New York Times

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1979

Guy Richards, at 73, A Former City Editor Of Journal-American

Guy Richards, a former city editor of The New York Journal-American and a prize-winning reporter, died Wednesday at his home at 340 East 57th Street in Manhattan. He was 73 years old.

Mr. Richards received New York Newspaper Guild Page 1 awards for metropolitan news stories in 1954 and 1956. He also wrote articles and books that reflected a journalism career of various experiences and interests.

Three nonfiction books dealt with Czarist Russia: "Imperial Agent," "The Hunt for the Czar" and "The Rescue of the Romanoffs."

"Two Rubles to Time Square," was a novel, as was a fourth work in progress at the time of his death.

Mr. Richards, a 1927 Yale College graduate, was a member of the Whitney South Seas Expedition to the Solomon Islands and New Guinea for two years before he went to work briefly as a reporter for The New York Sun. He then joined The Daily News as a reporter.

During World War II, he served in the armed services, where he saw duty with the First Marines at Guadalcanal.

Discharged from the service before the end of the war, Mr. Richards returned to the South Pacific as a correspondent for The News. Later he was a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Mr. Richards joined The Journal-American after the war, working as a reporter and feature writer. He won the guild awards and a prize from the Silurians, another newspaper group, during his tenure there, from 1949 until 1966.

Mr. Richards then became an investigative reporter and assistant city editor for The World Journal Tribune, a short-lived publication that failed as a successor to three New York dailies — including The Journal-American, which closed in 1966.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Francis; their daughter, Pamela Smit, and a daughter by an earlier marriage, Antonia Girard.

A memorial service will be held at 2:30 Tuesday at All Saints Episcopal Church in Manhattan.

JOURNAL AND NOTES

of

GUY RICHARDS

WHITNEY SOUTH SEA EXPEDITION

1927-1928

A JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE AND ANOTHER VOYAGE

Wednesday, July 20th. (New York). Nicholas, arrived from Philadelphia with the purpose of seeing us off, certainly may congratulate himself on attaining the purpose. A small host of young men drank the excellent liquor of 42 East 49th Street for three hours with great distinction. When they had become sufficiently mellow, Nicholas made a speech in which he referred to us as the two men whom we may never see again, but whom we hope to see in two years. A tremendous volley of cheers greeted the first observation; and amid the tinkle of breaking glasses the banquet was altered into a rather disorderly caravan leading to the Grand Central Station and the 9:45 to Montreal. No more speeches were made. Billy Ward presented us with a very handsome tin of tobacco. Then his figure melted into Nicholas', Al Look's, Frank Look's, and Bob Wiley's, as the train departed on time in the frantic manner of an executioner's carriage.

Nicholas had presented us with two bottles of champagne, which Hannibal stored away, referring appropriately to the nature of people who smuggled alcoholics from a dry country into the wettist country in the world. We sat up late in the smoking car beaming luxuriously into the night, and biting deep into the meaning of the episode.

A JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE AND ADVENTURE VOYAGE

Wednesday, July 30th. (New York). Nicholas, arrived from Philadelphia with the purpose of seeing us off. Certainly we congratulate himself on obtaining the purpose. A small boat of young men drank the excellent liquor of St Saint 49th Street for three hours with great alertness. When they had become sufficiently mellow, Nicholas made a speech in which he referred to us as the two men whom we may never see again, but whom we hope to see in two years. A tremendous volley of cheers greeted the first observation; and with the tinkle of breaking glasses the banquet was altered into a rather disorderly caravan leading to the Grand Central Station and the 9:45 to Montreal. No more speeches were made. Billy Ward presented us with a very handsome tin of tobacco. Then his figure melted into Nicholas', Frank Look's, and Bob Riley's, as the train departed on time in the frantic manner of an express-train's departure.

Nicholas had presented us with the "Pilot of Guayaquil", which remained stored away, materially assisting to the success of people who emptied alcoholics from a dry country into the wetter country in the world.

We set up late in the smoker and smoked leisurely into the night, and sitting deep into the meaning of the epitaphs.

Thursday, July 21st. (Montreal). A coloured gentleman from too far south to have come so far north gave us marmalade for breakfast, accompanied by some very poor coffee. Then we struggled to ruse our way through the customs with the aux, shells. This may not have been very honorable, but we didn't think of that until after we had found we had been successful.

Hannibal suggested that we visit McGill University. We rode ten miles in a trolley car towards the westward. Then we got out and inquired. A man told us it was not much further, and gave us directions how to get there. From where he was he estimated it to be about ten miles directly east; hard to miss it following the car lines directly into the city. We did what he told us and it turned out all right.

McGill is a damned good university. It was very pretty in the warm pathos of July. We snooped around the campus and up a hill near the chemistry laboratory. From here it was possible to see the bridge over the St. Lawrence that we had come across on the train. It was interesting. Last year when I was in Montreal I missed all the things I saw today.

In the library I read the first chapter of Wilhelm-meister by Goethe.

Hannibal took me to dinner with a friend of his, a certain Mr. Frank Clergue. Mr. Clergue is not a very nice man, but he is a very interesting man, and so many people use that as a criterion these days. He is also

Thursday, July 21st. (Montreal). I telephoned gentleman from the Ritz Carlton to have some so far could give us terrapins for breakfast, accompanied by some very poor coffee. Then we attempted to read our May 1st the questions with the sun, results. This may not have been very honorable, but we didn't think of that until after we had found we had been successful.

Marshal suggested that we visit McGill University. We took ten miles in a trolley car towards the westward. Then we got out and inquired. A man told us it was not much further, and gave us directions how to get there. From where we was he estimated it to be about ten miles directly east; hard to miss it following the car lines directly into the city. We did what we told us and it turned out all right.

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In the library I read the first chapter of Tolstoy's Master by Death.

Marshal took me to dinner with a friend of his, a certain Mr. Wade Harper. Mr. Harper is not a very nice man, but he is a very interesting man, and so [illegible] people was that we a criterion these days. He is also

a very rich man and lives in a large house. He had another guest for dinner, a Mr. Henry Joseph. As we were having cocktails, Mr. Clergue learned our destination. He said that he had been to a great many unusual and out of the way places when he was a younger man. He said he had always been interested in unusual and out of the way places. One year he had taken the ship that had become rather famous during the war for breaking up the ice at the entrance to Archangel. He couldn't remember the ship's name off hand; but he and his sister had gone up around the Labrador coast through the waters of Ungava into Hudson's Bay. They were gone for four months. Once they were lost. They had to pack up all their belongings on canoes and work down across country back to Montreal. Mr. Clergue pointed out how near death he and his sister really were. Mr. Joseph asked him how long they had supplies for. Mr. Clergue said two years. Then Mr. Joseph said something which I couldn't understand. Mr. Clergue then said that he had been to another very distant place, but the servant announced luncheon.

The luncheon consisted of Russian caviar, some kind of a fried bird with new green peas and dipped potatoes, a cucumber salad, New Brunswick strawberries with whipped cream, and Mocha coffee. Mr. Joseph said he didn't think that New Brunswick strawberries were very good on the whole. He said that at St. Andrew's, where he spent the summer, they had the small wild strawberry which seemed to have, in spite of its size, a great deal more

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[illegible]

flavor than the New Brunswick strawberry. He said he thought that the New Brunswick strawberry was probably forced to grow too large; whereas it was possible for the scientists to change the size of a fruit it was well known that the portion of a fruit's flavor always remained a constant. He also said that he didn't think that New Brunswick was any too good a place to grow strawberries in.

Mr. Clergue said that he wasn't sure at all that the portion of a fruit's flavor always remained a constant. Some tropical fruits, he said, were flavored and deflavored in a great many irregular manners.

After dinner, or rather after luncheon, Mr. Clergue took us all around his house. He showed us his piano, which was the first piano that Paderewski played on in this country when he came for a concert tour forty years ago. He showed us a picture of a hill in Japan, which hung on the wall in the living room. It had been presented to him at a banquet in Tokio by a firm of Japanese bankers. It had been executed by a Japanese artist right there at the banquet in fifteen minutes. That very same man is now, curiously enough, director of all Japanese art and curator of the National Art Museum at Tokio.

He also showed us the servant's quarters, a genuine picture of Florence by Turner, a real Chippendale chiffonier, and his own private bathroom. Then he took us out to see the upstairs sleeping porch from which it was easily possible to see Lady Jane's tower. It was over Lady Jane's tower that Mr. Clergue first saw the funnel shaped

flavor than the few tropical strawberry. He said he thought that the few tropical strawberry was probably forced to grow too large; however, it was possible for the scientists to change the size of the fruit. It was well known that the portion of a fruit's flavor always remained a constant. He also said that he didn't think that the strawberries was any too good a place to grow strawberries in.

Mr. Sharpe said that he wasn't sure at all that the portion of a fruit's flavor always remained a constant. Some tropical fruits, he said, were flavorless and deflavored in a great many irregular manners.

After dinner, or rather after luncheon, Mr. Sharpe took us all around his house. He showed us his plane, which was the first plane that Paderewski played on in this country when he came for a concert tour forty years ago. Paderewski was a relative of a kin in Japan, which hung on the wall in the living room. It had been presented to him at a banquet in Tokio by a firm of Japanese bankers. It had been examined by a Japanese artist right there at the banquet in fifteen minutes. That was more than it took, certainly enough. Director of all Japanese art and curator of the Imperial Art Museum at Tokio.

He also showed us the servant's quarters, a genuine picture of Florence by Turner, a real chiffonnier and fireplace, and his own private bathroom. Then he took us out to see the upstairs sleeping porch from which it was possible to see Lady Jamel's tower. It had over Lady Jamel's lower tower, the [illegible]

cloud that developed into the famous storm that raised havoc in Montreal in 1912 and immediately turned in alarm.

Hannibal and I left soon after this. We stopped at the house of Mr. Joseph, where I wrote a letter to Harold Woodcock asking him to give my Harvard tickets to Mr. Joseph this year instead of myself.

The Trans-Canada Limited leaves Montreal at 6:45. We got on board and opened up one of the bottles of champagne that Nicholas gave us. Outside the windows of the dining car we could see the perfectly moulded pastures of the Quebec farming country. It was rather warm on the train.

Friday, July 22nd. (Quebec-Ontario). All day long the train worked the thick forest of western Quebec and eastern Ontario. A fat man from San Francisco occupied the morning telling his wife how narrowly he escaped death when he was nothing but a newsboy riding into San Francisco early one morning to sell his papers. He said that a hundred and twelve people were killed on that train. When he was all through his wife asked him if he had sold any of his papers to them before they had been killed. He said he had. He said he had sold out completely. His wife said she thought that was very fortunate, and asked him for some ice-water. When he came back he said there were no more cups, but he thought to get her a magazine. She asked him where the magazine was. He said he had thought to get her one, but the man was sold out. Then she began to laugh, so I turned on the electric fan.

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That evening we came to the shores of Lake Superior and stopped at Fort William where the largest grain elevators in the world are located. All the grain that is exported from Canada passesthrough this terminus in some manner or other, whether by rail or by barge or by steamer. We stopped long enough to send a telegram to Frederick, telling him of our intended arrival in Seattle.

Saturday, July 23rd. (Saskatchewan and Manitoba). When we woke up this morning the train had become very hot. Dust covered every fraction of the sleeping clothes and linens. Outside the flat and dreary plains of central Canada rolled by licking back their meal of dust clouds that the train had momentarily taken from them.

Shortly before noon we arrived in Winnipeg, where the train was due rest for half an hour. Hannibal and I got off and walked around the town. There seemed to be a number of unemployed people hanging about the place. They were mostly men who resembled the race type of Eastern Hungary and the Czech area. Evidently they had come to this part of the world to help in the harvesting. Prices were way down in the section of town which they occupied. Haircuts were advertised at $.25, pants and shoes for $1.00, full meals for $.20, board and lodging for $.50 a day. They were pretty miserable looking men, quite old and weak. They were squatting on doorsteps and in out of the way places in the alleys.

We walked down the main street and then back to the station. In the square by the station was an old G.P.R. engine all buttressed up on an artificial track with

That evening we went to the Museum of Lake Mistaby and stopped at Fort Gilliam where the largest gypsum sulphur in the world are located. All the gypsum that is exported from Canada passes through this terminal in some manner or other, whether by rail or by vessel or by steamer. We stopped long enough to send a telegram to Prescott, telling him of our intended arrival in Seattle.

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We walked down the main street and then back to the station. In the square by the station was an old R.R.M. singing all buttoned up on an artificial leg.

geraniums growing along her boiler. She was named the Dutchess of Dunverin, and was the first engine used on the C.P.R. in 1876 to haul between Winnipeg and Minneapolis.

We almost missed the train buying a bottle of rubbing alcohol. All afternoon there was no scenery at all and the observation car was so dirty that it couldn't have been seen had there been any. Long margins of prairie succeeded one after another until finally all trees had disappeared and they galloped over it as naked as the moon itself.

We arrived at Moose Jaw late in the evening, and walked about the main street. Thousands of Scandinavian-looking farmers were all strolling about the lighted shop windows. They had evidently driven for miles with all their family, wives, and babies, to catch a bit of change that was offered by catching a glimpse of another farmer doing the same thing. One or two were eating ice cream cones. There were thousands of them and thousands of cars parked along the main street. No one seemed to be spending any money.

Sunday, July 24th. (Alberta). I had always imagined Alberta to be a pretty country before I had seen it. It is. It is the cattle country. That is, they know how to breed cattle there and the cattle know that they are in the very best place that it is possible for cattle to be in: they are consequently free from that affliction known as cattle restlessness, which is nothing more than yearning at the moon. When we got up for breakfast it was possible to see a great number of cattle grazing in

[illegible] along our trailer. We now cross the Dakotas of Montana. We was but first engine used on the C.P.R. in 1885 to haul between Winnipeg and Minneapolis.

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the plains adjoining the railroad lines. Forty miles east of Calgary it was possible to see the Rocky Mountains in the distance.

When we got to Calgary, where, because it was Sunday, there was hardly anything going on at all, they hooked on the end of the train an open-topped observation car. When the train started out a man came in the car to sell smoked glasses. He was the lecturer. That is, the man who knows all about the scenery we were about to pass through. He had passed through it many times and found that the pleasure of watching it was increased anywhere from fifty to seventy-five per cent by those smoked glasses. He had a whole lot of them and that was why he could sell them for just a dollar. I bought one of them, and they increased my pleasure just as he said, anywhere from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

We climbed from the minute we left Calgary. The train follows the Fraser River up into the mountains. We stopped at Banff and Lake Louise and later at Field and Glacier. Outside of the mountains, which were wonderfully interesting, the thing which impressed me the most were the circular tunnels. Passing through these tunnels one easily loses all sense of direction for the first tunnel to be seen is the second tunnel to be entered. The train enters these tunnels and circles back under itself, so to speak. It comes sixty to seventy feet undergrade from the point at which it entered. We made a second climb after we had passed through the Rockies when we came to the Selkirks. The grade ascends

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for about thirty miles and then enters the long Connaught tunnel, which is eight miles long. This, without doubt, is one of the most imposing engineering spectacles in the world.

Monday, July 25th. (Vancouver- Seattle). We arrived at Vancouver nine-thirty Monday morning. A very efficient battalion of Japanese porters spirited our baggage off the platform in such short order that we soon found ourselves with nothing much to fret about but finding a laundry that would do a fortnight's job in a day, and a tailor who was also a carpet sweeper.

We found both these monstrosities. They were both Japanese. The C.P.R. boat "Princess Marguerite" leaves Seattle for Vancouver in the evening, and leaves Vancouver again at ten-thirty immediately after unloading her passengers. We heard about this and took up the suggestion with the utmost despatch. Just across the way from where the Princess sailed, the sovereign majesty of the R.M.M.S. Aorangi could be observed in all its tropical glory. We eyed her wistfully, thinking of the long days to come.

The Princess Marguerite is a very fast little steamer. She boils along at a generous twenty-two knots. After a two hour swim in the Crystal Garden pool at the Empress Hotel, we cut short a two hour stop over at Victoria by drinking champagne with a couple of freshmen from the University all the way down Puget Sound.

We arrived in Seattle harbor at eight-thirty. There were two large dreadnaughts anchored there when we entered sleeping like contented wolves over a bone. The champagne

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We arrived in Seattle before we sight-light. There were two large dreadnoughts moored there when we entered sleeping like contented noises over a [illegible]

made the snow-capped mountains in the distance assume an immortal philosophic significance. It was hard to believe that they had always been there for Seattle people to look at because they are not such an awful lot different from anybody else. At least with one great exception they aren't.

The Great Exception met us there and gave us a very warm welcome. We drove all around Seattle and viewed it from each of its two famous points of vantage, one towards Lake Washington, and two towards Puget Sound. Then we went home to beds, which were not exactly similar to those on the Trans-Canada.

Tuesday, July 26th. (Seattle). They enjoy life in Seattle. It is made out of flowers, blue water, Japanese servants, and fruits in season.

Lunch at the tennis club really began the day. It was a most exotic affair executed in cinnamon toast, melons, and lady food. So many little damsels were chattering through their noon repast all about us that the conversation didn't manage to become very connected.

Hannibal remarked that he would like to have a very strange servant. He also expressed a wonder that birds do not fall into air pockets. Frederick confessed that the whole affair was most typically Seattle.

In the afternoon we flew over Lake Washington towards Mt. Rainier. Then circled back over the city crossing the mountains near the Lake shore. We got a very excellent impression of the general layout of the place, which in a short visit is the next best thing to shaking hands with

made the snow-capped mountains in the distance assume an immortal philosophic significance. It was hard to believe that they may always seem there for Seattle people to look at because they are just used as useful but different from anybody else. At least at the one great exception they aren't.

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every citizen.

Then we had a swim. A gentleman on the float confided to me that it was possible to go to Kelly Field for eight months at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month including expenses, and return with a full-fledged commission as an officer in the Reserve Corps of the Air Service. I told Hannibal. We both told the gentleman that we thought that it was a very interesting thing. He nodded, and then dove off and swam ashore.

That night we had a wonderful dinner. Small bits of melon, followed by a jellied soup, a roast fowl, a million vegetables, and a strawberry kiss with whipped cream. Followed by coffee. Followed by a very noble conversation about love. Nobody had ever heard of it, but every one expressed interest. Later Frederick and Mary and Hannibal and I went to the movies. It was not a credit to the city.

We caught the Princess Marguerite back to Vancouver having, thanks to the great prestige and influence of Mr. Collins, nothing less than the Royal bachelor's apartment-stateroom. A Miss Something-or-other, whose first name was Sally kept Hannibal up until two o'clock in a deep conversation under the stars. There was a shower in the R.B.A.S., which saw that eight small streams of water came together for a quiet reunion just above your left knee. It was a great invention, especially if your left knee happened to be dirty.

Very good sleeping on Puget Sound.

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Very good sleeping on Puget Sound.

Wednesday, July 27th. (Vancouver, Victoria and the

Open Sea). We spent the morning in buying interesting things that we had forgotten to buy before. It was the last chance to acquire continental merchandise at continental prices. Hannibal bought some shirts, ties, and stationary supplies. He also bought a pair of pajamas, the like of which never dared to put its head in the door of an Ottoman temple. There are black things all designed with green vines, scarlet and orange tropical birds, and far eastern dancing girls.

We also inspected the Aorangi more closely and nosed around our quarters suspiciously, like old maids searching for old beaux. The result was highly satisfactory. A many-decked vessel of 17,000 tons displacement fitted out like the flagship of El Capitan Don Alonzo Estaban San Salvadore. Singing birds hanging in her salons, a thousand stewards all running around doing nothing with the smartest finesse imaginable- and in her and through her opened the portals of one comfortable-looking chamber after another.

She got off at twelve-twenty, slightly behind time. A very gay sight and either a little sad or a little merry according to your lights. A crowd of about four hundred people lined the new C.P.R. quay holding ends of brilliantly coloured streamers, which were passed over the distance separating them from their friends on the boat. As she pulled out of the mooring the streamers broke gently one by one. The band struck up Auld Lang Syne. The voyage was on.

We stopped for four hours in Victoria to pick up

open canal. We spent the morning in buying interesting things that we had forgotten to buy before. It was the last chance to acquire souvenirs of commercial materialism at commercial prices. Sunburnt lovely zone sarongs, wine, and stationery supplies. We also bought a pair of pajamas, the like of which never dared to get the least in the door of an Ottawa temple. There are black things all decorated with green vines, scarlet and orange tropical birds, and far eastern dancing girls.

We also inspected the Botanical more closely and roaming around our quarters surpriseingly, like old maids searching for old beaux. The result was highly satisfactory. A damp-backed vessel of 17,000 tons displacement fitted out like the flagship of Sir Captain Joe Alcorn Sotaque Ian Salvatore. Sleeping birds hanging in her saloons, a thousand stewards all running around doing nothing with the smartest finesse imaginable- and in her and thereupon her opened the portals of one comfortable-looking stateroom after another.

We got off at twelve-twenty, slightly behind time. A very gay night and either a little sad or a little merry according to your lights. A crowd of about four hundred people lined the new T.S.S. quay holding ends of brilliantly coloured streamers, which were passed over the distance separating them from their friends on the boat. As one pulled out of the mooring the streamers broke gently one by one. The band played Auld Lang Syne. The voyage was on.

We stopped for four hours in Victoria to pick up

mail and more passengers. Hannibal and I walked around the town that we had gone swimming in the day before. A taxi-driver made a number of fascinating personal confessions to us. Then he pointed out the residence of the Mayor of Victoria to us. The Mayor has a privet hedge, which he has cut along with a number of privet bushes into the shapes of animals He has picked a number of very nice animals; a teddy bear, a real bear, a caribou, and elk, etc. This is considered an extraordinarily interesting thing in Victoria and the driver admitted that it was largely due to this hedge that the gentleman had faithfully received his office from the constituents of the city for twenty unbroken years. It is considered fully on a par with the world renowned Butchart's Sunken Gardens- another remarkable horticultural phenomenon also located in British Columbia; and although twenty miles outside the city can be reached by taxi as well in the surprisingly short time of thirty minutes at the surprisingly small price of 5 Canadian dollars.

We sailed from Victoria at nine o'clock. We passed the great drydock and swung out to sea in a cold fog, which sent most of the passengers aft to the bar and thence to bed.

Thursday, July 27th. (At Sea). A day's routine aboard the Aorangi is not an unpleasant thing. Steward wakes us up at half after seven. After handing us a plate of fruit to eat and the "Aorangi News" to read the cobwebs out of our eyes, he departs to prepare the

well not more passengers. Fanciful and I walked around the town that we had gone exploring in the day before. A taxi-driver made a number of fantastic personal confessions to us. Then he pointed out the residence of the Mayor of Victoria to us. The Mayor has a private hedge, which he has cut along lik a number of private houses into the images of animals. He has placed a number of very nice animals: a seal, bear, a real bear, a parrot, and elk, etc. This is considered an extraordinarily interesting thing in Victoria. The driver admitted that it was largely due to this hedge that the gentleman had faithfully received his office from the constituents of the city for twenty unbroken years. It is considered fully on a par with the world renowned Bremmert's Sunken Garden- another remarkable horticultural phenomenon also located in British Columbia; and although twenty miles outside the city can be reached by rail as well in the surprisingly short time of thirty minutes at the surprisingly small price of 5 Canadian dollars.

We sailed from Victoria at nine o'clock. We passed the great drydock and going out to sea in a gale for which most of the passengers all to the bar and thence to bed.

Thursday, July 27th. (At Sea). A day's rounding about the Aleutian is not an unpleasant thing. Stewart wakes us up at half after seven. After handing us a plate of fruit to eat and the "Alaska News" to read the cobwebs out of our eyes, he departs to prepare the

morning shower. Breakfast follows at eight o'clock. It is hard to get to breakfast on time because the clocks are always turning back. Consequently the company has arranged for a man to blow a most devasting racket on a cornet, which he does regularly with unbroken discord half an hour before the meal commences. It is such a discouraging sound that no one who has any feelings could possibly go on sleeping.

Breakfast consists of anything you want to make it; it is possible to make it a good deal, but it is not a wise plan because the weather is consistly hot with the exception of the first day of the voyage.

After breakfast there is a long lull. The Englishmen and Australians who are on board go in very strongly for the old game of profound contemplation. After lunch there is an hour or so of coffee drinking. Thus the afternoon is divided between profoundly contemplating the coffee and profoundly contemplating the ocean. Again about five a great many commence to profoundly contemplate the hour for dinner; which event, as though accelerated by the power of their concentration, jerks madly out of the clock at half past six.

All hands change into their dinner clothes more because, I suppose, the morning clothes could not stand all the evening's profound contemplation as well. This commences after the evening coffee is over and continues unharassed until it is time to go to bed. If it isn't working smoothly it is taken into bar, where it is thoroughly put to rights, and stimulated into such

morning answer. Breakfast orders are eight o'clock. It is hard to get to breakfast on time because the clocks are always turning back. Consequently the necessity for a cup to give a most devastating feeling on a course, which is done regularly with surprisingly almost an hour before the usual commences. It is such a disconcerting sound that no one who has any feelings would possibly go on alone.

Breakfast consists of anything you want to make it; it is possible to make it a good meal, but it is not a wise plan because the weather is usually hot with the exception of the first day of the voyage.

After breakfast there is a long lull. The engineman and assistant who are on board go in very strongly for the old game of profound contemplation. After lunch there is an hour or so of active drifting. Then the afternoon is divided between profoundly contemplating the ocean and profoundly contemplating the ocean. Again about five a great many commence to profoundly contemplate the hour for dinner; which event, we thought, usually arrives by the power of their concentration, lands exactly on the clock at half past six.

All hands change into their dinner clothes more because, I suppose, the morning outfits could not stand all the evening's profound contemplation as well. Some commence after the evening coffee is over and profound contemplation continues until it is time to go to bed. If it is a rocking steamer, it is taken into account, where it is theoretically put to rights, and profound contemplation

genuine quality that it has often been called the highest type of profound evening contemplation that can be found in any part of the globe.

There are deck sports; quoits, tennis, billiards, bullboard, pegs, shuffleboard; in these competetions are arranged and prizes are given out much to the satisfaction of the barber who sells the prizes to committee after they have taken up a collection. There is a reading room, a music room, and a library. But with an apology to the youngsters, who go out a bit for the sports, what there really is and what there is only and that on a high scale is- eating and profound contemplation.

Friday, July 29th. (At Sea). Ship's Log 411 miles.

Saturday, July 30th. (At Sea). Ship's Log 408 miles.

Sunday, July 31st. (At Sea). Ship's Log 409 miles. Church service conducted by Commander Crawford.

Monday, August 1st. (At Sea). Ship's Log 408 miles.

Tuesday, August 2nd. (Honolulu). Raised land about half after ten on the island of Molakai. Passing us bound east was a two funnel vessel of the Nippon Ysen Kaisha line clearing for Seattle. We entered the straits and skirted the island of Oahu. Two miles ahead of us and to starboard was the Wilhelmina of the Matson Line. We followed her for the twenty odd miles further on into Honolulu.

