

March 4, Monday, 1946

Left Bolling Field this morning at 9⁰⁰ a.m. in a C-45 Army Air Force 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 10⁴⁰ we came down at Poplar* field near Fayetteville, North Carolina for gasoline, and also took time for a sandwich, leaving at 11³⁰ 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 hundreds of paper white 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 Joe Zetek in Balboa of our arrival. Stopped in at a dog-racing parlor 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
marly as I could tell without binoculars.
Loggerhead shrike - two hopping about
on ground searching for nesting material.

Wandering gull - several
Ring-billed gull common
Laughing gull - common
Pelican - several. Fr

Cormorant several

Ring-necked Duck a little flock
Lesser Scaup. Half a dozen.

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

English Sparrow a few

Melodiant at airport

Turkey Vulture one.
Fish Crow several.

At 1³⁰ 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 3³⁰ we were at the passenger
terminal for a final check, and at
4²⁰ were on board the plane a
C-54, with boxes of freight
lashed along ^{half of} one side, a double bank
of seats opposite and a single row
of bucket seats behind the freight.

At 4³⁰ we bundled out on the runway in pitch dark and at 4⁴⁵ 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 6³⁰ 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 here 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 the air 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 two story frame building ~~with~~ beneath for car parking and storage with Zetek's office and laboratory on the second floor.

We talked here until 5⁰⁰ and then returned to the Officers Club.

The small collecting ^{case} 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 out 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 ^(C. rufus) that was new to me. Chuck was here. 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. ~~After~~ 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 Field would see us at 10³⁰. 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 ~~Bigg~~. 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 tried on 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 2³⁰ 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 Mores 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 land marks. 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 command car over the road to Major Campbell's quarters located near the old engineer's camp where Morrison and I had lived. Then 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 there. 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~~ ^{area} in what had been a completely jungle area.

Ballators sang blue ~~none~~ ^{none} ~~crapes~~ ^{crapes} flew about a Golden warbler passed an ~~claim~~ ^{claim} or two called white spotted Sandpiper and a Louisiana water-thrush ~~tended~~ ^{tended} at the water edge and an osprey circled high overhead. A flock of the small swifts *Chaetura vanxi 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-top 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 bunchgrass 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 fuscus* here and one or two *Columbigallina cultrata* especially. Nothing else was especially peculiar to the grassland in the way of birds.

We drove then to the end of the road to the north, returned to watch for birds along the way. Before going back to camp we went down a side road to an indentation of the Ensenada or a Bodega south of the mouth of the Matucuro.

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

We checked up 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 recreation 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 5³⁰.

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 damp, thickly 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 crest, 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 dawn 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 stop. Though 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.

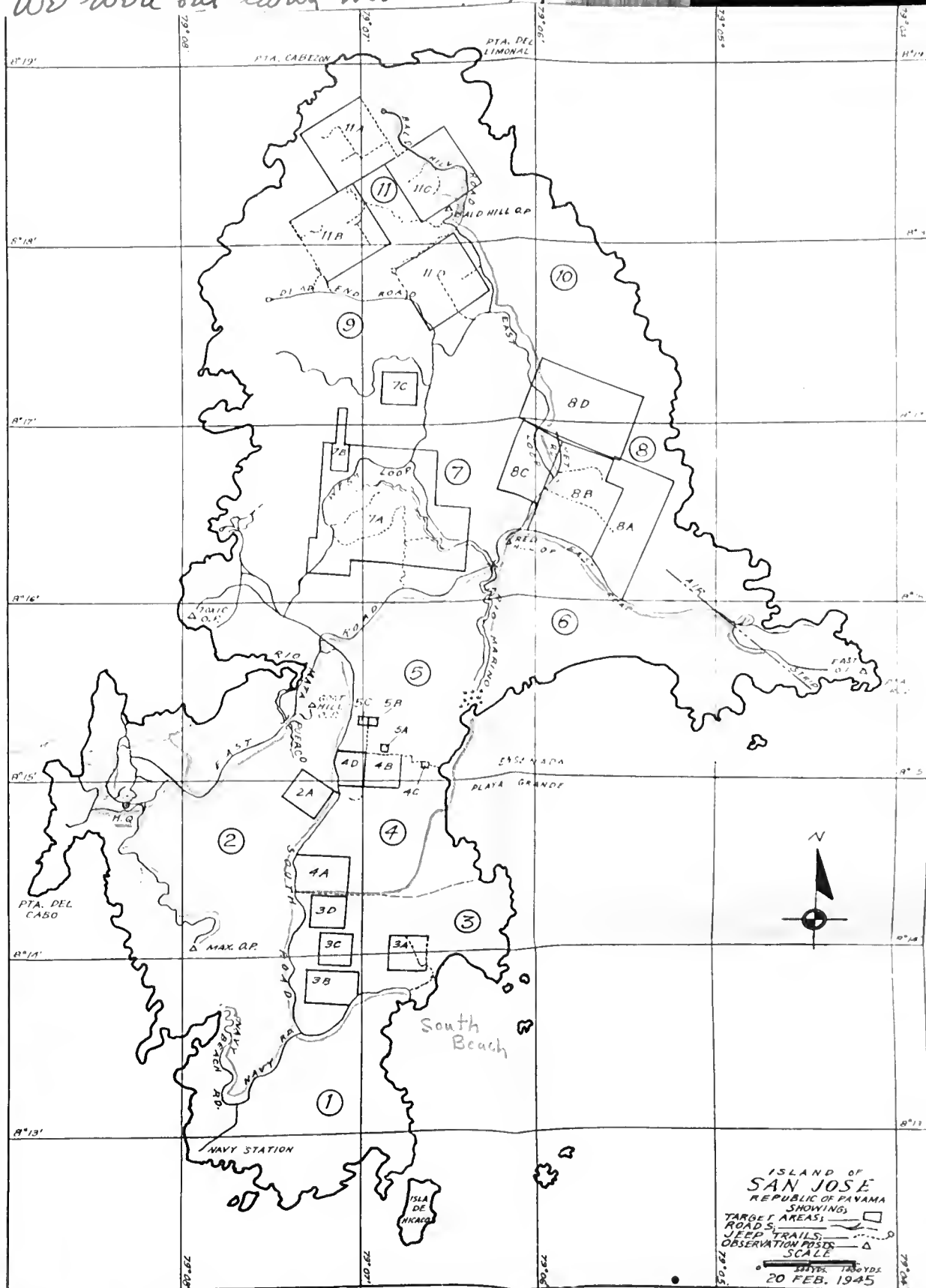
2. The clearings made for roads
for quarters while they have
driven the forest birds back have
been advantageous to forms that
frequent the open. The ^{in part} Kingbird
and the ground-dove already are
spreading into these and will
undoubtedly now increase in number.
Pigs, wood rails and deer seem

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
therein 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 corn
had been destroyed.

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



Route covered March 7-9, 1946

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: (I know not

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 am interested to see these birds come out in the open into the th branches of the trees. We see so 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 latter woods and adjacent thickets.

Vermivora peregrina comes casually through the trees.

Cassidix major peruvianus is common on the tanager.

Tyrannus melancholicus chloronotus is fairly common.

Regulus leucophaeus chatters and sings.

Myiozetetes cayennensis common in the trees.

Elanoides flavogaster pallidioratus is singing constantly from pine 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 pine centers as the birds look away from me.

Amazilia tzacatl common about the

Chlorostilbon assimilis passes occasionally

The curious goatuck note 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 shade and then to the station where we took the 4:40 train for Frijoles. Mr. 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. ^{of Forest Products Lab.} ~~Cherke~~

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. ^{P.V.} Mook was here also. Dr. J.
Schneirla of New York University was
out until late following his swarms
of *Ornithomyces*.

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 6¹⁵
had breakfast at 7⁰⁰ and then went
out immediately. Trails are all
named and lead to all parts of the
island. On each there are number
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. White
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~~
juncos, (white-capped), 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.
On 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 Vocola - Chilean - Italian | |
| 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 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 limits 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 structures 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.

Mr. & 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 this evening
July 25. 1941 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 sites of the
forest flooded when gatem 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 arriving at 6:05 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 Letic'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 6:20 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 it is
faintly light. We had breakfast before
seven packed our baggage and then
listened to the birds for a time.
A summer lanager came to the tin 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 9¹⁵ a.m. we left in a C-47 with Sient. Bick as pilot and flew to Jaqué air field in eastern Darién on the Pacific side between Guasachiní and the Colombian frontier.

The flight was easy and comfortable. We had 11 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 Jaqué 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 Jaqué River near its mouth, with the little village beyond near the sea. The buildings for the air field lie back under a scrub grove of trees.

We unpacked and arranged our things, thus taking until ^{early} 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 made 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~~ 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 ~~Hilary~~ ^{Gerónimo} to show up the trail leading to a low range of hills, the region where we collected bordering on

the *Oncebraba* *hisa*. 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 *Serranía 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 savored 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 ^{house} by the shine of its eyes
in my flashlight.

March 16, Saturday

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

We went again back in the
area of the Quebrada here 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
elven which was a great help.

I saw morpho butterflies. *Tusia* and
Tabebuia are in blossom yesterday
a native brought in a yearling grouse
howled monotonously 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, bearing the

With 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 Jaguis
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 ^{four and one half} ~~two~~ miles down there is
a stand of Cincho trees Cavanillesia
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 jaguis
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 a young Darwinian
with his wife, a 14 year old boy and
two small youngsters, one at the
mother's breast came to buy a piece of
ice from the ice machine. Later they
came with some experimenting toward
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 on 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
Thamophilus punctatus on the
summit.

Today we secured several good-
sized birds and had the further
complication of visitors in the
afternoon - a plane had - 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 Hundadero.

There was quite a migration among
small warblers this morning.

~~Wed~~ March 20, Wednesday

We drove into the village this morning
secured a cayuco from Chino the
principal storekeeper and in this ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~governor~~
paddled up ~~out~~ into the Rio Jagua
to a landing among the mangroves
where a trail led up over the hill
called Yuma 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
gully forest with some palm in the
undergrowth. Birds were fairly common
and we secured some interesting ones,
particularly a Calliste (Tangara) and
two *Thamophilus punctatus*. One
osprey 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 González, the first hill to the south and then followed along the base of this nearly to the sea. The slopes are steep and the land 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 Swallows and Texas Nighthawks this afternoon + were

March 22, Friday

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

We were out at 5⁴⁵, had breakfast before 6³⁰ and then walked out toward the pier at the Rio Tague at the northern end of the air strip. 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 ^{geronimo} ~~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~~ ^{geronimo} joined us here and in a few minutes his 22 year old son Concepción came with a well shaped 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 place belonging to ~~the~~ ^{Gerónimo}. This is on the river, immediately east of the home 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~~ ^{Gerónimo} asked me to sell me a stem of bananas but he presented them to me. On our return he asked me to shoot a large fowl for him to eat, this being a comorant 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 Baz appeared in clean uniform
jacket and belt.

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
Caynes - called by ^{Gerónimo} ~~the Caynes~~ variously
Cancha and Juraguá - to the
point ^{El Chorro} opposite Jagüé where two
tricks of water come down over the
rocks. Women and boys cross here
constantly to fill calabashes, jails
and other containers with water,
and to wash clothes. I saw one
woman bathing calmly with her
cross 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 terns which has been whistling here and secured it.

In evening it was quite cool probably 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 ^{Gerónimo} ~~Herógenes~~ and his son

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

Two of ^{Gerónimo's} ~~Herógenes'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 Brago and landed at ^{Gerónimo's} ~~Herógenes'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.

Semipalmated plovers and least sandpipers flocked on 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 11³⁰ and ate.
As we started on our birds a small
plane came overhead and traversed the
length of the field ~~tipping~~ 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. Hazy
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 on 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, ^{as seawater comes in with the tides} fish abound and
break 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 charings that I 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 Benwarin and Benarides 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 worked 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 ^{almost} entirely birdless until now except for an occasional ground dove, seed-eater,

greatcatcher, worn of Ant-shirts 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 17 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 then 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
Gilberto Chin's launch today. He leaves
early in the morning for Cabeceria
up river, ten hours by caynes, 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 tide was still running
out. After the activity of the past

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 all. We landed at the dug bend where we stopped two days ago and this time hunted along a long chain of hills that led back to the home of Gonzaly.

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 J.P. 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 shone 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 sprinkling 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 Cow forest toward the water intake. The 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 here within 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 *Myiobites* that we have taken.

In evening we found humming 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 work ~~for~~ ^{for} I give him a quarter on ~~some~~ ^{such} occasions (he works for 25 cents per hour) and we crossed then to the pier to find ~~the~~ ^{Gerónimo} ~~London~~ ^{Suanda} and a new boy ~~Armando~~. It seems that ~~Concepcion~~ is to go in to Panamá when Chin's ~~canal~~ ^{canal} goes, which maybe Tuesday, or perhaps Wednesday or Thursday, who knows? The exchange is a good

one as Armando is intelligent and a hunter. Side was against us so that progress was slow but the morning was pleasant so that I enjoyed the journey. The air is clear again ~~though~~ ^{though} the mountains ~~were~~ ^{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 regala 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.

WE walked over town. at dusk when
I hunted up ~~Hic Geronimo~~^{Geronimo} to give him
a message about tomorrow, we went
then to Chino's cantina where I set
up various drinks to celebrate my new
news. WE returned then to camp
after I had had some talk with a
Carrien Indian. He spoke very good
Spanish.

