

19  
*Lyme or Rocky Mountain spotted fever*  
~~20~~ Fortunately they didn't carry any disease like

of us to be picked <sup>clean</sup> for  
We had to remove them one by one with college pliers. It took  
about one hour <sup>for</sup> each. (I forgot to mention the delicacies that  
struck my fancy in New Orleans- pralines, soft shell crab and  
*Also, we happened to catch a performance by Phil Baker at the Roosevelt Hotel.*  
everything served at Antoinette.) In the hills, we saw natives  
<sup>over one shoulder</sup> carrying their things in <sup>1</sup> ~~bos~~ (woven bags of straw, very light  
weight). While in the zone, we visited Kelly's one night on Central  
Avenue. The show was "The Rape of the Ape." An ape comes on stage  
carrying a girl but it turns out there is only one person half  
ape half girl, etc. At that time, in the zone, the toilets were ~~segregated~~  
divided into silver and gold. Since the agreement to give back  
the canal and years before that, there no longer <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ segregated  
toilets. At least once a week we would have an earth tremor and *entire*  
*The quarters were built on concrete stilts to discourage animals from*  
sometimes it was bad enough to cause us to run out of the house.  
<sup>points of</sup> Dens of iniquity dot Panama City and one street, Coconut Grove is  
devoted to houses of ill fame. ~~(SIXES #12)~~

From Rio Hato, I was transferred to the Galapagos Islands as  
Air Base Dental Surgeon. I still remember how well the watermelons  
grew there. Sun every day, ~~and human urine(?) at night.~~ You could  
almost see them blowing up. We covered them with chicken wire  
to keep the wild goats from eating them. <sup>One day I</sup> chased a marine iguana  
and he nipped my army boot with his sharp tiny teeth. <sup>Another time I</sup> had a

*Bait could be obtained by lowering a line with ten hooks and pulling it up rapidly*  
wonderful fishing trip around the islands with about seventy other  
men. Sharks, hammer heads, skates (sting rays), seals, bonitas,

~~Indonesian~~ <sup>abounded.</sup> tuna (better than chicken when fresh) It never rained on the island,

(G.) Insert. <sup>that it poured.</sup> The siren alarm went off. I awoke  
(on the Galapagos Islands)

To keep socks from being lost or mixed up the chap who did our  
laundry used to run a piece of string through them and tie them all  
together. As a result, we ended up with holes in every pair of socks.  
My solution to this problem was to wear two <sup>pair</sup> ~~pair~~ as the holes usually did  
not match and thus would not show.



20  
~~20~~

One day we received a second dental chair from the zone and, when we installed it and I began to work with a patient in the chair, it began to sink down slowly. I called on one of the mechanics from the air base, took the seat off the chair and he checked the base. He found a slow leak in the hydraulic system and said he would come back tomorrow to fix it. The next day he came back and, when I took the seat off, I turned it over and to our amazement there was a large snake coiled up in the straw stuffing. Throwing the seat outside, I picked up a large rock and dropped it on the snake's head, when he crawled out, but he was in sand and it didn't kill him. We had to push him over on to the sidewalk before we could succeed in smashing his head. We never did stop to check the type of snake but we did make the Panama newspapers. Ordinarily, there were <sup>supposed to be any</sup> no snakes on the island but there were scorpions and thousand leggers, although I never saw

