



1930

Ambrose Ely Ring Diary 1930

Aunt Ada visited us, August 31 – Rawley shut down June 26 plant sold. August, appendix removed by Dr. Pugh at St. Mary's Hospital. November 21 sailed for British Guiana.

C. E. Ring, Year by Year Diary 1930

Elizabeth graduated from University of Utah – started to teach – lived at home (Gilmer Drive – in Salt Lake.)

Douglas in Salt Lake during summer – was recent graduate of Stanford University & was going with Bell Labs at AT&T.

I started my senior year at East High School.

November, Dad sailed for British Guiana to inspect mining property. Much jungle & wild country. He made a diary of the trip.

Note to reader: The language and words used in the diary are as they were written in 1930.





Mine Inspection Trip for ASARCO to British Guiana.



Sailed to British Guiana from new York,
November 21, 1930. Returned from British
Guiana via Bermuda, January 1931.



1930

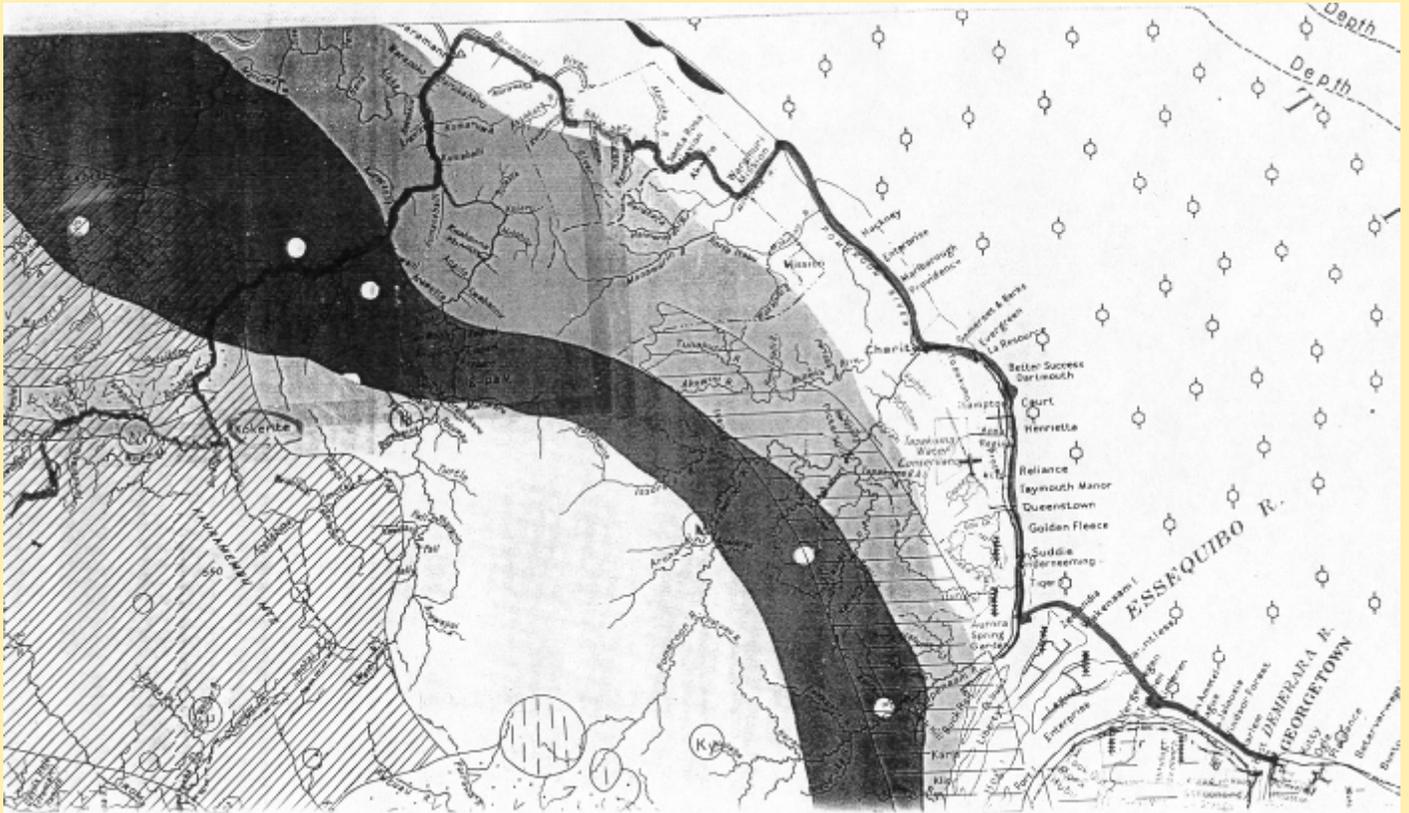
Mine Inspection Trip for ASARCO to British Guiana.



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The Guiana Trip

The above is the trip I believe Ambrose took into the jungle. It must have been at least 250 miles long. What the reader of this information must remember is that I don't know how many times this diary has been copied from long hand, and how many river and camp names have been misspelled. Also I have found that names have changed between then and now and the natives had different spellings at the time of this trip. Taking all this into consideration I feel this is approximately the way the trip went. It is near the end where real confusion is. I show them stopping on a creek called Ianns and in the copy I have used of the diary it is called Isna. Then on the map quite a bit below where I end the trip there is an area called Sand Creek. We will never know for sure, but no matter where they went it was one hell of a trip, very deep into the jungle and was a real experience. (ADR)



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Mine Inspection Trip for ASARCO to British Guiana.

Quick Reference of Trip

Dec. 8& 9 Left **Georgetown** on Coastal Steamer on **Damarara River** (going up river) 10 hours later entered **Pomeroon River**. We then passed **Martindale**. We go around a cape to the **Moruca (Could be Marcua) River**. (I now feel spelled **MORUKA RIVER**).

21 miles from the mouth of the **Maruca** to **Acquero**, have lunch and spend night.

Dec. 10 Went up **Macura** to **Short Cu or Calu** then to **Barabara River** then into **Behara** & then into **Baramani** thence in **Waina**. Next was **Machenzie**.

Dec. 11 Did some overland through jungle—Now below **Maruaia**. Then on **Bena Bara River**

Dec. 12 Going down **Bara Bara River**, camp a few miles above **Barabara and Bewhara Rivers**. Camped at **Moesensu**, 90 miles from ocean. On **Baramani River** traveling North West. Pass **Manuaha Creek** coming in from left, then junction of **Baramani & Waini Rivers**. Passed **Morebo Creek** on the right going to **Moravana**. Reached **Barawa Saw Mill** stayed there. (I now feel spelled **BARAMANNI**).

Dec. 13 Take right hand fork on **Barama (could be Barawa) River**. Pass **Epini Creek** on left, then **Wai-carabi Creek** on left, **Curusani Creek** on left then **Simbi** on right. On to **Anaturi Creek** on right, **Tiger Creek** on left, **Tasivini Creek** on right stopped and camped at **Puteikuro (could be Puseikuro)**. (I now feel spelled **PARAIKURY**).

Dec. 14 Pass **KumaKando – Kumaka Landing** then **Maikoro** rocks (**Mekorora**) then **Cookrite Camp**. (I now feel spelled **KOKERITE**).

Dec. 15 Next **Walkus Landing** then **Kariako Mission**.

Dec. 16 Reach **Isna Landing**, (I now feel spelled **IANNA**).

Dec. 18 To **Sand Creek Claim**, passed **Chow Wo** and **Stone Hill**. Also **Sand Hill**. On return trip, **Transvaal**.

THIS IS RETURN TRIP

Dec. 19 Visited **Kings Ransom**, Start for **Aaquero**. Pass **Cookrite Mission Camp**, Camp a few miles above **Simbi**.

Dec. 20 Pass **Tiger Creek, Simbi**, pass **Wairu River Mouth, Barawa River Mouth, Barawa Saw Mill, Baramani Police Station**., pass lake at beginning of **Behara River**, pass junction **Behara and Bara Bara, NOW ON Bara Bara**.

Dec. 21 Pass **Mackenzie** reached **Acquaro**.

Dec. 22 Pass **Moruca Mouth**, meet steamer within few miles of **Charity**, then start down **Pomeroon**.

Dec. 23 Arrived **Georgetown** 6:30 a.m. went to **Park Hotel**. Trip back not as bad as trip out.





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St. Martens, Landing Pier a& up
“Main Street.”



St. Martens, Along the water front
toward Pier.



St. Martens, A “Shop.”



St. Martens, From the Bay.



“Luggers” from the Bay.



St. Kitts – from the Bay.





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St. Kitts – from the Bay.



St. Johns – Antigua, Alley near Cathedral.



St. Johns – Antigua, Down “Main Street.”



St. Johns – Antigua, Street Scene.



St. Johns – Antigua, Street Scene.



St. Johns – Antigua. Sewer System.





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St. Johns – Antiqua, Fort St. James.



St. Johns – Antiqua, Fort St. James.



The Munamar at Fort du France, Martinique.



Fort du France – Martinique, Lug-
gers coming to take off cargo.



Fort du France – Martinique,
French Gunboat in Harbor.