At camp I sat down to write
but immediately had an interruption
in the person of Sergeant McCarth
who told me that while we were
over town someone had broken into
the mess hall by cutting the screen.
apparently our early return prevented
actual robbery. The sergeant asked
me to go back over town with him -
I am the only one here de habla español
When we found the two police
and asked for the sergente. We were
taken to him when he was discussing
this and that with some ladies (the
colombianas) and he accompanied
us back to camp. so that I was
delayed in getting to bed.

April 2, Tuesday.

Last night was the coolest that
we have had, 70° to 72° F. I should
judge as I ~~used~~ a blanket for cover

for the first time. Dawn was clear
and the air was dry all day. The
mountains were visible as they were
when we first arrived.

WE went over early to the village
and crossed in the cayuco to a
mangrove covered island to collect a
series of mangrove warblers. Dick was
out and this particular growth
was of white mangrove with the
trees low and spaced so that we
could walk around easily. As
we crossed from the village the
morning sunlight came in clearly
on El Chorro & the rocks when
the women wash clothes, their
babies and themselves. ~~Hic Geronimo~~^{Geronimo} told
me that at certain stages of tide
peculiar sounds like music, ~~came~~^{sometimes} from
one rock exposure at the water's edge.
He has heard it several times. The descrip-
tion sounded to me like the operation
of ~~doors~~ in some blow hole.

WE secured a series of golden
warblers without difficulty and
also shot three night hawks resting
on open limbs. WE crossed them to

El Chorro and as the tide was low
walked around the rocky point on
the north side of the river at its
mouth. There was sand 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 *Tilia* and other
shrubs. There are few birds in
such situations here. A Duck hawk
flew by, a spotted sandpiper tumbled on
the rocks, blue tanagers ranged in
the trees and worms chattered under-
neath.

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, just as 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 lake~~
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 Mackin
This in turn ran back to join the
highest point of all on the Loma Funderade

On the way down we saw fifteen
or twenty little Blue herons feeding in
the surf like so many sandpipers and
I collected a bat ^{of} tall cirro trees
at the edge
of a grove of tall cirro 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 net lutes before.
In 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 Funderade.
Here we turned back to come out
finally on Playita del Mackin again.

Here Armando climbed agilely up
a coconut palm to get a supply of
japas - drinking coconuts. There was
plenty in fact all of 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 McCarthey
had excellent hamburgers and coffee
for us. He says 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
~~Hieronymus~~ ^{Aerónimo} 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. Gilberto
Mora'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 rode out south of the airfield 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 Jandadero, 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 ft 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 singly 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 Giesbrecht'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 caneleros of ~~Herófilo~~ ^{Gerófilo} and Armandos aided by the incoming tide. The river was practically full, the air was clear and rather 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 ~~Herzog's~~ ^{Aeronimo's} 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 have three fruit-crows *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 ~~Herzog's~~ ^{Aeronimo's} 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. I 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 ~~Herzog's~~ ^{Aeronimo's} 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 ~~Herzog's~~ ^{Aeronimo's} 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, *Odontophorus 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. ~~Here~~ ^{Gerónimo} ~~we~~ ^{found} ~~some~~ ^{signs} ~~of~~ ^{of} 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 quickly 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 ~~an~~ 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 cayuco. ~~His~~ ^{Gerónimo} ~~was~~ ^{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. In the east that gave a beautiful sunrise; in fact, the only striking one that we have had.

The current was favorable and we went quickly up river in spite of much head talk on the part of the ~~men~~ ^{men}. 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 ~~the~~ ^{Gerónimo} ~~place~~ ^{place} at El Brago 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 ^{among the ants} 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 dawn and were back in camp shortly after noon. 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 ~~many~~ birds here now though up to four or five days ago they came regularly. Some cases 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 Tuleta. I estimate this at from 4 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 Darien. 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 sand piper 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 or so that was followed by a chorus of yells and appropriate exclamations from the two or three cayacos 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~~ Gerónimo and Armando came with the cayacos. 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 east 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 ^{several} miles 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 but since I was shooting only things of which ~~we did~~ ^{not have} sufficient series.

We found when someone had cut down a large capavé 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 their thickness 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 on 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 ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~top~~ ^{top} 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, Arnaldo 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 Arnaldo 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 her 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. Here 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 these and there was no breeze so that they were almost cooked.

The ladder leading up to these 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 use it easily, the dogs going down head first. At night ^{or at other times} a section of cyprus 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 ~~Heronimus~~ ^{geronimus} 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 ~~saber~~ 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 dome is called Quebrada del Sigre, as not so long ago some one going in there to get water to drink found a jaguar. This is immediately above ~~the~~ ^{Geponimo's} place. The flat grows with glavas and other brush between ~~the~~ ^{Geponimo's} place and the dome is known as Guayabal. The whole area is in the river bank section called El Brazo.

April 10, ~~Wed~~ ^{Monday}.

Clear during the forenoon with the sky hazy in the afternoon. The distant mountains have been clear for several days. On listening to the gossip between the cayucos that pass on the river I 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 5³⁰ 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~~ ^{water} 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 *Microdynastes* and shot it. We landed and immediately took a pair of Copernus, and then I saw a bird with much white in a tangle of creepers 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 extending 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 Mory
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 Indians
live along the higher course. The first
families are where the river is fairly
large. To reach the higher gorges
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 Indians 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 Chari. 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 ^{ground}. An occasional Kingfisher or spotted sandpiper flew ahead of us - and that was all. Presently 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 Nivi. 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 fish parrots that we have not had before - Eucinetus.

Presently 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. Pauragues
were scattered along and an occasional
squirrel 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 ^{with eyes gleaming in the night} and occasional ^{insects} ~~squirrels~~
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 pauragues
and an equal number of night hawks.
Along the road a little rabbit hopped
out and I shot it. They are known here
as mulets, the name conejo being
applied to the paca.

It was nearly 11³⁰ before we were
in bed.

April 12, Friday.

This morning "Slim" - Clinton Vaughan⁺
drove us down to the end of the road
toward Loma Gonzalez. It was hot
again and mist clouded over and
obscured 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. p. spec.~~ Also I saw a plumbeous
kite, a new arrival and heard one
yellow-green vireo a new arrival.

We were through by 5¹⁵ 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 ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~as~~ ^{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.

Tide 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 Nieve. 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 *Celeus borealis* new to 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 *Eucinetus* in here, handsome little parrots in the hand but appearing plain in the trees.

Clouds came in low over the hills but the post 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 ^{could} 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 125 feet above Bahía de Piñas. The buildings ~~were~~ had cement foundations had pillars and were of definitely permanent construction. I went on down to the shore of the bay where I had a distant 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.

It soon 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 Gt. Woodpecker and numerous night hawks.

Supplies, Jaqui, Darién

1946

| | supplies outfit | not used |
|---------------------|-----------------|----------|
| Aux shells | 1000 | 350 |
| 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 ~~dozen~~ cat hunting at the end
of the field most distant from the town
unfortunately eluded me. It appeared
to be hunting the spotted sand papers 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
Mony has told me regarding the
Andians. 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 Mony had gone to Guayaes
and will not return until tomorrow
night. I left my regards for him with
his boxon 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 rubbed after supper and covered this with a 5% sulfathiazole 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 ~~the~~ ^{Gerónimo} Sicada and his family. They were just finishing supper. I gave him 12.50 to pay for a new canteen 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 ^{arrived there and} ^{Capt. M. E. Keane, pilot.} presently our outfit was loaded. Two Davien dudrans 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 dtaliano 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 dtaliano 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 11⁰⁰ 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 leaving about 11³⁰ 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. dtaliano 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 dtaliano 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 comorants 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 graceful *Cassidix* several of them, and one *Elanoides* *Chiriquensis*.

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 side-slipped

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
hut 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

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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
Trafulke 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 lesiana.

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 leave. 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 Jaqué.

Stuck 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 Walts in Transportation telephoned this afternoon to say that the rate would be \$85 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 Irlita. 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 trip 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 palliregularis sings and calls constantly being highly noisy. I heard them along the shaded struts in Balboa as well as here at Albrook.

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

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

the house wren, 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. Goim 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. Border Blue to sail for New York on May 5.

We called on Mr. Pitts, 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.

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

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

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In the evening we dined with James Zetek to celebrate the 18th 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 Letke's 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 outside
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
Q 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

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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 would be swept by hurricanes.

At 11¹⁵ 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 clear around, forming the shore at the end and then receding inland a little toward the central section.

Then came Cuba, and finally Miami. At 2⁰⁰ p.m. we were down at Morrison Field at West Palm Beach, Florida. We were assigned billets in Barracks P-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 sheets and a pillow-case - deposit \$3⁵⁰ 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 them 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 doger men have come from the States, China, India, and are now bound for civilian service in Panama.

April 20, Saturday

At 7³⁰ 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 9⁰⁰ 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 9⁰⁰ 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 had to wait in line 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 9⁴⁰ a.m. we were on the Pullman and on our way north.

Both of us were better pleased to travel 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 Jaque
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 the Playtex)
26 Maine St.,
Brunswick
Maine.

Gerónimo Sicaida
Armando (Armandito) Londoño.
our assistants
Jaqué, Darién

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

Gilberto Mong,
Calle G Casco
Casa D. alto
Panamá

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

March 20, Thursday, 1947.

Accompanied by Watson M.

Perrygo & I left Washington at 6⁰⁰ 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 seven. 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, waders and snowy herons. One Caracara near Fort O
Passenger.

We arrived at Miami at 5¹⁰ 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 in 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 1¹⁵ 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 5⁴⁵ 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 blur with occasional taller tops standing out in relief.

As we passed the center there was a definite difference in the appearance with large cipro 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 9³⁰ 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 Jaqué at 8⁰⁰ a.m. Tuesday
morning.

We went then to Quarry Camp
where I met Brigadier General
L. Mathewson, who presented us
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 them 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 Tivoli 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 shipped 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.

Down bright colored yard goods, which 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
Albrook Field, C.Z.

R/fvl

Relief _____
Guard on Duty _____

Date 24 March 1947
Time in _____ out _____

Name Doctor A. Whitmore
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. Whitmore

Address _____

PERSON TO WHOM VISIT WAS MADE:

Signed:

Lewis O. Ola
LEWIS O. OLA

Name: Major, Air Corps

Address: Marshall

Time Departed: (AM) (PM)

Alb M.P.
Form # 9

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 12³⁰ Mrs. Harmon called for and we stopped by Headquarters at Albrook 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 Barros 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 punched at the officers club,
went to the bank and then in
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 Mr.
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 Kowol, who
is running tests at BCD wanted
the per diem reduced below \$3.00
which we can not do. I instructed
Zetek that, Bureau of Entomology men should
receive 3⁰⁰ rate unless we are compelled to raise
all rates.

March 25, Tuesday.

We were out at 5⁴⁰ this morning, checked out of the hotel at 7¹⁵ 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 ^{year}. 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 8³⁵ we were air borne. We circled slowly directly over the ~~the~~ course. Presently I saw Pedro Gonzales Island below ~~the~~, then San Jose with Rey Island to the side. We next sighted the coast below

Wetmore
(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 jagua trip

| | | | |
|----------------------|------------|----------------|-----------|
| Rice | 10 lbs | Spaghetti | 2 cans |
| Navy 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 " | | |

Garchiné and presently saw Bahía
Pinas and then the mouth of the Río
Fagué. At 9²⁰ 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 Mong.
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 & 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 Juyú 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 piragua for 30 cents per day.

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

Have also hired 4 men at \$1⁵⁰ per day as follows:

Gerónimo Sicaida.

Rio Rojas

Armando Lombardo

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 3¹⁵ Armando arrived to tell that the piraguas 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 piragua which was 80 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 southeast, 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 Taque.

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. Paragués came about also.

March 27, Thursday.

We were out this morning shortly after five. Geronimo built 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 *Mimosa* 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 semiplumbea*, none of us seeing it until we were past when I shot it! After noon we stopped at the point where the herra Coroba came down to the river and there shot 3 small birds while the men were getting some food - bananas, plantains and yuca.

Past the Pavarandó the men 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 herra 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 11³⁰ 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 ^{homa} Corobá and beyond it the decidedly higher ^{homa} 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 3³⁰ and made camp in a little casita 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 7³⁰ but by eight were asleep. Occasionally through the night I heard the machine gun rattle of the toads.

During this day ~~we~~ saw occasional Andians. 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 toads and of the Pauraque awakened 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 tired 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 7¹⁵ a.m.

The river narrowed somewhat again, and turned in behind the Cerro Alegre & 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 swifter 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, always with a youngster in the bow. All were bare from the waist up. When we stopped at noon to eat one delayed to talk with us for several minutes. They all know ~~and~~ men and are on a friendly basis with them.

We met ~~Tulis~~ ^{Tulis} Mong and his sister Juana coming down ~~in~~ 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 Culea.

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 ^(see page 19) between 600 and 800 feet.] Our course was steadily south and east. The wind blew from the east.

Steep-sided hills ^{were} covered with heavy forest. Above the Rio Pava and 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 Pío. 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 ~~platform~~ main platform 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 talked 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 ^{which} Indians came through from
Jurado ^{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
mornlight 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. Perygo
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.

All seemed very quiet in camp this
afternoon with our 25 (more or less) pounds
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 rattered 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 Chico, 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 sprinkle 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-oo* of the giant *Nyctibius*.

We were off early and went quickly through the woods to the point where the Rio Jagui above our camp cuts past the foot of Loma Calleherga. 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 *Monasa* cutting loudly from tall trees, and scattered swallows' *Loricans* 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 Chicaco, 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° or 74° up to 80° . At night it cannot go below 72° although it becomes very damp.

