

# **In Search of REPTILES & AMPHIBIANS**

---



---

**RICHARD D. BARTLETT**

*IN SEARCH OF*  
**REPTILES AND  
AMPHIBIANS**

By  
RICHARD D. BARTLETT



E.J. BRILL  
LEIDEN • NEW YORK • KØBENHAVN • KÖLN  
1988

Acquisitions and Production Editor: Ross H. Arnett, Jr.

Copyright 1987 by Richard D. Bartlett

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, without permission in writing from the author and publisher.

ISBN 0-916846-41-5; 90-0408478-9 Cloth

ISBN 0-916846-42-3; 90-0408479-7 Paper

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

**Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

Bartlett, Richard D., 1938-

In Search of Reptiles and Amphibians.

Includes index.

1. Reptiles--North America. 2. Reptiles--South America. 3. Amphibians--North America. 4. Amphibians--South America. 5. Bartlett, Richard D., 1938.

I Title.

QL651.B38 1987                      597.6097              87-13894

ISBN 0-916846-41-5 (U.S.)

ISBN 0-916846-42-3 (U.S. : pbk.)

All photos by author unless otherwise indicated.

Cover photo: Cone-headed iguanid, *Laemantus serratus*, page 285

Manufactured in the United States of America

*IN SEARCH OF*  
**REPTILES AND  
AMPHIBIANS**

To the memory of Gordy Johnston,  
field companion and mentor,  
and for Patti.

# Foreward

---

While I have mentioned many of my friends and colleagues by name in the ensuing chapters there are, undoubtedly, even more that I have failed to acknowledge. For this oversight I offer an apology and a word of thanks, both for your support and for enjoyable times afield.

I have attempted to keep the manuscript as simple as possible. Hence, wherever a common name has been standardized and widely accepted I have often refrained from cluttering the text with scientific nomenclature. This is especially so regarding those species indigenous to the United States. Admittedly I am at fault for not adhering in all cases to today's trend for name simplification. I have continued to use "hog-nosed" and "ring-necked," for instance, even though they are today known as hognose and ringneck snakes.

In the cases where two or more species are known by the same common names or where no standardized common name had been applied, I have often had no choice but to use scientific names. This is the case when I discuss many Latin American species.

Special thanks to my wife, Patti, who has suffered the brunt of a house perpetually filled with reptiles and amphibians and cluttered with photographic and computer equipment. Through all she has not only viewed the confusion with relative equanimity but has found the time to type, edit, and proofread as well.

1 July 1987

# Introduction

---

At what point in one's life does an interest in natural history begin? Such a question is not readily answered and, in fact, if there is an answer at all it is almost certain to be ambiguous. In my life, at least, the interest began early. I still vividly recall that as mere toddler I overturned my sandbox in pursuit of an interesting toad and the joy I felt when I successfully captured it. My harried mother patiently explained that I would get warts. I remember standing with nose against the glass of the aquaria at the tropical and goldfish displays in the local five and dime stores, vowing that someday I, too, would have such underwater wonders. The time of my childhood was also the period when baby turtles were on every pet counter, some in their natural colors but many gaudily enamelled and decorated with growth thwarting decals. As you may guess, a parade of these ill-fated reptiles came into my possession. And then there was the New York Sportsman's Show where, taken by my parents, I wandered rather aimlessly among the boats, firearms, tents and accessories until I happened across a small counter where on display and, best of all, for sale were numbers of little green and brown "chameleons." Each, with its very own golden lapel attachment and a supply of its "favorite foods," ant eggs and sugar-water, cost less than a dollar. I stood as if transfixed, watching these animated ornaments and no amount of threatening or cajoling would move me. The answer finally became obvious to my parents. Only the purchase of one of those lizards would move me.

So it was that I acquired my first color-changing saurian and a wealth of misinformation to boot. After the interminable train ride back to Springfield his collar was removed and he was loosed upon the curtains. Although he showed absolutely no interest in the sugar-water and ant eggs I discovered, quite by accident, that he eagerly lapped the droplets of water that fell upon the leaves of the houseplants and that he would eagerly stalk and ultimately catch and devour any small insect

that happened into his sight. So by accident alone he thrived on a diet of insects brought in from the yard and I learned to mistrust the instructions that were offered with animal purchases.

