

persuaded a Norwegian named Vuggerad to sail over with me. The distance is only thirty five miles. We got into Post Office Bay about five o'clock in the afternoon and I suggested that we should sleep ashore in an old a house that some Norwegian had left there but my partner thought that the pirates might sink the boat so he stayed and I went ashore alone. I spread my blanket in a strategic corner of the veranda and waited. The moon was shining bright so that at eleven o'clock when they came I would see them at quite a distance. There were two of them. Both had rifles. I only had a revolver so I let them come close before I sprang up. They wanted to know what I was doing there and if I did not know that it was forbidden to land. I told them that my travels were none of their business and I invited them to scram which they did. I used to know quite a few bad men in the Mexican revolution so I thought I knew one when I saw him. Some way these two did not look the type. I was tired and it seemed unreasonable to lose a good nights sleep on account of these two fools. I felt sure that they would not come back and then I did an, even for me, unusually foolish thing. I went to sleep. I never thought of the Baroness but there she was big as life sitting alongside of me when I woke up in broad daylight next morning. She had a heavy revolver strapped outside her silk dress. She looked to me far more dangerous than her standing army of three. She chose to play a new role or maybe she was just natural for once. She was friendly and she was very charming. She was not young nor was she good looking but you soon forgot her defects in her company. She entertained me with stories of the Imperial Court of Vienna where she said her mother served as a lady in waiting. Some way she made this seem credible while I was with her. She had an unmistakable mark of class and a profound contempt for humanity. She said that nothing amused her more than fooling the people. She took me to the Hacienda Paradise and showed me her letters and clippings from the European press. I think she came to Floreana with the intention of getting some millionaire to finance her in building a hotel there and, given time, I think that she would have done it. A short time after my visit, she took to her court a young Dane. For some reason unknown to me she shot this fellow and damn nearly killed him which goes to show that she could be dangerous. I wonder why she did not kill me in Post Office Bay. She visited me at Santa Cruz and we were fast friends to the last.

One day, Lawrence came to Santa Cruz. He had a strange tale to tell. He said that the Baroness and Phillipson had left the island on a strange yacht. I had just been reading about a German cannibal in Hamburg that had a lost of human flesh salted down in his house and as usual said the first thing that came into my head, "They have eaten her." Now, they may not have eaten her but the story of the yacht has some weak points in it. Travel is not so easy since the world was made safe for democracy. Anywhere a man goes he has a flock of fools after him examining his papers and taking the joy out of life in general so it could not be so easy to pick up strange people without papers.

Another thing strikes me as strange. In a place like Galapagos, where people don't get news from the outside world for months on end, it is natural for everyone to know when a boat comes to gallop down to the coast, tail in the air and burning up the road. In this case nothing of the kind happened and that is the reason for the fact that nobody on the island knew the name of the boat or anything about her. Nobody on the other islands saw this boat which also seems passing strange. The fact is that the Baroness disappeared hide, horn and holler and has not been heard from to this day. I miss her. She broke the monotony of Galapagos life and I loved to see the way she fooled the great and the near great.

Lawrence wanted to go to the mainland and he was in a hell of a hurry to get there. He hired Vuggerad to sail him to Chatham hoping to get in from there. They took a native boy with them and set sail. Nothing was heard from them till months later. Lawrence and Vuggerard were found dead in Marchena, a desert island over one hundred miles from here. The boat and the native boy have never been found.

Now it looks like these happenings would be enough for an island with a population of nine but more was to come. Ritter died mysteriously of arsenic poisoning. Dore made several statements, none of them alike. This may be due to rattle brain but that doesn't solve the problem. The local government started to investigate but the poor devils were so flabbergasted by all of this that they did not know up or down and nothing came of it. Newspapers in Guayaquil were sent out and a lot of nonsense was written. Dore went to Germany and wrote a book that nobody reads. There are now on Floreana soldiers and several civilians including two children so it seems that the government of Ecuador is going to make it hard on the next empire builder."

End of the tale by Mr. Finnsen.