After the mid day meal the men went off down to *Moja cules* to see if they could get some puccary 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' respite 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 Cater went over and roasted a plantain on wood 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 levers over so that the notches were underneath.

Conijo had come from Guayabo leaving there 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 (170 + 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 peccary 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 Jaguè.

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 plunge into wet and sodden woods on the other side. We worked slowly out the trail that Apérionimo 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 Jaguè last year.

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

Time 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 3⁰⁰ pm. Greatly to my surprise having left Jaguè at 4⁰⁰ 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 dry today 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 Culla 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 where 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 *Amacéo* 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 craning neck. 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. Permino returned at noon and opened to still farther out toward Loma Sica.

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 ~~per day~~ 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 fare 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 Chicás this morning getting a good variety of birds

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

There is one tree in flower that attracts a good many bees but no birds seems to come to it. And thus far we have located no trees in forest 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 Conjo came in. I passed out cigarettes, empty shells that we had saved, and I gave Conjo two wires each two medium-sized buttons. They all left about three-thirty.

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

April 7, Monday.

Chow and diner until afternoon when showers came. We crossed the *Amamáto* 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 *Amamáto*. It was hardly 200 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, Wednesday.

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

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

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

had the animal in the stream washing it and cleaning.

We went back along the diunamacho 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 platanal behind the house find it immediately insufferably hot.

Hima and another Indian and a strange, muddied woman came by in the afternoon. The woman was modest before us keeping a corner of her mantle 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 Sambi 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 babasaco 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 Jaque 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.

Perygo 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 Jaque 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 Jaguè
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 Jaguè with mail and supplies
having left at five in the morning.
He was accompanied by an
Indian living at Moga 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~~
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
metal with a small stone. Armando
decided to go with him so we let him
take one of the double-barreled guns.
They returned at 2⁰⁰ p.m. from a trip
up the Amamado with a parakeet
and a tinamou, also two small
kingfishers.

April 11, Friday.

This morning we cross the
Amamado when Perrygo collected near
camp while I went well down into
the heavily wooded area called
Pentus 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 low 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 some 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 motobols awaited me this morning
as usual at 5:30. Their calls from the
bluff opposite camp come each morning
punctually at this time yet we never see
the birds.

Hustler's specimens were a real
hunting bird on the opposite bank of
the Rio Jacaré starting just below camp.
We crossed and followed it out. I left
the party collecting again to carry go
ons with specimens pushed back to the
end of his piece of land. We cut across
through the woods until we found
a well marked Indian trail
leading back to home has scintillas.

This trail followed through high forest
of tall trees with little undergrowth.
A little trickle of water ran along
the base of the houses 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 trap, which Benigno who had not been a half mile from camp had 14 including a fine *gallinaria* 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 him a mile below us, a girl about 15 and Benigno's wife, a little older, came by following him on their way up to show 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 *Amamaco* was 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 jagie, collecting in the trees above the plantation plantation, along the shore on a grass grown 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 more boxes of skins.

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

Pic and Armando were out night hunting ~~Saltator~~ cringing and returning about midnight with two pacas, known here as conjos, and one kinkajou called Cuisimbi shot up the valley of the dinamado.

April 14, Monday

Perrygo took the skin of the kinkajou this morning first thing which I caught up with notes so that it was 7:00 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 Gallinula, an experience that I treasure. As I stood watching a Messena trogon on a branch overhead a large Gallinula ^{- Pittesoma michleri} 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 ~~but~~ followed it for 15 minutes before it disappeared. I came back then to the original point ~~where~~ continue down the trail. By chance I happened to glance into the crown of a taya palm and found myself gazing into a large cup nest holding two beautiful eggs mottled with brown colors. We watched for half an hour, the bird coming back but not offering a shot, which 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 on my
head. 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
here 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 Pío and Armando.
We waded up the shallows of the
Amamabó, crossed ^{as deep as} ~~in~~ one large log
and then alternated in and out
of the water following the trail over
the gum plafos where these served
and elsewhere walking in water,
sometimes half way to my knees.
We passed the chhuas and half a
mile above were in woods for
away and then again in water.

We emerged here into a great
forest in the Bajos de Chhuamabó
which apparently runs for four or
five miles. The trail led mainly between
Tague 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.

Who calls occasionally overhead,
a wail that must have come from
an Uro and a barking note that
I supposed to come from Pulestrix.

They refused to decay however 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 Chicas on return.

As we came out onto 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 *Nyctinomys* 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 objects that hides the eye strain of mammals so that it is difficult to see them

I sent Conception down river again this morning with instruction to return Wednesday.

April 15, Tuesday.

Punctually at 5²⁵ a.m. I heard the first call of the motmot ~~see~~. This day I covered an area further 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 ground up and birds are hard to find. Then I located an opening at the edge of a small clearing on the river below 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 Larga without finding
anything new. We put up our
400th 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
whom he was a young man of that
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. Ross.
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. So well
fed probably though Armando suffers
because we have a large proportion
of native food and because Perrygo
and I do not always share the
best 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 pair (couple) 3
Myiarchus, a ^{a water of} Kingfisher, and a beautiful
with forest Kingfisher, Chloroceryle ^{inda}
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 jaguie
and was hoping for a shot. Toads began
to call and the evening light faded
until the sky showed only light.
I had given the birds up, and ~~but~~
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 on-
head 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 jaguie where I made special
search for the ibicaco - the work did
seemed too hard to leave the locality
bearing its name without a specimen
of the bird, and I finally secured two.
The day was fair until night
rain fell in evening.

Monday 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 swearing 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 Chirico valley should give access to the higher levels on the Colombian frontier. The Amamaco valley would be interesting for check on fauna. While in the rainy season it would be possible to go higher up in piraguas and doubt the advantage of this over the disadvantages of increased abundances of mosquitoes. For shelter tent flies only would be necessary as east and side 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 mules 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 Amamaco without much trouble and were in the main stream of the Jaguaré.

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

small basket 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 atabrin 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 wetland 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 set
and below the water level the holes
being abundant, spaced from a foot
or two to a few inches apart.

Pio caught ~~one~~ 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 denuded.
Her it came out principally at night.

At the Arroyo Tortudo 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 when it got little over. 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 Pampas together, and also three *Clarus poliostris*.

The *Pomocoras* appeared also, some of the items mentioned having been noted above. Through this section there was a considerable migration of spotted Sandpeeps.

The river drops rapidly from the mouth of the *demamado* to the beginning of the Tortado area with occasional level stretches 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 ^{up above}. The woman sat by the *fogon*, the fire, nursing a baby, a two year was gravely eating rice at one side, a four year old tottered about, and a little girl about six took an active interest in us. Half a dozen *toro* 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 in 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 while 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 pineapples 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 ~~is~~ here is appreciably drier than higher up. The river ran easily down for three or three miles to the head of tide water just above the Pavaramado, and the forest had been largely cut away.

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

From the Pavaramado 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 Sanamado

He estimated the distance from the
dramadú to the sea at 70 miles.
I place it however at about 50 miles.
Concepción made the trip in a ^{light}
jiraguá 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 over and
checked my account for field
supplies with Gilberto 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 Playa is not working.

I went over town again where
I paid my account to Tubis Mong

Gilberto'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. Gilberto's
boat is called the Sonrisa
de Jaque and will be making
weekly trips to Panamá 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

Gilberto Mong
Jaque, Darién
R. de Panamá

~~April 22, Tuesday~~

In late afternoon Dumes drove
me down through the revetments beach
the airfield where I had a look at
the long track 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 many hours.

April 22, Tuesday

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

A. Londono, the corregidor,

Naufragio de la "Josefina Mong"

... Triste Remembranza

— Triste Remembranza —

por MARCOS MEDINA

Dominical
Panamá, Panamá, P.R.
Feb. 10, 1952

Hizo un año, el 31 de enero, amanecer del 10. de Febrero que se volcó a las 2 a.m., la 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, ambiciones, 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 veloz alisio. 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 motonaves. 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, Neftali 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 Chepillo.

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 Sanelemente 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 permanecemos 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 Manuel 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 10³⁰ - a 20th 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 1:00 p.m. & landed briefly at Rey Island where vegetation was dry and broken. I saw San Jose where Bare Hill was brown also and Pechos gonzily from the air and about 2:00 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 T. work.

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

April 23, Wednesday.

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

When 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 Zetich's house at 0902 Amador Road. Eleven pieces, including 2 of specimens, 1 of ammunition, and 8 of equipment went to the Panama him 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 whose 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 \$21⁰⁰ plus he went ahead with a series of intricate computations that finally reached over \$30⁰⁰ dollars and that on a further revision amounted to more than \$43⁰⁰. The whole procedure took more than two hours.

I was supposed to see General Harmon ~~that~~ ^{at} 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, ~~Collected~~ Cultural attaché, and paid my respects briefly to the American Ambassador General Hines.

Col. W. H. Kempf came at 1³⁰ and we talked until after 3⁰⁰. 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 4³⁰ 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 gray light coming in at my window and spent an hour or more in the pleasant ~~sun~~ watching the birds about the laboratory.

Zetis and I spent most of the forenoon in sizing up needed repairs and replacements. We ate at 11³⁰ and left at 12⁰⁰ for Frijoles. A heavy downpour of rain came as we reached the station.

We left about 1⁰⁰ 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 Mrs. Cole young or her son-in-law of Charles D. Walcott

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

Our first destination was Barranquilla as we were unable to get seals in the direct flight to Miami. The air was clear but 11:15 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 level and used until we were over the forests that lead to Cerro Azul. The top of this mountain was in cloud but it 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 a 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. 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 young migrant Buteo. The Balboa boat 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 San J. de los Rios so that it was high and so dry. 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 ledge at the side of the building.

We came to Cuba at a point where the shore was rocky, backed by a thin strip of forest grown with scrub, and around a mangrove fringed bay. To further mangroves that gradually gave way to cultivated fields. But the Camaguey air field it was hot inside and cooler out. As it was four in the afternoon little life was stirring and 4 Cathartes aura were the only birds.

level cane fields, pastures and areas of scrub gave 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 good views of it from the air. ~~Proved~~ ^{proved} dead along the valleys and little first-tails ~~and~~ the steeply sloping ridges. Everything was in cultivation. What wild life there is must exist in close relation to man.

We landed at Miami airport at 6³⁰ p.m., and by 7⁰⁰ were through customs.

Registered at the Miami Club hotel after some investigation of means of getting to Washington. It was nearly ten when we had dinner 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 10⁰⁵ in a huge, comfortable plane that stopped only at Jacksonville and Atlanta arriving at Washington at 5⁰⁰ 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 calx 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 | APRIL | MAY | JUNE |
| | \$15.00 | | | \$5.00 | |
| | \$5.00 | | | | |
| <p>496-12 THE PANAMA CANAL No. 79282</p> <p>Name: Dr. Alexander Wetmore</p> <p>Status: Visiting Scientist, C.Z. Biological Area</p> <p>Within the restrictions indicated hereon the above-named person is authorized to purchase commissary coupon books</p> <p>Authority valid until May 31, 1947</p> <p>Limit of monthly purchases of coupons: (Cashier will record each sale by punch marks in margin)</p> <p>By direction of Governor <i>Actg. Asst. Executive Secretary</i></p> <p>Issued 2/6 (Conditions on reverse)</p> | | | | | |
| 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. 38787

SPECIAL
PASSPORT



*United States
of America*

No. 31787

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 ne-
cessity to HIM at
protection as would be extended
citizens or subjects of Foreign Govern-
ments resorting to the United States.

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
Bearer's address in the United States D.C.

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.

S- 34000

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

The bearer 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
1911

6
Coakley

Description of bearer

Height 6 feet 3 inches.

Hair GREY

Eyes HAZEL

Distinguishing marks or features:

X X X

X X X

X X X

Place of birth NORTH FREEDOM,

WISCONSIN.

Date of birth JUNE 18, 1886

Alexander Wetmore
Signature of bearer

Photograph of bearer



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

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.

X X X

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

March 15, 1944

Henry A. Vitto
U.S. Vice Consul

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

See stamps on page - 11

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

Visas

No. 5281

Gratis

VISACION OFICIAL

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

Washington, D.C.

JAN 26 1944

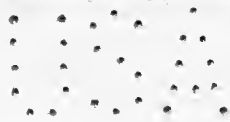
19

Manning

SECRETARIO

Visas

Visas



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

THIS VALIDATION
SUPERSEDES BY
VALIDATION ON
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. W. 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

Walter V. Garrido
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 COUNTRY PERMIT MUST BE AFFIXED TO THIS PASSPORT BY THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE OR AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC OR CONSULAR OFFICE.

SEEN

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

FEB. 5, 1947

P. B. MURPHY
CHIEF, PASSPORT DIVISION

BY

J. M. Stephen

Visas

Visas

6216

GRUPO

VISADO OFICIAL

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

Washington, D. C.

MARZO 18 19 47

Enrique A. Gamido
2º Secretario

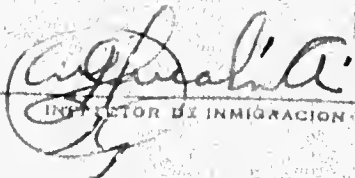


Visas

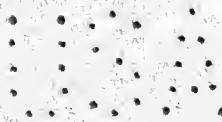
REPÚBLICA DE PANAMA
MINISTERIO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES
DEPARTAMENTO DE EXTRANJERIA
AEROPUERTO DE ALBUQUERQUE

Fecha de
llegada

22 MAR 1947


INSPECTOR DE INMIGRACION

Visas



Visas

This passport is valid for
entry into the United States
for the purpose of visiting
the United States.
It is not valid for the purpose of
employment in the United States.
It is not valid for the purpose of
employment in the United States.
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 2⁵⁰ 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

Awoke 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 omelet ham for breakfast.