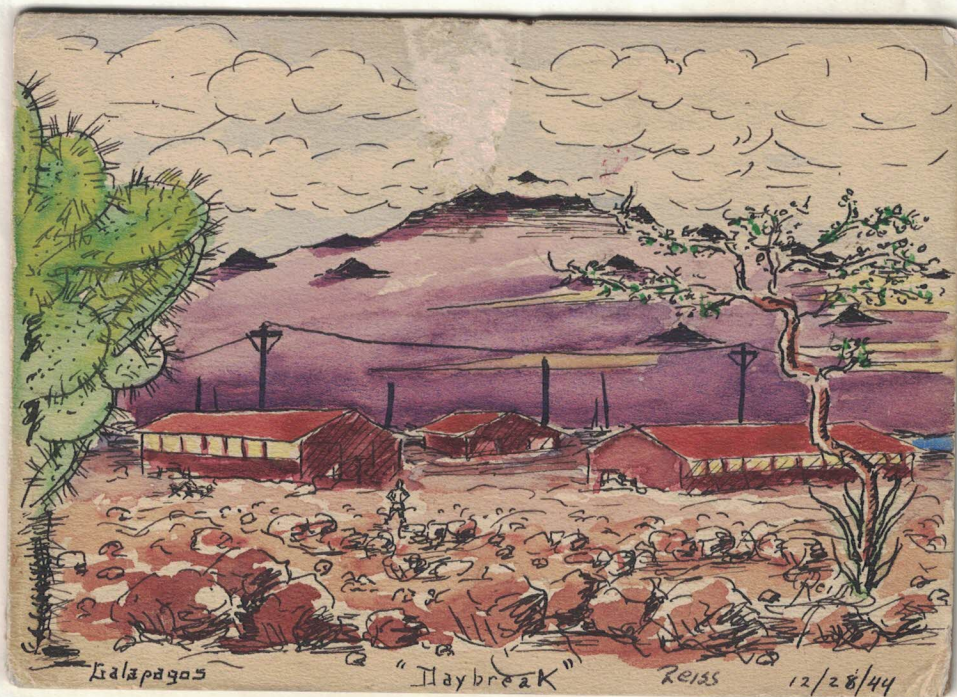
a scorpion. *One of the physicians in Bedside Manor was able to get home in the states for one day and he assumed his wife's pregnancy by having her stand upside down for 1/2 hour with intercourses.*

\* Spelling → The only person who had first hand information on the Baroness travelled from Germany to Austria to who lives on one of the islands with three husbands has passed away but he left this story about her. *His name was* Finssen *and he* *had been* *he had* who purportedly in several revolutions and come to live down

here for safety reasons. One of the volcanoes was still active but it never awoke while I was there for nine months. There was a Norwegian family on one island whose son had size twelve feet and couldn't get shoes to fit himself. At one of the piers, I <sup>was able</sup> to see a live shark at about a two foot distance, looking him right in the eye which was a cold, light <sup>n</sup> blue that could put the fear of God into you. I read the bible twice while I was on the island. Our bunk house was called bedside manor because all the physicians slept there. *ILLUS. #1*

\* See appendix. Here is the story of the Baroness as told by Mr. Finssen to one of the soldiers. \*





GALAPAGOS (ILLUS # VII) A4B



21

(probably the Finns)  
ILLUS# 18

The Baroness - (as told by ~~the only survivor~~ <sup>Mr. Finssen</sup> ~~(unknown)~~)

who had first hand information and who has since passed away.)  
"In 1928 a middle aged dentist Dr. Frederick Ritter, in Berlin, got tired of the struggle and decided to move to a tropical island where he thought he would live an easy life without much work. The fact that he had just stole another man's wife, Dora Loergin, may have made the far away places more alluring. He took her to Floreana and set up housekeeping under a tin roof. He was either too ignorant or too indolent to build a house, so he claimed that living in a house was unsanitary. He announced his intention to live 150 years more. The Galapagos turtles could so why couldn't he? He called his place "El Retiro de la Paz". The peace did not last long as this chronicle will show. In those days the world was full of German would be scientists. Ninety percent of the Germans that came out here claimed to be scientists of some kind. Lately, we are getting a better understanding of German science.

Ritter and Dore were no exceptions. Ritter claimed to be writing a new philosophy, but nobody could find a head or a tail to his writings. He claimed to be a vegetarian, probably because he was a poor hunter. On one of my wanderings on Floreana I happened to shoot a steer in self defense so I took what meat I could carry to the Ritters. The doctor gave a long and fearful sermon on the evils of eating meat but in the mean time Dore kept on frying and as the aroma of the cooking reached his nostrils he gradually changed the line of his sermon. At last, he decided that the biggest sin of all was wasting food and that therefore it was his Christian duty to help eat the meat so nothing was wasted.