My bedtime stories were those penned by authors such as Thornton W. Burgess, a nationally known naturalist who immortalized a steady stream of woodland creatures in his books and articles. Anthropomorphising when necessary to make the subject of nature more palatable to those squeamish about the subject, his tales were both accurate and enjoyable. Through his efforts I learned that all in nature was not as it seemed, that, for instance "Jimmy Skunk" was truly a gentleman and that rather than being a neer-do-well, "Bobby 'Coon" was simply possessed of an insatiable curiosity.

The scientifically accurate but enjoyable stories written by such illuminaries as Raymond L. Ditmars and William Beebe became my "bibles." From their pages I continued my lessons on wildlife not only of the United States but of exotic places as well. When my contemporaries dreamt of "far away places with strange sounding names" they envisioned riches of gold, silver and precious gems. When I dreamt of similar places I saw wildlife, jaguars, anacondas, great flightless birds; these were the grist for my continually turning mill.

But those journeys were all in the future. For the time being I had to content myself with expeditions to neighboring yards and a nearby swamp, ferreting out such "exotic" wildlife as praying mantids, white-footed mice and "bullfrogs" (back then all anurans were either bullfrogs or toads, no matter the kind).

I guess that I was 13 or 14 years of age when I put Thornton Burgess' assessment of Jimmy Skunk's tolerance to the test.

A neighbor family had discovered a family of skunks beneath their garage and were horrified that such "disgusting" creatures would attempt to share their property with them. They decided that the only certain solution to the problem would be to destroy the little animals. To do this they would run a hose from the car's exhaust to the denning area. From neighborhood chatter I learned of the problem. I, in turn, was horrified the skunk family should be sentenced to death merely due to their inpropitious choice of domiciles. I pleaded for their lives. As a result it was agreed that if I could obtain parental permission, I would be given until nightfall to remove the little mustelines alive. I knew that I would never be given permission! Still, I couldn't let those animals be destroyed without expending some effort. I ran home, bolted through the door and changed clothes. When I returned to the neighbor's yard I neither denied nor affirmed parental permission. I merely set to work.

I was given a long, narrow cardboard box which I laid on its side, opening against the exit of the skunks' burrow. I then hooked the hose up, rather than to the car's exhaust, to the water tap, ran it as far



as possible beneath the garage and turned it on full-force.

Minutes ticked by. Nothing! A half hour elapsed and finally the moisture line from the rising water could be seen at the edge of the burrow. Then there was flash of white. They were at home. Better yet, my method seemed to be working.

The neighbors were all clustered at the back of their house conversing in muted tones about the folly of my ways. They were certain that they knew in advance the outcome of this adventure. After all, a skunk IS a skunk!

Another flash of white, and then a tiny nose appeared. The exit hole was now almost filled with water. Suddenly a little black and white form literally catapulted into the carton. It was followed closely by one, two, no, THREE more. But (thankfully) mama wasn't there, or if she was she knew some way to avoid the rising water, for she never emerged. Now came the time of reckoning. I was about to find out whether Mr. Burgess' comments applied to Jimmy in particular or skunks in general.

Ever so slowly and very, very carefully I lifted the mouth of the carton until at last it sat upright, imprisoning the quartet. Able to stand it no longer, I slowly peeked over the side and although all tails were at full mast, not a trace of the dreaded odor could be discerned. Mr. Burgess had, indeed, been correct.

Now, what to do with four excited baby skunks. Obviously I wished to keep them but to go home with the entire litter would quite likely result in the banishment of all. Instead I gently lifted the carton and traipsed off to the "East Woods." Deep in the seclusion of the protective woodland I chose the two that I would release. Even though they were hardly a handful, I felt them big enough to fend for themselves. Judging by the way their little bottoms were poised in readiness, they felt so too.

I gingerly reached over the side of the carton and lowered my hand until my fingers were able to encircle the first little tail, and then I quickly lifted. I had read somewhere that if a skunk had its rear feet off of the ground it couldn't spray (this, I was to find out some years later, was quite untrue). There went number one uneventfully over the side. Still moving in exaggerated slow-motion, I lowered and released it. Number two quickly followed. That left me with two. One was "typical." That is, it had broad white stripes accenting its jet black back. The other was gaily clad in an inordinate amount of white. Surely my mother would like them. The two I had released had ambled off with never a backward glance, so I hefted my carton and trekked homeward.