Fort du France – Martinique, Resi-
dential Suburb.





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Fort du France – Martinique, Corner of Park.



Fort du France – Martinique, View of Park.



Fort du France – Martinique, Street Scene.



Fort du France – Martinique, Woman carrying live turtle.



Fort du France – Martinique, Street Scene.



Fort du France – Martinique, Palace of Justice.





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Bridgetown – Barbados.



Bridgetown – Barbados, Aquatic
Club Beach.



Bridgetown – Barbados, Street
Scene.



Bridgetown – Barbados, from
Harbor.



Georgetown – B. G., In Botanical
Gardens.



Georgetown – B. G., Corner of
Town Hall.





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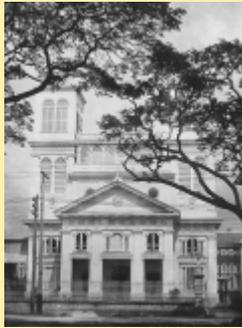
Mine Inspection Trip for ASARCO to British Guiana.



Georgetown – B. G., Park Hotel.



Georgetown – B. G., Law Courts.



Georgetown – B. G., Catholic
Cathedral.



Georgetown – B. G., Travelers
Palm in Botanical Gardens.



Georgetown – B. G., Public
Library.



Georgetown – B. G., Colonial
(Barclays) Bank.





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Mine Inspection Trip for ASARCO to British Guiana.



Georgetown – B. G., Governor's House.



Georgetown – B. G., Starbroek Market.



Georgetown – B. G., Street Scene.



Georgetown – B. G., On dock back of Starbroek Market.



Georgetown – B. G., Street Scene.



Georgetown – B. G., Street Scene.



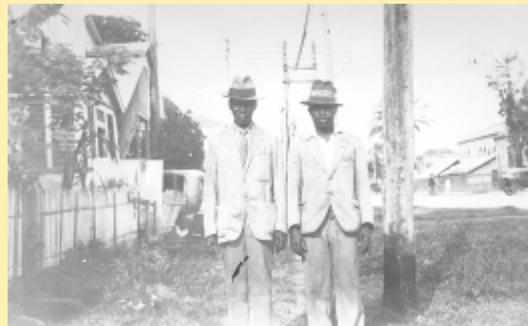


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Verandah – Park Hotel –
Georgetown – B.G.



“Green & Smith” - Cook &
Mechanic. B.G.



A Flaca on the Pomeroon River



Cocoanut Plantation on Pomeroon
River.



Along the Pomeroon River.



Up the Moruca River.





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On the Moruca River – thru weeds.



The Moruca River near Acquero.



Acquero Post Office.



Acquero Landing – Coryals.



Leaving Acquero.



Santa Rosa Mission Landing – 1 mi.
above Acquero.





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Santa Rosa Mission Landing.



Dragging Boat thru kamwater.



Stalled at Mackenzie.



End of portage beyond
Mackenzie.



Our Camp with Indians at
Mackenzie.



Our Camp with Indians at
Mackenzie.





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Baramini Police Station.



Baramini Police Station.



Waini River from Baramini Police
Station.



Baramini Police Station.



On the Waini – near Barama
Mouth.



Snag's on the Barama.





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On the Barama.



On the Barama.



“House” at Simbi – On the Barama.



Our “House” at Ina.



Cook – house at Ina.



Our house, cook & Store – house at
Ina.





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Primitive Stamp Mill – Stone Hill.



At Sand Creek.



Coming home – Kamwater near
Mackenzie.



Ants nest in tree.



Ants nest in tree.



Indian children in Coryal.





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Down Main St. from Park Hotel – Georgetown.



On Water St. Georgetown.



On Water St. Georgetown.



Promenade Deck of Lady Hawkins.



Port of Spain harbor p Trinidad.



Government Building – Port of Spain – Trinidad.





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Lady Hawkins at anchor.



Lady Hawkins at anchor.



Garden Lounge of Lady Hawkins.



Freight Lighter at Barbados – 40' oars.



Bridgetown Harbor – Barbados –
Looking toward Aquatic
Club.



St. Vincent Harbor.





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Cliffs at St. Vincent.



Entering St. Lucia Harbor.



Entering St. Lucia Harbor.



Coaling the Ingoma at St. Lucia for London.



Dominica.



St. Kitts – Water Front, Seaside Hotel.





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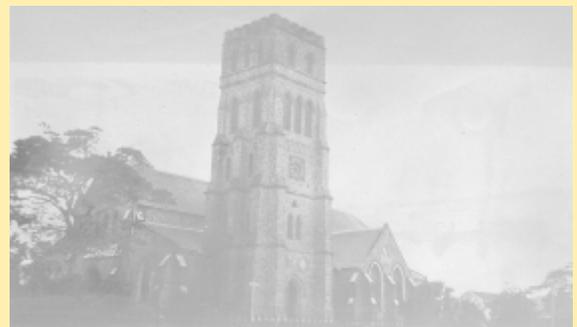
St. Kitts – Water Front.



St. Kitts – Plaza.



St. Kitts – Lady Hawkins in Bay.



St. Kitts – Cathedral.



St. Kitts – Shacks on Water Front.



Bermuda p Along the North Shore
toward St. George.





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Bermuda – Hamilton from across the Bay.



Bermuda – Hamilton from across the Bay.



Bermuda – Drive across Bay from Hamilton.



Bermuda – Quarry for Coral Rock building Blocks.



Bermuda – Bananas growing in Residence Yard.



Hamilton, Bermuda – War Monument & Public Buildings.





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Residences in and around Hamilton, Bermuda.



Residences in and around Hamilton, Bermuda.



Residential Scene around Hamilton, Bermuda.



Residence in Hamilton, Bermuda.



Not Captioned.



Not Captioned.





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Not Captioned.



Not Captioned.



Not Captioned.



Not Captioned.



Not Captioned.





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NOV. 12, 1930: First wire from H. A. Guess.

NOV. 13, 1930: Read wire 4.PM. notifying me to sail from NY. on 20th.
Took 500 hypo Thyphorial serum - also had a "cold" hypo.

Nov. 14: Got Am. Exp. Co. letter of credit for \$2000.00 #87942. Also Am. Exp. Check N3411777 to N3.411.851 Inclusive - \$20 ca. and P985348 to P985357 inclusive \$50 cash total \$1000. Also Travelers Ins. Co. Reg. 2406 Agency 3990 - \$5000 for 90 days from Nov. 15, 1930.

Nov. 15: Left Salt Lake 5.35 PM Los Angeles Limited - cold & windy.

Nov. 16: En route - fine sunny day.

M. Nov. 17: Ar. Chicago on time - 9.20 AM. left 12...# 38 NYC.

T. Nov. 18: Ar. N.Y.. muggy day but clear. Went to White Plains for supper with mother, and Aunt Vevi & Uncle Ed.

W. Nov. 19: To library, then Fitch Fiala,....office & boat. Clear day. To Mineola for supper.

T. Nov. 20: Had lunch with Gene at "Old Jones" - 118 Cedar St. arrived O.R. - (Worisa) for B.S. Gene & Doug at dock - pier 10. Lot of nigger passengers, & only some 35 all told - 12 or 13 whites. Am transferred to Suite A - sofa conch, wardrobe single bed with usable iron single berth above, private bath & toilette on bridge deck. Am at Captains Table. Ate lite supper & went to bed early.

F. Nov. 21: Good sleep but feel rocky. Ate some grape fruit, toast & coffee & laid down. Consommé, toast & tea for lunch and again laid down. About 5.30, a glass of port and for supper, consommé, a little fish and potato & tea - to bed. As soon as I stay up I get dizzy. Up to noon - 214 mi - 1252 to go.

S. Nov. 22: Still rocky - no breakfast for me - steward brought up a little but a little orange juice was my limit. On the couch all day. Rough outside and propeller out of water, racing, every minute or so. Every one more or less under the weather. Took a glass of port about 5 to see if it would help - it did - emptied my stomach - plenty and then I felt better. Went to bed supperless. Due to rough weather only made 307 mi. to noon with 945 to go. Position at noon 30'40 N & 69'16 W. Cloudy day.

S. Nov. 23: Warmer and calmer. Felt fairly good. Had a little honey dew, a boiled egg and little toast & coffee for breakfast and for lunch, consommé a little baked fish, a little custard & tea. If I hold this down I think my trouble will be over. Getting warmer and stickier all the time. Rough weather yesterday held our mileage down - Up to noon - made 280 mi. - 665 to go. Position 28'15' N & 67'22' W.



M. Nov. 24: Felt all right again. Sea much smoother and am eating regular. Took the second shot of typhoid serum about 5 PM. Position at noon 23'15'N & 65'30' W, with 325 mi's for past 24 hrs and 340 to go.