Great Blue + Ward's Humors, Egrets
Snowy and housewren terns 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 12⁵⁰ 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 3⁰⁰ 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 6⁰⁰ and at 6¹⁵ 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 5¹⁵ and presently went down to accept the cherry invitation of the hotel management to a "free" breakfast served without charge to those unfortunates who had to rise before

room. 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 8¹⁰ a.m. We crossed Cuba near Camaguey, then Jamaica and finally after a pleasant cruise came down at Albrook Field at 2³⁰ p.m. Tetik 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 Field was a Barro Colorado Island, would return at 6⁰⁰ and would come over to see me.

In 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, when 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 species in life.

In the evening, sitting on the Tetik plane part for half an hour to make plans for tomorrow and then left to

a. meeting at 7:30.

John & I fell into casual conversation with two young Americans on the veranda to find that they were Mrs. Jack Russell, and Mrs. Leonard Clark, 15 State Street, Boston Mass, who were engaged in getting out Mahogany logs. Russell is located above Juradó while Clark has charge of operations in Panama, Brazil and Africa. They know the whole country inland from Juradó and come regularly through Juradó & 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 mocking 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. Tyoder at breakfast with Russell, the former logging mahogany on the Chucunague.

at 7:30 Zetek called for me and we went to Fort Clayton where we called first on Captain John R. Miller, Sector 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 let it down me to Alberto 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 Jamison. I presented a letter from Brigadier General William F. McKee on behalf of General Spuatz 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 Penzler.

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, ^{Charles Richardson} paid a taxi and drove to the American Embassy where I talked with Mr. Shelan 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 Trajick 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 had 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 Fotografia Charles, Calle no 18, just below the union 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.

Leticia dined with me this evening to discuss Barro Colorado affairs.

February 19, Thursday.

Out at 6¹⁵ this morning. Warm in the early part of the night, cooler later.

at 8¹⁵ I took a taxi to Anarry Heights where I called at the office of Lieut. Gen. W. D. Crittenden, Command General, Caribbean Defense Command. The General was leaving for San Juan, Puerto Rico at ten, so that I had

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FOR THE PROVOST MARSHAL, USMARCARIB

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.
W. 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 hall consisted of 8 or more carved stone human figures almost life size found recently in Chiriquí 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 ^{bowed} 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 Chiriquí pottery.

A second floor had more ethnology, mainly Brazilian, ~~and~~ on hall, a few artifacts from Guanacaste in another, and the rest 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. Méndez arrived before I had finished and also Paul Galtsoff who is working here. After some talk Méndez took to the Police Department, introduced me to the Lieutenant in charge of drivers permits and I filed my application.

Spoke with Dr. Méndez 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 Coburn, 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 4:00 drove to the police station to get my Panamanian drivers permit which was ready for me. Continued to the wharves to ask for Gilberto, my boat the Sorisa of jaguel 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 behind the veranda 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 Sublytus 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 gaudieri, 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.

Dr. Butts and I sat for a time
together at breakfast.

at 7⁴⁵ I went over to Letik's
house at 0902 Amador Road where
presently W/Sgt. E. L. Vette brought
and delivered the jeep that I ~~at~~
Air Force man loaned me. This
is an excellent car, just overhauled
and in good shape. We put it under
Zetek's house until it left for the
field.

After some discussion of Barro
Colorado Island affairs Letik took
me to the Balboa Commissary, where
I made some purchases and to the
Cruise Bank to draw funds.

Returned to the hotel at 10⁴⁰ to
write for a bit and to check plans.

Lee Courbeau 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, crossed in
the usual way by fastening the
hind feet together above the tail where
the tendons of the two middle ~~to~~
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 Tyrannus icterus
icterus that he said came from

Riohacha, Colombia. I noted one female Baltimore Oriole, *Sialia mexicana*, *Thraupis palmarum*, *Thraupis cana*, *Craconus*, *Tanager 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 *Tanager 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 *Elaine flavogaster* and *Myrarchus 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 ~~officer~~ and Navy

Club there. We returned later to the Tivoli where Dick Carriker and I talked until after eleven.

February 21, Saturday.

Arose at 5³⁰ a.m. and left at 7⁰⁰ 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 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. While dry the vegetation is still green.

In the afternoon a launch brought Mr. Viggo Jahl of Copenhagen, and four companions and I gave them permission to land and walk out through the jungle. Mr. Jahl has his yacht in the lake and has taken parties to various places to collect fish and

Other Marine material. He knows
Dr. Th. Mordensen of Copenhagen.

in the jungle life was fairly
Active ~~well~~ 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 coatis 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 goring
due 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
shudily 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. Schniebele who is
directing the work is absent in

Darien temporarily. Johnson of
Teachers College, ^{University of N.Y.} ~~Brooklyn, N.Y.~~
Who 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
coatis 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 sleeking their
underneath. ^{Anchoa sp. which occurs}
in both Atlantic and Pacific.

Our visitors included

St. Col. Winston E. Fowler, Engineer, Ft. Clayton
Major Wm. J. Westall
Rear O. Quémerville, Corps of Engineers
Army U.S.
and Capt. John R. Miller

all accompanied by their wives.
Major Quémerville 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 Leticia 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 4¹⁰ for the mainland
and I was at the Tivoli at 6¹⁵.
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 some additional maps of
value from Major Robert Hardan.

Dick Carvick came in the evening
and with Galtsoff we sat and talked
for a time with Dr. & Mrs. Perry.

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 droning
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
a 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 Letell's house to pick
up the jeep and talk this Letell, 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 E.M.-I.N.S.
for Smithsonian Institution's Expedition 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 grasslands and fields, all dry
and dusty due to the season.



MINISTERIO DE RELACIONES EXTERIORES

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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.



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 Antón crossing many small streams. Beyond San Carlos

there was some excellent sawanna 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 *Pitá* and *Natá* were broad, level plains with occasional meadowlands. At Aguadules we stopped for gas at a really modern service station and then on again through *Durisa* and so on to Curita.

Here Dr. & Mrs. Matthew Stirling were ^{going to work with them} 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.

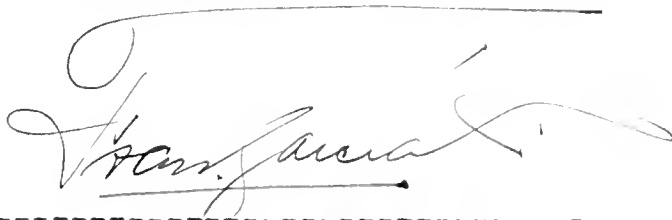
I finally turned in about 8:30 with Perrygo still tray on his monkey.

February 24, Tuesday.

We were out this morning at dawn, breakfasted and at noon 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 Escote' to the large Rio Santa Maria. Here we were on tidewater.

The land was level with occasional stands of large scattered trees, areas of completely *Juncus* and other sections of second growth.

El suscritor Alcalde Municipal del Distrito de Los Santos, en vista del certificado expedido por el señor Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores que han presentado a este despacho 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.



Francisco García C.
Alcalde Municipal.-



We followed along the river down stream on foot along 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 hooky vultures were in the sky constantly clear across from Balboa but during the part of the day most birds were quiet. Occasional fork-tailed flycatchers appeared with ground doves, once in awhile a sparrow hawk and several Kingbirds, 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 were 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 shady breeze tempers it pleasantly. An occasional small cloud may drift across the sky but the sun is almost now covered even for five minutes. I find the temperature most pleasant. The region is strongly reminiscent of parts of Yucatech. 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 Stewart and Perrygo. A 50 gallon drum skinned on a job 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, Shirley 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 grammurus 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 light with the approaching sun. Four month old chickens brood with heads drawn in rather suggestively, 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 walled line of the fourth 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 ~~the~~ trees. We searched about 70 in a space of an eighth of a mile along the road. Deer are found here and I saw 4 Coati Mundi, called as usual gato Solo. The boys with us claimed they were very good to eat.

We took a side trail across through pine woods through a ~~shoulder saddle~~ that let us enter another valley. Here we located a camp along the valley bottom called El Fical. The woods 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 Potosí bellis mar. Our 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 Berrygo Harpagus bidentatus. Just beyond I shot the first Skirt-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, south 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 over to 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 onto the proper road and reached the mounds. Several interesting discoveries had been made during the day.

Feb. 27, Friday.

My usual alarm clock, the quails roosting in our patio and the one adjacent missed 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 5⁴⁵ and that the sky was still dark.

Don Julio Arzamena 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 like 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 pineapple ~~but~~ 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 walls, 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 plovers, one Hudsonian curlew, a few yellow-legs and a number of golden plovers. The latter were very wild.

Don Julio 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 creaked down to the open,
hung the bird up with a vine and
then went on.

Ferrygo picked up a pair of bridle-neck
albitina 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
manchineda, the mangavilla or
Manchineda. 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 11:30.

The afternoon was given to specimens
as usual. We work in the roof 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 the arena and then turned off
on the carretera that leads toward
Pesé. This was a gravelled road,
one one 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 work that birds are
scarce in such areas 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 house. Behind the pool was a small spring of clear water wholly unprotected. As we arrived girls were filling calabashes from it. When I returned a cow was drinking from the little two foot wide shallow basin.

This was the Quebrada Jimón 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 finca looking for the carretera which I found only a short distance away with 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 touring car on our return, badly smashed that apparently had been forced over a high bank.

At the house we found Señora Diana Chian of the Museo Nacional, with her cousin Colombia from Chile. These two remained for lunch and Mrs. Shirley 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 jutting 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 Stirling, Stewart and Perrygo celebrated Saturday night by going to the movies - Gordon Willy and I walked out around the plaza and then returned to work on notes.

Sunday, February 29

About eight this morning I drove Gordon Willy down to Colonia 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 juts.

The shell area covered one low projecting point and the adjacent slope with oyster, clam and turban 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 preparing 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 brick 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 capital had an interesting decoration in the form of rows of the shells of pearl oyster extending close to the steps. Electric

lights at the summit display these
at night.

His 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. The 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
brick and the jeep. We eat in the
open on the porch beside the kitchen.

March 1, Monday.

Today I took on Don Julio
Arosamena as assistant. Until a week
or so ago he was alcalde of Parí, 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 José the boy
that Perrygo has been using who is
a country boy with a keen eye but
not too much use 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 level savanna
clothed with bushes and here we
found meadowlarks. We left the jeep
here and hunted on foot along the
northeastern side of the Ciénega Macana.
This was of fresh water, shallow and
dotted 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. Cattle waded through the water browsing on the aquatic vegetation. I found one low tree in flower with orioles, grackles, honey-creepers, two species of humming and prothonotary warblers feeding at the blossoms.

We secured a good lot of specimens here and returned steadily reaching Puerto about 10³⁰. The day was hot and clear with little wind.

Yorden Willey 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 ant cat probably killed by an auto 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 enquire directions of one Juan, an old friend of Don Julio 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 Julio'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 nothing 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 Ciplomado Falcons 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 10³⁰ we had 25 good specimens. The sun was hot and when we crossed the pasture we found the small ticks - *Junbillos* - 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 Potuga 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 yorben Willey returning to his farm. 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 into 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 Potuga 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 bank and brought into town in pipes. Sterling had a sample examined at Goyas 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 halfway between Páris and El Puñón, though in general nearer the latter. I am marking my specimens therefore at Puñón.

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 was dry or drying because of the season, beyond was a straggling growth of herbaceous like shrubs widely scattered and beyond that masses of *Bomelia* and occasional open areas. There was considerable

ground 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, *geanospiza* 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. In mid-afternoon 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 pasture-
land 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
Bach 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 ^{small} egg
in a saucer, served with a teaspoon
with a sprinkling of salt, and one of the

large tortillas that are like the Venezuelan
arepas. Following this hospitably Don
Frué and I went on 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 bar and
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.

Birds 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 extraordinary 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 on trees, 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 Spectrometer 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 Verona - 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 by estero now completely dry. Beyond were tide channels and low mangrove growth interspersed with very dense growth. 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 grass pastures cut by narrow winding tide channels in an area of low

pastures. 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 Julio, in reply to a question said he liked the rainy season best. Rains 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 Stirling 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 Eumenio in addition to José and Don Julio. When Perrygo paid off José I told him that Stirling wanted him to return to the hood gang at the excavations and that we would take on Eumenio as our helper.

We left the jeep at the end of a large bay ~~grows~~ with vegetation, in the shade of trees and cut across a promontory to a tract of woodland where I had seen *Chaetaleas* on our last visit. We worked along slowly until presently Don Julio caught sight of one of the birds in a Cord 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.

Ben also killed a wood rail and we secured two *purpurages*. 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-wing teal.

On our return Dr. Richard Carriter from gorges Hospital came in with 3 other young doctors (Frenay, 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 pulling the mud walls in 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 beside 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, ^{speaking} 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. Ben, 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. ^{Muscadob} sang, a red-breasted blackbird (heistis) sat on 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 quite in contrast to the condition farther downstream when it degenerates into separated standing 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 ~~stolid~~ 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 ridge 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, but 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 rest.

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 north 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 motmot flew across the road (m. lessonae). There were many small fish in the stream and ~~we~~ were told that people from nearby towns come 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 Ankingas.

We crossed the river to secure an ankinga that I had shot and returned through some pastures green 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 snails. 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 Parita.

