El  
Rincón, a collection of small mud  
houses, with a few that were more  
pretentious. Some of the smaller houses  
in these towns have rounded ends,  
evidently carrying a style of construction  
found originally among the Indians.

Beyond El Rincón was low swamps  
clothed with bushes and here we  
found meadowlarks. We left the jeep  
here and hunted on foot along the  
northeastern side of the Ciénaga Macana.  
This was of fresh water, shallow and  
clothed with low bushes and patches



of water hyacinth. It is now reduced considerably due to the dry season but still has considerable water. This northeastern end is a narrow arm leading out from a broader area of water below.

Jacanas were here in flocks, with occasional herons and the usual small birds of the thickets. Catfish waded through the water browsing on the aquatic vegetation. I found one low tree in flower with orioles, grackles, honey-creepers, two species of hummingbirds and prothonotary warblers feeding at the blossoms.

We secured a good lot of specimens here and returned slowly reaching Parita about 10<sup>30</sup>. The day was hot and clear with little wind.

Golden Willy today started work on a shell mound at Monagrillo.

The washerwoman did not come today saying that no one was supposed to work on the first Monday in March.

Today I saw a small insect probably killed by an ant in the road.

March 2, Tuesday.

This morning we drove Northwest again to turn off on a cart track that led to the little settlement of Potuga at the northwestern end of the hills called Los Voladores. In the settlement we stopped to inquire directions of one Juan, an old friend of Don Fulo who gave minute instructions which we followed along a winding, narrow dirt track until we came to a little trapiche or cane mill where we left the jeep.

Don Fulo's full name is Dionysio Arosamena he was alcalde here for many years and is a clear, straight thinker.

He and I walked down across a pasture to a little stream in which shallow water stood in pools. The region here is rolling and formerly had been covered with considerable tracts of forest. Now however much of this has been cut down leaving the country open. I saw a pair of Black Hawks first, then three Cypselurus Falco but had no shots. Then a pair of Plumbeous Kites appeared and I shot

both, later on securing another.

Birds were scattered here but were common so that at 10<sup>30</sup> we had 25 good specimens. The sun was hot and when we crossed the pasture we found the small ticks - jumbillos - about as abundant as I have ever known them to be. Perrygo has developed a technique of carrying a small whisk broom with which he brushes them off, a method far better than the usual one of whipping them off with a leafy switch while holding the trousers taut.

I secured several fractures in Potuza and then we returned to camp. Here we found Miguel Conti, known universally as Cholo, his nephew Simón, and his two elderly maiden sisters Matilde and Emerina. Cholo is owner of the famous site from which so many gold ornaments have been taken in the Province of Coche.

After some talk the Contis drove off to visit Gordon Willey returning to his family. In the meanwhile I had catalogued the birds. After lunch I had to leave Perrygo with the specimens

which I took the men over to Sterling's site. A rich find of pottery had been made including many effigy pots decorated with projecting heads of birds.

On the return we stopped briefly at a summer place on the Rio Parita belonging to Don Fulo's father and then came in to town.

We were occupied with our specimens until after dinner and then I had my notes to prepare.

We collected today in an area about a mile to the northwest of the town of Potuza and at the northwestern end of Rio Voladores.

At our house in town we seldom have flies and there are no mosquitoes. We write and work at night by gasoline lanterns with only occasional insects about them. The water supply here comes from wells pumped to a tank and brought into town in pipes. Sterling had a sample examined at Gordon's hospital in the Canal Zone and found it excellent and uncontaminated so that we drink it freely.

The night air is somewhat more humid now than on my first arrival.

Wednesday, March 3

We were off early this morning with Don Fulo directing us by another road that led along the southeastern side of the Ciénaga Macana. This body is larger than I had expected and lies about midway between Paris and El Rincon though in general nearer the latter. I am marking my specimens therefore at Rincon.

We turned off the highway at a farmhouse, passed through the grounds around it and then followed a somewhat obscure, rather bumpy trail for nearly three quarters of a mile across level bush dotted savanna now completely dry. We came finally to a belt of forest bordering the lagoon where we left the jeep.

From here I could look out across a mile of marsh and partly open water. The shore border was dry or drying because of the season, beyond was a straggling growth of Hibiscus like shrub, widely scattered and beyond that masses of Bromeliads and occasional open areas. There was considerable

reed but the water did not seem to be deep as I saw herons standing everywhere.

Around the border were scores of black jacanas, American Egrets and little blue herons were scattered about with occasional ibis and one in a while a great blue. Cormorants passed occasionally and once in a while I saw an Anhinga circling or a marsh hawk passed.

Almost immediately I saw a crane hawk, *Geranoospiza*, on the shore of the lagoon and shot it. A wood rail ran off into the adjacent woods and escaped. At a shot Chachalacas called in the distance and I spent some time in hunting them and dropped one on the wing but lost it. I began then to hunt small birds.

One flowering tree was filled with prothonotary, yellow and Tennessee warblers with occasional native species. We returned fairly early with 16 birds, coming early because of several hawks. Don and I returned Perrygo and I

drove to Chitré to buy gasoline at 40 cents a gallon. We took time to drive around the church and get some photos.

Thursday, March 4

We drove to Paris this morning, continued on through the town and across level country to the northwest across a section grown with low scrub and a mimosa-like shrub. After five miles of this we came into more open pastureland and to a gate then another gate and presently were bumping across a dried marsh bed toward a distant line of trees and a house.

This was the property of Don Santiago Bosch who had sugar-cane and cattle and was also renting pastureage to others. Don Santiago I judged to be in his fifties, a square, vigorous figure and one of the well-to-do men of this area. He was friendly, asked us to have coffee and when a little talk had been set out we were also each given a <sup>small</sup> egg in a saucer, served with a teaspoon with a sprinkling of salt, and one of the

large tortillas that are like the Venezuelans arepas. Following this hospitably Ben Felo and I went one way and Perrygo and José another. Don Santiago's house stood on a bank 25 feet above the Río Santa María and back 5 or 6 miles from its mouth. I was told that ships came in here from the sea to load cattle, so that the boats must have been of fair size.

At this early morning hour the tide was out and there was a large ~~swamp~~ bar van up stream. A flock of tree-ducks (*D. autumnalis*) rested on this - a narrow tidal channel 10 to 25 feet wide wound inland at the house, its bed now nearly bare. I followed this back through pastureland through the scattering of trees that had been left standing.

Barns flew out continually and the first bird that I shot was a fine adult yellow-crowned night heron. The light throated *Dendrocygna* was the second

Flocks of dickcissels flew precipitately from fair sized clumps of spring bamboo. When I squeaked and in flowering trees were many prothonotary warblers, Baltimore and Orchard Orioles. Other birds were common and at a little before ten I was back at the house with eleven birds or so.

Perrygo was delayed and did not return until eleven. In the meanwhile I had much talk with Don Santiago. The tide came in rapidly and the river soon was filled, the current running swiftly up stream.

Perrygo came in with 20 crab-eating raccoons shot from a little group that he had found up a tree, in addition to the birds.

The sun was very hot but the breeze in the shade cool. There were some mosquitos here but practically no ticks. We left immediately when Perrygo arrived.

The Spherometer to Paris showed kindly and I estimated the air line distance at 5 miles. The map is not quite correct as it shows only 4 1/2. The river is the boundary between the Provinces of Coche

and Herrera. It was about 100 yards wide.

At one place I heard cicadas calling for a limited distance. Many bees entered the car on our way down.

We had a full afternoon with specimens with Perrygo working on his raccoons at night.

March 5, Friday.

The sky was clear in the east this morning and the air drier than during the last few days. The wind had shifted also to the north.

We drove out again to the Rio Santa Maria, leaving the jeep at the entrance gate to Don Santiago's place. We walked down to a big estero now completely dry. Beyond were tide channels and low mangrove growth interspersed with very dense Monte. This we could not penetrate. Mosquitos were common or rather abundant here even in the sun but an application of repellent put them under control.

We worked out through brushy ground pastures cut by narrow winding tide channels in an area of low

pasturis. I was surprised to find fewer birds in this lower area than back farther inland when I was yesterday but I suppose that this is due to the lack of water.

Near the gate there was a considerable area of high forest. In spite the heat and it was very hot today - the leafless trees give the appearance of winter in the north.

Don Fulo, in reply to a question said he liked the rainy season best. Rain are not too heavy, and then everything is fresh and green. Now, in the dry season, range is scarce for stock, there is little water, the animals suffer and many die.

In afternoon I got a hair cut for 30 cents.

I had birds spread out to dry all afternoon.

Perrygo has had a cold, aggravated somewhat by dust, but now is better.

March 6, Saturday.

Richard Stewart and Mexican Sterling left this morning before 5 for the Canal zone with the truck loaded with a dozen foot locker trunks filled with pottery from the excavations.

Perrygo and I left before seven for the

Ciénaga Macana taking Eumenis in addition to José and Don Fulo. When Perrygo paid off José I told them that Sterling wanted him to return to the shoo gang at the excavations and that we would take on Eumenis as our helper.

We left the jeep at the end of a large bay ~~grove~~ with vegetation, in the shade of trees and cut across a promontory to a tract of woodland where I had seen Chachalacas on our last visit. We worked along slowly until presently Don Fulo caught sight of one of the birds in a low tree on the shore of the Ciénaga. Presently, as the bird flew I knocked it over at long range. It fell out of sight but by good fortune we found it.

Here also I killed a wood rail and we secured two pauragues. We continued on around the shore of the lagoon which here in the main portion is deeper and has considerable open water in addition to the areas grown with vegetation.

Presently we heard shooting over

When we had left the jeep and on returning found four Americans walking out in the water and mud about their knees shooting ducks. When they came in I met Mr. Allen and his son, the father telling me that he spent very week end out here hunting. He had a camp near Paris. They had 8 or 10 masked ducks and a few blue-winged teal.

On our return Dr. Richard Carriter from Gorges Hospital came in with 3 other young doctors (Freming, Basch) to spend the weekend.

Dry and pleasant all day today.

This noon we watched a junta for a few minutes where 15 or 20 men gathered to join in putting the mud walls on a new house. The frame had been up for several days. Two ox carts hauled drums of water. Others had brought in clay and straw. The mixing was done on the ground behind the house where the clay was mixed with the straw and formed into balls from 12 to 20 inches through. These a group of men kicked and shoved with their bare feet to mix thoroughly.

jumping about with high-pitched yells. The usual group of women and children looked on.

We heard the yelling all afternoon and in evening it continued but this time from a cantina. We walked over to find the house walls complete with a little group of celebrants sitting along the street with a banjo and two others, possibly high with alcohol, singing alternately the interminable verses of La Mijer.

Sunday, March 7.

I was up at sunrise and spent most of the morning writing. Berizzo and I drove to Chitré in the afternoon for gas and ice and in the evening skinned 3 birds that I had bought during the day.

The doctors left about two and Mrs. Sterling and Stewart returned about 3.

Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd who run a brick plant at Chitré were pleasant callers in the afternoon.

Monday, March 8.

We drove this morning to Santa Maria through cool morning air. A mile beyond we turned off to the south on a gravelled carretera

which we followed three miles to the Escotá River. Here this marks the boundary between the area (or county) of Parita and of Santa María. Bin, a brother-in-law of President Jimenez owns the land on the Santa María side and Juan de la Guardia that on the other. The land from the main highway to the river was level and in part in open savanna. <sup>Muchalá</sup> ~~several~~ a red-breasted blackbird (heatis) sat in a wire in the early sun and the long-legged brown heron walked about the ground. As we came to a tract of scrub a chachalaca flew out of a tree by the road and I stopped the jeep to see others, one of which I shot.

At the Escotá there was a considerable tract of gallery forest with good-sized trees, and here we stopped to collect.

The Escotá here was a running stream 8 to 15 feet wide <sup>open</sup> in contrast to the condition farther downstream when it degenerates into separated banting pools.

In early morning the grass was slightly damp and the whole region white brown appeared less arid than

farther out from the hills in the actual coastal plain.

We found birds in abundance in the forest and relatively few ticks. There were bands of howler monkeys also, which, as normal in this country when they are not molested, paid absolutely no attention to us. We came out with a very good selection of birds.

Cattle here were sleek and in good condition, due to abundant food and water, in contrast to what they are out toward the coast where food is scant, the pastures are over-grazed and many of the animals are thin and scrawny.

We skinned our birds in the space between the kitchen and the main house which is approximately seven by fifteen feet with the tile roof extending completely across our head and either end completely open. Here we always have a breeze and the air is pleasant. The temperature here today I judged to range about 75° to 76° which with



the dry air is comfortable and agreeable.

Today we replaced José by Hermínio Flores, a boy, but intelligent and quick-minded as José was stupid not too intelligent and tended to complain of bugs, ants, ticks and the other minor irritants that accompany our hunting.

March 9, Tuesday.

Cool again this morning, we drove again to Santa María and again turned off toward the Rio Escota. As we crossed the stretch of swamps I had a glimpse of a jipit beside the road and in three more minutes our first specimen was in hand. We tramped the grass for more but secured only a red-breasted blackbird.

We crossed the bridge on the Escota at this time and continued to the scattered ranch houses called La Concepción. Here we left the highway and continued on a camino, not too bad hanted finally we reached the Escota once more, at a point where there was a ford and a little house beyond. We left the jeep here to night.

I marked the specimens obtained

Santa María, with La Concepción, 5 miles southwest on the back of the label.

The Escota has more water here than at the point we reached yesterday so that there is considerable snow at this point than in its lower course. Most of the high mountains has been cut here leaving second growth in places and in others scattered large trees with stands of tall bamboo, much of it dying along the banks of the stream.

As we stopped the car a motorist flew across the road (*M. lessonae*). There were many small fish in the stream and we were told that people from nearby towns came here to fish and picnic. Black-crowned Night Herons were common and other larger birds as well but the smaller species were relatively few. I saw one 5 foot alligator in the stream and a number of Anhingas.

We crossed the river to secure an Anhinga that I had shot and returned through some pastures grown with saw grass. In one place I saw

small planting of tobacco on the creek bank.

We reached the house just as Perrygo appeared with Hermisio carrying 3 hanks. The Señora was voluble in her appreciation of our killing these enemies of her chickens and plucked benches for us to rest a bit which we were glad to do as we were extremely hot and dripping with perspiration. We crossed the creek then to the jeep and returned to Punta.

This morning we saw a funeral procession about 5 miles out, <sup>Santa María</sup> with 4 men carrying the coffin on their shoulders and about 25 others mounted on horses accompanying them - all were dressed in white.

In the late afternoon the Señora next door called for help and I went over to find that a pair of boat-billed flycatchers had flown into the door and were now resting, confused, on the open rafters. She was greatly disturbed at the sight, thinking that it might mean a death in the house. But I reassured her, telling her that the birds were merely confused, and Hermisio and I used handkerchiefs at them to keep them moving until finally they found a crack in the wall and escaped.

March 10, Wednesday.

It seemed quite cool as we drove but this morning I judged the temperature to be about 72°.

Yesterday I was told of a Ciénaga de Buho just beyond the Escotá River where we collected yesterday where there were said to be water birds of every description, so this morning we started out to collect in it.

The ride up Santa María was as usual, ~~the~~ cattle and horses grazing beside the road, people beginning to move about, and the morning light clear and beautiful on the hills of Los Voladores.

We left the main highway and stopped for a few minutes at the bridge across the Escotá where I shot a Cotinga (Crabi). A short distance beyond Perrygo saw a jupit and we stopped to look for it at first without success. Suddenly it appeared and we secured it and then found that we were in the midst of a little colony so that we soon had five.

We continued then to the point

When we left the car yesterday, but this time crossed the Rio Escoba by a ford.

A friendly old man, owner of the land, gave us directions to the ciénaga and ended by riding along with us on horse back as I drove for a mile on rough caminos. Suddenly <sup>we</sup> were at the place to find a circular lagoon, now much reduced with the water, completely open about 125 yards across. We alid around it stood about 75 wood ibis, 200 or so American egrets, a spoonbill and some smaller herons. A flock of blue-winged teal rested on the opposite shore, jacanas walked about and there were scattered shorebirds. There was no aquatic growth and obviously the first shot would drive everything out.

We worked down toward the water with the larger birds flying away and then collected through this section until we had the day's quota of birds.

We returned then to Parita.

In the afternoon Dr. Alexander Mendez, Director of the Museo Nacional of Panamá arrived and we had an interesting conversation during dinner and in the evening. Henry Moe of the Guggenheim Foundation had asked me to inquire into the possibility of structures eligible for grants if the Foundation decides to extend to Panamá. I discussed this with Mendez who believes that there are several available. It will be well now for Moe to take this up with Mendez direct.

Cool in the evening again.

March 11, Thursday.

This morning Dr. Mendez went out to the shell mound with Gordon Wilby. Perrygo and I drove to Paria and then followed a camino that went through 4 gates, the first one closed by a center post that we had to remove. We came finally to Alirna, farther north than on our previous attempt. Several shallow, saline lagoons lay here on low elevations while beyond was a broad open playa with

an extensive mangrove swamp on the north and slightly higher ground grown with cereus and a spiny shrub on the other.

Tracks of deer, para, coati, one jaguar, an alligator and other mammals large and small showed in soft mud. The forest was laced with tracks of doves.

The low mangroves were wet with dew that carried salt that it called on our clothes as it dried.

At the open lagoons were a few white ibises but all were immatures so that we did not attempt to shoot any. White-winged doves, coveys from the swamp and I saw a few on elevated perches where we could not reach them because of mud and water. At the border I shot three beautiful male golden warblers. Farther in low growth at the edge of the swamp were many more so that we collected a series of 20 in all showing all stages of plumage. The whole like saline mud stuck to our feet in viscous masses that made it difficult to walk

at that - presently we stopped to clean our shoes. ~~As~~ then crossed the open flat to the dry scrub and returned across the higher ground to the jeep.

There were few small birds in the mangroves other than the golden warblers. One pair of house wrens, a Phalarope, a Kingbird or two, an occasional parrot and that was all. Our hunting was aided by the fact that there was little wind, which however greatly increased the heat.

There were no shore birds here today. We collected at a point about 4 miles southwest of Paris, actually a little east of southwest.

March 12, Friday.

Berrygo has had a cold and a throat irritation for several days so that I told him to stay in today.

I drove up the main highway to the carretera that goes to Potuza, continued to that town and then on through low hills and rolling country to La Cabuya. There was no forest here, the trees having been cleared away to make

pastures. In places the land was stony and everywhere it was dry and arid because of the season.

La Cabuya has 30 or 40 scattered houses and evidently is old. After some talk at the house of a friend of Fisher we continued to a small stream with a fair amount of water at the edge of the settlement. The cattle here were confined to the pastures and the water appeared clean. Several circular holes 15 inches across and two feet deep had been cut in soft sandstone in the creek bed and served as filters from the stream.

I found small birds abundant along a little road that led near the stream and followed onto the slightly elevated upland where the pastures were interspersed among areas of low, thorny scrub. Birds, particularly *pindeletta* abounded.

Here I collected *Elaine chiriguensis* the first I have seen, and also the first *Arremonops straticeps*. Near the stream I found *Skalpa chyer* *Thryothorus leucotis* and shot our first specimen.

In the higher section the hard ground occasionally was split in cracks in which I could thrust my hand.

I was interested to see two frigate birds circling low at this island point.

I returned with 18 birds, and presently a boy brought me a young scrub wren that I bought for ten cents.

In early morning there was a heavy overcast that completely hid the rising sun. The air was cool, about 72°, and also damp. Later the wind blew strong carrying a constant stream of fine dust across the patio.

Wrote a letter this evening to Owen R. Hutchinson, Public Affairs Officer, American Embassy, Panama, R. de P., thanking him for forwarding letters to Washington through the steamer pouch.

Wind continued strong through the night.

March 13, Saturday

Wind continued throughout the day making collecting difficult. It was warmer also.

I returned to La Cabuya this morning and went on about two miles further along a winding road through a small settlement called Santo Domingo where a dozen or fifteen houses were scattered about. Beyond this was another little group of houses called La Barrera and a small winding Quebrada that had a fair amount of water in it. Apparently there were no fish here as neither here nor at La Cabuya were there herons or Kingfishers.

We left the jeep under a tree near a little house and walked in down to the creek. For some time I could see no birds at all. Wind blew strongly through the leaves and made it difficult to see or hear.

Across the stream the land was rolling with curious depressions between rounded knolls, the whole grown with thickets, fairly dense, with open intervals between. The stunted character of the

growth I attributed to poor soil. And I believe that this type of scrub is the original one. Higher trees grew along the Quebrada.

I walked through here for nearly three hours coming out finally with ~~the~~ birds. For long distances I saw nothing and then would run into little groups. Hawks were scarce and there were few doves.

We returned at the jeep finally to inform the owner of the house boiling sugar cane juice to make molasses. This is a major crop here the cane being planted in small tracts. Each owner has his own small mill for grinding. We were invited in and had a drink of guarapo, freshly ground juice and found it good.

March 14, Sunday

Wind continued all through the night and was heavy all through the day, carrying clouds of dust. Because of this the better class townspeople have little country places, on the Parita or Escota Rivers and move to them

to remain until the rains start.

I drove up to Santa María after a fairly early breakfast and continued to the Sevanna on the Hacienda of Juan de la guardia beyond the Escota River which I had found the jupia but without Cocating. On my return however I found one not far from Santa María and spent some time in following it.

The morning air was clear so that for the first time I could see the mountains far to the west.

I stopped in Santa María to look at the church with its bells <sup>ringing</sup> on a rack near the door, presumably until a new tower under way was completed. After a brief stop in Parita I went in to Chitre to buy gasoline and ice.

The afternoon and evening were given to correspondence, notes and packing specimens.

The country is drying rapidly. At the Escota this morning I found that I had crossed on sticks a week ago was now completely dry.

March 15, Monday.

Wind continued today but less violently than yesterday. Warm as usual but not too hot.