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T. Nov. 25: Fine sunny day - humid as usual. Feel fine - serum seems to have had little effect except very slight feverish feeling and sore arm. 9.20 AM - light house in sight ahead. Anchored in St Martius harbor a mile from shore at 1 PM. Lighters started unboarding some 90 tons of freights. A bunch of us went ashore in a row boat with a couple of black boys at the oars. St. Martius is the French port of the island - largely a boot legging harbor. The town of a few hundred is the crudest I have seen very few decent houses - mostly shacks and the very old colonial French type - wooden doors to cover every doorway and window - possibly shutters inside these. The first store on Main St. is an old shack filled with every kind of wine, brandy, whiskey, Champaign & other drinks, with a few staple trade goods piled around - all unbelievably cheap as there is no duty. Camel cigarettes sold for 8¢ a pkg. Apricot brandy for \$1.40 a large bottle, whiskey \$1.40 a liter bottle. The population is largely Negro or mixed breed with a few French and English is the usual language spoken. We hired a Ford and drove 7 miles across the island over a fairly decent road to the Dutch port of Phillipsberg - a somewhat better town, but more Dutch in appearance. Piles of salt are stacked in the open - evaporated from sea water. The island is all volcanic with very little soil and no heavy tropical vegetation. Mules and goats and a few cattle are raised but all looked terribly scrawny. We questioned some girls in St. Martius as to what they did for a living - they gossip, play the phonograph, don't like to dance, don't want to leave, seem to have no object in life, grew up there and expect to die there.

We did not get away until 9.30 P.M. due to the lazy inefficient port laborers. Reached St. Kitts about 2 AM.

W. Nov. 26: Got up early to watch the end of the unloading at St Kitts. The boat was anchored about 1/4 mile from the town which has a population of around 10,000 I am told. Fairly large island with quite high mountains and under intense cultivation - largely sugars. The town looked very pretty from a distance, with substantial buildings. Would liked to have gone ashore hut no time. We left at 9.10 AM and am heading for Antigua. Last night was really hot and to day is warm and sunny. A few passengers for Barbados came aboard.

Anchored in harbor of St Johns at 1.30 PM. - a beautiful harbor surrounded by low hills with quite a town and a sort of county club hotel on one side of the harbor. Took a launch in to the landing passing Ft. Yawes, an old colonial fort of the days of the "Spanish Main," the old walls are well preserved and ancient cannon poke their noses over the ramparts. The fortress on a hilly point jutting out into and controlling the harbor.

The town is the same as the usual tropical town only more so - narrow streets, old ramshackle buildings with some solid stone ones; the courthouse of Hock stone, was built in 1600. On high ground is the cathedral with ancient spires; here Lord Nelson was married and the register still exists, while showing the effects of weathering still stands and is used tho crumbling in places.- two of the old clock faces are nearly gone.

Beyond the cathedral Government house stands surrounded by a high stone wall with the British flag flying over it - several substantial buildings in a very pretty park. On alleys next to this, one finds the typical shack of the native about 10 or 12 square, many set up three feet or more from the ground on stone foundations leaving a place for the pig and chickens.





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Wandering down the streets, one is pestered by the beggars. Children from 7 or 8 to old toothless and lecherous hags with a sort of dress made by saving a thousand or more rags of muslin, old clothes, anything at all, as they came and all bleached to a dirty gray by the sun. Native women pass with a tray of vegetables or a can of water on their heads - one had a spade balanced on her head and a rake over her shoulders. On the side walk street vendors with everything - fish, cookies, cakes, fruit; bead work etc. The sewage system appears to be a series of drains into gutters which lead into a large cemented ditch down one of the main streets.

A funeral procession passed me, the hearse ready to fall apart and two scraggy nags pulling it, a few autos filled with the family and native priests in black robes walking while a hundred or more followed on foot.

I visited the Pan American Air Ways Office to make some inquiries - they run a plane to Miami, Florida once a week - schedule covers most of the islands down to Georgetown and carried mail, the fare from Georgetown to Miami is \$351.00, they leave Georgetown at 10.30 AM on Friday and arrive at Miami 5.30 PM Sunday.

It is surprising the good English spoken by the natives - far better than you hear in our own towns as amongst a similar class.

We anchor at 6 PM. and reached Guadeloupe about 2 AM. Going into Guadeloupe only quick thinking by the captain saved trouble a plenty. The channel is narrow....and just before reaching the town, a becalmed sloop showed up in mid channel - no lights showing and only a ships length ahead, with no room to pass Captain dropped anchor and reverse his engines and managed to avoid a collision and still keep from grounding in the shallow water, with the ship shaking and vibrating like a tuning fork.

T. Nov. 27: Anchored quite close to shore but pulled out at 6 AM. for Martinique. Have passed Dominica where April hurricane destroyed the town - it is now rebuilt.

About noon we passed Mt Pelee, the volcano that destroyed St Pierre years ago. Unluckily a heavy shower completely blotted out the mountain as we passed. Anchored at Fort de France about 2 PM. and went ashore to wander around a bit. Practically no English spoken here. Very pretty suburb on hill at edge of city. The town is made up of narrow streets - houses built tight together; no window glass in doors and windows, just shutters and wooden doors or blinds. A few little parks with a plaza on the water front some 200 ft square with one open field in the center, around the edge are some of the typical open air cafes of the French - little tables in pavilions, Tried for a picture of one native woman carrying a large turtle on her head - it was nearly three feet across the shell and alive and, of course, upside down. Sent another letter home.

Very pretty harbor here and quite large.

Got away again at 7 PM for Barbados.

Had our Thanksgiving dinner - turkey and all with special souvenir menu aboard ship.

Friday Nov. 28: Anchored at Bridgetown, Barbados at 6 AM. Went ashore about 9. Got a suit made to order...between 9 & 3 PM. at Hope's. Walked around until Dr. & I went out to Aquatic Club pavilion for sandwich & drinks - fine beach, nice pavilion & fine cool breeze. Back to ship office to chat & there to ship - would have sailed at 2.30 PM., but Purser got Pickled & didn't show up until 3.15- if he had been 15 min. later we would have left here as we have to catch a midnight tide. Al Demerara Town has about 40 000, largely colored. Barbados, Negroes consider themselves the aristocracy or the Indies -





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some 40000 were sent to help on the Panama canal. Have not seen a single drunk in any of these ports.

Streets are narrow - 20 wide, generally with no side walk - just room for the two cars to pass. If there is a sidewalk, it is only about 3 ft wide & then a cement gutter, sometimes covered & then the street. Buildings built right to the sidewalk. Trinidad had asphalt on all main streets & alleys, which run in every conceivable direction. Lots of native police with blue suits & red stripes down their trouser legs & sure helmets. Some very pretty suburb parks and outlying hotels.

Sat. Nov. 29: Rough sea this morning and felt pretty shaky, several showers and air very humid. This afternoon it is quieter although there is a long heavy swell. I had my 3rd injection of typhoid serum at 5 PM.

Reached light ship about 9 PM and picked up pilot who took us on in 9 mi. to town where we anchored for the night just off the dock as it was too late for quarantine inspection. From some distance beyond the lightship, the sea was yellow with Demarara River mud and we plowed through more or less mid crossing the bar which only has 20ft of water at high tide.

Sun. Nov. 30: Docked at 6 A.M. and got off about 7.30. Went to the Park Hotel - the best in town - 3 story frame with every thing wide open. Dinning room and lounging room are like open pavilions. We had rooms on the 3rd floor and on the cool side so that there is a breeze flowing through most of the time. If it were not for this ocean breeze which is fairly constant, the heat would be intolerable. It was very humid & there were a few showers in the morning but none in the afternoon.

Meals are on a different basis here. One orders his light breakfast at night and it is brought to his room in the morning before he gets up - whenever he specifies. The regular breakfast is at 11 A.M. tea at 4 to 5 PM. and dinner at 7 to 8 P.M. Business quits at 4 PM.

In the afternoon I walked down to one of the main residence streets and over to the Botanical gardens; the street was lined more or less with coconut palms. The gardens cover several acres and have every imaginable kind of palm and tropical tree in them; they are very pretty arid quite well kept up.

Houses are from 2 to 3 stories, all frame & most of them have sheet iron roofs and gutters, all rainfall being collected in large concrete cisterns for drinking water. Much of the land on which the town is built is a foot or two below sea level and the town is criss-crossed with cement canals and ditches which are drained out at low tide. House are all painted white, light brown or salmon color to reflect the sun and the glare is bard on the eyes during the day. One misses here the stone walls around the houses characteristic of the other ports visited. The town hall is quite a large building. There are large public markets and other public buildings and considerable docking space. Motor cars arc common and the small Austuis and similar small cars are in the majority as gas costs 60¢ a gallon.

In the evening we walked out on the sea wall which is some 2 mi. long and protects the town from being flooded. Much of it is a cement walk 20' wide with benches along it and is a parade ground in the evening as there is always a cool ocean breeze there.

Mon. Dec. 1: Visited the Colonial Bank (Barclays) and presented letter of introduction to the Manager who sent me to their attorney, Cameron Shepherd-Mr. Reed and Mr. Humphries in particular of that firm; the latter has had considerable experience in mining matters. Arranged with them to look after our interests. Transferred \$1000 from Letter of Credit to a checking account - they charge \$15 or 1 1/2% for this.





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Mr. Reed introduced me in the afternoon to Mr. Mullar, Commissioner of Mines & Forests. He seemed entirely unenthusiastic over the district, stating that the alluvial deposits were shallow and spotty tho often fairly rich - that the quartz veins seemed to lose value with depth.