From the sea Honolulu has air of accident about it. It seems to be clinging quite unintentionally to its foundations on the slope of the old volcanic basin which supports it; which gives it somewhat of the note of

remains quality that it was given when sailing day to spend
time of profound evening contemplation that can be found
in any part of the globe.

There are book scores; quoits, tennis, billiards,
bullboard, cards, shuffleboard; in these competitions are
attached and prizes are given out among the participa-
tion of the passer who sails the prizes to competitors after
they have taken by a collection. There is a reading room,
a music room, and a library. But with an apology to the
youngsters, who to put a lit for the sports, what there
really is and what there is only and that only
really is- setting and profound contemplation.

Friday, July 25th. (At Sea). Ship's log 611 miles.

Saturday, July 26th. (At Sea). Ship's log 608 miles.

Sunday, July 27th. (At Sea). Ship's log 608 miles.
Church service conducted by Commander Crawford.

Monday, August 1st. (At Sea). Ship's log 609 miles.

Tuesday, August 2nd. (Honolulu). Helmed land about
half after ten on the island of Oahu. Sailing on
board ship was a two funnel vessel of the Pacific Tank
Steamer line clearing for Seattle. We entered the harbor
and sighted the island of Oahu. Two miles ahead of us
and to starboard was the skyscrapers of the Matson line.
We followed her for the twenty odd miles further on
into Honolulu.

From the sea Honolulu has an air of mystery about it.
It seems to be clinging quite unfamiliarly to the
foothills on the slope of the old volcanic peak
supports it; which gives it somewhat of the look of

liberty and innocence that one associates with the Pacific- that one associates with a sea bird on a log whose flight has just been seen and is expected again at any moment.

As the Aorangi swung slowly into the harbor a large gang of native diving boys plunged in the water and swarmed around her starboard quarter anxious to demonstrate their skill in salvaging a coin that might be thrown over to them by a curious passenger. There were far more native artists in the water than there were patrons who would pay to see them perform and most of them swam ashore sadly after an hour or so of shouting and beckoning from under the water line.

The harbor front of Honolulu is maintained in a thoroughly neat and sanitary condition. Next to the pier to which the Aorangi made herself fast was the pier of the U.S. Army. Here the U.S.A.T. Somme, a well-painted and well-designed craft of several thousand tons, was moored. In the background it was possible to see the arsenals and stores of the garrison. Near them the company streets of the bivouacked battalion stretched out in orderly alternation.

Hannibal and I got in a taxi and drove to the Moanna Hotel at Waikiki Beach. On the way over, which led through a very pretty and well-constructed marine driveway, we noticed an aeroplane hangar on which was painted the sign "See the Island of Oahu for $12". We continued looking at that sign very long and very hard.

The Moanna Hotel proved to be a pride to the pro-

liberty and freedom that one associates with the Pacific- that one associates with a bird on a log whose flight has just been seen and is expected again at any moment.

As the ferryboat moves slowly into the harbor a large gang of native diving boys plunged in the water and swarmed around her starboard quarter each one to demonstrate their skill in salvaging a coin that might be thrown over to them by a curious passenger. There were far more native artists in the water than there were patrons who would pay to see them perform and most of them swam nearly after an hour or so of struggling and beckoning from under the water line.

The harbor front of Honolulu is maintained in a thoroughly neat and sanitary condition. Next to the pier to which the ferryboat made herself fast was the pier of the U.S. Army. Here the U.S.A.S. Chaska, a well-planned and well-designed craft of several thousand tons, was moored. In the background it was possible to see the arsenals and stores of the garrison. Near then the company streets of the divisional battalion stretched out in orderly alternation.

Hannibal and I got in a taxi and drove to the Moana Hotel at Waikiki Beach. On the way over, which led through a very pretty and well-conditioned coastline driveway, we noticed an aeroplane hanger on which was painted the sign "See the Island of Oahu for $1". We considered looking at that sign very long and very hard.

The Moana Hotel proved to be a [illegible]

fession. We hired a room for the night and a couple of bathing suits. Then we tried out Waikiki Beach to suit ourselves. The long rollers combing evenly over the coral reef has a sensuous lure to any swimmer that is fond of ocean entertainment. Followed by meal centering around lobster the evening's experience was a rare one.

After dinner we motored over to pay our respects to Governor Farrington. He was an old classmate of Dr. Hamlin. It was here we met Aloha.

Aloha is Frances Whittemore. She is the daughter of Governor Farrington and has in her all the gracious nobility that is Hawaii. With her commenced a great experience. A friend of her's was giving a party that evening and had asked her to bring some people. She did. When it was quite late (Panini is Frances Whittemore's Hawaiian name) Panini took us to a secluded residence which was half way up in the mountains. It was almost the same design and appearance as Washington Place which is Governor Farrington's residence. As we entered to greet the host of the party which was already in full swing it became apparent that all the original leaders of the Lost Generation were inside. From this moment on the evening became very fuzzy. As we shook hands they presented us with a tall glass of Okuliau.

A five piece Hawaiian jazz band had charge of the music. They did very well by themselves. There were fat men so fat dancing in the large room that they completely eclipsed three thin men apiece, who might be dancing behind them. Every one began drinking more Okuliau and

festival. We hired a room for the night and a bottle of bathing suits. Then we tried out Fairhill beach to suit aquatic We. The long rollers crashing evenly over the coral reef was a generous lure to any swimmer that is fond of ocean entertainment. Followed by coral scattering around lobster the evening's experience was a rare one.

After dinner we motored over to pay our respects to Governor Partington. We was an old classmate of Mr. Hamlin. It was here we met Alice.

Alice is Frances Tuttemore. She is the daughter of Governor Partington and was in her all the gracious hospitality that is Hawaii. With her commenced a great experience. A friend of her's was giving a party that evening and had asked her to bring some people. She did. Then it was quite late (Easter in Frances Tuttemore's Hawaiian car) Paulini took us to a secluded residence which was half way up in the mountains. It was almost the same design and appearance as Washington Place where is Governor Partington's residence. As we entered to greet the host at the party which was already in full swing it became apparent that all the original leaders of the last Revolution were inside. From this moment on the evening became very funny. In an about hours they evacuated to give a full place of Oahuiles.

A five piece Hawaiian dance band had charge of the music. They did very well by themselves. There were not can so far dancing in the large room like the. Invariably eclipsed there this man mania, who might be dancing behind them. Every one seemed [illegible]

eating sandwiches in the kitchen. The kitchen was also employed for more intimate though no less public matters.

About twelve o'clock the two hired hula dancers were called into action. One was a woman in costume, the other was a man who accompanied her movements on an Hawaiian string instrument. The hula dance which the woman did was very medical. The first was named Imi aula oi, which means the King's Farewell. It was executed in a musical timbre which was truly very beautiful. The dance itself was well done too, although it is hard for an off-islander to give it its due, I imagine, without becoming self-conscious.

The next performance was named Liliu e and is in regard to the last queen of Oahu. The dance, which was more voluptuous than the first, described all the attractions of the excellent worthy female in a most vivid and detailed manner.

The last performance was named Hula kui, which is nothing more than the name for the score to which any hula dance can be performed. Panini danced two dances to this one by herself, and one in company with two of her friends.

Panini suggested that we go home about half past one. We followed her suggestion. It was well that we did. She and Hannibal and Earl Thacker, her rather corpulent escort, coasted down the hill into Honolulu and pulled up in front of a refreshment store-cafeteria operated by Japs. One of them came running out to the car the minute we arrived with two long boards. On the boards were ladles of salt, pepper, and glasses of ice water. He placed one over the front seat and one over the back seat. Then he

acting assistants in the drama. The drama was also employed for more intimate though no less public gatherings.

About twelve o'clock the two hired Indian dancers began their dances. One was a young in years, the other was a man who accompanied her movements on an Indian native instrument. The Indian dance which the woman did was very medical. The first was named Ind sola ol, which means the Night's Mystery. It was executed in a musical tempo which was truly very beautiful. The dance itself was well done too, although it is hard for an old-fashioned to give it its due. I imagine, without becoming self-conscious.

The next performance was named Lilia e And ia in re-gard to the last queen of Cebu. The dance, which was more voluptuous than the first, described all the attractions of the sweetest worthy female in a most vivid and de-tailed manner.

The last performance was Dance Dale Ind, which is nothing more than the name for the dance to which any Indian dance can be performed. Partnt danced the dances to Indian one by herself, and one in company with two of her friends.

Tamini suggested that we go home about half past one. We followed her suggestion. It was well that we did. Dan and Manuel and Saul Tarzan, the rather corpulent escort, coaxed Dora the Kill into Tordsin and smiled up in front of a refreshment room-waiters overtired by dage. One of them came running out to the car the minute we arrived with two large bottles of Lucia and plenty of salt, pepper, and glasses of ice water. We placed the cost in front seat and one over the back seat. [illegible]

took out an order blank and requested us to name our heart's desire. We named some bacon sandwiches and some ice cream and some coffee. He brought them all out to us and we ate them there in the car. It was a new and pleasant wrinkle.

Panini then took us back to the Moanna Hotel where we went to bed a pair of thoroughly initiated visitors.

In the morning we welcomed the arrival of the new day by taking another swim in the ocean. After breakfast Doctor Bryant of the Bishop Museum put in his appearance in the role of diplomatist. Through the courtesy of his ancient Ford coupé we visited the aquarium, the Pineapple experiment station, the Pali, the U.S. Army garrison, and finally the Bishop Museum, where we met and had a long talk with Doctor Gregory of the Whitney South Sea Expedition. We inspected the collection of Hawaiian material, tapa, adzes, mats, netting, fishing implements, etc., and looked over the bird collection. The Aorangi was scheduled to sail at noon. We hurried down to the shopping district where Hannibal bought a kimono and I laid in a stock of cigarettes and smoking tobacco. When we arrived at the pier what was our great surprise to see Doctor and Mrs. Gregory down there to see us off with leiis. A little further down was Panini with more leiis. It was altogether too teary for anything. She and Doctor Bryant stayed down on the pier until long after the boat had slipped away from her berth and we could still see them waving when we were turned around and reaching out of the bay for the hazy mysteries that lay beneath the southern

horizon.

Oh, blessed cradle of flowers, who pushed you out upon the wide and mercernary stream of travel to be fingered in by such Nordic travelling prudes as we? Aloha!

Thursday, August 4th, (At Sea). Ship's log 408 miles.

Friday, August 5th. (At Sea). Ship's log 417 miles.

Saturday, August 6th. (At Sea). Ship's log 433 miles.

Sunday, August 7th. (At Sea). Ship's log 411 miles.

Monday, August 8th. (At Sea). Ship's log 417 miles.

Tuesday, August 9th. (At Sea). Ship's log 407 miles.

Wednesday, August 10th. (At Sea).

Thursday, August 11th. (At Sea). Ship's log 407 miles. Arrived in the harbor of Suva, Fiji Island, shortly after breakfast. The harbor is a natural harbor and is protected by a circular outlying reef. It is infested with sharks who faithfully follow each ship right up to its berth at the wharf and hang around waiting for the rubbage that is thrown over.

As fhe boat was being worked into her position along side of the long government quay it was possible to see groups of Fiji natives awaiting or loafing under the shade of the warehouse roof. They were evidently pure samples of the unadulterated Fiji stock, very black, the color of coal tar, with tremendous crops of thick hair standing straight up in the air from eight inches to a foot. They were beautiful examples of physical development, tall and heavily built, and their characteristic dress was a shirt to cover their trunks from their waist upwards with a loose petticoat colored in many different

On. Finally strolls of flowers was needed you met upon the wide and mercenary stream of travel to be disposed in by man Nordic travelling wonder we met. Alone!

Thursday, August 4th. (At Sea). Ship's log 400 miles.

Friday, August 5th. (At Sea). Ship's log 417 miles.

Saturday, August 6th. (At Sea). Ship's log 413 miles.

Sunday, August 7th. (At Sea). Ship's log 411 miles.

Monday, August 8th. (At Sea). Ship's log 417 miles.

Tuesday, August 9th. (At Sea). Ship's log 407 miles.

Wednesday, August 10th. (At Sea).

Thursday, August 11th. (At Sea). Ship's log 407 miles. Arrived in the harbor of Suva, Fiji Island, shortly after breakfast. The harbor is a natural harbor and is protected by a circular outlying reef. It is interesting only where two fairly full view each day right up to the berth at the wharf and many around waiting for the rubbish that is thrown over.

As the boat was being moored into our position along side of the long government quay it was possible to see groups of Fiji native sweepers, or loafing under the shade of the waterless roof. They were evidently here samples of the unadulterated Fiji stock, very black, the color of coal tar, with tremendous shoulders and strong attaching straights as in the old Roman slave under the foot. They were beautiful examples of physical development, tall and heavily built. The chief characteristic trend was a skirt to cover their trunks "for their waist" uniform with a loose material colored in some distinguish

manners wrapped around their waists downward and reaching to their knees. The spectacle of the natives and a handful of white people waiting on the way was a colorful one A large number of the natives were delegated to the different jobs of making the ship fast while all the whites stood around in the shade and didn't move a muscle. The natives, in spite of their remarkable statures, had difficulty in executing the moves and hauling, which a third the number of white men generally do with far greater ease and alacrity.

Hannibal and I hired a car with a native driver and requested him to take us on the standard round-the-island tour. This he proceeded to do with a broad grin and other manifestations of pleasure, which we could not understand then but which we began to understand later. Off we went up a hill, and after a five minute drive in which we observed the new hospital, the police station, and the view of the harbor, we came to a native village where the driver stopped and let us out of the car. A large native as bare and black as the other side of the moon offered us his services as escort which we accepted with great speed and other demonstrations of friendship and peace. He showed us through several native huts including that of the chief of the village. We entered his domicile on tiptoe with our hats off and found him squatting before a stone bowl in which he was pounding something which was later to turn into his lunch. We also saw the cooking hut and the meeting hut. There were a great number of women about, old and young, carrying babies or being

carried because they were babies themselves. They wore very little and stared at us in genial inactivity. The chief seemed to be the only one engaged in unequivocal industry.

Hannibal bought a magnificent piece of tapa from one of the women. Then we started off on our journey in the car. They drive ridiculously slow in Fiji, generally holding to twelve miles an hour and never going above fifteen under any circumstances. We droned along up hills, by pineapple plantations, banana plantations, along stretched of tangled tropical woodlands at such a slow rate that it was almost impossible not to fall asleep in the car. There were hardly any settlements on the course of the drive. Towards the town of Rewa, however, we came to a bird sanctuary, a butcher's slaughter house, a botanical reservation, and a dairy, at intervals of about five miles. Finally we came to the flat boat ferry that takes the cars over the river from the Suva side to the Rewa township. This is a cable ferry and is operated by the commissioner of highways. It pulls itself across by means of a steam donkey engine, which is fastened to the deck of the flat boat. The crossing lasts for only five minutes.

On the other side of the river the town of Rewa had little to offer except its sugar refining mill. This mill, which is truly very large, is one of the six on the Fiji Island. It is supplied by the plantations, which stretch out on both sides of the river and the cane is carried down in large barges towed by tugs. From the

carried passengers only were begins themselves. They were very little and stared at us in genial inquisitiveness. The other seemed to be the only one engaged in unemployed industry.

Meanwhile bought a magnificent piece of tape from one of the women. Then we started off on our journey in the car. They drive ridiculously slow in Fiji, generally holding to twelve miles an hour and never going above fifteen under any circumstances. We crawl along at mile, by alluvial plantations, swamps, lagoons, along stretches of tangled tropical vegetation at when a rate that it was almost impossible not to fall asleep in the car. There were lately any settlements on the borders of the river. Towards the town of Ba, however, we came to a kind manufactory, a butchery, a blacksmith's shop, a botanical nurseries, and a dairy, at intervals of about five miles. Finally we came to the flat boat ferry that takes the cars over the river from the Suva side to the Ba township. This is a cable ferry and is operated by the companions of bluejays. It will itself serves by means of a steam donkey engine, which is fastened to the deck of the flat boat. The crossing lasts for only five minutes.

On the other side of the river the town of Ba has little to offer except its magnificent mill. This mill, which is truly very large, is one of two mills in the Fiji Islands. It is supplied by the plantations, which stretch out on both sides of the river and the cane is carried down in large [illegible]

time the barge is moored under the unloading shed of the refinery the cane is all handled by machinery. Fijians are employed by the company, which is British, to fill all the positions, both manuel labor and skilled in the refinery, the actual executive offices only being run by whites.

We drove back to Suva for lunch dozing off from time to time in the car. It is a licking in itself to stay awake in Suva- and in the times my struggles to do so were successful and my eyes were open I could see the natives themselves around the huts we passed stretched out on the adjoining lawns deep in the utter defeat of the noon day. A sort of Fijian jongleur or strolling player was tottering along the road about eight miles from Suva mumbling to himself with his eyes closed. The driver said something about the fact that he was really asleep and travelled over the countryside in that manner finding his way along safely enough. It was just another one of those things that a chauffeur in Fiji had to be very careful about when he was driving along the road and why it was so wise to drive slowly.

The lunch in the Grand Pacific Hotel didn't amount to very much. Pork and beans, warm burgundy, and second rate pineapple composed the menu. We walked along the main street back to the ship and after inspecting the British gunboat at the end of the quay got on board the Aorangi. The departure of the Aorangi from Suva, like all her departures from everywhere, was a gay pulling and heaving, and throwing and breaking of confetti. The

clerks, agents of British companies, naval officers, army officers, and other languishing pith helmetted creatures who are forced to stay in that sweltering town, gazed sadly at the boat as she swung out of the harbor for more favorable and more Anglican climes. Then as she reached out of the harbor and stood out to the southward they turned and went slowly up the dusty ally, which led to the business section and the overheated sweatpot of their activity. I thought of them as their white figures disappeared in the dirt and heat of that nigger town and thought of how they thought when they looked out in the harbor and saw a great ship reaching in from home with the banner of "His Majesty's Mail" floating from her fore-peak.

Back we went on the trail of the flying-fishes again. The red topped roofs of Suva dropped out of sight abaft abeam and another nigger town, hot unclean, and unbearable slipped into kettle, where boil the illusions of the South Seas.

Friday, August 12th. (At Sea). Ship's log 369 miles.

Saturday, August 13th. (At Sea). Ship's log 418 miles.

Sunday, August 14th. (Auckland, New Zealand).

After passing Great Barrier and Little Barrier, two islands outlying the harbor of Auckland, we picked up the pilot about two o'clock and anchored in quarantine an hour later.

Auckland has most of its charm in the distance. It was a beastly cold day and the passengers shivered along the promenade deck as they waited for the doctor and the custom officers to get through with them. There was very

officers, agents of Italia, Argentina, naval officers, officers, and other inquisitive [illegible] who are forced to stay in that Amsterdam zone, passed daily at the best as one crawls out of the harbor for more fortunate and more amiable climes. Even as one crawled out of the harbor and stood out to the southward they turned and went slowly up the dirty Elbe, which has a twelve-hour position and the overbearing snobbery of their activity. I thought of them as their white figures disappeared in the mist and left of that dirty town and thought of how they thought more alog looked out in the harbor and for a great deal only reasoning in from home with the banner of "Ile Malouin's Hall" floating from her fore-peak.

Such we were on the trail of the flying-fishes again. The red topped roofs of Cuxa dropped out of sight about noon and another dirtier town, but tuneless, and unbearable airpoes into hostile, white hull the illusions of the South Seas.

Friday, August 12th. (At Sea). Ship's log has gone.

Saturday, August 13th. (At Sea). Ship's log gone.

Sunday, August 14th. (Auckland, New Zealand).

After passing Great Barrier and Little Barrier, two islands guarding the harbor of Auckland, we pulled up the pilot about two o'clock and endeavored to [illegible] an hour later.

Auckland has most of its wares on the [illegible]. It was a beautiful cold day and the [illegible] shivered the [illegible] doors as they waited for the doctor and the customs officers to get through with them. [illegible]

little shipping in the harbor. The red roofs of the town and smaller cottages clinging to the knolls and shoulders of the hills promised from a distance a beauty which was not realized upon closer acquaintance. It was a typical New Zealand winter's day according to the New Zealanders who were travelling with us. The air and the temperature reminded me of Martha's Vineyard in early February.

We went ashore as soon as the boat docked andwalked up the deserted main street. The rules for Sunday conduct are very strict in New Zealand. The cinema houses are closed. All sorts of sports and other diversions are forbidden. Consequently a number of the soap box Bolsheviks get up in the public places and have their say. They speak on everything from the evils of the government to the proper interpretation of hell in the Bible. In the region of the piers and dockyards we saw a number of these men. They spoke with a mania and precipitated jeers and cries of assent and dissent from their audiences.

As there was nothing else to do we wandered up to the Grand Hotel and put our names down for the evening meal. It turned out to be a surprisingly good one, one of the best meals I have ever eaten. Maybe all the well-meaning Auckland citizens, sorry for the infinite boredom that their city offers the visitor on Sundays, combine to make it up to him partially by planning that evening meal at the Grand. We walked through the town after dinner and saw a number of the population who were thronging

Little wonder, in the afternoon. The two decks of the town was crowded with people alighting on the mole and promenaders of the mile promenade from a distance a heavy noise was not audible upon closer acquaintance. It was a typical New Zealand winter's day according to the New Zealanders who were travelling with us. The wet and temperature reminded me of Portland's Wintery in early February.

We took shelter as soon as our boat docked and walked up the deserted main street. The rules for Sunday conduct are very strict in New Zealand. The stores there are closed. All sorts of sports and other diversions are forbidden. Consequently a number of the young boy holiday's get up in the public places and have their fun. They speak to everything from the evils of the government to the proper interpretation of hell in the Bible. In the region of the piers and docks is now a number of these men. They sports with a smile and exploitation jeers and urges of passers and dissent from their audiences.

In Cobra was nothing else to do we wandered up to the Grand Hotel and for the house down for the evening meal. It course dining is a surprisingly good one, one of the best meals I have ever eaten. Among all the well-dressing Sunday diners, only, for the Indian foreman that their city offers the visitor of Sunday, nothing so much is up to his partially of planning that evening and at the Grand. We walked through the town after dinner

the main street in the process of their Sunday evening stroll. They were a ratty-looking outfit. We probably were not inspecting the best citizens, but even what we saw were a distinctly inferior and mothy-looking crowd of people. Their clothes were sloppy, their expressions fatuous, their bearing and poise like old speckled codfish too weary to swim.

We went back to the ship early in the evening for want of anything better to do and went to bed.

Monday, August 15th. (Auckland, New Zealand). Starting out again in the morning Hannibal and I journeyed to the showrooms of the firm of Fowlds Ltd., where we each bought an overcoat to protect us from the extremely inclement weather. Then we proceeded on our way to the museum. They are building a new museum on the hill in Auckland as a memorial to the men killed in the war. It has not been finished yet, however, and the material which belongs to the city is still installed in the old quarters.

Doctor Buck, the half Maori scientist we met in Honolulu, has been responsible, along with other men in Auckland, for collecting a splendid assortment of Maori relics, which are at present unequalled in any other place in the world. We saw the carved meres, or god-sticks, taiahas, or short spears, treasure boxes, bowls, urns, calabashes, curved funnels, and Atua statues, or statues of the figures which the Maori worshipped and conceded all the power of divinity.

Most impressive of all was the long war canoe known

as Taki-a-Capiri. This canoe is over eighty feet in length and could carry at le ast a hundred warriors. It was constructed by culling out the inside of a tall tree and fitting, piece by piece, the overlapping gunwales. Such craft as these would take as long as three years for the Maori to build assisted by all their women, who made and bound the cord that holds upperstructure to the hull.

There was a fine collection of birds and fishes in the museum, but they were so confused with other material; a bust of Napoleon, an old gun, a case of butterflies, etc., that it was hard to make much out of it. They will be much better off when they can move into their new quarters.

We went for lunch at the only Americanized spot in Auckland, a sandwich shop. Here there were lettuce and tomato sandwiches, pork and beans, pastry and cups of coffee. It seemed for a moment as if we must be home in New Haven with the eminent marble of Harry's Smoke Shop bearing the force of our elbows.

In the afternoon we took a street car to the Auckland Zoo. This, for its size, is the most happily constructed and well-laid out zoo I have ever seen (not that I have spent all my life examining zoos) and every animal, no matter how miserable he really is, looks as though he was the most satisfied and wealthy creature in the world. There was a large elephant, two hippos, ten lions, leopards both black and spotted, a Bengal tiger, eight different kinds of eagles, and a host of temperate

climate hawks. Aside from this assortment of foreign material, which included bear, seal, buffalo, llama, antelope, gazelle, monkeys and apes, there was a fine collection of local tropical and semi-tropical birds.

We taxied down to the ship after missing the last car in our eagerness to irritate two of the most ferocious lions, and bade our adieux to Mr. and Mrs. Pullar. It was really quite sad to leave them as they were our best and most loyal acquaintances on the boat and certainly two of the nicest people in the world. It was not long before the Aorangi settled out into the stream, passed the battleship, dipped her colors, dropped the pilot, and poked her nose onwards to Australia.

Tuesday, August 16th. (At Sea). Ship's log 356 miles.

Wednesday, August 17th. (At Sea). Ship's log 344 miles. Very stormy, bucking the cross currents in the Tasman Sea.

Thursday, August 18th. (At Sea). Very rough again today. Wind increased in velocity and slowed the vessel up to a scant five knots an hour. Most of the passengers have failed to put in an appearance during the last two days.

Friday, August 19th. (Sydney, New South Wales). Arrived off the famous heads this morning at six o'clock. Vessel anchored in quarantine in the middle harbour. The Australians, especially Mr. and Mrs. Christmas, appeared very glad to be fast in their native shore again. Mr. Christmas quoted the lines "Lives there a

man with soul so dead that never to himself hath said it is my own my native land". This brought great applause from his other fellow countrymen. We said good bye to our particular friends, Miss Bryon-Moore, who gave us a letter to the Administrator at Rabaul, Mr. Blandy, Miss Currie, Doctor Learoyd, Commander Crawford, and bowed farewell to a number of familiar faces whose names we were less familiar with.

After a fierce struggle with what must be the most impolite customs organization in the whole world we proceeded to the Hotel Australia. The Hotel Australia is not the world's worst hotel, but it is not exactly disqualified from that competition either. Being in the Australian winter the lacking of all possible heating apparatus makes the place as cold as Christmas Day in Rigolet Labrador. What's more, the building is cleverly designed to preserve the cold during the time of day when it is warmer outside so that it has resulted in becoming the model for all refrigator plants built subsequently in eastern Australia.