MR. FINSEN - GALAPAGOS

ILLUS # ~~IX~~ IX

On leaving Berlin he had his teeth drawn and false teeth made of stainless steel. He inserted these and went ot work. When my hunting dogs saw him tear into the meat with those glistening steel teeth fangs, they got an inferiority complex that they carried with them to their grave. He put away more meat in that one sitting than I could eat in two weeks. In spite of Dore and a few colonists living on Floreana , he claimed to live a hermits life on a desert islend. He must have be;em- a disciple of Goebbels. He told this tale so often to the tourists and yacht owners that those simple simons repeated it as the gospel truth. People thought him mad but I always insisted that he didn't have enough intelligence to get that way. He was a gnome like fellow and wore his hair long tied together with a string at the back..of his neck.

He said that the Vikings wore it that way. He kicked hell out of Dore and made her work like a mule. She was an unattractive , slovenly drudge. The only thing that I remember her by is that I never saw her neck clean. They were nudists and the doctor got sore as hell when people walked in without warning. Dore did not seem to ;mind. Theyraised chickens and bananas but lived mostly on handouts from the yachts. Dr. Ritter had a modest racket but he got by on it while it lasted..

In 1935 the "Winters" came to Floreana. Winter was an officer in Wkorld War one and was a typical soldier. He probably came out here to forget. Their ambition was to cultivate the earth and make a living. They were not looking for publicity or fame so they did not cut in on Ritters racket and peace still prevailed on Floreana. They are there still. The next visitor to the island was, however, a different story.



She was the Baroness Boise Bozquet de Wagner Whereborn of Vienna and Paris. She announced her intention to start a private and somewhat casual paradise on the island. She brought with her two German lovers, Alfred Rudolph Lorenz and Robert Phillipson and in case of accidents she picked up a third one in Guayaquil. Like Ritter she established a home under a tin roof and called it "Hacienda Paradise." She elected herself the private Queen of Galapagos and she put Floreana on the map. She was her own press agent and a darn good one at that. She caused stories about herself to be widely published in the European papers. Some of them were humdingers like the one about Pablo Rolendo and his bride Rosa who were shipwrecked on their honeymoon tour and drifted ashore on Floreana. She cast them adrift in a small boat to perish in the storm. Needless to say, those people never existed. She decreed that no one could land on the island without her permission. She got fan letters from the four corners of the earth and ne'er do wells offered to serve under her banner if she would only pay the fare. Lots of yacht owners heard of her doings and flocked to Floreana. They were eager to make their otherwise dreary travels seem interesting and get their name in print and connected in some way to the outer edge of some adventure. To them she was manna from heaven and they gazed on her as royalty in order to shine in reflected glory. They did their best to spread her fame. She was a sight to see walking aboard the American yachts and beating her ~~breast and~~ chest like an ape and screaming "I am the Queen of Galapagos". She was quite an actress. This was not so good for Ritter. The Baroness easily outshone the yokel and took away all his trade. Viloent quarrels resulted. Then something happened to bring me into this history. A friend of mine, a fisherman from Santa Cruz,

~~24~~ 24

named Stampa, foolishly defied the Queens order and landed on Floreana to hunt for meat. He was promptly arrested and the Baroness threatened to have him shot. He got away with Winters help and came home with this strange tale. I suppose that, subconsciously, I should be taking a more active interest-in-Floreana, part in the social doings of Galapagos. Anyway, I felt that I had urgent business in Floreana. I persuaded a Norweigan 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 house that some Norweigan had left there but my partner thought that the pirates might sink the boat so 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 quite could see them at 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 unmistakeable mark of class and a profound contempt for humanity. She said that nothing amused her more than fooling the people. She took me to 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 Sant 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 lot 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, when a boat comes to gallop down to the coast, tall 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 that the Baroness dis-

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appeared 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.  
and he was in

Lawrence wanted to go to the mainland 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 rattlebrain 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 sent out a lot of nonsense were written. Dore went to Germany and wrote a book that nobody reads. There are now on Floreana, soldiers and seven civilians including two children so it seems that the government of Ecuador is going to make it hard for the next empire builder.<sup>n</sup>

End of tale by Mr. Fassen

THE GALAPAGOS PATROL

RECEIVED ON 11/11/11

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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.

