

R. Georgina Lloyd Taylor

# Galapagos Diary



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edited by Edgardo Civalero



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R. Georgina Lloyd Taylor

# Galapagos Diary

transcription, edition and  
notes by Edgardo Civalero

series “Memoria de la FCD” : 1

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The original *Galapagos Diary*, by Rosamond  
Georgina Lloyd Taylor, at the Library, Archive &  
Museum of the Charles Darwin Foundation,  
Puerto Ayora, Santa Cruz Island, Galapagos.

Galapagos Diary  
1938 — 1939.

R. T.



My acknowledgement and gratitude to Dr Alan Tye for his valuable  
comments during the edition of this text.

To all who made this publication possible.

And to all Georgina's heiresses scattered across the world.



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Women in the early 20th century were primarily unrecognized as active agents in planning, developing, and communicating scientific endeavour. Social limits, taboos and impositions prevented them from a number of activities and achievements, usually reserved for men.

However, many of them built bridges over those gaps and surpassed all kinds of frontiers, becoming the pioneers for a new generation of female scientists.

Until recently, the Galapagos Islands represented a sort of outpost lost in the Southern Seas: a land for Robinsons and adventurers. Women were not strange on the islands — they were among the first colonists, bringing new life and keeping stories and memories alive. But within the scientific scenario, they were not so well represented. From the beginning of the science-related activities in the Galapagos archipelago, female names seemed scarce in the expeditions and field trips.

Nonetheless, women participated in those expeditions. The present publication aims at acknowledging one of them and, by doing such, opening new horizons within our understanding of history, from a woman's perspective, in a particular context, and

widening our awareness about female characters doing or supporting science in Galapagos.



The notebook entitled *Galapagos Diary - 1938-1939* is currently kept in the Galapagos Special Collection, held at the Charles Darwin Foundation's Library, Archive & Museum at the Charles Darwin Research Station (CDRS), located in Puerto Ayora, Santa Cruz Island (Galapagos Islands, Ecuador).

It's a cloth-bound, 20 x 13 cm. commercial notebook with 158 pages of blue-lined white paper, of which 124 are handwritten by the author in the form of a travel diary, collecting personal experiences during the so-called "Galapagos Expedition," starting in London on December 15<sup>th</sup>, 1938, and finishing in the same city on April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1939.

On the front cover, there is a line with the "title," but no mention of authorship can be found anywhere in the text. The document was donated to the CDF on a date that remains undetermined. Among the papers accompanying the *Diary*... there is a note handwritten by several consecutive hands at CDRS, leaving testimony to the story of the little notebook. The first of them, produced in November 1984 by Jan Castle and Chris McFarling, deals with the identity of the writer: using references and context as a guide, and by process of elimination, they figured out that the mysterious author was Rosamond Georgina Lloyd Taylor, who was the wife of (Sir) Thomas Weston Johns Taylor (1895-1953), a

British chemist / botanist participating in the expedition. The second note, written by G. T. Corley Smith on April 24<sup>th</sup>, 1986, states that the author was, indeed, the by-then Lady Taylor; that she donated the text to him for research use at the CDRS, and that it was probably Mike Harris who brought it to Galapagos. Corley Smith declares that there was a cover letter, plus other papers, that were lost when he wrote the note. A third and last note, produced by John Simcox (librarian at the CDRS) on September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2002, declares the author's complete name.

Bibliographic sources provide little information about Georgina. It is known, through her husband's biography (written by J. H. Panry based on private information and personal knowledge, and included in the *Dictionary of National Biography 1951-1960*), that she was born in 1898, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Edward John Lloyd (of Plas Tregayan, isle of Anglesey, Wales) and Rosamund Anna Heygate; that she married Taylor in 1932; that she shared wide interests with her husband and had no children; that there is a portrait of her by Hector Whistler in the University of the West Indies (Jamaica); and that she introduced her husband to the study of botany. David Lack's book *Darwin's Finches* (1947), presenting the results of his research in Galapagos during that same expedition, includes her in his acknowledgments. Her name appears again (as Lady Taylor) when she published *Introduction to the birds of Jamaica* (MacMillan, 1955). She probably carried out the research between 1946 and 1952, when her husband was the Principal of the University College of the West Indies and based in Jamaica.

The "Galapagos" or "Lack-Venables Expedition" (winter 1938-1939) "worked on biological problems in the islands of the Galápagos Archipelago ... a stay of two months (February and March) on one of the larger islands, Indefatigable," according to T. W. J. Taylor in his article "Plant pigments in the Galápagos Islands,"<sup>1</sup> published to present the results of his work. Taylor used a sabbatical year in 1938 to research plant pigments in the Galapagos. According to Ted R. Anderson's *The Life of David Lack*<sup>2</sup>, the other members of the expedition besides Georgina were her husband, David Lack, Richard "Ricky" Leacock (filmmaking student at Dartington Hall, where Lack taught biology), L. S. V. "Pat" Venables, and Hugh Thompson (both British ornithologists). Lack organized the expedition and enrolled Leacock and Venables, and the latter added Thompson and the Taylors to the team. Biologist Julian Huxley helped acquire grants for the expedition from the Royal Society and the Zoological Society of London. In a testimony quoted by Anderson, Lack concluded many years later that "we proved an unwieldy party, and the age range from 17 to 40 was too wide so things did not go happily, except when we were in groups of two or three."

The text is handwritten in English in black ink, with a few crossed errors, added notes, and some spelling mistakes and inconsistencies. It describes Georgina's voyage from London to Guayaquil via the Netherlands, Curaçao and the Panama Chanel, her time in Guayaquil, the trip in the small ship *Boyacá* from mainland Ecuador to San Cristóbal and Santa Cruz, her stay in the latter island, and her travel back in the *Deborah* from Santa Cruz and Genovesa to Panama, from where she made all the way to

Great Britain. She speaks about characters like the Cobos' family, and events like the arrival to Galapagos of Lewis' yacht *The Stranger*, the strifes between the inhabitants in Indefatigable, or the death of Captain Stampa's baby. There are several mentions of war in Europe; in fact, some of the ships mentioned in the text were eventually sunk during the conflict.

The handwriting sometimes reveals the author's state of mind — a state of mind that is supported by her words. Boredom and tiredness are frequent actors in that scenario —Georgina asks herself three times in the *Diary*... why she came to Galapagos—, but also her cultural and social background, including what nowadays might be considered racism, classism, and sexism. There is robust and clear criticism directed at some of her companions in the adventure (especially David Lack<sup>3</sup>) and at the inhabitants of the islands, and some sentences that clearly reveal how "out of place" she felt sometimes.

The text provides a lot of hints about its author's interests and character. From the very beginning, there are continuous references to birds and plants, as well as to weather conditions. Georgina kept track of winds and tides, rains and moons. She described phenomena such as the "spit" of marine iguanas, phosphorescence (bioluminescence) in the ocean, the sexual behaviour of frigate birds, and species whose presence in the islands may have been described in her lines for the first time. She seemed to be an accomplished naturalist, curious about the world surrounding her.

She was a clear Anglican, sometimes giving the feeling of being a strongly religious woman. And although a couple of times in the text she shows some sort of criticism for other points of view, she is also capable of having a debate and considering different opinions.

She was a musician, loving piano and singing, and an artist of a sort: as a matter of fact, there are a few sketches by her hand included in the *Diary*... She seemed to be fond of sports, playing ping-pong and darts, and swimming, walking, and climbing. She also seemed a good reader, although just two of the titles she carried with her to Galapagos are revealed in the text. In certain aspects, she was an "advanced" woman for her time and social class: she wore trousers, did manual work on one of the ships she travelled in, and swam nude. But at the same time, she appeared to be quite conservative in other aspects.

The fact that the document is a personal diary reveals a number of personal points of view that, in other circumstances, may have remained unexpressed. In this private context, she is a bit "impatient" regarding different tones of voice and accents (e.g., Dutch, Scotch, or Spanish), she considers some people as "a bore," and uses several labels ("chink," "blacky," "picaninny," "dago," "monkey men," "sub-human"...) to refer to other social and ethnic groups.

She came from a Europe-centred, well-fed culture, and spoke at least three languages (English, French and German) plus what she defines as "broken Spanish." Curiously, she did not seem to have

any formal education in Sciences, but did have quite a proficient knowledge of scientific fieldwork.

In all, the *Diary...* provides a powerful insight into the history of science in Galapagos: many expeditions to the islands were made using professional or even luxury boats and services, but the "Lack-Venables Expedition" was organized by the scientists themselves, and they strongly depended on the local factors and actors for their work — and even for their survival.

Georgina's diary gives an alternative view of that expedition<sup>4</sup>, from a woman and, especially, from a non-scientific perspective. Besides providing an insight into the natural and social life in Indefatigable / Santa Cruz at that time (first third of the 20<sup>th</sup> century), including an impressive description of the inhabitants, she leaves a testimony of the hardships inherent in that kind of expeditions by collecting most of the details of her daily life, her fears and delights, and all her work during the period she spent in the archipelago.



The process of producing the present edition of the *Diary...* included an initial transcription of the entire document, and a later edit of the contents to help readability. Obvious spelling mistakes and inconsistencies were corrected, abbreviations were completed, the format for dates was homogenised, one-figure numbers were converted into words, temperatures were kept in Fahrenheit degrees, crossed-out words were removed, and words / sentences added later to the paragraphs between lines were directly included

into the text. In all, the edition was performed in such a way that nothing was lost. A set of endnotes has been added to provide information useful for readers, especially those unfamiliar with the Galapagos context and history. Some of them attest to the lives of people the Taylors crossed paths with during their trip, as well as some of the historical events they went through.

This is one of the earliest testimonies written by a woman about her life on the islands. Luckily enough, it was not the last. The number of women with interest in science that followed Georgina's steps keeps growing every year.

May the following paragraphs serve as an inspiration for all of them.

Edgardo Civallero  
Library, Archive & Museum Coordinator  
Charles Darwin Foundation for the Galapagos Islands  
Puerto Ayora, Indefatigable / Santa Cruz, December 2019

## GALAPAGOS EXPEDITION

### Thursday, December 15<sup>th</sup>, 1938

Left Oxford in the afternoon, being seen off by Maurice, Alan and Major Thomas. Crossed from Harwich to the Hook<sup>5</sup>, and reached Amsterdam about 8 A.M. on **Friday, December 16<sup>th</sup>**. Had a second breakfast and then went to call on Herr Klauty (T.'s publisher) who gave us an excellent lunch. In the afternoon we went to the shipping offices, and after supper to the cinema to see *The Ghost goes West*<sup>6</sup>. Bitterly cold with piercing N.E. wind. Stayed at the American Hotel<sup>7</sup>.

### Saturday, December 17<sup>th</sup>

Embarked on *S. S. Bodegraven*<sup>8</sup> at 10 A.M. Bitterly cold, ice on the decks, and icicles hanging from every projection. Large parties of chattering Dutch, some going, other seeing off. We have a fairly good double cabin, but at present it is like an ice-house and the temperature on deck is only 32.5°.

We are sitting at a table with two English men — Lieutenant-Commander Sir Sampson Sladen, and Group Captain Treadgold. The former is a nice old buffer, late R. N. and was in the London

Fire Brigade during the war, the latter a medico in the Air Force rather a bore. They both do tapestry chair seats.

### **Sunday, December 18<sup>th</sup>**

Still very cold with a stiff following wind. Did nothing much except eat, sleep, read, and walk round the deck. Two Dutch children wail and yowl the whole time. The company seems peculiarly dull. T.<sup>9</sup> played bridge after dinner with Sir Sampson, Captain Treadgold, and the Company's agent.

A starling<sup>10</sup> came on board, and a flock of c. 17 green plovers<sup>11</sup> were seen flying in a S.W. direction.

### **Monday, December 19<sup>th</sup>**

Clear cold morning. Easterly wind all day, and a lot of sea. Read, slept and walked round the deck. Wish it would get warmer. We are running on an almost due S.W. course. Finished reading D. Sayers *Have His Carcase*<sup>12</sup> and began Galsworthy *Flowering Wilderness*.

### **Tuesday, December 20<sup>th</sup>**

Rough in the night, but much warmer, and a lovely morning.

Port holes open. Captain Treadgold much annoyed by the youngest Dutch child who cried ceaselessly from 11.30 – 3 A.M. It looks the worse for wear this morning. The wind, still easterly, dropped a lot, but a heavy swell all day with drizzling rain, which

made walking the deck uncomfortable. Played the piano a bit, and in the evening T. and I read<sup>13</sup> the bass and alto parts of the Byrd three-part Mass<sup>14</sup>. Went fairly well, though stuck occasionally. Very boring day. Tired of this perpetual rolling. Saw blackbird, dunlin and thrush<sup>15</sup>.

### **Wednesday, December 21<sup>st</sup>** (St. Thomas)

Much warmer, but strong S.E. wind. Shipping seas continually.

Saw thrush in morning. What are all these land birds doing so far from land? Walked the deck. The wireless news<sup>16</sup> speaks of terrific cold in Europe<sup>17</sup> and snow all over England; we evidently got out at the exact right moment. Ship's run to midday was 290 miles; I won the sweepstake. The engines were stopped for about an hour in the afternoon for some repairs. We remained wallowing and rolling terrifically in the swell. A nasty day with much drizzling rain. T. played bridge after dinner.

### **Thursday, December 22<sup>nd</sup>**

Very warm, with little wind and less swell, but grey and drizzly. Games appeared all over the deck, which seriously diminished the walking space.

Did nothing. Played the piano a bit. A magnificent sunset, stretching with quite incredible colours, half way round the horizon. Started a cold and sore throat, and did not feel too well. Nothing but kittiwakes<sup>18</sup> about today.

### Friday, December 23<sup>rd</sup>

A glorious morning, hot and blue with practically no wind. Sported my new blue trousers Played ping-pong with T. Sir Sampson Sladen has retired to bed for two days with recurrence of his duodenal ulcers. We miss him at meals, and have to support Captain Treadgold single-handed. He has *angina pectoris*; has no use for Bach and Mozart, but passionately admires Chopin, Strauss and Wagner; pours contempt on Wordsworth, and is rather a soured and narrow-minded individual. Perhaps it is the *angina*.

A lovely sunset, with a tiny shiver of crescent moon setting amid the greens and yellows of the western sky. Passed the Azores before daybreak this morning.

### Saturday, December 24<sup>th</sup>; Sunday, December 25<sup>th</sup>

A curious Christmas. Hot, windy and rough, not very comfortable. The ship rolling and pitching a lot, and although the swimming bath is built on the foredeck, no water has yet been put in it. The Roman Catholic priest held Mass at 7.30 on Christmas morning, attended by the Vivas couple, 2 ships' officers, one of the German boys, and myself. There is a Christmas tree in the dining saloon and a gramophone constantly plays *Heilige Nacht* and *Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen*<sup>19</sup>, but in spite of these efforts it is all slightly unreal and not a bit like Christmas. Didn't feel very well and had to retire almost directly dinner started on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Had a splitting headache all night.

The Captain has gone to bed for four days with either influenza or gout. No one made any attempt to provide any religious exercises for either the crew or the non-Roman Catholic passengers; the Dutch seem very un-devout, and frightfully stolid; also noisy with disagreeable voices.

### **Monday, December 26<sup>th</sup>**

Still a very bad headache and stayed in bed for breakfast. Hot and not much wind, but rolling and pitching in the long swell. Did hardly anything all day, but played a round game with Treadgold, Mrs. Harris and the Schoren family after dinner. Sang the crew from the Byrd Mass.

### **Tuesday, December 27<sup>th</sup>; Wednesday, December 28<sup>th</sup>**

Strong N.W. wind. Very heavy swell and perfectly horrible conditions; very tiring to be continually clinging on to something. Crockery, furniture and people continually crashing and sliding about. Wrote some letters to Bobby Heath, Adrian and Mervyn Bell.

### **Thursday, December 29<sup>th</sup>**

Calmer and hot. Had a good swim in the swimming pool. A nice day with fresh breeze; temperature about 78°. Nothing much to do. Played the piano a bit, sang a bit of Byrd, played ping-pong and piquet and read. What a life! But conditions are much better with a calmer sea.

### **Friday, December 30<sup>th</sup>**

Swam before breakfast. Land sighted — the island of Dominica, a pleasant-looking green island. Rain squalls and rainbows; rather damp and hot.

### **Saturday, December 31<sup>st</sup>**

A very pleasant fresh day in the Caribbean. Swam twice in the pool. Captain's dinner, a terrible proceeding, very long and hot, with numerous courses of hot food and the temperature well in the eighties. Captain made a speech in five languages, but no one could understand any portion of it. At 11.30 P.M. more food appeared, three kinds of doughnuts<sup>20</sup>, and a kind of liquid fruit salad drunk out of champagne glasses. At midnight every one shook hands with everyone else, wishing them a happy New Year in several languages.

### **Sunday, January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1939**

A hot but fresh day approaching Curaçao. Swam twice in the pool, which was then dismantled. Squalls of rain and many rainbows.

Picked up the pilot at 10 P.M. and anchored in the outer harbour of Curaçao about an hour later. Unfortunately our side of the ship is against the quay.