Visited the America Consul, Mr. S_____ and left my passport with him after registering.

Mr. Reed is "putting me up" at the Georgetown club. All business ceases at 4 PM.

Tues. Dec. 2: Saw Mr. Mullar - Com. of Lands & Mines & arranged for tracing. Obtain green permits & licenses and Prospecting license.

Saw Mr. Reid to work over agreement with Smackey.

Wed. Dec. 3: Nothing much this morning except get some Xmas cards. Saw Mr. Winther, Com. of Mines, & Forests in afternoon - he has done considerable mining but got no definite information except that the deepest mining was at the Peter's Mine - 300 ft - and that at that depth they had nothing - having lost the vein.

A Mr. Epstein called me and I had tea with him. He claimed that Smackey got him down here, paying all expenses, left him out in the bush short of grub (Smackey says he was sick with fever & came into the hospital & got nothing for his services). Epstein claim Smackey brought in others on wild goose chases & was put out of the Trent House for failing to pay board, was broke & that he and the American Consul had to help him to get back to the States - that Smackey worked his passage -that he & the Consul had determined to warn me if I was some young sucker but finding out that I was an Engineer, I doubtless knew my way around.

Winthier claims Epstein is crooked.

Epstein is associated with a Mr. King, a solicitor here, whose brother is Counselor for the Crown. He has an Uncle (named White) in Salt Lake & another in Los Angeles, cousins in England, one being an MP. He is bitter against Smackey and I am very dubious about him.

Epstein claims he is an English Jew born in America -that a year or so ago he went broke in Wall St - that he went to a big American Company - thought it was AS & R Co - and wanted them to send a man down to look at his property, offering to pay his own part of the trip - that he was turned down cold. He claims he has a big diamond concession between the Paloro & Mazanine Rivers 90 mi. S.W. of here - also 9 mi. of gold concession on the Ohio River - that a big English Company is trying to get the whole district around him but he holds a key part of the ground.

He wants an engineer to look at his stuff - claims an assay by Ledonox & Co of N.Y. of 870- Smackey says this was salted by Epstein himself & he can take me to the prospector who knows he did it. Nice mess of lies all around in my opinion. Mullar is interested in the English Co. trying to tie up the country. E also claims he can get the Minnehaha dredge in the Potaro district for a son - I don't believe this either.

Thurs. Dec 4: Had chat with Mr. King & Mr. Epstein. Mr. King impressed me favorably. It was agreed that if, when I get back from the North West, there is no rush for a boat and no hurry up order from NY. and it is possible to run out to Epsteins concession in say 3 days, I will do so. If I think it worth while, Epstein wished to negotiate a deal with us.





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Inquiries from the A.C. develop that Smackey complained about the management of the Consulate and his claims were unfounded; same correspondence speaks of Epstein claiming Smackey brought Epstein into the bush and left him there short of grub & sold certain supplies in which Epstein had an interest. Present Consul only here 6 weeks - is not too enthusiastic over Epstein & clerk says King is O.K. Humphreys does not know Epstein and suspicious of any deal in which Epstein & King are together. Fine bunch of knockers all around

Fri. Dec. 5: Registered now with Dept. Mines & Forests. Got map from Dept L. & M. Bought various supplies. Bit of shower in morning.

Sat. Dec. 6: Settled up odds & ends. Applied for Bond Thin C & C. for hiring Indians at L. & M. office. Looked boat over. Had dinner at Mr. King's; he is a Solicitor associated with Mr. Epstein had a very pleasant evening - Mrs. King was very nice & they treated me like one of the family - entirely informal. Diner was the usual course affair with high balls before and 3 wine glasses during with coffee and brandy after.

Sunday Dec. 7: Loafed to-day. Did some packing up this AM & will finish tomorrow. Bit of shower this morning.

Mon. Dec., 8: Had Solicitors apply for prospecting concession. Left various receipts, at Barclays bank in envelope - Repay #5935. Left on small coastal steamer at 9 PM - dirty old tub. S & I have small state room with two bunks & windows opening on side of ship - quite necessary. Boat is about 100 ft. long and 23 ft. wide. In the state room is one of the old drop down bargains - supposed to have running water only the water is missing. As soon as we got out of the Demarara River. The old tub began to rock four ways at once & very soon we were ready to lie down. I loosened my neck & took off my boots and lay down with the usual desire to die. The next few hours were plain hell -- it was really rough and the old tub rolled and pitched so that it was a mystery how she stayed right side up; one just held himself in the berth and hoped for the best. Smackey finally fed the fishes but what little I had eaten stayed "Put" tho I might have felt better if it had come up. Toward morning it quieted down after a door or two had been smashed. About 5.30 (before sunrise) we entered the mouth of the Pomeroon River and are making our way up the River. Along the river are coconut plantations with a landing every mile or so. One sees nothing but a solid fringe of trees along the shores of the river growing right out of the water; back of these are the groves of coconut palms with low dikes to keep tidal fluctuations of the river from flooding the low land.

At these landings one usually finds a "rum shop." At one, Martindale, we left the boat and will go on up the river until we meet the Government launch which comes down the river. When they meet one will transfer our goods & selves to the launch, go down over the same portion of river & then out around a cape and in to the Monica River.

We have had an egg and some coffee and bread for breakfast and should meet the launch pretty soon now (8 AM).

At 9 AM we meet the launch and transferred our stuff to it & started back down the Pomeroon River again, stopping at every little landing to deliver or pick tip mail. Both launch & steamer are operated by the government. We picked up our boat at Maitindale and are tonight coming out of the

Pomeroon, we turned westward along the coast 15: or 20 miles and it got rather rough again. The whole sea is muddy like the Mississippi: I am told by Mr. Grant, Supt. of Waterways who happens to be along, that this muddy condition exists for miles out from the coast and





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is due to sediment from the Oronoco River. We plowed thru semi fluid mud toward shore and the seemingly unbroken shoreline of mangroves showed a small creek - The Maruca.

We entered this and for a few miles, passed thru a dense jungle with occasional coconut plantations. Later the county becomes more open and the creek smaller. Then the grass began to get thick until there was only a narrow channel 3' to 4' of open water & sometimes we had to plow thru grass.

It is 21 miles from the mouth of the Maruca to Acquero where we leave the launch & spend the night. It is now after 5 PM & all afternoon we have been making only 3 to 4 mi. per hr.-we are almost there. Fire has been down thru and along the creek bed, burning the trees & this gives the river grass a chance to grow. In a few years this passage will be all filled with grass. As evening approaches this paper is getting so damp it wont take the ink [it is very light] have not seen much wild life except birds - plenty of them. Passed an Indian Mission a ways back - the native Indians seem quite intelligent

Finally reached Acquero at a little after 6 PM. (dark). Had to unload our stuff from the launch as it leaves early in the morning - some job in the dark. Finally got our hammocks slung in the "guest house" after grabbing a pickup meal & turned in about 9 P.M. & to get a little sleep.

Acquero consists of a Post Office building where the Sub Warden lives - actually a two story frame house. The guest house is a sort of thatched pavilion with walls of interlaced palm leaves and thatched roof & veranda. Outside is another thatched shed for cooking & a few scattered thatched huts and shed where the native Indians live. Dense jungle on one side of the creek and an open "savannah" or field on the other with some coconut palms around the P.O. Just above here is a Catholic Mission where they are educating the Indians as best they can.

The Indian women all wear a one piece dress but are far more particular about appearing naked than a New York Flapper; the men wear some kind of pants and a shirt. Most of the babies have some kind of a slip on and the boy children wear pants & shirts but don't hesitate to strip & go in swimming but the girls wear something even in swimming. They are short but well built and do not have the thick lips and coarse features of the African Negro.

Wed. Dec. 10: Did not use nets as the dry season has eliminated mosquitoes for the present here. Got a fair sleep and it was cold enough the latter part of the night for a blanket - a damp cold up at 5.30 and got a bite of breakfast. Mr. Grant left on the launch at 7.30 AM. Sent a film on to Bookers by him and another goes in the mail. When we got up our clothes were still damp - the humidity is a fright & I have been perspiring freely & continuously. It is cloudy but doesn't rain. The ditch connecting the Maruca with the next water is dry & we are going to have a bad time getting across. Sanchez is out trying to hire 12 Indians to help out - they get 72¢ a day wages.

Loaded and started at 11.30 A.M. Went up the Maruca to Short Cu or Calu - water there to Barabara River then into Behara & then into Baramani thence in Waini. Ran into difficulties immediately - pond lilies & grass so thick we could not run engine even tho we had part of the load in a coryal behind. Paddle & pushed a couple of miles; then had to transfer all stuff to coryals holding a couple of hundred pounds each; these took the stuff about 2 miles further - 3/4 mile up Caliu water; the empty big boat was dragged up thru very shallow water; we walked across a mile and half of open "savannah" which is now a semidry swamp in the mid-day sun which pretty nearly finished me - was soaking wet with sweat when we finally reached the edge of the "savannah" where there is a little higher ground and some white sand with quartz pebbles threw it. It was 2.30 PM. before we got there & by the time we got thru with lunch for all it was

nearly 4 PM. So we are camping here tonight & will get an early start in the morning - have to pack everything 2 or 3 miles to reach open water again. Had about 20 men today. The humidity is a fright.