In the afternoon we went to the zoo, which is across the harbour at Toranga Park. It is undoubtedly one of the most happily located zoos imaginable. It is built on the side of a steep island so that the cages of the animals are arranged on terraces affording them all an excellent view of the harbour. All Sudney, it appears, walks and talks to the zoo. In cages and promenades built of some substance half marshmellow and half molasses, such beasts and birds as Tasmanian

Devils, otters, badgers, skunk, bear, lions, tigers, emu, apes, eagles, flamingo, hawks, elephants, leopards, orang-ootangs, seals, and so forth and so forth, are exhibited for public inspection. Indeed the public are so interested in these animals that some actually specialize in particular groups of them; for instance two men who we noticed standing in front of the woodchuck cage so closely resembled woodchucks that we were prompted to inquire about it. One of the keepers immediately told us that they had been watching those woodchucks now for fourteen years at the request of the Federal Government, and that the woodchucks had become so reconciled to them that they passed out half their dinner to them as a matter of course. Another case was well-known of a man who had stood for three years in front of the snake window. Finally in June 1916, he wriggled off and went home.

Saturday, August 20th. (Sydney). Today after despatching several minor affairs at the office of the American Consul and at the office of the Burns, Philp & Co. we took a trip up the Paramatta River to the horse races at Rose Hill. The boat journeyed local fashion around the harbour. We noticed several foreign freighters anchored in the roadstead amongst which was the Port Huron and the Tricolor, the first British, the second Norwegian, both in Sydney to take the opening wheat cargoes to Dunkirk as fast as possible. The Australian cruisers Sydney and Penguin were also visible further down the bay.

The people at the Rose Hill horse races and in fact all the people we have seen at the various other places we have been in Sydney appear very much like the New Zealanders, raw, slovenly and unpolished. They appear to have the saving grace of tenderness and although undoubtedly unintelligent and unphilosophic, and pretty sporty and mercenary, are rather kind and jolly. They are not a bad bunch to get along with. There are no real places of aesthetic entertainment in Sydney, for although they have a fine art museum it is only visible by day, and the descent of evening finds the movies and a few frothy dramas the only defense against utter boredom.

Sunday, August 21st. (Sydney). Turned out to be the dullest day I have ever spent in my life. The evening meal came down upon us like a hurricane and appeared to be the speediest breeziest thing that had ever occurred. After it had finally come, spent itself, and disappeared, there was of course a terrible lapse and reaction.

There is much agitation tonight about the impending of Sacco and Vanzetti. A great mass meeting on the steps of the Town Hall led in song and speeches by a high powered six-cylinder, triple expansion Laborite, whose voice resembled the surf at South Beach, Martha's Vineyard. He denounced the United States, the capitalist government of Australia, the speaker who had spoken before him, American goods, American trade, birth control and Governor Fuller. In fact, he denounced everything that had taken place since the history of man to oppress

and disturb the laboring man or to try to take his rightful happiness away from him. Amid great cheers he retired while all hands picked up the words of some song which went to the tune of Maryland, My Maryland.

In many of the by-streets there were other men speaking on other topics to their wretched audiences. Some of opposite political views to the Laborite were expressing their own platform of thought, denouncing the Labor party, denouncing meetings on the steps of the Town Hall or anybody who would hold them there, or else interpreting the life of Christ, and selling little pamphlets showing formulas which had come from Christ at a sixpence apiece, following which anybody could be saved.

The truth of the matter is that if the movies were only allowed to give their performances on Sunday night there would be less people on the street hanging about with nothing to do but wasting their time listening to such folderol.

Monday, August 22nd. (Sydney). Another day worrying around the town of Sydney. This day I interested myself in the waterfront and sailor district. Walked down to the quay, known as Walsh Bay Wharf, where the S. S. Mataram, Burns, Philp & Co., was moored just in from the Solomons. Weaved my way through sacks of copra, cartloads of coal, drays,and stewards supplies to the quarter where I found the chief mate. He was a large brute of evident Irish affiliations and lacking a tie kept the collar of his shirt together with an imitation

diamond stud pin. He knew all about Mr. Beck's whereabouts and reassured me in a rich brogue that we would pick him up at Tulagi when we got there.

Passed down Windmill Street by the Hit or Miss Hotel, The Hero of Waterloo Hotel, turned into Play Fair Alley, and pulled up in front of the Bells, a sailor's tavern. From here one gets a very picturesque vista of the man-o'-war's man's never never land. Tumbling into ruins, carved with initials, defaced by profane limericks, and here and there drawn and painted with reproductions of the nude female, this district has a charm all to itself. It is never all vile, and for the most part as attempts have been made to tidy up its wretched walls into something beautiful one may see, if one cares to see those kind of things, a fine episode of the graat chapter of the spirit against the flesh.

Tuesday, August 23rd. (Sydney). After having become apathetic to the city, whose walls stare out at me boasting of their lack of interest and entertainment for Americans, I took up their challenge and uncovered the Bjeck Peterson School of Physical Culture. It is another place that the H. R. H. ballyhoo has established its fatal aurora, that gentleman having visited it in search of a game of squash racquets when he was in Sydney. There is a picture of him with the two brothers Peterson with an enclosed clipping of his speech of thanks and praise.

The place is most decidedly not good. It is designed for medical readjustment and has not a sparkle

of a running track or a squash court in it. However, I managed to secure the services of a professional gymnast who put me through a terrible course of sprouts and gave me the benefit of a five dollar sweat for five shillings and sixpence. I also tried the Turkish bath in the hotel. This is filled with fat and paunchy business men, as are, for that matter, Turkish baths the world over, but this Australian breed insists upon showing and advising you just how long to stay in the hot room, just how long to stay in the steam room, just how long to stay in the cold shower, etc., etc., until your possible pleasureable sweat has long since become evaporated into rage.

There are evidently no wood fires in Australia, and certainly no central heating plants. The rooming life is therefore terrible in the winter time. I don't know what it is like in the summer time, but they say it is very hot in Sydney at that time of year, and I certainly am not going to stay to find out.

Hannibal and I bought our tickets to Brisbane by way of Byron Bay, leaving Sydney a week from today. The Mataram leaves Brisbane on the second of September. From then on, thank God, there will be no more worrying about heat.

Wednesday, August 24th. (Sydney). Went aboard the Maloja at nine o'clock to say farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Eckalls. Ishall never forget this fine old gentleman, his story of his son's experience at the mouth of the Thames, at Sierra Leone with those wretched niggers,

who had to shoot seven times to hit a target in front of general which they could hit first shot at any other time.

He showed us all over the Maloja, a 20,000 ton P & O liner, pointed out his stateroom de luxe, told us a few more remarkable tales and then bowed a very grand farewell. He lives in Cornwall. If you should ever come to Cornwall don't fail to look us up- and all that sort of thing.

The great Australasian confetti custom asserted itself again as the Maloja pulled out on her journey to Melbourne, Adelaide, Freemantle, Ceylon, Suez, Marseilles, and London. Confetti was hurled all over everything, and the usual heartstricken throng, bearing up under their crocodile tears, collected at the end of the pier and waved and waved and waved until the boat, with husband or wife, or daughter, or son, or grandmother, or whatever or whoever it was, faded out of sight down the harbour.

Hannibal went to the dentist while I wandered into the art museum, known as the National Art Gallery, and supported by the Government of New South Wales. Here was indeed a surprise; it is a really remarkable gallery. There are many fine Australian water colors, a number of famous oils painted by members of the Royal British Academy and bought from English owners, and a full and what must be a very representative assortment of Australian paintings. I spent three highly worth while hours there.

It is greatly to the credit of Sydney that it has found itself able to support two such institutions as the zoo and the art gallery and place them at the disposal of the public.

Thursday, August 25th. (Katoomba and the Jenolan Caves). Left Hannibal in Sydney (this was not a very nice thing to do) and after persuading him to join me the day after tomorrow, got in the car bound for the Jenolan caves. It is an all day trip and goes through what is supposed to be the most beautiful country. It is very beautiful, some of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The car crosses westward from Sydney to Paramatta and then enters the Emu Plains. As far as Paramatta the road penetrates the outlying suburbs of Sydney, which are like any other suburbs and not very pretty to look at. But beyond Paramatta it is possible to see the grape growing country and the vineyards of the various wine producers; among which were some of the property of Messrs Lindeman & Co., whose products Hannibal and I have sampled with much appreciation. On the left was the large reservoir which supplies Sydney and waters the adjoining territory in time of drought. The problem of irrigation is the major worry of all Australians. Often there is no rain for months. In this case the cattle have to be moved to other places for crazing, the sheep have to be hand-fed, which is very expensive, the prices on everything go up, the wool market is agitated, and confusion and panic descends upon the whole countryside. Such is the case at the

present time. Everybody is talking about the time it is going to rain again or the time it is hoped it is going to rain again.

It was possible to see at one place a great many thousands of sheep that were all fenced off waiting to be sheared. They are evidently the ones whose wool will be sent on the first shipments in the holds of the Port Huron, the Tricolor and the other fast foreign freighters we saw anchored in the harbor of Sydney.

The names which the Australians take for their business firms are the funniest things in the world. One of the butcher stores we passed on the road was called Meat Ltd., while another firm supplying power to one of the townships bore the name of Electricity Ltd.

We raced the Katoomba Express over the mountains into Katoomba and defeated her badly. The scenery follows the line of the old East Australian Zigzag Railway. This railway, according to the driver, is used as a sample of engineering schools all over the world to point out how in one piece of work all the aggregate professional mistakes in survey and design, execution and construction, can be accumulated. It was affectionately called the Death Trap and was abandoned eighteen years ago after 51 per cent of all its patrons had been killed or mutilated.

Had a very good lunch in the only hotel at Katoomba, an attractive town in the heart of the Blue Mountains, and afterwards walked down the main street eating ladyfingers to the great consternation of the

villagers. It turned out that the only passengers from Katoomba on were a New Zealander and myself, he being a person who afterwards blew the driver and me to afternoon tea at The Half Way House, and thereby endeared himself to me for ever.

We proceeded over the mountains and past a country of superb panoramas reaching out for sixty miles or so in every direction. The flora was unusually brown and dry in respect for the drought, but it would be fascinating to see under any conditions. We stopped at the Bridal Veil Falls, Mount York, and leaving Half Way House after tea coasted over the divide (4000 odd feet) into the court of the Jenolan Caves House.

Here I found the utter loneliness I was hunting for. The people (very few) who are here are simple folk, prosy and interesting in their chatter of local problems and troubles. Went to bed at nine thirty o'clock after reading a Burns, Philp catalogue and starting Conrad's Almayer's Folly.

Friday, August 26th. (Jenolan Caves). Woke up to find the morning temperature about one degree above the freezing point. After tucking in some work in the forenoon I climbed up the further hill overlooking the caves and enjoyed the view. It is beautiful country in the Jenolan region. The mountains are covered with gum, fir, and pine trees and although it is now the Australian winter most of the flora is partially green. I noticed a great number of rock wallabys, rabbits, magpies, and laughing jackasses from the side of the road. It is in the territory of a government

Wellington. It was not until the 1.[illegible] we
from Tokyo on board a Pan American and [illegible], by
being a person who [illegible] the Tokyo [illegible]
to afternoon tea at the Hotel [illegible]. and [illegible]
accepted [illegible] in the [illegible].

We proceeded over the mountains and [illegible] a
country of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
miles or so in a [illegible] direction. The [illegible] was [illegible]
brown and dry to respect for the [illegible], but it would
be fascinating to see under any conditions. We stopped
at the Tribal Hall Hills, [illegible] [illegible], and leaving [illegible]
Bay Lodge after [illegible] coasted over the divide (1,[illegible] and
feet) into the court of the Lomolom [illegible] [illegible].

Here I found the [illegible] I was looking
for. The people (very few) who [illegible] are simple
folk, proud and interesting in their country's local
problems and troubles. That is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
o'clock after reaching a [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Donna's airport's [illegible].

Friday, August 25th. (Lomolom Lewa). [illegible]
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the Australian [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. I noticed a great number of [illegible] [illegible]
rabbits, [illegible], and laughing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

reserve. The animals and birds allow you to get very close to them, and although the rabbits scurry on their way if you stumble on them, the wallaby family and the magpie family are so tame that they will feed out of your hand.

The scenery in the Blue Mountains is noteworthy for its peculiar diagonal properties. There are grand vistas which are obtainable from a series of high promontories looking down on the sides of different mountains. It is thus possible to see the light brown line of the road from an angular point of view winding off into delicate traceries over the horizon.

In the afternoon I paid my visit and first respects to the Orient Cave. The Orient Cave is supposed to be the most colorful of all the Jenolan Caves, although not necessarily the most wonderful to see. It takes about an hour to inspect under the vigilance of a guide, and includes in its subterranean catacombs three chambers known as The Egyptian Chamber, The Indian Chamber, and The Persian Chamber. These chambers are endowed with shawls, filigrees, minarets, stalactites, and stalagmites, which have been coloured by the various minerals in the surrounding sedimentations. The iron, lead, calcium, etc., have indeed distributed themselves with an aesthetic second sense and produced an uncanny collection of natural art.

In this cave were such famous Jenolan landmarks as the lion's tail, the underground river, Portia's jewels, and other phenomena in which the crystals had

modelled themselves into a similarity to some familiar object.

After the inspection was over I ran up to Inspiration Point, a spot a-bout 1500 feet above the Caves House, where the view is like drink of very old wine. Then I jogged down in the cool of the evening, while the rock wallabys, rabbits, and laughing jackasses jumped out of my way or scolded harshly from the treetops.

There was little else to do in the evening but eat supper, read and go to bed. This time it was Almayer's Folly.

Saturday, August 27th. (Jenolan Caves). About the same sort of schedule today as yesterday. The climate up here is exceedingly invigorating and I was inspired to do some work that I never would have dreamed of doing before I left Sydney.

In the afternoon I joined the inspection to the Right Imperial Cave, which has the reputation of being the one that has the most dainty embroidery work less the vastness of all the other caves. This I fancied the most and consider it the most interesting, in looking back, of all. In the Right Imperial is to be found the Gem of the West, The Walled City, The Poultry Shop, The Shop of the Dressed Meats, The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg, The Crystal Grotto, the Archbishop, and other attractions locally renowned in the region; seeing which the guide, who was a tall, handsome Scotchman, proved to be of great entertainment in making observations of both a scientific and facetious nature.

Later I took my run up the mountain to Inspiration Point. Also had the pleasure of mailing to Bill Snow a little decoration to hang in a place which he knows of. Spent the evening again in reading and watching the few honeymoon couples dancing to the tune of a dilapidated pianola in the living room. It was this time again Almayer's Folly. Before bed time Hannibal came up from Sydney on the bus in company with an American named Colgate who is on his around the world with an agent of the Colgate Soap Company. It was nice to see Hannibal again. He brought me a letter and a cable from Mother, which constituted the first communications which have reached me as yet from home.

Colgate, who seems to be none too intelligent a chap, has already visited Hawaii, Philippines, Java, Sumatra, Japan, China, and the Malay States, and is off for New Zealand in a week to continue his trip. He is very fond of caramels and has managed to eat up all the ones that I bought from the Kiosk for me.

Sunday, August 28th. (Jenolan Caves). It was a day of rain from breakfast time to bed time. Managed to get some more work done in the morning before it was time for dinner and the cave inspection. This afternoon Hannibal, Colgate, and I visited the Lucas Cave under the conduction of the fine Scotch guide, who was so amusing in yesterday's trip. The Lucas Cave is the most vast of all the Jenolan Caves and contains the mightiest chambers of them all. Of the twenty-five miles of caves which the Jenolan system contains the

Lucas takes up four of them. It has one great chamber known as the cathedral which is two hundred feet high and a hundred and seventy feet in width. In the Lucas are to be found Grandmother's Shawl, The Three Sisters, Josephine's Mitre, The Bells, etc., etc.

Afterwards Hannibal, ably avoiding Mr. Colgate, took a long walk down McCook's Creek through the Devil's Coach House to the recreation field. It is a beautiful walk through wild country and besides the animals I have mentioned seeing before we saw a large mountain goat which we scared up from his hiding place around a crag on the mountain.

Monday, August 29th. (Jenolan Caves to Sydney). Spent the day on the journey from the Blue Mountains back to Sydney. We stopped at Jamieson Valley and Leura Falls. But after reaching Katoomba, where we had lunch again at the Carrington House, the trip was pretty much the same as the one coming up to the caves. I returned next to the gentleman from New Zealand with whom I had shared the entire bus coming up from Sydney. This time, however, it was a tighter squeeze, and we did not remain on such congenial terms. He kept moving his foot and forcing my foot, or feet, all the way over against my side of the bus and although I frowned on him fiercely for several miles he maintained the state of tension which he had established completely across the country.

We arrived in Sydney in the evening and re-established ourselves in our old room, number 225, at

the Hotel Australia. The food at the Caves House had been none too perfect and it was with some feeling of returning to home and solid comfort that we picked up the menu in that emporium and heard the first strains of dinner music come pouring across the dining room.

Tuesday, August 30th. (Sydney). This being our last full day in Sydney we exhausted it in taking our baggage to its proper place alongside the Mataram down at number six Walsh Bay Wharf. It was on this day I learned the true heart of Sydney and engraved it forever on my running shirt. After purchasing a copy of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister I returned to the hotel and changed into my running clothes determined to find a place in the city where I could run free of charge and to hell with what the public would think of it, provided any of it was around. I walked down Castlereigh Street to the park, and finding a suitable place about 220 yards in length up and down I took off my coat, hung it on a bench, and commenced to exercise. There were a large number of bums and loiterers sitting on the benches laid out around a third rate park saloon, but I never imagined that they would notice me or take any interest in what I was doing.

To my great surprise, however, as soon as I had commenced to run they all arose simultaneously and gathered around the strip of ground which constituted my route. Soon they started to cheer each time I went by. A great crowd collected from all over the park. It was just at the time of day that people were crossing the

park to return home from their work. As each successive wave of people entered and saw the crowd gathered at the other end they walked over to see the fun- and stayed to yowl and catcall at what appeared to have been a most unusual and incomprehensible spectacle. The joke was certainly on me. I ran up and down for almost twenty-five minutes and never once did the interest lag or the assembly show signs of breaking up. Towards the end, several policemen had come over to find out what the disturbance was about, but they did nothing in the way of breaking it up. It was only when I began to sprint at the end and when the cries and jeers and uncomplimentary remarks of the gathered multitudes rose to a great climactic yowl that remonstrance was brought to bear. But when I stopped and crossed the line there ensued a colossal anti-climax; there was a dead silence as I picked up my coat and walked with what dignity that I could muster through the police and the people and found my way back to the hotel. As I finally reached the gate I felt the combined force of one thousand eyes, eighteen of which belonged to nine policemen, all focussed on my back.

That evening Hannibal witnessed the performance of Ruddigore, which had opened with such success on the previous Saturday night. It was certainly worth seeing, and especially did find favor in our eyes the frightful Murgatroyd, villainous baron of Ruddigore. He was a wonder and made such horrible grimaces that the audience became petrified and several women squealed.

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He was a wonder and made such horrible grimaces that
the audience became petrified and several women screamed

Wednesday, August 31. (Sydney and to sea). Leaving Sydney developed into a melodrama in which Hannibal nearly got left for six weeks more in the none too hospitable embrace of the State of New South Wales. When we got down to the 'Mataram' we learned that there was a possibility of her not stopping at Brisbane on account of the railroad strike in Queensland. We dashed back to town to get some things which we had intended to get in Brisbane, missed each other on the way back, came to the ship to find each other, missed each other again, dashed back to town, missed again, and finally got to the boat just as she was moving out and had to throw our baggage on board. We lay in Sydney harbour all afternoon until the train mail from Melbourne arrived and then sailed through the heads for Brisbane after all. The cruiser 'Sydney' followed us out, bound for a practice cruise to the Solomon Islands, and she looked very beautiful in the evening light with the black smoke pouring from her funnels and her signal halyards dressed.

The course from Sydney to Brisbane lies close to the shore all the way, the favorable drift that sets in near the coast being of great assistance. It is thus possible to gain a fine view of the long sand dunes reaching along with the high green mountains far behind them. Here and there is a light house, a small settlement, a sheep station, or an isolated farm. For the most part it is deserted and possesses a certain bleak charm to the traveller.

Thursday, September 1. (At sea). The 'Mataram' has never transported the Prince of Wales across the Pacific or anything like that. Perhaps she is the only conveyance that has not been patronized by that gentleman,- it seems that way in Australia. Her speed is nine knots, at the very best expansion, under ideal

conditions, all firemen stoking, all the passengers straining, and with a two knot current going her way. If any of these factors collapse in any way she lapses into her general all weather gait of seven and a half. As several of these factors have collapsed that is what she is doing at present, although it is not quite certain and will not be until the captain wakes up from his nap and makes his evening observation.

She has one cabin salon which goes for a dining room, and one smoking room in which anything goes and all go for most anything. We are 205 miles from Sydney today and are expected to arrive in Brisbane at four o'clock tomorrow. It is almost impossible to do anything but gaze out at the wake of the boat which passes at the speed in which the coefficient of dreams function most copiously. It is growing much warmer, spring has come down out of the Australian mountains, and the old canvas ventilator hung over the midship hatch flaps slowly back and forth in the light wind from the equator. Most of the few passengers on board are returning to the tropics and as they know that, under those circumstances, nothing should be expected of anybody, they sleep in the shade of the canvas ventilator the whole twelve hours of the day.

Friday, September 2. (Sea to Brisbane, Queensland, to sea) Passed Danger Point and Stadbroke Island in the morning and after picking up the pilot at the entrance to Moreton Bay about noon we arrived at the mouth of the Brisbane River and tied up at Pinkenbay Wharf at twilight. Brisbane is even more tropical than its five hundred miles nearer the equator would suggest. The air was dreamy and heavy lidded in the blue spaces of Moreton Bay as we entered, but it was nothing to the twilight temperature of Brisbane itself. We drove into town for supper at Rowe's. It was an

excellent meal, Hannibal and I both debauching ourselves on strawberries and ice cream, delicacies which Brisbane succeeds in manufacturing very fine specimens of.

The coming of spring was having a very obvious effect on the citizens. They were all treading on air as they walked down the main street, girls dressed in their brightest colors, music streaming out of the adjoining windows, and many people standing around just looking and feeling their interest in life. The weather was beautiful, a new moon shone down, and all the lights of the city seemed soft and eloquent.

When we drove back to Pinkenbay it was possible to hear the crocuses chirruping their international melody, the Apocalypse of Summer. It was almost heavenly lying on the dock at Pinkenbay (which is out in the country from Brisbane) to look up at the clear summer stars and to feel the coming of spring all over again. This after the beastly cold climate of Sydney and the Blue Mountains.

The industries of Brisbane mostly centre around dairy farming and the raising of tropical fruit. Bananas, lemons, wool, meat, butter, cotton, and vegetables comprise the principal exports. As a port it has a constant patronage from the ocean going freighters. The 'William Penn' passed us going out as we were coming in, bound for Melbourne via ports, the 'Physa' for Singapore, while next to our berth lay a large freighter from Glasgow.

We sailed out again at half past nine. Only four passengers joined the ship. Our visit was distinctly a matter of the tropics.

Saturday, September 3. (At sea). Passed Great Sandy Island in the morning and reaching Sandy Cape at noon set our course for the Solomons and headed out to sea. The day's run was

205 miles from nine thirty last night. We passed outside of the spit and to the eastward, leaving sight of land shortly after two o'clock. There were a great number of whales about us all day. Especially was this true in the neighborhood of the Cape where there existed a quantity of the brown marine insectivora which, floating on the water, constitutes the whales' food. We could see as many as four whales at one time. One or two would raise their flukes out of water and bring them violently with a great swish down again. This was done, I understand, in order to scratch off the small barnacles and other marine growths that attach themselves to the whales and pester them. Most of the beasts we saw were ambling along slowly on the surface, blowing, and lifting their flukes out of water in the regular manner with an air of great comfort and relaxation.

The food on the 'Mataram', as well as the accomodations, crew, officers, stewards and daily routine is of the most highly informal a nature. Firemen attired in their shirt sleeves make themselves at home in the smoking room when they are not on watch; the chief mate shuffles around the ship in his slippers; underwear or less is the uniform for the seamen, and everything is gloriously dirty and unkempt. It is the spirit of the vessel asserting itself, for what can be expected of the crew of anything when it is only as large as a river tugboat and only half as fast.

Spent the morning listening to the history of the mutiny of the 'Bounty', the fate of Captain Bligh, and the story of the founding of Pitcairn and Norfolk Island. There is a gentleman on board who is a native of Norfolk Island and a direct descendent of one of the mutineers. It seems that the crew of the 'Bounty' mutinied and lowered the officers over the side in the small boats.

They did not know where they were and sailed for a good many days until they came to Pitcairn Island. Here they settled, and after getting some aboriginal women from a nearby island brought them to Pitcairn and commenced to build up a community. They built churches and a couple of small schools, as well as erecting homes and drawing up laws and adminstrations under a chief man. Over sixty years later they were found, pardoned by Queen Victoria and moved to Norfolk, that is some of them, on account of the over-population of the island. It is an old story, every one has heard it, yet it was interesting to hear it retold by one who is so closely connected with it.

News on the radio of the strike in Queensland railroads, which is becoming very serious, and of the many losses and mysteries in connection with the various trans-oceanic flights.

It was fine weather all day and in the evening one of the most beautiful sunsets.

Sunday, September 4. (At sea). Ship's log today 227 miles. I recalled that tomorrow is Labor Day in the United States and considered the Rockaway Hunt Club and its Gymkana activities.

It became quite rough during the night and there are not very many people in evidence today outside of the crew. Then too the ship is small, the galley arrangements require that pans for washing the dishes must be placed in the main hallway during the time of serving the meals and most of the food itself is placed there, the odor of it permeating the whole of the ship. These factors operate against the passengers and indeed, I think if I had not already accustomed myself by the long trip across the Pacific, I would become violently ill myself.

Hannibal and I spend our time reading and working in the smoking room. We always manage to get our exercise, however,

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until they came to Lilipolin Island. When they arrived, and after
getting some sustenance which from a nearby (?) [illegible]
Sitnaiks and commenced to build up a community. They built a [illegible]
and a couple of small huts, as well as erecting houses and creating
by laws and administration under a chief man. Here sixty years
later they were found, [illegible] by Queen Victoria and found it perfect
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it is an old story, every one has heard it, yet it was [illegible]
to hear it retold by one who is an eland [illegible] with it.

Seen on the route of the ships in commission [illegible]
which is becoming very serious, but if the new lights and [illegible]
in connection with the various [illegible] [illegible]

It was fine weather all day and in the evening [illegible]
the most wonderful scenery.

Monday, September 4. (At sea). [illegible]
227 miles. I regretted that [illegible] in the [illegible]
and consulted the Boswarry Book Club and the [illegible] activities.

It became quite cool during the night and there was
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running for half an hour up and down the deck. It develops into quite a stunt in this rough weather. Am becoming very interested in Johnstone's remarkable book on oceangraphy called "A Study of the Oceans" and Goethe's "Wilhelmmeister."

Monday, September 5. (At Sea). Ship's log today 247 miles. It continues rough, especially for a ship of this size, although, on account of getting down in the bunkers to a little better coal she is not going as slowly. During the night a large water spout entered the half open port hole of our stateroom and gave Hannibal and me a good ducking. It proved to be, although very unwelcome, an amazingly good diversion from the ubiquitous atmosphere of boredom that prevails on board. It was really very funny.