## Monday, January 2<sup>nd</sup>

Ship unloading cargo all day. Went ashore at 10 A.M. with Mr. and Mrs. Vivas and the Dutch boy, Winden. Nosed about the town and went to the post office, which is inside the Government fort<sup>21</sup>, a rather nice-looking place with all the Government buildings facing round a quadrangle. Saw a full-rigged ship leaving harbour with every sail set, a beautiful sight. It was a Danish training ship<sup>22</sup>, and all the cadets were manning the ship as they passed Government House, including one man at the top of each mast and one down on the anchor.

Sat on the balcony of the Hotel Americano<sup>23</sup> and drank coffee and beer. Dear and not very good. After lunch went with the Vivases to swim at Piscadera Bay Club<sup>24</sup>. A select spot and very good bathing from the low white coral rocks into a clear pool enclosed in wire netting to keep out the sharks. Lounged about and had tea, then walked home along the sea, about three miles. Cool breeze and the sun sinking so not too hot, and good to get some exercise.

Fearfully hot in the ship, and our cabin 86° all night. Lay and sweated, but could not sleep till after 3 A.M. Moved from the quay at 5 A.M. and anchored in the inner bay, where there is more breeze. Discharging cargo into lighters. There is an enormous amount of traffic in and out of this port, chiefly crude oil arriving in small tankers from Venezuela, and refined oil going out. The whole island is a mass of oil tanks and refineries<sup>25</sup>, and a perpetual smell of oil hangs over everything.

## Tuesday, January 3<sup>rd</sup>

Most people went off by launch early to the town. Sat on deck, and had lunch on the ship. Afterwards T. and I went ashore and did some shopping. Bought some good silk shirts and pyjamas, etc. Clothes seem cheap and quite good, made chiefly of Chinese silk. Had a drink at a soda fountain and caught the 5 P.M. launch back to the ship.

Very hot night, and noisy, as they are discharging iron pipes and girders into lighters, and being very inefficient stevedores, they bang them several times hard against the sides of the ship before dropping them with a crash into the lighter.

## Wednesday, January 4<sup>th</sup>

Heavy showers of rain early. Went ashore with the Schorers, Vivases, and Mrs. Harris and drove about the island in hired cars. Went to the KLM airport<sup>26</sup> and looked over the aeroplanes. Not a very satisfactory drive, as the *chauffeur*, being hired by time, crawled along at about 20 m.p.h. Slight wrangle with him, but anyway there is nothing much to see on the island, which is rather dull and flat, with only a few low limestone hills...



...this sort of tipped-up formation.

Back for lunch, after buying stamps at the General Post Office. Very hot, noisy night; much iron being crashed about.

#### **Thursday, January 5<sup>th</sup>**

Heavy rain early. Left Curaçao about 9.30 A.M. without many regrets. Good to be at sea again. Steamed along the south coast of Curaçao and past the neighbouring island of Aruba. In the evening sighted the coast of Venezuela. Very hot with a following wind. Played ping-pong and piquet.

#### **Friday, January 6<sup>th</sup>**

Day at sea. North wind and cooler, with a slight roll. Swam early. Very hot at night in the cabin, and I slept very badly. The temperature varies from 82° - 85° usually in the cabin, and being on the port side we don't get any air in.

#### **Saturday, January 7<sup>th</sup>**

Damp, hot, rainy morning. Swam early. Reached Colon<sup>27</sup> at 12. Letter from David Lack awaiting us, asking us to try and make arrangements about returning from Galapagos. Spent the afternoon visiting agent, enquiring about chartering ships, planes, etc. and cabling to British Consul at Guayaquil. Everyone very pleasant and helpful.

Very hot, with a hot wind. Sir Sampson Sladen left the ship to go into hospital, as he is not getting better, and cannot get the right

food on board. T. ashore again later, and caroused with the agent of Shaw Savill<sup>28</sup>, an American pilot and others. We are luckily lying in the sea-ward of the quays, so get a good breeze.

### **Sunday, January 8<sup>th</sup>**

Hot and damp. I went ashore at 9, and took a taxi to the English Church which turned out to be the highest brand of Anglican and rather well done. Complete with bishops (Panama?), supplied choir, procession, Christmas crib and all. Arrived in the middle of choral Eucharist, and was rather embarrassingly ushered into the front seat. Congregation mostly black.

Left Colon about 2, and spent a tiring afternoon and evening watching the ship through the Canal. Sat in the dark on deck in an effort to keep out the mosquitoes, and there certainly did not seem to be many. Reached the Pacific about 9.30 P.M.

### **Monday, January 9<sup>th</sup>**

Very heavy rain early, and altogether a hot and sticky day. Swam in a plump of rain; very curious sensation; the water in the tank lukewarm, and slightly warmer than the air.

Mountains on the coast of Colombia visible on the port beam most of the day. Some new passengers had come on board at Balboa, including a Mr. Baas, an inspector of this line, who may be useful to us in arranging transport home. Hot night. Reached

Bonaventura<sup>29</sup> in the small hours and anchored in the river, only mooring in the quay by 7 A.M.

## **Tuesday, January 10<sup>th</sup>**

A very trying day, the hottest yet (88.5° in the cabin) with very high humidity. Went ashore early with the Vivases and the padre, and explored the place. A miserable hole built almost exclusively of corrugated iron. The local weed is a kind of sensitive plant with mauve flowers and growing about a foot high<sup>30</sup>; also a small mauve vetch. Some people went a drive into the jungle and brought back some marvellous flowers, including red *Strelitzia*<sup>31</sup>.

Drank at the rather large and smart hotel, then staggered back in the burning sun to the ship. Every shade of colour represented on the quay, from coal black negro, through browns and yellows of every shade, to white (very few).

A grilling damp afternoon. Tried to sleep, and woke very parched and uncomfortable. Left about 5.30 P.M. when things immediately became more pleasant — a breeze, a gorgeous and spectacular sunset sky, etc. A huge flock of small waders got up off the mud banks as we began to drop down the river, and whizzed about like a white cloud in and out among the wharfs. They looked like dunlin; are there any in this latitude?<sup>32</sup>

### **Wednesday, January 11<sup>th</sup>**

A very damp and much cooler day at sea. Swam in the morning. Played quoits, ping-pong, piquet and patience. Began a little packing. Temperature of 78° seems definitely chilly.

Crossed the Equator for the first time in my life at...

### **Thursday, January 12<sup>th</sup>**

Swam in the morning. A good bathe, the water cool and refreshing. Anchored in the mouth of the river Guayas about 4 P.M. Packed our belongings, including a parcel of overcoats to go back with the ship to be posted in Liverpool. Madame Aviles appeared almost for the first time and gave a large cocktail party to which most of the passengers were bidden. During the night we moved up the river and anchored off the town of Guayaquil. A muddy river with tremendous current and tide, sweeping down large floating lumps of what looks like succulent water cress, but with a large mauve flower<sup>33</sup>.

### **Friday, January 13<sup>th</sup>**

Up early to interview port officials, doctor, etc. Then Mr. Lee<sup>34</sup>, the British Consul, came aboard and, after farewells all round, we went ashore in his launch. Got through the Customs easily, and left much of our baggage there in bond, then to the Grand Hotel<sup>35</sup> where we have a large room with a marble floor and hardly any furniture, which with food, costs 60 sucres (67 = £1) for the two

of us. Letters from David Lack from Galapagos, a rather mixed account, and they evidently had the greatest difficulty in getting any ship to take them there<sup>36</sup>. I think we shall have the same, and the Consul seems something of a wet blanket.

Hung about the place, and did a lot of expedition shopping in the afternoon with the help of the assistant manager of the hotel, who speaks English and seems to be a boxing promoter among other things.

It is not excessively hot, as the sky is overcast, and there are showers and rain. Temperature a steady 78° or 79° in our room. Very humid.

In the evening we went to dine with the Consul and Mrs. Lee in their very nice flat high up overlooking the river. Another Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were present — something to do with oil, he very deaf and rather a trying couple. Very good dinner. Afterwards four of them played interminable and (according to T.) ghastly, bridge, and Mr. Lee and I sat on the balcony talking. Went back to the hotel at 1 A.M. and slept well.

**Saturday, January 14<sup>th</sup>.** My birthday.

Got up late, and fetched our passports from the authorities. Grey sky, and not oppressively hot. Sat in the entrance of the hotel all the morning feeling very depressed and wondering whether we shall ever get there, or worse still ever get back in time for T.'s affairs. In the afternoon the Lees called for us in a taxi and we

drove out to the Country Club<sup>37</sup>, rather a nice spot on a hill side some miles from the city. A great many birds about including an oriole, trogon, some kinds of ground dove, and a flock of things that looked like starlings or blackbirds. A lot of singing going on. Thousands of martins<sup>38</sup> in Guayaquil.

Had tea at the club. People were playing golf on the 9-hole course. Drove back, and then all sat in the bar of the Grand and drank till supper time. A better day than it might have been, but this whole episode is rather like being in prison and not knowing the length of the sentence. Term begins today in Oxford.

### **Sunday, January 15<sup>th</sup>**

A large bunch of roses arrived from Mrs. Lee, a kindly thought which has completely transformed our hotel room. Had tea with the Taylors in their flat overlooking the main street, and borrowed books from them. They have many modern novels but no classics, no poetry, and no books of references, and yet she manages to complete Torquemada's crosswords in the *Observer*<sup>39</sup>. After dinner the Lees rang up to ask us to go round to them for a drink and chat. A pleasant evening and not home till after 12.30. I'm sure we stay too long, and yet they are so hospitable that they make it seem that they don't want us to go. Perhaps they are glad of a new face!

### **Monday, January 16<sup>th</sup>**

Negotiations about ships. Tea with the Lees, and played with their child, a stout youngster of nearly two. The nice young German,

Sachs, had a drink with us, also a horrid tipsy young American, and the silent young cousin of the Lees (female), then dinner in company with Sachs, who is a serious-minded and agreeable youth. Hotter today with more sun, and beautiful views over the river. It seems we may get off this week.

### **Tuesday, January 17<sup>th</sup>**

T. interviewed the agent Ricaurti<sup>40</sup>, and we finally agreed to charter his ship the *Boyaca* for 8000 sucres. This is about £120 and a terrible price, but as he has practically a monopoly of cartage to the islands, there is nothing for it. The vice-consul Ashton has returned, and it turns out that he is a brother of Fredrick Ashton, of ballet fame<sup>41</sup>. T. and he went to have a look at the ship, but I refrained, as there is no need to know the worst before one need. Had a drink together afterwards, and Señor Aviles<sup>42</sup> gave us a couple of mangoes from his estates, which turned out to be quite the most delicious fruit we have ever tasted.

### **Wednesday, January 18<sup>th</sup>**

T. went out early to the consulate, and later we went to see Mr. Fothergill<sup>43</sup> at the Bank. To tea with the Taylors, where there was a bridge party in progress.

Decided to accept an offer by cable from Captain Surgeon of Cristobal to fetch us in his yacht straight back there. This will cost nearly £200, but saves hiring the *Boyacá* back to here, waiting here for a ship, and our journey up to the coast, also gives us 10 or 11

more days on the islands, and gives us a great deal more comfortable journey, so is probably worth it. We shall all be in the poor house, but "sailors don't care"!

Hope to leave here on Friday and embark at Salinas. I shan't regret not seeing this place again, although it might be a great deal worse.

### **Thursday, January 19<sup>th</sup>**

T. went out at 8 A.M. to see the luggage from the Customs taken on board the *Boyacá*. Back for breakfast and then both to the Panama Consulate to get visas. This Consulate is situated in very domestic surroundings, and the Consul is very deaf and understands no English, but we scored a minor triumph by getting visas without paying anything. Various visits to Lee and Ashton at the Consulate, packing, and saying farewell, and paying bills. Drank with Ashton and heard his remarkable experiences in war-days. Early to bed in view of a cock-crow start tomorrow.

### **Friday, January 20<sup>th</sup>**

Up at 5.30 A.M. after a poor night during which there was thunder. Dark until well after 6 A.M. Left the Grand at 6.30 A.M. in pouring rain in a car with Captain Boicet, the Chilean ex sea-Captain who speaks French and is to be our interpreter in the voyage! An old tired man probably incompetent but kindly. The station was confusing in a sea of mud, but eventually we left at 7.10 A.M. in a motor bus mounted on railway wheels. A four and a half hours journey in comparative comfort or relative discomfort.

First through mangrove swamps and newish jungle, then through a higher arid path with bushes in their resting phase looking dead and finally sandy country with very scattered vegetation. A few villages with houses on stilts and walls of bamboo slats. Population very mixed. Reached La Libertad<sup>45</sup> almost 11.40 A.M. and taken to the hotel without a name. This though very primitive seems the smartest hotel in the place and is better than it might be. Oddly enough there are few flies and fewer insects in general than in Guayaquil. The dining room is a kind of whitewashed barn and the waiters two active and efficient young men. After lunch and a short sleep, walked towards Salinas partly along the beach and partly on the low sandy cliff. Rather hot (81°) but there is more life in the sea air.

Watched the technique of launching and landing the long narrow and apparently heavy surf boats which they use<sup>46</sup>. To them a matter of small concern though at times the swell of the Pacific breaks in crashing rollers in the beach. Then a bottle of beer at a pub run by (apparently) a Chink<sup>47</sup> married to a Spanish (partly) woman. The place is a kind of Ecuadorian Blakeney<sup>48</sup> and the people look nicer than in the city. Reasonably good dinner with hot stewed papaya<sup>49</sup> and pineapple<sup>50</sup> mixed. To bed early to make up for last night's sleep. Temperature of air after sundown 79.2°. The bedroom is a kind of loose box opening on to a veranda, and we have probably the best room.

## **Saturday, January 21<sup>st</sup>**

Up fairly late. After breakfast went to the shore to "admire" the *Boyacá* which was busy unloading and talked a bit with Boicet. The owner of the *Boyacá* is apparently coming with us all the way. Did nothing in the afternoon and after another visit to the beach, had a cup of tea in the rather smart hotel Amazonas. Then sat about until dinner: after that felt very tired and somewhat apprehensive. At 16 P.M. we were called for and taken in a car to the oil company's pier. No boat, but a dinghy turned up and we were told to get aboard. The wind and sea had got up a lot since the morning. We slid down a rope with the tossing dinghy. A fairly long row, tossing up and down, to the *Boyacá*, which unfortunately had begun to move just as we reached her. This meant a terrible tumble on board with violent grinding of the dinghy against her side. Still, we got there. Cabin tiny and boiling hot, and inhabited by three-inch insects which G. optimistically calls cockroaches. They run about in alarm when anything happens to the ship but seem to disregard us. T. got some sleep, but sweated his sheet wet and G. less. At 2 A.M. got under way for Manglarallí<sup>51</sup>, a tiny port mouth. A mixed and in the whole rather unpleasant day.

## **Saturday, January 28<sup>th</sup>**

[Owing to a variety of circumstances I have written nothing for a week, but must try and put some *résumé* of our doings.] On **Sunday, January 22<sup>nd</sup>** we arrived about 9 A.M. at this port which from the ship looks more attractive than La Libertad as the greenery comes right down to the water's edge. Stayed there

unloading cargo into long surf boats till 3 P.M. then up with the hook and away. Rather rough and got worse as night approached and finally I was sick. T. survived and ministered kindly and efficiently.

The next 3 days, **Monday, January 23<sup>rd</sup>, Tuesday, January 24<sup>th</sup>, and Wednesday, January 25<sup>th</sup>** were among the more squalid and miserable of my life. The *Boyacá* is a foul little ship, and although we very soon got our sea-legs and felt quite fairly well, the ship was pitching all over the place, the cabin was minute and airless, the food disgusting, the place dirty, the crew a collection of monkey men, the owner a fat and greasy dago<sup>52</sup>, who usually pinched the only comfortable chair. We had a row with him early on, when we discovered that our list of food to be specially ordered for us had been entirely disregarded, so that we had no marmalade, no tinned meat or ham, and no lemons. We could not face the ship's food for the most part, but finally arranged a compromise by which Antonio, the negro steward who had been specially brought to look after us and the owner, cooked us eggs, tea, and an occasional dish of soup straight out of the tin. Antonio is an excellent youth, black as ebony and with curly wool head, but he is the cleanest and smartest member of the personnel and most willing and obliging. The Captain, his son, Boicet, and the *contador* (sort of purser or cargo master) are all waited on at meals by the most repulsive sort of sub-human, black and gorilla-like, filthy and in absolute rags. I don't think he is quite right in the head, and goes about muttering to himself. The others rag him.

We also ate bananas and an occasional orange (these soon ran out), a very dry and stodgy sort of biscuits, and drank mineral water. We did not really have enough to eat, and were usually in a state of feeling slightly sick from hunger, and then having difficulty in choking anything down.

We slept with our door open so as to have enough air, so that our life was lived more or less in public except when we could tie the door to with a piece of string. The deck above leaked like a sieve, so that every morning when the deck was washed, and whenever there was a heavy shower, the water poured through onto the bunks. These were like narrow wooden shelves, with a very thin mattress, only wide enough to lie out full length, and so hard that my hips got quite bruised. These were our conditions for three days, yet so ebullient is the human spirit, that we managed to evolve a certain routine and even felt comparatively comfortable and contented at times. The best time was when we snaffled deck chairs (there were only two) and sat on the bridge about sunset — a cool breeze, and the crew more or less quiet. Luckily, we felt well all the time, so had a lot to be thankful for, and everyone was extremely nice to us, and did their best according to their lights.