We left early and drove through Chitre to Los Santos in the Province of Los Santos. Almost immediately on leaving Parita a marsh hawk appeared and I pulled off the road and stopped. Before Perrygo had his gun completely loaded the bird had crossed in front of us to my side so that the gun was passed over and I dropped the hawk just as it reached the limit of range.

The Río de la Villa which marks the boundary between Herrera and Los Santos is a good-sized stream crossed by a wide modern bridge. The level banks have been cleared and planted carefully in little tract farms. Houses adjacent along the road had little stands in front where they offered tomatoes of fair quality, peppers, cabbages (small) and water melons. I bought one of the latter on my return for 75 cents.

Beyond Los Santos were rolling pastures with low hills inland. We soon turned off on a good dirt highway that continued to La Honda where a point of land runs out to a long sand beach.

the point being 30 feet above the beach level. On either side were mangroves swamps with the best mangroves growing in sand adjacent to the beach and in mud farther away.

A mile ~~and~~ perhaps  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles off shore was Isla Vella. The main island was possibly 600 yards long, a rock with steep ~~steep~~ sides and the top covered with bush. A short distance from the northern end was a small isolated rock. Frigate birds and pelicans soared over the island which I judged to be a nesting place.

Slide was going out leaving extensive sandy flats. We collected to the north going a little over half a mile. Thorny bush came down to the edge of the sand.

Brown pelicans soared over the beach, cormorants roosted on snags, and a few shore birds appeared on the beach. In the mangroves were Golden Warblers, Yellow Green Vireos and a scattering of other birds. Two duck hawks stopped at a pair of

black hawks in play and I called one over and shot it, a beautiful adult female that came at me calling. I also shot a female frigate bird.

By ten we had 18 specimens including 7 species new to our collection.

On return we stopped in Los Santos to present my papers to the Alcalde so that our work would be understood. The Alcalde had not yet come in but the secretary told us to go his house which he did. On reading our certificate the Alcalde said immediately that he would give me a letter and instructed his 12 year son to run over to the office and tell the secretary what to say. Then we recalled that I still had my papers so we returned to the Alcazar. When the letter was prepared immediately and we then took it back to the Alcalde to sign. Don Chiré I stopped to have the jeep greased which meant delay so that it was nearly twelve before we reached Parita.



La Honda where we collected is on the coast about 5 miles due east of Los Santos.

Tuesday, March 16.

The sky was completely overcast today and remained more or less obscured by haze all day. It was warmer, and the sight, according to the Weston meter was brilliant in spite of the partly cloudy sky.

We left at 6<sup>45</sup> and drove through Chitré and Los Santos. These towns, both of good size and similarity in appearance are only two miles apart, the actual line of separation being the Río de la Villa which also is the dividing line between Herrera, with Chitré as capital town and Los Santos Province with the town of the same name as capital. Herrera has only been separated recently from Los Santos.

A short distance beyond Los Santos we turned off on a camino that had been recently washed with a bulldozer and continued in to the coast at Managré to the north of La Honda where we were yesterday and between 2 and 3 miles south of

the mouth of the Río de la Villa. Here most of the land belongs to Señor Siguravita, whose son Octavio we met in Chitré yesterday. Octavio had two ranchos for summer residence back of the beach, one with an extensive ramada, the place being much frequented by weekend bathers and picnickers.

We left the jeep here, Felix Arcemena and walking to the north and Perrygo and Eumenis to the south. The latter were joined later by Octavio Siguravita and with him hunted south to the most northern point that we reached yesterday.

The beach was sloping with a hard sandy clay at the top and sand in the wash of the water. In places small dunes were blowing up out of the sea. Inland there was thornscrub and cactus, partly cleared in places to form pastures. In half a mile we came to narrow and winding Estero Managré bordered by mangroves with extensive barrens that were flooded at high tide.

The higher land at the side was bordered by extensive growths of manchineel. I believe that there is more of this tree here than I have seen elsewhere. The trees are low, with spreading branches sweeping the ground and now are leafless but in blossom. The blooms are spikes not quite as large as a leaf pencil with the blossoms along the side. The spikes stand erect.

There were a few shore birds and herons along the Estero and scattered smaller birds in the scrub.

Octavio brought back some fine drinking coconuts and I had a pleasant talk with his wife, children and sister-in-law until the others came.

In evening I called on Fido in his two story house, a very attractive family.

Wednesday, March 17

This morning we drove out early to the Ciénaga Mucana where I waded out through the water hyacinths to the open water where I worked up to my waist half way to my home in soft mud. Almost immediately on entering the water

I saw two marked ducks and waded slowly over toward them. Jacanas purred at me curiously from a distance of 15 or 20, drums passed occasionally, and buzzards circled overhead. At a distance of 70 yards or so the ducks rose suddenly swinging near to me and I shot one. As I waded slowly toward withdrawing each foot and placing it ahead with effort I saw two more at a distance. These remained also until I was within range and I shot them both. Two others nearly flew and I shot one but lost it in the water hyacinths.

A black-bellied tree duck appeared from somewhere and alighted on the water growth watching me curiously occasionally flicking a wing until presently I was within range and added it to the bag. Two least grebes followed. The wind then became strong and the birds left the open water.

Slowly and with effort I waded ashore content with the bag, since I had searched for marked ducks for years and these were the first I had

seen alive. Although it was warm as usual I found the water cool. By the time we were back in Parita I was fairly dry.

Perrygo, on shore, had devoted himself to turkey buzzards, and had shot three of small size with head marked with orange. These may be the bird *sp. intermedia* South America that we call *rupicola*.

We had a busy afternoon with skins and in evening *Dr. Alejandro Mendy*, Director of the Museo Nacional, arrived accompanied by Max Arosamena, until recently Ministro Departamento de Educacion. It was clear before we were in bed.

Thursday, March 18.

We crossed the Parita River this morning and drove out the country road to the carretera leading to Pese. We turned toward Pese where the small road joined the highway near El Barrero and went on for a ~~little~~ a mile to the Quebrada Agua Caliente which runs into the Parita River.

The land was rolling here with low hills, thin soil and many outcroppings of rock especially down

the shallow valley. The stream was small but was running. Side affluents had springs at the head which disappeared before reaching the main run.

There were tracts of brush here, fairly open with pasture between and occasional larger trees. Fuls and I followed down for nearly two miles to a little settlement called Los Hatillos.

Birds were common in the thickets but were retiring so that it took much hunting to get them.

About two this afternoon the Stirlings and Stewart accompanied by Mendy and Max Arosamena drove off in the truck for Tole' to witness an Indian ceremonial called the Balsierias.

In evening half a dozen sky rockets sent up from the church plaza announced the Fiesta of San José.

Friday, March 19

The sky was overcast again in early morning.

We drove early to Santa Maria and then to La Concepcion to the savanna where we

had found the pupils, we covered the entire section where we had collected them on our last visit but where I had failed to find them Sunday without locating any. Finally Perrygo found two and as we were about to return to the jeep, Fuls and I located a little group of them and secured them. They are so quiet that they may easily pass unnoticed.

We returned then to the Escotá Pison to hunt in the woods. Presently I heard a low chattering call that was curiously familiar and followed it into a clump of bamboo where I cursed the ants and endured their bites and stings for ten minutes until finally I found that it was a subdued tickled song from a little group of migrants.

We secured a Kingfisher, *Chloroceryle Amazona* and then Fuls and I located a vine round with small berries in which the little group of the Pico gods, the thick-billed euphonia was feeding. In a short time we had five and a variety of other small birds. At ten we met Perrygo who came

in with a boat-billed heron and a Black-crowned Night Heron both species not taken before. We returned to Paríta with 26 birds.

A hair cut apiece delayed us some what in the afternoon. Also I had to drive in to Chitré to purchase gasoline so that we worked for nearly an hour after supper. We walked out then through the village when I purchased two handkerchiefs and then returned to the house to write notes. Our cases are filled with good sized birds which I trust will be dry for packing by Sunday.

Saturday, March 20.

We drove through Los Santos this morning to the Río Espigadilla to find it merely a narrow dry wash where it crosses the carretera. Outside Chitré we caught up with a jeep from Howard Field with a sergeant and a private bound for Cape Mala. They said that a jeep could get through and that there was a coast guard station there.

We drove on toward the coast through a little settlement called El Lagartillo continuing to the Estero Espiguadilla where there was a ford and a dam. Here we left the car and on ascending a slight rise found the ocean in sight a little over a mile south of La Honda.

A broad flat here was grown with low, thickly branched little trees spaced out with no undergrowth so that they gave almost the impression of an unweeded citrus orchard. There were leafless during this dry season, though a few <sup>of an</sup> ~~smaller~~ species was scattered among them. This extensive tract ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> completely birdless except for the turkey buzzards and frigate birds overhead.

Fuls and I walked through the high sand dunes, crossed them and came down into the beach, where the tide was out. Immediately I found a pair of oyster-catchers which we collected with a fine set of 3 eggs. I wonder if any others have been collected in Central America.

Also here I found Wilson's Plover

and secured 3 turnstones from a passing flock.

Royal terns and a large gull that I suppose is a new record ~~clashed~~ <sup>clashed</sup> us. We returned at eleven with 8 shore birds including 3 species new to our collection.

At Los Santos bridge I stopped to buy tomatoes and in Chitric picked up two loaves of bread that had been ordered.

March 24, Sunday.

The Stirling and Stewart returned last evening from Toli <sup>at</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> H<sup>30</sup> with a most interesting tale of the Balearias ceremony of the Guaymí duckians.

This morning I awakened with a bad case of food poisoning, due it developed fruit jello prepared in an earthen olla with some sort of glaze that would not stand acid. It was soon before this was under control and I slept most of the afternoon.

In evening I dressed and Maricón Stirling and I walked out to see the Procession of Puerto Tierra, this being Domingo Ramos or Palm Sunday.

Two boys with large candle holders on six foot sticks marched on either side

of a third youngster bearing an emblem mounted on a kite shaped board covered with blue paper.

Behind came the Christ image carried on a gaily caparisoned little horse with a man supporting him on either <sup>side</sup> ~~side~~. The priest followed ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> followed by a group of children. ~~Then~~ the procession of <sup>children</sup> girls, women and men, perhaps 125. Among them I saw Honoring our cook and Marcelina her sister.

At the church plaza a barrier of cloth painted to represent a brick wall 7 feet high closed off the street. In the center was the door partly concealed by two lace curtains. The priest halted here and began to intone to the music of a violin which I discovered was on the other side of the door. The second verse was sung by the group behind the door and then the priest by the priest. After alternating <sup>for</sup> ten or a dozen stanzas there was rapped in the door which opened and the horse was led through beneath a little canopy supported by poles in the hands of 4 men. The procession then

continued with canopy over the image past the church, around the little park and back to the church. At the steps men carefully removed the image and carried it inside with the crowd following. The little horse was taken away. I was told that the animal was called and was kept only for these ceremonies.

March 22, Monday

Pleasant today with breezes that were pleasant instead of heavy winds. I felt normal again and was in good shape after my second meal at noon.

We crossed through the road direct to El Barrero, turned and drove to the second stream, called Quebrada de los Pájaros, a tributary of the Río Paríta. This was a larger stream than the Quebrada Agua Caliente but had the water reduced to pools along the bed, but of good size. Agua Caliente has running water. There were stands of good sized trees along Pájaros with pastures

on either side. In places these were thickets some of which were being cut down.

Collecting was excellent here and we had 26 specimens at the end of the day.

Another church procession this evening, with 3 figures this time carried on the shoulders of men.

March 23, Tuesday.

The air was damp and cool in early morning. We drove again through the country road to the Peasé highway and continued west again. Perrygo stopped at the Quebrada de los Pájaros while I continued with Perrygo looking for the next stream. We passed two dry washes, climbed a hill and to my surprise came down into Peasé itself.

We returned then to a spot where clumps of trees showed to the south of the highway and walked out across a level flat where meadowlark's were singing.

Fulo said that there was bound to be water because of the many heads of cattle and sure enough ~~was~~ came down to a small stream of clear, running

water, running to the south and southwest. This was the head of the Quebrada de los Pájaros. There were houses here comprising the little settlement of Bayano and considerable human activity. Birds were abundant along the stream especially the glossian robins Turdus assimilis. I secured one worn Thryophilus leucotis and several other excellent birds.

On our way across from Parita there was one amusing incident. We saw a Chachalaca and stopped to try for a shot. Fulo caught sight of a long-tailed bird in the tree top and Perrygo killed it. He then went off looking for another while I followed a pair of Cercomacra nigricans. The supposed Chachalaca hung for a minute and fell to the ground and Emission went in after it. Presently I heard him talking to himself about the "Paisana macho" and wobbled a bit at his knowledge in distinguishing the sexes in this interesting bird. When we returned to the car we found that he had a fine large Micaster semitruncatus, a prize, and an unspotted record

Wrote 4 letters to the office tonight in reply to correspondence, finishing at 5 minutes after ten.

March 24, Wednesday.

We drove to Pesé today, continued through the town, and went on 5 miles to the second river, the Río Esquigueta. The highway to Pesé has been covered with crushed rock and is straight wash board. Beyond we had a dirt road that was narrow and winding and was much smoother.

We crossed a level valley and entered low hills. The first river had water but was not running. We crossed it on a dry fill and went on as there was considerable settlement.

The second stream was about 35 feet wide and shallow running over a rocky bed with good sized trees shading it and tracks of thicket along side. We left the jeep here in the shade. I went ~~up~~ stream with *Felis arosamena* and Perrygo travelled down.

Our first bird was a *Legatus* that

Perrygo knocked out of the top of a tall tree to the amazement of half a dozen Peruvianians waiting for a car. A *Chloroceryle amazona* that fell to my gun followed and one of the boys waded in to get it for me.

Small birds were not common but medium sized species were present in numbers. The best take was a pair of *Claravis pretiosa* that I shot in a thicket. The robin *Turdus assimilis* was abundant and I flushed one flock of *Chachalacas*. We met at the car at ten and drove back to Pesé, stopping for a cold soft drink in a little cantina. I walked over to take a picture of the church and we continued on then to Parita.

Near the Parita River we stopped and walked over to a tract of pasture where Perrygo had seen barn owls and were fortunate enough to secure one.

The wind slackened today and



it was warmer.

This evening I joined the others in going to the movies, an Errol Flynn thriller. The seats were old school benches and hard but projection was good.

March 25, Thursday.

Alejandro Mendez, Director of the Museo Nacional in Panama had asked me to get him a snowy heron, in spite of my assurances that the birds were not in plumage now. So this morning we drove over to the Ciénaga Macana to get the bird since I have not been able to find one elsewhere.

The sky was overcast again in early morning and the air cool. I shot two of the herons and we also secured some other birds. It was especially interesting to make additional observations on the Masked Duck.

We returned at ten and took care of the birds immediately. In early afternoon I made some dissections on the throat of a male masked duck. And then packed the specimens that were by. Also made preparations for a trip tomorrow.

Our next door neighbor who works for the road commission came over in the evening to tell me about the roads to Punta Mala. Which he tells me is known locally as Puerto Escondido. (This however is not true as the two, Mala and Escondido, are separate places).

March 26, Friday.

Perrygo and I packed sleeping bags, food and collecting gear in the back of the jeep and were off at 7<sup>45</sup> for Punta Mala. The Sterlings, Stewart and Willey had arranged to go to La Venta (Rio Hata) for this week end, closing the house and arranging for a responsible man to sleep there. We wished to get away especially since Saturday night, at the close of Holy week is given over to much drinking and without doubt we would be expected to set up at least a case of rum.

I was pleased at the opportunity to see the whole eastern side of the Azuero Peninsula.

We drove rapidly over familiar ground through Chitré and Los Santos and then went slower to observe the country. In Guararé we stopped briefly to check the gear in the transmission and in this process had the fortune to meet Señor Domingo Espinas, Guararé Prov. Los Santos, who had heard of the work going on at Parícut in the papers and who was much interested in it. He is familiar with the whole southern and western side of the Azuero Peninsula, and told me that there were many sites at which Lusian pottery was found. His father earlier had said that some digging had been done near Guararé, but that it had been on a commercial basis looking for gold and that when none was found the work was abandoned.

The son reported good sites, especially near Guánico, on the southern coast west of Punta Mala. He said also that there were others along the southern half of the western shore. There are a good many people living down in

that section so that labor is available. That region can be reached by boat from Puerto Mulas, or by horseback trails that lead along the coast south of Mulas. Espinas came through that section last week. He reports much pottery but said nothing of skull mounds.

The approach to Los Tablas was picturesque with the town in a valley with high hills beyond. Regretted that it was not practicable to get photos because of haze. This was a clean, modern town of good buildings the capitol of the Province. I took photos of the church and plaza here and in Guararé.

We turned off here through the usual pasturelands to go to Puerto Mensabe where the road ended abruptly at an estuary, being the mouth of the Rio Mensabe. Toward the sea was a long beach of sand with rock exposures behind a thin layer of sandstone above and

an irregular igneous rock cut by dykes  
beneath.

Two women were searching the flats  
left bare by the tides but had only a  
few mollusks and one or two small  
crabs. We returned then to Santa  
Domingo to the main highway and  
continued south. At the ~~first~~  
branch of the Rio Mansabito, <sup>the bridge</sup>  
was out. At the second one, <sup>called Rio Sabá de,</sup> there was  
a good cement bridge on which I  
stopped to take some pictures. Below  
was a pleasant little flat with a  
tree offering shade, so, as it was noon  
we turned off here, built a fire  
made coffee and warmed some soup.

After sun was hot but there was  
a breeze and in the shade it was cool.  
We rested for an hour here watching  
the birds with much interest. When  
one sparrow a spot of this kind then  
appears to be little of interest. Perhaps  
one or two birds maybe seen, perhaps  
none. Here there was a small stream  
in which the tide from the sea entered,  
an open space shaded by three or  
four trees, a street beyond and a

dirt road that wandered down the  
slope to the stream, with a border of  
wild juniper. As the place became  
quiet after our activities birds began  
to appear. A Subgatus worked on its  
nest ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~hundred~~ <sup>hundred</sup> feet away, a  
pair of Camptostoma were selecting  
a nest site in a bush below, and  
50 yards beyond a Myiozetetes granadensis  
was building its united structure.  
A Vireo flavo-viridis had a nest  
partly done, and Myiarchus cinerascens were  
squabbling. In addition blue tanagers,  
a Volatinia, a brown robin, and  
a Chiroiphia were about.

We stopped in the little village  
of La Palma, ~~straggling~~ <sup>straggling</sup> over a low  
hill to buy a drink, and then came  
down to Poseri, a larger place.  
I had an indefinite idea of stopping  
for the night at the Rio Purio  
just beyond here as there was  
running water coming out of the  
hills. A bat was resting his  
own in the shade here and feeding

them stalks of a cane by hand. While I sized up the possibilities I talked with him to find that we were not far in driving distance from Punta Mala so we decided to keep on. We passed Pedasi, a struggling settlement. To my surprise the road continued good for over half the distance to Mala.

The country to Pocerí and Mariabé was like that above - series of pastures, occasional campfields and most of the brush and trees cut off. Beyond here however there was more brush and trees and beyond Pedasi settlement was definitely less. About 5 miles from Mala the main road suddenly ended and a rather rough track continued. This led through brush and little open savanna across an extensive flat, forwarding at tidal stream. Suddenly beyond I had a view of the coast guard light house and the American flag.

On a few minutes we were at the main building when presently we met <sup>who made us</sup> welcome and gave a pleasant room next to a bath to sleep. We had a shower and clean clothes, a welcome after the heat and dust of the day.

I spent the late afternoon in writing in a ~~third~~ <sup>third</sup> story room with the sea washing on the rocks below, the breeze blowing through and lines of brown pelicans passing sometimes only a few feet beyond the window.

We had an excellent supper, the first American meal I have had since leaving Panamá and talked until nine thirty.

March 27, Saturday.

I awakened at a quarter of six as usual to find dawn barely evident. The quarters stand at the edge of a 50 foot cliff against which the water beats unceasingly. Our quarters

were on the third floor and a cool breeze from the north blew. Unceasingly

This morning the air was damp and the sky overcast, remaining thus until nearly noon.

We breakfasted at 6<sup>20</sup> on hot cakes and bacon and were off soon after for what birds we could find. The woodland bordering the 38-acre reservation was gallery forest, in part with very dense undergrowth of vines and in part fairly open. Black rocks project on the point with other projections to the west. Stunted growth comes out on the thin ~~stony~~ soil of the outer slope. Sandy beaches between the little headlands are bordered behind by *Tilia*, now in bloom.

There was one extensive open meadow apparently not a natural savanna and a small stream with mangroves bordering its mouth.

We spent much time in watching and collected 15 very desirable birds all of small size.

In one thicket of black palm were a number of bats hanging in the shade from the leaves. We collected two.

About ten it became very hot and humid except when we were in the breeze so that we returned soaked with perspiration.

Last evening there were fires all along the sandy beach when people had come down to spend the holiday afternoon and night; this morning we saw them returning in ox-carts.

Other groups came on horseback and by truck and we had nearly 20 at the station. One of the Cadis cooked a wonderful sancocho de gallina and we made an excellent meal.

We skinned our birds in the open understorey of the house beside the jeep. Before we finished the visitor left and Punta Mala was again in Jean. Three young Americans are stationed here in addition to Holmes.

I wrote my notes in each afternoon seated comfortably at a table in the living room on the third floor.

March 28, Easter Sunday.

The sky was heavily overcast this morning and remained ~~so~~ during the entire day. The wind had slackened and the air seemed damp.

We left the Coast Guard Station about 8<sup>00</sup> a.m. with the Speedometer reading 2972 and drove slowly up country, it was 3 miles over a rough trail to the end of the road. To La Palma the Carretera was dirt. Beyond, to the north, it had hard surface. South of ~~Panama~~ <sup>Manabe</sup> there was extensive mts. and the land seemed less settled.