We arrived off Mellish Reef shortly after luncheon. It is a coral atoll something on the order of Mary Island only not so large. The captain of the 'Mataram' was the captain of a boat that went aground on Mellish Reef four years ago. The passengers and crew were stranded there for 36 hours, and although they could have had the assistance of a Japanese freighter in ten hours from the time they landed they preferred to wait for another day until an Australian ship could get to them.

In the afternoon there arose a definite motion for the holding of a fancy dress ball on the ship tomorrow night. This is one of the funniest things I have ever heard of. There are not more that five people on the old tub that can dance, including the parson and as I am pretty sure that he will not take part in it, I can only see four who will. It is going to be held anyway.

Spent the evening in the smoking room listening to the story of the second officer and wireless operator. He described his experiences in the voyage of an Australian freighter which ended

up in disaster on the coast of New Jersey at Seabright. They went aground three times during the one night and when they anchored, under the impression that at last they were inside the shelter of Sandy Hook, the blizzard that sorrounded tham lifted and they saw the beach at Seabright only forty feet away. He described also how the cars of the inhabitants swarmed down to see them in their unhappy plight in every make of automobile from Packards to Fords, and how at the end they got off through a fishing net.

Tuesday, September 6. (At Sea). Ship's log 243 miles today. It was the day of the great fancy dress ball. Trouble commenced in the early afternoon. The utter boredom of the voyage, which for some accountable reason has borne down intolerably on every one aboard the ship, precipitated the idea and it was taken up by all those who were not too sick or too miserable to entertain any ideas at all. The fat and frolicsome lady from Adelaide agreed to make any one up between the hours of four and five-thirty, and a small queue of passengers formed outside her stateroom in the rolling passage-way to avail themselves of her services. Finally at supper time they streamed in all in their costumes. There appeared a digger with his knapsack, a girl with nothing more on than a chemise, dressed to represent Heaven knows what, the doctor in a Spanish costume, another as a ghost, another as an executioner, another as a madman (this fellow happily found very little costume necessary), another as a doll, etc. It was a great fiasco, the whole affair, yet even in its wretched state it had a certain beauty in it if nothing more than an example of what a group of humans who are unhappy, miserable and terribly fed up will do to momentarily forget it. The captain got out his rickety old victrola after dinner and the dancing began on the upper deck. It was practically

impossible to dance on account of the rolling of the ship, and after a few attempts were made the would-be merrymakers were forced to satisfy themselves by hanging on to the rail and listening to the music. At half past eleven all hands joined around and sang auld lang syne. As this voyage drags to its end I can say without being at all alone in my feelings that it has been the most insufferable bore, the most dismal epidemic of melancholia that I ever want to see on the face of the earth. The people who are not sick and below are up but so doubtful as to how long they are going to remain up that no one would dream of commencing a conversation. But it is not, on the whole, the seasickness as is it the general layout of the ship, the chronic gloom, the smells that float about it and the complete lack of any place to sit, smoke, read or work.

Wednesday, September 7. (At sea). The aftermaths of the party have not yet worn off. The ship's log 239 miles today and we are due in at Tulagi at midnight. By wireless communication we have found out that Beck is not there yet, which puts a crimp in the affairs. He is probably around Guadalcanal or in one of the islands of the nearby group. Here's hoping.

By the way the passengers are interesting themselves in the fact that we shall sight land this afternoon I can very well imagine the feelings of the animals in Noah's Ark.

Thursday, September 8. (Tulagu). I had written up my diary for yesterday before we entered the harbor of Tulagi. I am sorry for this for it was a distincly impressive event. We had rounded the northern cape of Guadalcanal and picked up the lights of Tulagi when for the first time the background of the land behind the coast became uncovered of the mists that encircled it and it was possible to gain some idea of what the islands really were.

impossible to dance on account of the motion of the ship, and after a few minutes were made the multi-hued streamers were forced to resort to diversions or dancing on to the deck and listening to the music. At half past eleven all hands, joined arms and sang Auld Lang Syne. As this voyage drows to its end I can say without being at all alone in my feelings that it has been the most inexplicable here, the most diverse epitome of nationalities that I ever expect to see on the face of the earth. The people who are all alive and below are so but so doubtful as to how long they are going to remain so that one could dream of commencing a conversation. But it is not, on the whole, the seasickness as it is the general layout of the ship, the chronic gloom, the anxiety that floats about it and the complete lack of any place to sit, smoke, read or work.

Wednesday, September 7. (At sea). The afternoon of the party have not yet seen of . The ship's log 590 miles today and we are due in at Tilsad at midnight. We already commiserate we have found out that Bank is not there yet, which puts a crimp in the affairs. He is probably named Bunkhouse or is one of the islands of the Pacific group. Here's hoping.

So far as the passengers are interesting themselves in the fact that we shall miss that this afternoon I can very well imagine the feelings of the mariners in Bank's Ark.

Thursday, September 8. (Tilsad). I was waiting on my dinner for yesterday before we entered the harbor of Tilsad. I am sorry for this for it was a distinctly impressive event. We had rounded the northern cape of Tanalaland and alongside the lights of Tilsad when for the first time the sun emerged of the land behind the coast season unveiled of the clouds that enveloped it and it

The land lifted up to several thousand feet. It had about it at intervals great grey clouds with flowing domes and flourishes of vapor described in them so that in the light of the moon it resembled the sullen land of Thor or Woden. What with the reputation that the Solomon Islands are given credit for as the home of all the poisonous insects, vicious tropical diseases, tiger sharks, scorpions, electric fish, fierce thunder storms, etc., the black photograph that spread out before us did little to dissipate the notions of evil that become associated with it. We entered the harbor of Tulagi and dropped anchor with half a gale blowing behind us, and I went to bed curious to see what the light of day would disclose.

In the morning the illusion of pestilence and evil went sailing over the hills. The natives had already commenced to work the cargo and the wenches were roaring above the hatches aft, with the shouts of the nigger stevedore bosses, finders and donkeymen echoing all over the wharf and through the shed which covered it.

Hannibal and I walked ashore to the store of Burns, Philp and Co. and found out definitely that Beck had not been in Tulagi for over two months. We then commenced the day with the idea of finding out all about the town, the islands, the natives and the kind of life that the mixture of the three produced.

The harbor of Tulagi is really divided into two parts, i.e., the town of Tulagi and the town of Makambo. At Makambo are the stores and warehouses of the Burns, Philp Co., and the houses or dormitories of the clerks. It consists of a small volcanic knoll covered with coconut palms under which the red roofed buildings of the company are situated. To the northeast of it is a large lagoon which, because it is seducive to the breezes of the monsoon, renders the locality perpetually cool at night during the southeast season.

This season lasts until January when the wind switches over to the northwest. The northwest wind brings all the unpleasant weather, the humidity and the fever. On the other side of the harbor in the town of Tulagi proper the gaol, the hotel run by the Chinaman, the hotel run by the white men, the post office, the commissioner's residence, the shops, and the town wharf are located. It is rather a beautiful place in its way and although all these tropical settlements have about the same appearance, I suppose, with their red tin roofs, houses set on piles and over-reaching coconut palms, this one because of its section near the wireless station and the golf course bordering on the outward lagoon towards the northwest, possesses an unexpected beauty, something on the order of a fashionable resort artificially arranged.

We visited the hospital, paid our respects to the postman, called in at the hotel, talked to the second engineer of the commissioner's yacht and did up the place generally. Most of the time we attempted to get some insight into the customs and modes of the natives, but this will be slow work and I will save my deductions for a later date when a few more months here have slipped by.

Friday, September 9. The breeze which made our first day in Tulagi so agreeable lapsed into a flat vacuity and the walk through the town created a thousand little beads all over the bodies of everyone visible. We did some more shopping and discovered that the store of Carpenter's Solomon Islands Ltd. sell cream and shredded wheat. Upon uncovering this remarkable piece of information I purchased some very excellent crackers and a pair of boots. I will go back to that store one of these days I think.

The postmaster at Tulagi is an English gentleman and

and one of the most attractive of his kind. He sent a note out to the ship informing us that Beck had last advised him to forward his mail to Tulagi in September, and if he was last seen at Ysabel we had best remain at Tulagi until he turns in here for his mail. This immediately changed our plans for us and we hastened to get our luggage off the 'Mataram' and over to the hotel run by the white man Elkington. I was not sorry for this, for the hotel, bearing the sign "Licensed Publican", is cool, clean and hidden among some tall coconut trees and hibiscus bushes, and commands a splendid view of the harbor. We managed to get our stuff off all right but it took eighteen natives to carry it and handle it on the small launch. We registered at Tom Elkington's place, or rather just ambled in and told him we were here to stay until the Lord knew when. We must have cut a very funny figure disembarking with a long string of natives stretched out in front of us as far as the eye could reach.

The whereabouts of Beck remains still a total mystery. We have reports of him at different times at Bogota, Guadalcanal, Gizo, Manning Straits and Hivo. It is hard timing anybody in this part of the world because there is no "faster than human travel" transportation. Human travel being what it is here it is a wonder that anybody ever gets any information about anybody at all. Meanwhile we have at last a confortable place to sleep and open quarters to move about in.

Saturday, September 10. (Tulagi). Beck is still over the hills and far away. The 'Mataram' has moved over to her berth at Gavutu, unloading the stores for Lever Bros. There is a wonderful place to run here in Tulagi. It is a path that leads along the shore from the Club and the police garrison on the western side of the island. It is really the most ideal spot for

this form of exercise, I have ever had the good fortune to discover. It is partially shaded by hibiscus plants and flowering tropical trees. Running both ways it is possible to look far across the bay to Guadalcanal where the mists hang about the high mountains. Returning there is a fine straight sprint across the lawns of the Golf Club, through the cut and up to the terrace of Elkington's Hotel. This with a shower bath, a rub down and a good cold supper is not a hard way to end up a day.

We went over to Gavutu with Mr. Dix and the mails. The old crowd were loitering in the smoke room as usual. This time they looked more bored than ever. There was Mr. Freeman with his wife, the Lt. commander, the two pursers, the little gentleman from Norfolk Island, Mr. Peacock and an assembly of Lever Bros. men. They were desperately fed up with hanging over the side watching the niggers unload boxes from the hold. Hannibal and I had had our hair completely shaved off and this was the cause of considerable merriment. It broke the pall of ennui that had settled over the vessel and we were given a great hand. We came back to Tulagi early with Mr. Dix. Our friends the young ladies from Australia were assembled on the upper deck and as we turned the spotlight on them from the launch and signalled farewell they cheered lustily for our bald heads.

N.B. The lime squash mixture of Harry's. Fresh lime juice, a dash of gin, a dash of lime syrup, sugar and ice.

Sunday, September 11. (Tulagi). The locality of the 'France' has boiled down to the region of Cape Marsh. The 'Mataram' does not arrive in that region until next Wednesday or Thursday. As we have been told, news travels fast and mysteriously in these islands and it is probable that Beck will show up in Tulagi soon

after that. It is evident not that he has not heard that we were to come out, for the mails of July and August are waiting for him at Gizo and the last mail is in Tulagi.

Hannibal got the material for collecting insects today and we spent the afternoon in the field. The result of our first day's work was not at all discouraging. We got in the neighborhood of fifty specimens apiece and have resolved, should the absence of the France continue long enough, to send a shipment of them back to the Museum before we leave the island.

The routine of the life here is particularly pleasant. There is always work to be done in the morning, collecting occupies the afternoon and in the late afternoon comes the exercise. It looks as though we will get in pretty good shape down here, for the collecting and the cross country running are both exercise.

Evening is the most transcendental period of the day. Sitting on the wind-swept corner of the piazza with Tom Elkington, Tate, Johnstone, Hannibal and anybody else who happens along, the conversation waxes very mellow and philosophical. It is possible to look far down the harbour and observe, half hidden behind the coconut trees, the slow moving sailing craft entering the lonesome glow of the moonlight and leaving it again.

Mr. Johnstone, who is the butcher, has promised to have ice from his ice plant in a couple of days. It hasn't been going since last Christmas and if his promise materializes it will make an unexpected and unparallelled paradise out of the place. May the France and all other familiar trials and troubles fade out of the world!

Monday, September 12. (Tulagi). The store of Burns, Philp & Co. is stocked like the stores of the Hudson Bay Co. in Labrador. Lanterns, clocks, writing paper, steel tools, knives, cutlery, calico, mosquito netting, kitchen pots and pans, lemon drops, chocolate, canned milk, egg powder, canned spinach, canned cream, canned meats, nails, paint, flashlights, baskets, pails, salt pork, biscuits, tobacco, smelling salts, matches, cigarettes, dinner party favors and ammunition. Everything in the store is there because it has been tried and tested in direct regard to its ability to endure the climate or appeal to the cravings the climate arouses, or guarantee a high utility coefficient in work which is peculiar to the islands. We spent the day in pondering over this store. Day's work as before.

Tuesday, September 13. (Tulagi). Hannibal and I have begun to collect bugs. We scaled the summit of a small but highly vegetated hill and brought down an assortment of butterflies, beetles, grasshoppers, ants, spiders, crickets, moths, grassblades, dragonflies, worms, bees, wasps, hornets, cocoanut bugs, and other creatures of a similar nature. It gets quite exciting getting the things in the net and afterwards transplanting them to the cyanide bottle and a sudden death. The most attractive part of the business is in posting. That is to say standing in a strategic place and waiting for something to come along. It is then that it is possible to become more truly sublimated into the essence of natural nature, to hear, feel, smell and observe the struggle for existence go on destitute of any point of view upon it one way or another. The bush is a hopeless mangle of growing things. In it are all manner of living things. All of these living things express themselves in different ways,

Sunday, September 12. (Cont'd). The store of Burns, Fritz & Co. is located like the stores of the Sulzer Bros. Co. in Jacksonville. Business blocks, writing paper, steel trays, mucilage, oatmeal, calico, assorted nutting, kitchen pots and pans, lemon extract, chocolate, canned milk, tea powder, canned spinach, canned peas, canned beans, malts, twist, Clarifolite, baskets, potatoes, dry biscuits, tobacco, smoking mixtures, various cigarettes, Black Jack, Favors and ammunition. Everything in the store is that necessary. It has been tried and tested in direct respect to its ability to endure the climate or respond to the strenuous the climate demands, or demonstrate a high utility coefficient in work which is peculiar to the islands. We spent the day in poking over this store. Day's work as before.

Tuesday, September 13. (Cont'd). Wendell and I went hunting to collect bugs. We moved the equipment of a small but highly vegetated hill and brought down an assortment of caterpillars, beetles, grasshoppers, ants, spiders, crickets, moths, cockroaches, tarantulas, worms, bees, wasps, horned cockroaches, and other creatures of a similar nature. It was quite exciting watching the things in the net and otherwise introducing them to the cyanide bottle and a sudden death. The most attractive part of the business is the capture. That is to say, standing in a strategic place and waiting for something to come along. It is then that it is possible to become completely absorbed into the mysteries of natural events. We hear, feel, smell and observe the strange for relatives or on terrible of an point of view upon it one was or another. The book is a possible menace or mystery which. In it are all manner of living things. All of these living things serve themselves in different ways.

all silent save for the expressionism of the bird forms. There are birds whose notes are different from any other birds and which express in the peculiar rise and fall of inflection a definite opinion of the environment in which they live.

Wednesday, September 14. (Tulagi). The collection is mounting. Already we have decided to collect enough to send back to the Museum a shipment before we leave Tulagi. The bugs we collect will stand, I suppose as a far better description in themselves than anything I can put down here. The quest for them, however, is a narrative written in bumps scratches and persperation. It includes Tulagi and all the adjoining territory, the mansion of the Resident Commissioner, the police barracks, the hills to the N.E., and the grounds of Elkington's.

The struggle for existence is not a pleasant thing to observe in its naked form. An ant eats a beetle, a spider catches the ant, a lizard comes along and eats the spider, a bird gobbles up the lizard, and a hawk grabs the bird in its talons and flies away with it screaming over the hills. It is stupid to ask the reason for it all, and yet it is extremely difficult to decide what the reason for it is.

Thursday, September 15. (Tulagi). The prisoners do most of the important work in Tulagi. They live in the prison down on the point of the harbor. Early in the morning they are brought down under guard and set to work by the police guard. They cut the mangrove, lay foundations for the paths, cut lumber, unload cargo, heave, haul, coal and carry. They are imprisoned for murder, theft, rape and arson and serve terms up to ten years. Some of them are in very poor health and have all manner of ulcer, scars and deformities. They are not, however, forlorn as a whole. They accomplish

a tremendous amount of work in a day and the settlement is actually dependent upon them for labor. It is well known that were there no prisoners, almost none of the primitive improvements that the place possesses would be here at all.

There have been three groups of murders on the islands lately. Four police boys were murdered as they slept on Guadacanal. They were killed by the friends of some prisoners they were taking from Tulagi. A white man called Cameron had his head split open by one of the natives on the B.P. plantation on Choiseul. The nigger escaped and later hung himself. A Chinaman was decapitated a few days ago here in Tulagi.

Friday, September 16. (Branande, Guadacanal).
We came across to Guadacanal last night with Mr. Robinson. Tate, Lazarus, Johnson, Tommy Elkington, Hannibal and I sat up on the corner of Elkington's pub. The recruiters had a bad evening of it. Lazarus, who is known as the Wandering Jew, and who is a strange combination of coarse obscenity and whimsicality, made a terrible row reciting his terrible tales of wandering about the earth. It broke up everyone else's attempts at conversation and got all his cronies very drunk. The whole outfit came down to the stone wharf to get Hannibal, Robinson and myself off on Robinson's launch.

We left at twelve, got across to Mrs. D.'s for breakfast, and pulled into Branande at noon. Branande is a typical plantation of the Solomons. It is owned by Burns, Philp and operated by Robinson who is manager. 1600 acres or so of coconuts and about 80 acres of rubber. The rubber is not negotiated commercially. Branande is the same plantation that Jack London wrote about in his book "Adventure." It is not hard to understand why the white men of the plantation are frequently murdered by the natives. The

niggers at Branande are treated like dogs from beginning to end. They are called all kinds of bad names, made to work from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night, and all they get for their trouble is a pound a month and some tobacco.

We collected in the coconuts all afternoon and went to bed after an early Kiki.

Saturday, September 17. (Branande). Spent almost the whole day collecting, save for a couple of hours of horse-back ride around the plantation. There are a lot of things here on Guadacanal that are not on Florida, especially in the way of moths and butterflies, and we were able to enlarge our collection considerably. The evening went wild. Mr. Masser, Cambridge, Bridges came over from their plantations eleven miles away. Robinson ordered up a big kaikai and he and Teiss brought out the liquor. It was terrible. It is no wonder that these fellows get in bad health and call the climate all the trouble. The idea of hospitality down here seems to be measured by the degree of drunkedness the host can impose upon his guests in the shortest time possible. The week-end became a mad pursuit, like the figures on Keats' Grecian urn. The living room, the old piano, all the glass-ware and the victrola were completely demolished. Long after Hannibal and I went to bed we could hear the racket and the singing going on in the next room.

Sunday, September 18. (Branande). Collected during the morning. In the afternoon a greater crowd accumulated. It was said that there had never been such a gathering at Branande before and that there never could be again. There was Mr. Wilson, the government man, Cambridge, Robinson, Teiss, Bridges, Masser, Wilson, Hannibal and myself. Afterwards Tony Olsen came in on the 'Myopa' with his wife. This made a party of twelve at supper,

including the nigger serving boy. I shall never hope to forget the way Robinson orders around that boy and the deep grunt, like a hippopotamus, which he let out as a warning to him that he was about to give him an order. Most everyone got drunk again after Tony took his wife aboard the ship. Wilson, who is a fairly intelligent man with an excellent opinion of himself, has a rather remarkable life. He travels about the islands collecting taxes. With him he takes a retinue of twenty-five niggers who carry his stuff.

Monday, September 19. (Tulagi). All night long we travelled on the twenty foot cutter across the bight back to Tulagi. We got in at five in the morning and found the 'Biloela', the collier of the Australian fleet, in the harbor. It was very grand to get back to the heretofore unappreciated comforts of Elkington's Hotel. The kaikai on the plantation was not very good, the company was scarcely any better. The butter at Elkington's is cold butter and the menu has a change on it at least once a day. Still it was interesting to see the plantation and get some idea of that hopeless existence that the men on them lead.

We have now more than enough insects to pack and send home and we spent the greater part of the morning getting them in shape for shipping. Hannibal is wonderful at this. He is the one who is really responsible for the collection. He suggested starting and it was he who had the energy to scramble up the boxes to pack them in. He packed them almost all himself and invented the means to preserve them.

The news that Beck is in Gizo came over the wireless last night. We shall have to go there as best we can. Tate, who is expected to become mate on the 'Ranandie', is due to go there next

week and we hope to go up with him.

There is news that the cruiser 'Sydney', which is due in here tomorrow afternoon, has eight bags of mail on board. Nobody understands where she could have gotten them from as she left Sydney the same day as the 'Mataram', but everyone is hoping that it is especially from their own little place, or from the place where their own little group of friends are situated.

Tuesday, September 20. (Tulagi). The well-known H.M.A.S. 'Sydney' entered the harbor in the middle of the afternoon and surprised the community with ten bags of mail. In it were letters for Hannibal and myself. This was a pleasant surprise, as we did not expect the slightest drop of news from home until the 'Mataram' returned a month from today.

The evening was the most pleasant that we have spent since we arrived in the Solomons. Mr. Scrivinger of W.R. Carpenter & Co. invited us to Kaikai at his place. It is a beautiful little place situated on the other side of Chinatown on the top of a hill where all the breezes that blow are bound to accumulate. Cocktails were followed by salmon covered with curried chips; meat, peas and potatoes; white wine; fresh pear custard; coffee and creme de cocoa. Afterwards we had a game of bridge in which Hannibal and I trimmed Mr. Scrivinger and Mr. Heritage, which was a good deal of a joke. Hannibal did all the playing and showed himself to be quite wonderful, although he hardly has ever played the game before. Mr. Heritage was an undoubted expert, but he did not hold the cards.

The 'Biloela' came alongside the 'Sydney' at dusk and the two of them tied together in the harbor, spent the night in a roaring period of transferring coal. It broke the silence of the harbor like a symphony of twelve inch guns.

Mr. Wilson, the surveyor, contributed to our collection one of the weirdest insects I have ever seen. It is a cross between a bat and a lobster and can lift a stone as big as a cocoanut.

It is becoming as hot as all hell in Tulagi. It is not possible to move the end of your nose without bringing down a cascade of persperation.

Wednesday, September 21. (Tulagi). There is a club in Tulagi. Hannibal and I were very kindly made honourable members by Mr. Broun the day the 'Mataram' arrived. Tonight we went over for the first time. It is situated so that it catches the breeze in the N.W. and S.E. monsoon. It has all the leading magazines laid out on the table of the reading room and drinks are served. The rest of the building is porch. It is a tremendous porch extending all around the four points of the compass. On it sit the members drinking and sweating into the cooler hours of the evening. Membership is open to any white man who can scrape up one pound ten, so that it does not have a selective influence on the community. In this it differs from the American country club and the gossip and scandal tidbits that float about its walls are all the more saccarine and broad in scope.

Thursday. September 22. (Tulagi). The cricket team of the 'Sydney' came ashore today and defeated the cricket team of the settlement of Tulagi. While the game was going on the Police Boys (spelled with capitals in Tulagi) were taken over the ship by a chief petty officer. The 'Adelaide' came in today and took up her coaling alongside the 'Biloela' immediately. She is a newer boat than the 'Sydney' and is considerably more beautiful. She has the flowing stream lines that the other lacks and her superstructure is smoother to the eye.

Mr. Allison, the captain, [illegible] of our collection on of the waitress lessons I have ever seen. It is a scene between a hot and a listless and then lift a glass on the [illegible].

It is brooding on but as all hell is [illegible]. It is not desirable to have the sal of pure [illegible] without [illegible] down a [illegible] of temperation.

Tuesday, September 23. [illegible]. There is a play in Tulsa. Beautiful and I have very [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Brown the day the "Saturday [illegible]". I [illegible] [illegible] the first time. It is alleged to that it [illegible] the [illegible] N.W. and S.E. [illegible]. It has at the [illegible] [illegible] on the table of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] the building is [illegible]. It is a [illegible] [illegible] the face [illegible] of the [illegible]. In it all the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] into the [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] is [illegible] is any while [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] have a [illegible] influence on the [illegible]. I think it [illegible] from the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] the walls are all the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible].

Thursday, September 25. [illegible]. The [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. While the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (spoiled with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The commodore gave a dance on the 'Sydney' beginning at nine. All who cared to come were invited and Hannibal and I went out. The quarter deck was covered with a canvas awning under which a large red and white striped flag was stretched. A table for drinks was spread out just under the ship's flagstaff and on the ship's port side was a table spread with softer drinks and eatables. The eatables were rather curious, being of course the best that the chief steward could devise from out of the ship's stores. There were stock articles that I recognized changed in an artful way to look like something else. For instance the chocolates were undoubtedly Cadbury's Tropical Chocolates, the biscuits were undoubtedly Arnott's Biscuits, and the sandwiches were undoubtedly made from Allen's Famous Sandwich Pastes, Ltd.

The dance was a great success. It gave the islanders a change, a chance to look each other over and the one girl who looks like anything at all on the island had a mad rush of it.

Friday, September 23. (Tulagi). It looks as though we were at last going to reach the France. Tate, who is due to take the job of mate on the Ranandie, came in today on the Awa. He is bound for Gizo and expects to leave as soon as the Ranandie returns from Rennell Island.

All is gay now in Tulagi. From all over the group the small boats have come in to see the steamer off and place their mail and merchandise upon her. In the morning the two cruisers, Sydney and Adelaide, hove up their anchors and departed. The first was bound for Samurai, the second for Choiseul to do some survey work. Being the flagship, the 'Sydney' feted the harbor with considerable ponp and ceremony and mustered her band on the quarter deck. In the evening the 'Mataram' returned from her

fortnight tour of the islands and took on the foreign mail. She leaves tomorrow at three o'clock. The numerous planters who are assembled in Tulagi for business on the steamer made merry in the pub and in the bar of the steamer until the late hours of the night. Distinguished among these was the captain of the 'Royal Endeavor', a schooner belonging to the Malaita Company. Captain Bert has had his heyday having been captain of a sixteen thousand ton freighter. At present he is in doubtful command of a trading schooner. He became immensely drunk during the evening and after describing the dreaful hurricane that overtook him on the way from Santa Cruz Island, presented us with a fine skinned specimen of white owl.

Saturday, September 24. (Tulagi). Day fell to the skinning of a bird. Tom Elkington shot a red parrot for me very kindly and I spent the afternoon in attempting to persuade its skin to come off its body without bringing along a lot of flesh with it. Ham has become very proficient at this and has practiced at it several times. It is certainly an art to accomplish it the way it ought to be done, that is to say removing the skeleton, bones, flesh, intestines and fatty parts, leaving the wings and feathers properly sewed for mounting or museum reference.