So entered "Stinky" and "P-U," and they could not have been more gentlemanly. Even though completely "armed" and forced to suffer all manner of indignities, they never once erred. True, occasionally with little tails raised high and front feet pattering they would look over their

shoulders as if all had been decided. It hadn't! Such actions, though, were sufficient to entrap my mother in an area from which she wished to exit, but it was all in good fun. Whether it was because my mother never had the courage to force the issue or just the natural benevolence of the skunks we were never to learn, nor did we wish to.

After the skunks, "adoptable" animals appeared as if by magic. "Woody Woodchuck" was a baby whose mother and sibling had been destroyed by a gun wielding farmer. Somehow Woody escaped, although her eyes were not yet open, and was fortunate enough to be turned over to the local S.P.C.A. Since the S.P.C.A. normally dealt only with unwanted dogs and cats, Woody received a little notoriety in the local paper.

I'm sure that you can almost guess the rest. After the short bus ride to the animal shelter and an explanation to the receptionist of the nature of my mission, I was ushered into the office of the manager. I explained my great interest in animals to him, and when I left it was with a tiny woodchuck nestled in my shirt front. There the little rodent slept securely all of the way home and soon became a wonderfully boistrous pet. She learned to respond promptly to my call and was as playful as any puppy. Her home, chosen with no input from us humans, was a trash barrel in the cellar. This she kept filled with newspapers shredded to her taste. From this she would tumble at any sign of disturbance and if frightened or confronted with an unfamiliar human would bristle up, raise her ridiculous little tail straight into the air, chatter her teeth, make "churring" sounds deep in her chest, and charge.

Now, this was back in the days when the trash men would actually enter your house and remove the filled barrels from the cellar as a part of the service. Imagine, then, their startled faces and hasty retreats when, when lifting what appeared to be a trash filled barrel, they were suddenly confronted by the yellowed incisors of a fifteen pound woodchuck. Soon we were the only family on the block who had to bring their own trash curbside. Even then, the trash men had no sense of humor!

Then there were "Cosmo" and "Gus-Gus," both given to me by the S.P.C.A. Cosmo was a very dignified short-eared owl that had survived an encounter with power lines. However, it had been necessary that a wing be amputated to save him. While never common in inland Massachusetts, neither, at that time, were short-ears rare. Cosmo was shy at first but quickly became accustomed to the hustlings and bustlings around him and would not hesitate, after a while, to step onto your hand. His diet included raw meat and what few freshly killed small animals I could either find dead on the roadways or trap.

Gus-Gus, a northern screech owl of the gray phase, was also permanently maimed. Having flown into some sort of protruding object he had lost an eye, hence lacked the depth perception necessary to

his survival in the wild. While he did prefer to be hand fed, he steadfastly refused to allow us the familiarity that was allowed us by Cosmo. Both Cosmo and Gus-Gus lived in apparent contentment as captives for many years.

In spite of the steady procession of mammals and birds that paraded through my life, my interest always seemed to drift back to reptiles and amphibians.

My pursuit of knowledge of these animal groups was sanctioned by then Director of the Springfield Science Museum, Leo Otis. He kindly allowed me free access to the museum's small research library. There I repeatedly pored over the few references available until I all but knew them by heart.

When not at the museum often I could be found strolling through the small local zoo at Forest Park. In spite of facilities even then outmoded, the birds, mammals and fish that there resided always provided me with food for thought.

At the end of the park most distant from the zoo, on the edge of a beautiful lake, had been built a little stone building, the Trailside Museum. Within the walls of Trailside were wonders that held my attention for hours on end. The Director, Clifford B. Moore, author of "The Ways of Mammals" and "The Book of Wild Pets," was never too busy to answer my barrage of questions or allow me access to his private library. It was at Trailside that I was first introduced to such native New England forms as the northern ring-necked snake, the northern red-bellied snake and the timber rattlesnake. I had already become familiar with many of the indigenous reptiles and amphibians, and with that familiarity came an insatiable quest for information about them. This eventually led to a certain degree of expertise. I made a game of learning the scientific names of virtually every mammal, bird, reptile, amphibian or fish that I happened across. I learned their habits and their haunts and could soon identify them by either sight or, when applicable, sound.