About sunset on **Wednesday, January 25<sup>th</sup>** we sighted land (Chatham<sup>53</sup>), a remarkably good landfall in remarkably good time. Dropped anchor in Wreck Bay about 3 A.M., and then a few hours sleep in the unaccustomed quiet.

## Thursday, January 26<sup>th</sup>

First view of a Galápagos island, Chatham. We are in a small bay, with the surf breaking on the reef, and with black lava tongues of rock projecting at each horn of the bay. Low hills with the clouds low on them, scrubby growth right down to the shore, a narrow sandy beach, and the clearest water imaginable; every rock and fish is visible at five fathoms<sup>54</sup>. On the shore are a few tents and shacks devoted to the soldiers and their women, and a few wooden houses, including the wireless station, and a large bodega or store house, belonging to the Galapagos Trading Company<sup>55</sup>.

Sat about on deck for a bit feeling nervous and anxious as to what was to happen next, then to our joy saw two brown and half-naked savages advancing down the pier, which turned out to be Pat Venables and David Lack. Extremely glad to see them as one of my anxieties all along had been how to establish contact with them.

After some talk and discussion of plans we all went ashore, got some food from their dump of stores in the bodega and walked along the coast a little way to eat it. After that we walked up to Progreso<sup>56</sup>, where Pat and David are living in a room lent to them by the Cobos<sup>57</sup>. (Hugh Thompson and Ricky Leacock have gone to Indefatigable<sup>58</sup>, whence Pat has lately returned). The trail is very bad after rain, being a sea of mud, but we plodded up in about two hours. Very hot and heavy going, but no difficulties. We are very out of condition after all these weeks on ships. Had a good meal when we got up there, the best since we left shore, and was very

glad of pints of tea and a comfortable sit-down in a chair. They have dug themselves in quite snugly in this large kind of out-house below the Cobos house.

It was decided that David, T. and I were to go on in the *Boyacá* the next day to Indefatigable (Santa Cruz as they call it here), that Ricky Leacock should come back here by the returning *Boyacá*, and that Pat should stay on here alone, looking after the aviary birds and continuing his studies of mocking birds<sup>59</sup>.

T. and I left them about 4.30 P.M. and walked down the hill to Wreck Bay. The road had dried a lot even during the day, and we made good time reaching the bay just as the sun set. Another night on this filthy ship. Slept badly; over-tired.

### **Friday, January 27<sup>th</sup>**

Packed up and rearranged our gear ready for David to join us in the cabin, then went ashore, bathed and waited about for three or four hours for his arrival from Progreso. There had been a great deal of rain in the night and we guessed that the trail would be almost impassable. It rained on and off most of the morning. So we sat in the bodega and chatted in broken Spanish to George, the gentleman in charge, who is a very charming fellow and is guarding our things for us. When we were feeling a bit jaded and hollow, he suddenly invited us up into the upstairs house where his wife gave us delicious cups of hot coffee, most welcome. We then started up the trail to meet David, sliding and slipping in the sticky porridge-like mud, but before we had got any distance hardly we met him

coming down, soaked and mud-spattered, and with his belongings and a gun, bird-cage and extra food on a mule driven by a wild-looking Indian. Stopped in the bodega and had a meal of biscuits, cheese, and plums eaten out of the tin on a knife point, then spent the afternoon re-packing and arranging food cases for our projected stay of about six weeks on Santa Cruz. Finally stacked the things on the little railway truck and ran down the jetty, and got them on board. David had cut his hand rather deeply on some rusty iron on one of the boxes, and we had to fish out Dettol<sup>60</sup> and strapping to give him first aid.

Finally hot and exhausted about 4 P.M. we finished our labours and struggled along the shore to a sandy cove where T. and I bathed, and David paddled. Back on to the *Boycá* for yet another night, this time with D. in the upper berth.

### **Saturday, January 28<sup>th</sup>**

Plans are changed every hour in this horrid country, and this day resolved itself into a complete day of marking time. Pat appeared on the jetty early, and we joined him and struggled along over the rocks to our sandy cove where we bathed and lay about nearly all day. We tried to botanise a bit, and managed to identify two of the common shrubs of the coast — *Cryptocarpus*<sup>61</sup> and a kind of buck thorn<sup>62</sup>. It got hotter and hotter, and when Pat left us to return to Progreso, we crept under the scanty shade of a Manchineal tree<sup>63</sup>, where we drowsed and sweated away the hot afternoon hours. T. got his legs badly burnt from wearing shorts.

Returned to ship about 4, where we drank three pots of tea straight off. Had hoped to leave for Hood Island<sup>64</sup> during the night *en route* for Santa Cruz, but plans were again altered, and we heard that we were going round to Finger Point on the north coast of this island to fetch salt for curing the fish they hope to catch.

A hot, uncomfortable night. T.'s burnt legs hurt and he could not sleep. He has the wrong temperament for this tiresome kind of life, and gets too worked-up when things don't go according to plans. Very noisy getting off in the middle of the night.

### **Sunday, January 29<sup>th</sup>**

Anchored off Finger Point about daybreak, and a boat (including David) went off to the shore for salt. Away about two hours during which we got up slowly and had breakfast.

A very barren coast with many small volcano cones, and the back view of the high hills and downs that one can see from Wreck Bay, where we stayed the rest of the day. A hot, glorious day, with a lot of wind and swell. Boobies, shear-waters etc. along the coast and round the Kicker Rock<sup>65</sup>, a great sharp pillar of rock near Sappho Cove<sup>66</sup> on the north coast.

David left about 11 A.M. to walk up to Progreso to fetch some last forgotten things. We sat on board, slept and hang about. Wind rising. D. back at 5.30 P.M. with the news that a cable had come from Surgeon in Panama saying that it was O.K. about his boat

and he would come out here to fetch us. We can now leave this island with a still better will.

### **Monday, January 30<sup>th</sup>**

Sailed to Hood Island during the night, and anchored in Gardner Bay<sup>67</sup> at 4 A.M. with a whole party of fishermen and two dogs on board. At first streak of dawn David went off to the shore with the fishermen, and later about 8 A.M. T. and I followed in the surf boat with a crowd of people and two dogs. A nerve-racking performance as they are such awful sailors and stand up and shout instead of attending to business. However, it was calm as glass and we got to the shore without incident, although directly we grounded every one, leapt out and dashed into the scrub after goats, leaving one sailor and us to beach the boat. This was much too much for us, and finally it filled completely with water, the oars and other gear floating off. In time some of them re-appeared and a certain amount of order was restored, and then began one of the most lovely days I have ever spent. This island is *pukka*<sup>68</sup> Galapagos. It has no water, hence no inhabitants except numerous goats, and the birds do all the proper stuff about coming up to investigate one.

There is a long stretch of snow-white sand, then a fairly thick but narrow stretch of bush, mostly acacia<sup>69</sup> and cotton<sup>70</sup> with large bushes up to 15 or 20 feet high of *Maytenus*<sup>71</sup> and vines of *Cryptocarpus*, and then a more or less open area with stony earthy ground and bushes of acacia and *Cordea bursera*<sup>72</sup> with occasional

*Opuntia*<sup>73</sup>, sloping right up to the central plateau typical of the whole island.

We were greeted on landing by tame oyster catchers<sup>74</sup>, mocking birds<sup>75</sup>, ground doves, "conirostra" ground finches<sup>76</sup>, turnstones<sup>77</sup>, a few brilliant yellow mangrove warblers<sup>78</sup> and a buzzard<sup>79</sup> who came down to investigate and hung motionless within about 15 feet of our heads. The doves<sup>80</sup> are very pretty little birds with bright red feet and bright azure blue eyes. One mocker hopped on to my foot and another picked the buttons of my cuff as I lay on the ground. There were also plenty of the land iguanas<sup>81</sup>, brilliantly coloured with a black patch under the throat, greenish legs, red under parts and sides, and a yellowish stripe down the back. They were very much smaller than I expected, the largest I saw being only about a foot long, but they were absurdly tame and allowed us to scratch them with bits of stick.

David went off to explore the interior and we rambled about on the rocks, photographed birds and nests, had an excellent bathe *au naturel*, and when it got too hot, retired under the shade of a buck thorn bush, slept and played with the iguanas. About 2 David returned, and we made a short expedition to inspect the open region, collected some botanical specimens, then had another excellent bathe, and back to the ship for pints of tea. Left for Indefatigable in the night.

## **Tuesday, January 31<sup>st</sup>**

Arrived in Academy Bay<sup>82</sup>, Indefatigable Island, about 8 A.M. and spent most of the morning getting our goods off by boat to the shore. There came on board:

1. Captain Lundh<sup>83</sup>, an old Norwegian living in Pelican Cove.
2. Captain Stampa and wife and child<sup>84</sup>, Norwegian living in a cove in the opposite direction.
3. (On shore) Mr. and Mrs. Kübler (Alsations) and child<sup>85</sup>.

The latter lady welcomed us kindly (the husband being away in the bush) and allowed us to stack our goods in her backyard, to pitch our tents in a delightful shady spot in her grounds, and to use her drinking water.

Presently Hugh Thompson and Ricky Leacock arrived from the mountain (with the four Angermeyer brothers) and we had a lot of talk and discussion, checking of stores, making of plans, and lunch of biscuits, cheese, and plums. Busy all the afternoon making camp, had a good supper of Irish stew out of a tin and retired to bed at sunset to take refuge from the mosquitoes which are bad here on the coast.

## **Wednesday, February 1<sup>st</sup>**

Had a very good night, the best since leaving Guayaquil, and our net ends seem to keep the mosquitoes out very efficiently. This is an ideal site for a camp, being close to a well of brackish water<sup>86</sup>

which does well for cooking, shaded by large trees of the *Ilex* type<sup>87</sup>, a good soft loamy earth which takes the tent pegs, and very secluded. It may not be good in wet weather, being in a hollow. Slight rain in the morning. Did chores about the camp all day, checked stores, washed self and clothes, etc. Bidden to the Kübler's house at 4 P.M. for a cup of coffee on the *terrasse*; very nice, with baked plantains and a kind of little doughnut. He must have worked incredibly hard to wrench this little estate from the wilderness. He had just returned from hunting up in the forest, and we were presented with a leg of pork, a pineapple and several plantains. Hacked the meat into bits, which we first fried and then stewed with some of our peas. Not at all bad, and not as tough as one might have expected. Plantains good, fried in butter. This is living off the country all right.

#### **Thursday, February 2<sup>nd</sup>**

Wake at dawn after a good night, and had breakfast of porridge, ryvita<sup>88</sup> and marmalade. David went up to the upper camp. I spent hours mending the *ricksack*, a most tedious and intricate job. T. collected and did some experiments on plant pigments, getting rather interesting results. Lunch of fried plantains. In the afternoon we worked at identifying a few more plants, and had a long talk with the little girl.

About 4.30 P.M. the three arrived from the mountain, and a large meal was hastily prepared and only just finished before 6 P.M. when darkness fell and made life impossible in the open because of the mosquitoes. Hugh and Ricky are sleeping on the ground

with mosquito hoods in the small tent, and David out of doors on his bed with a net. Rather a crowd for the slender resources of this camp.

### **Friday, February 3<sup>d</sup>**

Ricky off early with Herr Kübler to catch crayfish. Hugh and David to look for birds. T. and I out for a couple of hours collecting along the shores of Pelican Cove<sup>89</sup> to the east of the main bay. Delightful and real Galapagos: black lava rocks, brilliant blue sea, mangroves<sup>90</sup> and dense coastal vegetation, sea iguanas<sup>91</sup> swimming about at the edge of the rocks, red crabs<sup>92</sup> skulking about, and a fresh breeze.

Back to lunch about 11 which R. had prepared by boiling quantities of the lobsters in a bucket over a wood fire. Very good, but they attracted the flies in millions and I did not eat much for fear of *mal d'estomac*. After lunch spent some time pressing our morning's haul, and T. did some flower pigment business. Supper consisted of more lobster but by all accounts not such a success as at lunch. The remains were buried, but were disinterred by the dogs during the night.

Sang the Byrd Mass in the tent by the light of the lantern with David, and then there being few mosquitoes, sat out chatting till 9 P.M. Rain threatened, and D. moved his bed up to the Kübler shed but actually the night was fine with full moon.

## Saturday, February 4<sup>th</sup>

Gray overcast morning, heavy shower from 1 - 2 P.M.

The whole party started off at 6.30 A.M. with Herr Kübler, three dogs, and three donkeys, most of them to go on a three-days trek to his plantation and the Tortoise Country, and T. and I only for the first 15 minutes to see the way up onto the rocky wall where the geological fault makes a deep rift to the Southwest<sup>93</sup> of the camp. Got a good view from the top of the rocks of the interior (mountain deeply cloud-covered) and the sea.

Collected a few specimens, including a pretty white shrub *Clerodendron*?<sup>94</sup> Back to the camp and had breakfast, Frau Kübler dropping in for a cup of tea. She has toothache, and we gave her some veganin<sup>95</sup>; she gave us some eggs which we ate with avidity for lunch, also her pineapple which was excellent. Lunch in the tent, in heavy rain. The tent seems completely water-tight.

Cleared up in the afternoon but the day was overcast throughout and much cooler, 71° and in the rain. T. up the mountain trail collecting, and I to try cooking flour *chez* Frau Kübler. Terrible plague of mosquitoes in the tent, but some success with Flit<sup>96</sup>.

## Sunday, February 5<sup>th</sup>

A peaceful day about the camp. Frau Kübler gave us more eggs and a curious vegetable called otoy<sup>97</sup>, about the size of a turnip and tasting much like potato when mashed. Bathed in the pool<sup>98</sup> with

them in the afternoon. It is a nuisance to have lost my bathing dress, but it doesn't matter in this pool, as it is quite secluded, and a delightful spot, full at high tide, surrounded by steep bush-covered slopes, and low walls to seaward, which keep the sharks (if any) out.

T. went for a short botanising walk, and I entertained Frau Kübler and Carmen to tea in the camp, sitting in hammock and deck chairs, curiously reminiscent of a hot Sunday afternoon tea on the lawn in England.

### **Monday, February 6<sup>th</sup>**

Fine, hot, windy day.

Went up the mountain trail to a little way past the top of the cliff. Very interesting botanically, and we came back after three hours loaded with material which took us the rest of the day to deal with. David came back from his expedition, having failed to get to the flamingos, but having had good luck with the *Geospiza*<sup>99</sup>. The others had gone straight up to their camp. Presents of meat, eggs, otoy, and other things from the Küblers, who are being very good to us.

Poured with rain most of the night, and the pork lay rather heavy on my chest, so I did not have quite such a good night as usual.

## Tuesday, February 7<sup>th</sup>

A quiet day in camp. David out early but soon back as the birds not were doing their stuff. Cool and grey all day, with wind from the west. Did many jobs of washing, mending, checking stores, etc. and had a rather chilly bathe in the evening. Frau Kübler surpassed herself at lunch, as she brought down a splendid stew of rice, pork, gravy, etc. and also an excellent fruit salad of papaya, pineapple, plums, and bananas beaten up with a custard.

Hugh and Ricky and one of the Angermeyers appeared about supper time, and must have spent an uncomfortable night as the mosquitoes were particularly bad. Heavy rain from 6.30 - 7.30 P.M.

## Wednesday, February 8<sup>th</sup>

The others away for the day to Tortuga Bay to see flamingos<sup>100</sup> and succeeded in seeing three, but had a good day.

T. worked hard at chemistry, having collected, with infinite labour, a sufficient supply of the minute flowers of the *Boerhavia coccinea*<sup>101</sup>.

Bathed in the afternoon, dealt with remaining Ecuadorian sugar. The part that was really too wet to store I made into toffee softish but quite palatable. Rigged a tarpaulin over the cooking place, which will improve matters in case of rain. Had just cooked ourselves a savoury supper of rice, peas, and tomato soup powder, when the others and Angermeyer appeared. However, they contented themselves with otoy and tea, after which we sang

Byrd's Mass till it was too dark to see, then chatted till the mosquitoes drove us in.

### **Thursday, February 9<sup>th</sup>**

Mother's birthday. Hope they are getting on all right at home. We are having a fine time here.

Heavy pouring rain from about 5 - 7 A.M. So it was lucky we had the tarpaulin up.

Sat about damply after breakfast waiting to see what the weather would do. Presently a boat of Ecuadorian boatmen was procured by Ricky, and the whole party rowed across the bay and landed on the cactus promontory on the west side, and thence to visit Captain Stampa who lives with wife and child in a clearing between two arms of the sea. A very isolated sort of place<sup>102</sup>, but rather nice with a sandy beach, various inland shallow lagoons, and a good view of Barrington Island<sup>103</sup>. Saw the great blue heron<sup>104</sup>, pintail<sup>105</sup>, stilts<sup>106</sup>, and a yellow shank<sup>107</sup>, which seems to be the first record for the islands.