It was with great joy that we witnessed the departure of the 'Mararam'. At three o'clock she blew her whistle and got under way. On here were all the people who have been making such a racket around the hotel in the evenings. The old skiff soon disappeared around the corner of the bay and stood out for her home voyage. She is not due back until October 20th, for which I for one am exceedingly grateful.

Sunday, September 25. (Tulagi). Today Hannibal and I had our fourth expedition into the bush. This time Johnstone the

butcher let us have his launch and two boys. We crossed the harbor to Gala and went up the river as far as the launch would go. It is a stream only a foot or so wider than the boat and the nigger who was steering had to exercise a good deal of skill in being able to penetrate as far as we did. We climbed up to about a thousand feet of elevation (Hannibal going higher than I) and kept on the lookout for a certain brand of wood pigeon that Beck wrote down to Gizo for. It was a swampy, densely vegetated district that we went through, and often the only way to make any progress at all was to send the niggers on with the guns and half swim, half wade through the bottom of the stream which came down from the waterfalls above. We had no luck as regards the pigeon. We heard several calling in the distance, but it was impossible to locate them or indeed to get to them should we have located them. We managed to assemble all our stuff back at the launch about sundown and commence working downstream for home. It was then that the fun began. The launch ran out of benzine. There was a native village just opposite us on the bank and we paddled over to it. One of our niggers asked one of the villagers for a couple of paddles to washy home with, for we had nothing to propel the launch but the floor boards which we had broken in strips to make rough oars with. The niggers absolutely refused. They also refused to paddle in to Tulagi and bring back some benzine to us. They were Gala niggers and have the worst reputation of all the Solomon Islanders. So we shoved off, got out our floor boards and the four of us, the two niggers, Hannibal and myself, commenced the long pull against the wind in the dark. After a very long time we managed to get to the house of the most northerly Chinaman in Tulagi Bay.

The evening, although we arrived in very late, proved to be the most rackety since our stay. Tate, Mack, Cambridge and Us.

Champagne, and very, very rackety. The news of the D-T fight has just floated in.

N.B. Tom's analysis of catching butterflies. If you stand on the ridge, all the butterflies passing from one side to the other must come over.

Monday, September 26. (Tulagi). The recruiters of the Solomons are an interesting study in the days when buccaneers and pirates are supposedly dead and buried. They are made up of the hardest boiled type of humanity and they maintain their characters without a lull. Recruiters sometimes own their own ship and sometimes are hired by a second party to go out for that purpose. They take the ship they are in charge of, some tobacco, money and jimjams, and start out for some island which the reports favor as having niggers who are willing to recruit. To recruit a nigger means to persuade him to sign on for labor for two years at the rate of a pound a month with tobacco and board thrown in. In return for the nigger's signing the recruiter is made to profit, being paid fifteen pounds for his trouble. In this regard it is very similar to the old African slave trade. The recruiter runs his ship into a passage and fires off his cannon. This notifies the natives that there is a recruiter ship in the offing ready to sign them on. The recruiter then anchors perhaps for as long as ten days waiting for the niggers who live back in the bush and who heard the gun to work their way to the coast. Sometimes the niggers take a week or ten days to make up their minds whether they are going to sign on or not. When they decide to come they go out to the ship and the recruiter says to them, "You feller wantum work alongside big feller master, plenty kaikai, curry rice, tobacco?" Then the nigger replies, "Me lookem."

Often niggers are willing to sign on when their tribe does

not want them to. Sometimes they are wanted for misdemeanors in the native village. It is in such instances that the recruiters run into trouble with them and the skirmishing begins. The niggers will do anything to get back from a recruiter a nigger who has signed on as a means of escape. Often a boy signs on when his family have arranged a marriage for him. The recruiter, of course, will do anything to keep the boy, as each one is worth fifteen pounds to him. Sometimes a recruiter will come back with as many as thirty recruits (Capt. Bert Hall returned from Santa Cruz with 110) and make a very neat profit. Other times they get none. All sorts of wile and strategem have been brought into the game and some recruiters have been known to give away presents to the boys as they sign on. The chances for getting a good haul of recruits run in direct proportion to adversity of the times in their tribe, and it turns out to be a parasitical proposition from beginning to end.

Walked over the only mountain on the island today. Nothing else doing. We still postpone shoving off for Gizo.

Tuesday, September 27. (Tulagi). Hannibal, I and Tom Elkington rowed over to Gala this afternoon to do some collecting. We had quite a lot of fun with the little cook nigger of the 'Awa' who steered for us and guided us through the bush to the village of a Gala tribe living on the top of Gala Mountain. We were still looking for the white pigeon that Beck asked us to get for him. We saw no signs of it, however. Tom Elkington shot a bird which resembles a large Australian eagle and a dark pigeon of some variety. We shall take them up to Beck and find out what they are and if he has any use for them.

Hannibal and I had another very pleasant evening with Mr. Scrivinger and Mr. Heritage playing bridge. Afterwards we stayed

up until all hours of the night, Ham skinning the eagle and I skinning the pigeon. We shall have with us at least two birds that Beck will be glad to get, an owl and an eagle.

Tulagi in its present state is not without a charm. All the boats afe out of the harbor and it is as dead as an Antarctic ice sheet. The place itself has lapsed into a deep sleep which it will not come out of again until the 'Mataram' turns up on the 20th of October.

Wednesday, September 28. (Tulagi). It has seemed that all the melancholy of the tropics settles upon the harbor of Tulagi. We have been here for three weeks always on the tiptoe of expecting transportation out of the place on the day following. At present our hope is on Mr. William Tate who is presumably bound for Gizo on the 'Awa'. He is waiting for the o.k. of his appointment as mate on the 'Ranandie' from Fiji. This is probably a Chinaman's dream. The earliest we will be able to get to Gizo will be undoubtedly when the American gunboat arrives from Bucharest two years from next Thanksgiving.

We spent the afternoon cruising about in the bush as usual looking for possums and birds that Beck has not got. We saw nothing that fell into any of these categories. We have covered almost all of the adjacent territory on the island of Florida, and geologically, geographically, philosophically and biologically we are all ready to get the hell out.

Thursday, September 29. (Tulagi). It is pretty evident that we will not start for Gizo until next Monday. It is on that day that the 'Ranandie' starts for Santa Cruz and Tate will know definitely one way or the other. The life here in Tulagi continues on in unabated quiescence. We spent the day on Gala looking for

more rare forms. Shot a blue pigeon, a honey eater, warbler, a brownish pigeon and one or two uncliassified small birds. Such expeditions have a pleasant way of making one tired by supper time and contented during the evening.

Friday, September 30. (Tulagi). The equinoctial rains have set in and reading with them. With the sound of the downpour echoing all over the tin roof I had the pleasure of getting much further in Wilhelm Meister, etc.

In the evening after a good swim and a run down to the police lines Tate entertained himself and me by reciting his adventures on the cable ship 'George Ward'. It was very interesting to hear his descriptions of the method such a boat, which is under twenty-four hour notice all the time to go out and repair a cable should one break, employs in picking it up, buoying it, splicing it and returning it to the bottom.

Saturday, October 1. (Tulagi). With the equinoctial rains and the beginning of a new month comes inspiration. It is on the subject of an essay called 'Romance'. The illusion of distance, the illusion of happiness and the illusion that by some move hitherto undiscovered the unpleasant side of one's nature, the spleen, may become abandoned. It should be called 'Romance--A Study in Egotism'.

Also the dramatic possibilities of Tulagi as an expression of the Sargasso Sea. It must be recalled that the majority of the ships that enter the harbor of Tulagi and the majority of the men who sail these ships never go out of the harbor again. If they do it is only after a long period of dissipation, indecision and disgust. There are hulks in the upper harbor, which is composed of a sort of jungle stream, that will never go out to sea again, and there is one craft that was built with the greatest care over twenty

years ago that has never gone to sea at all.

Spent the evening very pleasantly with the Cruikshank family, Captain and Mrs. Cruikshank. We had a very fine dinner in the dining room of their thatch house near the prison and occupied ourselves at bridge until midnight. Tales of the war were the overtone of the conversation and innuendoes on the utter helplessness of the government of the Solomons to do anything they wanted to do even when all hands were agreeable to it.

Sunday, October 2. (Tulagi). Today was the most strenuous that we have had so far. We went to a new landing place on the island of Gala and walked around to the clearing in which we have had so much luck previously. There were fewer birds than usual but as we were occupied in covering the long distance from where we had moored the boat back again it was just as well that we hadn't anything to distract us. We must have covered eight or nine miles through the bush. Distinguished among the birds we saw today was a parrot of many colors, blue, purple, green and red, and an exact copy of the one in the captivity of Mrs. D. on Guadacanal.

We rowed over and rowed back. This brought us the condemnation of Scrymager and Heritage whom we joined after supper for bridge. They contended that a man should not exert himself in the heat anywhere in the region of noon. This is not a bad contention if one is not accustomed to it or to any kind of exertion at all, especially in their case, which is one of perpetually sitting.

It is remarkable to consider the passage of time in a place whose climate remains eternally the same month in and month out. It goes very quickly. Each day seems like its predecessor; a day, a week, a month is nothing. There is no break, no mark, no event to look forward to at all. It is a place for a man with a

past to roll over in his mind and enjoy. It is no place for a man who is in the spring of life and who is looking forward to what the summer has to bring. Old men are happy here, young men are neither happy or unhappy. Their moods are neutralized it seems, and they are inclined to go to the dogs and to deteriorate.

Monday, October 3. (Tulagi). Spent the day hoping we would leave tomorrow. We took a run over to Gala with Tom Elkington and got a couple of birds. Nothing out of the ordinary. In the evening we got some work done at the hotel, being it was near our last stand, and skinned birds until midnight.

Tuesday, October 4. (Tulagi). A day's work this time on Florida. In the early afternoon we took up our time in packing up for the start to Gizo which is due to take place, by the Grace of God, tomorrow. In the evening we went over and bade goodby to the Tulagi club, than which there are few smaller in the world. These two days may very easily be called the two most insignificant days that we have exhausted on the trip so far.

Wednesday, October 5. (Tulagi, to sea). We actually got off today! At noon the 'Awa', Capt. William Tate commanding, shoved off from the government wharf and pushed her nose towards the east and the entrance of the harbor. We waved farewell to the Elkingtons and all the niggers who are in labor at the pub. Then slowly we put all the buildings of Tulagi behind us. It was a very delicious moment and well deserved. We spent the next twenty-four hours straight at sea, running past Guadacanal, Savo and Cape Marsh, coming to the entrance to the Maravo Lagoon. Some big rollers lumbering in from the southward kept the poor little 'Awa' jumping back and forth like a pendulum, and although it was hard to find a place in which to lie down and sleep without tumbling into the water, I found

a comfortable spot under the bob stay spread out with my feet on the boom chains. It happened that there was a beautiful moon half obscured by the mist clouds of Guadalcanal. It was quite fine watching the foam curl off the bow and the white water flashing to beam in the light of the moon. I actually fell asleep in this position, which had more motion in and about it than all the others.

Thursday, October 6. (New Georgia). We arrived at Bili Village, an outpost of the Seven Day Mission, at the entrance to the Maravo Lagoon. We had come 120 miles in our twenty-four hour run. We took a fine anchorage at Bili and tucked in our first meal since yesterday noon. After munching heavily on all the grape nuts that were left in on the 'Awa' we went ashore to the sand beach and had a fine swim. Tate stole the only native canoe in the place for a half hour paddle which ended up in all of us capsizing. There are two very high peaks near Bili on New Georgia which spread up into the clouds. They make the place very beautiful, and as there was again a moon we were treated to another sentimental evening. I dropped my pocketbook with all the money I have in the world in it, and managed to jump overboard when the ship was about forty miles off shore and get the thing.

Friday, October 7. (New Georgia). Spent the whole day steaming north in the long Maravo Lagoon. In the evening we arrived at Hameri on Ramata Island. It is a copra plantation owned by a man called Newell and his wife. He is not a very nice sort of a person. After a rather unpleasant career in the government at Tulagi he married this present Mrs. Newell, who is about twenty years older than he, evidently for her money. At least that is the gossip in the Solomons. Newell is a perfect type. All the outcast souls of the outcast Englishmen who have found they are unfitted for life

at home and have gone out to pillage the colonies are reincarnated in Newell. They were very pleasant to us in their own way, and as they were hungry for news of the outside world must have been sincerely glad to see us. We spent the night here anchored and the next night as well.

Saturday, October 8. (Hameri). Fooled around Hameri all day. Hannibal got his gun fixed up and became immediately very happy. Newell took us around his place and in the walk around, which was full of the worst sort of language and gossip imaginable, I noticed two immense eagles perched on a large cocoanut tree.

We spent a very wet night here again with the rain coming down like blacks of ice. The canvas of the 'Awa' leaks badly and as our beds are nothing more or less than the deck alongside the cabin it cound not have been better arranged for catching every bit of it possible.

There was some argument about getting one of the Maris who is very sick here to Gizo. Everything was agreed upon between Tate and Newell and she was about to be brought aboard when it was found out that one of the Malaita boys on the boat's crew of the 'Awa' objected. It was "Taboo, too much big taboo", as he expressed it. That was an end to the whole business. We did not take her aboard.

Sunday, October 9. (New Georgia). After Newell had come out about five o'clock and taken some of Tate's tinned goods from him we got an early start in the rain and came out of the Lagoon into the open sea. We had an all day run to Arundel Island with a good sailing breeze and pulled into Naru at dusk. Naru is one of the Lever Brothers' plantations. It is situated on the mouth of a long and rapidly flowing river in which there are more fish than a

at noon and have gone out to village the soldiers are relieved in Jawal. They were very pleasant to us in their own way, and as they were hungry for news of the Lusitania more than been miserably glad to see us. We spent the night [illegible] and the next night as well.

Saturday October 6. (Jawal). Spent entire Jawal all day. Practical not his own fixed up and became inoffensively busy. Jawal took us around his place in the well around which was full of the worst sort of lepers and mostly hopeless. Injection two lepers malice [illegible] or a [illegible] treat.

We spent a very wet night here [illegible] with the rain coming down like blocks of ice. The course of the 'Lam' tasks badly and so our beds are nothing more or less than the [illegible] [illegible] made it seemed not have been better arranged for catching every bit of it possible.

There was some excitement about selling one of the [illegible] who is very sick here to Qiza. Everything was arranged from between Jatu and Jawal and we was meant to be [illegible] [illegible] it was found out that one of the Bala's [illegible] in the Jawal's [illegible] of the 'Lam' [illegible]. It was "[illegible]", but much big taboo, so [illegible] it. That was as [illegible] the [illegible] boyhood. We did not [illegible] abused.

Sunday October 7. (Jawal Jorgia). After Jawal had come out about five a.c. [illegible] and taken some of Yale's tinned [illegible] from him we got as early start in the rain and came out of the [illegible] into the open sea. We had an all day run to Arnotal Island with a good sailing breeze and sailed into Bayo at dusk. Bayo is one of the Lower Brothers' dispensaries. It is situated on the mouth of a [illegible] and rapidly flow as river in which there are more fish than a

man can think of in one think. The manager was out somewhere on the plantation and was not due back until evening. We tied up to a small coral wharf that had been cut on the bank and watched the fish playing in the moonlight. There is no particular way of telling, but I think it was full this evening. At any rate it was very beautiful. It began to rain about midnight and the plantation manager came back. He was very anxious for all the Tulagi news and kept us awake asking questions until all hours. He is a Scotchman and according to Tate has a terrible reputation on the islands for bumming drinks from the passing vessels. For this he has been given such nicknames as the "boarding officer" and the "joiner."

Monday, October 10. (Naru - Gizo). Got a very early start from Naru and pulled out for Gizo. As we went we kept our eyes skinned for the France. The manager at Naru told us that the France was seen at Gizo three days ago and that she is probably there now. We got to Gizo before noon but she was not there. However, we did not really expect her, as such a turn of luck would be too good altogether according to the rules of the game we are playing. We found out from Mr. Green and B.P.'s that she is due back here tomorrow noon and that Beck is waiting for us. We spent a rotten day with the usual rotten type of B.P. clerks, but as I managed to bum a very fine bed in the dormitory on the hill I was reconciled to their company to say the least. It was fine to get into a real bed for a change after the terrible nights on the 'Awa'. She is tied up to the wharf now waiting for the France to get in at last so she can tie up along side of her and move the dunnage we are carrying into her.

Tuesday, October 11. (Kalunbangra). About eleven o'clock when Hannibal and I were out rowing in the harbor with a shark line trailing out behind us we saw a crew of three Polynesians

entering the cut and rowing by the reef. They proved to be of the boat crew of the France. They had been sent over from Kalunbandra (Kolombangara) to find out the news. They had come over eleven miles in the rain. It was a joyous moment for all of us as we had the mail they had been waiting for for two months. We blew them to some beer and lunch at the Chinamen's hangout. Then shortly after noon time they made fast the small cutter to the 'Awa' and with Captain Tate in command and the crew from the France keeping up an incessant chatter all the time about how glad they were to get their musical instruments which we had in the mail bags, about Mrs. Beck. about Dr. Drowne and all sorts of other things in connection with the long hunt we had had for each other, we steamed out of Gizo in the rain and headed for where the France was anchored twelve miles across the mists of the bight.

We came aboard the France about three o'clock and were given a royal reception. Mr. Beck is up in the mountains at camp and is not expected down until the week-end. But Drowne, Mrs. Beck and Lang were alongside to welcome us.

Journey's end and three cheers!

On the France -- Solomon Islands

Tuesday, October 11th. Hamlin and I left Gizo on the schooner "Awa", and two hours later joined the "France" at Ariel Cove, Kulambangra Island. We were met by Dr. Drowne, Mrs. Beck, and Captain Lang. Mr. Beck was up at camp in the mountains at an elevation of approximately two thousand feet. It was a rainy day. We took the afternoon and evening in unpacking and adjusting our surroundings to suit us.

Wednesday, October 12th. Dr. Drowne took Hamlin and myself into the bush for the first time. The land surrounding the cove of the anchorage is thickly wooded and the only two means of penetrating it are by following a stream off in a northerly direction or by following the trail that leads to the camp. In the morning we shot one or two-white eyes, pigeons that Mr. Beck calls minors, and a black fantail. In the afternoon along the shore shot more white-eyes, two shrikes, a long-tail hawk, and some minors. It is very rainy at present in this section of the Solomons, and collecting is constantly interrupted in the course of a day's work.

Thursday, October 13th. Dr. Drowne has been exceedingly polite and generous to Hamlin and me, taking a great deal of time to show us his method of skinning, the places where different tools are located aboard ship, and initiating us into the customs and routine

On the Strong -- Solomon Islands

Tuesday, October 11th. Hamlin and I left Kiso on the schooner "Awa", and two hours later joined the "Strong" at Arial Cove, Malambangra Island. We were met by Dr. Browne, Mrs. Beck, and Captain Long. Mr. Beck was up at camp in the mountains at an elevation of approximately two thousand feet. It was a rainy day. We took the afternoon and evening in unpacking and adjusting our surroundings to suit us.

Wednesday, October 12th. Dr. Browne took Hamlin and myself into the bush for the first time. The land surrounding the cove of the anchorage is thickly wooded and the only two means of penetrating it are by following a stream off in a northerly direction or by following the trail that leads to the camp. In the morning we shot one of two-white eyes, pigeons that Mr. Beck calls minors, and a black fantail. In the afternoon along the shore shot more white-eyes, two shrikes, a long-tail hawk, and some minors. It is very rainy at present in this section of the Solomons, and collecting is constantly interrupted in the course of a day's work.

Thursday, October 13th. Dr. Browne has been exceedingly polite and generous to Hamlin and me, taking a great deal of time to show us his method of skinning, the places where different tools are located about ship, and initiating us into the customs and routine

of the expedition, and generally proving himself to be a gentleman of the highest cut and a credit to the Museum.

Went up two-thirds of the way to the first camp today to an altitude of 600 feet. Got brown fantails a few hundred feet up, white-eyes all the way up, and an ashy-headed flycatcher at an altitude of about three hundred. Along the shore near the anchorage are three kinds of kingfishers, the large white-headed, the small white-eared, and the small brown-breasted. Also shrikes, ground doves, minors, black fantails, white-eyes, and a single white-headed hawk. In the cove and over the water are frigate birds and two kinds of tern, Bergii and grey-backed.

Friday, October 14th. Took the same trail as yesterday to an altitude of about five hundred feet. Met Mr. Beck for the first time as he was coming down from camp with two of the boys. He had with him two thrushes, a green-winged ground dove, two small red parrots, a white-throated dove, a white-headed dove, and a large assortment of pigeons. Managed to get one small parrot, green with yellow splashes on his breast, a few fantails both brown and black, and some white-eyes. It was a poor day collecting on account of the rain. There has been a steady traffic on the trail for three weeks, and the birds are pretty well scared off.

Saturday, October 15th. Mr. Beck went ashore in

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Went up two-thirds of the way to the first camp today to an altitude of 600 feet. Got brown fantails a few hundred feet up, white-eyes all the way up, and an early-headed flycatcher at an altitude of about three hundred. Along the shore near the anchorage are three kinds of kingfishers, the large white-headed, the small white-eared, and the small brown-breasted. Also saw ground doves, minors, black fantails, white-eyes, and a single white-headed hawk. In the cove and over the water are frigate birds and two kinds of tern, forgil and grey-backed.

Friday, October 14th. Took the same trail as yesterday to an altitude of about five hundred feet. Met Mr. Beck for the first time as he was coming down from camp with two of the boys. He had with him two thrushes, a green-winged ground dove, two small red parrots, a white-throated dove, a white-headed dove, and a large assortment of pigeons. Managed to get one small parrot, green with yellow splashes on his breast, a few fantails both brown and black, and some white-eyes. It was a poor day collecting on account of the rain. There has been a steady traffic on the trail for three weeks, and the birds are pretty well scared off.

Saturday, October 15th. Mr. Beck went ashore in

the dinghy and succeeded in getting three kingfishers, which he thinks are all different kinds. As soon as he came back we weighed anchor and headed out to sea under a light breeze to look for some shearwaters which Mr. Beck sighted last evening. We skinned the terns that were killed last night, and Dr. Drowne made water color drawings of the three kingfishers. It was a fine day all day, and we drifted around between Ariel Cove and Gizo, but sighted no shearwaters.

In the evening we anchored at Sand Fly Cove, Kulambangra, a pretty little harbor at the mouth of a small slowly flowing stream. There is no habitation at this point, but on the north side of the stream there is the garden of a native who lives further to the eastward. He visited the France several times during our stay and was very friendly. On one occasion he brought out in his canoe besides his four pickaninnies an assortment of lemons, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, which he traded for some biscuits and calico.

On Monday he and another native made a final visit bringing with them two live ground doves caged up in a box. Mr. Beck paid him three shillings for them and gave him another box in hopes of having him catch some more to bring over to Gizo with him when the France calls in to meet the steamer a fortnight hence.

Monday, October 17th. Along the river adjoining the garden of the native proved to be a splendid spot for birds. Monday's collecting brought in four different kinds of kingfishers ranging in size from the small inky

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blue kingfisher to the medium size brown-breasted. In addition, six starlings, a white-headed hawk, a common river heron, a medium sized rainbow parrot, a large red and green parrot, and a bald-headed flycatcher, which may be a new bird, were brought in. Mr. Beck is of the opinion that it is an immature specimen of the regular bald-headed.

The morning's work was all we could handle for skinning, so we took the afternoon to skin what we had shot while the France was up cruising around in search of shearwaters. None were collected.

In regard to the small inky blue kingfisher the native said that they are plentiful along the river basin and that they make their nests by digging a small hole in the ground.

Tuesday, October 18th. After laying to at sea all night we anchored at Viatasoli, Vella Lavella Island, in the morning. It was a beautiful day with very little air stirring. Viatasoli is the location of a Methodist Mission under the direction of Mr. Bensley. There are a number of well-kept up buildings overlooking the flat neck of beach which comprises the harbor. At the end of a long and well-made coral wharf is a canoe house covering some of the most beautiful native canoes that I have yet seen on the islands. There is on the top of the knoll an extremely carefully worked out native church decorated with the totem signs of its members; dove, shark, swallow, snake, etc. Mr. Bensley has evidently done an extremely creditable piece of work here.

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The morning's work was all we could handle for skinning, so we took the afternoon to skin what we had shot while the France was up circling around in search of shearwater. None were collected.

In regard to the small inky blue Kingfisher the native said that they are plentiful along the river bank and that they make their nests by digging a small hole in the ground.

Tuesday, October 16th. After laying to at sea all night we anchored at Vitasoil, Yaila Levella Island, in the morning. It was a beautiful day with very little air stirring. Vitasoil is the location of a Methodist Mission under the direction of Mr. Bensley. There are a number of well-kept up buildings overlooking the flat neck of beach which comprises the harbor. At the end of a long and well-made coral wharf is a canoe house covering some of the most beautiful native canoes that I have yet seen on the islands. There is on the top of the knoll an extremely carefully worked out native church decorated with the totem signs of its members; dove, shark, swallow, snake, etc. Mr. Bensley has evidently done an extremely creditable piece of work here

The cocoanut plantation which comes under his operation in connection with the Mission is one of the best class, and the natives seemed bright and content. It is here that one of the few electric lighting plants of the Solomon Islands is located.

Mr. Bensley lent Hamlin, Dr. Drowne, and myself an intelligent native guide, and under his leadership we struck out for a day's collecting. He took us along the trail which leads to the so-called Bottomless Lake. This is a brackish stretch of water about a quarter of a mile in width filling a subsidence three hour's march from Viatasoli. We arrived about two o'clock having started at nine making some halts for shooting. Returned to the ship at five.

The lake is an illusion as far as bird collecting is concerned on account of its salinity, but if a collector were to take with him a collapsible boat of some sort he would undoubtedly find his reward in fishes.

We collected along the trail to the lake which leads through some thick bush of a low altitude and finally skirts the shore of the ocean in a general westward direction from Viatasoli.

Day's collecting showed a variation in the white-eyes, the bill and legs in this case both being yellow, and a variation in size from Kulambangra in the red spotted honeysuckers.

We took thickheads (black with yellow under the breast and on the head), minors, white-eyes, fantails,

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We took Melanesian (black with yellow under the breast and on the head), minore, white-eyes, fantails,

shrikes, honeysuckers (both kinds), long-tails, cockatoos, large red parrots, small red parrots, and starlings. Mr. Beck collected eight specimens of bats from a cave near the Mission building. Dr. Drowne and Hicks collected two specimens of snakes about two feet long each, one dull black and the other spotted black and white. Saw two possums (candora) today for the first time in the Solomons. The country around here is not high, seldom rising above sixty or seventy feet.

