

Journal of Richard E. Blackwelder, West Indies, vol. 5

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[[pre-printed]] 102 [[/pre-printed]] St. Kitts 24.

Mr. Drayton and I both had boots, but Mr. Haslett had only spiked oxfords and socks. About 1/2 mile from the car Mr. Haslett managed to back into a palm tree and stick a 1-inch spike into his calf. None of us had a knife and my forceps were useless, so there was nothing to do but send him back. He said he could walk to the car alone, and drive to Belmont, so we left him and started on. It rained more or less for the first half hour, and every thing was soaked. The climb is rather steep and the ground often sloshy.

We reached the rim of The Crater sooner than I expected, and the sun came out just long enough for me to take two [[underlined]] photos [[/underlined]] (one looking east across the crater, the other looking south through a gap to the ocean. There is an interesting crag here that has seldom been scaled. The ascent into the crater is steeper than the previous climb, and, as it started to rain rather steadily, we decided not to go down. Ate our lunch and started back, Mr. Drayton picking orchid and fern plants to take home.

[[underlined]] Station 313. [[/underlined]]

(1 mile [[insertion]] south- [[/insertion]] east of) Belmont Estate, par. of St. Paul. 1 Staph flying into the car (later lost in pocket), [[end page]]

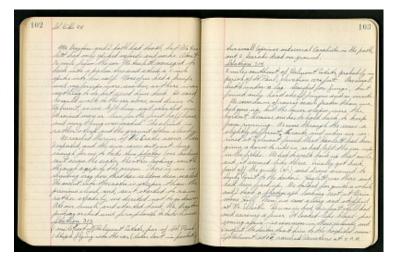
[[start page]] [[pre-printed]] 103 [[/pre-printed]]

two small Coprinae and several Carabids in the path, and 2 Scarabs dead on ground.

[[underlined]] Station 314. [[/underlined]]

2 miles southeast of Belmont Estate, probably in parish of St. Paul; elevation 1500 feet. One small beetle under a log. Searched for fungi, but found only hard shelf-fungus and no insects.

We came down of course much faster than we had gone up, but the lower slopes were the hardest, because one has to hold back to keep from running. We came through the canes a slightly different [[strikethrough]], le [[/strikethrough]] route, and when we arrived at Belmont found that Haslett had been given a horse to ride in, so had left the car up in the fields. We had to walk back up that mile, and it seemed like three. Finally got back, paid off the guide (4/-) and drove around to Sandy Point to the doctor's. Haslett was there and had been fixed up. We talked for quite a while, and I took a [[underlined]] photo [[/underlined]]graph looking east at Brimstone Hill. Then we came along and stopped at Mr. Elliot's. He was in bed, his foot still bad and causing a fever. It looked like blood-poisoning again - so common in these islands, and I suspect the doctor took him to the hospital soon. Left Belmont at 1 [[strikethrough]] 2 [[/strikethrough]] [[insertion]] P.M. [[/insertion]], reached Basseterre at 5 P.M.



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