We stopped briefly in Pedasi where we talked with Joseph Dusek, address Pedasi, Prov. Los Santos, P.P., for 8 years in charge of the Coast Guard Station at Punta Mala and ~~was~~ retired. His wife, a very pleasant, competent middle-aged woman cooked the excellent Comida at Punta Mala yesterday. Dusek is active and alert and very evidently an excellent man, living here very well on his retired pay, because he likes the country. Pedasi would make an excellent base from which to start

this section, better than Punta Mala in fact as that area would be easily accessible and other country as well.

We stopped along to take photographs and shortly after eleven we reached the Rio Salado and stepped again in the pleasant shade of the ~~big~~ tree. After walking about a bit we built a fire, heated soup, water for coffee and opened another can of two making a good meal. Across the creek, which here was tidal was a Panamanian family out in one of the informal ~~summer~~ <sup>dry season</sup> establishments common in this country when the rain falls until the season changes. Two days ago there had been two women here, ~~today~~ <sup>only</sup> with a pretty little 7 year old girl, Asabel Frances. We gave her crackers, fig newtons and canned fruit cocktail to her delight and I made some pictures of her. They live in El Bestadero near Las Tablas and have been out here a month - no houses, two or three hammocks strung from trees,

a table, 2 or three chairs, cooking and washing utensils, and the family live stock consisting of a dozen hogs, 30 or 40 chickens and a cat with 4 kittens. All seemed at home and content.

The country north of Poerí seemed much cooler and open after our stay below.

We reached Parita at a little after three with the speedometer reading 3037 making 65 miles to Punta Mala.

The caretaker was faithfully on hand and we spent the hours immediately - I had a shower and returned to Chitré to buy ice but found none.

The rest of the party returned about 7:30

Later the drums sounded for a tamborita and we walked over to find that a dance was on in front of the church, being given for the padre who has come here for \$500 to officiate during holy week. Three men beat the drums, two with barchands and one with sticks while couples danced in the old style without touching. Several

women were in the pollera costume, and one dance called La Vaca the woman from time to time pretended to gore her partner who retreated from the attack.

We watched for an hour, and later I went to sleep to the steady rhythm of the drums and the singing.

March 29, Monday.

Little wind today and quite hot. We drove to Pesé and then went 3 miles west on the road to Trinidad to the Quebrada <sup>Tajel</sup> ~~Contrabá~~. This was a stream bed 30 or 40 feet across with pools and trickles of water down the center that wandered through pasture lands, bordered by tall spreading trees and occasional thickets.

Birds were abundant and we secured three new to our collection. We returned at 11:30 with 25 specimens which gave us a busy afternoon at the worktable.

March 30, Tuesday.

Clear, with light breeze and hot sun.

We were off early for Pesé, continuing west as before but going to the second stream with water 4 miles beyond. We learned today that our informant yesterday as to the name was incorrect so the one we worked yesterday was the Quebrada Tejel while today we were on the Quebrada Chitrubé!

The stream here ran down over bare rock, with occasional silted pools. Taller trees stood along the water courses with pastures and thickets on either hand. A number of the larger pastures had been burned a week or so ago, and already new grass was up in scattered clumps one to two inches tall though the soil was completely dry - so dry that deep cracks had formed in it - and there has been no rain.

The burning was not complete, i.e. did not burn the surface completely though destroying the grass and most of the dead leaves

though this was cattle country no ticks remained. Birds were common and active and were easily found as cover was relatively scant.

This was our last day of field, and I sawed the bird life, the dry heat and the brown landscape with the usual regret that I did not have another week. We were back in Parita at eleven fifteen and this day the archeologists came to join us at lunch instead of eating afield. Stewart made motion pictures of the beginning and end of the meal.

March 31, Wednesday.

This day was devoted to packing equipment and preparations for departure. We were out early and kept busy all day.

In the middle forenoon I drove to Chitrú to put grease in the jeep and went on to the ~~Cerro~~ <sup>Rio de la Virgen</sup> where tomatoes, peppers and water melons were for sale at little wayside houses, under wide spreading ramadas. Here I bought a few things for camp use. The water melons of this section are fully equal



to our best at home and the only good ones I have ever had in Central America.

WE finished drying the last specimens at 5<sup>00</sup> and packed the truck and the jeep. In evening called on our next door neighbor and on Felo Arsamena.

There was no breeze in the evening and night was close and hot, the first and only uncomfortable night since I have been here.

April 1, Thursday.

The alarm clock called us at 3<sup>00</sup> a.m. and twenty minutes later WE were on our way. Perrygo and I went ahead in the jeep which had two foot lockers packed with archeological material in the back in addition to our suit cases and various parcels.

The air was close and hot until we crossed the Santa Maria river when it became appreciably cooler.

I drove between 30 and 35 miles per hour at steady speed watching closely the road because of our load. The night was dark and I had to be careful to keep the proper road.

at Divisa and in Penonome. At long intervals we met other cars and passing was a matter of much caution. Several times I pulled off the road and stopped to let others by as there was no way of dimming the lights of the jeep.

Barely we flushed a partridge. Daylight came near Antón and about 6<sup>35</sup> we reached the restaurant at La Venta where we waited for the truck and had breakfast. While the hot cakes, bacon and coffee were coming the manager came over to talk to us and told us that an Antarctic explorer was stopping in one of the cottages for two days. It turned out to be Finna Rome. I knew that he was out for a rest but could not go by without a word from him so went out to his cabin. At the word that some one was there to see him he mumbled "let him wait until breakfast" but when I spoke he awoke I instantly and in true ship captain style was out and dressed in three minutes. Mrs. Rome joined us a few minutes later and we had a brief visit in the restaurant. It was truly good to see them.

We left about 8<sup>10</sup> AM for Balboa with Marion driving the truck. She was soon tired of following the jeep at 35 to 40 miles an hour and passed me so that I chased the truck in the customs control at Arrajain at 45 to 50 m.p.h.

There was no formality at customs and soon we were across the ferry and in Balboa. At Zetli's house we unloaded the archaeological material and put three cases of specimens that I had sent in earlier in the jeep.

The whole was taken to Pier 18 to the Panama Line where I arranged with Mr. Days the agent to leave it as I was told that the next available boat would be ~~at~~ in two weeks time.

At Antón we noted immediately that even in dry season the country appeared greener than it had in dried Herrera.

We registered at the Tivoli, bathed and lunched. Zetli came about two with word that if I would go immediately to Pier 18 I could get the shipment off on the Ancón tomorrow but would have to prepay the freight. This I did.

On return I found that the jeep was gone from the Tivoli parking lot so reported it immediately to the Ancón police. As I supposed would be the case the MPs had picked it up. I went to the Criminal Investigation Department where I was given a police card to put in the glove compartment and presently had the car again.

Zetli and Dr. & Mrs. Robert Terry had dinner with us in evening.

I went to bed at 10<sup>30</sup> feeling that it had been a long and busy day.

April 2, Friday

As I have mainly routine business to attend to here now Perrygo decided that he might as well return to Washington. Zetli and I saw him off at 8<sup>15</sup> for Miami on the Pan American plane and then went to Zetli's house for a review of the operation for loan materials from the Army for Barro Colorado Island.

We went then to Fort Clayton where we called on Mr. <sup>Dee Bishop</sup> ~~Harry~~ Captain Miller's successor in this matter for a conference relative to details.

Returned then to Zetli's house where

I got the jeep and drove to the American Embassy. Called on Mr.

Hutchinson, Cultural Officer to thank him for his assistance in our work. Visited briefly with Mr. Hall, Charge d' Affairs.

Returned at 12<sup>15</sup> to the hotel where I met Mr. & Mrs. K. P. Curtis and lunched with them at the club house. Mr. Curtis is a retired Canal Zone employe, much interested in Archeology and Natural History who has assisted Dr. Matthew Stirling greatly in the arrangements for our work. He is a most interesting man who has travelled extensively through Panama and who was long associated with Tom Barbours and Chapman.

Returned to the hotel at 2<sup>00</sup> where I found Commander and Mrs. Finn Ronne and drove them to their ship the Port of Beaumont anchored at the Submarine Station across the ferry.

Two planes, partly dismantled were carried as a deck load. A third was stowed in the hold. Half a dozen dogs, all but one born during the voyage were sheltered on a forward deck under canvas. Quarters

were arranged to utilize all space to the best advantage.

The voyage has been highly successful scientifically as Finn showed me a map with previously unknown detail for the entire western coast of Weddell Sea. I was delighted to see an areal photo of Wetmore Glacier named in my honor.

As I drove out of the base a little flock of a dozen jaegers fed on a grass plot.

An evening Zetek and I were guests of Major and Mrs. Westall at the Officers Club at Fort Amador, with about the same group that we had out at Barro Colorado Island in February. It was 11<sup>30</sup> before I was in bed.

~~The Stirlings and~~  
April 30 Saturday.

Worked on notes for a time and then about 9<sup>00</sup> went over to Zetek's where we went over plans for the island until 11<sup>30</sup>

I drove them to the Museo Nacional to deliver a Snowy heron that I had collected for Alejandro Mendez.

Mr. & Mrs. Carlos Chardon and son, with Zetek lunched with me. Dr. Chardon has been at Turrialba and is on his way back to Ciudad Trujillo.

The Sturlings and Dick Stewart arrived about 3<sup>00</sup> and I helped them get settled. Dick shares with me the double room that had been empty, since Perrygo is gone.

About 4<sup>00</sup> I drove out for an hour and a half along the Malecón and back of the beach.

Entertained the Sturlings, Stewart and Mrs. Terry at dinner to celebrate the end of the field work.

April 4, Sunday - 5<sup>35</sup>  
Arose this morning at 5<sup>35</sup>, and breakfasted at the Clubhouse where early meals are available with expedition. As I finished at 6<sup>15</sup> Mr. K. P. Curtis arrived. We drove immediately in his car to Zetek's house where we took the jeep and drove out to spend the day east of Panama in the

Savanna country. The day was clear with a good breeze so that we were not unpleasantly warm at any time.

We left Panama on a wide cement highway and travelled rapidly past the new Tocumen Airport 16 miles out, turning then on to a gravelled road that was fairly rough. Presently we left it and drove down on a winding dirt track to pick up a young man named Baldomiro, an alligator hunter to accompany us to the La Jague Hunting Club.

This has 8 members, Mr. Curtis being Secretary. At Agua Blanca, the two or three houses where we found Baldomiro I met ~~some~~ other of the club members.

We went down first to Chico and on a mile to the flats at the mouth of the Rio Chico. Tide was out leaving broad expanses of mud below a sandy beach. At either side were mangrove swamps while across the river, here an estuary 200 yards wide were ~~the~~ miles or

more of mudflat. Beyond was the wooded elevation of La Chapilla.

Baldomiro and I walked ~~along~~ along the sandy beach and returned through the mangrove swamp making a very fair list of birds. We continued also along the shore to the village but secured little else. Flocks of thousands of cormorants flew in irregular lines ~~along~~ the flats, flock after flock being visible through the binoculars as far as I could see.

Migrant shore birds dotted the mudflats.

We stopped in Chico a primitive little aggregation of 20 or 30 houses and then went on until we reached the La Jagua Hunting Club between two and three miles distant. Going in and out Baldomiro roved on the wood to watching for wood pigeons, killing two.

This Hunting Club was established by Mr. Curtis and his companions in 1926. At that time they paid the taxes on a tract of 5000 acres which was about to be sold for delinquency and have occupied it since for the hunting privileges paying the taxes each year. The last lease will expire in 1950 when they have been notified that the owner

will take possession. The club house stands on a shoulder of land 40 feet high that looks out over the Jagua River with its bordering flats that are extensive marshes in dry season. The installation consists of a screened dining room with an open passage along one side that leads behind to a small kitchen and in front to stairs that lead to a large screened porch ~~with~~ a room behind for sleeping quarters on the second floor. A lean-to roof at one side shelters two canoes.

We ate an excellent luncheon here prepared for us by Mrs. Curtis in Gamboa, which we enjoyed the cool, steady breeze. Afterward I walked out for a while and took some pictures. And then at two we began the returns. Mr. Curtis has kindly offered to fund the quarters at my disposal for two weeks or so, if I wish to make a collection of birds here.

We drove out slowly across the savanna watching the macaoukats and

pipits and then turned off to a house where there were two domesticated tree ducks. Two boys here had a nest of the stingless bee as large as a bucket that they picked apart layer by layer of comb breaking out the sections that containing ~~honey~~ honey which they put in a bucket.

Many ducks come to the la Jagua grounds in rainy season, which there are available also doves, quans, shorebirds curassow and the large quail *Dendrocygna*.

We drove in to Pacoira and then came rapidly back to Cuenca. Here I bathed and dressed and prepared to write notes when Dr. Alejandro Mendez director of the museum arrived and I spent half an hour with him.

Dined with Zetzk with Mrs. Adela Reyes, and her sister and husband. The sister had prepared a most delicious array <sup>see photo</sup> ~~see photo~~.

It was 10<sup>45</sup> before I was in bed.

From the la Jagua Hunting Club and the savannas above I had a fine view of the Cerro Azul which I have noted at times from a plane

and of the Serrania Carabunco, a lower range to the east. These are accessible now by jeep.

April 5, Monday

Arose at 5<sup>45</sup>, had the usual delay in an early breakfast at the Tiwoli, and left from the Panamá Station at 7<sup>00</sup> for Frijoles. James Zetzk joined me at Balboa.

Chuchi - Francisco Vitola - was waiting with the launch as usual and within a few minutes we were on the way to Barro Colorado Island with the soft wind blowing tiny drops of cool spray against my face. I wondered if the martins - *Progne chalybea* that sat on the statues marking the channel were the same ones that I saw each visit.

At the island I found Per Host the Norwegian nature photographer, working actively and enthusiastic over his results. Also George Molnar, an amateur resident in the Canal Zone, on the

Island for a brief stay to do some writing, but I gathered principally for a rest.

Zetek and I went in to the matter of the water tank immediately with Chichi, considered a site, and picked one about 100 feet above the present installation. The tank is to be 10,000 gallon capacity, built of cement. We also made agreement on using a truck to haul the cement, sand and so on. The rest of the forenoon and part of the afternoon was given to other island business.

In afternoon I worked on notes and also slept for an hour as loss of sleep since return to Balboa had me groggy.

In late afternoon and <sup>early</sup> evening it was a delight to rest in the cool breeze and watch the lake and the birds.

In evening Zetek and I had further talk and I wrote for a time before going to bed.

All evening there has been a

steady procession of planes from the west, apparently military planes passing at 5 or 10 minute intervals. ~~Planes~~ Cargo boats - constantly all day.

Locusts - cicadas - are singing indicating that the end of the dry season is near. A few drops of rain fell in the afternoon and clouds banked to the northeast over the distant mountains.

April 6, Tuesday

The howler monkeys awakened me at 5<sup>20</sup> and fifteen minutes later I came out to find light appearing in the east and parrots calling. Some very large bats that at first I thought were small bat-falcons or parrots circled over the lower part of the clearing until it was full light.

Parrots came over early and a pair of brown-headed motmots came into a tree opposite the porch. When it was completely light parrots passed overhead constantly and a Leucosternis griesbreghtii circled overhead. Another that had come in to roost in the evening called to it from its perch.

I paddled a small caynes along

shore up to the north point where the wind was strong and I came slowly back.

Sticks and stumps standing in the water are changing in part though some seem as hard and strong as ever. Basilisk lizards watched me and I saw one turtle.

Birds were fairly common, not abundant along the shore.

Yesterday we remarked that it was about time for the quajacán to open its yellow flowers. At ten I noted two or three trees on the island beginning to show yellow, and at one in the afternoon scores of trees were partly out in the forest visible across the lake. Truly this is a beautiful sight and one that I am pleased to have seen. A dozen are visible through the window in the distance as I write these lines.

Mr. Soper of the Eastman Kodak Co in Panama came over this morning to examine the material in their exposure house. Talked with Zetát replans for painting.

We left the island at 4 and I was in the Tiboli again a little after six.

Per Host came in also and registered at the hotel and had dinner with me. Later we joined the Sturlings, Terrys, Adams, Stewart and Mr. Blair in Stirling suite. Mr. Blair is an old friend of Tom Barbour who sent him a hairy eagle.

April 7, Wednesday.

Hired a taxi by the hour this morning to make a round of calls.

First to Albrook Field where General Hale was out but when I called on General Jamison, told him of the excellent success of the work and gave him my thanks for the use of the jeep.

Next to Gorgas Memorial Hospital where I saw Dr. Howard Clark, Director. He joins Mr. Curtis in inviting me to use the facilities of the La Jagua Hunting Club sometime. He also gave me a record to 1943 of the birds killed there.

Called next on Dr. Alejandro Mendez, Director of the Museo Nacional in Panama and found completely satisfied with the results of the archeological work.

At two I turned the jeep back



to the Air Force at Zepher's house.  
It is in good shape. <sup>speedometer</sup>  ~~mileage~~ 344.  
I have therefore driven the car 1706 miles.

The Sterlings entertained me at dinner  
this evening with Stewart and Dick Cariker  
also present. Later we sat in the pleasant  
brreeze on the porch outside Sterling's room.

April 8, Thursday

The brown room awakened me at 5<sup>15</sup>  
this morning, while it was still dark.  
left the hotel at 6<sup>35</sup> for the airport.  
The plane was air borne at 7<sup>45</sup>.

As my seat was directly over a wing  
I could see little, except to note the  
coast toward the Rio Chico as we  
turned north.

The trip across was smooth and  
pleasant. We reached Miami at  
1<sup>50</sup> when I found that the plane  
north was full. By telephone I  
secured a lower in the Atlantic  
Coast line, crossed by taxi to the  
station, stood in line for a ticket  
and at 4<sup>00</sup> was en route north.

April 9, Friday

Cool and pleasant this morning.  
Reached Washington 4<sup>30</sup> p.m. with  
train 3 hours late.

Regresa hoy a los  
EE.UU. el Doctor

A. Wetmore

La Sabana, Panamá  
Apr 28, 1948



Dr. Alexander Wetmore

Tenemos el agrado de publicar la  
fotografía del Doctor Alexander  
Wetmore, director del Smithsonian  
Institution, Museo Nacional de los  
Estados Unidos. Regresa a Wash-  
ington, en las primeras horas del  
día jueves, después de una fructi-  
fera excursión científica, de cinco  
semanas, por los alrededores de Pa-  
ritá y Santa María.

El Dr. Wetmore, ornitólogo de  
fama mundial, ha recolectado, en  
esta ocasión más de 170 especies  
de aves, con duplicados, que signi-  
ficarán sin duda, un aporte muy  
valioso para el estudio y el conoci-  
miento de la fauna ornitológica  
del Istmo.

Notes on Herrera and Los Santos

A Trogons ~~lacking~~  
Toucans with the Voladores Hills at one  
point only.

Swifts - one record only

Tinamus lacking

Tachyphonus lacking

Only one species of Myiozetetes - gambelsii

~~No 7~~

Ammunition, Western Panama, 1948

32 <u>avg</u> shells	1300	<sup>not used</sup> 500
16 gauge # 12 shot	250	157
" " 10 "	225	125
" " 8 "	125	25
" " 6 "	100	25
" " 4 "	50	32
" " 2 "	25	25
	<u>2075</u>	<u>889</u>

Used 1186 shells  
Collected

## NOTES ON EASTERN DARIÉN.

May 12, 1948.

The following information was obtained in February, 1948 at the Tivoli Hotel, from Mr. Jack Russell, who has been logging mahogany on the Juradó River.

Cocalito, south of Jaque, has good water. A valley leads inland with a fair amount of level ground with hills beyond. This is the best point to locate for work in the coastal area, a region immediately north of the Colombian border.

Friday, July 9, 1948

Left Washington 5<sup>30</sup> Eastern Daylight Time  
on the B & O. Capitol Limited. Warm but clear.

The evening ride through central Maryland  
and West Virginia was pleasant. Due to  
rains vegetation was completely green. A  
few Chalepia dorsalis had begun work  
on the leaves of the black locust trees so  
that they were beginning to turn brown.  
By evening we were on the upper waters  
of the Potomac where the water was swift  
and shallow.

The abundance of the domestic pigeon  
Columba livia through the area was  
notable, not only in the towns but  
also in the country.

July 10, Saturday.

Was up early this morning, watching  
for occasional Snowing doves and redwings.  
The domestic pigeon continued in abundance  
to Chicago where we arrived at 7<sup>15</sup> a. m.

I transferred to the C. & N. W. station, checked  
my baggage and then took a taxi to  
the Chicago Natural History museum. It  
was still early so I sat for half an hour  
on the summit of the grassy slope beside

the Shedd Aquarium, enjoying the cool breeze from Lake Michigan and watching 40 or 50 Black Terns resting on a breakwater or flying about. With them were a few terns that I believed were Sterna hirundo. One pair of the latter walked around a narrow displaying as though they had a nest site. Two Black-crowned Night Herons flew by, also three or four Mallards (probably of the "park" variety as they seemed a little off color. On the lawns were many House Sparrows, a few Bronzed Grackles, a young Robin and an occasional Starling. I saw one grackle circle over the lake 75 yards from shore, hover with its feet dipping while it picked up some small white object, possibly a dead minnow and fly to the tower holding it in its bill.

On the Museum Dr. Karl Schmidt, Head Curator, Dept. of Zoology and A. L. Rand, Curator of Birds had arranged for me to go up to the laboratories when I met them and then worked for the day, first looking over the small

series of Celena Conicatus and then examining Black Vultures which I measured.

lunched with Schmidt, Rand and Connor at the University Club and then worked on the collection of Turkey Vultures which is excellent. Directed my attention to Cathartes urubitinga and other birds of the auris type from northern South America. I began now to see more light in the fuzzle of the birds with yellow, orange and blue heads.

Talked for half an hour with Beecher who is doing interesting work on the head muscles in deuterodae and Coerebidae.

I spent another half hour in the breeze watching the lake dimed at the Black Hawk Restaurant at Randolph and Wabash an excellent place and then boarded the Streamliner City of San Francisco leaving on the C. & N.W. at 7<sup>30</sup>.