Negotiations with Stampa to be taken in his boat back to Chatham not very successful, as the crank-shaft of his motor is broken. Meanwhile we all crowded into his tiny little house, where we sat in rows on the two beds and a few stools, making rather laboured conversation in broken English, German and Norwegian with a Swedish woman who appeared to be staying there, while coffee

was prepared and served. All these people are extraordinarily hospitable with their very limited means.

Did a little botanising but they keep goats on the promontory, and nothing much but mangroves, *Sesuvium*<sup>108</sup>, tree cacti, and a new bush (to us) of the *Euphorbiaceae* tribe.

Rowed back close under the cliffs, which are about 20-30 feet high here, and a resort for noddys<sup>109</sup>, the Galapagoan martin<sup>110</sup>, and a solitary yellow-crowned night heron<sup>111</sup>. Also several sea-iguanas.

In the afternoon T. had a great attack on nitrogenous pigments, and I did various camp chores then we strayed out along the east shore, but were caught in rain, and after sheltering under a Machineel tree (but without ill effects<sup>112</sup>) got back for supper of scrambled Cook's Farm eggs (rather nasty) and Ricky's flap-jacks (good).

### **Friday, February 10<sup>th</sup>**

The whole party except Hugh started off at 7.30 with Kübler, dogs and donkeys for Kübler's plantation.

David and Ricky are to stay the night in order to photograph the birds and T. and I planned to go along with them for an hour or two and then come slowly back collecting. This we did, turning back at 9.15, and finishing our way easily by the splendid newspaper trail, laid by T. on the way out. The country is very dense, with largish trees of *Bursera*<sup>113</sup> and *Pisonia*<sup>114</sup>, etc., tall bushes

of *Croton*<sup>115</sup>, and a thick undergrowth. The going is not very good and the trail very dim and difficult to follow, being confused by innumerable animal trails of wild donkey and pig. The chief birds, besides *Geospiza*, are mockers<sup>116</sup>, ground-doves and two species of flycatcher, one an absurdly tame one with grey throat, yellow lower chest and abdomen, and a brownish back<sup>117</sup>, and the other (*Pyrocephalus*) a brilliant little creature, with scarlet head and front, black sides to the head, and a dusky back<sup>118</sup>. All the birds are most confiding and inquisitive, and rush up to see what one is doing, directly one stops.

A very hot trek back and rather exhausting. Lunch of cheese, biscuits, and plums, and a rather good drink of mixed plum juice and water. Collected a lot of stuff, and got back about 2 P.M. Rather tired, and very hot and dirty. A slack afternoon but managed to get most of the specimens pressed before supper, which consisted of porridge, bread and marmalade, and tea.

If the *Seven Seas* does not come and we all have to stay here till April 2<sup>nd</sup> when Captain Surgeon is supposed to be picking us up, there will obviously be the most acute food shortage among our stores.

I don't think we can starve here, as there is so much pig, otoy and plantain, but it is annoying to think that there are masses of our own food in Chatham and no means of getting it to us, or us to it.

## Saturday, February 11<sup>th</sup>

Torrential downpour all through the breathless stuffy night. The tent stood up to the rain splendidly, and the porous earth soaked it all up, so that we were quite dry and not flooded out as we rather expected to be. Hugh in the little white tent was dry on his bed, but water got in below, not unnaturally as the ground sheet is not sewn in.

Had a bad headache and did not sleep well through the ceaseless tattoo of the rain. It stopped about sunrise, and we had a damp breakfast.

A very damp day, with little sun and frequent showers, the very worst kind of weather for drying our specimens, many of which already show signs of mould.

T. worked at plant pigments, and Hugh went off after lunch to the upper camp. A cup of coffee with Frau Kübler about 4 P.M. and much chat.

David back with a donkey and plantains, and pork, from the Plantation just in time for a late and mosquito-plagued supper. He had had rather a time coming back as the donkey has lain down and refused to get up, and when it had finally been persuaded to its feet and the load re-packed, the foal, Nicky, who always runs with its mother had strayed off, and had to be rounded up.

### **Sunday, February 12<sup>th</sup>**

A damp day with much rain. David went up the mountain after lunch to the upper camp. Vain efforts to dry our specimens, but this weather is all against it. Drank coffee with Frau Kübler and Carmen about 4 P.M. amid a perfect downpour of rain. Very bad mosquitoes. Felt depressed and bored, and wondered why I had come!

### **Monday, February 13<sup>th</sup>**

A much better-looking morning with the mountain clear of cloud, so I hope the others are making an attack on the top.

Out botanizing along the shores of Pelican Bay. Came across the rather pathetic little burial ground<sup>119</sup>, with three graves marked by crosses, one last September and one 1934, the third undated.

Played with a very tame sea iguana and photographed it and a great blue heron. Back for lunch.

In the afternoon T. did pigments, and I tried a sketch.

Herr Kübler back from the Plantage with pork, and the offer to take us there the day after tomorrow. A better day all round, with sun and wind.

## Tuesday, February 14<sup>th</sup>

An unsatisfactory day. T. busy with chemistry and developing photographs, I with a lot of camp chores, which proved rather trying.

Continued to wonder why I had come.

Today I discovered a scorpion<sup>120</sup> in my spare pyjamas and four fleas in my sleeping-bag. Every house seems to be swarming with the latter and I expect I got them at the Küblers. The fleas, mosquitoes, small midge-like objects that go for one's eyes<sup>121</sup>, scorpions and centipedes<sup>122</sup>, are a bit trying, but on the other hand there are no crocodiles, snakes, or ravening beasts of any sort.

[Inside a square]

[N.B. for T.

pH of drinking water = 6.5

pH of well water = 7.7

Reaction of soil (Kuhn's method) = 8 or even more alkaline].

## Wednesday, February 15<sup>th</sup>

A beautiful fine morning, and at 7.30 A.M. T and I started off with Kübler, three donkeys and three dogs, for a night or two at the Kübler plantation. Three hours walk through the forest, fairly good going but impossible to find the way alone.

Quite an inspiring bit of cultivation, 400 feet high in the damp forest region, with bananas, maize, paw-paws, otoy (which turns out to be the root of an enormous Arum lily), plantain, pineapples, sweet potatoes, etc. growing in profusion. A queer little hut of three walls and corrugated iron roof, two wooden sleeping shelves, and a cooking place instead of the fourth wall.

On the way up a pig had been killed, so we had supper of pork and otoy, fried bananas and good coffee. Rained most of the afternoon so nothing much could be done. Slept fairly well on our plank beds — T. and I on one and Kübler on the other, the three dogs and seven cats about the floor.

#### **Thursday, February 16<sup>th</sup>**

Fine in the morning, and we went out to a small swampy pool, and did a lot of botanizing and collecting.

Late in the afternoon it simply poured in streams; I have never seen such rain, a real tropical downpour going on for hours. The hut more or less flooded but dry in bed, and the fire made things cheerful. Did not sleep very well, as the rain drummed on the iron roof, and my bones were a bit bruised by the hard lying of the previous night.

#### **Friday, February 17<sup>th</sup>**

Fine, though grey, in the morning, and Kübler took us to a curious kind of chasm in the ground leading into a kind of cave or short

tunnel<sup>123</sup>. It was very damp, about 20 feet deep, and absolutely fringed with different kinds of ferns, epiphytes, mosses, etc. including a very pretty large maidenhair<sup>124</sup>, and a huge kind of hound's tongue, quite a yard long and broad in proportion. Spent some time collecting about there, while Kübler went off to hunt, and returned an hour or so later draped with various portions of an enormous black boar.

Back to the hut, packed our specimens as best we could, and our other belongings, on the donkeys, and prepared to start directly after lunch. It then began to pour, but in alternate heavy showers and clear periods, we left at 2.30 and came down in good time, though soaked to the skin. Not too tired and there is a certain satisfaction in being so wet, one can't be wetter.

Found David here, he having got to the top of the mountain, though the others and their precious cameras were forced to turn back by a cloud burst. The Kübler's kitchen was flooded ankle deep and altogether this seems a record year for rain. There was thunder on the 16<sup>th</sup>, the first for four years.

### **Saturday, February 18<sup>th</sup>**

A most disappointing and depressing day, as it either poured in torrents or had intervals of damp stillness — no sun or wind, and impossible to dry any of our specimens or the paper, and things are getting ruined.

Sang a bit after lunch, waiting for a particularly heavy shower to pass.

The other two and an Angermeyer arrived just at dusk, after a terrible journey down the trail and everything was bustle, cooking them a meal in the dark and putting up their tent, etc. A minor crisis on the food question is likely to ensue. Marvellous starry night.

**Sunday, February 19<sup>th</sup>.** (Quinquagesima<sup>125</sup>, I think).

A better day, chiefly sunny and with good wind in the afternoon. Did things about the camp and reviewed the whole food question rationing as if we shall all be here till the *Deborah* comes. Hugh, David and I out for a stroll along the coast after lunch, and sat by the sea at Pelican Bay. The colouring was brilliant, with very high tide and a brisk wind blowing.

Swam with Frau Kübler and Carmen, and sang after supper.

T. did a lot of work on the plants, and colour pigments.

**Monday, February 20<sup>th</sup>**

Fine all day. Hugh suffering from diarrhoea and stayed in bed all day.

Ricky and David started up to visit the Iclander (Finsen<sup>126</sup>), and T. and I followed after doing a lot of jobs, changing drying papers,

etc. Rather a long and dreary walk through the intermediate zone and beginning of forest; terribly bad going. Left at 10.45 A.M. and took about two and a quarter hours.

A warm welcome from old Finsen, who fed us on delicious coffee, pancakes and black treacle, which he makes himself by crushing sugar cane. He has knocked about all over the world, in oil, gold, revolutions etc. and is quite an interesting old chap with a lot of books, and a passion for philosophy and psychology.

Left at 2.45, and got down by 5. Mosquitoes perfectly frightful, as no wind. New moon.

### **Tuesday, February 21<sup>st</sup>**

A splendid drying day of sun and strong wind. Hugh not much better, and being dosed on Kaylene<sup>127</sup>. T. went up to the Angermeyer's after an early lunch, with the idea of exploring on the mountain if fine tomorrow.

Pancakes for supper, as it is Shrove Tuesday<sup>128</sup>. A lovely sunset and new moon.

### **Wednesday, February 22<sup>nd</sup>**

A quiet day in camp. Hugh not at all well and dosing on Kaylene, David busy with birds, T. up the mountain, Ricky up with Finsen and not down till the afternoon, and I doing a lot of work drying plants and cooking. Very hot (the maximum 85°, the hottest yet)

and a good drying day. Swam with Frau Kübler and Carmen in the afternoon and then to the house for tea and pancakes. They have no fat to sell and say there is none in the island, so our position is rather serious, or will be if none of us can get away till April. Tried to buy eggs and coffee, but no success, except she gave me three eggs for Hugh. Herr Kübler is away in the Plantasch<sup>129</sup>, so there may be food when he returns. A beautiful sunset with pink windy sky. Saw a short-eared owl<sup>130</sup> in the garden, and walked up to within three yards of it.

#### **Thursday, February 23<sup>rd</sup>**

A hot, windy day, after a cold early morning, the minimum temperature for the 24 hours being a low record, 65.5°.

Hugh better, but looks miserable, with his face like a skull and tottery on his legs. Tried to feed him up a bit, but difficult with no kind of invalid food, and other food short and rather unappetising.

Cooked with Frau Kübler in the afternoon and produced some quite good noodles, which later went to make a feast in honour of Samuel Pepys<sup>131</sup>, whose birthday it is.

T. arrived back after a good trip to the summit of the mountain. Swam in the pool, and cooked.

## Friday, February 24<sup>th</sup>

Hot windy day. A good deal of friction going on between David and Ricky, who don't hit it off at all. R. is very annoying and won't get on with the film, is much too fond of mucking about in the camp (incidentally being much the best cook) but D. has no idea how to manage him, and only nags at him all the time and can hardly speak to him without a sort of edge of suppressed irritation in his voice. D. is really rather trying, as he fusses like anything, and can't do anything without a lot of preliminary fuss and discussion. The food question is the crux at present, as we all believe in eating up our rations, within reason, and trusting to Providence and the Küblers if we really get stuck, while David argues about every crumb and is a proper hoarder. Now the rations are divided into two — a portion for T. and me, and a portion for Hugh, D. and Ricky, and breakfast and lunch are cooked and eaten in separate sections, which makes things quite easy for us, as we manage things as we like. Supper is usually a communal meal as it is smaller and the pots and pans suffice for all.

Our usual menu is:

Breakfast: 6.30, porridge or fried plantain bananas; tea; one or two pieces of ryvita with jam or marmalade.

Lunch 11 A.M. Stew of otoy, flavoured with some of our tinned vegetables, or soup cube or occasional tinned meat, or pig when we have any; pancake and jam or occasional tinned fruit; supper 5

P.M. pancakes and jam or syrup, sometimes soup cube, or end of stew; or ryvita and jam; tea.

We go to bed about 6.30 P.M. as the mosquitoes are too bad once it gets dark. The evenings are indescribably lovely, with yellow sky behind the cliff ridge topped by huge cacti in silhouette, the mountain looking like the backcloth of a theatre, and a young silvery crescent moon.

### **Saturday, February 25<sup>th</sup>**

Ricky yesterday succeeded in mending the Ecuadorian Captain's electric plant, and also put in hours of work on the engine of the boat, with the result that he was given a bottle of cognac. In the evening a party was held in the Kübler's house (Mr. Kübler being away on the Plantation) consisting of Mrs. Kübler and Carmen, three Angermeyer brothers who had come down from the mountain and four of us. The cognac was served round in liqueur glasses, Karl Angermeyer produced his mouth organ, and we all sang German and English songs and shanties, and a very merry and pleasant evening was had by all.

Felt much better this morning as a result of such dissipation. Usual camp routine. Sang after lunch, Ricky working on the engine and made it go; they may give him a lift to Chatham as a reward, which will relieve the food situation here. A lovely sunset, but mosquitoes too awful.

## **Sunday, February 26<sup>th</sup>**

Went up to stay with the three Angermeyer brothers "en arriba." A long trail with very bad going but broke the journey at Finsen's who in spite of being ill and on a starvation diet himself, struggled up from bed to feed us on delicious coffee and pancakes.

Another short stop with the married Angermeyer, Hans, and his charming little Dutch wife, Lizzie.

The Angermeyer house is very queer being two stories high but with one whole side completely missing. There is no furniture except two or three sea chests which serve for table, chairs and bed. They slept downstairs in the living-room, and we slept on the floor upstairs looking out through the wall that does not exist, and watching the Great Bear wheel up behind the mountain. There is a fine view to the south of miles and miles of forest stretching down to the sea, with the island of Floreana (or Charles) blue on the horizon. The floor was hard, but we had our sleeping bags, and they had arranged sail cloth and a rug, and we managed to sleep quite a lot.

## **Monday, February 27<sup>th</sup>.** Up the mountain.

Hans, Lizzie, T. and I started off about 8.30 A.M. to go up to the top of the mountain. About an hour first through thick forest and fern, then the forest thinning out and 6 feet bracken, then short fern and liverwort turf interspersed with knolls of rock with a few tree-ferns, occasional waterholes, and (probably introduced)

yuccas<sup>132</sup>. Reached the top after the expenditure of much sweat and energy. A good view all round, though hazy. Hans found a tin hidden under some stones with a paper recording the ascent in January 1933 of two Americans from the Milwaukee Museum<sup>133</sup>. Started down about 2.30, and Hans made a short side trip up the pointed cone to the west of the main peak<sup>134</sup>.

Found excellent water in several holes, which form a kind of chain down the mountain slope and might be a stream in much rain.

Got down to the Angermeyers by sunset, rather tired, but very glad to have been up, probably the first woman up<sup>135</sup>. A good cabbage stew for supper.

## **Tuesday, February 28<sup>th</sup>**

Felt very tired and rather footsore, so decided to stay up one more day. Picked strawberries for breakfast — delicious, both picking them all dewy and warm in the early morning sunshine, and also eating them in great helpings with maize and otoy pancakes.

Went to call on two of the neighbours in an effort to establish some sort of regular food supply. They were both excessively queer; either this island has an attraction for oddities or having got here they all go nuts. The first was a Norwegian, Muh<sup>136</sup>, who works an estate with the help of a tuberculous Czech. He hopes to get rich by selling coffee to Guayaquil and bananas to the soldiers. What a hope! However, he gave us excellent pineapple and

bananas, and arranged to send down bananas, and possible eggs, pineapples etc. at regular intervals, if an Indian and donkey could be procured.

We then went to Horneman<sup>137</sup>, who proved a great surprise. Instead of a brown, husky frontiersman he turned out to be a white, elderly, vague Norwegian, with spectacles tied on with string. His wife (the third in rapid succession) is a sensible looking German woman, and they have a quite a pretentious sort of house (for these parts) with two or three rooms, erected on high posts, and a large store place underneath. They gave us fruit salad.

Spent the afternoon doing a little mild botany, and lying under the bananas resting.

**Wednesday, March 1<sup>st</sup>.** St. David.

Left about 9 A.M. and went down to our camp. Had lunch of ship's biscuits, marmalade and raisins, on top of the cliff forty minutes from the Playa.