While on the Galapagos Islands we heard about VE day and I received a problem from the Commanding Officer. He wanted to have a thanksgiving service on the field but, by religious law, the men of the Catholic faith could not participate. Since I represented the third religious group he asked me to cast a deciding vote. I asked for twenty-four hours and came up with a compromise solution. "Have a service on the field and then have everyone go to their respective chapels for a second service." One chapel had an interesting symbol - a cross combined with a six-pointed star at the vertical and horizontal cross point.

While in the canal zone, I had visited Old Panama to see the ruins left there by Morgan. The cisterns puzzled me as I did not know what they were at first. While at France Field I decided to visit one of our signal corps outposts to check on the dental health of the men stationed there. It happened to be a thanksgiving weekend but I was so seasick that I couldn't eat any of the turkey. At night we had a storm and there was no place to find shelter. The galley was piled three deep. Finally I stopped into the wheel house where the captain was steering. (ILLUSTRATION # IX). He asked me to take the wheel while he took a nap on the couch. I kept on the compass heading he gave me but as I was so black out I couldn't see anything. In about a half hour he got up, took one look out the window and grabbed the wheel calling for the first mate. The first mate then took the wheel and the captain stood in the bow of the boat to see where the rocks were. Next day we reached the outpost and a small cayuga (dugout canoe) came to pick us up. The water was so clear you could see right to the bottom. Before we reached port, I had gone to the stern of the ship to urinate. I was still seasick and if the American flag had not been there on a stout pole which I grabbed, I would have fallen in.

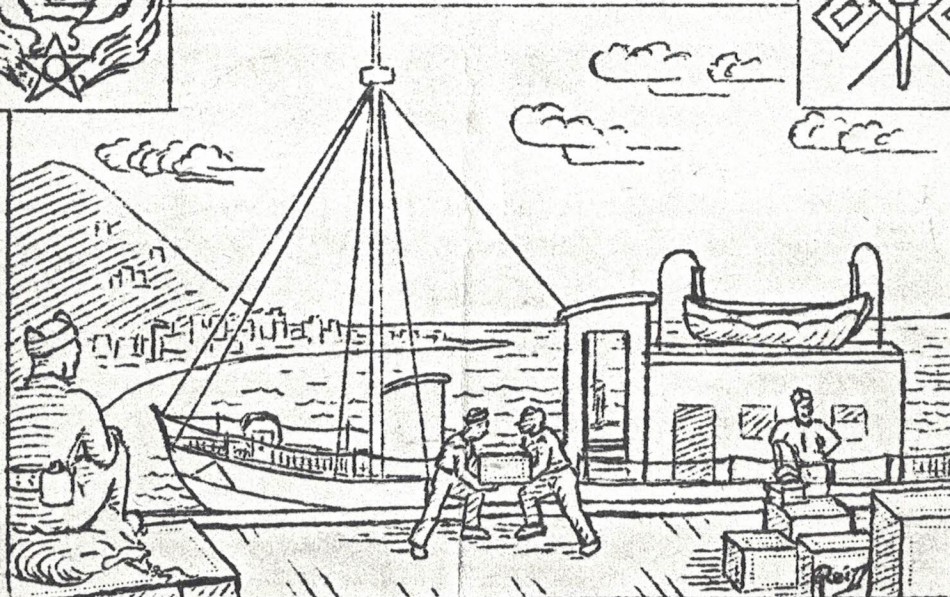
I learned that the fruit of the black palm tree is edible when it turns red if you cook it by boiling. Also, I learned about the potato plant and about lignum vitae, which is heavier than rosewood and even heavier than water. It was used for railroad ties.

On the way home we reached the mine fields just about when they were going to close the submarine net and we were the last ship allowed in, otherwise we would have had to have waited at anchor outside all night.

One day my CO, Major Emmett Parish, asked me if I would like to go to Quito, Ecuador with him and I thought it would be a great idea. We packed our bags and boarded a small passenger plane after receiving our orders.