Wednesday, October 19th. Hove up anchor in the morning and arrived at Kumbakota, Island of Ganonga. The mouth of the anchorage faces eastward towards Gizo and is located between a small coral island on one hand and the scimitar of beach on the other. The land rises rather abruptly from the shore to an elevation of 2000 feet or so. The Seven Day Mission have settlement here under a native teacher, and the huts of the natives skirt the shore under the cocoanut trees. They are unusually friendly and in the evenings of our stay developed the habit of coming out to the ship in large throngs to watch the process of bird skinning through the opening of the forward hatch.

Four mountain streams of generous size pour into the ocean at this point of the island all within the radius of the one native settlement; they proved a godsend to the crew of the France as they must prove a godsend to the natives all the year around. The water is cool, and has the blessed habit of collecting in deep pools near large flat rocks, making ideal places for

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bathing and washing clothes.

On the afternoon of the 19th I picked up a guide called Marco, and struck out up the basin of the most eastward stream. It was a rainy afternoon, and although I saw a small kingfisher, accomplished nothing more than obtaining some idea of the land, trails, and difections for the next day's hunting.

Mr. Beck went half way up the near mountain(Koomba) and reported seeing some yellow-bibbed doves, thickheads, small parrots and fantails.

Thursday, October 20th. Accompanied by Marco, my guide, who lives right on the shore of the ocean and has no particular reason for understanding the bush, I spent a very profitable day on the small mountain to the eastward of the settlement. The trail ascends immediately on crossing the river and passes through a number of small gardens. These gardens, located at different altitudes, are invariably surrounded by tall trees and are excellent places for collecting.

With the aid of Marco, who can find dead birds in the bush better than they can themselves, I managed to have a successful day.

All the other hunters went exploring on their own hook or alone with guides, and in the evening at mess we were all able to get a very good picture of the bush trails, where they led, and what birds could be expected on them. Mr. Beck had gone almost to the top of Koomba, Dr. Drowne had taken a slightly different path on the same mountain, Hicks had gone to westward, and Hamlin

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up the east slope of Koomba. The day's collecting brought in thickheads, longtails, a yellowbibbed dove, three small kingfishers, minors, white-eyes, red-knobbed pigeons, small green parrots, honeysuckers, black-headed flycatchers, fantails, a white-headed hawk, a gray dove, and a big parrot.

Friday, October 21st. Hicks and I spent a fruitless day blazing a trail to the top of a mountain, which proved to be too thickly vegetated for shooting. It was a good day's experience in woodcraftsmanship if nothing else. Hicks, besides being a very excellent bushman is a ship's engineer, a skillful skinner, and almost the best hunter on board.

It would be easy to spend a long time describing my first experience in getting bushed. It was in the evening and as Hicks and I were returning from the top of the ridge I decided to remain near the fairly large stream that crossed the trail and go in for a swim. I told Hicks not to wait for me but to go on back to the beach where the long boat was to meet us.

I had an idea that the place in the stream's course where I was was nearer to the shore than it was. I had crossed it several times before and had perfect confidence that I could find my way back again. I took off my clothes and plunged into the cool water enjoying the luxury of a sudden change in temperature after a hard day's work. I took my time in dressing. I didn't discover I was properly lost until I had thoroughly refreshed myself. When I was all ready to leave the spot

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for the shore I found that I didn't know which way to turn. Darkness had fallen so fast that it had become impossible to distinguish a trail from any other part of the forest.

Like an ass and like the Emperor Jones I lunged and heaved about through the thick foliage crashing into trees, tripping on roots, scratching myself on thorns, vines, lumps of coral, and all the other things with which the bush abounds, until I had ceased to function in any mental fashion at all. As I look back on the episode the only picture I can regenerate of myself is that of a wild animal frightened into a perfect hysteria- stampeding.

The mental condition under such circumstances has been well treated by Eugene O'Neill. Certainly it is worth all a dramatist's art can give it. It is at this time that all the objects of the forest are called into play by the enduring ego to mock itself. It, the centre of the strife, is the only thing that is disturbed. The rest of the landscape is quiet and at peace. The fireflies and glow worms, symbols of innocent and wistful amusement, disport themselves with their regular mischievousness, here there, and off again. The frogs, and even the birds whose calls you have been hearing all day, because they are not lost like you and therefore do not share your strife, suddenly become your violent enemies; they are in league with their environment to bring this confusion upon you. Evidently at this time all a person's faculty for embarrassment and despair are

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exploited. He is at once the only discord, as he is the Lord Fool at which all his environment is convulsed with laughter.

It was a coincidence that Hannibal got bushed the same evening. The boys went out for him with lanterns, guns, natives, and loud shouts, finally locating him under a rock further up the same stream where he had lost himself.

The birds collected on this island so far are as follows: thickheads, white-eyes, three kinds of kingfishers, grey birds, long-tail doves, common ground doves, yellow bibbed doves, red-knobbed pigeon, the two kinds of flycatchers, the long-tail, the fantail, and the pigmy parrot, the megapode, the common red parrot, the large red, blue, and green parrot. Rumors of a black cockatoo appear to be unfounded. No cockatoos of any sort were seen.

Saturday, October 22nd. Had a very excellent day's collection. I went with the native whose friendship I made the first day of our stay- Marco. He led me along a trail which ascends the ridge slightly to the east of the anchorage. It turned out to the astonishment of myself, to be a trail leading directly to the summit of the mountain which stood in the opposite direction. The best amount of information that I could get from Marco had the name of the mountain as Koomba. It remains a mystery which mountain it was as viewed from the ship. It is easy enough to distinguish the very peak one hopes to attain during the day- it is easy to distinguish it

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from the anchorage, that is. But getting to it through the tangled mass of the forest which scarcely ever allows a view beyond a hundred yards is another matter. And one may have climbed all day, gotten a view from the summit of some mountain, and come down again, without ever knowing what he saw and from what mountain he saw it from. Such was my case. Marco and I climbed to the summit of this mountain he called Koomba. There was very good shooting. Collected three thickheads, two pigmy parrots, eight or ten fantails, and flycatchers, white-eyes, longtails, large green parrots, and a small inky blue kingfisher. The yellow-bibbed doves stay in high altitudes on Ganonga, and none were seen by any of the France's outfit under two thousand feet.

At the top of Koomba, which Marco and I attained at about noon, there is a place where a good view is obtainable. I reckoned that the direction is due west towards Vella Lavella, and that the height of the summit is in the neighborhood of two thousand feet. The summit is described in the form of a small plateau. Pig trails lead backwards and forwards over it, but save for these, and the mud bathtubs that the pigs have dug for themselves in the mud, the growth is thick. There is a point at which Marco described in pidgin English as dividing the trail between KoombaKota and Ranonga (I do not vouch for the spelling), Ranonga evidently being about the same distance down on the other side as the distance we had already traversed.

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I learned from Marco the proper way to take care of the rain. It falls about three times a day on the average when one is in the bush collecting. Of course it falls anyway whether one is in the bush or not, but then-. Marco's way is to take a fragment of the long trailing vine and tie it around one of the bush ferns in such a way as to force all of its leaves together. A sort of beach parasol is formed. Although the result is by no means rain proof, it is a distinct improvement over the pure unadulterated rain.

Sunday, October 23rd. Beautiful day all day. Hamlin and I spent the afternoon hanging around the mouth of one of the fast and cool mountain streams that boil into the ocean near the anchorage. After we got our clothes washed and ourselves washed, we lolled about talking to the natives. Most of them were dressed up for the Sabbath, and a good number of them were on their way home from church. I noticed that there is a translation of the life of Christ into the native tongue and that most of them have a copy. I actually noticed that a number of the natives who owned one of these books spent some little time in reading it or poring it over. It is hard to pass judgment on the results of the missionary movement in the Solomons. I am looking forward to further empirical experience in this matter. Most of the people (whites) that I have talked to are very hard on the missionaries and the consensus of opinion is violently opposed. But the type of whites

I learned from Marco the proper way to take care of the rain. It falls about three times a day on the average when one is in the bush collecting. Of course it falls anyway whether one is in the bush or not, but then-. Marco's way is to take a fragment of the long trailing vine and tie it around one of the bush ferns in such a way as to force all of its leaves together. A sort of bench parasol is formed. Although the result is by no means rain proof, it is a distinct improvement over the pure unadulterated rain.

Sunday. October 23rd. Beautiful day all day. Hamlin and I spent the afternoon hanging around the mouth of one of the fast and cool mountain streams that boil into the ocean near the anchorage. After we got our clothes washed and ourselves washed, we loafed about talking to the natives. Most of them were dressed up for the Sabbath, and a good number of them were on their way home from church. I noticed that there is a translation of the life of Christ into the native tongue and that most of them have a copy. I actually noticed that a number of the natives who owned one of these books spent some little time in reading it or poring it over. It is hard to pass judgment on the results of the missionary movement in the Solomons. I am looking forward to further empirical experience in this matter. Most of the people (whites) that I have talked to are very hard on the missionaries and the consensus of opinion is violently opposed. But the type of whites

is, on the whole, pretty low, and I don't know how much their opinions are worth. Already I have noticed that the mission native is a higher type native than the natives I have seen that are not. Of course there are a great many natives I have not seen, and on some of the islands yet unvisited there may be a number of fine race types living on their own.

Judging by the natives I have out with me on the trail, I have given the native credit for far less intelligence than he has. The chief difficulty is in making them understand what is wanted. Once they have it in their minds what is wanted they are quick to comply. Especially valuable are they in picking up shot birds. Their eyes are far better oriented to small objects and subtle clues, which comes, undoubtedly, from their training in following the native trails.

Monday, October 24th. In trying to find the trail that Marco and I were on yesterday I again lost myself in the bush, and took the whole hunting day in finding my way out again. In addition I lost the aux. tube to the .20 bore gun and divided my efficiency in two. To make matters worse, the rain came and went most of the day and obscured the trails and the trail leads. I only fired one shot all day, and that was a bad miss. But the bitter comes with the sweet. Where one faults the other perfects, and the Doctor came home with a prize bag of twenty-eight valuable specimens. Among these were kingfishers, rusty-wing black birds, long-tail doves, grey birds, honeysuckers, white-eyes, and

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Monday, October 26th. In trying to find the trail that Mario and I were on yesterday I again lost myself in the bush, and took the whole morning day in finding my way out again. In addition I lost the sax. tube to the .20 bore gun and divided my efficiency in two. To make matters worse, the rain came and went most of the day and obscured the trails and the trail leads. I only fired one shot all day, and that was a bad miss. But the bitter comes with the sweet. Where one trails the other perfects, and the doctor came home with a prize bag of twenty-eight valuable specimens. Among these were kingfishers, rusty-wing black birds, long-tail doves, grey birds, honeyeaters, white-eyes, and

seven pigmy parrots, green.

In response to the announcement that the France is looking for specimens of all sorts, the natives are bringing on board a host of material for sale and barter. Live ground doves, snakes, frogs, nahli nuts, bananas, paw paw, live possums, corn, yams, and snails, are being dumped on deck every minute, in an admirable confusion of what is destined for the museum with what is destined for the stomachs of the people on board. It has been a most fertile anchorage for the assemblage of every possible native grown or native produced thing.

It is interesting to watch Mr. Beck going about this business. He pays the natives for their troubles in whatever medium they desire. Some take tobacco, others calico, others biscuits, others money, and so on. The humor of the thing is intense in the evening when the most of them come out in their canoes loaded with the day's catch. As they come, climb aboard, the dialogue runs something like this:

Mr. Beck: "What you feller catchem in thet bag?"

Native: "Catchem snake."

Mr. Beck: "Big feller snake?"

Native: "Oh, Master, he big feller too much."

Mr. Beck: "Four biscuits."

Tuesday, October 25th. Hamlin and I spent the whole day in making a very long climb. That is, very long for us. We started out to get to the top of the mountain that Mr. Beck has already climbed to within five hundred feet of the top. It is put down as 2000

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It is interesting to watch Mr. Beck going about this business. He pays the natives for their trouble in whatever medium they desire. Some take tobacco, others calico, others bicarbs, others money, and so on. The humor of the thing is intense in the evening when the most of them come out in their canoes loaded with the day's catch. As they come, climb aboard, the dialogue runs something like this:

Mr. Beck: "What you feller catchem in that bag?"

Native: "Catchem snake."

Mr. Beck: "Big feller snake?"

Native: "Oh, master, he big feller too much."

Mr. Beck: "Poor bicarbs."

Tuesday, October 25th. Martin and I spent the whole day in making a very long climb. That is, very long for us. We started out to get to the top of the mountain that Mr. Beck has already climbed to within five hundred feet of the top. It is put down as 2000

feet on the Solomon Island chart, but it turned out to be slightly over 2500 by altimeter. We started at seven o'clock in the morning and came to the end of the trail at ten. That was a 2000 foot climb in three hours. The trail was steep and I, for one, was all in when we came to the end of it. At this point the mountain rains came down on us and we started blazing our own trail to the top. There is no trail at all to the top, nor, indeed, a trail of any sort in the direction of the top above five hundred feet elevation before the France came in.

The summit of the ridge which we attained at noontime is narrow and somewhat different from the mountain I was on Monday. It is the centre of a number of sharp ridges radiating out on all sides and becomes very confusing as far as direction goes. Hamlin and Mr. Beck each got a yellow-bibbed dove apiece, and all of us roamed off by ourselves, making the descent each in his own humor. It rained heavily all the way down, making the day's work exceedingly sterile as far as specimens were concerned. But the experience was invaluable sentimentally speaking, for the climb was steeper than any I have ever been on, probably steeper than any I shall ever go on again.

Hamlin had the misfortune to get bushed again. Coming down he was the last to leave the summit, and the heavy rains that overtook him washed away all signs of the trail we had made. The searching party from the

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Hamlin had the misfortune to get lashed again. Coming down he was the last to leave the summit, and the heavy rains that overtook him washed away all signs of the trail we had made. The searching party from the

ship found him a couple of hours after dark and led him back to the ship to his supper and a comfortable night's rest.

It is no joke getting bushed under the circumstances that exist in our routine, for we eat very little until evening and count heavily for our energies on the prospect of an abundant supper. To go without this or to lose the trail after the time that the system expects to receive this food meets an abnormal and unquiet mental condition.

In leaving Ganonga we are leaving an island whose inhabitants are kind, intelligent, industrious, and possess a great skill in woodcraftsmanship, lore, gardening, and hunting. It would be difficult to find an island whose indigenous peoples could be more satisfactory to a professional visitor of any sort than this one.

Wednesday, October 26th to Saturday, October 30th. Simbo, Renovo. After spending Wednesday morning cruising in a fairly turbulent sea we arrived at the island of Simbo, or Renovo, east and south of Ganonga. Simbo is a small island, being approximately six miles long and four wide. There are really several small islands in the group all improperly going under the name of one of them, Simbo, a very small one and dissociated from Renovo proper by a lagoon of hot springs. But as all of them are called Simbo in the Solomons so shall they all go under that title here.

The one large and comfortable anchorage is the location of a plantation belonging to a man named Green,

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It is no joke getting bushed under the circumstances that exist in our country, for we get very little until evening and count heavily for our energies on the prospect of an abundant supper. To go without this or to lose the trail after the time that the system expects to receive this food meets an abnormal and unquiet mental condition.

In leaving Samoga we are leaving an island whose inhabitants are kind, intelligent, industrious, and possess a great skill in woodcraftmanship, lore, gardening, and hunting. It would be difficult to find an island whose indigenous peoples could be more satisfactory to a pretensional visitor of any sort than this one.

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The one large and comfortable anchorage is the location of a plantation belonging to a man named Steen,

and is at present operated by a Mr. Polson, a Scandanavian, who like many of his race, came here years ago as a sailor, and after trying many different jobs and many different ships, settled down finally to the long contemplation of plantation manager. He is a bachelor and has all his comforts attended to by his black cook boy. It is pleasant to note the pride and trouble that many of the plantation men here take in their cook boys. They go to great length in showing them how to make palatable white man's dishes, adorn them in the best of calico, and body decorations, and generally depend on them when they are drunk to take care of them and put them to bed.

Polson certainly shows his twenty odd years in the tropics, and speaks the pidgin English far more easily than he does the pure tongue itself. He was very nice to us, gave us many pointers on the island and the natives, and showered us with fresh megapode eggs and nahli nuts.

Simbo has the reputation of being the oldest planted island in the Solomons. It is said that the natives had had the whole island under cultivation and cleared of bush and vines when Mendana first put in to these latitudes. It shows very clear signs of such a history. The population of the island is heavy, there being over a thousand souls, and gardens are laid out everywhere. Indeed it is difficult to find any place that is really bush so omnipresent are the fields of taro, cabbage, paw paw, and other native vegetables.

and is at present operated by a Mr. Poison, a Scandinavian, who like many of his race, came here years ago as a sailor, and after trying many different jobs and many different ships, settled down finally to the long contemplation of plantation manager. He is a bachelor and has all his comforts attended to by his black cook boy. It is pleasant to note the pride and trouble that many of the plantation men here take in their cook boys. They go to great length in showing them how to make palatable white man's dishes, adorn them in the best of calico, and body decorations, and generally depend on them when they are drunk to take care of them and put them to bed.

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Gizo, Solomon Islands,
October 31st, 1927.

Dear Doctor Murphy:

Hamlin and I joined the France on Tuesday, October 11th. She was laying in Ariel Cove on the Island of Kulambangra. Thus we have been on board her approximately three weeks. From the experience we have had on board and from the impressions we received from people as we followed in her wake to catch up to her along the coast I take the material spirit of this letter.

As far as I can fathom everything is all right. Mr. Beck has been very kind to us. Rumors of his extreme eccentricity which we picked up beforehand were dissipated after some experience with him. He is highly energetic and curt, and whereas for this reason the crew dislike him the number of specimens collected day in and day out remains constantly great. You know even better than I the thousand little grievances and crosscurrents which can arise when a number of human beings are thrown together in small quarters for a considerable length of time. The France is not immune from them naturally, but I have yet to feel that one of them is serious or important. The work of the expedition, which is the norm of the matter, goes on and seems to my yet unprofessional judgment to be accomplished in a highly creditable manner.

There is a certain thing about Mr. Beck, however, which may be of interest to you as having some bearing on the future of the Expedition. It is, to wit, the question of his health. Watching him closely has given me the impression that I am watching a sick man.

October 31st, 1927.

Dear Doctor Murphy:

Hamlin and I joined the France on Tuesday, October 11th. She was laying in Arial Cove on the Island of Kalamantarra. Thus we have been on board her approximately three weeks. From the experiences we have had on board and from the impressions we received from people as we followed in her wake to anchor up to her alongside the coast I take the material spirit of this letter.

As far as I can tell everything is all right. Mr. Soon has been very kind to us. Rumors of his extreme eccentricity which we picked up beforehand were disappointed after some experiences with him. He is highly energetic and curt, and whereas for this reason the crew dislike him the number of grievances collected day in and day out remains constantly great. You know even better than I the thousand little grievances and crossquarrels which can arise when a number of human beings are thrown together in small quarters for a considerable length of time. The France is not immune from them naturally, but I have yet to feel that one of them is serious or important. The work of the expedition, which is the core of the matter, goes on and seems to my yet unprofessional judgment to be accomplished in a highly creditable manner.

There is a certain thing about Mr. Soon, however, which may be of interest to you as having some bearing on the future of the expedition. It is, in all, the question of his health. Nothing has alarmed, nor even me the impression that I am watching a sick man.

Dr. Drowne, Mrs. Beck, and one or two members of the crew have made remarks to this effect and the consensus of opinion seems to be that he has slipped badly during the last year. He is certainly very thin, there are things which he does in a peculiarly nervous manner, there are things which he forgets, and says, which would be abnormal in any healthy man. He is, at heart, fed up with the life as is Mrs. Beck.

I mention all this not as an alarm, for the work of the France goes on and Beck himself goes on; but as a slight warning that at any time or other the man may become seriously ill and have to give up. He told me he would hang on until July, and if he does I don't think he should carry on any longer. To my way of thinking he is a marvelous character. His energy is prodigious and the things he has had to put up with, both through the shortcomings of his own personality and through the nature of the country, the climate, the isolation of the ship, etc., must write a very distinguished chapter in the history of bird-collecting.

Dr. Drowne, in a curious way, is the most generally valuable member of the party. For while it is Beck who supplies the driving power and it is Beck who gets the birds, it is Dr. Drowne who brings in the snails, insects, snakes, possums, and rarities, as well as the birds His journal is copious, his notes are clear and cover a wide field, and he remains always on very good terms with the crew. I recall that you wanted to know our opinions as to whether Dr. Drowne was fit to take over the Expedi-

Dr. Browne, Mrs. Beck, and the Dr's secretary of the area have made remarks to this effect and the accusations of opinion seems to be that he has aligned badly during the last year. He is certainly very ill, there are things which he does in a peculiarly nervous manner, there are things which he forgets, and says, which would be accepted in any health man. He is, at least, far worse than the lil as is Mrs. Beck.

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tion. I would answer distinctly in the affirmative with the added observation that if he did he would not be as good as Beck. The situation as it exists is, peculiarly enough, almost ideal. For whatever is the strife and struggle between the two widely divided points of view an enormous quantity of work is accomplished. If it is in bitterness and bile, what matter, as long as it remains so. I think the very bitterness and bile has made it so. As it is, Beck and Drowne, "Two houses both alike in dignity", by entertaining a complete intellectual scorn for one another, stir up a magnificent conflagation of valuable results. And much as the Montagues and the Capulets no one would care about them if they had loved each other, and an excellent play would have been lost forever.

Dr. Drowne, whom we met first on our arrival, Beck being up in camp at the time, has been very polite and generous hearted to Hamlin and me. I imagine that a unique conflict of personalities existed for a long time on the France which must have been a trial to both the enduring parties and exceedingly discouraging to their work. I think it fair to say that the addition of new blood has smothered all evidences of this bellicose state. I hope it has. At any rate Hamlin and I are on good terms with them both and no eyes have been gouged during the last three weeks.

The condition of the France herself is not good. She is leaking, her gear aloft is in the last stages, and if she was to be retained for any length of time she would need a new suit of canvas, a bottom scraping, an

tion. I could answer distinctly in the affirmative with the added observation that if he did he would not be as good as Hook. The situation as it exists is, peculiarly enough, almost ideal. For whatever is the error and struggle between the two widely divided points of view an enormous quantity of work is accomplished. If it is the bitterness and bile, what matter, as long as it remains so. I think the very bitterness and bile has made it so. As it is, Hook and Browne, "two noses with life in dispute", by entertaining a complete intellectual scorn for one another, will up a magnificent compilation of valuable results. And such as the bicentenaries and the Congress no one would care about them if they had loved each other and an excellent play would have been lost forever.

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engine overhauling, and several hundred fathoms of new line. Lang, the present skipper, is a capable man with a master's ticket, who fortunately possesses the faculty of utter resignation; he is content to remain on board reading and gazing at the horizon, making himself generally scarce and unobjectionable, while work goes on ashore and aboard.

The crew of Polynesians are not as vicious and rebellious as one might gather from the letters in the Museum. Hicks, the engineer, skins birds as well as Beck himself and collects as many. No doubt you know this already. It is the devil's own life for any crew as far as chances for recreation or enjoyment are concerned. The steamer comes to Gizo once in six weeks and aside from getting sympathetically drunk with the crew of the steamer at this time, a feast with the natives when the France is at some settlement, and an occasional burst of profanity at midnight, they behave very well. On the whole we are fortunate in having a crew at all under the circumstances in the unbroken monotony of the life they have to lead.

Mrs. Beck is truly a beautiful character. She is a decided addition to the staff and we have both become very fond of her. She puts up with a great deal in this sort of life and does a lot for all of us.

As for Hamlin and myself we are very happy and well. Hamlin has fallen to work in such a way as to be an inspiration to me. I shall find it difficult to keep up with him. He takes notes on every single thing he sees and his journal, the first installment of which,

engine overhauling, and several hundred fathoms of new line. Long, the present skipper, is a capable man with a master's ticket, who fortunately possesses the tonality of water resistance; he is content to remain on board reading and resting at the moorings, making himself generally useful and unobtrusive, while work goes on ashore and aboard.

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I believe, he is sending in on this mail, is a damned thorough piece of work. Besides that, he is learning to make water colors in the fashion of Dr. Drowne and the first beginnings are good. His energy is remarkable and I think that the scientific world has won a brilliant initiate. I am quite serious about this.

I don't know how long it will take for us to learn to skin the birds properly. We have skinned in the neighborhood apiece about a hundred and I hope by next steamer there will be definite signs of improvements. The thing we have the most difficulty with is, of course, the preparing and wrapping after skinning. To equal Beck or Drowne in this will be quite a difficult achievement.

I am keeping both copies of my journal out here until next steamer or so unless I hear to the contrary. My intention is to forward it when it has been, along with its author, a little more mature in its venture. The mail forwarding arrangements through the American Consul at Sydney are completely satisfactory and I have already received three separate envelopes from you for which I thank you.

In closing I can only express again my deep gratitude for all you and Dr. Sanford did for us before we left and reassure you that we are glad to be here, are enjoying every minute of it, and hope to justify all the trouble we have made.

I believe, he is working it on main lines. It is a remarkably thorough piece of work. Regardless of, he is looking to make water mains in the fashion of 1m. Drains and the first beginnings are good. The society is remarkable and I think that the scientific world has got a brilliant initiate. I am quite serious about this.

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In closing I can only express again my deep gratitude for all you and Dr. Mawford did for us before we left and reassure you that we are glad to be here, are enjoying every minute of it, and hope to justify all the trouble we have made.

Again too, I say, everything is all right, the Expedition is going on, the specimens are coming in.

With kindest regards to Dr. Chapman, Mrs. Murphy, Bob and Alison,

Very sincerely,

Guy Richards.

Again too, I say, everything is all right, the expedition is going on, the speculators are seeing it.

With kindest regards to Dr. Chapman, Mrs. Murray, Sam and Alison,

Very sincerely,

Guy Mickenna.

The natives live in little groups of family villages, laid out near their gardens. Their shacks are built in line on a bare dirt square, in the fashion of a military garrison. Each one has its own chief, or family head, and is self-sufficient to itself. The codes of these family groups are not necessarily the same, but the people of the island vary only little in appearance. The men and women are content to wear only loin cloths and the evidences of missionizing are few and far between.

As usual the natives of this island showed great interest in the France and came out to the ship in the evenings to watch the process of skinning and wrapping. They seemed to be considerably more proud and offish than the natives of Ganonga, and outside of a few attempts at marketing, such as a trade in bananas, one or two snakes, and one or two bags of megapode eggs, they made few attempts to assist our enterprises. David something-or-other, a very wise black man, who escorted me on my first day's collecting, presented me with a fat bunch of green bananas, and when they begin to ripen I shall give up prayers to the devil-devils for his salvation. He also sold me a dozen blades of tortoise shell for ten sticks of tobacco.

The collecting on this island is a complicated matter. On Renovo a shot inevitably crashes over the tree you are shooting at into a native garden and brings shouts of alarm. To the east of Mr. Polson's house there is a hill which rises to the height of a thousand

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The collecting on this island is a complicated matter. On Ranovo a shot inevitably crashes over the tree you are shooting at into a native garden and brings shouts of alarm. To the east of Mr. Polson's house there is a hill which rises to the height of a thousand

feet and constitutes the only untilled portion of Renovo proper. But on scaling this, Mr. Beck found no birds at all.