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This place is called Machenzie. An Indian family has an open thatched shed 300' from the creek - two or three women and a couple of men & some kids. They baked some cassava bread - like a Mexican Tortilla about 2' across, 1/2" thick, baked on a flat piece of iron. Men women kids & kids swing their hammocks under the same roof - we strung out mosquito net for the first time - had a bit of supper & went to bed.

Thurs. Dec. 11: Up at 5.30- daylight - cloudy & terribly humid. Put on clothes that are wetter than when I took them off. A little face wash and breakfast and about 7 we managed to get started. Put everything in the boat and pulled it thru the creek a couple of miles. Then we had to disembark and pack everything overland thru a jungle forest trail a mile. It has stormed some this morning and just walking this mile has soaked me with...black moist mud, tree roots & vines in the trail. We'll be wet all day. The men will get the stuff over & then drag the empty boats about 3 miles thru the shallow water. They packed 100 lb. loads on their heads over this trail without stopping.

Men started dragging boat around portage about 10.30 AM - reached other side at 1.15 PM. Stopped for "breakfast". Used two falkas and a little stuff in large boat. Pulled, pushed, shoved, poled and dragged these thru narrow creek. To a point just below the Matuaia, here the water gets deeper & we transferred to the big boat and one falka which we are taking along in, tow for emergency. We started again at 4.30 PM. Stopped at 5.30 after making it 10 miles further thru dense jungle so thick one hardly sees the sky & cannot see beyond shore. We are in the Bena Bara River now & it is 20' to 30' wide and has a two foot tide.

Built camp in a slightly open place in the jungle right on the so called short - no land - the sediment has settled on tree roots and made a mat with leaves & palms - no bottom to it. Drove a pole down in thru a ways & baced it and slung a tarpaulin & hammocks from it to 2 trees. Had a sort of supper and turned in soaked thru with sweat. The dampness in this jungle is unconceivable. Rained hard in the night.

Friday Dec. 12: Got up at 6 AM. - clothes all wet from dampness but had to go on - can't get anything dry. Got started, at 7.15 AM and are making good time down the Bara Bara. We were camped a few miles above the junction the Barabara and Behara Rivers. Passed this junction at 7.40 AM. The Behara is 40' to 60' wide fairly deep tidal water too. Palius (cabbage palius) are increasing but jungle is all dense. At 8 AM - pass Asacarta coming in from left where we camped at (Mocensu) is about the breaking point of tidal water - the small creek would flow one way part of the day & reverse its flow another part - this even the 90 miles or more from the ocean. In the jungle camp it is so damp that moisture is constantly condensing and dripping from the trees - general height of tree growth is 30' to 50'. Vines and parasitic growths interlace everything - orchids everywhere. Parrots are talking you continually in the trees. At 8.20AM we crossed a so-called lake of 10 acres or 80 which they call the source the Baramani River. The river now is 100' or more wide. Traveling in general N.W. direction down the Baramani. 3.30 Passed Manuaha Ck coming in from left - hardly noticeable. 10.20 Reached Baramani Police station at junction of Baranabi & Waini Rivers. Stop for "breakfast". Heavy shower last couple of miles & every thing more or less soaked including ourselves. Station is wooden house with some thatched houses also on point in river - protected from high water by dikes of mud. Yesterday I shot a tiger bird - long neck, long legs, lots

of feathers and no body to speak of; we had it for lunch. Today I shot a black duck coming down the river - it also is mostly legs, neck & feathers - all black - the meat is dark and has slightly garney taste but is tough. The tiger bird has brown mottled feathers. Our meals are the crudest - we spend most of our time making or breaking camp and getting meals. The Indian eat a pot





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of rice at meal with salt fish or salt pork. We have plantains cassava, onions & potatoes along. We boil all water but it looks tough even at that; however, there is nothing else - fresh spring water is unknown. The Indians brush the scum off and drink the stream water, as is, wigglers and all.

Steamers of fair size can come up the Waini to Baramani Police Station & even to the mouth of the Bararna. The Waini is 300' to 500' across and, I am told, fairly deep here. It is most aggravating to try and get any idea of distance in this country; you ask how far to so and so & they tell you "three-maybe four point"; they reckon by the number of turns the creek or river takes - actual distance seems to mean nothing.

Business is so slack that there is only a - at Bararnani Police Station - an Indian & his family; The children as usual mostly naked and the men wear a Pair of "shorts" - sometimes a skirt too; the women wear a sort of dress more or less an old "Mother Hubbard" & that is all.

Finally got started again at 1.20 PM.

At 2.05 we passed Morebo Creek on the right short cut to Moravana. The Waini here is 500' to 800' wide. It is 18 mi. from Police Station to saw mill. Reached Barawa Saw Mill at 3.30 on left bank and decided to stay there for night where we could have a thatched house to stay in. There is a saw mill here belonging to Even Wong. They were sawing crab wood logs - British Guiana mahogany it is called - reddish in color and fairly hard but has no bending strength. A few families of Indians live here. Took a picture of floating island of logs 20' square - the raft had been in the water about a year and undergrowth was growing on it; the water preserves the logs.

Sat. Dec. 13: Had fair nights sleep - cool enough for a blanket toward morning. Water fresh but runs with tide. Got a bath last night in the river - first since we left Georgetown - also a shave. No rain last night. Up at 5.30 AM and got started at 7.05 AM. About 1/2 mile below the saw-mill we entered the Barama River taking the right hand fork.

Natives all talk a bit of English - anyone going back to the mining regions where there is really land is said to be going "topside" - that being die term to designate the higher ground in the back country. Pork-knockers are small miners and diggers who work little prospects by themselves - something like our term "prospector." Tributors" generally refers to men working on lease. At 8.15 we passed the mouth of the Waira River & kept to the left. The Barawa is muddy water. At 9.00 passed Epini Ck on left. At 10.20 passed Waicrabi Ck. on left. At 11.45 we passed Curusani Ck. on left. At 11.45 we reached Simbi on right. This is an old Mission site - now abandoned; there are a few old thatched houses on a hill 50' high of clay and quartzite pebbles & just below on the river bank are some exposures of old [selistone] rocks - the first solid rock we have seen. The Barama is here 60' to 80' wide, fairly deep and muddy.

Left Simbi after "breakfast" at 1.30 PM.

1.45 Passed Anaturi Ck. on right.

2.05 Tiger Ck on left at left.

Lots of "talalas" or fallen trees, snags and logs in river & progress slowed up some. Struck mud on a sand bar.

4.45 Passed Tasivini Ck. on right.

5.15 Stopped to make camp in the jungle just below Puteikuro.

Sunday Dec. 14: Got away at 7.30 from our jungle camp - better than the other is some respects - higher ground - had to climb a 10' bank of mud-slippery clay. Humidity bad as ever - go to bed wet, sweat a while & finally toward morning get chilled so that one pulls a blanket over. Get up and dress in clothes again wetter than when taken off. We put our clothes in the bag if dry enough- keeps them drier than if hung up.





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7.35 Passed Puseikuro.

Baboons were chattering & calling off and on all last night.

10.15 Had to stop for engine - exhaust spring blew out of piece wire. Cooked breakfast while waiting. Takabas very bad & have only made 5 or 10 miles.

Start again 11.45.

12.00 pass KumaKando - Kumaka landing.

1.05 Maikoro rocks (Mekorora).

3.45 Mission just below Cookrite Camp.

Had to chop tree out just above here to get thru made camp at 4.15 no camping place beyond here.

Monday Dec. 15: More rain last night at supper time but did not rain at night. Humid as usual but not as bad as some camps. Got started at 7.10 AM. Stopped for breakfast just above Walkus landing - had to chop our way thru some snags - also engine trouble & a heavy shower.

Fought snags & low water and finally got to Kariako Mission - had a thatched house for camp - rain most of afternoon - wet all the time - can't get anything dry. Reached here at 4.45 and hope to Iana tomorrow.

Tues. Dec. 16: Got started at 6.50 AM. Good sleep - hot & damp as ever. Baboons calling again this AM. Had to chop our way thru a few tree but the river rose a foot during the night so that we got along fairly well and finally reached Iana landing about 10.30 AM. Mr. Scott had built some thatched shelters - houses. - and we made use of these. He was camped here two weeks recently. River is about 80' - 100' wide here and very low now. A tangle of trees prevents any kind of navigation except by the light coryals which float on next to nothing. It is still thick jungle all around camp - the top is 80' & 100' above ground and a mass of vines, creepers, brush, & jungle growth makes it necessary to chop a path out with knives (like a heavy bladed butcher knife 2' long) to get anywhere. It has rained all afternoon off and on - heavy showers - the dampness is inconceivable. We are fixing up the camp as we will have to make this our base camp. It has taken us 7 1/2 days to make about 250 miles of the worst traveling I have ever done - haven't been dry or clean once.