This morning we saw a funeral procession about 5 miles out of Santa María 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. Part 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 Escobá 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 Escobá where I shot a *Cotinga (Erubi)*, a short distance beyond Perrygo saw a pupat 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 ciénega
and ended by riding along with
us on horse back as I drove for a mile
on rough caminos. Suddenly we 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
25 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 every thing
out.

We worked down toward the water
with the larger birds flying away
and then collected through this section
until we had the days 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 students 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 Alirina, 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, paca, 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 cald 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 coveed 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. ~~we~~ then crossed the green 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 northeast.

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 acid because of the season.

La Cubuya has 30 or 40 scattered houses and evidently is old. After some talk at the house of a friend of Huber 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 *psittaculidae* abundant.

Here I collected *Elania chiriquensis* the first I have seen, and also the first *Arremonops striaticaps*. Near the stream I found *Orlyzias chrysolaema* 1 *Thryothorus* 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 inland point.

I returned with 18 birds, and presently a boy brought me a young scrub owl 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 plans 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 at 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 shrubby 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 for nearly three hours coming out finally with ~~2~~ birds. For long distances I saw nothing and then I would run into little groups. Hawks were scarce and there were few doves.

We returned to the jeep finally to inform the owner of the house boiling sugar cane juice to make molasses. This is the 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 I 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 Escoba 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 savanna on the Hacienda of Juan de la guardia, beyond the Escota River where I had found the jipito but without Coating. On my return however I found one shot far from Santa María and spent sometime 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 hung on a rack near the door, presumably until a new town 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 Serizzo had his gun completely loaded the bird had crossed in front of us to my side so that the gun was passed over and it dropped the hawk just as it reached the limit of range.

The Río de la Villa which marks the boundary between Parara 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 are frequent along the road and little stands in fruit when they offered tomatoes of fair quality, peppers, cabbages and small and water melons. I bought one of the cabbages on our return for 175 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 mangrove swamps with the best mangroves growing in sand adjacent to the beach and in mud farther away.

A mile ~~east~~ perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off shore was Isla Villa. The main island was possibly 600 yards long, a rock with steep ~~sloping~~ sides and the top covered with brush. At 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 brush came down to the edge of the sand.

Brown pelicans soared over the beach, cormorants roosted on logs, 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 day 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 Alcalde's office. He saw the letter was prepared immediately and we then took it back to the Alcalde to sign. An Chiric stopped to have the jeep greased which meant delay so that it was nearly twelve before we reached Puerto.

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 light according to the weather meter was brilliant in spite of the partly cloudy sky.

We left at 6⁴⁵ 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 Managre 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 Siguarrita, 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, Flebo Arsamena and walking to the north and Perrygo and Eumenis to the south. The latter were joined later by Octavio Siguarrita 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 Managre 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 blossoms are spikes not quite as large as a lead 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 Fulco in his two story house, a very attractive family.

Wednesday, March 17

This morning we drove out early to the Cenaga 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 nearby flew and I shot one but lost it in the water hyacinths.

A black-billed 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 found the water cool. By
the time we were back in Paita it was
fairly dry.

Perrygo, on shore, had devoted himself
to looking buzzards, and had shot three
of small size with head marked with
orange. These may be the bird *fundulirostris*
south America that we call *supercollis*.

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
Educación. It was closed before we
were in bed.

Thursday, March 18.

We crossed the Paita river this
morning and drove out the country
road to the carretera leading to Peru.
We turned toward Peru where the small
road joined the highway near El Barrero
and went on for about a mile
to the Quebrada Agua Caliente which
runs into the Santa River.

The land was rolling now 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 tracks of brush here,
fairly open with pasture between and
occasional larger trees. Julio and I
followed down for nearly two miles to a
little settlement called Los Habitos.

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
Balsemas.

All 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 Concepción 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 waiting 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 cutured their bites and stings for ten minutes until finally I found that it was a subdued chattered song from a little group of migrants.

We secured a Kingfisher, Chocoyula Amazona and then Fuls and I located a vine round with small berries in which the little group of the Pico Gordo, the thick-billed siphonia 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 Parita 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 where 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 Rio Espigadilla to find it merely a narrow dry wash where it crossed 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 ^{of an} evergreens, smaller species was scattered among them. This extensive tract ~~was~~ 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.

Boys at terms and a large gull that I suppose is a new record landed us. We returned a clown with 8 shore birds including 3 species new to our collection.

At Los Santos bridge I stopped to buy tomatoes and in Chitré picked up two loaves of bread that had been ordered.

March 24, Sunday.

The Stirling and Stewart returned last evening from Toli ^{at} ~~with~~ H^{20} with a most interesting tale of the Balaearias ceremony of the Guaymí Indians.

This morning I awakened with a bad case of food poisoning, due it developed fruit jills prepared in an earthen olla with some sort of glaze that would not stand acid. It was known 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 Sierra, 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 ^{side}. The priest followed ^{and} followed by a group of children. ^{children} Then the procession of 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 this ^{four} ten or a dozen *slungas* there were rapped on 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 *Buena Vista de los Pájaros*, a tributary of the Río Parí. This was a larger stream than the *Buena Vista 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 in 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 Pesé 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 Pesé 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.

Fido 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 guyan robin Turdus assimilis. I secured one uran Thryophilus leucotis and several other excellent birds.

On our way across from Parita then was one amusing incident. We saw a Chachalaca and stopped to try for a shot. Fido 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 Comins went in after it. Presently I heard him talking to himself about the "Paisana macho" and wondered a bit at his knowledge in distinguishing the sexes in this interesting bird. When we returned to the car was found that he had a fine large Micaster semitorquatus, 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 Esquiquita. 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 trails of thicket along side. We left the jeep here on the shade. I went up stream with *Felis arosamena* and Perrygo travelled down.

The 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 americana* 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 *Charadrius vetula* 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 Punta 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 sketches in the forest 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 7⁴⁵ 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. On Guararé we stopped briefly to check the green in the transmission and in this process had the fortune to meet Señor Domingo Espinas, Guararé, Prov. Los Santos, who had kind of the work going on at Parícuta 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 Lucian 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.

He 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 in good many people living down in

that section so that labor is available. That region can be reached by boat from Puerto Matis, or by horseback trails that lead along the coast south of Matis. Espinas came through that section last week. He reports much potting but said nothing of shell mounds.

The approach to Las Tablas was picturesque with the town in a valley with high hills beyond. I regretted that it was not possible 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 pasture lands to go to Puerto Mensabé where the road ended abruptly at an estuary, being the mouth of the Río Mensabé. 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 as the main highway and
continued south. At the ~~junction~~
branch of the Rio Mansabito ^{the bridge}
was out. ^{called Rio Sabado,} then 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.

The 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 may be 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 pineapple. As the place became
quiet after our activities birds began
to appear. A *Sublyptus* worked on its
nest ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~hundreds~~ ^{hundreds} feet away, a
pair of *Campostoma* were selecting
a nest site in a bush below, and
50 yards beyond a *Myiozetetes granadensis*
was building its unusual structure.
A *Vireo flavo-viridis* had a nest
partly done, and *Myiarchus* *peru* were
squabbling. In addition blue tanagers,
a *Volatinia*, a brown robin, and
a *Chiroxiphia* were about.

We stopped in the little village
of La Palma, straggling over a low
hill to buy a drink, and then came
down to Posi, a large 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 *batman* was resting his
oxen in the shade here and feeding

them skulls 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 Soerí 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 a 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 ^{who made us} 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 working in a ~~studio~~ third 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 Panama 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 6²⁰ on hot cakes and bacon and were off soon after to what birds we could find. The woodland bordering the 38-acre reservation was gallery forest, in part with very dense under tangle of vines and in part fairly open. Black rocks project on the point with other projections to the west. Shrub 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 remaining in ox-carts. Other groups came on horseback and by truck and we had nearly 20 at the station. One of the Cooks 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 visitors left and Punta Mala was again in Jean. Three young Americans are stationed here in addition to Holmes.

I wrote my notes in Costa afternoon seated comfortably at 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 8:00 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. La Palma the Carretera was dirt. Beyond, to the north, it had hard surface. South of ~~there~~ ^{there} 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 ~~and 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 ~~travel~~

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~~ trees. After walking about a bit we built a fire, brewed soup, water for coffee and opened another can of two ~~and~~ making a good meal. Across the creek, which here was total was a Panamanian family out in one of the informal ~~summer~~ ^{on season} establishments common in this country when the rain falls until the season changes. Two days ago there had been two women here, ~~and~~ only ^{one} 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 house, ~~two~~ or three hammocks ~~and~~ many ~~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 resided at home and content.

The country north of Poeré seemed
much cost over 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 tam-
boira 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. Some 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,
during one dance called Lu 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 ^{Tajel} ~~Chitré~~.
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 Peacé, 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 where we worked yesterday was the Cerebrado Tajel, while today we were on the Cerebrado Chitubé!

The stream here ran down over bare rock, with occasional silted pools. Tall trees stood along the water courses with pastures 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 afield, and I sawed the woodpile, the dry heat and the brown cane escape with the usual result 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 Chitubé to put grease in the jeep and went on to the ^{Rio de la Vieja} ~~San Juan~~ where there were tomatoes, peppers and water melons rare for sale at little way side houses, under wide spreading ramadas. Here I bought a few things for camp use. The water melons of this section are fully equal

is our best at home and the only good ones I have ever had in Central America.

WE finished drying the last specimens at 5⁰⁰ and packed the truck and the jeep. An evening called on our next door neighbor and on Julio Arzamena.

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 3⁰⁰ a.m. and twenty minutes later WE were on our way. Ferrago and I went ahead in the jeep which had two foot lockers packed with archaeological 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 pauraque.

Daylight came near Antón and about 6³⁵ 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 Jimmie 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 treat in the restaurant. It was truly good to see them.

We left about 8¹⁰ 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 and the customs control at Corajain at 45 to 50 m.p.h.

There was no formality at customs and soon we were across the ferry and in Balboa. At Lett's house we unloaded the archaeological material and put three cases of specimens that it 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 it 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. Lett 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 MP's had picked it up. I went to the Criminal Investigation Department where I was given a blue card to put in the glove compartment and presently had the car again.

Zettl and Dr. & Mrs. Robert Terry had dinner with us in evening.

I went to bed at 10²⁰ 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. Zettl and I saw him off at 8¹⁵ for Miami on the Pan American plane and then went to Lett'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. ^{Dee Bishop} ~~Harry~~ Captain Miller's successor in this matter for a conference relative to details.

Returned then to Lett'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 12¹⁵ 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 employee, much interested in Archeology and Natural History who has assisted Dr. Matthew Shelling 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 2⁰⁰ 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. It was delighted to see an aerial photo of Wetmore glaciers named in my honor.

As I drove out of the base a little flock of a dozen penguins fed on a grass plot.

On 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 11³⁰ before I was in bed.

~~The Shelling and~~
April 30 Saturday.

Worked on notes for a time and then about 9⁰⁰ went over to Zetek's where we went over plans for the island until 11³⁰

I drove them to the Museo Nacional to deliver a snowy heron that I had collected for Alejandro Mendez.

Mr. & Mrs. Carlos Chardón and son, with Zetek lunched with me. Dr. Chardón has been at Turrialba and is on his way back to Ciudad Trujillo.

The Sturlings and Dick Stewart arrived about 3⁰⁰ and I helped them get settled. Dick shares with me the double room that ~~had been~~ using, since Perrygo is gone.

About 4⁰⁰ 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 - 5³⁵

Arose this morning at 5³⁵, and breakfasted at the Clubhouse where early meals are available with expedition. As I finished at 6¹⁵ 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. Side 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. Herds 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 rodd on the wood to watching for wood pigeons, killing two.

This ~~9~~ 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 return. Mr. Curtis has kindly offered to put 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 manatees and

pipits and then turned off to a house where there were two domesticated tree ducks. Two boys had 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~~ the jagua grounds in rainy season, while there are available also doves, quans, shorebirds curassow and the large quail *Dendrocygna*.

We drove in to Pacosca and then came rapidly back to town. Here I called and dressed and prepared to write notes when Dr. Alejandro Mendy director of the museum arrived and I spent half an hour with him.

Dined with Zetck with Mrs. Adela Reuss, and her sister and husband. The sister had prepared a most delicious array ^{see photo}.

It was 10⁴⁵ before I was in bed.

From the jagua hunting club and the savanna above I had a fine view of the Cerro Azul which I have noted at times from a plane

and of the Serrania Caribuna, a lower range to the east. These are accessible now by jeep.

April 5, Monday

Arose at 5⁴⁵, had the usual delay in an early breakfast at the Tivoli, and left from the Panamá Station at 7⁰⁰ for Frijoles. James Zetck 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 *Martinis - Progne chalybea* that sat on the stakes 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 enthusiastically 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.

Letic 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.

All 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 ^{early} evening it was a delight to rest in the cool breeze and watch the lake and the birds.

In evening Letic 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 east, apparently military planes passing at 5 or 10 minute intervals. ~~Boats~~ 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 5²⁰ 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 *Leucosticte giesbreghtii* circled overhead. Another that had come in to roost in the evening called to it from its perch.

I paddled a small cayuco long

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 walk.

Birds were fairly common, but abundant along the shore.

Yesterday we remarked that it was about time for the migration 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 Zelt replays for painting.

We left the island at 4 and I was in the Tiboli again a little after six.

Don 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 dining suite. Mr. Blair is an old friend of Tom Barbour who sent him a happy egle.

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 Lett's house.
It is in good shape. ^{specifimeter} mileage 344.
I have therefore driven the car 1700 miles.