Met

on board bound for the conference at Ames laboratory. Also talked with a French gentleman on his first journey to the West coast. Retired early.

July 11, Sunday.

Awakened early in <sup>West</sup> central Nebraska to see green fields of alfalfa and

yellow ones of ripened wheat. constantly  
I noted small combines being hauled  
on trucks to the fields and occasionally  
noted one working.

The domestic pigeon was here reduced  
to an occasional bird or two seen near  
some town. There were many mourning  
doves, red wings and grackles - one Swainson's  
hawk near North Platte.

An eastern Wyoming dry farming  
seemed to be prospering. East of Cheyenne  
were many Lark Buntings in pairs.  
One displayed in his flight song.  
Noted occasional western Kingbirds  
and Say's Phoebe.

The mountains to the southeast  
were beautiful and the climb to  
Sherman at 8000 feet highly interesting.  
It is a delight to me to see this section  
of country again after many years of  
absence.

We were delayed in Laramie nearly  
2 hours by a hot journal on the engine.  
English Sparrows fed on the lawn at  
the station; and I found a 4-leaved  
clover.

Beyond the land was tier with low

hills to the north, a little stream near  
the railroad and distant snow covered  
mountains to the south. Near here  
I saw another Swainson's Hawk, a  
Western Redstart, a Sparrowhawk,  
Vermilion Swallows, House finches, Horned  
larks and one McCoin's Longspur.

Between here and Rawlins I noted  
a dozen or fifteen antelope in groups  
of two to five. I watched for magpies  
closely but saw none until we had  
passed Green River.

July 12, Monday.

I was more accustomed to the  
motion of the train last night and so  
slept better. Thanks to being  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours late  
~~we~~ were at Sparks <sup>near</sup> this morning about  
6:30 when I was dressed and out.  
and I had the pleasure of the beautiful  
view up through Donner Pass. I saw  
one Audubon's Warbler here which  
flew over head and one jay, but on the  
whole birds were very scarce.

We finally rolled down into the  
Sacramento Valley and so on south  
just north of Sacramento I had a  
very satisfactory view of half a dozen  
yellow-billed magpies.

The train rolled down through the valley so rapidly - ninety miles an hour - that I missed identifying my old land marks around Maxwell and Wilson.

At Berkeley I left the train as Mr. Paul Baker of Chance-Vought Aviation Co. kindly offered to take my baggage in to San Francisco. There was a taxi strike so I took a bus over town and walked in to the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology in the Life Sciences Building. U. H. Miller had just left on a trip to Mexico. Robert Storm and Mrs. Taylor, Lee Chambers daughter, made me eat here in the bird room.

Also met Pearson, here as an Assistant Curator of mammals. He tells me that he camped for a month in Grayabo Cove - not at Jaque - but that he collected sub birds. Charles Sibley here now tells me that he is going to Kansas University as Curator of birds.

I worked until 5<sup>30</sup> examining first Sciurops northracinus linnaeus which is a different form from what I had anticipated. Also measured black and turkey vultures.

Took a train then for San Francisco crossing on the long bridge an interesting experience.

Registered at the Palace Hotel where I shared a room with Paul Baker of Chance-Vought Aviation.

July 13, Tuesday.

This morning the representatives of aviation left in 4 huge Navy buses for Ames Laboratory at Moffett Field an interesting trip through a closely settled area in the Peninsula. Sparrows-bushes horned over grain stubble and I saw two burrowing owls.

At the laboratory on arrival I was told that Dr. Jerome Humeaker Chairman of NACA had not arrived due to a delayed train, so ten minutes later I stood before the nearly 500 men assembled in the auditorium to bid them welcome, and to ask them to stand for a brief moment in honor of George Lewis whose sudden death came yesterday in Pennsylvania.

The day was fully occupied in inspection of the laboratory - a noon hour afterward in the Officers Club and then dinner at Denaho Shack near Palo Alto.

Breached the Saint Clair Hotel in San Jose at 10<sup>30</sup> and went at once to bed.



July 14, Wednesday  
Warm today but not too hot.

A bus left for Ames laboratory at nine, and another inspection meeting opened at 10<sup>00</sup>. At 10<sup>30</sup> we held a meeting of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

I called George Goldman, jr., at the Nelson-Goldman Ranch near Cross and told him that I would reach Fresno, Friday. The <sup>major</sup> officers at Moffitt Field tendered us a luncheon at 1<sup>30</sup> and at 2<sup>00</sup> p.m. I left for San Francisco with Admiral Longquest and Mr. Hazen.

The car took me to the Santa Fe office where I validated my ticket, and then to the Ferry Building where I called at the office of the Fish and Game Commission. Mr. Joe Hunter was out, but had an interesting talk with Donald McKeen who showed the method he is using for census taking of game animals by means of aerial photographs. He is also applying this method to ducks through a grid that projects acre squares on the area surveyed.

I called the California Academy of Sciences to express my regret that I had been delayed, but was told to come out, that I could work as long as I liked. So I took a taxi, reaching the academy at 4<sup>40</sup>. Air sharp and cool here in San Francisco.

At the academy I found Dallas Hanna who took me to the Department of Ornithology and Mammalogy as Dr. Robert Miller, Director, and Mr. Carr Curator were away. Miss Perry showed me the location of the specimens and I measured the small series of turkey vultures. The only black vulture in the collection lacked data. As I worked the pleasant call of California quail came in the open windows.

Miss Perry was rearing a baby long-eared bat that the mother had desowned, feeding it milk. At a month's age it still lacked hair.

I met James Slavin just returned from a collecting trip for reptiles in Australia. Dallas Hanna and I talked together. Ned has now returned in the last few months

from his Oil Company connection and  
has a post in an executive capacity  
with the Academy.

I went back over town by trolley and  
met Mr. Hazen at the St. Francis. We  
took a taxi then to the Naval Air  
Station at Alameda where we boarded  
the 890 foot aircraft carrier U.S.S. Valley  
Forge a beautiful new ship.

I was assigned excellent quarters in  
the Chief of Staff sea cabin, high up in the  
island ~~deck~~ levels above the flight deck.  
Jerome Hunsaker has the next one in the  
Admiral's sea cabin. We remained  
at the deck overnight. I was shown  
over the ship by Ensign Dick and then  
retired.

July 15, Thursday

We left the deck before seven this  
morning and steamed out through the  
Golden Gate into a low lying fog. The  
top of the island was almost out with  
the blanket lying over the water. I saw one  
or two western gulls but nothing else.

About 2<sup>00</sup> the haze lifted and we had  
an most interesting afternoon devoted to  
maneuvers. After about 40 conventional  
aircraft had taken off 4 jet planes were  
put in the air by means of catapults  
and went roaring off into the sky.  
The return of all these planes was



DATE

SUBJECT

Arrival of the USS  
Valley Forge with  
F8F fighters passing  
in formation.

more interesting and exciting than  
the take off. By 7<sup>30</sup> p.m. all were  
safely aboard.

For breakfast and lunch I was the  
guest of Rear Admiral H.M. Martin  
in this cabin. At dinner all sat in the  
wardroom as the guests of the officers.

I turned in at night after a long  
day in the cool biting air outside that  
made a parka the proper dress.

The only bird of interest in the afternoon  
was one black-footed albatross.

July 16, Friday

The unwelcome haze of the fog horn began  
during the night and continued until  
mid-afternoon. I arose at 6<sup>30</sup> and about

7<sup>30</sup> went down to Admiral Martin's cabin  
for breakfast. We were travelling slowly,

there were no birds and nothing of  
interest outside so I remained with

Hansaker, James Doolittle, Mr. Whiting  
Admiral Martin and Admiral Price all

morning, listening in the main to a  
highly interesting conversation on a  
wide variety of subjects.

Last night it was supposed that we  
would be at Long Beach about 11<sup>15</sup> this  
morning. Today it was supposed that

due to fog ~~we~~ might dock at 7<sup>30</sup>.  
Under the circumstances I wire George  
Goldman that my arrival was  
uncertain.

After lunch however the fog  
lessened, we increased our speed  
and presently were out of the fog.  
The helicopter (Sikorsky) took Admiral  
Price and Mr. Writing off and returned  
at 4<sup>30</sup> for me. The plane rained at  
once, swooping off to the side and then  
climbed to about 500 feet for a  
quick and easy trip to Los Alamitos  
Air Base. I had a view of many  
western gulls, a bathing beach  
and then a housing project until  
presently we were on the ground.

Capt. Clark put me on a twin engine  
plane. The counterpart of the C 45 and  
by 500' were seen in the air, headed  
north toward Los Angeles and the  
mountains.

I was allowed to sit in the  
co-pilot's seat where I had a  
clear view of the city and then  
of a wild and broken mountain  
region. We travelled at 8300 feet  
passed down Bakersfield and at 6<sup>30</sup>  
came down on the air terminal at

Fresno. The attendant told us that  
we were expected at Chandler Airport  
immediately adjacent to town so we  
shifted over there. I telephoned George  
Goldman at the Nelson Goldman  
Ranch, and then took the two  
aviators with me over town for dinner.  
We had excellent steaks at the "Frontier"  
and then returned to the Fresno Hotel  
where I said good by to my pilots  
and waited in the air-cooled lobby  
until George Goldman arrived. This  
was at 8<sup>15</sup> so we drove the \$40  
miles to the ranch, 2 miles east of  
Cutler in darkness. The thermometer  
during the day had reached 109 but  
this evening it did not seem  
uncomfortable.

We reached the ranch a little before  
ten and about eleven I retired after  
meeting Mrs. Goldman, George junior  
and two pretty grand daughters Sandra  
and Barbara Chase here for the holidays.

Saturday July 17.

The cooing of a mourning dove  
awakened me from a sound sleep at  
a few minutes past six and soon I  
was out walking around.

The ranch house is fair-sized rambling building of two stories, of light construction surrounded by eucalyptus. The office is adjacent, back of that a barn and behind that a storage shed for boxes and other supplies.

We spent the early morning in looking at citrus plantings, nectarines, olives, lemons, grape, and other fruit, viewed the packing house and five houses (small) built for workers. All were in excellent condition.

Selma Nelson had arrived during the night. He showed me where he had scattered E. W. Nelson's ashes at the east end of the 5th row of citrus counting from a summit water tank. There was much talk of operations.

About 11<sup>00</sup> the two goldens, Nelson and I drove up a back road through Badger to the Kings River National Park.

The grade started up within 2 miles of the ranch house and soon we were among oaks on a narrow winding road. Presumably there were juniper and others at the top of Redwood Mountain. We found the giant redwoods, marvels of trees of which I could never tire! We went on over to the great general grant

tree, and then went down the winding road, bordered by Chaparral into Kings River Canyon with wonderful views of the Sierras surrounding Mount Whitney. At the end of the road we walked in a mile to Roaring River, following the course of the south fork of Kings River.

Returning we saw the general Sherman tree, largest in the world, Moss Rock, Crescent meadow, a gem and scores of the giant Redwoods in Sequoia National Park. The descent was at sunset, and in the valley we drove in darkness to Visalia for dinner and then to the ranch where we arrived at midnight.

In Kings River National Park I saw olive-sided flycatcher, Mountain Bluebird, a woodpecker feeding young, one black swift, one band-tailed pigeon, and many violet green swallows.

In Sequoia Park a white-headed woodpecker had a nest six feet from the ground, built in the thick bark of a huge giant redwood. There were numerous deer, solitaires and juncos

It was truly a day to be long remembered.

July 18, Sunday at 6<sup>30</sup> to see another clear pleasant day. It turned cooler yesterday.

I went over the upper part of the ranch again with George Gokeman and Selma Nelson particularly the part above the new government irrigation ditch. We have two tracts on the hill above, one of 80 acres and one of 160 acres. The hill is known as Stokes Hill.

Left Selma Nelson and George drove me in to Fresno where I took train for Barstow, leaving at 1<sup>25</sup> p.m. I had to change at Bakersfield, reaching Barstow at 7<sup>10</sup> p.m. As there was little at the station I took a taxi over town, dined very well at the Gold Star cafe, and then went to a good "Killer" <sup>movie</sup>. About 10<sup>30</sup> I returned to the station - on foot this time as I now knew the way and at 11<sup>30</sup> boarded the De Luxe Super Chief on the Santa Fe east.

It was interesting today to cross Teachapin Pass which I have not seen for years. Noted 3 ravens on the northern side.

At the ranch birds are common but in small variety: Mockingbird, Brown Towhee, House sparrow, House finch, Western Kingbird and mourning dove are the common ones. Noted also Valley Quail, Turkey Vulture, Black-headed grosbeak. Undoubtedly the intensive tillage has destroyed habitat for other less adaptable species.

July 19, Monday.

Awakened this morning near Seligman and spent a quiet morning of much pleasure in watching the landscape through Wells Fork, Williams, Flagstaff and Winslow. Pleasant memories!

On the course of the morning I found Jerome Hunsaker on board so that I had interesting companionship. The high July 20, Tuesday plains east of Albuquerque were green from rains. Mourning doves always in sight with occasional Swainson's and Sparrow hawks.

July 20, Tuesday.

At six I awakened near McFarland Kansas to find the streamlines creeping along a track threatened by rains.



floodwaters and sat for an hour in  
my bed watching the muddy streams  
tearing at fields and stream banks.  
We had shifted to the Rock Island  
tracks, where I watched the Kaw  
River, had a brief distant glimpse of  
the University at Lawrence and finally  
reached Kansas City.

Beyond an occasional dictatorial  
sat on a wire and mourning doves  
and redwings flew along side. The  
sky cleared and finally at 6<sup>00</sup> p.m.  
We came to Chicago 4 hours and 15  
minutes late.

Hunsaker and I straightened out  
our transportation east and then  
walked out for air and dinner. By  
chance we found the art gallery  
and the travelling exhibition of  
German paintings, being circulated  
before return to Germany and had  
half an hour for a hasty view.  
Dinner at Foley's street house and  
then we separated.

I left Chicago on the B & O.  
at 10<sup>00</sup> p.m.

July 21, Wednesday.  
Anakims near Pittsburgh this  
morning somewhat critical of  
the hazy atmosphere and the muddy  
streams after ten days in the clear  
air of the west.

Arrived Washington 4<sup>30</sup> p.m.

1949

March 5, Saturday.

Left Washington 2:30 p.m. via the Atlantic Coast Line Vacationer, with Watson M. Perrygo as companion and assistant. Day clear and pleasantly warm. Forsythia beginning to bloom and elms in bud.

Below Quantico gun became increasingly evident in the shrubbery.

The week past has been a strenuous one with many things to accomplish so that we were ready for bed at 8:30 this evening.

March 6, Sunday.

We awakened this morning in northern Florida south of Jacksonville after a ten hour sleep.

Florida appeared very dry with much indication of recent drought.

We reach Miami about 11:30 a.m. with the sun warm and the air pleasant. Perrygo's sister Mrs. E. M. Fisher, 660 N.E. 139<sup>th</sup> St. met us & took us into the Pan American World Airways office on Biscayne Boulevard where we checked in on our flight this evening.

I called Mr. John Pora, our man in

charge of our testing work here for the Astrophysical Observatory and he came in to meet me. We had lunch in town and then went out to the grounds of the South Florida Test Co. where I spent seven two hours in inspecting the apparatus. When we are examining into the elements in light that causes deterioration in fabrics for the Quartermaster Department of the Army. This work is near an end and the station here will be terminated soon. Pora is a young, active - minded man who impressed me, though I believe that he is somewhat deficient in university training due to his service in the war.

About 4<sup>00</sup> Pora took me to Mrs. Fisher's very pleasant residence in a new development north of Miami where I had dinner with Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Clyde Puggles and Mrs. & Mrs. Clyde Connolly. Afterward they took us to the airport where there was the usual jangle of passers through me. Connolly met Antonio Rodriguez of the Special Services Section

Pan American Airways who kindly checked through the gate so that we secured good seats at the rear edge of the wing. The plane was a DC 6, slated to capacity with passengers.

We took off at 8<sup>30</sup> following which I had glimpses of lighted towns as we crossed Cuba, saw the moon set, appearing very red from our elevation as it came down to the horizon and slept at intervals.

March 7, Monday.

We came down in the humid heat of Balboa at 1<sup>00</sup> a.m., disembarked and were soon checked through immigration and customs thanks to word left by Roger Zittel regarding us.

Registered at the Twoli where the usual dishes of Tandoori gravy and murghees awaited us at dawn.

James Zittel came to meet us at breakfast at 7<sup>30</sup>, where also I had a telephone call from Karl Curtis at Gambia telling me that he was home from the hospital and everything was in line for us to go to

the La Jague Hunting Club whenever we were ready.

After some discussion of business matters with Zittel we drove to the Administration Building to call on Col. Holke, Assistant Governor of the Canal Zone. From him I learned that the road has been built recently up on the Cerro Azul. Col. Holke has been helpful in the affairs of Barro Colorado Island.

We called next at the office of the Chief of Police relative to a drivers permit for Perrygo. He sent us to the license bureau where a permit for the Canal Zone was obtained without difficulty.

We continued to Albrook Field where I called at the office of General Hale who is away. Captain Small his aide is visiting the Sterling in Chiriqui Province this weekend. I met Capt. Jamel and informed him that I was going to Barro Colorado Island to Britain Wednesday morning when I would return to the officers Club at Albrook. Zittel

left us at the Hotel. We took a taxi then to the American Embassy to call on Mr. Hall, the Secretary. He had a letter for us from the office of Foreign Affairs which he sent to me in the afternoon.

Met Mr. Phelan briefly. Mr. Hall introduced me to Edward W. Clark of the Embassy who told me that Juan Eusebio Jimenez, nicknamed "Bebe" has development country home sites on the Cerro Azul and has a road built to about 2000 feet elevation. This turns off from the Highway a short distance beyond Tocumen Airport - possibly 6 miles beyond and goes up through the forest.

Returned to the hotel for lunch where I met slong who had been in charge of the Panamerican Survey crew under the War Department engineers on San Jose Island when Morrison and I were there in 1945.

Made reservations at the Pan American

Airways office at the Tivoli to  
return from Balboa to Miami May  
6.

Charles Richardson, our old taxi driver  
who used to drive Tom Barboza came at  
3<sup>15</sup> and went first to get some identification  
photos for Perrygo at Fotó Charles.  
We found the museum <sup>narrowly</sup> closed with a  
sign indicating hours from 8<sup>00</sup> a.m.  
to 1<sup>30</sup> p.m. except Monday when closed and  
Saturday and Sunday when it is open  
from 2 to 6 p.m.

At the gorges institute Dr. Clark  
was away but I saw Graham Fairchild  
Trujillo and Major Hertig. From them  
I secured much information relative  
to the road up into the Cerro Azul  
section.

They tell me also that it is possible  
to reach cloud forest on Cerro Campana  
west of the zone easily and that forest  
country in El Valle is accessible by car.  
This must be worked soon as the forest is  
being destroyed.

Passed by Zetli's house to get some  
field clothes for tomorrow and then at

the hotel called Karl Curtis to tell him  
of plans.

At six Zetli came to the hotel  
with Mr. & Mrs. Lee Gony - Mrs. Gony  
formerly Adela Reuss, clerk for Zetli.  
We dined as Zetli's guest at El Rancho  
in Panama City, a good dinner and  
excellent music, especially by an  
organ player.

March 8, Tuesday  
We were up at 5<sup>15</sup> this morning,  
had breakfast at the Aneon Club house  
When Charles Richardson called for us  
and took to the 7<sup>00</sup> a.m. train for  
Frijoles. Chichi met us with the  
taxi launch and we were soon at

the island <sup>Ratibor</sup> Hartmann crossed with us.  
He is serving as assistant to Dr. Hartman  
who is working on adrenals. Hartmann  
was with Endre and also with Pearson  
in Darién in the Pivi section. His  
address Ratibor Hartmann, 16A  
Avenida North, Panamá, P.R. de P.  
An talk with him during the  
day I became much impressed

with him and believe that  
he would be a good field companion.  
He is working for \$25 a week and  
subsistence.

I spent the day in and around  
the laboratory. A party of 6  
young wives of naval officers from  
Coca Sola over for the day - very  
pleasant people, including one  
who had lived with Venturi's  
Barnie's people in Ponce, P. R.

Cool in evening with outside  
temperature at  $74^{\circ}+$

March 9, Wednesday

Awoke at dawn and had a short  
time before breakfast to watch the birds  
around the clearing. After eating  
Zetek and I talked business for nearly  
an hour.

Berrygo and I went out there  
on Shamrock trail to the end returning  
via Van Tegen and Donato. This in  
my opinion is one of the best bird  
walks on the island. We made a  
fair list.

Ticks not too bad. We saw 3 bands  
of marionets back of the laboratory, 3  
bands each of White-faced and Howler  
monkeys and jumped several  
Agoutis.

Tabebuia is just ending its  
flowering period. Jacaranda is  
beginning its purple flowers filling  
the tops of the trees. Triplaris is  
in blossom as is Miconia.

Zetek and I talked most of  
the afternoon, until he left for the  
afternoon train.

Air delightful in evening.

March 10, Thursday

The howler monkeys, as usual, started  
their morning chorus at 5:30. We were  
up soon after, breakfasted at 6:30 and were  
on our way across the lake before 7:00.

WE left the train at Balboa station,  
went to the Tivoli Hotel for our baggage  
and then took a taxi to the Officers  
Club at Albrook Field.

Capt. L. Snelly, aid to Gen. Hale met us  
at our comfortable quarters and in an

We had an array of passes papers  
and a jeep. Speedometer 11,274 miles.

Returned to the Club for lunch.

In afternoon I stopped to see  
Zetik for a few minutes and then drove  
out to Gamboa to see Karl Curtis  
who is just recovering from an  
operation. Perrygo was busy all  
afternoon with Lt. Col. Corbett D.  
Croftree, Provost Marshall, in arranging  
for a drivers Permit for the Republic of  
Panama.

I found Karl in Apt. D, House  
102 in Gamboa and had a very  
pleasant visit, and talk re arrangements  
for our work.