It was from Cliff that I received my second non-indigenous species of reptile. It was a baby American alligator that had been donated to Trailside by a returning tourist. Cliff already had two 'gators that were substantially larger than the newly arrived hatchling and was at a loss of where to house the new acquisition. When I arrived later in the day, he knew his dilemma had been solved. As soon as I saw the foul dispositioned, tooth-bestudded infant I knew I had to have it. So, when I returned home that evening, with me went "Alley-Oop" (whom I had immediately named after a caption accompanying an alligator photo in Cliff's "The Book of Wild Pets"). Why I would want this scaly creature truly baffled my parents. I'm not at all certain that I could readily answer that question even today. But then, as now, I found the little 'gator and all of his reptilian relatives of tremendous interest and my quest for

knowledge of them, and their ways, continues today.

It was at Trailside Museum that I first met E. Gordon Johnston. Gordy was a teacher in the Springfield Public School system. He had rather recently developed an interest in herpetology. As he entered the museum with his deerslayer perched securely on his head and an immature iguana clinging to his arm, I knew he was a person I wished to know. Cliff seemed of the same opinion and soon the three of us were animatedly chatting about the habits of iguanas, both in the wild and as captives. Although I had never before seen a live iguana, I had devoured all of the information I could find about them and felt that my contribution to the conversation was more than cursory. Gordy and Cliff must have felt likewise, for we sat and discussed iguanas in particular and reptiles in general for a long time that day.

Thus began a friendship that lasted through the years and was terminated only by Gordy's untimely death. At first our trips together were limited to the woods and fields of the Connecticut River Valley. Next, we expanded our horizons to the Pine Barrens of New Jersey. From there we went on to roam the southeast, southwest and northern Mexico.

During our first trip to Florida, as I prowled through acres and acres of warm, open land, I decided that I would, some day, move to that state. After all, how could things possibly be better for a budding reptile enthusiast than to be able to step out of your door and find a yellow rat or corn snake or any of numerous other species?

This move was accomplished some years later. First I called Miami home, and contentedly prowled the wild areas from Lake Okeechobee to the southern Keys. A change of jobs saw me relocate into the Tampa Bay area. With the change came new friends, new places to explore and, years later, a new wife, Patti.

Shortly after my move to Tampa I met Ron Sayers. Ron, like me, had broadly overlapping natural history interests which ran the gamut from plants and birds to mammals and reptiles. Perhaps most importantly, Ron was a wonderfully talented photographer. A close bond was soon formed and together we travelled widely through the southeast and central and southern Mexico.

Because of his perseverance, not my aptitude, Ron drummed a few of the more basic tenets of nature photography into my head. Because of this newly acquired ability, my trips began to take on a new dimension. Animals and plants were, more frequently than not, collected only photographically.

Some years later Dennis Cathcart and I were to meet and, again, a wide range of common interests led to a close friendship. With Dennis and his wife, Daris, Patti and I made a fascinating trip to Venezuela. With another companion, Dennis and I traveled extensively through the

highlands of Vera Cruz and along the pacific coast from Colima to Sonora, Mexico.

In 1979 I made the decision to seriously begin working with some of the reptile forms that I had enjoyed so much over the years. At that time I formed a facility which is designated the "Reptilian Breeding and Research Institute." Here, after many trials and errors we are now regularly breeding species as diverse as radiated tortoises, blue-tongued skinks and black pine snakes. While not large by some standards, the RBRI has worked with some 60 species and subspecies of reptiles and amphibians, some rare, some common, but all of great interest to me.

The accounts which I have here recorded are but a few of the many which I have enjoyed. Although no particular attempt has been made to sequence them chronologically, all are accurate in content. I invite you to accompany me as I now indulge in some herpetological musings.

# Table Of Contents

---

Foreward .....	xi
Introduction: How an interest in nature begins .....	xiii
Color Photo Insert .....	173
1: A PORTRAIT OF A TREEFROG .....	1
<i>Pleasing both to the eye and ear, the gray treefrog is a denizen of the secluded vernal glens of eastern North America. We explore its realm near an isolated New England beaver pond.</i>	
2: AND SPEAKING OF TREEFROGS .....	5
<i>Since its discovery the pine barrens treefrog has been recognised as one of the most habitat-restricted of North American frogs. We search for this most beautiful of North American hylids in an acidic bog in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey.</i>	
3: MILKSNAKES OF THE BERKSHIRES .....	7
<i>While the eastern milksnake is perhaps the least attractive of this tricolored group, it is nevertheless a joy for an enthusiast to find these creatures.</i>	
4: COPPERHEADS AND ROLLER-COASTERS .....	11
<i>Venomous snakes and man most assuredly can co-exist. This population of northern copperheads proves it.</i>	
5: NOTES ON THE MARBLED SALAMANDER IN MASSACHUSETTS .....	15
<i>We become acquainted with this attractive mole salamander with its remarkable breeding habits.</i>	
6: SOME NORTHEASTERN AMPHIBIANS .....	19
<i>As winter is ending these interesting creatures emerge from hibernation and proceed to their ephemeral breeding puddles. They are a more reliable barometer of the seasons than even the returning robins.</i>	
7: THE "RED" SALAMANDERS OF ASHFIELD .....	26
<i>What were they? The field guides of the day were not of much help when I first found these colorful woodland salamanders.</i>	
8: IN THE MINE ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE .....	29
<i>Bats are among the most unjustly maligned of mammals. Visit a colony of these interesting creatures with me as they hibernate in an old emery mine high on a hillside.</i>	