We have a cross breed negro-indian working for us and another hunting. Also a boy to help around camp - he goes naked except for a cuyo - a couple of pieces of fish line around the waist and a piece of cloth in front, between & behind, the whole thing being about 3 ft. long and 6" wide, and it answers for "fig leaf" and "bustle." Every hour or so the humidity reaches the breaking point & it rains some more. How we are going to get anything done is more than I can figure.

Wed. Dec. 17: Rained all night and river is up a foot or two. Smackey now says this is the beginning of the rainy season which we understood in N.Y. did not begin until April - says it is liable to keep this up continuously. The only way he could recognize this place was because there is a rocky point jutting out into the river. He didn't even know where North was and don't even know the trail thru the jungle to his own claims; so last night he sent an Indian working for us, down the river a few miles to get another Indian who did know the trail. For colossal ignorance helplessness & incompetence Smackey beats anyone I have ever known; he lies continuously & consecutively simply because he has no conception of reality or actual facts. In other words, he don't lie intentionally or maliciously. After years in the "bush" he can't even tie his hammock securely. He is absolutely helpless & hopeless. Instead of sending for the Indian guide yesterday noon, Smackey waited until night & trusted the Indian to turn up before daylight; then he had the cook get up at 4.30 and fix "breakfast" to be taken along





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and fix early "tea" (our breakfast in the U.S.). Well, we got thru "tea," and all ready by 7 and no guide. It is now 8.30 & still raining and still no guide & we sit around waiting & me cussing.

At 11.00 the Indian "guide" turned up - brought his brothers and cousins and kids - I didn't count them but there were six or eight of them - all naked. This is another of Smackey's moves - we will be supporting the whole colony soon - will have to read the "riot act" to him again altho I have cussed him up one side and down the other I might just as well talk to a stone wall. He and Smith & "Papa" & Princh and Charles went off about 10 o'clock to clear the trail to the claims - I told him flatly that until he could assure me there was a way open, his claims could rot where they are. I have never been up against a proposition like this before & it is my first & last. Von Fluytman came in about 12 with his wife and kids - they are going down the river - another bunch of Indians more or less naked. The rain continues.

One speaks of "hearing the jungle grow" and one has to spend a few nights in it to realize the meaning. The chorus of night insects is continuous and the moisture condensing on the tall trees is forever dripping down onto the underbrush beneath - a soft patter and you get the impression of something growing. Every once in a while a tree will crash or a parasitical growth will get too heavy on a rotting limb and crash down thru the brush. All these trees are covered and interlaced with vines and creepers with orchids or parasite plant growth covering the limbs 50 or 100 ft. above the ground.

Smacky and his tribe of Indian returned about 4.00 PM reporting the line clear to Sand Creek. It has rained continuously all day & still doing it - river still rising.

Thurs. Dec. 18: Cleared up during the night. Got away about 8 AM - had to walk 3-4 miles thru swamp, mud, brush & jungle to Sand Creek claim - passed Chow Wo & Stone Hill; at the latter place they were crushing quartz from the Transvaal Claim with primitive stamps - "duikies" they call them. They fit a 12" hammer into a piece of 3 inch pipe and this onto a piece of timber 6" in diam. with a couple of cross handles stuck thru it. This is hung from a long sprung pole and pumped up and down by hand on an iron die plate with a piece of . . . around it. By using screens, the quartz is pounded to about 20 mesh and the gold panned out

At Sand Hill there had been some old crude hydraulic washing and Smackey claims to have uncovered a ledge of good gold rock running several hundred dollars to the ton; all I could see was a dirt pit & an 8' rod failed to reach solid rock - Smackey says the top caved in. A couple of panning of the dirt in the pit showed a few colors. On the return we stopped at Transvaal - nothing but shallow pits; they are collecting quartz boulders & pieces from these arid working them down. Native gold can be found in specimens, no ledge known. Scott worked here and passed it up.

At Stone Hill there are a couple of shallow shafts but the water in these covers what is claimed to be a ledge.

All over this section quartz float shows. Also saw a few outcrops of granite, aplite & old shists. Back at camp about 3 exhausted & soaked by rain and sweat.

Friday Dec. 19: Visited Kings Ransom - real outcrop carrying native gold. Back at 9.30 & start for Acquero at 11.00 AM.

The K.R. outcrop is badly covered with moss & dirt but shows quite a ledge of quartz - no telling how wide it is. Quartz shows all over the hill with occasional croppings of granite & schistose rocks, all badly decomposed. These claims sit a mile below camp. Start 600' from river.





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Making good time down the river – all tree covered now as river is 8' to 10' higher than when we came up.

2.30 PM - Cookrite Mission Camp. Made camp 5.30 for night a few miles above Simbi in the jungle – at an old thatched home about to fall to pieces and with a big ant nest in one corner. Killed a big tarantula on the ridge pole. Shot 4 ducks during the day & could have gotten more but we had no use for them.

Sat. Dec. 20: Got started at 6.15 AM.

6.50- Tiger Ck. 12 points from camp.

7.15 Passed Simbi.

9.34 Passed Wairu River Mouth.

10.20 Barawa River Mouth.

10.25 Barawa Saw Mill Left some supplies with Mrs. Francis - had breakfast & left the saw mill at 12.38.

2.35 Pass Baramani Police Station.

4.30 Pass lake at beginning of Behara River

5.11 Passed junction Behara and Bara Bara - now on Bara Bara.

5.40 Stopped at the same jungle camp at which we passed the night of Dec 4th. Only one for miles.

Rained during the night again & we should get thru the Savannah all night.

Sun. Dec. 21: Got started at 6.38 A.M. 9.15 Mackenzie. Had to pole a couple of miles but got thru. Some showers. Reached Acquero 10.30 A.M.

Monday Dec. 22: Had rain last night again. Got away from Acquero at 1.53 AM - Showery. Everyone down to see the launch put out. Pass; Moruca Mouth at 11.50 A.M. Finally meet the steamer within a few miles of Charity about 4 PM & got started back down the Pomeroun at 4.35 PM. Have the same state room we had before - also an assorted collection of the live and inanimate.

On the lower deck are four big sawed logs of heavy green heart timber about 18" square and 30 ft. or more long, a miscellaneous assortment of freight including some cows, a hog, several crates of chickens and ducks, and a dozen or so niggers - all with a little Xmas in them. On the upper deck is another assortment - supposed to be "first class" - quarters an old nigger woman who may live thru the ocean part of trip if she don't break up into pieces - another nigger woman who is pregnant and far along, some more male niggers & kids with some more chickens, ducks, and a parrot and various odds and ends. When we get to pitching and rolling, Hell is liable to break loose.

At 7.40 PM. we finally passed the last main landing - had to make two trees to get tied up; half or more of the crew are half or more drunk - they are as lazy, dumb, worthless lot of niggers as I ever hope to see; the Captain isn't much better - lets; the men talk back to him and would last about 2 minutes on a U.S. river-boat. More niggers came aboard - both decks are full of them where there is any vacant space - they are lying all around. This boat is run by the government and is the dirtiest, rottenest, sloppiest mess I was ever in. Life is too short to take another trip like this - it is my first and last.

Tues. Dec. 23: Arrived safely at about 6.30 A.M. not as rough a trip as going out and everything went as well as could be expected. Went to the Park Hotel at 7.00 A.M. but no one up yet. Spent most of the morning unpacking, bathing & getting cleaned up and back to civilization. Cabled H.A. Guess about 2 P.M. in code. Received about 7 PM in code - to relinquish options and return home.





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Wed. Dec. 24: Saw lawyers and arranged for relinquishment papers to be ready Sat. Dec. 27 at 10 AM. Big dance at the hotel after a turkey dinner - kept up until 3 AM but I spent the evening quietly in my room & went to bed early. For dinner we had turkey and plum pudding.

Thurs. Dec. 25: Xmas. Was surprised to get a call from Mr. King about 9, asking me to take "breakfast" with them about 11. As a matter of fact we did not eat until about 12.30 and then there were 12 or 14 of us "grown-ups" and nearly as many children - the latter had their meal together in a separate room. The King family is a large one and kept dropping in all the time. "Breakfast" was a regular turkey dinner with 17 or 18 pound "gobbler" at one end of the table and a big dish of curried chicken and ham at the other; vegetables of all kinds; this after shredded grapefruit and a fish course appetizer. Afterwards came plum pudding and fruit cake. Later we played a little bridge and broke up about 4 P.M. me to the hotel and a quiet evening, the others to bathe and put on full dress for various dances and drinking bouts. I greatly appreciate the kindness of Mr. Mrs. King in taking me in as one of the family for Xmas.

Fri. Dec. 29: Lady Hawkins in at 7 AM. Holiday here -- did nothing.

Sat. Dec. 27: Sold the guns. Got Release from Smackey.

Sun. Dec. 28: Loafed & packed Rained most of Day.

Mon. Dec. 29: Settled up everything and finally got off at 11 P.M.