I returned at 4:30 as Zetik had  
told me that he wanted to talk  
further re island affairs. I remained  
with him until 6, then returned to  
Albrook Field.

Perrygo and I had a very pleasant  
supper with Capt. & Mrs. L. D. Snell,  
and to general Hale.

A fine moon.



IGNACIO MOLINO JR.,  
MINISTRO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES

CERTIFICA:

Que los señores Alexander Wetmore y Watson M. Perrygo, están autorizados para efectuar ciertas investigaciones biológicas relacionadas con los pájaros en la República de Panamá.

Por lo tanto, solicita a las autoridades de la República que se sirvan prestar a los señores aludidos las facilidades a su alcance para la feliz realización de su misión.

En fe de lo cual se expide este certificado en la ciudad de Panamá el día 14 de Febrero del año de 1949.



HEADQUARTERS  
5700th COMPOSITE WING  
Albrook Air Force Base, Canal Zone

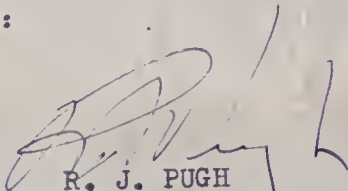
IN REPLY  
REFER TO:

10 March 1949

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and his Assistant, Mr. Watson Perrygo, are authorized to pass through the gates at Albrook Air Force Base without a trip ticket. They will be driving a quarter ton four by four, No. 20748189.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL GRIFFITH:



R. J. PUGH  
Colonel, USAF  
Executive Officer

March 11, Friday.

A brown robin Turdus grayi  
awakened us at the first hint of dawn  
and we soon went to breakfast.

Afterward I took the jeep down to  
Sicut James in charge of our maintenance  
as the jeep needed some adjustment.  
It developed that the tank was full  
of dirt so that it was 130 before the  
car was back in our hands. In the  
meanwhile we had purchased  
food at the commissary and attended  
to other matters.

At 2<sup>00</sup> we reached the Chase  
Bank and drew some money. Made  
further purchases at the Balboa  
Commissary and then took Zetk  
to call on Dr. Clark in charge of  
research for the Eustman Kodak  
Company. They have built a fine new  
building in Panama City which we  
visited. Also met Mr. Soper  
in charge of the laboratory here.

In evening Perrygo and I took

Captain and Mrs. Snell to the Tivoli and El Rancho as some slight recompense for our assistance. Their last kindness was to hang our suits in a dry closet so that they will be in shape when we return.

March 12, Saturday.

The robin again was our alarm clock and by 7<sup>30</sup> we were checked out packed and on our way to Zetis House.

Here we met Karl Curtis and Fred Pierce the latter with a half ton truck. We loaded and the truck started which we returned to the field for gas.

at 9<sup>00</sup> we called for Dr. Howard Clark at the gorges Research laboratory and started for Pacora. Mr. John Hushing, U.S. Marshall was also in the party. #

We came out the highway past Tocumen airport and then

on the highway to Pacora. Then we turned off and at 11<sup>15</sup> reached the Jaguar Hunting Club.

Then we unloaded and proceeded to organize our outfit. Hired Baldomero as hunter assistant at \$15 per week to begin immediately. Charles Simpson, Jamaican, known as "Simso" will report tomorrow at the same wage.

Baldomero dug a little well to secure water for washing. Drinking water has to be brought from Panama City or Balboa, or has to be treated if taken from the Pacora River.

Went in to Pacora at 3<sup>30</sup> when I again visited José Luis, Chinese stockup with a very pleasant Panamanian wife. Here I bought Coca Cola, a watermelon and oranges. I am disturbed to find that there is no gasoline available which means

that we will have to bring it  
from Panama City.

On return we left rice and  
bread at Baldomero's two establish-  
ments, one at San José with a  
young woman and a flock of  
children and another near our camp  
with Tette.

We had beef stew for supper.  
Baldomero should have a gun; took a  
flashlight and went off on a  
night hunt for Paté Real, muscovy  
ducks.

Moon nearly full, the breeze  
soft and cool and many Paraguas  
calling.

There was much friendly conversation  
during the evening as to whether the beef  
stew had too much salt a matter that  
was still under argument when we  
all turned in to sleep.

There were a number of shots out on  
the marsh and Baldomero finally  
came back with 9 blue-winged teal,  
a pintail and a muscovy duck.

Data on back of Picture (given  
to me by Karl Curtis).



La Jagua Hunt Club  
 March, 1928 to December, 1943  
 A Summary by Months & Years from Register  
 Herbert C. Clark

Year	Number of Hunts	Ducks Killed
1928	11	546
1929	26	826
1930	22	735
1931	19	661
1932	23	721
1933	17	525
1934	10	217
1935	13	299
1936	9	389
1937	12	246
1938	16	454
1939	18	555
1940	19	680
1941	19	456
1942	18	464
1943	17	336
<b>Total for 16 years</b>	<b>269</b>	<b>8,110</b>

Average kill a year  
 Average duck hunts a year  
 Average number of guns a hunt in 1940  
 Average number of guns a hunt in 1941  
 Average number of guns a hunt in 1942  
 Average number of guns a hunt in 1943

507  
 17  
 7  
 4  
 4  
 3

Year	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total
1928	---	---	---	---	---	301	150	52	---	---	---	43	546
1929	253	---	5	---	---	244	53	---	4	---	40	227	826
1930	103	---	---	---	---	255	174	4	2	---	108	89	735
1931	53	33	---	---	---	250	88	---	---	5	81	129	661
1932	73	9	3	---	18	475	11	---	---	---	---	132	721
1933	276	11	---	---	16	133	27	---	---	---	---	62	525
1934	123	2	---	---	---	92	---	---	---	---	---	---	217
1935	9	34	1	---	13	147	94	1	---	---	---	---	299
1936	5	5	5	---	36	330	---	---	---	---	---	8	389
1937	71	---	5	22	6	73	42	---	---	8	---	19	246
1938	119	153	10	19	10	37	96	---	---	---	---	10	454
1939	120	147	10	126	9	37	96	---	---	---	---	10	555
1940	192	200	79	1	---	91	31	---	---	4	9	73	680
1941	60	20	50	19	---	195	33	---	---	---	---	79	456
1942	86	98	53	52	---	45	---	---	30	---	50	50	464
1943	141	84	17	17	9	8	0	0	0	0	0	60	336
16 yrs.	1684	818	238	256	117	2713	895	57	36	17	288	991	8110

November, December, January & February: Migrating ducks and native ducks.

All other months, usually, have only the three native duck species.

In May, 1938, five blue wing teal were seen in the swamps. This species was again noted in May, 1939.

June 5, 1944, a group of 8 blue wing teal and 3 singles were seen in Corral Falsa. One was killed by H. C. Clark and brought to the Club House. Since 1932 we do not hunt from July 4 to Xmas.

Note the great decline in kills in June and July.

Year	Pato Real	Guiguichi & Jacome	Broad Bill	Blue Wing Teal	Pin Tail	Domin. Duck	Masked Duck	Whistlers	Shovelers	Total
1936	13	376	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	389
1937	36	202	1	7	---	---	---	---	---	246
1938	34	277	5	85	45	8	---	---	---	454
1939	79	276	6	137	45	8	2	2	---	555
1940	52	298	12	246	67	3	---	---	2	680
1941	31	311	1	109	3	0	1	0	0	456
1942	36	148	---	257	6	17	---	---	---	464
1943	50	54	1	173	47	2	0	0	9	336
Total 8 yrs.	331	1,942	26	1,014	213	38	3	2	11	3,580

- 1940 Fourteen Jacome included.
- 1941 Nine " " .
- 1942 Four " " .
- 1943 One " " .

Note the great decline in number of Guiguichi and Jacome in the Club swamps.

March 13, Sunday.

The ha jagua Hunting Club stands on the end of a long peninsula of high ground thrust out into a broad grassy swamp, now nearly dry, but with two or three small areas of water in sight. The northeast trade wind blows steadily, at times very strongly, and the air is cool and pleasant. The sky remains overcast most of the time with the sun breaking through at intervals. Twice during the day there was a very slight sprinkle of rain, a mere few drops in the air.

The savannas are brown and much burning is going forward. Through the savannas, bordering small streams now mainly dry runs bands of trees winding irregularly. The brush below is fairly open so that it is possible to get about without difficulty. We had breakfast at Emira and then Perryge and I walked out along a stand of trees bordering the



broad marshy bed now dry  
that is the Rio La Jague. From  
the knoll at camp we look out  
across a half mile to a mile of swamp  
to other banks of trees. Inland are  
the extensive prairies with lines of  
timber running through and behind  
is the Serrama Cariboo which  
run over ~~to~~ behind Chepo.

Birds abounded and before  
noon we were back at camp with  
20 excellent specimens.

Hawks are not common at this  
immediate point.

The ducks, with a parrot added  
for flavor cooked through the  
morning with addition of onions,  
potatoes and other flavoring. At  
noon we ate ensamously.

About 2<sup>00</sup> p.m. the truck left  
taking Baldomero with it as far as  
Pacora. We remained quietly all  
afternoon preparing our specimens  
and enjoying the mild air.

Perrygo and I prepared a simple supper  
and were just clearing up when  
<sup>Charles</sup> Charles Simpson, who is to be our cook,  
appeared trundling a bicycle to which  
his bedding was hung in a sack. Charles,  
it develops is from British Honduras  
when his mother still lives, and has  
been here in Panama for eight years.  
He has two children with another  
coming soon and says that when it is  
born he wants to take his mother to  
Panama for an operation so that there  
will not be any more as there is  
all he can do now. His father made  
too many eggs. <sup>Charles</sup> Charles hopes to win the  
thousand dollar prize in the lottery  
so that he can take his family home  
to visit his mother.

He is negro, has been soldier for an  
American lieutenant and speaks English.  
He took hold quickly in this strange  
place, cleaned up our supper dishes,  
ate his own and put up his bed on the  
<sup>same</sup> ~~other~~ porch outside our sleeping quarters.  
We listened to the paragon for  
a time, calling in the moonlight

and then about 8:30 went to bed.

March 14, Monday

For the first time I have felt fully relaxed so that I slept soundly until the Gray's thrushes, the brown robin awakened me at the first hint of dawn.

Our new cook performed admirably in his strange quarters so that shortly after seven we were on our way to the monte. We collected again in the narrow band of timber along the Rio La Juguja, going a little farther along.

Birds were abundant and active and the shooting was easy as most were in the undergrowth or in low trees. By nine thirty we had secured 20 specimens and returned to camp.

For our bath we go to the pozo that we dug the first day with basins. A board platform gives standing room so that it is easy to soap up and then rinse off.

Today as we bathed I was interested to see a *Fleuvicola* *juice* walking actively about on wet ground bordering a little pool. We returned later with a gun and collected it as the only other record appears to be from the Rio Tapia marshes near Tocumen. This is near the most northern limit for the species.

Mr. Pierce came about 11:00 with the rest of our outfit so that now we have everything here. He tells me that he came to the zone in 1911 and has been here ever since, having retired last year. At present he is interested in some market gardens. He has been very kind in handling our equipment, charging me merely enough to replace a worn-out tire and gasoline. His address is C. L. Pierce, Box 182, Ancon, C. Z. He lives at Building 351, room 101 in Ancon below the Tuoli and next to the Masoni Hall.

Perrygo took ~~Charles~~ <sup>Charles</sup> in to Pacora in the jeep to get the rest

of his clothing, and returned with  
a stock of polenta.

The sky was clear most of  
the day but the steady breeze  
tempered the heat so that it was  
comfortable. We skin in the  
shelter of the kitchen which cuts off  
the direct thrust of the wind.  
I wrote my notes in late afternoon  
sitting out in the shade in one  
of the canvas chairs with a lap  
board on the arms.

As I look out I see the level  
expanse of grass grown marsh, now  
dry with one bit of water bordered  
by green. Beyond is an embankment  
line of trees half a mile to a mile  
away. There are many cupes  
among them.

At dusk the paraguas came out in  
abundance so that we had a dozen calls  
vociferously. Bats circled past, a good many  
teal were flying and we had a glimpse  
of one large owl.

As we watched for the moon to appear

Clarence told us that the poor people  
of Panama always looked intently for  
several seconds at a new moon  
in hope that they would see in the  
face a number that if they could find  
it on a lottery ticket would give them  
luck.

We sat out in the pleasant, cool  
breeze until 9:30.

March 15, Tuesday.

Clarence was out at dawn this morning  
so that we were at breakfast before dawn.  
We left immediately to get out to the  
highway in order to try to get ice but  
almost immediately the jeep stopped  
due to dirt in the fuel pump. This we  
cleaned out and then had no further  
trouble.

We left money at Clarence's house on  
the highway for ice as we were told that  
a truck passed early every morning. Clarence  
wife left home with him before she was  
14, and he married her to avoid trouble with  
the Panama City police. She is now 18.

We drove down to the Rio Pacora whose  
shallow water ran swiftly over a sandy,  
gravelly bed. We left the car at an  
old army installation, crossed the

clear stream here a hundred feet wide  
and banked in the mouth on the  
opposite bank. There were rather  
narrow stands of tall trees and much  
undergrowth. Small birds abounded  
and we had little difficulty in  
securing all that we could capture  
in the afternoon. Occasionally when  
we were out of the wind it seemed  
very hot but most of the time we  
were comfortable. In the mouth I hunt  
as usual bar-headed.

The Rio Cabobe joins the Pacora  
here, also a clear swift-running stream.  
There are a good many cattle here but  
houses are few and widely scattered.

On return to Simfano's house at  
ten we found that the ice truck had  
not come though we were assured  
that it always passed by eight. In  
Pacora also there was no ice, and  
our friend Jose hins informed us in  
his Chinese English that we had come  
"too late" by which he meant too early.  
He promised to have a hundred pounds  
for us this evening.

At camp we dined on rice and  
beans and broiled summer sausage  
with canned cherries for dessert. Our  
boys are interested that we eat  
their kind of food as they have never  
seen Americans do this before.

Our 21 specimens were cleaned up  
without difficulty so that at a little  
after four Perrygo went in to Pacora  
taking Clarence to make another try  
for the ice. I sat out in the cool air in the  
shade between the house and two cajeu  
trees to write my notes with the pleasant  
view of the marsh spread out before me.

Later Perrygo went in to Pacora to  
get ice while I remained alone. When  
all became quiet the shy birds began  
to move about assuming that the human  
invasion was at an end for the moment.  
A crane hawk (geronospiza) alighted on  
a tree above me and sat for some time  
with its slender form bent over against  
the wind. Two chachalacs came out on  
open branches 75 yards away. One parrot  
began to circh around the cajeu trees.  
In the evening I sent Euldomero  
out with a headlight to try for macropy

ducks. He returned in about an hour with four blue-winged teal and ~~two~~ young alligator. He had shot a large gator also.

March 16, Wednesday.

The sky was overcast and at dawn we had a quick shower of rain that passed immediately. The hills beyond Chapo and back of Chinian were obscured however for much of the day so that seemingly considerable water fell there.

We drove down to the villages of Chico that I had visited last April and following the same route that I had taken then with field glasses succeeded then in collecting the black-necked stilt, the Dendrocygna and the mangrove warbler that had impressed me as particularly desirable.

We left the car at a little ways in the edge of Chico and walked on out to the brush. Here I secured a stilt immediately. We continued in the brush and through a mangrove

swamp securing other desirable specimens.

Thousands of cormorants flew in long lines out over the broad river channel and the sea beyond and angular frigate-birds rode the breeze overhead. Small birds were common but were less abundant than in the brush near the club.

On our return I bought eight eggs in the village at a suitable price. We were back at camp at eleven. Today we took with us Baldomero's oldest son the that each of us would have a helper, and he worked out fairly well.

In the afternoon Gaytis, foreman of the neighboring Ardas hacienda, rode over with two muscovy ducks and four blue-winged teal for Carl Curtis. Unfortunately the muscovys were plucked so that I could not use them for specimens. Gaytis remained to watch the skinning throughout the afternoon.

We have rigged two water proof sheds for a shelter on the leeward side of the house and do our skinning there.

The bat with 3 white lines on the back prepared today was taken in the kitchen. They are common around the club.

March 17, Thursday.

We were out at Laun camp on our way at seven. We picked up Bellomo and his son at their house and then drove rapidly out to the main highway across the Pacora River and then turned off on a road leading back toward the range of the Cerro Azul. Almost immediately the land became rolling and continued as we followed back about ten miles along the edge of the valley of the Rio Cabobré. There were ~~houses~~ or there rather were looking little houses near the highway, one said to belong to a retired American lieutenant living with a Guaymí girl. The road was paved for two miles or so, or rather gravelled, then dirt, becoming increasingly rough as we continued. We passed a few little houses and came finally to the dozen or fifteen that constituted the scattered settlement of Uiví.

It was here that the Sturlings had worked at first this season. We went on to the end of the road without stopping to go down to their site and came finally to the ~~edge~~ <sup>end</sup> of the trail became too rough to continue in the jeep.

We were here beside the Rio Cabobré, a rapid stream of clear water 25 to 30 feet across running down over large rocks and rocky ledges, forming alternately shallows and deep pools. We walked in for a distance near the river and then turned inland up a small valley leading through forest. Elevation about 3000 feet.

Birds were common as usual. Two or three flocks of dickcissils passed. Saucesrotia edwardsi fed along the road and in an old field I secured the first Sophornia delattrei that I have seen alive.

We found an old cane mill here of the usual native style. The distance travelled from camp was about 17 miles.

The jungle here was green gallery forest, decidedly greener than the coastal area near our camp. The region lay along the western base of the Cerro Azul below what is marked on the maps as Cerro Pomicant. As noted above we were at approximately 300 feet above the sea.

March 18, Friday.

We crossed this morning to the Hacienda San José and then drove down across the savanna of San José toward the coast to the Cienaga Campans. This was nearly dry except for the center where earth and worms were feeding.

As we came out to the edge of the brush surrounding it we saw a fine lot of birds. Jacanas clustered together near the stock tiger bittern were scattered about like posts, and there were several great Blue Herons and three glossy ibis. Perrygo shot a tiger bittern from among several and dropped it while I waited for the ibis. As they rose I shot. When Baldomero went out after them

a duck hawk began swinging down just him, darting playfully at a blue-winged teal, at juncos and wheeling in the air. We called it and as it swung past I added it to our other prizes.

We found Fluvicola juia fairly common.

I was ill today from something I had eaten but kept working.

Karl Curtis and C. L. Price came shortly after dawn and remained overnight. At sunset they sent Baldomero out into the marsh for ducks. He returned between nine and ten with 17 blue-winged teal.

March 19, Saturday.

Perrygo and I left at seven, picked up Baldomero and his boy and then continued on to Uruí. This time we turned down to the river to Sterling's old camp, a little palm thatch house set on a flat above the stream. The owner of the land had moved in and was fully established but had poles cut for a new house as he said the other would not serve in the rainy season being too lightly built.

We followed up along the river on the far side turned immediately into a small tributary and hunted along it following the bed of the stream. To our disappointment the forest adjacent had been cut some of it recently. We secured good birds but they were not abundant. Only the marginal forested areas remained.

The land owner had built a frame  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by 7 feet raised six feet off the ground, filled with earth in which he had planted tomatoes for transplanting later. This gave protection against animals.

We took two cans of drinking water from the stream here which ran swiftly over a boulder bed with no valley habitat above.

On return we stopped at two spots of monte in the valley of the Cabore distant in air distance about 3 miles north of Pacora to secure a few more birds.

We were back at camp at noon. It takes about 50 minutes driving to each <sup>Uturi</sup>.

J. C. Damsky, a club member, came in briefly in afternoon with E. C. Stevens & son John as guests. They walked down in the swamp looking for alligators.

Wind high in middle of the day so that there was difficulty in carrying the soap in from the kitchen.

There was fiesta in Pacora tonight with one of the images of a saint from the church to taken out in procession. Also much drinking was planned. Both our boys went off Baldozero on foot in the afternoon and Clarence after supper. Perrygo drove Clarence in across the rough prairie to the smooth dirt road and then ~~we~~ went on his bicycle.

I sat out in the yard alone listening to the paraguas and finally fell asleep in my chair. Some time later I was awakened with a start when a flock of teal passed swiftly, barely missing the roof of the house.

When Perrygo returned he reported night hawks, a barn owl, owls and spessmers. We drove out again and saw a number of night hawks but could get no shots. It was interesting to see the little jipits dart up, drop down and into their human individuals. I tried to



Catch several but could not quite succeed.

March 20, Sunday.

We slept this morning until day, cooked our breakfast and then decided to collect for a while near the club. So otherwise the day would pass too slowly.

I am still under the weather and ate lightly. By afternoon however I was improved.

We followed the mounds bordering the dry marsh to the south, finding small birds abundant and in variety. The marsh is rough and hard walking as the mud churned up by the cattle tracks is uneven with the hummocks and irregularities hidden in grass. We collected 14 birds and then returned by way of the prairie. For eight days' work we now have 157 birds, 2 mice and one bat.

Clarence returned in mid-afternoon with tales of many americans and much cock-fighting in Peoria today.

The wind continues to blow strongly here and the sky is overcast for most of the time. The heat therefore is not severe.

At sunset we had a fine view of 3 wheeling flocks of Swainson's Hawks mixed with turkey vultures out over the level land to the southeast and east. They spiralled rapidly in the ascending thermals and then glided off to the northwest, disappearing with great rapidity.

Clarence returned in late afternoon in time to get our supper.

After dark we drove out across the savanna in the jup. ~~The~~ Texas Nighthawks were not plentiful but I shot three that we secured and lost another one or two. It was interesting to ride along with the birds rising suddenly without warning, from the grass or open ground. Usually they went up rapidly for about 20 to 30 feet and then darted off so that it took quite shooting to get one.

Pipits and meadowlarks flushed occasionally and one sparrow hawk was seen from a roost on the open prairie, on the ground.

We saw two long-tailed mice that

d took to be some species of  
Cryzomys.