The Stinkings entertained me at dinner
this evening with Stewart and Dick Cassiker.
Also present. Later we sat in the pleasant
bar on the porch outside Stinkings' room.

April 8, Thursday

The bar room awakened me at 5¹⁵
this morning while it was still dark.

Left the hotel at 6³⁵ for the airport.
The plane was air borne at 7⁴⁵.

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
1⁵⁰ where 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 4⁰⁰ was en route north.

April 9, Friday

Cool and pleasant this morning.
Reached Washington 4³⁰ p.m. with
train 3 hours late.

Regresa hoy a los EE.UU. el Doctor A. Wetmore

La Esfera, Panamá
April 8, 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 fructí-
fera excursión científica, de cinco
semanas, por los alrededores de Pa-
rita 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

1. Trogons lacking
Toucans with the Voladores Hills at one
point only.
Swifts - one record only
Tinamous lacking
Tachyphonus lacking
Only one species of Myiozetetes - gambelsii
~~No~~

Ammunition, Western Pennsylvania, 1948

| | | not used |
|-------------------|-------------|------------|
| 32 aux shells | 1300 | 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 5³⁰ 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 7¹⁵ 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 shore holding it in its bill.

On the Museum Dr. Karl Schmidt, Head Curator, Dept. of Zoology and A. W. 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 urus type from northern South America. I begin 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 Actinoptera and Coccyidae.

I spent another half hour in the breeze watching the lake dinner 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 7³⁰.

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.
Awoke early in ^{west} 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 harness 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 strewed 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,
brown 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~~ ^{we} were at Sparks 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 Wilcox.

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. W. H. Miller had just left on a trip to Mexico. Robert Storm and Mrs. Taylor, Lee Chambers daughter, made me at home 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 no birds. Charles Sibley here now tells me that he is going to Kansas University as Curator of birds.

I worked until 5³⁰ examining first *Scivorus nonbracensis* *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 hawk's hovered over grain stubble and I saw two burrowing owls.

At the laboratory on arrival I was told that Dr. Jerome Hunsaker, 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 - dinner afterward in the Officers Club and then dinner at Dinah's Shack near Palo Alto.

Breaded the Saint Clair Hotel in San Jose at 10³⁰ 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 10⁰⁰. At 10³⁰ we held a meeting of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

I called George Goldman, jr., at the Nelson-Goldman Ranch near Croci and told him that I would reach Fresno, Friday. The ^{naval} officers at Moffitt Field tendered us a luncheon at 1³⁰ and at 2⁰⁰ 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 McBean who showed the method he is using for census taking of game animals by means of aerial photography. 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 4⁴⁰. 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. 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 vultures 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 desornd, 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 execution capacity
with the Academy.

I went back over town byrolley and
met Mr. Hagen 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 Hummel 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 at ~~death~~
the blanket lying over the water. I saw one
or two western gulls but nothing else.

About 2:00 the haze lifted and we had
a 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



Arrival of the USS
Valley Forge with
F-87 fighters passing
in formation.

more interesting and exciting than
the take off. By 7³⁰ p.m. all were
safely aboard.

For breakfast and lunch I was the
guest of Rear Admiral H.M. Martin
in his 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 bay of the fog horn began
during the night and continued until
mid-afternoon. I arose at 6³⁰ and about

7³⁰ 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

Kunzaki, 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 11¹⁵ this
morning. Today it was supposed that

due to fog we might dock at 7³⁰.
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. Whiting off and returned
at 4³⁰ for me. The plane raised at
once, swung 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 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 over Bakersfield and at 6³⁰
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 Goldblum
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 8¹⁵ 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, grapes, and other fruit, viewed the packing house and five houses (small) built for workmen. All were in excellent condition.

Sealand 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 cement water tank. There was much talk of operations.

About 11⁰⁰ the two gophers, 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 great 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, drilled in the dirt 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 6³⁰ to see another clear pleasant day. It turned cooler yesterday.

I went over the upper part of the ranch again with George Gokeman and Selam Nelson particularly the part above the new government irrigation ditch. We saw two tracts on the hill above, one of 90 acres and one of 160 acres. The hill is known as Slotus Hill.

Got down Nelson and George drove me in to Fresno where I took train for Barstow leaving at 1²⁵ p.m. I had a change at Bakersfield, reaching Barstow at 7⁴⁵ 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 "keller" ^{minors}. About 10³⁰ I returned to the station - on foot this time as I now knew the way and at 11³⁰ boarded the de Luxe Super Chief on the Santa Fe east.

It was interesting today to cross Sechachapi 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 11, Monday.

Awoke this morning near Seligman and spent a quiet morning of much pleasure in watching the landscape through ~~Wash~~ Fork, Williams, Haysbluff and Winslow. Pleasant memories!

In 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 awoke in ~~near~~ near McFarland Kansas to find the streamlines creeping along a track threaded up ~~raging~~

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 dickcissel
sat on a wire and mourning doves
and redwings flew along side. The
sky cleared and finally at 6⁰⁰ p.m.
we came to Chicago 4 hours and 15
minutes late.

Hunsaker would straighten out
our transportation east and then
walked out for us 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 Street house and
then we separated.

I left Chicago on the B & O.
at 10⁰⁰ p.m.

July 21, Wednesday.
Arrived 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 4³⁰ 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 green 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 8:00 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 no indication of recent crying.

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. 139th 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 Pava, our name in

Charge of our testing work here for
the Textophysical Observations and he came
in to meet me. I had lunch in town
and then went out to the grounds of the
South Florida Text Co. which I spent
seven two hours in inspecting the apparatus
where we are examining into the elements
in light that causes deterioration in fabrics
for the Quartermaster's Department of the
Army. This work is near an end and
the station here will be terminated - now
Pore 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 4:30 Pore took me to Mrs.
Fisher's very pleasant residence in
a real development north of Miami
where I had dinner with Mrs.
Fisher, Mrs. Clyde Biggles and Mrs.
& Mrs. Clyde Connolly. Afterward
they took us to the airport where
there was the usual jam of passengers
through us. Connolly I 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, adapted to
capacity with passengers.
We took off at 8:30 following
which I had samples of lighted tires
As we crossed Cuba, the moon
set appearing very red from our elevation
as it came down to the horizon and
rept at intervals.

March 7, Monday.

We came down in the island east
of Balboa at 1:00 a.m., disembarked
and were soon checked through
immigration and customs thanks to
Mrs. W. H. Hester in the departing us.

Next day at the hotel where the
usual actions of Trenches gray and
mosses welcomed us at dawn.

James Zittel came to meet us at
breakfast at 7:30, where also I had a
telephone call from Earl Curtis at Gamboa
telling me that he was home from the hospital
and everything was in line for us to go to

the La Jaguea Hunting Club whenever
we were ready.

After some discussion of business
matters with Zittel we drove to the
Administration Building to call on
Col. Holte, Assistant Governor of the
Canal Zone. From him I learned that the
road has been built recently up on the
Cerro Azul. Col. Holte has been helpful
in the affairs of Barro Colorado Island.

We called next at the office of
the Chief of Police relative to a visitors
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 Hall who is away. Captain
Buell his aide is visiting the Sterling
in Chiriqui Province this weekend.
I met Capt. Jamiel and informed
him that I was going to Barro
Colorado Island to return Thursday
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 Enriquez Jimenez, nick-
named "Bebe" was development
route from some 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
Talamanca Airport - possibly 6 miles
long and goes up through the
forest.

Returned to the hotel for lunch where
I met Mr. [] who had been in
charge of the Panamanian Survey crew under
the War Department engineers in San Jose
Island when Morrison and I were there
in 1945.

Made reservations at the Pan American

Arriving office at the Tirol to
return from Barber to Miss May
6.

Charles Richardson, our old taxi driver
who used to drive Tom Barber came at
3¹⁵ and went first to get some identification
photos for Perrygo at Fotó Charles.
We found the ~~museum~~ ^{narrowly} closed with a
sign indicating hours from 8⁰⁰ a.m.
to 1³⁰ p.m. except Monday when closed and
Saturday and Sunday when it is open
from 2 to 6 p.m.

At the gorges ~~described~~ 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 in 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 Mrs. & Mrs. Lee Gony - Mrs. Gony
formerly Adèle Bous, clerk for Zetli.
We dined as Zetli's guest at El Panchito
in Panama City, a good dinner and
excellent music, especially by an
organ player.

March 8, Tuesday
We were up at 5¹⁵ this morning,
had breakfast at the Aueon club house
When Charles Richardson called for us
and took to the 7⁰⁰ a.m. train for
Frijoles. Chichi met us with the
taxi lunch and we were soon at
the island ^{Ratón} ~~Hartmann~~ Hartmann crossed with no.
He is serving as assistant to Dr. Hartman
and working on pedromels. Hartmann
was with Endre and also with Pearson
in Darién in the Pivi section. His
address Ratón Hartmann, 16A
Avenida Norte, Panamá, P. R. de P.
Am letter with him during the
day of Aueon - much impressed

with him and believe that
he would be a good field companion.
He is making his first week's and
is consistent.

At 10:00 the day is and around
the laboratory. A party of 10 is
going into several of the
Coca-Cola can for the Sun-Veg
and some people, including one
who had lived with Venturi
Barrie, people in Venice, P. R.

Cool in evening with outside
temperature at 17.4°

March 9, Wednesday

Awoke at dawn and had a short
trip before breakfast to watch the birds
around the clearing. After eating
Zetok and I talked business for nearly
an hour.

Berrygo and I went out then
on Shamant road 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 marmosets back of the laboratory, 3
bands each of White-faced and Howler
monkeys and jumped several
Agoutis.

Tabebuia is just ending its
flowering period. Jucurunda is
beginning its purple flowers filling
the tops of the trees. Triplaris is
in blossom as is Miconia.

Zetok and I talked most of
the afternoon, could be 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. G. Snelly and Lt. Gen. Hale met us
at our comfortable quarters and in an

We had an array of passes papers
and a sup. Speedometer 11,274 miles.

Returned to the Hotel for lunch.

In afternoon I stopped to see
Zelik 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.
Cobtree, Provost Marshall, in arranging
for a Drivers Permit for the Republic of
Panama.

I found Karl in Apt. C, House
in Gamboa and had a very
pleasant visit, and took arrangements
for my work.

I returned at 4:30 as Zelik had
told me that he wanted to talk
further on 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,
Aide 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

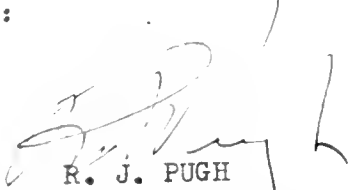
IN REPLY
REFER TO:

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 a the first hint of dawn
and we soon went breakfast.

Afterward I took the jeep down to
Frank 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
meantime we had purchased
food at the commissary and attended
to other matters.

At 2⁰⁰ we reached the Chase
Bank and drew some money. Made
further purchases at the Balboa
Commissary and then took Zetlik
to call on Dr. Clark in charge of
research for the Eastman 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 coming through and I took

Captain and Mrs. Small 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 robot again was our alarm
clock and by 7³⁰ we were checked
out packed and on our way to
Zet's House.

Here we met Hank 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 9⁰⁰ we called for Dr. Howard
Clark at the Gorges Ranch, laboratory
and started for Pacora. Mr. John
Hushing, U.S. Marshall was also with
the party. ~~A~~

We came out the highway
past Tocumen airport and then

on the highway to Pacora. Then
we turned off and at 11²⁵ reached
the Jaynes Hunting Club.

Here we unloaded and proceeded
to organize our outfit. Hired
Baldomero as hunter assistant at
\$10 per week to begin immediately.
Charles Simpson, Jamaica, known as
"Simco" 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
Cucora River.

Went in to Pacora at 3³⁰ when
I again visited Jose Luis, Chinese
storekeeper 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 with the same

that we will have to bring it
from Panama City.

On return we left rice and
beans at Baldomero's two establish-
ments, one at San José with a
young woman and a flock of
children and another near our camp
north of the.

We had but time for supper.
Baldomero should have a gun, took a
flashlight and set out on a
night hunt for bats, muscovy
ducks.

Moon nearly full. The breeze
soft and cool and many Panamanians
calling.

There was much friendly conversation
during the evening as to whether the beef
steak 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).



Panama file

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 |
| Total for 16 years | 269 | 8,110 |

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 | 630 |
| 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 & 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 run 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 sunrise and then Perrygo and I walked out along a band of trees bordering the

Broad marshy bed now dry
that is the Rio de la Jagua. From
the knoll at camp we look out
across a half mile to a mile of swamp
to other banks of trees. Outland are
the extensive prairies with lines of
timber running through and behind
is the Serrania Caribona which
run over ~~low~~ behind Chepa.

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 unanimously.

About 2:00 p.m. the truck left
taking Baldomero with it as far as
Pacom. 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
^{Clarence}~~Thomas~~ Simpson, who is to be married,
appeared trembling a bicycle to ride on
his return was blown off a week. Clarence
it says he is from British Honduras
where he has been for 10 years, and he
has been in the air for 10 years.
He has two children with
him, and one says that when it is
time he wants to take his wife
and family to the States. He
will not be any more as there is
no chance of that. He has
two more eggs. ^{Clarence} says he has
thousands of dollars in the States
and that he can take his family home
to live in the States.

The truck was here this morning
and we had a good night's sleep
in the truck. It was a large
place, covered up on a paper, and
the air was very good. We were
very comfortable and happy.
We finished the preparation of
our specimens in the night.

March 14, Monday

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 in the monte. We collected again in the narrow band of timber along the Rio de Jucua, going a little farther along.