# THE TARGET



~ april ~

VOL. I

NO. 2

SIXTH AIR FORCE - 687th SIG. A.W. SUPPLY SHIP

11-1 VS # ~~(X)~~ (X) IX

## Panama

Down where there are no commandments and a man can raise a thirst  
Lie the outcasts of life's civilization the victims of its worst  
Down on the rumsoaked jungles are the men God has forgot  
Battling malarial fever, itch and tropical rot  
No one knows they are living, nobody gives a damn  
Back home they're soon forgotten those soldiers of Uncle Sam  
Men of Foreign Service earning their meager pay  
Guarding the countries millions by a ditch that's miles away  
Driving rain and blasting heat there on the sweltering loam  
Down by a damn canal from ocean to ocean three thousand miles from home  
Drenched with sweat in the evening they sit on their bunks to dream  
Killing themselves with liquor to dim out memories stream  
Into Ciudad on payday to squander their petty dole  
They raise merry hell for an evening and end up minus their roll.  
Asleep at last with vermin and ills beyond medical cure  
They curse the demon that caused them these hardships to endure.  
And vaguely amidst their slumber a voice comes each night to say  
"When, when please God, when am I going back to the U.S.A."?

Author unknown



## Panama II

The cross roads on the world is what they call this hole  
a festering, putrid, hell on earth that clutches your very soul  
They talk of swaying palm trees and those wonderful tropical plants  
But they forgot to mention the reptiles, mosquitoes and man eating ants.  
They write of the lap of the water and the oceans loving embrace  
But they never mention the sandflies and sharks in this lovely helluva  
place.

When your brain dries up on your skull and you lose your self respect  
There's nothing left of interest and you're mentally a wreck  
You leave the straight and narrow for the crooked street of sin  
It's the honky tonks and gin shops you finally shack up in.  
Then you pick up the morning papers, scan it with bleary eye  
Murder, rape and suicide, why worry if you die.  
Yet why should we let it get us, the fight has just begun  
So gird your loins and be prepared -- for another bottle of rum.

Author unknown

### Panama Parade III

Amigo, wouldn't want to soldier without a hitch on The Canal  
Though I'd prefer a toddy than cerveza nacional.  
I like your balmy, sunny, humid tropic land  
Where the sharks play piggy-back unless you beat them to the sand.

Nobody cares what time or day the mailboat comes or goes  
Nor does it matter much at all if the rooster never crows.  
Banana trees are plentiful and coconuts grow free  
Although if they grew lower it would more convenient be.

The sand flies fly formation when the flit gun's not around  
and the mile is "reconstructed" -- if there's any to be found.  
Football is quite unheard of and blizzard just a word  
Within the local language that no one's seen or heard.

The anopholes mosquito is a most familiar beast,  
Great Danes are used for horses, and west is in the east,  
The Atlantic and Pacific and the Caribbean Sea  
Are mixed up like a malted milk or I'm a Chiriqui!

I love your small CANTINAS burrowed in some alley wall  
Where the patrons belly to the bar like books along a stall  
While the juke box thumps a rhumba that loosens up your -- feet!  
And the night is filled with smells which ain't too awfully sweet.

## Are You Nervous In The Service

Are you nervous in the service  
Does your liver have a quiver  
Do you shive?  
Does the smell of Spam upset you?  
Does the air raid whistle get you?  
Then your trouble is  
You're nervous in the service.

Are you weary  
Are you dreary  
Do you walk as though you're  
Heavy in the reary?  
Do you sit around and moan  
When, oh when can I go home?  
Then your trouble is  
You're nervous in the service.

Now relax and take it easy  
Get plenty of rest each night  
If you contribute nothing else  
You've proved that Sherman was right.

Are you thinking  
Of love and drinking?  
Do you think you're on a  
Ship for home and sinking?  
Do you run the wrong direction  
When our Colonel makes inspection?  
Then you're trouble -- you're nervous in the service.

Author Unknown



Song of the Rock (Galapagos)  
(or Peace on You)

They tell us two years in Panama will certainly suffice  
But we know that we'll be here until the armistice  
My sweetheart she is true to me and she thinks of me every day  
At night my honey goes to sleep and I can hear her say  
Panama is not a Shangri-la and Puerto Rico is a shock.  
I'll take that knock down coconut grove and you can take the rock  
Chicquita ran a sporting house and  
But I knew she was bound for Gorgas for her business dropped right off.  
To the right flank, to the left flank, straighten up that line  
I just get a thrill when they give us double time.  
We will all get transfers to the good old United States  
When the major gets KP and the Colonels wash the plates  
Especially to Hitler and the so called master race  
We sing the chorus to this song right in the Fuhrers face.