Found the *Seven Seas* in; Hugh having had a recurrence of tummy trouble and looking wretchedly ill; D. L. having somehow embroiled himself with the Küblers and being pointedly left out of invitations; and Ricky gone to the Plantation with Herr Kübler to fetch a tortoise that the latter had found there. Drank coffee with Frau Kübler and Carmen. David up the mountain. Ate a leek at supper.

### **Thursday, March 2<sup>nd</sup>**

A quiet and very hot day in camp. Sat about, cooked, looked after Hugh, etc. The Captain of the *Seven Seas* came in the afternoon and talked a lot, a very tough and conversational American, but he brought a lot of turtle meat. Busy all the afternoon "rendering" turtle oil, lighting a wood fire to boil turtle soup, cooking stews, etc. T. in a very bad temper, and hates coping with food and cooking. I think it is rather fun, but a pity food always arrives in a spate at one moment, and then a shortage. Now we have plenty of meat, two heads of bananas ripening, three pineapples, tomatoes and a few eggs for Hugh, besides our own stores, so the food front is definitely brighter.

Ricky came back from the Plantasch and more food arrived in the shape of tortoise liver. What a shame to kill these rare tortoises (strictly preserved in theory!) for the miserable amount of meat they produce.

### **Friday, March 3<sup>rd</sup>**

Very hot. Maximum temperature 87°.

Swam. Cooked. Hugh seems a little better, but very weak.

Hoed the beans behind our tents.

David returned from the mountain at 2 P.M. and Ricky later with chicken, eggs and a pineapple.

## **Saturday, March 4<sup>th</sup>**

Very hot. Wish it would rain, as the rain-water tanks are getting low. Out at 6 A.M. for a stroll to Pelican Bay. Saw ring-plover<sup>138</sup>, curlew<sup>139</sup>, turnstones<sup>140</sup>, and pelicans<sup>141</sup> diving. Did a good deal of cooking, and messed about the camp. Swam twice with Mrs. Kübler and Carmen. Phenomenally high tide, with the full moon. Later the three Angermeyers came down with otoy, and strawberries, and after supper we all sat round a fire I had made singing and talking; joined later by the three Küblers and all the dogs. Lovely moonlight night. The *Seven Seas* is supposed to be going to Chatham on Tuesday next and will take Ricky anyway, and perhaps Hugh and / or David. We have decided we don't want to wait long on Chatham, and will stay here, even if it means waiting till the *Deborah* finally comes for us here.

## **Sunday, March 5<sup>th</sup>**

We had intended to go up and stay with Finsen today, but at 2 P.M. just as we were all packed and ready to start, a huge American yacht, *The Stranger*<sup>142</sup> came in and all was excitement. The owner, Mr. Lewis, his wife, and a large party came ashore, visited the Küblers, Spanish Captain and our camp, and invited us to the yacht. Kübler, wife, Carmen, David, T. and I went out in his canoe just at sunset; rather an exciting trip, as there was a lot of wind and the yacht lay far out. Kübler sat in the stern and steered, David and I paddled, and T. and Carmen sat in the bows on the bottom. A very luxurious yacht, but not a very successful visit, as they were obviously rather bored with us, the Küblers could not join in the

conversation, and Carmen was seasick. But T. got some much needed hypo<sup>143</sup>, and tobacco, and we had a pleasant trip back by the light of the full moon.

### **Monday, March 6<sup>th</sup>**

Left early and went up to Finsen, who is an old Icelander living near the upper edge of the forest region. He had given up his own bed to us, and retired to another hut which was very nice of him. He is a student of politics, philosophy, psychology, etc. and is surprisingly well-read and up in current affairs. He and T. had a great deal of conversation, and I read some of his books.

A quite good night in spite of a few mosquitoes, fleas and cockroaches. Splendid great red moon rising over the forest.

### **Tuesday, March 7<sup>th</sup>.** (F. J. Ll.<sup>144</sup> birthday).

Went out in the morning botanizing and visiting. Went to Muh and ordered more bananas, etc., then to Hans and Lizzie Angermeyer and saw the very tame heron that has taken up residence with them.

Back to Finsen's for a good meal of omelette and "sweet soup."

Rather tired after a very hot day, but did not sleep too well and T. badly.

**Wednesday, March 8<sup>th</sup>.** (S. F. M. Ll.<sup>145</sup> birthday).

Curious to think the daffodils ought to be just coming out in England. Here the days are very hot (82°-86°) and the nights seldom below 69° or 70°.

Horneman appeared while we were at breakfast, and we talked about Spitsbergen where he had lived with the Norwegians for several years.

Down to the Playa slowly, collecting a good many specimens *en route*. Worked at the plants and presses the rest of day.

**Thursday, March 9<sup>th</sup>**

Did some washing of clothes, and had a spring clean of the tent. The one-eyed Indian brought a donkey-load of bananas, sweet potatoes, papayas, pineapples, and eggs. I cooked a stew over the wood fire but unfortunately upset the sweet potatoes into the ashes. However, when picked out and scraped they tasted none the worse.

Visit from the *Seven Seas* Captain who intended to sail tomorrow, and will take Hugh and Ricky to Chatham.

At sunset the Government boat sailed, or rather coughed and chugged slowly away, for Chatham, with the three Angermeyers and the soldier Mendoza on board. Let's hope they will bring back some food for us, and perhaps mail.

### **Friday, March 10<sup>th</sup>**

T. and David scrap the whole time, which I find excessively wearing. D. is vague, inefficient, and incapable of making up his mind, and altogether very annoying, while T., who spends his life trying to drill efficiency into young men, finds it almost more than he can bear, and can never speak to him without the pedagogue tone, which David resents.

Waited about for Murnan of the *Seven Seas* to come over as promised, but he did not show up.

Did botany, etc. During the morning the Government boat returned, having broken down hopelessly at the other side of Barrington. Cooked a large meal for the Angermeyers: luckily Kübler had returned with a lot of pork. At sunset Hugh was packed off to the *Seven Seas* followed later by Ricky, and the Angermeyers in the Government boat which is to be towed to Chatham. Packing up and farewells. The *Seven Seas* pulled out at 11.30 P.M. as soon as the moon rose.

### **Saturday, March 11<sup>th</sup>**

David, T. and I are now alone in the camp. Checked stores in the morning. The food front is now definitely good.

Very windy all day, and the black dust flying everywhere; most unpleasant. Sang after lunch. Had boiled eggs, fried sweet potatoes, papaya, and bananas and cream for supper. No rain, and

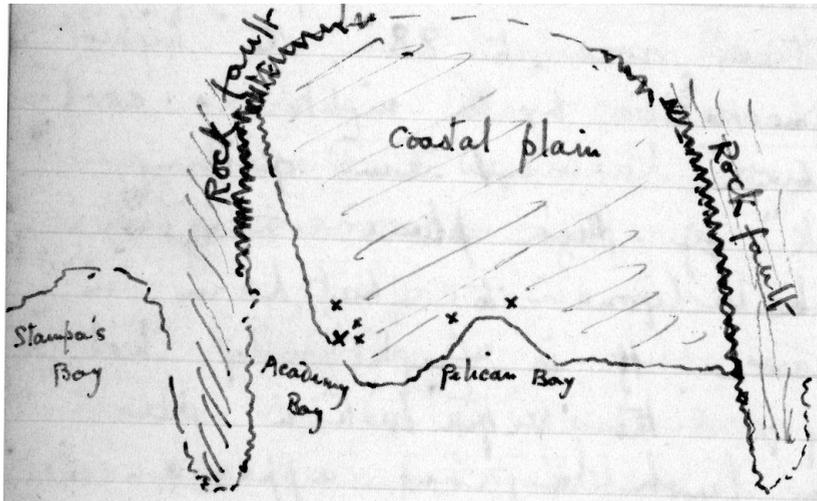
the fresh water is getting very low; we use brackish for everything except tea.

T. and I for a stroll round Pelican Bay, and caught some yellow butterflies<sup>146</sup> for Professor Carpenter. Lovely sunset.

**Sunday, March 12<sup>th</sup>; Monday, March 13<sup>th</sup>; Tuesday, March 14<sup>th</sup>**

On these days hardly anything happened. On one of them the temperature rose to 88°, the highest yet, to be succeeded by a night as cool as any — 66.5°. I am getting heartily sick of this place and rather wish I had gone to Chatham in the *Seven Seas*. It is frightfully hot, and dry and dusty; the vegetation has that rather lush and jaded appearance of high summer in England, and huge caterpillars are eating it everywhere. The rainy season seems to have past far sooner than expected, and in the few weeks that we have been here we seem to have seen the transition from earliest spring to full summer.

One day T. and I climbed up the rock fault to Stampa's side of the bay. A very good view of the country from the top, and it looks as if that fault bends round to meet the one on the main trail, and as if a gigantic cracking and sinking of the land had formed Academy Bay and the whole coastal plain at the head of it.



### Wednesday, March 15<sup>th</sup>

The tide seems to be behaving very queerly, so T. has installed a gauge to measure it. The piscina seems to be nearly empty whenever one goes there so that bathing is poor at the moment. The moon is about three-quarter past the full.

Kübler came back this morning and a present of a leg of pork, a cucumber and some monkey-nuts followed. Spent the day dully and hotly in changing the plant presses, and building a fire and cooking. Hans Angermeyer came in while we were at supper. No sign of the return of the brothers yet.

### Thursday, March 16<sup>th</sup>

Nothing much happened. David caught some birds *Geospiza scandens*<sup>147</sup>, which are now installed in cages.

T. did photography and a field day was held among the dried plants, some being packed in a box for their final journey. Very bored and not feeling very well — off my food and a headache.

### **Friday, March 17<sup>th</sup>**

T. and I started early about 8 A.M. and went exploring all along the east side of Academy Bay. Followed a faint trail with some difficulty, and finally arrived at a perfectly charming little sandy bay tucked in among the lava<sup>148</sup>, a little way inside the reef. Stripped off our few garments (i.e. shirt, trousers and rubber shoes each) and had one of the best bathes ever: a white sandy bottom, water so clear that every pebble was distinct, and enough lift and fall across the mouth of the bay to remind one of the Pacific swell breaking on the reef. Did not venture out of the little bay for fear of sharks, as I had seen one swimming close into the rocks a few days ago. After drying in the sun, we tried to find a way on further along the coast, but we were frustrated by mangrove groves and cactus belts, and having no machete to cut a trail and being hungry by this time, we started home. Some difficulty in finding the trail, and presently T. caught his foot in something and took a heavy fall, all his weight coming on his left hand. Great pain, and his knee grazed. Got home and did some first aid; think he must have strained his wrist or torn a ligament or something in his hand, as the pain is severe, and he can't move his hand or fingers without it hurting badly. Bandaged it over a pad of wool in his palm and put it in a sling.

Bathed in the piscina after lunch with the Küblers but the bathe delayed by the discovery of a huge fish swimming about inside.

Great excitement. Mr. Kübler entered the water with a fish spear and after stalking it for a little round the pool, directed and urged on by a chorus on the rocks consisting of Mrs. Kübler, Carmen, T., David, me and "Tiri" (barking furiously) he impaled it with one lunge and brought it triumphantly to shore, about 20 lbs. I should think, with a bad shark-bite above its tail. Had some for supper, which made a nice change, and at another meal we made fish-cakes of it and mashed otoy fried in some of the oily butter.

T. started the night badly, with his hand hurting like hell, but about midnight I got up and gave him a veganin tablet, which did a lot of good, so that he slept soundly till 6.30 A.M.

### **Saturday, March 18<sup>th</sup>**

T.'s hand rather better and not hurting so much. The Captain's baby died this morning, after being ill for three or four weeks. They are the most hopeless people and haven't the least idea how to live in a civilized way. The trouble with this one began by them giving the baby some patent baby food in such high concentration that it couldn't digest it. The woman also told Mrs. Kübler that when it was ill, she bathed it in the well (probably the drinking one!) and was surprised that it then seemed to get much worse. The other children all have sores on their faces and in their mouths and her only treatment for that is to stick a filthy fungus in a pot of ointment and smear some on. It is a wonder they manage to bring up any children at all but there seem to be plenty about. One coffee-coloured picaninny<sup>149</sup> is called Blanca Nieve (Snow White) which seems rather optimistic of its parents.

About supper-time there were frenzied shouts of "barqua"<sup>150</sup> and a white sail was sighted, which turned out to be the returning Angermeyers. They had managed to mend the engine in Chatham, and got back in about 20 hours. At dawn they found themselves 15 miles south of Barrington, the current off Chatham setting in a far more southerly direction than shown on the chart. The engine was temporarily broken down, but when they told the three Ecuadorians with them to row, the latter more or less refused, and when asked if they did not wish to save their lives they only replied "No es importante."<sup>151</sup>

Various articles of food arrived for us, including chutney and cocoa but no bird-food and the wrong photographic stuff for T. which is annoying. Made a large stew for the Angermeyers, and later went with them and Frau Kübler to pay a visit of condolence on the Captain and wife. We took visiting cards on which we had written an appropriate sentiment, but the visit resolved itself into a conclave about the mail from Chatham. The Captain wanted the people to pay for the petrol used in the boat, a most unpopular move with the German element in the assemblage. The electric light had failed as usual, and we sat round by the edge of the room by the light of two guttering candles, the Germans cutting the Norwegians dead, and vice versa, and me between them as a kind of buffer, with a vague sprinkling of Indians and soldiers, and the bereaved mother and a few more children in the corner. Indignation meeting of the German section at the Küblers afterwards.

## **Sunday, March 19<sup>th</sup>**

T. cooked a magnificent dish for lunch — curried otoy with the rice curry powder and chutney from Chatham. Swam in the piscina at high tide and had a long sing of Byrd's Mass.

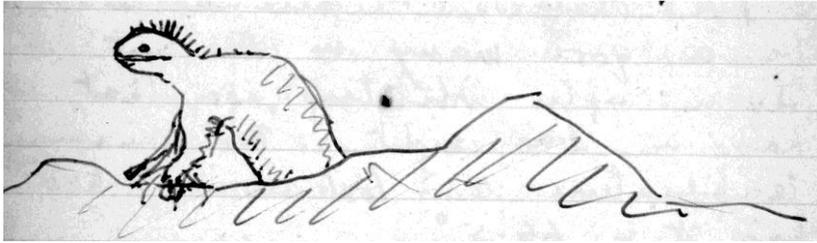
I cooked pancakes for supper; I can now toss them with great aplomb.

The mosquitoes were terrible from 5 P.M. onwards, and three seemed to be a good many in the tent even after hitting, so that we had a bad night. The minimum temperature as low as we have had it — 66.5°

## **Monday, March 20<sup>th</sup>**

David off at 7 A.M. to try and get to the pelican colony along the coast. T. and I and Frau Kübler (and Thömchen the dog) off at 8 A.M. to our little bay. Took about 40 minutes to get there, and as the tide was too low to bathe we waded and scrambled out onto the reef. Met David who had been unable to get along.

Many sea iguanas on all the rocks up to about 2' 6" or 3' long; very queer attractive animals, blending perfectly with the black lava. They have a habit of sitting up in silhouette on a ridge of rock, looking like a very old gentleman gazing into space.



Some of the little ones run with their tail curved up over their backs. They are absurdly tame, and it is quite easy to touch them if one approaches slowly and on more or less their level. They spit when annoyed<sup>152</sup>.

Had a very good bathe. Then back to lunch of cold sausage, tinned new potatoes, pineapple and bramble jelly: not a bad way of spending a March morning.

Bathed again in the afternoon when the tide was high in the piscina, and photographed a very tame heron that sat and did its toilet in a low mangrove close to us.

T. made curried bananas for supper: very good. Mosquitoes appalling, but managed to sing the Agnus of the Mass before being driven in by them and darkness. And so to bed.

### **Tuesday, March 21<sup>st</sup>**

David Lack has the most unpleasant eating habits of anyone I know. For lunch today he ate a large plateful of Irish stew and peas, then a large doughy pancake on which he heaped two big spoonfuls of jam and three of sugar, then a plateful of two or three

mashed bananas heaped with sugar and about half a tin of milk, and then a handful of sultanas. No wonder he complains of indigestion. He eats quite a ridiculous amount for this climate, and everything heaped with sugar and jam, and often butter and milk as well. He is one of the least attractive people I have ever met. I don't mind if I never see him again.

Did a lot of jobs — mending a canvas sack and T.'s pyjamas, etc. After lunch we went up onto the "baranca"<sup>153</sup> and took photographs all round, looking out over the bay and also across the plain to the mountain. Swam in the piscina. T. concocted a good supper dish of cold rice mould and black currants.

Mosquitoes too awful. New moon.

### **Wednesday, March 22<sup>nd</sup>**

A grey morning, cool and looking like rain, but alas, none, and later turned into the usual cloudless blaze. Strong gusty wind from S.E. David along the coast to look for the pelican colony, which proved non-existent. Did a few jobs about the camp.

T. improvised a grater and cooked some excellent pancakes of grated otoy.

Kübler back from the Plantage with some pork, which we curried for supper. Swam with Mrs. Kübler and Carmen. Water at 4.30 P.M. = 82.7°.