March 21, Monday.

There was little wind this morning  
and rain clouds hung over the  
distant hills. The sky remained  
overcast until noon when the  
wind rose and the sun shone.  
In the breeze it is delightfully cool.

We drove in to the main highway  
to leave our laundry with a house  
where arrangements had been made by  
Clarence. Here we found Clarence's wife  
who had given birth to a boy during  
the night and was now resting quietly.

We drove in this morning to  
Woodland bordering the rapidly running  
Rio Calobre, hunting in a section  
about 2 miles north of Pacora. Birds  
were common in the gallery forest  
and second growth scrub bordering  
the stream.

We drove in to Pacora for supplies  
finding a general air of distress  
following the frost of Saturday night  
and Sunday.

At camp Clarence Simpson left  
immediately after lunch to see his new boy

In the morning we put up a  
freshly dead Cryzomys on the savanna.  
Perrygo put in an hour's work on the  
jeep yesterday and it now handles much  
better.

In the afternoon about five a truck  
appeared through the trees bringing Mr.  
Mrs. Damsby and their son, Mr. Brackney,  
and some others, who driven out from Panama  
city to bring us an excellent picnic  
supper. We enjoyed the company and  
did full justice to the food. While we  
have been living well, fresh bread had  
a very fine flavor and the other things  
that went with it were equally good.  
The men showed us also where to  
get good drinking water at a well  
at the San Jose estancia; a welcome  
aid. The party left about eight after  
a very pleasant evening.

Clarence returned about midnight.

March 22, Tuesday.

We drove down the Chira road this  
morning to a tract of tall forest green  
with an undergrowth of corozo or tigua  
palm mixed with tracts of shrubs  
and vines. While completely dry now

it is evidently very wet here in the rainy season.

In the tall forest it was dark and birds were hard to see. We found Aratinga cananalis at the border, Hypophylax and Schiffornis inside, with the usual run of forest birds. The whole reminded us a great deal of similar forest at Jiqué.

When we came outside about nine we found the sky overcast and a great flight of Swallows and Broad-winged Hawks in progress travelling so high that they were mere specks in the air. Thousands of the birds passed streaming in a broad band, or pausing briefly to spiral high above the earth.

About this same time as the sun became warmer there was a sudden chorus of cicadas that became so unpleasant that we finally moved along.

Last night Belkenero Moreno went out in the marsh for a little over

six hours and a half, returning with 22 small alligators from 14 to 24 inches long. These he sells in Panama City at 25 cents for the smallest and 35 cents for the large. They were mounted on cadis lime bags.

We saw deer tracks in the woods. In the afternoon we had a steady chorus of Chirupitas, mingled with occasional songs of Turdus grayi and Sialator albicollis. A pair of crab hawks, Buteogallus whistled and called for some time.

The forest area where we collected today, a short distance southwest of Ciénaga Santa Domingo is known as Monte Mabobo.

March 23, Wednesday.

Cool during the night. With the dawn completely clear in the east so that daylight came earlier than usual. A band of fog lay lightly over the face of the marsh as the sun rose to a welcome from a chorus of birds.

We drove out to the main highway and drove west to the entrance of the

Arrias property about a mile.  
On the flats of the Rio Pacora below  
there had been an extensive army  
establishment, now marked only by  
the cement bases of the building and  
some hard surfaced roads still in  
excellent condition. We turned down  
here and crossed the Rio Pacora  
by a fairly deep ford. I had a little  
trouble here as the drove straight  
across, or tried to do so, but found  
the streambed packed with smooth  
round boulders too large and slippery  
that the tires would not grip them.  
It developed that the track of  
the ford was a semicircle. By  
backing and shifting I managed  
to get out through the four-wheel  
drive and the accessory low  
gear.

Beyond the river we travelled for  
half a mile in dry open forest of  
fair size and then came out into  
alternate savanna and cut off over  
land partly in cultivation. The  
road led over a 200 foot hill,

with steep grades into a little  
settlement. Beyond a bull-dozer  
recently had put a bull-dozer road  
through by which mahogany logs  
were being taken out. We followed  
this for 8 miles from the highway  
when we left the jeep and  
continued on foot for another mile.

Below the little settlement mentioned  
above we were on the flank of  
the Cerro Azul with Carabuco  
to the east. The Rio Pacora  
comes down here through a low  
divide between these two ranges.  
Our track paralleled the Pacora  
roughly for about 7 miles and  
then crossed again on an  
easy ford with partly sandy bottom  
the river here being much smaller.

Beyond we climbed a pitch  
that required four wheel drive  
up over a high shoulder with

rocky bed of the river crossing  
the point ~~face~~ below.

Here we were in fine gallery  
forest, though with fairly heavy  
undergrowth. The woods however  
were extremely dry with very  
few birds low down, and those  
that were common so high overhead  
that we secured specimens with  
difficulty. We left the gap here as  
stated and walked on down the  
road by a very steep pitch to  
a great level stretch along the  
river called Bayo Grande.

There was one little group of  
houses at the second ford and  
another here at the lower end of  
Bayo Grande. The main forest here  
had been cut out last year, perhaps  
in part one or two years before.  
Cutting of the remaining mahogany  
was still under way and we  
heard then saw the crash of several  
huge trees during the forenoon. The  
result was the usual ghastly array

of scattered, gaunt dead trees, with  
~~partly~~ partial clearing, partial scrub  
growth underneath with occasional  
living trees. The sun beat in mercilessly  
on what had been fine shaded forest  
land. Only remnants of the birds  
remained. Our average collecting level was  
about 50 feet. <sup>specimens were marked cross-eyed</sup>  
Here we finished collecting, the  
total being a number of fine species  
not previously taken.

The return was uneventful but  
later than usual. At camp we found  
Captain Snell and Col. Harris from  
Albrook Field, who had kindly brought  
out mail and 5 gallons of gas. These  
gentlemen lunched with us and  
then remained until about 4<sup>30</sup> which  
we worked on our specimens.

Mail had to wait until these were  
cared for so that it was after supper  
before we opened correspondence and  
then I had notes to write and the  
journal to complete. We worked  
in the screened dining room under  
the main house.

March 24, Thursday

Clear again at dawn with a light layer of mist over the lower parts of the marsh. The air was damp so that dew dripped from the eaves of the house. The rain clouds that obscured the sky on our arrival have disappeared, the wind is less steady and not so strong and the sun has more power.

A barn owl awakened me last night by screeching loudly from the tree in front of our porch, its presence verified this morning by a feather on the ground. During the night little creatures drop with a plunk on the metal roof and then rattle across rapidly to the other end, ~~at~~ strange sound. We assume that they are bats as the roof seems inaccessible to anything else.

We were on our way at a quarter of seven, picked up Baldernero and his boy Silo and drove down to the village of Chico, leaving the car at the house of a friend.

The tide was completely out leaving only a narrow channel to mark the course of the Rio Chico with a vast

expanse of mud flat on either side.

We had come especially to get a small series of Mangrove Warblers so went immediately to the white mangroves near the mouth of the Rio Terzo. We soon had seen plus a martin and a mangrove swallow and so walked back up the beach. A large capybara known locally as conejo pardo had walked up in the mangrove to a point where it caught the scent of the village and then turned back. I was surprised to see it in this saline locality.

At the village I bought six eggs at 5 cents each. At the house conejo palm nuts were being dried on the ground.

We drove back into the mountains stopping at two places where the taller trees made shade and the orange blue through to collect a series of the smaller birds. Such places are attractive to them when the shrubs are in flower or fruit.

There is a definite feel in the air of change of season.

Clarence called my mangrove swallow  
a Christmas Bird saying that in  
British Honduras they came always at  
Christmas time.

In afternoon Baldemero's brother,  
Lorenzo came by riding with two young  
women and a boy on foot.

March 25, ~~Wednesday~~ Friday

We were out early and crossed to  
Utivi driving to the end of the trail.

We continued on foot up the course  
of the Rio Cabobri as before, but this  
time went into a tract of forest that  
spread over a slope. I climbed up to  
about 500 feet on one side and  
Perrygo on the other this being on the  
hills bordering the south side of the  
Cabobri. The forest was green, open beneath  
with tall trees. Birds were abundant  
and we secured a good collection.

We stopped in Pacora on return  
for groceries and then on to camp where  
we found Mr. Pierce, Karl Curtis and  
a guest, A. d. Bauman, box 523, Gamboa.

We had a long afternoon with  
specimens ending at dusk.

Baldemero went out night hunting  
with his brother, Bauman with him for

a time. The latter returned about 10<sup>30</sup>  
bringing us a fine Nychioides that he  
had killed a short distance below camp.

Baldemero came back about 3 with  
some 20 blowings of test and 1 Muscovy  
duck.

Our night was much interrupted.

March 26, ~~Thursday~~ Saturday

This morning I left Baldemero to help  
pick the ducks I and Perrygo and I  
went out across the savanna toward  
Pacora especially to collect a series of  
pipits and meadowlarks with some of the  
other savanna birds that we needed.  
We secured what we needed and were  
back about eleven to find that the others  
were gone.

As we finished our noon meal  
Mr. + Mrs. Dunsby and Mr. Braekney  
arrived and visited during the afternoon  
while we cared for our specimens.  
Later they drove to Chico and then returned  
to find us a very beautiful supper. They  
left for town about 7<sup>30</sup>.

March 27, Sunday.

We collected in the band of trees  
between the La Jagua River marsh and  
the savanna to the north of camp

this morning. Baldomero asked me for a few shells early and went off by himself.

The tree growth is a band from 50 to 200 yards wide from which the older larger trees suitable for lumber have been cut. Cattle paths lead through it so that it is not difficult to penetrate. Now the savanna grass and the marsh grass are dry and the forest floor is carpeted with dried leaves. Also the marsh side are low growths of thorny acacia.

Small birds abound here so that in an hour or so we had taken 14 when we stopped, as we had 48 specimens from yesterday in the ice box.

We walked back across the savanna admiring the view. At camp Baldomero had 2 spectacled owls, a swainson's hawk, a small tinamou and two scaled pigeons laid out carefully on the floor. The man is a horn hunter who will do no other type of work.

We had an excellent dinner from the remains of what our friends had brought us the night before. We sat down at a quarter after twelve at the skinning table and remained there until after five.

John C. Danby and his son George came about 1<sup>00</sup> and remained for two hours. We enjoy Danby's company very much. address

John C. Danby, box 244, Balboa, C.Z.  
Residence 848 Pyle St.

The sky was perfectly clear in afternoon and by three when the sun had begun to drop in the west the air was delightful. After finishing the skinning I sat out in the mild breeze looking across the swamps to the low elevation of the Serrania Majé back of Chimán.

The hawk migration seems to have slowed temporarily. Baldomero killed a fine swainson's hawk this morning which we skinned but we saw no others. There was a small movement of Turkey Buzzards however in the early morning.



March 28, Monday

We were out as usual at dawn and after breakfast drove out to the road which is seven miles from the club and then to Chepo a distance of ten miles.

Numerous small streams, now nearly dry come down from the inland hills toward the sea each one bordered by mont. Between were the savannas which continued east to within 5 miles of Chepo. The terrain here had become somewhat rolling and higher. There was much of the original dry acid tropical forest remaining to within two miles of Chepo where clearing was extensive.

Chepo is a collection of one and two story houses rambling over rolling knolls with the alcaidía in the plaza, a two story building. Here I called on the sergeant in charge, presented our letter from the minister of foreign affairs as identification and explained our business. When I brought up the question of renting a house the sergeant

said that this would be a matter for consideration by the juez, a pleasant gentleman who sat in an upstairs room listening to the complaint of a woman which I did not pass to comprehend. The trial was interrupted, the juez heard my story, knew immediately of a house and dispatched some one for the key. On its arrival I walked down with a police officer a black to find a little 3 room house with a good-sized kitchen behind, the house with cement and the kitchen with dirt floor. This seemed suitable for our use so presently I had it engaged for the month of April for a price of 6 balboas (\$6.00).

We drove down then to the Rio Mamoni at the edge of town, where clear water flowed over a rocky bed, women washed clothes and a group of teen age boys in tight worn bathing.

We also went down to Capatana

two miles or so from town, at the  
tide water level where launches  
come up from the sea. Many  
cayucos were tied here.

Two men came down with cayucos  
laden with water melons.

We returned to Pacora where  
I called formally on Everardo  
Garrido, Corregidor, and talked  
with him for a few minutes.

At camp I wrote some letters  
and then Perrygo and I packed  
4 boxes of dried skins.

Baldemero had asked to have  
the day to cut thatch for a new  
house and in return was to hunt  
tonight to get some specimens I  
wanted. He came past about five  
for gun and ammunition. The  
result was a beautiful barn only  
one of the whitest that I have seen  
from Central America.

March 29, Tuesday.

We were out early this morning  
and drove directly back to the Cerro  
Azul going this time to the

little settlement called San Miguel  
the short distance above Bojo grande.  
This marks the present terminus of  
the road. Here Perrygo and Baldemero  
went back from the Rio Pacora up  
a small side stream when they climbed  
over boulders.

With Arepino Cortez as companion  
I followed along the Rio Pacora  
here running swiftly. The mahogany  
and Santa Maria had been mainly  
cut out in recent weeks and  
the usual process of felling the timber  
to make plantations was in process.  
The flats along the stream had  
been cleared from one to thirty years  
age and clearing had now begun  
on the slopes above. Arepino had  
two fields made and was engaged in  
clearing a third. He grows rice, yuca  
and maize, also his own tobacco  
which he cured and smoked in  
a pipe.  
After following the river for

half a mile or so I turned off in a small side stream and almost immediately was in tall grass gallery forest on a small flat dissected by gullies with trickles of water in the bottom. Here I saw several bands of Ectons. Birds were abundant and presently I had my quota for the day.

We came out directly over the hill and down into the settlement. It was late when we reached camp and for the first time we skinned specimens at night.

Peepins told me that the people at San Miguel had come from near Macaracas the first lot of 25 then years ago. Now there were 200 and more were arriving.

Wednesday March 30.

This morning we went to Ciénaga Santa Domingo (about two miles distant). Here there was a broad level expanse bordered by a fringe of mangroves, with shallow mud and water remaining

in a few acres in the center. Cattle wandered over the dry areas while on the water were scores of egrets, many wood ibis, and scattered Little Blue Herons, Great Blue Herons and one Cocoi Heron. Curiously enough there were few jacanas here though in Ciénaga Campaña we found many.

A flock of cliff swallows was a pleasant sight and I shot one Chestnut-sided Warbler. Baldomero had a long shot at my violet.

We drove to Chicos to buy eggs, about the only place where they are available. Thirteen cost me 65 cents. The small size compared to ones at home is quite amusing.

Baldomero and his brother Nicolás went out last evening and returned to our camp at 2:30 a.m. with a *Nyctibius* and a strange duck (*Sarkidornis*) for me, the latter a bird that no one knew. They shot

and skinned 24 fair-sized alligators  
- lagartos as they are called locally.  
These bring a dollar a piece.

At supper time John Dansbury and  
Captain Maharin, President of the  
Club dined in and had supper with  
us.

Our cook Clarence is not happy  
here as he says the place is too  
lonesome. I let him go in to town  
this afternoon on the pretext of  
registering the birth of his sons.

March 31, Thursday.

Last night was slightly cooler than  
normal so that I covered completely in  
the sheet on my bed. The usual night  
sounds came at intervals - the calling of  
a little owl and at dawn a screech  
from a dozen paraguas.

We went out to the main highway  
and then back to our camp to a  
gravelled road that leads up to the  
high levels of the western end of  
Cerro azul. The road ascended by  
easy grades and we were soon at  
the higher levels where Juan  
Evaristo Jimenez, known generally as "Bebi"  
Jimenez has a country house and has

been responsible for the development. The  
road is wide and well surveyed, and  
grading is continuing. Along the older  
structures there has been the usual cutting  
and burning and for various houses  
sites have been prepared, a few of the  
houses being built. The section is  
easily accessible to Panama City and  
no doubt will become a country  
home area. At present houses are  
few. We made inquiry as to road  
from men operating bull-eyes and  
presently came to the end of the  
grading on a ridge at about  
2000 feet elevation. Here a trail ran  
along ridges to the east which we  
followed on all for about 3 miles.

The development is known as  
Cerro Jefe or La Victoria. On the  
maps I find the point indicated  
as Cerro Ultima. I marked our  
specimens "Cerro azul, Panama" and on  
the back indicated "Cerro Ultima,  
western end, 2000 feet.

This western end of Cerro azul  
is a long ridge with supporting

side ridges which is from 800 to 1000 feet lower than the central section which lies back farther to the north, and the eastern end above the Pacosa River. The range should properly be known as *Serrania Azul*.

The trail is well marked and leads over to an old radar installation.

The high points, curiously enough, are covered densely with small scrubby trees. On the slopes below and on the lower ridges we found high green gallery forest. The stunted growth on the higher points I believe due to winds which have a strong uninterrupted sweep here.

While I was packing the jeep Perrygo went in to the trail and almost immediately killed a fine male *Goldmania violacea*, one of the principal species that we had come into the mountains to obtain. The ridges were dry at this season and for quite a distance we found birds quite scarce. Farther over however there were many.

The air was fresh and cool and the forenoon here enjoyable.

The place where we left the car is 22 miles from our camp. We reached the return journey in less than an hour.

April 1, Friday

We visited Ciénaga Campana for the second time today and found that it was drying rapidly so that we could walk over extensive areas that were mud and water on our last visit. Some one had been in here also and had shot the place out so that except for the remaining tiger bottoms there were few water birds.

Since the cattle and horses walk and feed over these ciénagas while they are drying the surface becomes very uneven making walking uncomfortable. Small clumps of bushes cover little elevated areas and we walked around a number of these. The rest of our hunting was in the surrounding mountains. Birds were common as usual. I walked for some distance along a broad opening, marking a road planned from Pacosa to Chico but to be traversed only on foot or on horseback. Here I was

interested to find a little flock of  
the giant dove Crotophaga major.  
I secured two.

Perrygo secured our first specimen  
of Bucconellus nigricollis in the  
Ciénaga. It appears to me very close  
to Buteogallus.

While we were bathing after return  
to camp, Fred Pierce arrived in his  
truck bringing Karl Curtis, John  
Austing and Van Alstyne. The  
afternoon was devoted to skinning and  
the evening to talk so that there was  
little chance for notes.

Sand flies were bad in the early  
part of the night so that I got  
up and put on insect repellent.  
Balderson went out with a jacklight  
and returned about 10<sup>00</sup> with 23  
blue-winged teal and a fine barn owl.

April 2, Saturday.

We drove out this morning to the  
Hacienda San José. I interested to  
find that enough people live in here to  
constitute a small settlement. We drove  
past the ranch to a trail passable

for the jeep that led directly from San José  
to Pacora. This was bordered by woods  
containing many large trees so that  
it was an attractive place for birds. The  
river crossing which is below Pacora,  
is known as Mandinga. I marked  
my specimens Pacora with Rio Pacora  
as a sub-locality.

Birds were abundant and not wild  
in spite of the considerable number of  
people passing on foot and on horseback.  
These included women with clothing  
to wash in the river, a considerable  
number on foot and on horseback  
bound for a junta in Pacora, and  
one little group with a man with  
his hands tied before him being  
led at rapid rate behind a horse  
with another group bringing up the  
rear. He was supposed to be some  
prisoner escaped from Puncuma City  
who had been found walking the  
lower trails naked, carrying his clothes  
in a bundle "to keep from getting them  
covered with holes." He was evidently  
a bad character as he said if he had

had a knife he would have killed them all.

We stopped at San José for water from the excellent well and then reached camp about 10<sup>30</sup>. The men left soon after.

I was interested to collect Normals today.

Yesterday the serena adjacent to the club was fired. Immediately the cattle came in to lick the still warm ashes, crowding close to the flames. I supposed that they were after salt.

Vaqueros rounded up a herd this afternoon to cut out animals for sale.

The wind was low and shifted to the east and south so that at intervals I heard the howling of distant surf. Burns still continues, so heavily that smoke obscured the distant view completely.

Quite warm today with sand flies bad in afternoon. Desert repellent keeps them away.

April 3, Sunday.

The air was quiet in early morning so that the sound of surf was heard clearly. As there was no wind during the night smoke from grass fires hung over the land, completely obscuring the mountains.

We drove through San José to a point lower down than the Rio Picoa than that reached yesterday in an area of pastures and monte called San Joaquin. We continued down to a channel of the Picoa and then returned. Hot and close, without a breeze.

At camp a breeze came up from the south and it was pleasant. U.S. Marshall John Hocking came out in the afternoon with friends.

We cleaned up fairly early and finished packing a case of birds so that I could take it in tomorrow - also made other preparations for departure.

After supper we sat out for  
an while when a red eye reflection  
10 feet off the ground in the mists  
below caught attention. We went  
out to it and I shot it to find  
to our surprise that it was a  
parakeet. It had moved several  
times ~~that~~ always to high perches  
among small branches. I had never seen  
a Myiostomus so this before.

There are large bats in the mists  
that flutter in my face when I  
sneak for owls.

Air still bright. Mosquitoes and  
midges on the increase.

Monday, April 4

Smoke in the air hid the mountains  
completely this morning at sunrise, and  
the air was close and humid.

I left camp at 6<sup>40</sup> a.m. and drove  
through to Balboa arriving at the docks  
at 7<sup>50</sup>. A hair trim and a shave  
was the best that I could do to offset  
the country wash and press on my  
khaki trousers, though I did have one  
good shirt and a tie to wear.

Drove to Zetki's house where I  
met Artobor Hartmann, of Chiriqui,  
who is to join us for the month of April.  
Zetki and I talked for a time and then  
I went to Albrook Field. I found General  
Hale and Capt. S well away.

Had the jeep greased and bought  
another stock of groceries; Artobor  
and I supplemented this at the Balboa  
Commissary, including various articles  
of household equipment that we will  
need in Chapo.

We lunched at the Ancon Club house  
made a few more purchases in Panama  
City and then at 2<sup>40</sup> left for camp.