9: THE MOUNTAIN .....	32
<i>Witness the New England seasons on a beleagured, and beautiful, mountain.</i>	
10: THE SAGA OF ONE-EYE .....	36
<i>The beauty of a New England spring greets this venerable rattlesnake in its mountaintop stronghold.</i>	
11: THE MUDPUPIES OF THE MILL RIVER .....	42
<i>While they may not be "original settlers," they are not only established but ugly and big as well.</i>	
12: THE SEARCH FOR SCUTATUM .....	45
<i>Perhaps the most restricted of any of New England's herpetofauna, the four-toed salamander is not an easy species to find.</i>	
13: NOCTURNAL STINKPOTS .....	49
<i>When a submerged, rounded, algae covered "stone" sprouts a head, tail and limbs, chances are you are looking at a musk turtle.</i>	
14: SOME DIMINUTIVE NEW ENGLANDERS (including "The Greens of Greylock") .....	53
<i>An account of the smallest serpents of the northeast. Often overlooked, they are both interesting and beneficial. A close look at the smooth green snake.</i>	
15: RIBBONS, GARTERS AND WATERS .....	58
<i>Taxonomic conflict plagues this group of northeasterners. Meet the eastern garter, eastern ribbon, and northern watersnake.</i>	
16: BLACK RAT SNAKES AND RELATIVES (including "The Plight of Rossalleni") .....	62
<i>Meet the largest of the New England snakes and a number of his southern relatives. Special mention is made of the beautiful and taxonomically problematic Everglades rat snake.</i>	
17: THE STRANGE CASE OF THE FLORIDA BOX TURTLES (including "One in a Hundred" and "The Emergence of Snowflake") .....	70
<i>A mislabelled display in the Springfield Science Museum led me on a long and perplexing hunt for some rare turtles. The second two designations pertain to the hatching of both radiated and yellow-headed tortoises.</i>	
18: WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TEMPORALIS? .....	78
<i>Some comments on one of the most distinctive snakes of New Jersey's Pine Barrens.</i>	
19: SOME COMMENTS ON ANOLES .....	83
<i>Significant numbers of anole interlopers have added diversity to the lizard fauna of southern Florida. They are pretty and seemingly of little threat to the native herpetofauna.</i>	
20: CORNS OF MANY COLORS .....	88
<i>Share with me the excitement I felt when I captured an "albino" corn snake crossing a Florida highway. Additional comments are offered on the genetics of this pretty southeastern snake.</i>	
21: REDS, YELLOWS, HATS, TEE-SHIRTS AND 'GATORS .....	94
<i>A great many of our hunts have provided light-hearted interludes.</i>	
22: APPALACHICOLA LOWLAND ADVENTURE .....	99
<i>Share with us the beauty and diversity of this interesting area as Carl May and I search for some herpetological endemics. A short discussion of the Appalachicola lowland kingsnake follows.</i>	
23: GIRARD'S CAVE .....	106
<i>Blind salamanders, blind crayfish and blind isopods were all found on this memorable trip.</i>	