The best results were obtained by wading the hot springs lagoon across to the island of Simbo. Here we found minors, long-tails, common fruit pigeons, both kinds of flycatchers, the white-headed kingfishers, the medium-sized brown breasted kingfisher, starlings, and the red-throated honeysucker.

There appeared to be no white-eyes whatsoever on this island, no red-knobbed pigeons, and no cockatoos. There were no cockatoos on Ganonga, but it is remarkable that there are no white-eyes on Simbo for they were abundant on Ganonga, and the distance between by water is only six miles as the crow flies. The common fruit pigeon, white-breasted and with the blue-green back, seems to take the place of the red-knobbed pigeon which was so common on Ganonga.

Starlings, megapodes, fruit pigeons, and minors were everywhere and exceedingly common. We also found several purple and green broadbills. But all the other birds were scarce, and except for the flycatchers, fantails, and honey-eaters, there were no small birds at all. Simbo is evidently a large bird island. Dr. Drowne had a shot at a large eagle hawk, and Mr. Beck shot two river heron.

Outside the harbor there is a semi-circular barrier reef and here, besides finding the nests of land pigeon, Mr. Beck took a day off for shooting the tern which

feet and constitutes the only unfilled portion of Banove proper. But on scaling this, Mr. Beck found no birds at all.

The best results were obtained by wading the hot spring lagoon across to the island of Simbo. Here we found minors, long-tails, common fruit pigeons, both kinds of flycatchers, the white-headed kingfishers, the medium-sized brown breasted kingfisher, starlings, and the red-throated honeysucker.

There appeared to be no white-eyes whatsoever on this island, no red-knobbed pigeons, and no cockatoos. There were no cockatoos on Ganongo, but it is remarkable that there are no white-eyes on Simbo for they were abundant on Ganongo, and the distance between by water is only six miles as the crow flies. The common fruit pigeon, white-breasted and with the blue-green back, seems to take the place of the red-knobbed pigeon which was so common on Ganongo.

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Outside the harbor there is a semi-circular barrier reef and here, besides flushing the hosts of land pigeons, Mr. Beck took a day off for shooting the tern which

gather in large numbers at this time of year outside it.

Simbo is also the home of a tremendous fruit bat. At evening time they can be seen flying in thick flocks across the harbor. There is a curious unsteadiness in their flight, and they resemble in appearance all the imaginary reproductions I have ever seen of the ancient pterodactyl. In the short time we had on Simbo we didn't have the good fortune to shoot any. It is probable that they are not of a new species, but the consensus of opinion on board is that they are out of the ordinary. They might prove interesting if it is only in their tremendous quantity on this island.

Finally, Simbo is the land of parrots. The red cocoanut parrot, the red and green paraqueet, the large green parrot, and the green pigmy parrot are present. The first three are so common as to give to Simbo almost its continual characteristic noise.

Saturday, October 30th to Wednesday, November 2nd. Gizo. We weighed anchor, after bidding farewell to Mr. Polson, and set sail for Gizo for steamer day. The distance from Simbo to Gizo is twenty three miles. It is over the open ocean and we struck it with a comfortable big roll on its bosom. The trip over took us all morning, but it was made happy by the catching of two fine fish on the trolling lines over the stern. The Solomons have never been classified for their fish, and no one knows the proper name for what they catch occasionally and esteem always. I have caught three

rather in large numbers at this time of year outside it.

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Saturday, October 30th to Wednesday, November 2nd Oiso. We weighed anchor, after bidding farewell to Mr. Folson, and set sail for Oiso for a week's day. The distance from Simbo to Oiso is twenty three miles. It is over the open ocean and we struck it with a comfortable big roll on its bosom. The trip over took us all morning, but it was made happy by the catching of two fine fish on the trolling lines over the stern. The Solomons have never been classified for their fish and no one knows the proper name for what they catch occasionally and eat them always. I have caught three

fish since I have been here and all of them were good eating. Extremely godd eating. One was what is called here a kingfish and the other two had no local name although I believe one of them was some form of mackeral. Whether they are really better tasting than the fish in America would be hard to say, for the absence of fresh meat and fresh food of all description makes any break in the rule taste very good.

The steamer was due in Gizo on Saturday afternoon, but she hadn't arrived when sunset had passed down over the horizon. No one expected that she would enter the harbor after dark because there are no lights here and the harbor is a mass of reefs. But she did. And it is here that I take off my hat to Capt. Voy, to whose corpulent figure I had heretofore attached a very particular scorn. Without even using so much as a searchlight on that moonless might he put the Mataram through all the twists and turns that mark the channel of Gizo, and bent her safely to the Burns Philp wharf shortly before midnight. I shall never forget watching the lights of that ship entering and enlarging the vision of the horizon. She seemed like the ship of Jove and although she is scarcely larger than a fair-sized tugboat, she towered over the small cutters whose lights were winking in the black night until, what with the significance of her, and the mail in her, and the time between her visits, she grew and grew

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The steamer was due in Pico on Saturday afternoon, but she hadn't arrived when sunset had passed down over the horizon. No one expected that she would enter the harbor after dark because there are no lights here and the harbor is a mass of reefs. But she did. And it is here that I take off my hat to Capt. Voy, to whose correlent figure I had heretofore attached a very particular scorn. Without even using so much as a searchlight on that moonless night he put the Mataram through all the twists and turns that mark the channel of Pico, and sent her safely to the Burns Philp wharf shortly before midnight. I shall never forget watching the lights of that ship entering and enlarging the vision of the horizon. She seemed like the ship of love and although she is scarcely larger than a fair-sized tugboat, she towered over the small craft whose lights were winking in the black night until, what with the slightness of her, and the mail in her, and the time between her visits, she grew and grew

so that it was hardly possible to think of man ever building such a thing.

Steamer day is a great day in the Solomons. It brings in all the planters for miles and miles around, and they come in their cutters, in their ketches, sloops, yawls, and motor boats to get their six weeks provisions, have a cold glass of beer in the steamer's bar, eat a square meal in the steamer's mess, read their mail, pass the local gossip around, take another drink and depart again. In the bar of the steamer at this time a great clearing house of news takes place, everyone finds out what is happening to everyone else many miles north or south of them, and the gathering is exceptionally merry. Bluie, the bar steward, and Harry, the bartender and the second assistant steward, are the gainers in this situation. The cold beer on the Mataram is the only cold beer this side of Tulagi, two hundred and nineteen miles away. And it seems as though every mother's son who enters the bar saloon is rolling this fact over in his mind, and makes an individual toast to everyone.

Most of the bar conversation centered around the news of the massacre at Malaita. It took place on the sixth of October, and in it Mr. Bell, the District Officer, and Mr. Ellys, his assistant, with fourteen of their police boys were murdered. In the fracas it is estimated that twelve of the Malaita bushmen were also killed, making a total of sixteen

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Steamer day is a great day in the Solomons. It brings in all the planters for miles and miles around, and they come in their cutters, in their launches, sloops, yawls, and motor boats to get their six weeks provisions, have a cold glass of beer in the steamer's bar, eat a square meal in the steamer's mess, read their mail, pass the local gossip around, take another drink and depart again. In the bar of the steamer at this time a great clearing house of news takes place, everyone finds out what is happening to every-one also many miles north or south of them, and the gathering is exceptionally merry. Blair, the bar steward, and Harry, the barmaster and the saucy assistant steward, are the genius in this situation. The cold beer on the Western is the only cold beer this side of Tulagi, two hundred and nineteen miles away. And it seems as though every mariner's son who enters the bar saloon is toiling this fact over in his mind, and makes an individual toast to everyone.

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casualties for the government forces and twenty eight in all. It was really a very harrowing affair. Mr. Bell was to have finished twenty years of distinguished service at the end of the year and was the most beloved and respected of all the government officials. The cruiser Adelaide was rushed to the scene and is still there. The Ranandie was also despatched, and a company of volunteer whites from Tulagi hurried over to try to capture the natives responsible.

This is the seventh murder we have heard about since we have been on the Solomons. Conditions in regard to the relations of the government and the natives are not good, and everyone is speculating as to what the future will hold. The situation on Malaita has not yet cleared and no one knows how well the punitive expeditions are faring. Malaita is the mystery land of the Solomons. It should have its legend preserved in literature.

The crew of the France had their usual drinking bout with the crew of the Mataram and afterwards had some trouble amongst themselves on board. The spectacle of Hicks weeping, of Teora, fat Teora, rolling on deck in combat with the frantic body of George, the mate, of argument here, and grievance there, is an old story- the all-embracing fate of crews on a holiday.

Thursday, November 3rd to Sunday, November 6th. (Island of Bagga). With a fair wind off the port

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Thursday, November 3rd to Sunday, November 6th.
(Island of Dorrie). With a fair wind

quarter the France weighed from Gizo on Thursday morning heading for Vella Lavella. In the late afternoon the wind calmed to a flat sea, followed shortly by a stiff squall. In the course of two hours it made two circles through all points of the compass accompanied by heavy rains and thunder. The rate of our progress became so independable that Mr. Beck decided to head into Ganonga. At dusk we managed to make our old familiar anchorage slightly to the north of the small island at Kumbakota. After all the rain and stormy weather of the day it was a pleasure to see the night scatter the clouds and the stars winking over the mountains- the same mountains in which we had lost ourselves only a fortnight before. This time we saw nothing of the native inhabitants, not a canoe putting off to greet us, nor a light signalling to us from on shore. It was a disappointment, for I should have liked to have seen Marco and had a yarn with him again.

Friday morning broke fine and clear. We made sail at sunlight and broke down the coast of Ganonga before the wind, wing and wing. It was Mr. Beck's intention to call in at the islet just north of the most northern point of the big island in the hopes of picking up some man-o'-war birds. The wind died down at noon, however, and what with the strong current which was bearing north down the coast it was decided not to waste the time required to beat

quarter the Indian weighed from five on Tuesday morning heading for Tells Island. In the late afternoon the wind calmed to a flat sea, followed shortly by a strong squall. In the course of two hours it made two circles through all points of the compass accompanied by heavy rains and thunder. The rate of our progress became so indescribable that Mr. Beck decided to head into Hungry. At dusk we managed to make our old familiar moorings slightly to the north of the small island at Hungry. After all the rain and stormy weather of the day it was a pleasure to see the night scatter the clouds and the stars winking over the mountains- the same mountains in which we had lost ourselves only a fortnight before. This time we saw nothing of the native inhabitants, not a canoe putting off to greet us, nor a light signalling to us from on shore. It was a disappointment, for I should have liked to have seen Sarto and had a yarn with him again.

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south again should we proceed further north in order to get back to Vella Lavella. Heading presumably for Vella Mr. Beck changed his mind again and when we were approaching Vella from the north and west decided to put into Bagga, a very small island lying a few miles across from Vella on the opposite side of the channel. This channel is known as Beagle Channel and composes the southern entrance by water to the coast of Vella Lavella.

We anchored off the houses and shacks of the only plantation of a man called Champelin, who owns the whole island and with his assistant make up its entire white population. We had time to put in the whole of the afternoon and all of Saturday collecting.

In collecting Bagga from the east side there are two possibilities. One is the large mangrove swamp which skirts the shore inclusively and the other is the elevated section towards the interior, which, heavily bushed, rises to a height of several hundred feet. By all odds and discretion the interior should prove the most interesting, but it turned out just the other way. The first day's collecting was all in the mangrove. This section, a rotton, mucky, tangled, and almost impenetrable combination of swamp and twisted vegetation, yielded far more specimens than the other which we all tried the next day. In the mangrove were shot by the three of us who went ashore two kingfishers of the medium sized variety (brown breasted), flycatchers, (black

again should we proceed further north in order to get back to Valle Lavelle. Reading presumably for Valle Mr. Gray changed his mind again and when we were approaching Valle from the north and west decided to put into Beggie, a very small island lying a few miles across from Valle on the opposite side of the channel. This channel is known as Beggie Channel and composes the southern entrance by water to the coast of Valle Lavelle.

We anchored off the houses and church of the only plantation of a man called Chenpelin, who owns the whole island and with his assistant make up the entire white population. We had time to put in the whole of the afternoon and all of Saturday collecting.

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and white), two striped belly hawks, two large white-headed kingfishers, three Bergii terns, a white-eye, several honeysuckers of both varieties, an eagle hawk, and a brown fantail.

Despite the tremendous number of flies that abound in the mangrove, and the bad conditions underfoot, the collecting for a half day was far better than a full day's work in the bush. On Saturday morning we entered the bush to the rear of the cocoanut trees and blazed a trail to the top of the ridge. The trail took almost all morning to blaze. Nevertheless, the only birds seen or heard during that time were white-eyes, bald-headed flycatchers, thickheads, and one stripe-bellied hawk. The ridge due west of the plantation is fairly clear and there are some excellent pig trails along its crest. This made it easy for us, all going in separate directions, to cover a considerable piece of territory. On meeting again we all agreed it was the poorest place for birds we had come upon for a long time. There seemed to be no reason for it because it was the second highest ridge on the island, and flora and general topography seemed to be about the same as other similar elevated places on the other islands where the collecting was excellent. After a tough day's climb all we had to show for ourselves were a number of bald-headed flycatchers, three white-eyes, a striped belly hawk, and a pair of thick-heads. Furthermore, no other kinds were

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even seen or heard, and for the most part the bush was as silent as a tomb. Hamlin saw what he thinks was a graybird, but he didn't have a shot at it.

Mr. Beck in taking the dinghy and collecting along the banks of the salt water inlet near the cocoanuts, and climbing along the ridge on the opposite dividing ridge of the island, brought in sixteen birds, but none of them different or new. Four thickheads, which are not common, was the best part of his collection. Hicks, who went out in the afternoon, came back with the same story as Dr. Drowne, Hamlin, and myself. He had shot one bald-headed flycatcher.

In trying to get at least some sort of a collection for the day before it was over, we had the long boat take us over to the mangrove, where we felt we had ought to have gone in the first place. We got there only to find the place completely inundated by the rains of the night before and the tides of the lunar flood. So it was what it was- a very rotten day for the profession.

From what all of us have heard, seen, or shot, the following is a brief of the birds of the island.

White-eyes are scarce, and show a variation from Ganonga, having yellow bills, yellow legs, and resembling those found on Vella Lavella. There are a number of striped belly hawks, a number of white-headed kingfishers, a number of bald flycatchers, a number of yellow honeysuckers, Less common but in evidence are the red-throated honeysuckers showing a

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variation, thickheads, white-tailed pigeons, white-headed hawks, megapodes, white-eared kingfishers, large white-headed kingfishers, starlings, usual occurrence of parrots, cockatoos, swallows, and swifts. Evidently very rare but present are the small inky blue kingfishers, and the graybird.

The most characteristic thing about the island is its large numbers of exceedingly active flies. They are present in the bush as well as on shore, and are impossible to deal with in any way. Whether it is on account of the great number of wild pigs on the island, or whether it is on account of the presence of the large mangrove it is up to some future genius of science to come, endure, and decide. Generally speaking the island is uninteresting and practically uninhabitated, the only natives I saw being identified with Mr. Champelin's plantation.

Monday, November 7th to Monday, November 13th. Nyanga, Vella. On Monday the seventh at noon we weighed anchor from Bagga and made the half hour's passage to Nyanga, Vella Lavella. There was time for a morning's collection in Bagga which proved interesting. This time all hands landed in the small mangrove adjoining the strip of beach adjoining the straggled plantation houses. A road partially of coral, partially corduroy, leads from this spot along the shore of the island further south, while on the other hand a trail bearing sharp to the right from the beach leads directly into the bush, ending up at the second native barracks across

variation, hoopoeds, white-tailed pigeons, white-headed hawks, megapodes, white-eared kingfishers, large white-headed kingfishers, starlings, usual occurrences of parrots, cockatoos, swallows, and swifts. Evidently very rare but present are the small inky blue kingfishers, and the grey-bird.

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Monday, November 7th to Monday, November 13th. Yanga. Vella. On Monday the seventh at noon we weighed anchor from Bagga and made the half hour's passage to Yanga, Vella Lavella. There was time for a morning's collection in Bagga which proved interesting. This time all hands landed in the small mangrove adjoining the strip of beach adjoining the attempted plantation house. A road practically of coral, partially covered, leads from this spot along the shore of the island further south. While on the other hand a trail bearing sharp to the right from the beach leads directly into the bush, coming up at the second native barrenes across

the island. Collecting along the trail and in the semi-mangrove abutting the cocoanuts yielded more birds in the four hours than the two days had in all the other places on the island. Mr. Beck shot a male and female graybird, thereby difinitely establishing its occurrence here, and two minors were also shot, making two additions to the birds mentioned in the brief of the islands. Monday morning's work lifted the curse, which from the collector's point of view, seemed to hang over the island.

Monday afternoon the France anchored at Nyanga, Mr. MacEachrean's place on Vella Lavella. There is a small coral reef protecting the anchorage which is a smooth one except at flood tide when the breakers are boosted high enough to come over the reef.

Mr. MacEachrean, a Scotchman with one arm, lives with his wife in a leaf house on the summit of a knoll in the plantation, while the barracks of the native laborers with their canoe houses, sheds, etc., are built on the shore facing the east. When the France arrived Mr. MacEachrean welcomed us and imparted to us his knowledge of the country inland, and the manner he considered best in which to penetrate it.

By walking through the plantation to the north it is possible to pick up a trail following the shore of the island. This trail, which begins about a hundred yards east of the northernmost cocoanut trees runs by the foothills in such a way as to make it possible to ascend to an altitude of a few hundred

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Monday afternoon the Tresse anchored at Tiapuga. Mr. MacAdoreen's place on Vaila Levaila. There is a small coral reef protecting the anchorage which is a smooth one except at flood tide when the breakers are loosed high enough to come over the reef.

Mr. MacAdoreen, a Scotsman with one arm, lives with his wife in a leaf house on the summit of a knoll in the plantation, while the barracks of the native laborers with their manoe houses, sheds, etc., are built on the shore facing the east. When the Tresse arrived Mr. MacAdoreen welcomed us and imparted to us his knowledge of the country inland, and the manner he considered best to which to penetrate it.

By walking through the plantation to the north it is possible to pick up a trail following the shore of the island. This trail, which begins about a hundred yards east of the northernmost cocoanut trees runs by the foothills in such a way as to make it possible to ascend to an altitude of a few hundred

feet from almost any point on it.

To reach the back country and the higher elevations the left fork of the large river whose mouth lies two miles east of the plantation supplies the best means of approach.

On Monday afternoon, before Hicks and I started out to hunt for a wild pig, we went with Mr. Beck and a native guide to visit the stone tombs of the natives. These are located just at the north of the plantation and lie at intervals of two hundred and fifty feet from one another, although quite secluded and invisible to the uninitiated visitor. There are no trails at all to them with the exception of the one which stands closest to the cocoanuts. The native guide led us zig-zag fashion wading along the shore outside of the bush and cutting through the vines and shrub when we turned into it.

What there is to see is a number of clefts in the rock in which, arranged in order and facing outward, are the skulls of former native warriors. These skulls, some of which are tied together, jawbone to jowl, with vines, are reputed to be from fifty to two hundred and fifty years old. None of them are the skulls of women or pickanninies. Some are in extremely bad repair, decayed and weather worn. In the sockets and jaws of the skulls and strewn about the interior of the tomb-clefts are native trinkets, shell money, rings, ornaments, and other tokens of homage to the departed spirits.

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The faces of the tombs themselves have figures cut in them in stone, and at one tomb there was a single cleft with a single skull in it, that of a warrior chief, or "Big Feller Master", as our native put it. He explained in pidgin English that the clefts were made by hewing with the metal picked up where thunderbolts had struck. However, it was accomplished. The work must have been arduous and required a long time and a great number of workers.

The first tomb visited had one cleft, the second two, and the third four. It was possible to catch passing glimpses of others, however, located at indiscriminate places back of the vines and bush, and the heavier trunks of trees. Our native was ready enough to guide us to the first, but hesitated tremendously about the third, saying, "Oh, this feller he taboo too much". He was uneasy during the time of our visit and was glad to get it over. Afterwards Hicks and I explored the bush to a point three miles north of the tomb in search of a pig. There were many trails in the wet mud, but no pigs.

After spending the second day (Tuesday) exploring the swamp on the northern side of the plantation, shooting a heron, a thickhead, a few brown fantails, kingfishers, and white-eyes, Mr. Beck sent Hicks and me off to camp. We started on Wednesday morning in the dinghy with provisions to last until Saturday night. We rowed east to the mouth of the river and took the right fork (the one I do not advise taking) at the

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branch a mile and a half upstream. We ascended this to a distance of approximately four miles, crossing seven rapids and made camp on a delta of the south bank. The stream flows from north to south at this point, and four of the rapids were too fast for us to navigate without considerable pushing and hauling from ahead and over-board the dinghy.

Coming down after heavy rains had swollen the river was precarious going, although we managed to keep upright and transversed the distance very rapidly. At the mouth of the river we noticed a quantity of large birds at the tops of the high trees. There were hawks, long-tailed doves, rusty winged blackbirds, pigeons, and parrots. We couldn't get near enough for a shot or near enough to properly identify them. Further up we shot a river heron and a common brown heron.

Around our camp there were small trees in which white-eyes, ground dove, yellow and red-throated honey-suckers, thickheads, rusty winged blackbirds, and bald flycatchers came and went at different intervals during our three day stay. We collected specimens of all of them. Across the river in the rocky red clay banks a pair of small kingfishers (brown breasted) appeared often enough to suggest a nest somewhere in the vicinity. We collected one male adult and one small male of this species. A pair of sandpipers flew upstream every morning at sunrise, spent the day feeding up the river just north of the camp, and flew down again at sunset.

On the second day of camp Hicks and I took up all

the daylight hours in blazing two trails to the ridge east of our camp. It runs in a general NE-SW direction. The birds were scarce on top and even the birds such as the thickheads and doves which would be expected at higher altitudes seemed more plentiful on the river banks. There were blackheads, minors, and long-tails on top, but although Hicks saw two yellow-bibbed doves we didn't shoot any. Hicks also shot two graybirds.

The third day's experience netted the same result. Practically nothing on top and plenty of birds along the river. This bears out my contention that the birds on this island in all species can be found on the water levels. The ridge we were on must be nine hundred feet high and like all the others I have been on so far is densely wooded. This time a number of minors were the only birds to be found.

During our stay in a constant deluge the rain came over the mountains and handicapped our work tremendously. We spent nearly half of our time squatting under hastily made leaf shelters. It rained every day and during the night. Beginning regularly at ten o'clock in the morning it continued falling intermittentlyuntil sunset. Twice it rained buckets and mops in the middle of the night and on the last day it rained all day.

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Beck had shot a barn owl, first one in the Solomons. Black fantails, brown fantails, thickheads, graybirds, and blackheads, to say nothing of swifts, parrots, etc., had been found in more than satisfactory numbers.

On Sunday an expedition of pillage and photography including Dr. Drowne, Hamlin, the captain, and myself, set out for the skull tombs north of the plantation. After taking some photographs of the skulls we tried to study their exact arrangement. It apparently is correct to say that the skulls were all originally tied together with vines in bunches of twos and threes, and grouped behind each other in rows completely filling up the clefts of the tomb. The clefts are from three to four feet deep, eighteen inches high, and are hewn from four to four and a half feet from the shelf on which one must stand to come close to them.

There were evidently from three to three hundred and fifty skulls entombed in the fourteen or so clefts which are cut in the side of the stone facings. Very few were elaborately decorated, one having a stone face hewn above its centre and another having a raised stone flourish, similar to a flowing bracket cut around it. One or two of the skulls had high Caucasian foreheads and Dr. Drowne concurred with me that one of these was unmistakably that of a white man.

Some of the skulls in the third and most inaccessible group of tombs visited were in a very good state of repair, and many had rings pasted into the eye sockets with a sort of hard vegetable glue. We stole twelve

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of the best specimens, and placing them in a laundry bag after neatly rearranging the clefts from which we had taken them, we returned with great stealth and secrecy to the ship.

On Monday Mr. Beck and I went up the small river in the dinghy, Hamlin's leg which became infected last week not permitting him to do any work. The birds were very thick on both sides of us in the high trees. We could hear the yellow-bibbed dove at one time, but couldn't locate him. We saw and shot a small heron, yellow honeysuckers, red-throated honeysuckers, white-eyes, blackheads, starlings, a long-tailed swift, long-tailed doves, brown fantails, a common dove, common swifts, and wagtails. It was a fine day and the birds were remarkably grouped along the river bank. The singing in the trees sounded like the bird house in the zoo. It was evident that birds from all altitudes were present and that it would be a matter of good luck or bad luck as to what we would take in.

The interesting event of the morning was Mr. Beck's shooting of a perfectly black thickhead, not a spot of yellow appearing on him anywhere. This makes the fifth type of plumage shown by that bird since we have been on the island. At noon we bade farewell to Mrs. MacEachrean, who has been a regular guardian angel to us and loaded us with fruits, milk, eggs, and bounties of every description, and headed for Mundi Mundi.

Tuesday, November 15th to Thursday, November 17th.

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(Mundi Mundi). Mundi Mundi is about fourteen miles from Nyanga sailing north along the coast. It is the location of a large cocoanut plantation owned by the Amalgated Plantation Owners, Ltd., and operated by a gentleman named McPherson. The plantation is one of the neatest and most orderly I have seen yet in the Solomons. It is situated at the mouth of a river which drains the entire highland to the east.

We anchored in the middle of the afternoon and while Mr. Beck and Mrs. Beck went ashore to pay their personal respects to the owners' agent I took the dinghy and voyaged up the river in search of a bath. I found it. Then another tropical day sank down upon its own little forehead, dying as they all seem to, before it had been born, and what is more important to this story, before any of us had fired a shot or killed a bird.

Rain falls at Mundi Mundi in the middle of the morning. I didn't know this, but I found it out in such a way as never to forget. Going ashore at seven I took the bush trail that leaves the plantation and crosses the river about a mile and a half inland. When I came to the river it looked so low and harmless that I decided to go up it counting on the small strands and flat stones to support me. It was impossible to follow its course through the bush on account of the heavy growth. I kept travelling until noon time when I imagine I had gotten five miles from the crossing

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mentioned. While I was eating lunch on a comfortable log a thunderstorm zoomed up suddenly from the other side of the mountains, and before two hours had elapsed had swollen the river from a pleasant little stream to a cannonading torrent. My means of retreat had ceased. There was only one way to get back to the plantation, however, and that was by the way I had come- the river. It would have been impossible to have blazed a trail through the bush and have gotten anywhere before darkness. So down the river I came- Solomon Island Rapid Transit fashion. It was a quick way but not a comfortable one- in the middle of the stream, gun, hunting coat, cartridges, shells, birds, knife, drinking cup, and me, crashing from tree to tree, from boulder to boulder, sometimes in deep water, sometimes in shallow, and many times over rapids, whirlpools, water spouts, local atmospheric depressions, and local geologic depressions, cyclones, monsoons, typhoons, high banks and low banks, sandy beaches, and mud bottoms, until- until we saw a familiar vine twisted at one end where we had been this very same day. It was where the trail crossed the river for home. Then we emerged from the water, all of us.