Then I found that Purigo had  
most of our gear packed in readiness  
for tomorrow.

Tuesday, April 5

The two days that we have  
accumulated at this camp were nervous  
and barked a great deal during the  
night so that we were awakened  
several times.

We were out at dawn, breakfasted  
and closed up the club. Food Beck  
in his truck, accompanied by John Hushing



U.S. Marshall, arrived at 7:30 and  
before 8 we were on our way to  
Chepo.

Following is the membership of the  
Le Jagera Hunting Club as of January  
1, 1949

Capt. D. M. McHaren

Ellison Gelf

Karl P. Curtis

John C. Dansby

Dr. Robert C. Clark

Paul Brackney

Hon. John E. Huching

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Captain of  
The Hunt

Our work here has given up  
near 450 skins of about 185 species  
a highly profitable stay that has  
been pleasant and enjoyable. We are  
much indebted to the club for the  
facilities that they have accorded us.

We drove straight through to Chepo  
where I stopped at the Alcahig. The  
Sergeant informed me that he had  
located a better house for us, and  
I was delighted presently to be shown  
a good-sized place with two large

rooms and a good-sized kitchen  
with an excellent fogon, the whole  
with cement floor, elevated above the  
street, with a railed-in porch in  
front. This I have for the month of  
April for \$10.<sup>00</sup>

I had brought Baldornos over  
and we started in immediately to  
clean the place as it had not been  
occupied for some time. This took us  
until noon when the truck returned  
with the second load of gear.

The afternoon was devoted to unpacking  
and getting located. A little before  
six we went down to the Mamoi  
Pison for a good bath as we were  
extremely dirty. The air was cool with  
a sprinkling of rain. In fact rain  
has fallen all around us during the  
day.

At dusk dim electric lights came  
on and a radio began to blare next  
door. We felt that we were truly  
in town.

The evening air was cool and pleasant  
we were agreeably surprised to have  
no mosquitoes. We get water from a  
well at the edge of town.

April 6, Wednesday.

The generator on the jeep was not charging properly yesterday so Perrygo cleaned it last night. As we were still uncertain regarding it Perrygo drove in to Albrook field this morning to have it checked.

Before leaving he took me out to a point near the Rio Mamoni just beyond the edge of town where I collected in company with arborist Hartmann and a man from Chapo who has wanted to work for me.

The area was one of thickets and tracts of taller timber bordering the River which here was narrow and swift, flowing between deeply cut banks. The water was clear and the stream bed in part gravel bars and in part exposed rock that had been swept clean by current. Horse and foot trails led down to the river and there were smaller paths between. I worked through this for about two hours covering about a mile and set no trap for ferns. Birds were abundant both in number and species and I spent much time in checking them with and without field glasses. I collected 16 specimens easily and returned to town shortly after tea.

The air was humid and hot and about noon heavy rain began lasting for two hours or so. Perrygo returned in the midst of it about one p.m. with news that rain had extended clear to Balboa.

I was ant teaching Hartmann our methods in skinning and preparing specimens. Our housekeeping arrangements are developing as today I found a little ice box that I rented for \$3.00 for the month of April - A truck handling ice comes every day from Panama City and runs through all the streets. I pay 75 cents for a quintal.

While hunting this morning I heard howled monkeys nearby, within half a mile of town.

Our house is located on a narrow street lined with wooden houses with tile roofs set closely together. Ours is elevated six feet above the roadway, has a cement floor and a little porch with iron grill. Now that it is clean we find it very comfortable. Our neighbors show little civility about us, and the few small boys around are not troublesome. I asked this evening for the name of our little narrow street and was told that

it was known as Calle Trefezon - but that it had been improved and now was known as El Progreso.

April 7, Thursday.

Mist hung over the flats toward the river at dawn and the country side was wet. The sun came out however and presently the northwest wind was blowing steadily so that the air felt clean and dry.

The town water supply comes from shallow wells. With the run off from the heavy rain of yesterday we have begun to boil the drinking water.

I have taken on a gentleman called Cristobal to carry game and cameras, leaving Raton Hartmann to assist Perrygo.

This morning we drove out north on the remains of a road made by the army which took us near the Rio Mamoni about 3 miles of the village to a section known as Camason.

The section traversed was rolling with many small hills which became higher as we travelled northward. At first the land had been cleared but presently we came to forested hills.

The low ground along the river had been extensively cleared and planted in rice plantains and yuca. The shrubbery was wet and the air humid so that I was soon soaked with water and perspiration.

I saw a good many gray squirrels and heard howler monkeys in the distance. Perrygo and Tibon found one white-tailed deer.

To the north of Chepo about a mile is a little settlement of 25 families brought here by the government from Los Santos and settled on free land.

We came home with 27 birds which kept us busy through the afternoon. The continued procession of boys come to watch but so far they have been well-behaved.

April 8, Friday.

We drove west along the carreta this morning about 5 miles to the Rio Chichebre. where we placed the jeep out of sight of the highway and did our collecting. The river was

very low so that in its lower section water lay in pools only. I followed up about a mile and found it running there.

At the road a large clearing had been planted in tomatoes which were bearing abundantly. There were some cattle here and various small plantations with fair stands of forest.

The guava trees are in bloom now and hummingbirds were abundant around the flowers. In fact they are in greater abundance here than in any other place that I have worked in Panama.

A flock of swifts came by and I killed one. A small kingfisher was next in the gamebag, followed by two small hummers. A toucan that I turned over in the morning was hung by a bejuco in a shady spot to wait our return. Finally I found a little juniper along the stream where there was shade and a cool breeze

and here small birds were present in abundance.

We finished our hunt at 9 a.m. with 28 specimens and then drove down the road to Pacora to buy oranges. On the way we ran into passing maneros and presently were stopped by 3 young soldiers maintaining a road block. Who came run out, 2 on one side and one on the other with their rifles at ready, greatly to the perturbation of Cristobal who said nervously that life was too pleasant to be playing with such men. We explained ourselves and went on our way.

After returning from Pacora I bought gasoline at Santa Clara and then drove in to San José for a can of drinking water. Chepo has shallow wells and I have had the water boiled since the rain of 2 days ago flooded the ground. The dirt road to San José was badly washed by what had evidently been a tremendous rain.

At Chifu we laid out our birds, changed to bathing suits and went down to the Mamoni for our bath. This is popular here as we found a score of boys, girls, men and women swimming and an equal number of women washing clothes on the gravel bars. The current in the river is swift and there are two deep holes for swimming.

At the house we put in a busy afternoon particularly since boys came by with a fine male curassow still warm that I bought for 2 dollars - double service for our money as we get a specimen and several pounds of good fresh meat for the table. And a young chap who had been alligator hunting gave me a royal flycatcher that he shocked over with a slingshot at Paso Honda. Word of our work has spread so that we had several dozen visitors in the afternoon.

In evening the church bells rang and we walked up to watch the procession as one of the saints was brought out and paraded through the streets.

A beautiful clear night tonight. At dusk a barn owl flew over the house. Last night I heard a *Crypturellus* whistling somewhere below us and from an eminence at the edge of town last night we heard the calls of a dozen parakeets. A cool steady breeze blew from the northwest all day.

April 9, Saturday.

We drove back again on the old road to the Rio Mamoni stopping at the Zanja Union. I followed the course of the river this small stream over a gradually ascending rocky bed through high gallery forest. Perrygo and Hartmann took another trail that led them to the summit of the low hills in high forest.

The stream bed soon became dry and birds were not abundant. However I picked up *Terminotrix* and some other good things.

Café trees are flowering now and are beautiful.

Clear today except for drifting clouds with a good northeast breeze. Once rain threatened but it soon passed without a shower.

April 10, Sunday.

We crossed the Rio Mamoni below the bathing place this morning and hunted for two hours in the somewhat broken country on the other side; low steep-sided knolls rose above flat areas. Part were cleared and part were in fair forest. The region is known as Chepo Viejo, as somewhere in here was the original settlement, presumably lower down near the point where the Mamoni joins the Bayano. An town I was told that the present Chepo was established in 1515. Construction however seems to have been of flimsy nature as though many of the little houses are obviously quite old, none have any great antiquity. Termites probably are the reason.

Guayana and other flowers were abundant and hummingbirds were present in great numbers. In fact I saw more in brief spaces of two hours than I have ever noted in one day before. We collected half a dozen.

The immature specimen was a Rhodinocichla that Perrygo secured. We were back at the house before ten

with 26 excellent birds, including 4 that we have not taken before.

The drinking water that we brought from San Jose two days ago has developed an odor and can not be used. Perrygo and Ratterson went over to a place belonging to Jose Dugue, just outside town and got permission to obtain water there from an excellent well.

We had finished our birds by 4:30 when I walked out through the village to take a few pictures. Chepo lies on rolling ground that rises in low knolls. The town steps abruptly and beyond to the north and east are visible the hills covered with forest.

A strong breeze today with dry air. In forenoon the sky was suddenly covered with black clouds but they passed without giving us rain.

April 12, Tuesday

We were off early and drove rapidly to the end of the road at 2000 feet on Cerro Uluine at the western end of Cerro Azul. The sky was alternately clear and overcast and clouds hung over the higher peaks inland.

I went on down the trail slowly

collecting as I went. Birds were scattering  
and rather quiet but were in good variety.

Perrygo and Hartmann swooped then  
principally to Goldman's hummer of  
which they secured five.

We had 28 birds by 10<sup>30</sup> and  
then returned reaching Chipo at  
12<sup>00</sup>.

The moon is full and the light  
beautiful over the town. We drove down  
to the bathing pool before retiring and  
saw numerous paraguas along the  
road.

I was sick during the night from  
something eaten the evening before.

April 13, Wednesday.

This morning remained in as I  
ate nothing to give my digestion a  
chance to clear. I did not feel badly  
but decided to remain in out of the  
sun. I drove Hartmann and Perrygo  
down to the ford on the Mamoni and  
they went over into the section known  
as San Antonio penetrating almost  
to the Bayano River and reporting  
heavy forest. Birds were abundant.

I put in the forenoon in packing all of  
the accumulated specimens that were dry  
including especially the larger ones.

About eleven I went down to get the  
hunters and helped unpack their considerable  
bag of birds. Following this we had  
our usual bath and swim in the  
Mamoni. Two gravel bars were  
given over to washerwomen with clothing  
spread out in the sun for many  
yards. The two pools in the river  
were filled with swimmers, male and  
female.

Many people are arriving for the  
Easter holiday, coming from Panama  
City and elsewhere.

The old lady who does our washing  
brought the clean clothes this evening  
asked us to overlook it this time if  
the various things were mixed. Her  
explanation was that she had them all  
carefully dried and sorted and was on  
her way home from the river when she  
was chased through a fence by a  
bull.

Cloudy for much of the day.

April 14, Thursday!

We went west on the Highway this morning to a point opposite the western slope of Cerro Carbuncles where a trail passable for the jeep turned in toward the base of the mountain. We followed this in to the Rio Franca which rises on the Cerro. Then we continued on foot.

The western extension of Carbuncles is a long rather narrow ridge running east and west with its higher levels open grassland. On the highest point is a considerable rock exposure. Rolling hills covered with a closely growing bunch grass led up to the higher slopes. We followed up this ridge in the open to about 600 feet and then went into the forest toward the east. This led us immediately in the rocky descending bed of the Rio Franca. I followed this down which Perrygo and Hartmann continued up to about 1000 feet and then returned.

The forest was high and fairly open beneath. The rocky descending quebrada that formed the stream bed had pools of water along its course. The sand was marked with tracks of pucary and deer, with one large tapir and two jaguar of different sizes. Perrygo saw one deer and Rabiner killed a fine male Curassow. Everything seemed favorable for collecting but birds were scarce.

On the way up through the grassland I shot a Chaetura vauxi. A dozen Baltimore Orioles crossed ahead of me and a little later 25 Actinias that I am certain were mississippiensis circled rapidly 80 to 100 yards overhead and then struck off to the north rising to cross the mountain. We had the poorest day collecting in point of number of birds that we have had yet but at that put up 16 skins. I returned drenched with perspiration so the bath in the cool water of the river was welcome.



Many more people arriving with hosts of small children. Houses that have been closed are opening and there is much talk and noise and occasional acrimonious arguments in the street.

April 15 Good Friday.

There was more or less noise and talk all through the night as people moved around and newcomers arrived.

In early morning we drove a short distance out the road to Porcada Valley and then turned off across an open savanna and went about 2 miles to a ranch belonging to José Durgue in a region called Anahig. The terrain was rolling but fairly smooth so that I got through in the jeep without trouble. We continued here until we reached an area that was depressed and grown with forest where we left the jeep. I judged that we were here within a mile and a half of the Bayano River.

Forest alternated with savannas of varying size, most of which had been burned. Part of the forested area lay in bajos that flood in the rainy season and more extensive sections were small low hills with rounded or elongated depressions between. The ground everywhere was covered with dried leaves. Various shrubs were in flower.

Birds were common here so that in two hours hunting we secured 26 specimens. These included the frigate, the pileated woodpecker and two pheasant cuckoos not taken previously. In the village the crowd had continued to increase. Our bathing pools were crowded and talk, laughter and the crying and playing of children were constantly in our ears. The day was warm with rain clouds in the north and east.

We walked out in the evening to watch the procession from the church in command with most of the town people. This was elaborate with a saint reading

then Christ in his glass encased his  
with clumps of artificial dunes.  
Ahead of him a girl bore the plaques  
with his head carved on it that I  
saw early and behind came the Virgin  
Mary. The groups moved slowly  
with paces occasionally coming out  
from his position under a canopy  
supported by 6 men to walk up and  
down the line.

I went to bed about 9<sup>30</sup> and  
the procession now more orderly  
passed our house at 2<sup>00</sup> a.m. They  
stopped briefly while girls with  
sweet voices sang. The whole,  
illuminated by candlelight, which  
softened the serious faces of the  
children and girls made an  
attractive picture of simple faith  
and, for the moment at least  
of piety. It was 4<sup>00</sup> a.m. before  
the saints were back in the church.

April 16, Saturday  
a day with the sun at times  
obscured by fog.

We went down again to Anahang  
leaving the jeep at the same point as  
yesterday. Perrygo and Hartmann  
went into the forest, while I struck  
due east, crossing a band of monte  
then a wide savanna recently  
burned with little groves of mesquite  
then more monte and finally  
a region of groves and small  
prairies with high forest beyond.  
The Rio Bayano lay here but I  
did not quite reach it before I  
saw a bag full of birds and it was  
time to return. I could see lines  
of cormorants passing in the sky  
marking its course and heard an  
outboard motor.

In town there was much  
distant excitement around noon at the  
cockpits and in afternoon the  
majority of the people went over to  
a prairie south of town for a  
horse race.

At eight a dance began at a cantina dance floor a block away with a raucous voiced band leader imported from Panama City emphasizing the swing notes of his band. ~~Admission~~ \$2<sup>50</sup> per couple and the dance floor crowded to the limit. This kept up until 4 with the church bells announcing early mass beginning at 4<sup>30</sup>. Happily I am able to sleep but Perrygo was in a sad state of mind this morning after two nights of wakefulness.

April 17, Sunday.

We went down this forenoon in the pleasant, warm morning air and made a jeep trail at Ana haz that gave access to the swanna that I reached yesterday. We then drove down to the lower edge which borders the swampy woods along the Rio Bayano. We did not attempt to hunt today but secured 4 specimens which occupied with these other matters.

In the afternoon there was a horse race on the flats south of town which we attended in company with most of the town's people. In evening I talked for some time with the sergeant at the Alcaldia with regard to the Rio Bayano. It is possible to reach Pirra in caynes and also to go up to Rio Maje by the same means of travel. Nothing is known of the high country of the interior.

Another dance tonight but not so noisy as the one of last night. The evening and the night were pleasantly cool. While mosquitoes abound in the month so much so that we use insect repellent constantly there are none in the village. While we sleep under mosquito nets I doubt that they are necessary. There are no ants in our houses and in evening no insects come to the camp.

April 18, Monday.

Perrygo drove the jeep in to Balboa this morning for mail and supplies and a new tin as one has gone bad due to dry rot of the rubber.

Our man Cristobal was celebrating last night and did not sleep.

Pablo Hartmann and I went down to Rio Mamani, forded and then followed a trail out through dry rolling hills in the section known as Paso de Mula. We went back here for about 3 miles finding it very hot and with few birds.

The large forest had been cut out a long time ago, and the second growth that now covers the land is being cleared for planting. We went through a series of new clearings and then returned.

My principal prize was a fine *Caprimulgus rufus* that flew up beside the trail.

On the return we found a pair of long, black ~~fox~~ <sup>weasels</sup> cats. One climbing about in a tree with a squirrel watching, and one on the ground. As the one above jumped down I shot it. It was a mile long and is known as gato bananero.

In late afternoon a bull was brought into the little plaza with a long cariat around his horns. Boys teased with hats and a sack to make it charge but the only action of moment was when it slipped the cariat and made a free charge barely missing one boy who was slightly drunk.

April 19, Tuesday.  
We went in this morning to the Pacora River and followed it back to San Miguel. We had to leave the jeep at the top of the last high hill as a tree had burned through and fallen across the road during the night. We walked on back from this point. Perrygo and Hartmann going in to forest to the east and north while I went on down to the flats below. To my disappointment I found that the second growth and the remaining tall trees on the River had been cut since I was here last so that hunting was poor. I followed back to the end of the road and then returned.

Our luck for the day however was excellent as we secured 23 finches including 4 species not taken before on this expedition.

Clouds banked heavily to the north and rain evidently is falling on the Atlantic side of the isthmus.

I was disappointed to find that the grass on Cerro Carbones had been fired so that most of the long slopes was black and bare. I had hoped to visit this again but there is little point in such a trip now.

The afternoon was clear with the sun hot but a small breeze that tempered the heat.

April 20, Wednesday

Soon after sunrise we drove down through the pastures to Anahez crossed to the lower savanna by the trail cut Sunday and collected in the high forest bordering the Rio Bayano.

The grass is coming in green following the rain of a week ago and new leaves are appearing on the mesquites.

Cattle here are sleek and full of life in contrast to the thin listless stock found on the parched savannas at Pacora.

A flock of chachaleas appeared in low growth and we climbed out of the jeep to shoot two, both females. At the same point we killed two yellow-billed curlews out of a dozen or so seen, definitely a migrant group. Beyond a brown hawk watched us drive up in the jeep and soon it was in the car. We drove to the lower edge of the savanna and placed it in the shade where the sun would not reach it until our return.

The forest was tall with dense growth of vines and shrubs beneath. An estero, dry in early morning, as the tide was out, wound about in the woodland in narrow courses deep in mud and bordered by the flattened corrugated roots of the bordering trees. I turned off to the east crossed the

esters to get above it and then  
found myself in more than four  
of a somewhat different type. I kept  
working in to reach the river and  
finally was guided to it by the  
croaking of cormorants resting in  
branches above the water. Forest  
grew to the banks on both sides, the  
shores being steep because of the  
constant flow of the tides, the water  
having cut the faces. The stream  
was here about 250 yards wide and  
I found the tide coming in swiftly.

I had some difficulty in locating  
a spot to take a few pictures; while  
I was searching, flocks of cormorants  
swept constantly by, bound up stream  
with the tide for their fishing.

By 9:30 we had 25 birds and  
20 started back. Two pups and a  
heister were shot on the lower  
savanna on return.

This afternoon the village priest,  
Padre Venancio Fanoza Pasqual, a

Spaniard, educated in Barcelona, came  
to call and watch us work. He appeared to  
be about 40 and said that he had been  
here nine years.

The Sun was warm today but the  
usual cool breeze blew. Heavy clouds  
covered the Bayano Valley to the east for  
most of the afternoon and it appeared  
that it was raining heavily there.

April 21, Thursday.  
We intended to go over to the mountains  
today but rain clouds came rolling over  
the hills to the north early in the  
morning so that we stopped on  
the Rio Pacora 5 miles north and  
a little northwest of Pacora. We crossed  
the ford on the Pacora and left the jeep  
in the woods on the western bank.  
There is a narrow band of tall forest  
on either side of the river except where  
it has been cleared with open savannas  
on either side. The river has many  
turns here and various old channels  
with sandy stony beds that have  
been cut off by floods in times past.  
Birds were fairly common but mainly  
of species of which we already had  
a sufficient number. However we

collected 20 specimens that formed  
an excellent and valuable assortment.

~~The~~ drizzling rain came over  
the level land and was found that  
there had been a heavy downpour  
for half an hour in Chipo. The  
afternoon was clear and dry. It  
has been raining regularly up  
the Bayano valley to the east.

April 22, Friday.

The sky was overcast ~~both~~ dawn  
but cleared later. During morning  
clouds came in low from the north  
several times and occasionally I was  
certain that it would rain but none  
fell.

We drove out the rough and  
eroded road to past Margarita  
to the section known as Camaron.

Mr. Perrygo and Hartmann went up  
a trail into the highest hills where  
there is tall dark forest.

I continued on to the Rio Mamoni,  
forded the river, and went up stream  
on the farther bank for about two  
miles in the section known as  
Charare. The strip near the river

was mainly cleared and in places  
of banana, plantain, tomatoes, peppers,  
and papaya, many aguacates filled  
with fruit and many apples. Rice  
and corn will be planted now. Back  
of this was heavy second growth  
forest and between the fincas there  
were thickets and trees. These seemed  
to be the older plantations. New  
cuttings were being made on the  
opposite bank.

I was interested to find here  
a family of Indians who had made  
a clearing and were cleaning it  
up preparatory to planting. I could  
learn only that they came from "Darien"  
and did not speak their tribe.

They dressed like the Choco Indians  
and one young man had the customary  
rope marks on forehead and cheeks.  
Their houses however were built on  
the ground, not on elevated platforms.

They spoke good Spanish and after a  
little talk with them about birds  
and other matters I was able to  
photograph them.