24: THE ALBINO SNAPPERS OF LARGO .....	110
<i>Usually aberrancies such as this are rare. Now several albino snappers have been captured in the canals of this west Florida city.</i>	
25: AN ADVENTURE WITH WATER SNAKES .....	113
<i>Huge and of sinister appearance, the big water snakes were once among the most numerous of the vertebrates to be seen on Florida canals.</i>	
26: MEET ALDABRA KADABRA .....	116
<i>A most endearing tortoise arrives in a fish carton.</i>	
27: ROYAL PALM HAMMOCK .....	119
<i>We visit one of the most beautiful of the Everglades' remaining hardwood hammocks</i>	
28: THE SEARCH FOR "BROOKSI" .....	125
<i>This attractive phase of the Florida kingsnake is no longer a common member of the south Florida herpetofauna.</i>	
29: BLAIR'S COUNTRY .....	131
<i>At one time the gray-banded kingsnake was one of the least known of American snakes. It was for this and other desert creatures that we were searching.</i>	
30: RUSTLER'S PARK .....	140
<i>The picturesque Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona harbor more than cacti.</i>	
31: A TUCSON ADVENTURE .....	144
<i>We visit the land of sidewinders and Gila monsters.</i>	
32: OKEETEE AND (SOME OF) ITS CREATURES .....	155
<i>A composite of numerous trips to this beautiful and varied area termed a reptilian "Eldorado" by Kauffeld.</i>	
33: OKEETEE '84 .....	198
<i>The Okeetee of the '80s is vastly different than that of the '50s. We explore the area on my latest trip.</i>	
34: THE RED PIGMYS OF MATTAMUSKEET .....	204
<i>Join us as we search for this most beautiful phase of the Carolina pigmy rattlesnake.</i>	
35: THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE .....	210
<i>Some of our hard-shelled reptiles "sound off" during breeding season.</i>	
36: AN EXPLOITATION OF HELLBENDERS .....	212
<i>This grotesque salamander species is becoming increasingly rare. One of the most important study populations is destroyed by unscrupulous hunters.</i>	
37: BIMINI BOAS, LARGE AND SMALL .....	215
<i>A tiny island just 50 miles east of Miami abounds in exotic herpetofauna. Join us on a composit of several trips.</i>	
38: BIMINI REVISITED .....	225
<i>More comments on this intriguing island.</i>	
39: THE AMAZONIAN TREE BOA: A STUDY IN COLOP DIVERSITY .....	232
<i>The amazonian tree boa exists in a veritable rainbow of patterns and colors. They are quickly becoming one of the most popular of the boids among enthusiasts.</i>	



40: DIAMONDS AMONG THE CARPETS—AND COMMENTS ON OTHER PYTHONS .....	235
<i>Some thoughts on these interesting serpents.</i>	
41: BARRANQUILLA ADVENTURE .....	238
<i>Some comments on the animal industry and a few days of collecting.</i>	
42: EMERALD SWIFTS, PAINTED SALAMANDERS AND DWARF RATTLESNAKES .....	248
<i>Accompany us on one of our Mexican adventures.</i>	
43: SINALOAE LAND .....	253
<i>A trip along Mexico's northwestern coast provides us with more than the usual sights.</i>	
44: TO COLIMA .....	261
<i>Non-stop from Tampa to Colima! Limited time and wonderful reptiles were a powerful draw.</i>	
45: SHOVEL-NOSED FROGS AND STRIPED GECKOS .....	275
<i>It was the herpetofauna, not the Mayan ruins, that drew us to the Yucatan Peninsula.</i>	
46: CLIMBING SALAMANDERS AND OTHER CREATURES ...	281
<i>Additional comments on the herpetofauna of Mexico.</i>	
47: THE HIGHLANDS OF VERA CRUZ .....	292
<i>If you think because it's Mexico it's tropical, you're wrong! Occasional snowstorms occur and cold temperatures can prevail in this intriguing land.</i>	
48: TROPICAL TREASURES .....	296
<i>From the rain-forests to the central mountains, Costa Rica proved both satisfying and exciting. Join us as we search for story-book creatures.</i>	
49: A TRIP TO PUERTO LIMON .....	304
<i>We found arrow-poison frogs, butterflies and anoles among the diminishing forests of Costa Rica.</i>	
50: RANCHO GRANDE .....	312
<i>One of the most beautiful and varied of the tropical research areas of Venezuela still shelters a wealth of plants and animals.</i>	
51: THE LLANOS .....	331
<i>This chapter chronicles an excursion to the low-lying prairie land of central Venezuela, home of howler monkeys, hoatzins, and tegus.</i>	
52: OUR RETURN TO RANCHO GRANDE .....	338
<i>Comments on the culmination of our Venezuelan excursion.</i>	
53: REPTILE KEEPING, YESTERDAY AND TODAY .....	340
<i>A personal comment.</i>	
54: AND IN CONCLUSION .....	346
<i>Bits and pieces, odds and ends.</i>	
Index .....	351