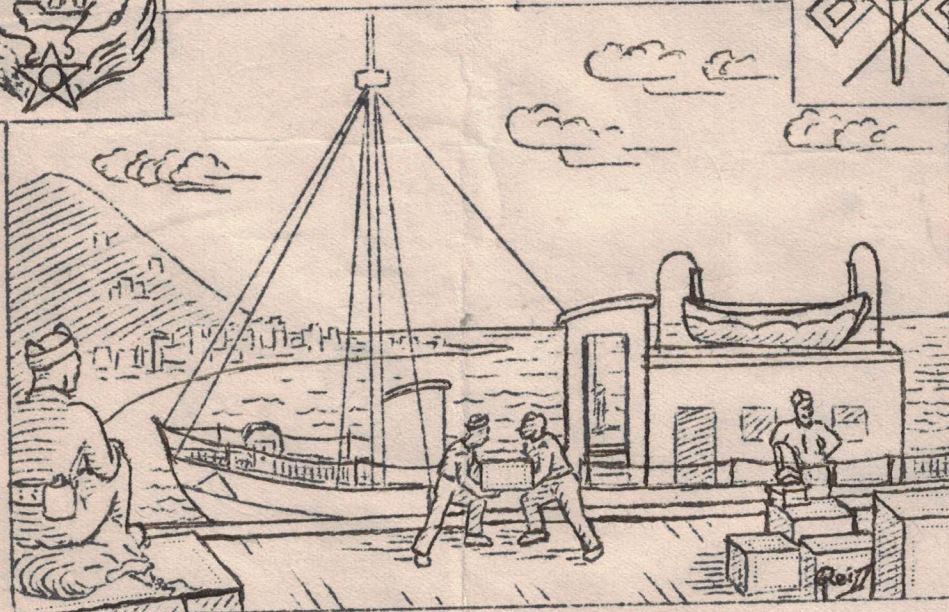
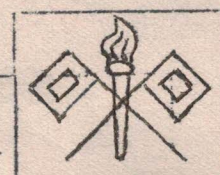
"Have a service on the field and then <sup>have one</sup> every go to their respective chapels for a second service. One chapel had an interesting symbol - a cross combined with a six pointed star.

While in the canal zone, I had visited Old Panama to see the ruins left 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. ~~He asked me to take the wheel~~ <sup>compass</sup> while he took a nap on the couch. I kept it on the heading he gave me but it 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. <sup>took the wheel and the captain</sup> The first mate then stood in the bow of the boat to see where the rocks were. Next day we reached the outpost and a small <sup>cayuga</sup> (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 <sup>urinate</sup> ~~leave water~~. I was still seasick and if the American flag had not been there on a <sup>stout</sup> pole 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 learned about the potatoe plant and about lignum vitae, which is <sup>I</sup> heavier than rosewood, and even heavier than water. It was used for railroad ties.



# THE TARGET



~ april ~

VOL. I

NO. 2

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

1st VS # ~~XXXX~~ (X)



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

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

Chapter 29  
~~SORRECH~~  
(Quito, Ecuador)

29

(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 character, like

This chapter is somewhat ~~and~~ dream-like, and excerpt from an Antoine de Saint-Exuprey story. Up at 5:00 am and off in a large plane to first stop, ~~then~~ in a smaller plane to Quito. Flying <sup>at 10,000 ft</sup> above the clouds even on a clear day, it is amazing to note how much of the earth is covered by clouds and <sup>how,</sup> here and 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~~ <sup>sentinel</sup> covered with snow. Then, we approached the city of Quito nestled between the mountains. The city is at an elevation of about 8000 ft. <sup>PICHINCHA</sup> The other surrounding mountains are Cotapaxi and ~~Andes~~ <sup>probably, Chimborazo. All are</sup> about 20000 <sup>or so,</sup> ft high. Some <sup>other</sup> mountains were black on top and the smaller hills were green and divided by fences of stone, hedges, etc. <sup>From the air,</sup> The green was like velvet or the <sup>felt on</sup> top of a billiard table. There was an old Folker plane seated on the field <sup>which looked more like a golf cart</sup> <sup>shown on airfield</sup> <sup>pilot</sup>

When I stepped out of the plane, the officer 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 <sup>over</sup> on the side of the field <sup>by a hitching post</sup> 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, <sup>and drank bottled water to ward amoebiasis</sup> 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 <sup>in the meantime,</sup> appeared and, together with two other officers, who had arrived, we <sup>the Beneficencia, the Ali Babá and the Fiesta.</sup> went to some of the night clubs. Then we motored up the precarious road on Panasueña (little loaf hill) and from the top we could see