In the middle of the day occasionally it seems warm in our houses but for most of the time a cool breeze blows through and we are comfortable. There are no mosquitoes here in the villages nor are we troubled by ants.

April 23, Saturday

We were off early for the upper Pacora reaches in Cerro Azul and were held up only for a few minutes when one of the rear tires on the jeep picked up a long nail in a dusty reach of the mountain road.

At the second ford on the Pacora we inquired at the house concerning the fallen tree across the road above and were told that it had not been removed. As we had hunted the farther country on foot from this barrier on our previous visit we decided to investigate this lower area. The region immediately adjacent to the house was cleared and in sugar cane and other crops but we could see forest on the hills behind.

We secured permission to leave the jeep at the house and were told

by the good-natured owner that the area was known as Quebrada Carrasco. He was grinding cane and boiling it down into syrup. One of the girls brought a large glass from the house and we had a drink of freshly pressed cane juice - guarapo.

Perrygo and Hartmann went up a small lateral stream and came immediately into a level, forested flat where birds were abundant and when they secured a number that we had not taken previously.

I took a trail that followed a bridge between two valleys through a fine stand of tall gallery forest, fairly open beneath. Birds were quite common, especially the ant birds. As there were numerous lines of ants *Phaenostictus* was almost abundant so that between us we secured four.

I crossed through one area of considerable clearing into another tract of forest and came then into a newly <sup>made</sup> area when the cutting was



still being burned. At the upper end I found a beautiful little stream flowing rapidly down a rocky bed through an area of untouched forest. Almost immediately I shot a small Motmot Hylomanis and the small Chlorothraupis olivacea, ranging in company with its larger congeners. It was now time to return.

At the jeep I found that we had taken 30 excellent specimens including five species not obtained previously.

Our host told us that he had come in 2 years ago from Las Tablas and had established himself here on government land. He was prospering as he raised his rice and corn and made syrup and panela to sell. His house is on a small knoll overlooking the Pacora River - When he was building it he unearthed three or four metates and some pottery of which we took samples indicating

that Indians had lived here in earlier days.

In afternoon Karl Curtis came for an hour or two accompanied by Dr. Wright, urologist at Gorgas Hospital, and Dr. J. D. Olson, Quarantine Officer, at Corozal Quarantine Station. He will get me a specimen of the mockingbird to check its identity. It was completely dark when we had finished with our birds.

April 24, Sunday.  
Perrygo was under the weather this morning with a cold. Hartmann and I went out for about 3 1/2 hours across the Mamoni River. I walked back into the section to the north known as Gavilan, which I had visited last Monday. I was looking particularly for Dromococcyx and heard two calling but did not succeed in locating them. I did however secure a Malacoptila

the pico gods - Tanager crassirostris  
not taken previously this trip.

Hartmann took the San Antonio  
trail and obtained one of the cuckoo  
and some other interesting birds.  
We had 20 skins to care for.

At four we were through and  
rode out to the flat to watch the  
Sunday afternoon horse race. The  
grass is green and I had a clear  
view of the low hills across the  
Rio Bayamo.

April 25, Monday

Low clouds scudded past at dawn but  
the mountains were clear. We were off early  
and 7<sup>40</sup> parked the jeep at the house of  
Laurantino Castro, address Pacora, R. & P.  
(Carrasco) where we had placed on  
our last trip to Cerro Azul.

Perrygo and Hartmann again hunted  
the high forest along a small stream.

I followed the ridge trail rapidly  
back to the mountain stream and  
then walked slowly up the rocky bed  
collecting as I travelled.

As we left the house 3 Rhinophylax

clamator flushed in a quebrada passing  
through an open field and Perrygo secured  
two.

At this early morning hour I found  
the tall forest along the ridge trail quiet.  
An occasional Hylophylax fluttered its  
wings low down near the forest floor.  
Woodhewers and trogons called high  
overhead. In the clearings parakeets  
(Tori) were active and at the edge  
of one I heard fruit crows calling.

At the entrance to the quebrada  
I shot a wood pecker on the summit  
of the dead stub when it caught and  
hung so that the tree had to be cut  
down. White Cristobal was at work  
on this with the machete I walked  
75 yards up the stream. Pigeons of  
migrant warblers were passing through  
the high tree tops so high that I could  
not identify.

Presently I heard the chattering song  
of Phaeothlypis which I secured. Another  
eluded me. Flocks of the larger species  
of Chlorothraupis chattered at me. On  
2 early spots were tracks of deer, peaca,

agouti and jaguar. Castro had killed  
a black jaguar here a few months ago.  
His little boy was walking ahead of him  
when he saw the animal crouched behind  
a tree, watching the child, and apparently  
ready to spring on him.

Royal flycatchers flew across ahead of  
me and I saw more wood-horns and  
trogons. The stream climbed steadily and  
I went to about 1200 feet or so where  
the ridges began to flatten. At the  
highest point I reached I squeaked  
for a moment when a hummingbird  
came and I shot it. This proved to  
be Thalurania. After caring for it I  
called again at the same spot. Almost  
instantly a forest eagle swooped into  
a little open space under the trees  
above, ~~coasted~~ turned with its long  
tail spread and then closed, and  
crashed through small branches  
to a perch 35 feet away. An instant  
later I had it on the ground.

It was time to return and I  
traveled rapidly, with only 4 miles  
to go. A large brown bird that

thought was an unknown hawk rose from  
visible rocks in the stream bed and  
I dropped it by a quick shot through  
the leafy branches into which it was  
disappearing. I was surprised to big  
slip a Spectacles owl - Pulsatrix - altis  
mate came down to look at it, but I  
let it go.

At the house Laurentino's oldest  
daughter, a girl about 17, asked me  
if I would take a picture for her. So  
I shot several films of a steadily  
growing group of the youngsters as  
they came running in from various  
duties.

We were late in getting away, and  
presently found a truck load of mahogany  
logs across the road, the rear end  
having slipped off a pit. We were held  
up here for an hour and a half or more  
but had opportunity to rest us.  
Who is operating this concession and  
had put in the road. He expects to  
extend it next year. It was two thirty  
before we were at the house in Chifre,

when we went first to the river to bath as we were dirty from the long morning's work and the dusty ride on return. It was after this before we had eaten and nearly four before we could get started on our skins. In addition we had a crowd of visitors come to view our operations. We worked until full dark, finished up two or three small birds by lantern light, and put half a dozen of the larger ones in the ice box for over night.

April 26, Tuesday.

This morning we drove out to Margarita north of town, and turned off to the left travelling in across the flats along cattle trails to a section known as Bongo.

Here we left jeep and walked in on foot to the low hills. The flat was of poor soil with scattered open groves that thickened into dense brush. This was dry and birdless.

We separated, but both groups crossed to Zanja Jimón following its border stream bed

upward - Perrygo higher up and I lower down.

My prize for the day was a fine female Chloroceryle inda. Perrygo returned at ten with a beautiful Speziaetes, a pair of Hemicorhinus and one Microceryle. Thus on our last day afield here in spite of the large number of species in the collection we secured 4 additional kinds not seen previously. The region is one of the richest in birds that I have ever seen.

We had a good cleanup and swim, and then cleaned up the last of our specimens by 4:30.

Low clouds crossed the sky all during the day and at intervals there was a light fall of rain, though the sun shone regularly. Natives say that the rainy season will begin next week.

April 27, Wednesday

This day was devoted to packing, one of the final stages in the closing days of a trip. After the noon meal

I loaded up Clarence with a fair part of his possessions, together with the ten gallon water can and a jockey cut from the hu jagua hunting and drove west to Pacora.

The savanna and the swamp below the club were dry and brown with the heat coming oppressively off the parched soil. Our prosa was still screened by its protective cover. Apparently some still takes water from it.

I went into Pacora <sup>with</sup> and then through the mock blockade of army maneuvers back to Chapo.

On coming we called on a few friends and left a few gifts - a can of coffee, jelly or some similar thing.

April 28, Thursday.

We were out early with beds to take down, camp dishes to pack and the horses to clean. A swarm of small boys cluttered the place as I had felt to hurriedly

toward Chapo to drive them out. In the midst of this Walter Fred Pierce and John Hushing arrived in Pierce's truck. Presently we were packed and on our way, happily with everything in the jeep and truck, shut down in canvas in case of rain. Clarence with our various discards of camp gear of no further use to us, but now his treasured possessions - dish pan, mop, 2 buckets, 2 wash basins, and many other things - rode the top of the truck load like a jockey on an elephant, clutching at his various possessions with hands, knees and feet. We left him out near Pacora and went on.

A plan to overthrow the Panamanian government had been discovered and without our knowledge the Republic for three days had been under martial law. As we came nearer the zone we wondered more intently what the

police might say, do or think about  
our 14 cases of camp gear and  
specimens. The army maneuvers  
were still on with the air thick  
with dust from trucks, jeeps, and  
mobile armor. A high officers staff  
car passed us from time to time  
and then stopped for inspections. As  
we neared the police control point  
at the outskirts of Panama City it  
came past again so that Scarce  
in his truck and the rest of  
us in the jeep followed close behind.  
At the control the guards, recognizing  
the American officers, waved them  
on - and we followed through  
with them!

Presently we were at Pier 18 of  
the Panama Railroad here where  
by the friendly cooperation of the agents  
our shipment was accepted for the  
S.S. Ancon sailing tomorrow, a stroke  
of good fortune.  
Patterson, Perrygo and I had  
lunch together at the Ancon

Club where we said goodby to Patterson.  
We finished up the business of the  
shipment and then went over to the  
Officers Club at Albrook Field.

Then Capt. Snell had quarters reserved  
for us and here we joined Matthew  
and Marion Sterling, and Richard Stewart  
with their season's archeological work  
at an end. Captain and Mrs. Snell  
and James Zetek joined us for dinner  
and we had a very pleasant evening  
talking over this trip.

Our bird collecting has netted 925  
specimens of 270 or more species.  
I have observations on about 40 more.  
The whole with my many field notes  
marks the most successful expedition  
of its length that I have ever had.

April 29, Friday

We had breakfast with the Sterlings  
at 6<sup>30</sup> and saw them off at 7<sup>00</sup> for  
the S.S. Ancon sailing from Cristobal.

Perrygo and I turned in our jeep  
for check and cleaning, were given another  
and in it drove to the Quarantine station

at Cozcal where Mr. Nelson  
officer in charge had hoped to have  
some mockingbirds for us. The  
22 shot shells available had not  
been effective however. We spent  
our hours watching ourselves but  
without result except that we  
saw numerous mockers, all too  
far away to shoot.

at dawn we returned to Albrook.

A very heavy rain fell at 1<sup>00</sup>  
P. M. The air here seems close  
and humid after the clearer atmosphere  
of the eastern part of the Province  
of Panama.

At 3<sup>00</sup> our jeep was returned  
to us and we drove to Balboa  
to see James Zetk at 0902 Amador  
Road.

At four Zetk took us to the  
Gorgas Institute where we picked  
up Dr. Alexander Fairchild and drove  
to his home in a suburb of Panama

city for a cocktail and conversation.  
Dined with Zetk, and then called  
on Mr. & Mrs. John Dancy at 548 Pyle St.  
address box 244 Balboa where we spent  
a pleasant evening.

Our first day in "civilization" was  
more exhausting to us than any of our  
days afield!

April 30, Friday.

Worked on notes and correspondence  
in early morning.

About 9:30 we drove over town and  
called at the Gorgas Institute. We found  
that Dr. Howard Clark had returned from a  
field trip but that he was out.

Inquired at the Tivoli for Dr. and  
Mrs. Robert Terry but learned that they  
were in the field in the Chiriquigui.

Looked up Fred Pierce also but  
found him out. Did some shopping  
in Panama, ate at the club house  
and then returned to Albrook field as  
a heavy rain threatened.

The air is hot and humid.

Last evening John Dancy gave  
me a small section of an iron rail  
from the old French railroad line across  
the isthmus.

In afternoon we visited the Museo Nacional in Panama City where by good fortune Mr. Alejandro Mendez, Director, came just as we arrived. We talked with him for more than an hour relative to our work and then were occupied more than another hour in looking through the museum. I notice definite improvement in the arrangement over last year. The collections showing the archeology of Panama are excellent and valuable, the remainder sketchy.

At 5:30 we came by the look for Lieut. Col. Fred. M. Piers, room 101, Building 351, below the Turle again and found him in. We took him to dinner at the Ancón Club house and then the three of us went up to visit the Honorable John Hushing, U.S. Marshall, in his home at 305 Columbia Ave., His residence a block or so from the old court house where he has his office is truly a remarkable structure on

the side of Ancón Hill. A short flight of cement steps and two long ones of wooden steps lead up to the living rooms which must be 50 feet above the street level. Mrs. Hushing is not well so that after a pleasant evening with the two of them we left shortly after nine. We left Don Pedro Piers at his apartment and came on out to Albrook Field.

Sunday, May 1

The forenoon was clear. We were out before six thirty, had breakfast and then decided to visit Panama Vieja which we had never seen. The old ruins of the cathedral and the other buildings were most impressive and we had the place mainly to ourselves as the general run of visitors came later, and our forenoon was pleasant and instructive. I was interested to note the mockingbird then as a newcomer, but we supposed the house wrens and grackles to be the descendants of those who had been here in the old colonial days.



Monday, May 2.

Col. Griffiths informed me this morning that he would set up a reconnaissance flight of the Rio Bayano

In afternoon we drove to Gamboa and visited Karl Curtis, who is much improved in health. The country out this way is green following the recent rains.

for 8<sup>30</sup> Wednesday

We called on Lt. Col. Earl Harris, medical officer at the post who had visited us with Captain S. Bell at La Juguera.

There I met Capt. H. W. Randall of the medical service and invited him to go to Barro Colorado Island tomorrow.

About noon we went to the American Embassy in Panama City where I call on the first secretary, Mr. Hall, who took us to the Ambassador

the Honorable Monett Davis, who impressed me as a competent and forceful man.

In afternoon we found Dr. Hubert Clark out, so spent some time with Zetk in clearing up details of B.C.D. business -

Dr. Richard Cariker, son of M. B. Cariker, jr., and Zetk dined with us at the officers club at Albrook in evening.

Tuesday, May 3.

Capt. Randall met us at our quarters at 5<sup>45</sup> a.m.; we breakfasted at the Cocom clubhouse, left the jeep at Zetk's home and caught the 7<sup>00</sup> a.m. train for Frijoles.

Of Rufus Hardy, Press and Miss Simeon representative for the Panama Canal, with Schellote, a writer from the Saturday Evening Post, went with us. Also two marines, guards from the Embassy. Perrygo took the men out on the trail while I spent an hour with Schellote and Hardy. About ten Brown of the Gatun Lake Patrol came in a canoe and took the latter two away.

I put in most of the day around the laboratory in details without chance to get far away. Rains have begun, barely, and the vegetation is green.

We returned to Trujillo in a rain storm and found that it had rained heavily in Balboa.

Dined in the Officers Club with Captain and Mrs. Randall.

Wednesday, May 4

At 8:30 this morning we were airborne at Base Operations, with Lieuts. Fallon and Mumhank as pilots in a comfortably equipped C-47. Col. Perry B. Griffiths had planned to take us but Capt. Hunter came on his behalf to express regrets that he could not do so, news just received of a death in his family. Weather was uncertain so we took off, but we were fortunate in having clear weather over the Bayano valley when we were bound.

We passed Pacora and Chépo when the pilot called me up to the cabin in the nose and I rode there for the rest of the trip, the purpose of which was an aerial reconnaissance of the Rio Bayano and the mountain area back of Chimán.

The Chimán was in flood, running broad and muddy for the total part and then narrower, but a good sized

stream.

Forest began at Chépo, there being much clearing and extended throughout the route, covered except for the small interesting looking savanna at Llano. There was scattered settlement all along the river here up to the Río Maje; beyond this clearings ceased rapidly until we reached the two rather closely built little settlements that I took to Piria and Cañasa. The lower towns had some of the little houses built of boards. These two upper ones were entirely cane and thatch, the houses being long and placed rather closely in orderly rows.

At Cativo the forest was broadly green for a considerable distance on either side of the river. Old clearings along here were extensive but the unbroken forest on either side was almost unbelievably vast.

Above Piria Cuipo appeared on the ridges. The Bayano <sup>th</sup> was marked by ~~the~~ dark green forest and then became a dark line along the river and its tributaries, with the broad expanse of lighter colored forest, with the Cuipo

a predominant tree on either side.  
Above Piria extending clear to  
the Tuzza River was a part of that  
area with ciños, the dominant  
tree.

We flew on west and southwest  
here until presently in the distance  
the hill at Gasachini and the  
Serranía del Sapo appeared. We  
came down toward the mouth of  
the Tuzza and then turned west  
over extensive mangrove swamps  
crossing a low ridge to the  
Coast when Isla Majé Tigu  
and Isla Majagual were visible  
with the hill back of Chimán  
beyond. Extension mangled at mouth of Rio  
Majagual.

When we turned around this  
point we found the village  
of Chimán, with its church  
and small cluster of houses gathered  
in a little valley or slope  
at the foot of the hill. Inland  
was a great area of mangrove  
swamp that gave way finally  
to extensive green forest.

The high country inland was cut  
off by cloud at about a thousand feet.  
We came to the foot and made a  
circle over the valleys of the Rio  
Chimán and the Rio San Francisco.  
The contour here is steep and the slopes  
rose quickly to the part above the  
clouds. The hills appeared rugged and abrupt.

We flew northwest along the  
base of the highland and then on  
the north side flew east to a point  
not far from the divide between the  
head of the Cañasa and the Rio  
de Quinte which flows into the Chacunaga.  
We turned then west again coming  
back to Piria.

This whole section is quite level  
and is completely forested. The dominant  
tree as seen from the air being ciños.  
Green forest appeared only as a border  
to the streams. The stand of ciños  
was tremendous, unbroken and gray  
in color. Along the lower Sabalo at the  
point I saw a few scattered nuts  
along two streams, these not being  
at all closely grouped.

We had another view of Piria and Cañasa and then continued back down river.

At Rio Diablo there were extensive clearings. I had a better view of the savanna at El Llano which is surrounded by hills and is the eastern limit of the savannas in this area.

We flew at 200-300 above ground level for most of the distance. People waved from the villages, Indian children and ponies scampered for the cover of woods, and parrots and other birds scattered. Many cayucos were in the river.

From the air the savannas appear more broken by bands of forest along the streams and very scattered groves than the impression gained by ground travel.

We were on the ground at Albrook Field at 11<sup>05</sup> a.m. after one of the most interesting reconnaissance flights I have ever made.

My principal impression of the great Bayano valley is of its vast extent of unbroken forest. As I watched it I pondered over the birds and the game that its leaves concealed from our rapid passage by air.

The Bayano should be worked from the higher settlements at Piria. I am doubtful about the profit of going much higher. The savanna at El Llano should be investigated to determine which, if any, of the savanna birds reach it. This point can be reached by cayucos.

There is no physical barrier of any moment between the ~~B~~ upper Bayanos and the upper Chucunague. The most important work is an examination of the high country between Chimán and the Bayanos. This can best be worked from a high camp established by helicopter. Capt. Toms at Albrook is a Mark Aerial Survey man who tells me that this is entirely practicable.

On the afternoon we called on  
Mr. Herbert Clark and on Zetzk.

A barbecue at Captain Leslie Snell's  
quarters, in evening with his  
friends, a pleasant and enjoyable company.  
Following heavy rain this noon it  
was decidedly cooler.

Thursday, May 5

This morning we changed our transportation  
at the Panamerican Airways office at  
the Turli, and also registered for  
our room.

Called on Lieut. Col (ret.) Charles  
~~St.~~ <sup>rester</sup> Pierce at his quarters for a  
brief visit and then returned to  
Albrook Field.

At eleven Capt. Snell took me  
down to turn in our jeep mileage  
12,989 so that "this year" we  
have driven 1715 miles.

Clear today and hot.

At 2:00 we checked out at  
Albrook and moved to the Turli  
Hotel in anecon in a car from  
the pool.

Rain came and in our 3rd story corner  
room on the northwest we were cool  
and comfortable.

Zetzk came at 3<sup>30</sup> for an hour's talk.

At 4<sup>45</sup> Captain and Mrs. Snell called  
for us and took to the home of Major  
General and Mrs. Willis H. Hale at  
Albrook field. When we spent a  
pleasant hour. The General was  
pleased at our success, said that  
he expected to be here next year and  
that he would welcome our return  
and would extend to the fullest any  
cooperation necessary.

Capt. Snell then drove us to the  
home of Ambassador Davis at La  
Cresta in Panama City. Look on a low  
hill with a beautiful view both  
inland and toward the sea for an  
at home. I met Tom Dugue  
who assured me of assistance in  
further work near Chepo particularly  
up the Bayano River. He regretted

that we had not used his place  
more. also met the governor  
& assistant governor of the Canal  
Zone, Minister Crespo, the Italian  
Ambassador and many others.

Stett brought back to the hotel  
at eight where we had dinner  
finished our packing and went  
to bed.

Friday, May 6.

Plane departure was delayed  
from 2:20 a.m. to 5:30 a.m. due  
to reasons unknown to me. We  
were up at ten minutes to four,  
and went to the airport at 4<sup>30</sup>.

The plane circled to the east  
on take-off so that I had a view  
of Parosca and the savannas.  
The Chyso area was partly hidden  
and cloud completely obscured  
the Cerro azul.

The trip was comfortable, I seized  
a good bit, and finally we were

down in Miami at about 9<sup>00</sup> a.m.  
Formalities of entry were simple  
and we were free by 9<sup>30</sup>.

At eleven thirty we left by  
National Airways for Washington  
arriving at the National Airport  
at 5<sup>30</sup> p.m.

# Ammunition list 1949

		<u>not used</u>
.32 <u>aux</u> shells	1000	61
16 gauge #4 shot	50	25
"   #2 "	25	25
"   #6 "	100	100
"   " "	75	
"   #8 "	125	50
"   #10 "	125	25
"   #12 "	150	25
	1650	311

925 catalogued specimens secured