Author Unknown

## Chapter 5 Sorrecho

This chapter is somewhat dream-like in character, like an excerpt from an Antoine de Saint-Exuprey story. Up at 5:00 and off in a large plane to the first stop, Salinas, Ecuador. At Salinas my CO received orders to return to Panama at once as fresh troops had just arrived. He left me the option of returning or continuing on to Quito. I decided to continue and flew in a smaller plane to Quito. Flying above the clouds at 10,000 feet even on a clear day, it is amazing to note how much of the earth is covered by clouds and how here and there, there appear what look like chasms in a glacier or like shadows. Actually these spots are openings in the continuous mantle of clouds. Fortunately, Quito was not "closed in" and I had an excellent view of the four or five mountains. First we passed Jimborazo, alone sentinel covered with snow. Then we approached the city of Quito nestled between the mountains. The city is at an elevation of about 8,000 feet. The other surrounding mountains are Cotapaxi and Pichincha. All are about 20,000 feet or so high. Some other mountains were black on top and the smaller hills were green and divided by fences of stone, hedges, etc. From the air the green was like velvet of the felt on top of a billiard table. There was an old Folker plane seated on the field which looked more like a golf course than an airfield.

When I stepped out of the plane, the officer pilot and his aide took off and there I was by myself in a strange country and no one in sight. Finally I spotted a car over on the side of the field by a hitching post and, when I walked over, I was fortunate that it turned out to be a taxi. In my broken Spanish I asked for the American hotel and I was driven to the Majestic Hotel facing the Main Square. The weather was great, cool and invigorating. I paid for dinner in sucres and centavos and drank bottled water to avoid amoebas. It took one hour to have myself understood when I tried to get the phone number of the USO. It had some long Spanish name. A Mr. Fried appeared and, together with two other officers who had arrived in the meantime, we went to some of the night clubs -- the Beneficencia, the Ali Baba, and the Fiesta. Then we motored up the precarious road on Panasuella (little loaf hill) and from the top we could see all three of the snow capped mountains by moonlight, a beautiful sight. Next day was the fourth of July and Mr. Fried took us to the reception at the American Embassy at which all of the international ambassadors were present including two from Spain, the pre-war and the post-war. There was a sumptuous buffet on a table fifty feet long. We all received invitations to tea at several of the other ambassadors homes.

Next day I purchased a few gifts including a carved ivory nut and a tiny Oswaldo Montcao painting. He's the painter who does almost microscopic oil paintings on silver dollars. Then I took a stroll and was stopped by a native trying to sell me a Zonsa (a shrunken head). It probably was a monkey's head as sale of human heads are illegal. Luncheon at the American Embassy and then off to see the monument on the equator (00° latitude and about 78° longitude). Up at 5:00 A.M. and off to the train with one of



RIOBAMBA - ECUADOR

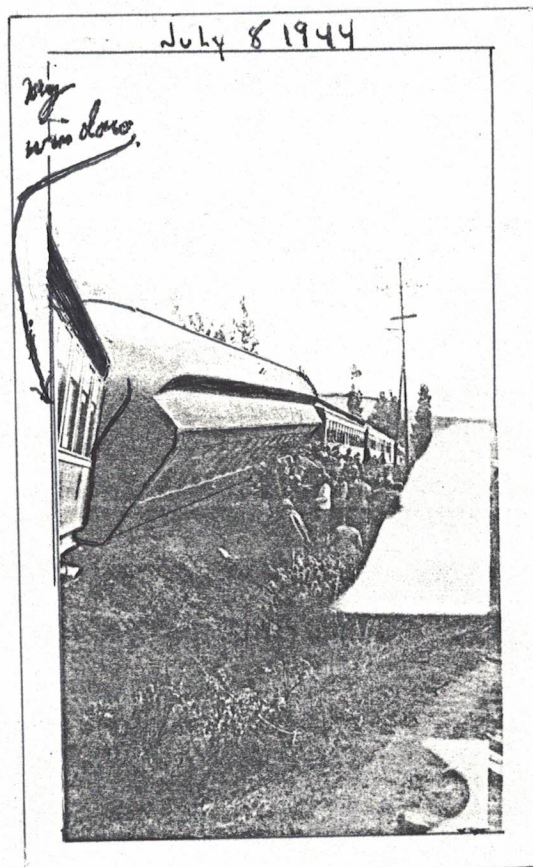
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the officers. The other chap was able to catch a plane back. Train left at 6:15 A.M. with memories of the poverty and illiteracy in Quito. A terribly dusty train trip on a narrow gauge track. At each stop, natives sold food which included roasted woodchuck, caso con sucre, hueves, all sorts of candy, wonderful strawberries, tangerines, oranges, etc. (ILLUSTRATION # X).