A lovely sliver of a new moon in the golden western sky; all very beautiful and quite unreal-looking. Made a fire and sat in the smoke to escape the mosquitoes.

### **Thursday, March 23<sup>rd</sup>**

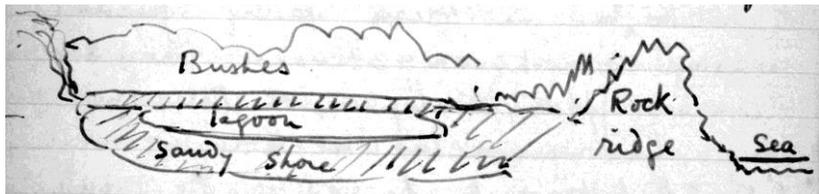
T. and I started about 8 P.M. to do a long walk along the coast to the east. Found a party of soldiers fishing with a seine net in "our" little bay. The water was only a few inches deep and every time they cast the net they got a few quite large fish.

After the reef it was fairly easy going over black rocks and boulders below the tide mark; wonderful how well these heavily nailed shoes hold one on lava rocks. There were innumerable iguanas, some very large and all absurdly tame while the flat low rocks were alive with singing battalions of scarlet crabs. Not many birds — a few pelicans, a wandering tattler<sup>154</sup>, turnstones, etc. Got on nearly to the big headland, to a place where the high cliffs begin, and where a huge slab of the land has broken off into the sea leaving a deep narrow fissure. The lava flow about there is more recent than in some parts, and the stones and rocks are a reddish colour and look as if they had just come out as clinkers from some gargantuan fireplace.

On top of the cliffs and stretching inland is a dreamy plain, with no soil, only a field of lava, more or less covered with a dense carpet of *Euphorbia viminea*<sup>155</sup> and occasionally the dry *Cyperus*, and near the coast *Cryptocarpus*. The only tall trees are the two cacti, *Opuntia* and *Cereus*<sup>156</sup> (more of the former). *Cordia lutea* appears as a

bush and the new *Scaevola* here and there. The *Euphorbia* forms flat mats and is not in bushes as elsewhere.

On the way to the cliffs we came upon a pleasant little lagoon<sup>157</sup>, separated from the sea (except probably at the highest tides) by a ridge of rock, and surrounded by flat sandy shores partly grown over by *Sesuvium* and a kind of sea-grass. Here we found several shallow burrows like the beginning of rabbit burrows, which I think must be where the iguanas lay their eggs<sup>158</sup>. We also saw a huge grandmother-of-all-the-iguanas leaving the sandy shore and entering the lagoon. In the lagoon were many quite large fish, dashing about and jumping out of the water. How they got in or propose to get out is a mystery, unless they jump over the rock ridge at extra high tides, like the salmon at Galway.



Got back to our bay about midday, ate our provisions and bathed, and lay full length in the clear shallow water with only our hats on, as there was no shade to sit and the rocks were far too hot to sit down on. Very pleasant indeed and a real good "day by the seaside."

Home by 2 P.M. Nothing much the rest of the afternoon.

Mosquitoes unspeakable.

## Friday, March 24<sup>th</sup>

Expedition to Tortuga Bay, west of Academy Bay. David, T. and I started off at 6.30 A.M. with Herr Kübler and only one dog. Over the western "baranco" and by a very bad trail for about one and a quarter hour. The going was about the worst I have come across, a lot of it like walking across the top of a badly-built stone wall, sometimes creeping almost on all-forms through thickets of *Cryptocarpus*, and threading one's way among cactus and thorny acacia<sup>159</sup>. For the last part I was glad of puttees and T. of his canvas gaiters.

The bay, when we reached it, was well worth the gallons of sweat expended in getting there: a mile-long wide stretch of pure white firm sand<sup>160</sup>, with low sand hills covered with new and exciting plants, and the brilliant Pacific crashing in huge white rollers. A few waders about — curlew, sanderling<sup>161</sup>, ringed<sup>162</sup> and grey plover<sup>163</sup>, and oyster catchers, pelicans and dusky gulls<sup>164</sup>.

Round the corner was another very shallow, nearly land-locked bay<sup>165</sup> (usually swarming with sharks but not on this occasion) where Kübler set out on a raft to look for turtles. He is an amazing man; out of a cache he produced coffee, which he cooked over a fire, sugar, tin cups, and a newspaper to read — all home comforts, which one certainly needs in this wilderness. T. and I had a glorious bathe, leaping over the rollers and sometimes being rolled by them, then ate our lunch and rested in a shady spot under the mangroves. Some botanizing, turtle fishing, and exploration but the middle of the day was too hot for much effort. My

shoulders were slightly caught by the sun through having my shirt off so much. Kübler caught two turtles<sup>166</sup>; a messy business cutting them up, and the walk home was rather like a drag hunt, behind that fishy smell. About 3 P.M. we started back, stopping at the other end of the bay for another heavenly bathe, higher rollers than ever and one could not get out far. Tin enjoyed himself too, trying to catch fish in the shallows and prancing in the sand. Unfortunately he killed one iguana, but I gather that that was much better than last time they went, when all the dogs went and killed every iguana in sight.

The journey back did not seem so very long, although we were both rather tired. Got back a little before sunset, and immediately lit a fire so as to cook in comparative security from mosquitoes. T. made an omelette.

An overcast night, and abnormally warm.

**Saturday, March 25<sup>th</sup>.** Lady Day.

A very hot day, with the thermometer at 88° at midday, the highest yet. Rather tired in the tent after two days of stony walking, and had a quiet day in camp. Swam, sang, cooked, etc. T. did chemistry.

**Sunday, March 26<sup>th</sup>**

The *comandante* arrived in two boats on his way back to Chatham. Quantities of them including Garcia, came ashore at 6 A.M. and by

8 were rolling unsteadily about the "front" supported by their slightly soberer friends. Did nothing much all day. Very hot, with strong gusts of dusty wind; not very pleasant. Visited the Küblers after supper to meet the *comandante*, the *capitán*<sup>167</sup>, an attendant military gent and Garcia (fairly sober by now). All very polite and affable. Got letter off to Hugh at Chatham.

### **Monday, March 27<sup>th</sup>**

T. and David off early to the Plantation with Kübler — D. for the day only, and T. for a couple of nights.

Had a pleasant, lazy day alone; quite a relief, especially at meal times. Cooked myself lentil soup for lunch, with ryvita, cheese and jam; otoy pancakes and tea for supper. Coffee and cake with Frau Kübler and Carmen in the afternoon and much, rather boring conversation about the iniquities of the Ecuadorian Government and the other inhabitants here. A pity such a small community cannot live at peace.

Did a lot of small jobs, such as mending the mosquito net, packing and labelling insects out of the killing bottle, putting the scorpion, caught in the tent last night, into alcohol, etc.

Very hot, with strong gusty wind, as usual getting up about 7.30 A.M. and dropping about 5 P.M. — obviously a land wind<sup>168</sup> induced by the land being warmer than the sea.

David turned up just as I was finishing supper: rather annoying as I had to cook him something in the thick of the mosquitoes.

### **Tuesday, March 28<sup>th</sup>**

A solitary sort of day, with nothing doing. T. and Kübler turned up about 5.30 P.M. from the plantation after a successful foray into the Tortoise country. The curious thing today was the fact that the usual off-sea wind never developed after the first faint puffs, but a high westerly wind came up instead.

### **Wednesday, March 29<sup>th</sup>**

Nothing much. Again no off-sea wind, but faint westerly, and a good deal of heavy cloud about

Up on the western "baranca" after lunch with T. to take compass bearings for a map of this part of the island.

The Küblers animals, all charming, are as follows:

Dogs: Tin, Violetta, Mops, Thom or Thömchen, [Titinia died].

Cats: Pütchen or Herr Putsch, Putschen or Fuchse, Peter, Peggi, Pumpernickel.

Donkeys: Touriste, Maroucha, Nicky (the foal).

Tin is an ugly, stocky, strong sort of black Labrador with a bit of white on his chest, very reminiscent of dear old Mac. Violetta is a white sort of setter with wall eyes sentimental and affectionate but

a great hunter. The son Thom never goes hunting as his hind sinew has been cut by a pig, but he is a darling sort of clownish, house-dog, always terribly pleased to see one, and snuffling for joy when company comes. He is the terror of all other dogs and children in the neighbourhood. Mops, another son, is a great handsome lanky black hound with a huge, beautiful head and melting eyes and four white feet. He is intensely shy and nervous, and it has been a great struggle to overcome his shyness and make him let me touch him and play with him.

#### **Thursday, March 30<sup>th</sup>**

T. and I started early to go "en arriba." Hot and exhausting walk, but stopped at Finsen's for coffee and a rest. Went on about 10 A.M., he accompanying us with his donkey, on which I rode, rather nervously, as far as the Fortuna Plantation. There T. and I stopped to take bearings for the map, and then paid a visit to the Hornemans where we were refreshed with bananas and whipped egg, and unripe oranges. Then on to Muh, where we found him building his new balcony which will be a great improvement. Tried to pay him for the fruit, etc. that he had sent down, but he said he would much rather have things, and would be amply repaid by a zinc bucket, some matches, and a tin of our melted butter. This seems very cheap for four full donkey-loads of food, including 20 eggs, innumerable bananas and pineapples.

Staggered on in the heat to Hans and Lizzie, where we had bananas and maize cake, then on to the Angermeyers.

Sat about in their queer house, and had an excellent great green vegetable stew, followed by otoy pancakes and lemon-grass tea, for supper. About 7 P.M. a very heavy tropical shower, lasting about 10 or 15 minutes. The forest is all fearfully dried up, and the undergrowth and bracken burnt and brown, and most people are carting water from the mountain waterholes. But this sort of short downpour is no good at all, and very local.

The house leaked like a sieve, and we had to stand about in different spots to avoid the streams on our heads.

Slept in the upper room on sail cloth on the floor, but never could get really comfortable and spent but a poor night.

### **Friday, March 31<sup>st</sup>**

Left the Angermeyers after breakfast.

Very embarrassing moment when Gush<sup>169</sup> gave T. a letter, asking (very nicely) for the loan of £100 to pay the passages of their parents and sister from Germany. They have scraped together 100 Dutch gulden, which is in a bank in Amsterdam, but need at least another £100, which there is practically no chance of them ever raising themselves as they have not a penny nor hope or earning any. We should like to help them, as they are nice, plucky boys, and devoted to their parents and each other, but I don't see how we can. They offer to pay interest and to repay it as soon as their boat is built and they are catching fish, on the security of their house and land, but it is hopelessly precarious, and would almost

certainly resolve itself into a gift, which I don't think we are in a position to afford. Went down the mountain, picking up letters from the Hornemans and Finsen *en route*. Finsen insisted on accompanying us down with his donkey, which was a bore as they went very slowly, talking hard all the way and continually stopping to adjust the donkey's load. Got back to camp about 3 P.M.

### **Saturday, April 1<sup>st</sup>**

Up early and did a lot of packing. David busy catching birds. Just as we were beginning lunch, a shout of "barca" and the *Deborah* appeared on the horizon at least a day before anyone expected her. Terrific bustle after that. The captain came ashore and plans were discussed; feverish packing; people popping up with letters to post; Kübler back from plantation; great fuss with the Ecuadorian captain's wife who had no idea how to endorse our passports, and anyway can hardly read and write, but who felt she must do something about it in her husband's absence. Pat, Ricky and Hugh had been picked up in Chatham, and all was ready for departure. Finally, it was decided to leave the next high, and stop in Tower Island on Monday.

T. and I slept on board, very badly owing to the shore mosquitoes, strange surroundings, and over-tiredness. David remained in the camp, to have one more morning go at getting birds.

## Sunday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>

Up at dawn and had breakfast on board, then ashore in the ship's boat. Packed our remaining gear and gave away heaps of things to the Küblers, Angermeyers, and old Finsen. Felt quite sad at leaving this spot where we have been so much at home for so many weeks.

Had a last good bathe with T. in the piscina, and another one after lunch with Frau Kübler, Carmen and Lizzie Angermeyer who had come down from the mountain with more letters. Kübler gave me a great packet of turtle shell, some of them lovely pieces and a quite valuable present. Finally, we embarked for the *Deborah*, Frau Kübler and Carmen coming with us to see the ship. Really sad to have to say goodbye to them; they have been quite extraordinarily kind and friendly to us, and I think will probably miss us a lot after two months of daily intercourse. Later in the evening Kübler came out in his canoe to say goodbye, and about 11 P.M. we pulled out of Academy Bay on the first stage of the journey home. Goodbye, Indefatigable; goodbye, all you people, who have been so kind to us, and who quarrel so fearfully among yourselves; goodbye, frightful Ecuadorians and rascally Indians; goodbye, the iguanas and tortoises and turtles, and the noddys under the cliff, and the night herons who bark and grunt at sunset; goodbye, nice dogs sitting on the balcony silhouetted against the sky, and the five cats slinking among the palms and the papayas, and the wild donkeys who all night long keep up an interminable chorus all over the island; goodbye, Galapagos.

### Monday, April 3<sup>rd</sup>

Arrived in Darwin Bay, Tower Island<sup>170</sup> about 7 A.M. and spent a very good morning ashore. The bay is a submerged crater, very deep, so that one cannot anchor but can lie hove-to in calm weather. Went ashore in the dinghy and had some difficulty in finding a place to land as the cliffs come down more or less sheer to the sea. Managed to get ashore on a slight ledge of rock, and then scrambled with all our gear up the cliff. Pat and Ricky started to film and photograph the numerous frigate birds and boobies<sup>171</sup> that were nesting and sitting all about the place, David went off to try and trap some *Geospiza*, and T. and I started off straight inland to collect plants.

Fairly easy going over slabs and loose plates of lava, with a thick but not impenetrable bush of small *Croton* and *Bursera*, a low cactus, and an open community of low bushes and straggling plants.

Clattering about on the loose lava felt like walking on the tiles of a house and one half expected to go through. After about 40 minutes of rather rough going, and climbing up and down a few fissures and rock faults, we reached the central crater, a very impressive hole with sheer rock sides and a large lake in the bottom surrounded by a belt of mangrove.

Hundreds of frigate birds and boobies were nesting on the top and also swimming in the lake. We got down the first rocky cliff at a place where there had been a fall of stones and onto a plateau

about [blank space] yards wide, covered with vegetation full of birds and nests. The next rock face was too sheer to get down except at one place on the north side, and we had not time for that, so contented ourselves with photographing, and examining the sitting frigate birds, looking extraordinary with their huge red throat bladders blown out like enormous scarlet balloons. Only the cocks in the breeding season have it, and when they display, they blow it out and throw back their heads shaking them from side to side, and making a curious rattle with their beaks.

While we were climbing out, a very heavy downpour came on and in a few minutes we were soaked to the skin. Caught rain pouring off our hats in our hands and had quite a good drink.

Managed to shelter the plant portfolio and the camera, etc. more or less in a crack in the rock. Struggled down to the shore by about 1 P.M. to find the others already taken off to the ship. A boat came off for us and we were soon aboard, changed into dry clothes, and eating a huge lunch.

The ship sailed at once, so it is finally goodbye to the last of the Galapagos.

### **Tuesday, April 4<sup>th</sup>**

Calm day at sea. Very boring, as we have finished all our books long ago, and there is nothing on board but a few stale American magazines. This is a fairly comfortable ship and they feed us well; it is quaintly run, as the Mate and the Chief Engineer (who is the

captain's son) take it in turns to wait on us at meals, and make the beds, etc. Slept nearly all day. Overcast.

### **Wednesday, April 5<sup>th</sup>**

A main bearing of one of the engines broke during the night and most of this day we were going at half speed on only one engine, while feverish efforts were made to mend it. Annoying, as it delays us over this dull stretch of ocean. Flat calm. Hot.

### **Thursday, April 6<sup>th</sup>**

Engines running full speed again. Dead flat calm and very hot.

Spent the morning drying out our plants from Tower Island; we had collected about 28, several of which had not been recorded from there before. 21 is the highest number mentioned before. Packed and arranged our belongings. Wind got up in the afternoon. Lot of phosphorescence in the wake and bow waves after dark. Saw the Southern Cross and Pole Star up together. Stars very fine and good moon rise. There is far too much of this ocean.

### **Friday, April 7<sup>th</sup>. Good Friday.**

Grey day with much wind and a lumpy sea. Food running short and most people feeling rather the worse for wear. Shipping water.

Reached the Balboa end of the Canal about 6.30 P.M. but were not allowed in that night, as we are too small to go through alone, and

the only ship ready to go through has a defective engine telegraph and so is not allowed in. Intensely annoying as now we shall not arrive in Colon in time to do anything before the Banks and Co.<sup>172</sup> close tomorrow.

### **Saturday, April 8<sup>th</sup>**

Still nothing ready to go through, so at 8.30 A.M. we proceeded alone. Hot and windy. Quite interesting seeing the Canal from such a small ship but I had a racking headache most of the day.

Held up in the Gatun Lake from 1 P.M. till 5 P.M. by ships coming the other way, the locks being under repair and "one way traffic" in consequence. Reached Colon just at dark and anchored. Went ashore in a small boat with all our luggage and bird-cages etc. and then had a miserable wait on the quay before the Customs man came and let us get away. Staying at the Carlton Hotel<sup>173</sup> very nice, clean and comfortable, \$4 a day for double room with balcony and private bath. Good meals in the restaurant for 50 C.

