

Once we began to sail in the Galapagos Islands, I found that the crew was made up of two sailors, a cook, and the captain. All Ecuadorians. Biological journeys were furnishing two English born naturalists to lecture and serve as guides.

We sailed mainly at night, during the day anchored off from whatever island we were going to explore. The landings, from a dinghy meant wading in the surf from a few inches to waist deep, depending on the tides.

The land surfaces and the beaches were of lava sands and lava shards and lava crusts with small amounts of what I think was dirt that had settled in crevices. The machisimo guides and sailors walked barefoot over terrain that was slicing the soles of our shoes. Mr. Darwin, in his book *The Voyage Of The Beagle*, wrote that he recorded temperatures of 137 degrees F on the black lava beds. Yet day after day under the merciless equatorial sun, these fellows walked about as casually as if they were walking on cool pile carpets.

The most awesome looking creatures we saw, and perhaps the most harmless, were the land and marine iguanas that lounge about on top and in the shade of rock ledges. They stare with the reptilian defiance and their only motion, besides waddling like an alligator, is to expectorate salt from the sides of their mouths to dispel the residue of the sea water they drink.

By far the most lovable animal, and we were told the most dangerous, were the sea lions. They are descended from the California species. Wherever we landed we found them napping on the beach, nursing their young or taking a swim. In the water, they can not resist teasing and playing with snorkelers; however on land, the bulls protect their harems with sets of canine teeth that make deep puncture wounds. Over protective cows, like our own cattle, will also charge a man.

My favorite crew member was the cook, a deaf guy named Pedro. He was having to read my lips to communicate. One of his shipmates explained how a Texas drawl translates into Spanish. Pedro thought until then that I had some of his pancake dough lodged under my tongue.

All seagoing hands are paid twice as much as the \$50 dollars or so a month that workers make in Ecuador. Cooks, besides the captains, are the best paid. But Pedro was not only expected to cook for 14 people, he also had to catch enough fish to feed us.