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lamp bracket on a verandah which is in constant use. Nothing worried the parents and they hatched out a couple of young ones. The dove is I think *Turtur cambayensis*, the Little Brown Dove.

W. G. BARNETT.

POONA, September, 1917.

No. XVI.—HABITS OF THE GREEN TURTLE (*CHELONE MYDAS*).

We all know that a turtle lays its eggs in the sand, but there does not appear to be any record in the Society's Journal of exactly how this operation is performed.

When at Karachi early in July I was fortunate enough to witness the whole procedure, so send a note of the occurrence. The turtle emerged from the surf at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the tide being near the full, and proceeded about 40 yards inland to the foot of a cliff. She then stubbed her nose against some stones, so turned them aside until, having found a place to her satisfaction, she settled herself down with the aid of her flappers and by sideways movements of her body, until she was sunk below the sand level about two inches in front and some six inches behind.

Then, using each hind flapper in turn, she scooped out a handful of sand and deposited it to one side. As each "handful" was thus deposited, the body was moved over towards that side so as to bring the opposite flapper into position, and this was then reached down to draw up its "handful" of sand, and so on.

The hole scooped out was about 24 inches in depth, 30 inches from sand level, the depth being regulated by the utmost extent to which the flapper could reach, and this coinciding with the reach of a man's arm. Sufficient excavation having been made the turtle—panting with its exertions—lay quiet for about 20 minutes, and then, the eggs having been laid, proceeded to fill in the sand, using the flappers the reverse way to that employed for the excavation. She then drew herself slightly forward and patted down the sand over the hole with her flappers, moved her body over the place to flatten it out, and turning round crawled back the way she came, being "turned turtle" and also stood on, on the journey, and disappeared into the surf.

Throughout these operations, which took about an hour, she paid no attention to the interested lookers-on. A dog sniffed at her nose, children and "grown up's" stood around and made rude remarks, but she did not mind in the least and went steadily on with her business. Needless to add that no sooner had she vacated her position than the eggs were dug up by eager children and the spoil divided. The eggs numbered about a hundred. They were in size and shape like a ping-pong ball, including the small indentation caused, apparently, by each egg being dropped on to the others below. I let some of the eggs fall from a height of about four feet on to rock, and they bounded off undamaged; this being, no doubt, Nature's provision to enable them to be dapped on to one another from the necessary height when being laid. The turtle was about thirty inches long. I much regret the absence of a camera and neglect to accurately time the various operations. The sand at the bottom of the hole was slightly damp.

R. W. BURTON, Lt.-Col.

BOMBAY, August 1917.