There is as much difference between this boat and the Munamar as between a Pullman and a baggage car; they are fixed up like an Atlantic liner, everything spic & span - a very pretty dinning saloon, wonderful cabins and two very beautiful "Suites de Luxa". The main berth deck nothing but cabins on it; below being the dinning saloon; on the next deck above are, a large nicely furnished smoking and card room, a very with desks, a library and a grand piano - these are "forward"; aft is another (Garden) lounge where afternoon tea is served. Around all this is a large deck promenade. Above this is the boat deck, part of which is given over to games. The boat is 438' long and displaces 12000 tons and is handled in true English style. I am at the Chief Officers table and don't have to be quite so formal in attire as some - the Captain's table had on their dinner clothes for supper (Tues).

Tues Dec. 30: Mr. Forster (Brother-in-law of Mr. King) was en route to Trinidad and we got up a game of Bridge and played all day - killing the time nicely. The boat rides wonderfully and I had no sea sickness.

Wed. Dec. 31: Reached Port of Spain last night but no landings until this morning. A big tanker is along side & is pumping fuel oil into us.

My cabin is like a room in the Ritz - could not get a single cabin and took the "A" berth in a big one (possible 3 passenger cabin) as the passenger list is small (and little chance of my getting company. My berth is on the outside - under two big port holes; these are a big wardrobe, two dressing able bureaus, two easy wicker chairs, a second berth opposite mine with a drop down upper berth, to be use in emergency, above it, a fine built-in white wash basin - hot and cold water, toilet racks, medicine closet, ice water (thermos) bottle, electric fan, private toilet, private shower bath, shaded lights (plenty of them) bed lamps, curtains in front of the e bunks and at the port holes, rug on the floor - all the comforts of home. The room is about 9' X 15'. Georgetown to Bermuda is \$145 (single rate in this room).





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The cuisine is what one would expect in say the Commodore or the Roosevelt A1 - everything and anything you want.

Thurs. Jan 1: New Years: In the morning we were anchored at Grenada - a pretty, green mountainous island noted for its nutmeg exports. I did not go ashore as there is only a small town much like the others seen. At 11.00 AM we sailed and at 4.00 PM. were at St Vincent where we remained until 9.00 PM Another green & mountainous island with a wireless station on some high cliffs near the town. On board ship we had a fine New Years dinner with turkey and all the trimmings.

Fri. Jan. 2: This morning we were anchored at Bridgetown, Barbados again. Went ashore to get a suit fixed a film developed & came back for lunch and am starting to work on my report. It is much cooler here today than it was on our, outward trip and very much less humidity just a nice summer day. Came back for, lunch and spent the afternoon working on my report.

Sat. Jan. 3: Spent the day on board working, reading & loafing; a fine clear day - warm and sunny but cool and pleasant enough on board ship. There were 6 steamers anchored here today. We start on the home stretch tomorrow morning.

Sun. Jan. 4: We left Bridgetown at 8.00 A.M. The Lady Drake arrive on her trip south just before we left and anchored nearby. At 4.30 we docked at St Lucia - one of the few island harbors where we could go in to the pier. The town is prettily situated at the foot of some hills on a small bay. The town itself is small and crude but on the hills around are some very attractive private homes and there is a fairly nice hotel. The population is, I judge, about 99% negro as usual. As it was Sunday, what few shops there were, were closed. On the docks, some 30000 tons or more of soft coal were piled up as this is a large coaling station for the Indies. The Ingoma, bound for London was there, coaling; some hundred or more nigger men and women formed an endless procession from a coal pile up a steep gang-plank over the side of the ship to where the coal could be dumped in the bunkers thru chutes; they carried bushel baskets which they filled with coal and packed on their heads.

The negroes who always surround the ships in ports - boys mostly - had a new stunt; they had little row boats about 5 ft long - "Baby Austin" boats we called them; these are made of some very light wood and wont sink; there is just room for a "boy" to sit in one with his legs stretched out and they paddle them around with their hands over the sides. When one gets tipped over, the "navigator" treads water, grasps the side of the boat and rocks it back and forth rapidly, splashing much of the water out; then he sort of heaves himself out of the water and dumps what is left out by holding the boat out sideways as he treads water and then climbs back in over the square stern - quite quite a trick. We left St. Lucea at 9.00 PM. and it is quite a job as the channel is narrow. A line is put out from the stern and the stern pulled over to one side of the channel as the bow slides along the pier until clear; then the slip is serving until the bow is headed out to sea again.

Mon. Jan 5: We're anchored this morning at Dominica. I went ashore for a short walk around. Another small dilapidated town and I nearly lost my temper over the kids and men and old bags who won't leave one alone a minute - beg outright or want you to rent a car or boat or guide you or something else and just won't leave you alone. Instead of learning to say "Poppa and Momma," the kids in these Indies must first learn to say "Gimme" and then "Gimme a penny." Dominica furnished much of the grapefruit used throughout the Indies, but the fruit is small and does riot compare with the American fruit. There were no evidences, of the hurricane of last fall left





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although the town was then nearly destroyed. We left Dominica at 11.00 AM and again passed Mt Pelee but it was shrouded hi clouds and not on exhibition. We left Dominica at 11.00 AM and at 6.00 PM. were at Monserrat where we stayed anchored until 10.00 PM and then sailed for Antigua - St Johns.

Tues. Jan. 6: Stayed at anchor off Antigua all day but I did not go ashore having done so on the trip down, left at 6.00 PM and at 9.00 PM anchored at Nevis - another volcanic island

Wed. Jan. 7: A short run before breakfast put us in at St Kitts. Took a run ashore and walk around the town which is like all the others. At 2.00 PM. we finally started the long leg to Bermuda and at last are leaving the Island behind.

Thurs. Jan. 8: Rather rough and stormy and I kept to my cabin most of the day not feeling any too good.

Fri. Jan. 9: Again more or less stormy and I have kept quiet. Packed up some in the afternoon.

Sat. Jan. 10: Ran into quite a storm last night and the old boat pitched around considerable. Were off Bermuda at 5.30 and picked up a pilot at 7.00. The channel is only about 200 ft. wide and follows around the island several miles and finally leads in to a small harbor at Hamilton. There we had to wait for the Doctor & as a result did not get docked until 9.15 and I had to stand and watch the Veerdam pull out from the next dock without me - they would not wait one single minute - This beats anything I have ever encountered anywhere. Now I've got to wait until Tuesday morning to get the Bermuda - disgusting to say the least.

Went to the American House - a 2nd rate hotel because I was sore and did not wish to go to the big hotels where all they think about is dressing up and showing off. Took a walk around in the afternoon to kill time.

Sun. Jan. 11: Town absolutely dead this morning. In the afternoon I walked across the island to the North shore and circled around to get back to Hamilton - the main town.

Mon. Jan. 12: Walked around Hamilton Harbor and killed the afternoon around town. Saturday and Sunday were showery and cold and windy. Have lost about 7 pounds and am down to 170 and feel the cold - wore my winter over-coat and never raised a sweat, there is no heat in the hotel and only a grate fire in the sitting room, the few here wear their overcoats in the dinning room (ladies to) and you meet the tourists riding around in the victorias or surreys with winter coats on and collars turned up. It is around 60' out doors but the wind makes is seem colder.

No autos are allowed in Bermuda; everyone goes round in old carriages or on bicycles. There are some 30,000 bicycles in Bermuda and I even saw a "tandem" to-day! There are only 19 square miles of land on Some 300 odd islands here with about 100 miles of roads. The main island in long and narrow and hilly - all coral. The coral and decomposed vegetation make a rich soil and tropical vegetation thrives palms, bananas, paw-paws, cacti, tropical flowers and trees of all kinds. The heaviest growth is of cedar which grows everywhere. The roads are narrow and crooked, villas, cottages, homes are scattered everywhere, with beautiful grounds around them and it is all very pretty. The homes are practically all made of coral blocks saved out of the bed rock and plastered over, stucco fashion, with a cement made by grinding up the coral; even the roofs are largely made of coral slabs like pieces of tile; all plastered together with coral cement. The colors are generally white or salmon with intermediate shades - to reflect the suns rays is hot weather. This cold snap - the results of some severe storms - is the worst they have had in many years.





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The people are very insular - won't allow any foreign or even English hands to do business here; they are trying to prevent further immigration of negroes and East Indians - particularly the latter. It is a tourist town and prices are using the sky for a limit. Paris gowns and English clothes of the best are in the shops together with all sorts of souvenirs and curios - at whatever price the traffic will bear. The Hamilton Hotel (across from the American) opened today - one of the largest and best. Looks like a Ritz Carlton - flunkies in gold braid everywhere - prices from \$7.00 to \$17.00 per person! or more. The whole town is out to milk the tourists. They charge you 75¢ to ride 3 or 4 blocks in a Victoria from boat to hotel; bicycles are rented for 50¢ to 75¢ an hour! and so it goes. Thank heaven I get out tomorrow.