Just as we reached Rio Banba, I looked out the window and the ground was bouncing up and down. The last two cars were in the process of jumping the track (ILLUSTRATION # XI) and started to turn over but the other cars kept them from going over completely. We were in the last car and had to move up front to the dining car and sit on our luggage because they disconnected the last two cars. We still hadn't come to the dangerous part of the trip, "El Narez del Diable" (the devil's nose). This is a switch-back that zigzags down the side of a 1,000 foot offset in the earth. A sheer cliff with the train going forward, then backing one third, then going forward on the last third. The conductor in our car was out on the platform with a big stick in the brake and pulling on it for all he was worth, his coat tails flapping in the midnight breeze. I went out on the platform so I could jump if something happened but there was no place to jump to. When the train pulled into Gulayaquil, the small circle of lights way down below, a couple of porters came aboard to carry out luggage. Because of the crowd, they were unable to reach us so they climbed on top of the people to get to us. When I objected, because of this actions, he pleaded fear of his boss as the reason. We then crossed the river in a double decker, overloaded ferry and spent the night in a hotel. Up at 6:00 A.M. and onto a Toonerville trolley that would take us to Salinas across the mud flats where people took mud baths. A guard detail stopped the one car train and checked our I.D. cards as they were looking for some escaped pilots who had participated in the recent revolution. My stumbling Spanish plus my Red Cross ID card helped us. Back to the canal by plane and glad to be there. The sight of old glory waving in the breeze was most welcome! (ILLUSTRATION # XII)



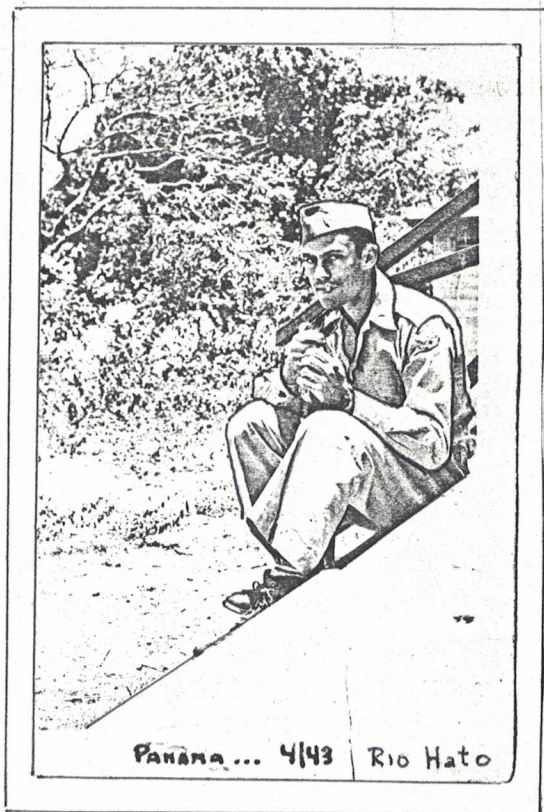
my last film.  
← note accidental  
double exposure.

NARROW GAUGE R.R.  
RIBAMBA, ECUADOR

(ILLUS #~~XII~~)

XI





SELF ~~RECORDED~~ PORTRAIT  
ILLUS # ~~XIII~~

~~XII~~