Birds were abundant and active and the shooting was easy as most were in the ground growth or in low trees. By nine thirty we had secured 20 specimens and returned to camp.

For our bath we go to the pozos 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 walked I was interested to see a *Fluvicola* juca 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 Tafia marshes near Tucuman. This is near the most northern point 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, Tucuman, C. Z. He lives at Building 351, room 101 in Tucuman below the Tiroli and next to the Masonic Hall.

Perrygo took ~~charge~~ ^{charge} of it to Pacora in the jeep to get the rest

of his clothing, and returned with
a stock of J. L. Lantins.

The sky was clear most of
the day but the steady breeze
tempered the heat so that it was
comfortable - 115° skin in the
shelter of the kitchen which was 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, wet
dry with here & there water bordered
by green. Beyond is an embankment
and of this soil a mile to a mile
away. There are many cup
among them.

At dusk the paraguas came out in
down lanes so that we had a dozen calls
vociferously. Bats circled past, a good many
teal were flying and we had a glimpse
of one curlew out.

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 moon
in hope that they would see in the
face a number that if they could find
it in a lottery ticket would give them
luck.
We sat out in the shade, 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 was
clarence 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 me to avoid trouble with
the Panama City police. She is now 17.

We drove down to the Rio Pacora whose
shallow water ran swiftly over a sandy,
gravelly bed. We left the car at some
old army installation, crossed the

clear stream here a hundred feet wide
and fringed in the woods on the
opposite bank. There were rather
narrow stands of tall grass 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. On the mountains
as usual bear-tracks.

The Rio Cabobé 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 Simpan's house at
ten we found that the ice truck had
not come though we were assured
that it always passed by night. In
Pacora also there was no ice, and
our friend Jose had 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 mangoes
with canned cherries for dessert. The
boys are interested that we eat
their kind of food as they have never
seen Americans do this before.

Less than 20 specimens were cleared up
without difficulty so that at a little
after four Peruygo went in to Pacora
getting Clarence to make another try
for the sat out in the cool air in the
shade between the house and two cajeñ
trees to write my notes with the pleasant
view of the marsh spread out before me.
Later Peruygo 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 with (jer nofija) alighted in
a tree and we and it for some time
with its slender form bent over against
the wind. Two chachalacas came out on
opposite branches 75 yds away. A red parrot
began to circle around the cajeñ trees.
In the evening I sent Euldomero
out with a headlight to try for Muscovy

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 Chico and back of Chumian were obscured however for much of the day so that scenery by considerable water full then.

We drove down the the villages of Chico that I had visited last April and following the same route that I had taken then with field glasses succeeded them in collecting the black-necked stilts, the Dendrocygna and the many more warblers that had impressed me as particularly desirable.

We left the car at a little house 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 several 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 Balconeros about seven ties that each of us would have a help, and he worked out fairly well.

In the afternoon Jaytis, 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. Jaytis remained to watch the skinning throughout the afternoon.

We have rigged two water proof sheets for a shelter on the leeward side of the house and do our skinning there.

The bat with 3 white lines on the
back perhaps to which was taken in the
hickory. They are common around
the Club.

March 17, Thursday.

We were out at a new camp on our
way at seven. We picked up Belonero
and his son at their house and then
drove rapidly out to the main highway
across the Pacora River and then
went off on a road winding back
toward the ruins 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 along with a Guayana
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 Utié.

It was here that the Stirlings 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 ~~shore~~ of the trail
became too rough to continue in
the jeep.

We were here beside the Rio
Cabobré a rapid stream of clear
water so it is soft across running
over our large rocks and rocky
bedges, forming alternately shallows
and deep pools. We walked on for
a distance near the river and then
crossed inland up a small valley
cutting through forest. Elevation about
2000 feet.

Indians were common as usual.
Two or three flocks of *Chalcophaps indica* passed
successively above, just above the road
and in an old field. I secured the
first *Sophonis* *galathina* that I have
seen since.

We found no 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 Ciénaga Campans. This was nearly dry except for the center where cattle and horses 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 their glossy ibis. Perrygo selected 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 about him, darting playfully at a blue-winged teal. I jerked and wheeling in the air. We called it and as it swung past I added it to our other prizes.

We found *Habia melanocephala* 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 dawn, picked up Baldomero and his boy and then continued on to Uru. 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 recult. We secured good birds but they were not abundant. Only the marginal forested areas remained.

The land owner had built a frame 20 x 7 feet raised six feet off the ground, filled with earth in which he had planted tomatoes for transplanting later. The green netting against animals.

We took two cans of water from the stream in the vicinity of our camp, but with no other habitation above.

On return we stopped at two spots of monte in the valley of the Cabobé distant in an air line about 2 miles north of Pacora to secure a few more birds.

We were back at camp at noon. It takes about 50 minutes driving to reach Uturi.

J. C. Damsby, 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 Baldonero on foot in the afternoon, and Clarence after supper. Perrygo drove Clarence in across the rough prairie to the smooth dirt road and then ~~he~~ 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, some ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~openness~~ ^{openness}. We drove out again but saw a number of night hawks but could get no photo. It was interesting to see the white birds dart up, drop down and into the human mistletoe. I tried to

Catch round-bat 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 lake so otherwise the day would pass too slowly.

I am still under the weather and still slightly foggy afternoon however. I was improving.

We followed the route 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 159 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 much 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 jug. ~~The~~ Texas Nighthawks were not plentiful but I shot two 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 or 30 feet and then lurched off so that it took quite shooting to get one.

Pipits and meadowlarks flushed occasionally and one sparrowhawk 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 hour
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 Cabobri, 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 listlessness
following the festa of Saturday night
and Sunday.

At camp Clarence Simpson left
immediately after lunch to see his new boy

... we put up a
freshly dead 'Cryzomys' on the savanna.
Perrygo put in an hour's work on the
jeep yesterday and it will handle 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 Congo or tigua
palm mixed with thickets of shrubs
and vines. With completely dry river

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 Artimops deamanni at the border, Hylomyza and Schiffornis inside, with the usual run of forest birds. The whole reminded us a great deal of similar forest at Jaguá.

When we came outside about nine we found the sky overcast and a great flight of Swainson's 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 passing 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 Belding's Mermis went out in the marsh for a little over

an hour and a half, returning with 25 birds, including from 14 to 25 inches long. These we saw in Currupe city. I got 25 cents for the smallest and 35 cents for the larger. They were mounted on Indian tin boxes.

We found deer tracks in the marsh. In afternoon we had a steady chorus of Chrysomitris, Parula with occasional songs of Turdus gambelii and Sialia albigularis. A pair of Cats hawk Buteo calurus whistled and called for some time.

The forest area where we collected today, a short distance southwest of Ciénega 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

arias 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
alternating 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-dozed
recently had put a ~~bull-dozed~~ 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 ~~scholarly~~ with

rocky bed of the river ~~occupies~~
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 jup here as
staled and walked on down the
road by a very steep pitch to
a great level stretch along the
river called Bajo Grande.

There was one little group of
houses at the second ford and
another here at the lower end of
Bajo 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 and saw the crash of several
huge trees during the forenoon. The
result was the usual ghastly array

of scattered, gaunt dead trees, with
~~scattered~~ 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 end was
about 5 ^{per cent} specimens were marked ~~crossed out~~
per. We finished collecting, the
total being a number of fine species
not previously taken.

The return was uneventful but
late than usual. At camp we found
Captain Dell 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 4³⁰ when
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 plank on the metal roof and then rattle across rapidly to the other end, ~~with~~ a strong 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 Badermers 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 *congo porco* 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 corozo 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
Uivé 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 10³⁰
bringing us a fine Nychiopsis that he
had killed a short distance below camp.

Baldemero came back about 3 with
some 20 blowwinged teat and 1 Muscovy
duck.

Our night was much interrupted.

March 26, ~~Friday~~ 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. Dansby and Mr. Brackney
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 7³⁰

March 27, Sunday.

We collected in the band of trees
between the Laguna 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 views. 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 born 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 1⁰⁰ 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 Maje east of Chimán.

The hawk migration seems to have slowed temporarily. Baldomero killed a fine swainson's hawk this morning which we skinned but we used 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 mts. 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 pause 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 block 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 wear bathing. We also went down to Capatuna

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 of wood. He came past about four pm gun and ammunition. The result was a beautiful varnished 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 a short distance above Bajo 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 ago and chaining had moved by us on the slopes above. Arepino had two fields made and was engaged in chaining a third. He grew 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 *Excitons*. 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 Mucaracas 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 meate, with shallow mud and water remaining

in a few acres in the center. Cattle wandered over the dry areas which on the water were scores of egrets, many wood ibis; and scattered little Blue Herons, Great Blue Herons and one Cooi Heron. Curiously enough there were few jacanas. Near through or 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 evening owl.

We drove to Chicos to buy eggs, about the only place where they are available. This time cost me 65 cents. The small size compared to ours 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 chick (*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 Mahan, President of the
Club, drove 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 serenade
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 Jiménez, known generally as "Beh"
Jiménez 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
settlements 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 ridge 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, Panamá" 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 sparsely 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 parking the jeep Parrygo went in to the trail and almost immediately killed a fine male *Gobmanina violiceps*, 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 should the return journey in less than an hour.

April 1, Friday

We visited Ciénaga Campaña 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 lilies there were few water birds.

Since the cattle and horses walk and fire over these ciénegas 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 woods. 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 a mule. Here I was

interested to find a little flock of
the giant dove Crotophaga major.
I secured two.

Perrygo secured our first specimen
of Busardelus nigricollis in the
Ciénaga. It appears to me very close
to Buteogallus.

While we were bathing after returns
to camp Fred Pierce arrived in his
truck bringing Karl Curtis, John
Austing and Van Almsheyman. The
afternoon was devoted to skinning and
the evening to talk so that there was
little chance for notes.

Some flies were bad in the early
part of the night - so that I got
up and put on insect repellent.
Blacksomers went out with a jacklight
and returned about 10:00 with 203
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 monte
containing many large trees so that
it was an attractive place for birds. The
river crossing which is below Pacora
is known as Mundinga. 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 "nunda" tied before him being
led as a suspect with behind a horse
with another group bringing up the
rear. He was supposed to be some
prisoner escaped from Pinarua a city
who had been found walking the
lower trails naked, carrying his clothes
in a bundle "to keep from getting them
spred with ticks." He was evidently
a bad character as he said of 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 10⁰⁰. The men left soon after.

I was interested to collect Noctuids today.

Yesterday the seivana adjacent to the clay 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 pounding of distant surf. Burns still continues, so heavily that smoke obscured the distant view completely.

Quite warm today with sand flies bad in afternoon. Asses & ruffiant kept 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 burning on the land completely obscured the mountains.

We drove through San José to a point lower down than the Rio Sakora than that reached yesterday in an area of junipers and monte alba. San Joaquín. We

continued down to a channel of the Pecos and then returned. Hot and close without a breeze.

At camp a horse came up from the south and it was pleasant. W.S. Marshall John Mackay came out in the afternoon with friends.

Work 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 mounds
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 Myiarchus do this before.

There are large bats in the mounds
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 6⁴⁰ a.m. and drove
through to Balboa arriving at the town
at 7⁵⁰. A hair trim and a shave
was the best that I could do to offset
the country wash and fuss 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 2⁴⁰ left for camp.

Then I found that Perrygo had
most of our gear packed in suitcases
for tomorrow.

Tuesday, April 5

The two days that we have
accumulated at this camp, were however
waste barked a great deal during the
night so that we were awoken
several times.

We were out at dawn, breakfasted
and closed up the club. Food Baker
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 Joyce Hubbing Club as of January
1, 1949

Capt. D.M. McHaren

Elliot Gelf

Karl P. Curtis

John C. Dansby

Dr. Robert C. Clark

Paul Brackney

Hon. John E. Hubbing.

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. I have for the month of
April for \$10⁰⁰.

I had brought Baldomero 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 Mamón
Pison for a good bath as we were
extremely dirty. The air was cool with
a sprinkle 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 got water from a
well at the edge of town.

April 6, Wednesday.

The generator on the jeep was not charging properly yesterday so Perrygo checked it last night. As we were still uncertain regarding it Perrygo drove in to Calbrook 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 artist Hartmann and a man from Chapo who has wanted to work for me.

The area was one of thickets amidst 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 adjoined by the river and there were smaller paths between. I worked through this for about two hours coming about a mile and at no time far from town. 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 instructing Hartmann on methods in skinning and preparing specimens. Our hairdressing arrangements are developing as today I found a little ice on that I rented for \$3.00 for the month of April. A truck hauling 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 had hauled 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 concern 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 by leaving Rutebo 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 Mucroni about 3 miles of the village to a section known as Camaron.

The section traversed was rolling with many small hills which became higher as we traveled northward. At first the land had been cleared but presently we came to forested hills.

The lower ground along the river had been extensively cleared and planted in rice plantations and yuca. The scrubby 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 bought here by the government from Don Santos and settled on free land.

We came home with 27 birds which kept us busy through the afternoon. The continual procession of boys come to watch but so far they have been well-behaved.

April 8, Friday.

We drove west along the carriage 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 visited 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 game place 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 Curmy 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, exactly 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. Chefo 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 Chépo we laid out our birds, changed to bathing suits and went down to the Mamóni 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 I've 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 skinned over with a slingshot at Paso Hondo. Word of our work has spread so that we had several dozen visitors in the afternoon.

An 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 *Cryptotis* 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 rode back again on the old road to the Rio Mamóni stopping at the Zanja Minón, I followed the course of the 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 *Teremotricus* and some other good things.