### **Sunday, April 9<sup>th</sup>.** Easter Sunday.

To church at Christ Church<sup>174</sup> at 9 A.M. Very nice service. Church crammed with darkies mostly from the West Indies but I sat by a white man and wife, who later gave me a lift back to the hotel and who were very kind and friendly.

T. fixed up for us to leave on Tuesday by a British cargo ship, the *Pacific President*<sup>175</sup>. Slept in the afternoon, then out with T., Pat and

David for a drink at Bill Gray's *Tropic Garden*. Cool and windy. Supper at Bill Gray's *Tropic Bar*.

A mail from the British Consul this morning with letters from Mother, Syd, Peggy, Nancy, etc. and heaps of papers and cuttings. News from Europe very bad<sup>176</sup>. How rotten to return from weeks of peaceful no-news to find Europe apparently on the verge of a general war.

### **Monday, April 10<sup>th</sup>**

Dashed round to bank, shipping agents and British Vice-Consul, and finally fixed up to sail tomorrow on the Furness Witty Line *Pacific President* for London. Hot and sticky day with plumps of tropic rain. This is a horrible place, and I didn't feel well. Hugh also under the weather, and as the birds are in bad shape moulting and one died, David decided to take the rest to San Francisco Zoo instead of trying to get them back to London<sup>177</sup>.

### **Tuesday, April 11<sup>th</sup>**

Did some shopping, and I bought a rather nice blue Jantzen<sup>178</sup> swimming suit. Longed about and sat on the terrace of the Washington Hotel<sup>179</sup>, a grand place, but nearly empty. The others joined us for an *apéritif* and we then had lunch at Bill Gray's *Garden*. Left the hotel about 5.15 and went to the boat shed to embark by launch to the *Pacific President*, but she was very late coming through the Canal, that we had time to dash away for a cup of tea. Presently we embarked in the launch with the passenger manager

of the line and went off to the ship. It was blowing hard and the waves kept breaking over the bows of the launch, so that it was very difficult to get off into the accommodation ladder without getting soaked. The passenger manager took not the slightest notice of us and left us to do the best we could; we got on board all right but I caught a wave and was soaked up to my knees.

This is a ship of about 10,000 tons, Diesel engines. The cabins are magnificent, the best I have ever travelled in and the public rooms are good, with very comfortable chairs; piano and a good library. The main snag is the food, which is bad and pretentious, and almost everything tastes of the old "rubber-boot taste." Bacon, eggs and cheese are quite impossible but luckily the butter is all right. No bananas, though just sailed from the banana producing region of the world.

10 passengers, all elderly and seem very dull.

Lady Vincent from Norfolk, a bore with a flat voice.

Major and Mrs. Wormall, who have a large mechanised farm in Yorkshire. They seem much the nicest of the bunch, and he reminds both T. and me of Father.

Major Andrews, a very queer fish with a terrible accent. Goodness knows what he was major of. He seems vaguely potty.

Mr. and Mrs. Claydon from Manchester, dull and wordy. She wears a very obvious coal black wig.

Mr. Brown from Scotland, and his attendant Miss ?. Flat and genteel, high pitched, Scotch voices which nearly drive me mad.

Hot water tonight, the first since January 13<sup>th</sup>. Slept well.

**Wednesday, April 12<sup>th</sup>; Thursday, April 13<sup>th</sup>; Friday, April 14<sup>th</sup>**

Three uneventful days at sea. Rather windy, and too rough for the swimming bath to be filled. Did very little except sleep, read, play ping-pong and patience, and a daily dart match against the Chief Engineer, a cheery rubicund soul with white hair.

**Saturday, April 15<sup>th</sup>**

Felt rather frantic with nothing to do, so demanded a job from the Mate. He promptly put me on to scraping, sand-papering and varnishing a door and the ladder to the bridge, which occupied me two hours and was followed by a very pleasant swim and sun bathe. Darts, ping-pong and patience. T., bridge.

**Sunday, April 16<sup>th</sup>**

Frightfully stiff in the arm and shoulders after darts. Swam in the morning. Intense blue sea, windy sky, and ever so much cooler. 79° seems cold to us; what will England feel like?

After dinner one of the stewards held a sort of service in one of the sitting rooms. All the passengers came, the bridge-players interrupting their game, and the 4<sup>th</sup> Officer played the hymns. It

was very odd, as he must belong to the Salvation Army or something like that. He gave a long extemporaneous prayer, and addressed us on various obscure prophecies in Nahum<sup>180</sup>, which he declared provided a complete guide to the course of present events in Europe. It seemed to me that he drew quite unwarranted conclusions from the rather obscure words of the prophet.

We also had three hymns, but I did not care for it at all, and would have preferred something more orthodox.

### **Monday, April 17<sup>th</sup>**

A beautiful blue day, the sea a wonderful colour. Did a job of work again after breakfast, scraping and varnishing the side of the chart house. Then had a good swim and sunbathe.

Everyone seems very nervous about this ship being torpedoed, as we are carrying such a valuable cargo of aeroplanes, with four great bombers assembled and on deck propped up with chocks and guys (very much in the way of our deck space). Even the Chief thinks we shall go to a west coast port to get rid of them and not risk taking them up-channel. Incidentally, the things being on the boat deck, they have to keep one of the lifeboats permanently swung out on the davits, and as this is strictly forbidden going through the Panama Canal, they had to sign an indemnity of a million (pounds or dollars?) against possible damage to the locks.

## **Tuesday, April 18<sup>th</sup>; Wednesday, April 19<sup>th</sup>**

Getting much colder, and the last bathe on Wednesday was icy, though the sun is still pleasantly warm to bask in on the hatch. Our first swim going out was on December 29<sup>th</sup>, and as we have had a bathe on nearly every day since, we have not done badly for this winter. But it is horrid to feel it getting colder every day, and this constant N.E. wind does not help. Scraped and varnished the wheelhouse.

## **Thursday, April 20<sup>th</sup>**

Very cold with strong N.E. wind and sea getting up more towards evening. Watched some wire splicing by the storekeeper, a charming Hebridean, and did a job of work with white paint.

My hair kept blowing into the paint and then whipping across my face, but when the mate saw it he insisted on wiping my face like a plate with a rag dipped in turpentine, as it was white lead and not good for faces! Everyone chilly and grumbling at the fall in temperature — 63° in our cabin. Nothing doing. The captain's conversation at meals (which we cannot help overhearing from our table) is excessively trying. He is a very trying man altogether.

The ship is pitching, creaking and groaning tonight.

### **Friday, April 21<sup>st</sup>**

N.E. wind, strong. The engines on this ship are very bad and we are making very slow progress. T. nearly frantic with impatience and boredom but I manage to keep cheerful by doing jobs of work about the ship. The crew, as usual, are far nicer and more entertaining than the passengers. Varnished the front of the wheelhouse, and the chart room doors. Sun warm enough to bask in.

### **Saturday, April 22<sup>nd</sup>**

Only 225 miles in the last 24 hours and T. more and more frantic as he will be so late for term.

Did some sewing of canvas in the fo'c'stle<sup>181</sup> under the tutelage of Mr. Smith, the Hebridean storekeeper. He whistled me some tunes, including the *Skey Crofter*, but is too shy to sing. Nothing happened, and I read most of the afternoon and evening.

### **Sunday, April 23<sup>rd</sup>**

Fine sunny day. We are about level with, and north of the Azores. 260 miles the last 24 hours, which is a little better going.

The steward again held a service in the evening and we had an interesting discussion afterwards with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Mate, a junior engineer and the electrician. Very diverse views but all thoughtful and interesting.

**Monday, April 24<sup>th</sup> to Friday, April 28<sup>th</sup>**

Five quiet days at sea. Very calm and sunny, and pleasant to sit out in the sun. Every day I spent the morning in the fo'c'stle doing some job or other in the sewing, splicing or painting line; I now really believe I understand wire splicing. Did about 280 miles a day. Getting colder all the time.

**Saturday, April 29<sup>th</sup>**

A bitter morning. Arrived off the mouth of the Thames, and anchored at Gravesend about lunch time. Sleet, rain, north wind, grey skies, reports of hail and snow — what a welcome home! Started up the river at 7 P.M. and tied up in Surrey Commercial Dock at [blank space] P.M.

**[Note at the last blank page of the notebook, probably a to-do-list for Georgina after returning home, written in pencil]**

Stamp album and stamps

Pattern book of sports clothes etc.

Books to learn English

Books for Carmen

**[Extra, independent double page, different paper and handwriting (probably T.'s), entitled "Galapagos Bird List", with a list of 66 birds, 47 of them marked as sighted]**



## EPILOGUE

**Extract from a letter (probably to David Lack, by an unidentified author researching finches in Galapagos) dated November 5<sup>th</sup>, 1953, part of the documents accompanying the *Galapagos Diary*.**

You would scarcely recognize the country with which you were so familiar, either on Santa Cruz or San Cristobal. Huge farms are now prospering in the humid forest zone of Santa Cruz. There is very little undisturbed forest remaining. The coastal zone has also changed but less markedly. There are many more buildings and government installations. At Academy Bay there are now homes extending for about one mile east of the Kübler property. Herr Kübler was very interested to see copies of your two papers and specially to see his name mentioned. Mrs. Kübler has been divorced and is now "married" to Karl Angermeier. Fritz Angermeier married the former Mrs. Kübler daughter. There have been many other sociological "re-arrangements" in the Academy Bay community. We only met Karin Cobos at Wreck Bay on the day of our arrival to Galapagos. We stayed on the coast of Academy Bay with a Swiss family living immediately next door to Kübler's. With the help of Herr Kübler I revisited many of the areas where your studies were made. In the humid forest zone we lived with the Horneman family. Mr. Horneman is quite a problem

and we would like to assist Mrs. Horneman if at all possible, especially since she has two very charming children now.

Goodbye, Indefatigable; goodbye, all you people, who have been so kind to us, and who quarrel so fearfully among yourselves; goodbye, frightful Ecuadorians and rascally Indians; goodbye, the iguanas and tortoises and turtles, and the noddys under the cliff, and the night herons who bark and grunt at sunset; goodbye, nice dogs sitting on the balcony silhouetted against the sky, and the five cats slinking among the palms and the papayas, and the wild donkeys who all night long keep up an interminable chorus all over the island.

Goodbye, Galapagos.

R. Georgina Lloyd Taylor. Sunday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1939.



## NOTES

1. *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London. Series B, Biological Sciences*, 129 (855), 1940, pp. 230-237. At the end of the paper, Taylor includes "[m]y warmest thanks are due to ... my wife for her invaluable help in the field, to the inhabitants of the Indefatigable Island for their help and hospitality."

2. Anderson, Ted R. (2013). *The Life of David Lack: Father of Evolutionary Ecology*. New York: Oxford University Press.

3. According to Corley Smith, in the now-lost cover letter accompanying the *Diary*... when it was donated, Lady Taylor strongly apologized about the terms she used to describe David Lack. She was anxious to explain that "in spite of the rude things she wrote about David Lack, they remained good friends until his death" (1973), and that she thought that "there was something in the atmosphere of Galapagos that made people hate one another."

4. The expedition was also described at least by David Lack in his own diary — which was used by Ted R. Anderson for his book *The Life of David Lack* (see note 2 above).

5. Maritime route still kept nowadays by ferries between Great Britain and the Netherlands, starting in Harwich (Essex, England)

and arriving at the Hook of Holland (Hoek van Holland, Rotterdam).

6. British romantic comedy / fantasy film, starring Robert Donat and Jean Parker (1935). It was the biggest grossing movie of its year in Great Britain (*Wikipedia*).

7. Hotel Amerika is still situated on the edge of the village square in Hoek van Holland.

8. The steamship *Bodegraven* was a cargo / passenger vessel of the Koninklijke Nederlandse Stoomboot-Maatschappij (KNSM). It was launched on February 27, 1929, by C. van der Giessen & Zn. Shipyards in Krimpen aan den IJssel. On July 3, 1944 it was sunk by the German submarine U-547 off the west coast of Africa (*Wikipedia*).

9. Throughout the text, Georgina systematically refers to her husband as "T."

10. The Common or European Starling, *Sturnus vulgaris*.

11. Also known as Northern Lapwing, *Vanellus vanellus*.

12. *Have His Carcase* is a 1932 mystery novel by Dorothy L. Sayers. *Flowering Wilderness* is a 1932 novel by John Galsworthy (*Wikipedia*).

13. By "read," Georgina means "sang by reading the parts."

14. Mentioned several times in this *Diary...*, it is a choral Mass composed by English composer William Byrd (c. 1540-1623) and published around 1590. It is mainly Anglican Church music (*Wikipedia*).

15. The Common Blackbird, *Turdus merula*; the Dunlin, *Calidris alpina*; and probably the Song Thrush, *Turdus philomelos*.

16. It refers to radio broadcast.

17. The period 1938-1940 was one of winters with extreme temperatures in all Western Europe.

18. The Black-legged Kittiwake, *Rissa tridactyla*.

19. Both *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht* (in English, *Silent Night*) and *Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen* (in English, *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming*) are widely popular German Christmas hymns.

20. Probably *oliebollen*, a traditional Dutch dessert during winter, also known as "Dutch doughnuts."

21. Fort Amsterdam, located in Willemstad (the capital of the island of Curaçao) and constructed in 1634 by the Dutch West India Company. It still serves as the seat of the government and governor of Curaçao (*Wikipedia*).

22. Probably the *Danmark*, Denmark's principal training ship. Launched in 1932, and still active, it was built to train officers of the Danish merchant marine.
23. An emblematic hotel in Brion Square, in downtown Willemstad. It appeared in many postcards featuring buildings in the Caribbean island.
24. Piscadera Bay is a waterway situated at the western side of Otrobanda, in the southern part of Willemstad.
25. When oil was discovered in the Venezuelan Maracaibo Basin town of Mene Grande in 1914, the economic fortunes of the island were dramatically altered. In the early years, both Shell and Exxon held drilling concessions in Venezuela, which ensured a constant supply of crude oil to the refineries in Aruba and Curaçao (*Wikipedia*).
26. Curaçao airport was originally developed by KLM and the Government of the West Indies in 1934, at the Hato Plantation.
27. Colón (the capital of Colon province, Panamá) is the city / seaport nearest to the Caribbean entrance of the Panama Canal.
28. Shaw, Savill & Albion Steamship Company was a British shipping company that operated ships between Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand.

29. The port of Buenaventura, in the Pacific coast of Colombia, is the country's biggest one, and among the ten most important ports in Latin America.
30. Probably *Mimosa pudica*.
31. Georgina probably refers to *Heliconia*, since *Strelitzia* is a South African genus.
32. There are not. She is probably referring to a species of the genus *Calidris*, perhaps the Sanderling, *Calidris alba*.
33. Probably the Water Hyacinth, *Eichhornia crassipes*.
34. Cecil Charles Lee, according to *The Statesman's Year-Book: Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1937*.
35. Still active nowadays in downtown Guayaquil, near the Iguanas Park.
36. Anderson, in his book *The Life of David Lack*, explains: "On his first day in Guayaquil, Lack learned that the ship on which he had arranged passage to the Galapagos, the *Jose Cristobal*, was not seaworthy. He therefore began a frantic search for alternative transport to the islands. After several failed attempts to locate transport, he found the *Boyaca*, which sailed from Guayaquil on the afternoon of December 8, with Venables, Leacock, Thompson and Lack aboard (the Taylors did not arrive until January)" (p. 53).

37. The Guayaquil Country Club, created in 1933, is still active today. It is located about 20 km. north-west of Guayaquil downtown, near the Daule river.

38. Probably one of the species of the genus *Progne*, according to Restall & Freile's *Birds of Ecuador*.

39. "Torquemada" (Edward Powys Mathers) is said to have set the world's hardest crosswords for the British newspaper *The Observer* from 1926 until his death in 1939.

40. Probably Ricaurte.

41. Frederick William Mallandaine Ashton, a famous British dancer, was the fourth son of George Ashton, manager of the Central and South American Cable Company, and vice-consul of the British Embassy in Guayaquil. His brother George Alex Hawkes Ashton served as vice-consul in Guayaquil, as his father did, until his death in 1967: he is the one mentioned in the *Diary*... He married Inés Arosemena Coronel, and had two children, Priscilla and Gerardo ([www.mallandain.com](http://www.mallandain.com)).

42. Probably the husband of the "Madam Avilés" mentioned on January 12<sup>th</sup>. Avilés was a very common surname in Guayaquil, and it could refer to several important persons in the city.

43. Manager of the Bank of London and South America in Guayaquil.

44. The handwriting changes for January 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup>. Two references to "G." (Georgina) in the text suggest that it is probably Thomas who is writing, although he keeps the author's habit of referring to himself as "T." An explanation for this change is provided on January 28<sup>th</sup>.

45. La Libertad is a city located in western Santa Elena, Ecuador, by the sea. Nowadays it is the seat of La Libertad Canton, and it is on the way between Guayaquil and Salinas, then the main seaport in the area (*Wikipedia*).