Tues. Jan. 13: Cloudy day and won't be able to get many harbor pictures. Set off at 10.00 AM promptly and am at last on the last lap for the U.S.A. Not a very large crowd on board and they are lost in this 20 000 ton ship which is really an Atlantic liner and a palace. There are some 5 decks with a beautiful swimming pool below these. The ship is a motor turbine ship with a minimum of vibration. The boat deck is open and at the rear has a big open space called a sun-deck, a gymnasium opens to it; forward are the officers quarters and then a cozy glassed in, well equipped library with a clear view ahead (it is right) under the navigating bridge. There is a promenade deck all around these. This is called the "A" or boat deck. Back of the library are a couple of elevators and then the gallery lounge part of the main saloon. The next deck is "B" deck. A promenade deck 10' to 15' in di. runs all the way around this - where the steamer chair lounges hang out; half of it is glassed in; forward is the main saloon some 100' long and two decks high with the gallery lounge around the upper part. It is filled with fine, easy upholstered furniture - chairs, lounges, settees, etc.; back of this were a few "de luxe" suites for millionaires and then a large smoking lounge; then comes a Spanish Garden Cafe with tables for soft or hard drinks and then a big dance hall about 70' x 90' all glassed in and then another big open deck as big as the dance hall clear to the stern. The next deck "C" deck, has the purser's officers and state rooms; then "D" deck with some state-rooms and a dining saloon that will hold 500 or more people. Then comes "E" deck with a lot more state rooms and below it a full, marble lined swimming pool about 25' x 50' with dressing rooms around the sides. Elevators fore and aft serve all decks. Meals are about what you would get in a first class New York hotel.

It was too cold and rainy coming up to enjoy the outside decks. In the main Saloon is a small stage at one end; an orchestra plays there in the evening.

Wed. Jan. 14: Cold and unpleasant but not rough enough to bother much. Loafed and read. My table companion at meals was a Mr. Davis, a county judge in Danburg, Con. and a very pleasant man. In the evening he, a Mr. Black (an English Engineer), an Mr. Loetsch & his wife (he is manager of St George Hotel, Brooklyn) and myself had a pleasant evening together.

Thurs. Jan. 15: Wake up to find us anchored in the narrows where we arrived some time during the night. About 8 AM we started up the bay and old lady "liberty" looked mighty good to me. It was cold and hazy out - the coldest day N.Y. had in some time-nearly down to zero. We docked at 55th St. on the Hudson at 9 AM and spent cold hour getting thru the customs. Finally got to the Woodstock and went down to catch Gene for lunch.



Thus endeth the lesson.



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Results of the Trip!!!!

(ADR opinions)

The first result I feel, was the promise Ambrose made to himself to never make another trip like this again, and he didn't.

The line from the Diary on Tuesday, December 23, 1930:

Cabled H. A. Guess about 2 P.M. in code. Received about 7 P.M. in code — **to relinquish options and return home.**

Then the line on Saturday, December 27, 1930: **Got release from Smackey.** (What a wonderful person this guy was).

In reading *Metal Magic*, the story of the American Smelting & Refining Company, I find reference to many mines and mining ventures all over the world that ASARCO was involved in, but none in the area of this trip in 1930. I feel the lines above from the Diary sum it all up. From a mining standpoint for ASARCO the trip was a waste of time and nothing ever became of it.

However the Diary sure makes interesting reading, and it must have been one hell of a trip.





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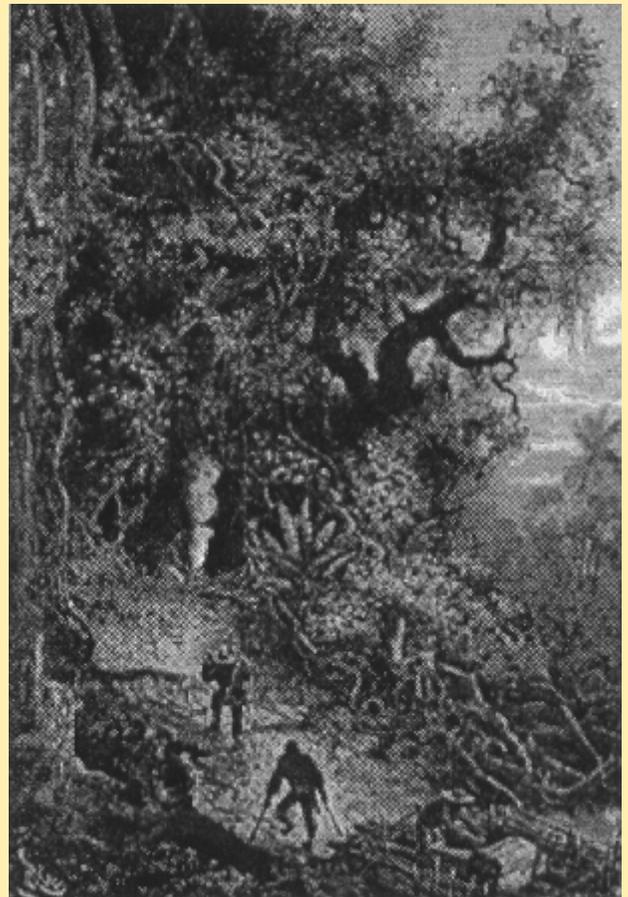
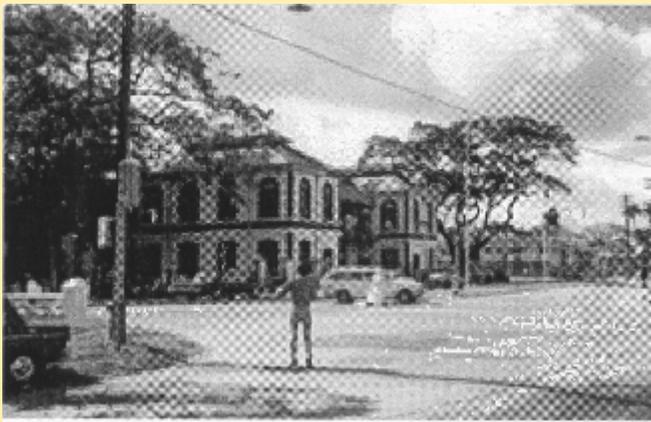
Guyana, Georgetown Today!



City Hall



Walter Roth Museum, Main Street, Georgetown





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SOME FACTS ABOUT GUYANA

Guyana is 83,000 square miles in area, and is situated on the North-Eastern coast of South America, bordered by Suriname to the East, Brazil to the South, and Venezuela to the West. Guyana meets the Atlantic Ocean to its North, and much of this coastal area is at or slightly below sea level, and is protected by extensive sea defenses. In the interior, large areas of savannah separate the coastal plain from the mountains and tropical forest regions of the South and West. Behind its low-lying coastal plain, the inland regions slope upwards to the mountain ranges in the West and South. The highest point is found to the West, in the Pacaraima Mountains where Mount Roraima reaches 9,094 feet.

(Much of its hinterland forms a part of the 'Guiana Highlands' - a very large massif of Pre-Cambrian formation between the Orinoco and the Amazon Rivers, shared by Guyana, Venezuela, Suriname and Cayenne, and consisting of mesas and deep, narrow valleys mostly covered by dense forest. The mountains contain vast iron-ore deposits as well as diamonds, gold and other minerals.)

There are numerous large rivers, of which the most important are the Essequibo, Cuyani, Mazaruni, Demerara, and the Berbice (refer to 'Rivers').

The country has extensive mineral resources and an agricultural potential which, it is said, have yet to be fully exploited. The main products are sugar, rice, gold, and bauxite, but all are produced in lesser amounts than in the past due to severe economic, financial, and political constraints. Diamonds and timber are also products of note from Guyana

In 1966, Guyana emerged from British colonial rule, as a newly independent country. In 1970, it was turned into the world's first Co-operative Republic. Guyana's official language is English, but 'Creolese' is the unofficial and predominantly spoken language throughout the country. Guyana's capital and main port is Georgetown, which is located at the mouth of the wide Demerara River. The unit of currency is the Guyana Dollar. The population has been steady at around 800,000 for a number of years, due to the large scale emigration brought about by the state of the economy.





Mr. B. R. Hatcher would become good friend and boss of Ambrose in 1933.

B. R. Hatcher Takes Charge Of Mine Work

9-20-30 CIT
 Promotion Is Boost For Native Son And U. A. Graduate

Burrell R. Hatcher has succeeded Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., as manager of the southwest mining department of the American Smelting and Refining company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruttschnitt left yesterday for New York from which city they sail, October 1, for Australia. Mr. Kruttschnitt was recently appointed general manager of the company's operations at Mount Isa, Queensland, Australia.

Promotion of Mr. Hatcher to the management of the local office marks the advance of a native Arizonian. He has been with the A. S. and R. company for 12 years.

He was born in Prescott, attended the grade schools there and high school at Phoenix. He continued his studies at the University of Arizona, taking one year of prep school work and four years of regular college work, being graduated in 1909. He married Miss Estelle Goldtree here two years later.

His record in athletics at the University is one of the best ever established. He played football and baseball every year he was there and also won letters in basketball, track and tennis.

Following his graduation, he was associated with the Tucson Assaying and Engineering company. He served the Copper Queen company in Douglas and spent two years with the Cody-Dyer Mining and Milling company near Oracle. He was a member of the firm of Hatcher, Carpenter and Andrus here when America entered the World War in which he enlisted. His first work following his discharge from the army was superintendent of the Road-Side mine, and in 1919, he became assistant manager of the A. S. and R. company, which position he held until his present advancement.