Cuipo trees are flowering now and are beautiful.

Clear today except for drifting clouds with a good northwest 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 were the reason.

Graywax and other bees were abundant and hummingbirds were present in great numbers. In fact I saw more in brief space of two hours than at any one other place in one day before. We collected half dozen.

The unusual specimen was *Rhodospiza* that Perrygo secured. We were back at the house before ten

with 26 excellent birds, including 14 that we have not taken before.

The drinking water that we brought from San José two days ago has developed an odor and can not be used. Perrygo and Ruiton went out to a place belonging to San Diego just outside San José & Perrygo is to obtain water there from the excellent well.

We had finished our birds by 4:30 when I walked out through the village to look at the fields. The hills are rolling ground that rises in low knolls. The steep slopes are steep and beyond the north end of the hills the hills are more prominent.

We were back today with dry air. The ground is very dry and the hills are very dry. The hills are very dry and the hills are very dry. The hills are very dry and the hills are very dry.

April 12, Tuesday

We were off early and drove rapidly to the end of the road at 2000 feet on Cerro Ullma 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 to the trail slowly

collecting as I went. Birds were scattering
and rather quiet but were in good variety.
Perrygo and Hartmann swooped thru
principally to Goldman's hummer of
which they secured five.

We had 28 birds by 10:30 and
then returned reaching Chepo at
12:00.

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 upset
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 me 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 Carbones 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 Carbones is a long rather narrow ridge running east and west with its higher levels open grassland. 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 ground was marked with tracks of pucary and deer, with one large tapir and two jaguars of different sizes. Perrygo saw one deer and Bateman 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 Setornis 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 it had put up 1 or 2 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 Porcanda 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.

I next attempted 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 pleasant cuckoos not taken previously. ^{near 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 company with most of the town people. This was elaborate with a saint leading

then Christ in his glass enclosed his
with clumps of artificial dices.
A head of him a girl bore the plague
with his head carved on it that I
saw early and behind came the Virgin
Mary. The groups moved slowly
with pale occasionally coming out
from his position under a canopy
supported by 6 men to walk up and
down the Am.

I went to bed about 9³⁰ and
the procession now more orderly
passed our house at 2⁰⁰ a.m. They
stopped briefly while girls with
sweet voices sang. The whole,
illuminated by candlelight, which
highlighted the serious faces of the
children and girls made an
attractive picture of simple faith
and, for the moment at least
of purity. It was 4⁰⁰ 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 Ana huy
leaving the jeep at the same point as
yesterday. Perrygo and Hechtman
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
rivers with high forest beyond.
The Rio Bayano lay here but I
did not quite reach it before I
had 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.

On town there was much
distant excitement around noon at the
cockpits and in afternoon the
majority of the people went out
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~~ ^{the} swing notes of his band. ~~Admission~~ \$2⁵⁰ per couple and the dance floor crowded to the limit. This kept up until 4 with the church bells announcing early mass beginning at 4³⁰. 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.

On 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 of the Alcaaldia 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 mosquitos abound in the marsh 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 interior.

Our man Cristobal was celebrating last night and did not sleep.

Hatibon Hartmann and I went from to Rio Mamoni, 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 to 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 ~~cats~~ ^{weasels} 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 nice long and is known as gato bananas.

On 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, Sunday.

We went in this morning to the Pacome 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 blown 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. So my disappointment I found that the second growth was the remaining tall hills 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 bath for the day however was excellent as we secured 23 finch birds 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 Carbonces 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 chachalecos appeared in low growth and we climbed back of the jeep to shoot two, both females. At the same point we killed two yellow-billed cuckoos out a dozen or so seen, definitely a migrant group. Beyond a brown hawk watched us drive up in a jeep and now it was in the car. We drove to the lower edge of the savanna and placed it in the shade when 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, it 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 mangrove forest 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 pufins 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 bars here and various old channels with sandy string 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 we found that
there had been a heavy downpour
for half an hour in Chyso. 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 ~~the~~ dawn
but cleared later. During morning
clouds came in low from the north
several times and occasionally it 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 Cameroon.
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 Cero azul and were held up only for a few minutes when one of the rear tires on the jeep picked up a large 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 huddled 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 inbrado, Carriaco. He was grinning came and boiling it down into syrup. One of the girls brought a large glass from the house and we had to drink of freshly pressed cane juice - guarapo.

Pedrogo and Hartmann went up a small lateral stream and came immediately into a level, forested flat here 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. *Phenacoccus* 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 ^{made} 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* *Hylomanes* 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 his Texas and had established himself here on government land. He was prospering as he raised his rice and corn and made syrup and panels 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 Yagao Hospital, and Dr. J. D. Stone, 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 Guahon, 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 *Melacoptila*

the pico gods - Tanager crassirostris
not taken previously this trip.

Barthmann took the San Antonio
trail and obtained one of the cuckoos
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 7⁴⁰ parked the jeep at the house of
Laurentino Castro, address Pacora, R. & P.
(Carrasco) where we had placed on
our last trip to Cerro Agud.

Perrygo and Barthmann 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 Rhinophytis

clamator flushed in a quebrada passing
through a n. open field and Perrygo secured
two.

At this early morning hour I found
the tall forest along the ridge trail quiet.
An occasional Hypophylax fluttered its
wings low down near the forest floor.
Woodpeckers and Trogons called high
and loud. On the clearings parakeets
(Civis) 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 clear ringing song
of Phaeothlypis which I secured. Another
shaded 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 Thaluramus. 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, ~~crashed~~ 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 travelled rapidly, with over 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 up a Spectacled owl - Pulsatrix - also. A 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 hill. We were held up here for an hour and a half or more but had opportunity to rest Mr. 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
mornings work and the dusty ride
on return. It was after then 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
Marquita north of town, and turned
off to the left travelling in
across the flats along cattle trails
to a section known as Bonyo.
Here we left jeep and walked in on
foot to the low hills. The flat was
of poor soil with scattered open
grasses that thickened into dense
brush. This was dry and birdless.
We separated but both groups
crossed to Lanza Jimón
following its border stream bed

upward - Perrygo higher up and I lower
down.

My prize for the day was a fine
female Chloroceryle indis. Perrygo returned
at ten with a beautiful S. pygmaea,
a pair of Hemicorhinus and one Microrhabdus.
This on our last day April 27 here
in spite of the large number of
specimens in the collection we secured
of 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
load 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 out to Pacora.

The savanna and the swamp below the club were dry and brown with the heat coming oppressively off the parched soil. Clear prose was still screened by its protective cover. Apparently some still takes water from it.

I went on to Pacora and then through the mock blockade of army maneuvers back to Chipo.

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 house to clean. A swarm of small boys cluttered the place as I had felt to kindly

toward Chipo 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, stashed down in canvas in case of rain. Clearance with our various discards of camp gear of no further use to us, but I took his treasure 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 at the near Pacora and went in.

A plan to overthrow the Panamanian government had been discovered and without our knowledge the Republic for three days had been under martial law. ~~and~~ 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 Pearce
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
over - and we followed through
with them!

Presently we were at Pier 18 of
the Panama Railroad here where
by the friendly cooperation of the jugs
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 goodbye 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 found Matthew
and Miriam Sterling, and Richard Stewart
with their mission'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 the trip!

Our bird collecting has netted 125
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 6³⁰ and saw them off at 7⁰⁰ for
the S.S. Ancon sailing from Cristobal.

Perrygo and I turned in our jugs
for check and cleaning, were given another
and in it drove to the Benarantia 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 'mockies, all too
far away to shoot.

at noon we returned to Albrook.
A very heavy rain fell at 1⁰⁰
P. M. The air here seems close
and humid after the clearer atmosphere
of the eastern part of the Province
of Panama.

At 3:30 our jeep was returned
to us and we drove to Balboa
to see James Zetzk. at 0902 Amador
Road.

At four Zetzk 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 Zetzk and then called
on Mr. & Mrs. John Dandy at 848 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 1:30 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.

We inquired at the Hotel for Dr. and
Mrs. Robert Terry but learned that they
were in the field on the Chucumajin.

Looked up Ted Pierce also but
found him out. Did some shopping
for Panama, etc. at the Club House
and then returned to Albrook Field as
a heavy rain threatened.

The air is hot and humid.
Last evening John Dandy gave
me a small section of an iron rail
from the old French railroad in view
of the distance.

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. Pierce, room 101, Building 351 below the Furl's 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 Pierce 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 Bayona.

In afternoon we drove to Yamboua and visited Karl Curtis who is much improved in health. The country out this way is green following the recent rains.

1015 - 20 Wednesday

We called on Lt. Col. Earl Harris, medical officer at the post who had visited us with Captain B. well at Lujeany.

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 to the Ambassador the Honorable Monett Davis who impressed me as a confident and forceful man.

In afternoon we found Dr. Hubert Clark out, so spent some time with Selk in clearing up details of B.C.I. business.

Dr. Richard Carrick, son of M. B. Carrick, jr., and Selk dined with us at the officers club at Albrook in evening.

Tuesday, May 3.

Capt. Randall met us at our quarters at 5⁴⁵ a.m. we breakfasted at the mess club house, left the jeep at Selk's home and caught the 7:00 a.m. train for Frijoles.

J. Rufus Hurley, Press and News Service representative for the Panama Canal, with Schallert, a writer from the Saturday Evening Post, arrived with us. Also two marine guards from the Embassy. Frijoles took the men out on the trail while I spent an hour with Schallert and Hurley. About ten miles of the system where Sabal cause a breach and took the latter two away.

I find in most of the day round the embankment on details without chance to get far away. Birds 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. Kendall.

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. Mumhank came on his behalf to express
a wish that he could not do so, news
just received of a death in his family.
Weather was uncertain as we
took off but we were fortunate
in having clear weather over the
Bayano valley when we were bound.

We passed Pacora and Chepo 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
Inca track of Chimán.

The Chimán was in flood, running
broad and muddy for the tidal portion
and then narrower, but a good sized

stream.

Forest began at Chepo, there being
much clearing and extended throughout
the route covered except for the small
interesting looking savanna at Alamo.
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
Pirca and Cuñasa. The lower towns
had some of the little houses built of
bores. These two upper ones were
entirely cane and thatch, the houses being
very 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 Pirca Cuipo appeared on
the ridges. The Bayano was marked
by a 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 Surra Rim was a vast flat
area with cuipo the dominant
tree.

We flew on west and southwest
here north presently in the distance
the hill at Gasachini and the
Serrania del Sipo appeared. We
came down toward the mouth of
the Tura and then turned west
over extensive mangrove swamps
crossing a low ridge to the
Coast when de la Maja Tira
and de la Majaual were visible
with the hill back of Chimán
beyond. Extension mangled at mouth of Rio
Majaual.

We were 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 point 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
Esquinete which flows into the Chacucayo.
We turned then west again coming
back to Piria.

This whole section is quite level
and is completely forested. The dominant
tree is seen from the air being cuipo.
Green forest appeared only as a border
to the streams. The kind of cuipo
was tremendous, unbroken and gray
in color. Along the lower banks at the
point I saw the few scattered huts.
Along low streams, these not being
at all closely grouped.

We had another view of Peria 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 would find 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 by scattered groves than the impression gained by ground travel.

We were on the ground at Albrook field at 11⁰⁵ 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 curves concealed from our rapid passage by air.

The Bayano should be worked from the higher settlements at Peria. 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 upper Bayano and the upper Chucunague. The most important work is an examination of the high country between Chumán and the Bayano. This can best be worked from a high camp established by helicopter. Capt. Toms at Albrook is in serious view and says he tells me that this is entirely practicable.

On the afternoon we called on
Wd. Herbert Clark and on Lettk.

A barbecue at Captain Leslie Snell's
quarters in evening with his
friends, a pleasant and enjoyable company.
Following heavy rain this room it
was decidedly cooler.

Thursday, May 5

This morning we cleared our baggage
at the Panamerican Airways office at
the Tivoli, and also registered for
our room.

Called on Lieut. Col (ret.) Charles
~~the~~ ^{Master} Pierce at his quarters for a
brief visit and then returned to
Calbrook 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
Calbrook and moved to the Tivoli
Hotel in anecon in a car from
the post.

Rain came and in our 3rd story corner
room on the north end we were cool
and comfortable.

Lettk came at 3³⁰ for an hour's talk.

At 4⁴⁵ Captain and Mrs. Snell called
for us and took to the home of Major
General and Mrs. Willis H. Hale at
Calbrook Field where we spent a
pleasant hour. The General was
pleased at our success and that
he expected to see here next year and
that he would welcome our return
and would extend to the fullest any
cooperation necessary.

Capt. shall then drive us to the
home of Ambassador Brown in the
Cristal in Panama City with on a boat
hill with a beautiful view both
inland and toward the sea or on
at home. I met Tom Dugue
who assured me further in
further work near Chepo particularly
up the Bayano River. He regretted

that we had not used this place
more. Also met the governor
& assistant governor of the Canal
Zone, Minister Crespo, the Cuban
Ambassador and many others.

Letik 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 4:30.

The plane circled to the east
on take-off so that it had a view
of Paoia and the savannas.

The Chrysocid was partly hidden
and could completely be missed
the Coro eyes.

The trip was completely successful
& good trip, and finally we were

down in Miami at about 7:00 a.m.

Formalities of entry were simple
and we were free by 9:30.

At eleven thirty we left by
National Airways for Washington
arriving at the National Airport
at 5:20 p.m.

Ammunition list 1949

| | | <u>not used</u> |
|------------------|------|-----------------|
| .32 aux 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