

produce the same temporary effect. The grandest display was the waves which were breaking or rushing landward. During the day the ^{cool} wind blows in from the ocean and at night the winds blow seaward. Regardless of how hot the weather was, these breezes kept the car comfortable - a car that would be unbearable under windless conditions. Most of the beach is ^{pure} sand but there are small pockets of shells of many kinds and shapes. One day I was bathing and saw a flock of pelicans flying down the beach toward me so I started to run over to the car to get the gun. I got about 20 feet away and found the sands so hot that I had to crawl back to the beach. I think I actually burned my soles. I got my first sunburn cleaning a pelican on the beach and I mean a sunburn - clean to the bone and so completely discolored. I did not sleep for 3 nights because I could not find a position that was not sunburned. I got a fever and was almost sick from the effects. I got my second pelican by digging a hole in the beach

and then waiting in this hole until some unsuspecting pelican came along, - if they see you first they will fly out over the water or fly inland. While I was reclaiming this bird a large wave came up over the hole and drowned my gun, shells, and shoes with water and sand. Needless to say that the gun suffered most of all or maybe it was my displeasure. From the car I could watch a colony of about 3000 man-of-war birds - some with eggs & others with young. I shot a roseate spoonbill and before I could reclaim it another lit by the side of the dead one. The bird life was indeed prolific. One afternoon I paddled a boat, which Davies offered me, up a river for about 5 miles - thru jungle forests. In the evening I returned