46. The author probably refers to the traditional boats used from pre-Hispanic times (Guancavilca culture) and still in use in the coastal area of Playas Canton. They have been declared Ecuadorian Cultural Heritage.

47. The term is considered nowadays to be an ethnic slur referring to a person of Chinese ethnicity, or with a physical resemblance to an Eastern Asian person (*Wikipedia*). It is considered offensive, although in the 1930s it was far less pejorative and more just "colloquial."

48. Blakeney is a coastal village in the English county of Norfolk (*Wikipedia*). It is a small fishing village, in flat countryside, facing a low island offshore.

49. "Papaya" (also written "papaia" in the text) is usually called pawpaw in English (papaya, the Spanish name, is more common in the USA). It travels badly, so it was not available in the UK in the

1930s, and Georgina would not have seen it before her voyage to Galapagos. When she did come across it, she probably heard the locals call it "papaya" and she may have been unsure about how to spell it.

50. This term is written in three different forms ("pine apple," "pine-apple" and "pineapple") throughout the text, since there was not a standard version of the word in 1938. For centuries, pineapples were an exotic fruit in Britain, reserved only to the wealthy classes; when the fruit became easily and cheaply available in the UK (in tins), "pineapple" became the standard orthography for the word.

51. Perhaps Manglaralto, a beach in Santa Elena province, coastal Ecuador, north of Salinas. By 1953 it became an important trade port in the commercial route to Guayaquil (*Wikipedia*).

52. The term is an ethnic slur referring to Spaniards and people of Spanish origin. It is supposedly derived from "Diego," and it was and continues to be offensive (*Wikipedia*). The word was commonly combined with "greasy." Although still considered pejorative, "greasy dago" has become slightly archaic and mildly humorous in the UK.

53. Chatham (named after William Pitt, first Count of Chatham) is the eastern island of the Galapagos Archipelago, and is officially called San Cristóbal nowadays (after the saint patron of fishermen). Wreck Bay, on the southwestern coast of the island, is the current location of Puerto Baquerizo Moreno, the capital of

Galapagos province, named after Ecuadorian president Alfredo Baquerizo Moreno.

54. A fathom is a nautical measure, equivalent to six feet (*Wikipedia*).

55. Probably the Sociedad Nacional de Galápagos, as referred by Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*.

56. El Progreso was by then the main population in San Cristóbal. Located in the island's highlands, it was based on Manuel Cobos' old *hacienda*. Today it is a small village with stable population devoted to agricultural activities. Georgina writes *Progreso*.

57. The descendants of Manuel Cobos, one of the first colonist of the island, and a very much debated historical character because of his mix of dictatorial and visionary behavior.

58. Nowadays officially called Santa Cruz.

59. Venables published a paper entitled "Nesting behaviour of the Galapagos mockingbird" (*Ibis*, 82, 1940, pp. 629-639).

60. The brand-name of Chloroxylebnol, a disinfectant still produced today by Reckitt Benckiser.

61. The Salt Bush or monte salado, *Cryptocarpus pyriiformis* (CDF Datazone).

62. Perhaps Georgina is referring to the espino, *Scutia spicata*.
63. The Manchineel tree or manzanillo, *Hippomane mancinella* (CDF Datazone).
64. Known nowadays as Española, Hood was named after British Admiral Samuel Hood.
65. Also known as León Dormido, off the north-western coast of San Cristóbal.
66. Also known as Caleta Sappho, it is a small place near Kicker Rock with a beach full of *Opuntia*.
67. Bay and beach in northern Española, in front of Gardner Island.
68. Hindi word meaning "genuine."
69. There are several species belonging to the genus *Acacia* in Galapagos, including *A. rorudiana* and *A. insulae-iacobi* (CDF Datazone).
70. The Darwin's Cotton or algodoncillo, *Gossypium darwinii* (CDF Datazone).
71. The arrayancillo, *Maytenus octogona*.

72. Actually, *Cordia lutea*, the Yellow Cordia or muyuyo (CDF Datazone). There is no species *Cordea bursera*, and *Bursera* is actually the genus of a different plant in Galapagos (a tree, *Bursera graveolens*).

73. The cactus *Opuntia megasperma*, nowadays rare on Española.

74. The American Oystercatcher or ostrero, *Haematopus palliatus galapagensis* (CDF Datazone).

75. The Hood Mockingbird or cucuve de Española, *Mimus macdonaldi* (CDF Datazone).

76. The Large Cactus Finch or pinzón de cactus grande, *Geospiza conirostris* (CDF Datazone).

77. The Ruddy Turnstone or vuelvepedras, *Arenaria interpres* (CDF Datazone).

78. The Yellow Warbler or canario María, *Setophaga petechia aureola* (CDF Datazone).

79. The Galapagos Hawk or gavián de Galápagos, *Buteo galapagoensis* (CDF Datazone).

80. The author describes the Galapagos Dove or paloma de Galápagos, *Zenaida galapagoensis* (CDF Datazone).

81. Land iguanas are unrecorded on Española. The author probably describes the Española Lava Lizard, *Microlophus delanonis* (CDF Datazone).

82. The bay was named for the California Academy of Sciences, which sent an expedition there in 1905.

83. Herman H. Lundh was a Norwegian captain who arrived to Santa Cruz in early 1932 with his wife Helga and his son Jacob (according to Jacob himself in his book *Galapagos: A brief history*). The author writes "Lund."

84. Kristian Stampa. In 1933 he had his fiancée, Alvhild Holand, come from Norway. In 1934 their daughter Anna was born, the first birth recorded for Santa Cruz (according to Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*).

85. German Karl Kübler, his wife Marga and their daughter Carmen arrived in Academy Bay in 1933. According to Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*, "his family had lived a number of years in Spain and were fluent in Spanish, a fact that led to don Carlos [i.e. Karl] being appointed *comisario*. As such, he took up residence in the cannery building."

86. Probably the one near Pelican Bay, according to Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*.

87. The genus *Ilex* is not present in Galapagos.

88. A rye-based crispbread, manufactured in England since 1925 until today (*Wikipedia*).

89. Nowadays known as Pelican Bay, in Puerto Ayora.

90. There are four species of mangroves in Galapagos: Red Mangrove or mangle rojo, *Rhizophora mangle*; White Mangrove or mangle blanco, *Laguncularia racemosa*; Black Mangrove or mangle negro, *Avicennia germinans*; and Button Mangrove or mangle de botón, *Conocarpus erectus* (CDF Datazone).

91. *Amblyrhynchus cristatus* (CDF Datazone).

92. The Sally Lightfoot Crab or zayapa, *Grapsus grapsus* (CDF Datazone).

93. The author probably means "northwest."

94. The rodilla de caballo, *Clerodendrum molle var. molle* (CDF Datazone).

95. A combination of paracetamol, codeine and caffeine that temporarily relieves minor pains and aches.

96. A Flit gun is a hand-pumped insecticide sprayer that was used to dispense Flit, a brand-name insecticide widely used against flies and mosquitoes between 1928 and the mid-1950s (*Wikipedia*).

97. *Xanthosoma sagittifolium*, one of the many plants of the genus *Xanthosoma*, cultivated world-wide for their roots (*Wikipedia*).

98. Called "the pool" or "the piscina" by the author, it can refer to a number of locations in Academy Bay, including what is currently known as Laguna de las Ninfas.

99. Known today as Darwin's finches. That expression was first applied by Percy Lowe in 1936 and popularized by David Lack himself in 1947 in his book *Darwin's Finches* (*Wikipedia*).

100. The Flamingo, *Phoenicopterus ruber glyphorhynchus* (CDF Datazone).

101. The Scarlet Spiderling, Red Boerhaavia or hierba pegajosa (CDF Datazone).

102. The description suggests that it is the place known nowadays as Playa de los Alemanes.

103. Currently known as Santa Fe, which can be seen from Playa de los Alemanes.

104. The Great Blue Heron or garza morena, *Ardea herodias cognata* (CDF Datazone).

105. The White-checked Pintail or patillo, *Anas bahamensis galapagensis* (CDF Datazone).

106. The Black-necked Stilt or tero real, *Himantopus mexicanus* (CDF Datazone).
107. The author refers to the Greater Yellowlegs or chorlo real, *Tringa melanoleuca* (CDF Datazone).
108. Probably the Galapagos Carpetweed, *Sesuvium edmonstonei* (CDF Datazone).
109. The Brown Noddy or gaviotín de cabeza blanca, *Anous stolidus galapagensis* (CDF Datazone).
110. The Galapagos Martin or golondrina de Galápagos, *Progne modesta* (CDF Datazone).
111. Also called huaque, *Nyctanassa violacea pauper* (CDF Datazone).
112. Contact with the tree (even dust or sap falling from it) gives many people an allergic reaction.
113. The Incense Tree or palo santo, *Bursera graveolens* (CDF Datazone).
114. The Galapagos Pisonia or pega-pega, *Pisonia floribunda* (CDF Datazone).
115. The Galapagos Croton or chala, *Croton scouleri* (CDF Datazone).

116. The Galapagos Mockingbird or cucuve, *Mimus parvulus* (CDF Datazone).

117. The author describes the Galapagos Flycatcher or papamoscas, *Myiarchus magnirostris* (CDF Datazone).

118. A description of the Vermilion Flycatcher or pájaro brujo, *Pyrocephalus rubinus* (CDF Datazone).

119. According to Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*, "The remains of the two Larsens were carried back to the little settlement and buried next to Rostrup [in 1928]. The three graves with their white wooden crosses on piles of black lava, against a background of white shell sand, formed a sad little grouping until they were removed ten years later by the military garrison."

120. The Galapagos Scorpion or escorpión de Galápagos, *Hadruroides maculatus galapagoensis* (CDF Datazone).

121. The author probably refers to sweat bees (*Halictidae*).

122. The Galapagos Centipede or escolopendra, *Scolopendra galapagoensis* (CDF Datazone).

123. Probably the place known nowadays as Los Túneles.

124. Probably the Largeleaf Maidenhair, *Adiantum macrophyllum* (CDF Datazone).

125. Quinquagesima is one of the names used in the Western Church for the Sunday before Ash Wednesday (*Wikipedia*).

126. Walter Finsen was an Icelander who arrived at Santa Cruz in 1931 alongside a Danish engineer, R. H. Raeder. His place in the highlands was called *El Rancho*. The author writes the surname in different ways all along the text.

127. A mix of kaoline and morphine, helping the symptoms of diarrhea.

128. Shrove Tuesday is the day in February or March immediately preceding Ash Wednesday. It is celebrated in the United Kingdom and some other countries by consuming pancakes (*Wikipedia*).

129. Georgina writes the German term *Plantage* ("Plantation") in different forms all along the text, including the phonetic transliteration "Plantasch."

130. The Galapagos Short-eared Owl or lechuza de campo, *Asio flammeus galapagoensis* (CDF Datazone).

131. Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) was an administrator of the navy of England and Member of Parliament who is most famous for the diary he kept for a decade while still a relatively young man (*Wikipedia*).

132. The two species of the genus *Yucca* currently found in Galapagos (*Y. gigantea* and *Y. aloifolia*) are, indeed, introduced plants (CDF Datazone).

133. According to Anderson's *The Life of David Lack* (p. 56), it was David Lack who discovered the canister with notes from the Milwaukee Museum Expedition, which reached the site on January 13, 1933.

134. Known today as El Puntudo.

135. A curious remark, since Lizzie Angermeyer participated in the expedition as well. Maybe Lizzie did not reach the top.

136. The author refers to Jens Moe. He was part of the original "cannery group" of Norwegians arrived on Santa Cruz Island in the early 1920's. He left when the cannery closed in 1927, to return in 1934, and start a farm in the highlands, just above Stampa's property (according to Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*).

137. Jacob Hersleb Horneman was a Norwegian mining engineer, who arrived on Santa Cruz in 1927 with his wife Anna. By the middle 1930's, Horneman was already married to his third wife, a German called Elfriede Engelmann. She was the one who renamed *Progreso*, their property in the highlands, as *Vilnis*, Norwegian for "wilderness" (according to Jacob P. Lundh's *Galapagos: A brief history*). The author writes this surname in different forms all along the text.

138. The Semipalmated Plover or chojrlitejo, *Charadrius semipalmatus* (CDF Datazone).
139. The author probably refers to a Whimbrel or zarapito, *Numenius phaeopus* (CDF Datazone).
140. The Ruddy Turnstone or vuelve piedras, *Arenaria interpres* (CDF Datazone).
141. The Brown Pelican or pelícano café, *Pelecanus occidentalis urinator* (CDF Datazone).
142. *The Stranger* was owned by Fred E. Lewis, a wealthy real-estate investor, traveler, hunter, and amateur zoologist. He brought the ship to Balboa in 1935. *The Stranger* was built in Sweden in 1916 (according to Michael Stragow's *Victor Fleming: An American Movie Master*. Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2013).
143. Sodium thiosulphate, usually referred to as "hypo," from the original chemical name hyposulphite of soda. It is used for both film and photographic paper processing (*Wikipedia*).
144. Probably Frederick Jasper Lloyd, one of Georgina's brothers.
145. An unidentified member of the Lloyd family.
146. The Galapagos Sulphur Butterfly, *Phoebis sennae marcellina* (CDF Datazone).

147. The Common Cactus Finch or pinzón de cactus (CDF Datazone).

148. Probably the Charles Darwin Station Beach.

149. Pickaninny (also picaninny, piccaninny or pickinniny) is a term derived from Portuguese *pequeninbo* ("little one"), and it was used to refer to a dark-skinned child of African descent (*Wikipedia*). Although the word was not originally a slur, and in British usage in the 1930s could be understood as a term of endearment, in modern sensibility the term implies an archaic depiction or a caricature used in a derogatory and racist sense.

150. Incorrect transcription of "¡barca!"

151. In Spanish, "It is not important."

152. The author describes as "spit" the iguanas' physiological mechanism to excrete salt.

153. I.e., "barranco" or "barranca," the cliff a little way inland from the coast.

154. *Tringa incana*, a common migrant bird in Galapagos.

155. The palo café (CDF Datazone).

156. Today known as *Jasminocereus thouarsii*, the Candelabra Cactus (CDF Datazone).

157. Probably the one at La Ratonera beach.
158. Even today, the area surrounding La Ratonera is a nesting place for marine iguanas.
159. Probably the Galapagos Acacia or algarrobo, *Acacia rorudiana* (CDF Datazone).
160. Nowadays known as Playa Brava.
161. *Calidris alba*, a migrant bird in Galapagos.
162. The Semipalmated Plover.
163. The Grey Plover or playero cabezón, *Pluvialis squatarola* (CDF Datazone).
164. The Lava Gull or gaviota de lava, *Leucophaeus fuliginosus* (CDF Datazone).
165. Nowadays known as Playa Mansa.
166. Most probably the East Pacific Green Turtle or tortuga marina verde, *Chelonia mydas* (CDF Datazone).
167. The author writes "Commandante" and "Capitanie."

168. Actually, this is the definition of a "sea breeze." A "land breeze" goes off the land out to sea at night, as the land (and the air above it) cools.

169. Actually "Gus."

170. Tower Island is also known as Genovesa. Darwin Bay is the submerged crater described by the author: a volcanic caldera whose wall collapsed on the south side. The lake in the center of the island is known as Lake Arcturus, and is filled with salt water.

171. There are two species of frigate birds on Tower Island (the Magnificent Frigate Bird, *Fregata magnificens*, and the Great Frigate Bird, *Fregata minor*), as well as two species of boobies (the Red-footed Booby, *Sula sula*, and the Nazca Booby, *Sula granti*) (CDF Datazone).

172. It seems to have been a chemistry-related company in Panama.

173. The Carlton Hotel is still active in Colon.

174. The author probably refers to Christ Church by the Sea, the oldest protestant church on the Atlantic side of Panama (1865) and the first church of the Anglican denomination to be erected on the Isthmus ([www.christchurchbythesea.org](http://www.christchurchbythesea.org)).

175. The *Pacific President* was a British motor merchant, launched in Kiel (Germany) in 1928. On December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1940, the ship was hit

by two torpedoes from German submarine U-43 and sank west-southwest of Rockall. The master, 50 crew members and one gunner were lost (*Wikipedia*, uboat.net).

176. Hitler planned the invasion to Poland on April 3<sup>rd</sup>, and Italy invaded Albania on April 7<sup>th</sup>, among many other similar events.

177. According to Anderson's *The Life of David Lack* (p. 57), on April 17, 1939, David Lack "booked passage for himself and the finches aboard the *Peter Maersk* ... [It] arrived in San Pedro, California on April 27, where David was met by James Moffitt, the curator of birds and mammals at the California Academy of Sciences. An overnight train ride brought Moffitt, Lack, and the finches to San Francisco, where David turned the birds over to Dr. Paul Kinsey."

178. *Jantzen* is a brand of swimwear that was established in 1916 and first appeared in the city of Portland, Oregon, United States (*Wikipedia*).

179. Still active nowadays.

180. The *Book of Nabum* is the seventh book of the 12 minor prophets of the Hebrew Bible (*Wikipedia*).

181. *Fo'c'stle* or *forecastle* is the forward part of a ship below the deck, traditionally used as the crew's living quarters (*Lexico*, by Oxford Dictionaries).



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