I shall never forget the one vivid impression I carried with me all the way down- the one vivid impression we carried with us. It was this, exactly how we should relate this, tree by tree, twig by twig, in the first drawing room we should find it fortuitous.

The birds at Mundi Mundi seem to be the thickest

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in that part of the bush through which the trail passes before it reaches the river. It was in here that the only exciting ornithological event of our stay took place. Dr. Drowne shot one beautiful specimen of the very rare white-throated ground pigeon. This fortunate occurrence came on the second day. He was looking for a small bird that he had heard calling in one of the small trees when this pigeon flew into a tree, being silhouetted against the sun. At the time he had no idea that it was the bird that it was. He shot at it with the aux., making a freak shot at a distance technically out of range for this chamber, but consequently obtaining an almost perfect plumage in the specimen. The throat of this pigeon is extremely white, the appearance of the breast being roughly as though a snow shoe covered with snow had been placed on it facing downwards. Bronish purple feathers extend in a collar around the neck, fading gradually into the mud brown feathers of the body at about the centre of the folded wing. The feet were banana red brown, bill black, iris dark brown, a needle of white feathers pierce the eyes parallel to the bill, and the specimen was an adult male.

As usual all the possible birds were at water level at Mundi Mundi, as they have been at all the other spots on this island. Another try for specimens of the white-throated ground pigeon were unsuccessful, our third day here being one of an exceedingly severe

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rain. Early on Thursday morning we weighed anchor and set out for Choiseul on the port tack, with a light favorable wind coming in from the northwest. This was our last crack at Vella- and as I watched the rain and mists gathering over her mountains from a distance later in the day I was not sorry, for I was thinking of that river- may it roar and swell.

Thursday, November 17th to Thanksgiving Day. At sea to Moli Island, Choiseul. We spent all of Thursday and most of Friday at sea, not arriving at Moli Island, Choiseul until three o'clock Friday afternoon. These intervals are invaluable as a means of catching up on everything, writing notes, cleaning and drying gear, and refreshing the adventure generally. These two days were clear and fine. Part of the time a light NW breeze favored us and pushed along at a three or four knot gait. Most of the time, however, we chewed along with the engine's reliable five knots over a sea as calm as a cup of tea. On our port side the Shortland Group showed up clear, bearing to our north and behind them far in the distance rose the peaks of Bougainville.

Back on Vella Lavella the afternoon rain clouds were visible in the distance, and it was a pleasure to think of making our escape from them by a deft gesture of navigation.

The northern portion of Choiseul is not high land. The island itself is just under a hundred miles long,

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The northern portion of Choiseul is not high land. The island itself is just under a hundred miles long.

and although one peak is charted at 2000 feet, it lies, as do all the other more elevated territories, in the southern part.

We made entrance to Moli and circled the outer reef into the shelter of the island, anchoring just east of the NW promontory. The anchorage is a good one and is sheltered from the long ground swell, which hammers the beach of the native village a mile to the NE.

In a general consideration of the anchorage after a week's work it is worthy of the highest praise. There are good trails going into the bush in many directions from behind the village, and one long trail leads from the village all the way to Tamba Tamba. The plantation, belonging to the Choiseul Bay Company, located on Moli Island, is in a bad state of repair, and is operated by a boss Malaita boy. He is a lazy fellow and the men under him do practically nothing. But the natives of the village are very helpful. There are no more than forty souls among them, nor are they living on a very high grade of civilization, even for natives. But they are growing the native fruits and vagetables, and besides having gardens of a couple of acres in clearing, they practice the use of the bow and arrow with considerable skill, on one occasion I know of bringing down a cockatoo and a red parrot. The village is missionized, and we saw several nygnali nut puddings hanging up in their leaf bindings, the Christmas offering to the mission teacher.

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The bush behind the village is filled with birds. One trail, the Tamba Tamba trail, ascends the highest ridge nearest the village and remains on top or in the neighborhood of the highest territory for a good many miles. It crosses a small and cleanly flowing mountain brook, descends into a canyon, and comes to a second and larger river, thus passing through several different types of terrain. In the lowlands bordering the village we found midgets, white-eyes, kingfishers, and heron; slightly higher in the bush proper are thickheads, bald flycatchers, black fantails, and blackheads. The thickheads are extremely common everywhere. Black fantails are less so, while the brown fantails and blackheads are comparatively rare.

As the trail goes higher it comes in to the area of the crows, hornbills, rusty wing blackbirds, graybirds, pigmy parrots, pigeons, and dove. The small inky blue honeysucker, and a bittern were also seen in this territory, but it would be hard to say whether they were only to be found here or not. We only could get one of these kingfishers here, while none of the three bitterns seen were taken.

The search for the ground pigeon that Meeks reported came to no result. The white-tailed ground pigeon was taken, as were the two common doves (red-capped and red-breasted) and the common ground dove. But with the exception of these, the dove family were hard to locate, and it was on only one day that any of us even heard them call.

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The hornbills are common, minors are common, crows moderately common, graybirds moderately common, and bald flycatchers likewise. The long tail is absent altogether, the cockatoo is present and common, as are the red cocoanut parrot, the paraqueet, and the large green parrot.

Beside the trails leading into the bush there is a river emptying into the bay about a half mile from the village, which has possibilities for collecting although it is infested with mosquitoes. After a few trips up it we decided to abandon it as a means of working the back country, but it might be of great help in seasons when the mosquitoes are less vicious, if such a season exists. There are good places for crows up the river, and good places for shooting them. Here, I think, is the best place for the small inky blue kingfisher, for although the only place we took one was high in the bush, I am practically sure I saw a pair in the distance on the river at sunset.

I was much taken by a native called Woolsey here in Moli. He proved to be a good friend and a helpful companion in the bush. He brought me a bow and arrow, helped me catch a large iguana that I wounded but couldn't kill with my gun, and generally aided and abetted the powers of the expedition.

This iguana measured four feet exactly from the tip of the head to the tip of the tail. He was quite ugly and vicious when wounded, and was first

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I was much taken by a native called Tolsey here in Moli. He proved to be a good friend and a helpful companion in the bush. He brought me a bow and arrow, helped me catch a large lizard that I wounded but couldn't kill with my gun, and generally aided and abetted the powers of the expedition.

This lizard measured four feet exactly from the tip of the head to the tip of the tail. He was quite wild and vicious.

sighted feeding on the end of a branch of a small tree.

We celebrated Thanksgiving Day by not going ashore and by eating a fine dinner, all the result of the ingenious planning and cooking of Mrs. Beck. She had Teora roast the bodies of the hornbills after soaking them all night in salted water. They were delicious. In addition to them we had a nygnali nut cake with icing on it, canned asparagus, canned strawberries, pumpkin pie, and a hot pie made out of some stuff that Teora got a hold of going through Moli. It was a veritable feast. The only trouble with it was that it was too hot to eat half the material we had, and we interpolated the process of eating with dashes up on deck for air. It was a fine day, about a hundred and one in the shade, and no rain falling.

Early Friday morning we weighed anchor and after three hours or so entered Choiseul Bay and anchored off the plantation operated by a gentleman called Everett. Day was hot, and no rain fell.

Friday, November 25th to Tuesday, November 29th. Choiseul Bay. In our stay at Choiseul Bay Mr. Everett, the manager of the place, extended every possible kindness to us. He is a tall, lanky, lazy, New Zealander and feels his isolation very deeply. He is the only white man in forty miles of Choiseul Bay in all directions. He took every opportunity he had to be aboard the France, coming in during

slighted feeling on the part of a person of a small
type.

We celebrated Thanksgiving Day by not going
ashore and by eating a fine dinner, all the result
of the ingenious planning and cooking of Mrs. Peck.
She had Tests roast the bodies of the porpoiles
after washing them all night in salted water. They
were delicious. In addition to this we had a pumpkin
but none with the icing on it, canned asparagus, canned
strawberries, pumpkin pie, and a hot pie made out
of some stuff that Tests got a hold of going through
Hell. It was a veritable feast. The only trouble
with it was that it was too hot to eat half the
material we had, and we interpolated the process of
eating with dashes up on deck for air. It was a
fine day, about a hundred and one in the shade, and
no rain falling.

Early Friday morning we weighed anchor and after
three hours or so entered Chatham Bay and anchored
off the plantation operated by a gentleman named
Everett. Bay was hot, and no rain fell.

Friday, November 26th to Tuesday, November 30th.
Chatham Bay. In our stay at Chatham Bay in
Everett, the manager of the place, extended every
possible kindness to us. He is a tall, lanky, lazy,
Ben Hamlinlike man that is a tantalizer very deeply.
He is the only white man in forty miles of Chatham
Bay in all directions. He took every opportunity
he had to be accurate the Tests, making in every

the evenings, afternoons and odd moments. All of us at different times had tea ashore with him and once, on Sunday, he dined on board with us. It was amusing to watch him gobble up the old magazines we had on board, turning over each page as though his own picture was inscribed on them. He also was happy to get all the ancient and tattered novels, leaflets, newspapers, and text books that we had no further use for.

In return for this he loaded water from his tanks to our own, sent fresh milk out to us every day, and at the end of our stay presented us with a bushel of fresh limes and a basket full of five fingers.

Choiseul Bay is a sort of a lagoon lying between Choiseul proper on the east and a string of low lying islands on the west. It is, in general, about two miles wide in the widest portions, and well protected from the sea except at very high tide when the ground swell is setting in from the southward. The plantation of which Mr. Everett is manager (owned by the Choiseul Bay Co.) extends over a wide area, including all the small islands directly across the bay, a region running deep into the bush to the eastward, and one or two spots planted along the main shore extending for a distance of three miles along the shore on both sides of the plantation buildings. It was originally laid out and planted by the famous "Squeaker Hamilton", and has had quite a history.

the evenings, afternoons and odd moments. All of us at different times had tea and/or with him and once, on Sunday, he dined as guest with us. It was amusing to watch him gobble up the old magazines we had on board, turning over each page as though his own picture was inscribed on them. He also was happy to get all the modiant and tattered novels, leaflets, newspapers, and text books that we had no further use for.

In return for this he loaded water from his tanks to our own, sent fresh milk out to us every day, and at the end of our stay presented us with a bushel of fresh limes and a basket full of fine tobacco.

Choiseul Bay is a sort of a lagoon lying between Choiseul proper on the east and a string of low lying islands on the west. It is, in general, about two miles wide in the widest portions, and well protected from the sea except at very high tide when the round swell is setting in from the southward. The plantation of which Mr. Everett is manager (owned by the Choiseul Bay Co.) extends over a wide area, including all the small islands directly across the bay, a region running deep into the bush to the eastward, and one or two spots planted along the main shore extending for a distance of three miles along the shore on both sides of the plantation buildings. It was originally laid out and planted by the famous "Queenfer Hamilton", and has had quite a history.

There is a fine house and outbuildings fast going to ruin on the promontory of the first island passed as one enters the bay. This home has harbored such people as the "Squeaker" himself, and other people prominent in Solomon Island legend. A Chinaman called "Wong" also had a residence there before he was driven out by popular demand, it being discovered, according to Mr. Everett, that he was a spy of the "Squeaker", and made it his habit at "Squeaker's" request to watch the wharves of all the surrounding stations in the bay with a pair of binoculars at six in the morning, and make a note of the time at which each of the young overseers set out about their business. Mr. Everett also told of a new gentleman who took a job as overseer and had a negro trained to dress up in white clothes and a pith helmet, and at six o'clock in the morning set out with much gusto a gesture from the wharf with the boat's crew. The all-seeing "Wong" would see this figure and put the overseer down for an early start.

All these things took place when the plantation was in a heyday, long since superseded. At present it is pretty well run down. Tate, of the "Awa" spent six months in the house that Everett is at present living in. This was in the time that Bull, the man that once never said a word to his plantation chum for two months and five days, was in charge of the plantation. The directors of the company have taken to quarreling amongst themselves, the cocoanuts

There is a fine dense and enthusiastic feat going to run on the promontory of the first island passed as one enters the bay. This zone has harbored such people as the "Squeezer" himself, and other people prominent in Solomon Island legend. A Chinaman called "Wong" also had a residence there before he was driven out by popular demand, it being discovered, according to Mr. Everett, that he was a spy of the "Squeezer", and made it his habit at "Squeezer's" request to watch the whereabouts of all the surrounding stations in the bay with a pair of binoculars at six in the morning, and make a note of the time at which each of the young overseers set out about their business. Mr. Everett also told of a new gentleman who took a job as overseer and had a negro trained to dress up in white gloves and a pith helmet, and at six o'clock in the morning set out with much ruffle a gesture from the wharf with the boat's crew. The all-seeing "Wong" would see this figure and put the overseer down for an early start.

All these things took place when the plantation was in a heyday, long since suppressed. It present it is pretty well run down. Tate, of the "Ewa" spent six months in the house that Everett is at present living in. This was in the time that Bill, the man that once never said a word to his plantation down for two months and five days, was in charge of the plantation. The directors of the company have taken to quarrelling amongst themselves, the consequent

have ceased to fall abundantly, and the recruiting in Malaita being what it is, it is hard to work the parts that are bearing. In addition, Everett assures you there is a curse hanging over the place, anyway, and if the cocoanuts were plentiful and beautiful, by the time they reached London or Sydney they would be found to have poison in them as soon as they were opened.

There are two approaches to the bush in Choiseul Bay. They are both small rivers. One river extends east from a point half a mile north of the plantation, while a still larger river empties in a mangrove encircled bay a mile and a half on the southern side. The first river mentioned is not navigable as far as the second, and proved to be a poor place for birds on account of the great height of the trees which stand upon its banks. It is possible, however, with some difficulty, to succeed in getting into the bush with the use of a dinghy and considerable shoving. The second river, being wider, and being commanded by trees which remain at lesser heights, is a better one for working. This river winds slowly down from a steep waterfall some three miles from the mouth and is of easy nautical access all the way.

The bush in this section of Choiseul is, however, extraordinarily disappointing. Our stop in Choiseul Bay was presumably for another try at Meek's crested pigeon. After going up both rivers, one or more of us several times, we all had the same story to report,

[illegible] ocean to fall abundantly, and the remaining [illegible] in Malaita being what it is, it is easy to note the parts that are heaving. In addition, everywhere around you there is a dense hanging over the place, strong, and if the constituents were planetial and beneficial, by the time they reached London or Quinoy they would be found to have poison in them as soon as they were opened.

There are two approaches to the bush in Suisesei Bay. They are both small rivers. One river extends east from a point half a mile north of the plantation, while a still larger river empties in a temperate semi-sial bay a mile and a half on the southern side. The first river mentioned is not navigable as far as the second, and proves to be a poor place for birds on account of the great height of the trees which stand upon its banks. It is possible, however, with some difficulty, to succeed in getting into the bush with the use of a dingy and considerable shoving. The second river, being wider, and being overshaded by trees which remain at lower heights, is a better one for working. This river winds slowly down from a steep waterfall some three miles from the bush and is of easy nautical access all the way.

The bush in this section of Suisesei is, however, extraordinarily impoverished. One day in Suisesei Bay was reasonably fair another try at Tawaki's produced pigeon. After going up both rivers, one or two of us on several times, we all had the same story to report.

no birds. There were, of course, the common birds that we have seen and expected everywhere, in small numbers all the way along the rivers in the tops of the trees, but as soon as the bush was arrived at and all of us expected to run into some of the bush birds that we had found at Moli, we were rewarded by a grave-like silence. This works out in accord with the theory that Dr. Drowne has expounded in relation to bird collecting in and near the area of plantations. It has always been his experience that the near presence of a thickly planted country is invariably accompanied by a scarcity of all birds except parrots, honeysuckers, white-eyes, and sea birds.

Our stay in Choiseul Bay from the collecting standpoint was a rank failure, and I certainly recomment all other collectors that might try it to give it a wide berth. In small numbers we added to our series of very common bush birds that we had already found at Moli, and that I have already described in the brief of the birds there. The only noteworthy event was the finding of the yellow-throated medium sized parrot, showing here a black bill, near the cocoanuts of that part of the plantation which lies up the river. The quest for the crested pigeon proved as fruitless here as it had at Moli, and none of the very small inky blue kingfishers were either seen or taken. A flock of curlews were seen in the trees (perching) in the trees at the mouth of the smaller river

ne side. There very, of course, was reason to that we have seen and expected everywhere, in small numbers all the way along the rivers in the tops of the trees, but as soon as the bush was arrived at and all of us expected to run into some of the bush birds that we had found at Moit, we were deserted by a grave-like silence. This works out in accord with the theory that Mr. Brown has propounded in relation to bird collecting in and near the area of plantations. It has always been his experience that the near presence of a thickly planted country is invariably accompanied by a scarcity of all birds except parrots, honeysuckers, white-eyes, and sea birds.

Our stay in Choiseul bay from the collecting standpoint was a complete failure, and I certainly recommend all other collectors that might try it to give it a wide berth. In small numbers we added to our series of very common bush birds that we had already found at Moit, and that I have already described in the brief of the birds there. The only noteworthy event was the finding of the yellow-throated medium sized parrot, showing merely a black bill, near the commencement of that part of the plantation which lies up the river. The quest for the crested pigeon proved as fruitless here as it had at Moit, and some of the very small lacy blue kingfishers were either seen or taken. A flock of sunbirds were seen in the trees (perhaps) in the trees at the mouth of the smaller river

and two large plover made frequent visits to the shore south of our anchorage.

I have used the "we" of this account indiscriminately in this chronicle as a composite of all our experience. Most of the time I was laid up with an infected knee and could not go ashore. So on this count I would advise consulting the journal of one of my compatriots for a better account of topography inland from the plantation.

On Tuesday early in the morning we shifted our anchorage to a point off the most westward of the small islands in the bay. We intended to wait for the tide to change so that we could tack out across the Bougainville Straits. Mr. Beck and Hamlin went ashore for three hours and broughtback a number of white-tailed ground pigeons, large white-headed kingfishers, and a heron.

At noon with a stiff breeze blowing out of SW we made sail close on the port tack and went spinning out into the Bougainville Straits on a course for the Shortlands. We got well across the Straits before sunset, but Mr. Beck decided not to make an anchorage until the morning. The wind held full in the SW all evening, dying down about midnight. With this fine wind and with fine weather above, this passage was one of the most beautiful interludes that has come our way on the France so far. The great mountains of Bougainville bore off high in the westward; eastward was the outline of Choiseul dim in the distance; and

and two large glaucous gulls flying to the shore south of our anchorage.

I have used the "we" of this account intentionally in this chronicle as a composite of all our experiences. Part of the time I was laid up with an infected knee and could not go ashore. So on this account I would advise consulting the journal of one of my companions for a better account of tropic-ghostly island from the plantation.

On Tuesday early in the morning we shifted our anchorage to a point off the east westward of the small islands in the bay. We intended to wait for the tide to change so that we could tack out across the Bougainville Strait. Mr. Beck and Hamlin went ashore for three hours and brought back a number of white-tailed ground pigeons, large white-headed kingfishers, and a heron.

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south, with the white waves skipping and dancing in white water under the wind was the open sea.

All night we cruised back and forth between Oema Island, Masamasa and Mavara, on the southern end of Fauro. In the morning in the face of two light squalls from the southward we made a port tack into North Bay on Fauro Island, and at noon anchored in the shelter of a small strait sheltered by Tauno on the aast, and the mainland on the west.

Wednesday, November 30th to Friday, December 2nd. Tauno, Fauro Islands. Fauro, collecting from the east, is not a very lucrative place for birds. Our anchorage was a beautiful one, directly between the northern tip of Tauno Island and the mainland. The tide runs very rapidly through here but the rollers exhaust themselves against the rocky neck of the mainland before they can enter the inlet, and the water is quiet at all times.

Five miles away through the inlet and across a large bay is the native village of Kariki, harboring a Methodist Mission station operated under the direction of the all powerful Mr. Goldie.

As my knee still kept me from going into the bush I rowed over with the captain who wanted to take soundings in the channel. We were given a fine welcome by the natives. Starling, an old man of the village who once had been employed by an American with whom he had gone to Sydney at one time, acted as our interlocutor. He gave us a history,

south, with the white waves dashing and foaming in white water under the wind near the open sea.

All night we cruised back and forth between Uema Island, Waemaea and Ifavara, on the southern end of Fauro. In the morning in the face of two light squalls from the southwest we made a port tack into North Bay on Fauro Island, and at noon anchored in the shelter of a small strait sheltered by Tanno on the east, and the mainland on the west.

Wednesday, November 30th to Friday, December 2nd. Tanno, Fauro Island. Fauro, collecting from the coast is not a very lucrative place for birds. Our anchorage was a beautiful one, directly between the northern tip of Tanno Island and the mainland. The tide runs very rapidly through here but the rollers exhaust themselves against the rocky rock of the mainland before they can enter the inlet, and the water is quiet at all times.

Five miles away through the inlet and across a large bay is the native village of Barik. Barbering a Methodist Mission station operated under the direction of the all powerful Rev. Goldie.

As my time still kept me from going into the bush I rowed over with the captain who wanted to take soundings in the channel. We were given a fine welcome by the native. Starting, an old man of the village who once had been employed by an American with whom he had gone to Sydney at one time, acted as our interpreter. He gave us a history

strangely confusing the story of his own life with the story of the village.

He recalled, he said, a man who had once come to the village many years ago looking for birds, insects, and reptiles. He, like us, had also been on the lookout for a crested pigeon (he drew an outline of the bird on the sand). Although he had been unable to find one he had succeeded very well in catching a number of birds(evidently ground doves) with lime. This man had remained in the region of Kariki over a month. The captain and I concluded that he must have been Meeks, Rothchilds' man.

The village is a well constructed one. As an anchorage it is protected from every quarter. There are no mosquitoes present, and the water sounded for twelve fathoms a hundred and fifty feet off shore. There is a handsome leaf and timber church, which took seven years to build, and a broad sand and coral road fringed with croton bushes runs through the village from it. The houses, which are the best I have yet seen here, are lined on either side of this road leading away from the church. Farther on it dwindles into a path ending up on the beach. Not so many years ago the American schooner Montauk, of New York, went ashore in the Manning Straits and much of the lumber which she carried drifted up to Kariki. Starling explained that this was the reason that the houses looked so well- for they are largely made of this timber.

strangely something the story of the man life with the story of the village.

He realized, he said, a man who had once come to the village many years ago looking for birds, insects, and reptiles. He, like us, had also been on the lookout for a crested pigeon (or from an outline of the bird on the sand). Although he had been unable to find one he had succeeded very well in catching a number of Pitcairnsvillagers around dawn with lime. This man had remained in the region of Earth over a month. The captain and I concluded that he must have been Devils, Rabbidies' son.

The village is a well constructed one. As an encouragement it is protected from every quarter. There are no mosquitoes present, and the water squirted for twelve fathoms a hundred and fifty feet off shore. There is a luscious leaf and timber church, which took seven years to build, and a broad sand and gravel road fringed with orotoe banana runs through the village from it. The houses, which are the best I have yet seen here, are lined on either side of this road leading away from the church. Further on it swindles into a path winding up on the hills. For so many years ago the American schooner Fairhawk, of New York, went ashore in the haunting breakers and much of the lumber which she carried drifted on to Earth. Strictly speaking that this was the reason that the houses looked so well- for they are largely made of this timber.

An intelligent boy named Simioni accompanied the captain and myself on a walk along the beach. It was low tide and the beach, an even slope of white coral sand, was at least thirty feet wide in the narrowest place. It is the most superior swimming location within three thousand miles- a purpose to which it is, of course, never employed.

The village produces mummy apples, oranges, cocoanuts, pineapples, lemons, and tortoise shell. In smaller quantities yams, potatoes, and taro are grown.

The most characteristic things about Kariki, I should say, are the Bible names belonging to its leading citizens (Isaish, Moses, Samson, etc.) and its great number of dogs. These dogs of the small native cur variety fairly flood the village. Every ten minutes a fight springs up among them, and no matter where the rest of them are prowling, as soon as the first malicious yap sounds out, they hurry to join in with the original contestants. The village fast becomes a pandemonium, dogs tearing about the ground, biting each other and barking furiously, while the natives hurl sticks and stones in the centre of the disturbance and make a greater noise than the dogs themselves.

The purpose of having these dogs is for hunting pigs, Simioni assured me. But I am certain that this is false, that he was trying to conceal something from me. It is not possible that a pig would get

An intelligent boy named Dinlong accompanied the captain and myself on a walk along the beach. It was low tide and the beach, as even edges of white coral sand, was at least thirty feet wide in the narrowest place. It is the most superior recreation location within three thousand miles- a purpose to which it is, of course, never employed.

The village produces many apples, oranges, bananas, pineapples, lemons, and tortelas small. In smaller quantities yams, potatoes, and taro are grown.

The most characteristic things about Leilai, I should say, are the white horses belonging to the leading citizens (Lualai, Tuaea, Samson, etc.) and the great number of dogs. These dogs of the small native cur variety fairly flood the village. Every ten minutes a fight springs up among them, and no matter where the rest of them are prowling, as soon as the first malicious yap sounds out, they hurry to join in with the original sorbestants. The village fast becomes a pandemonium, dogs barking about the ground, biting each other and barking furiously, while the native boys stick and stones in the centre of the disturbance and make a greater noise than the dogs themselves.

The purpose of having these dogs is for hunting pigs, Dinlong assured me. But I am certain that he is false, that he was trying to conceal something from me. It is not conceivable that a pig would get

seventy miles to windward of such a collection of creatures as these.

The bush birds in this region are very scarce. On Tauno the common birds, hornbills, cockatoos, minors, large parrots, pigeons, etc., are present in abundance. But the only things of note that the island produced was a rare night hawk, a white-breasted hawk (similar to the one Hamlin shot on Florida) and a few blackheads. There were plenty of green herons on Tauno, and I saw a pair of white herons, although no one, including myself, shot any of this species.

The bush on the mainland was as barren of valuable birds as the bush near Choiseul Bay. A brace of graybirds, some blackheads, and a dozen or so bald flycatchers was the best that it could show. There is a trail to the top of the hill nearest the anchorage but only one dove, and that a common red-breasted one, was found either at the top or at the bottom.

There are evidently no white-eyes, no long-tails, and no thickheads on Fauro. But what the island possesses we hope to make certain when we find a spot richer in birds than the Kariki district. With this in mind we weighed anchor at ten o'clock Friday morning at the turn of the tide, and set out for Sinasora on the other side of the Eastern Cape. It is appropriate to mention that the crew of the France have gotten into a fit of making ship models. We

operating cities to windward of such a collection of structures as these.

The bush birds in this region are very numerous. On Tanno the common birds, Dermbilin, coachtoes, minors, large parrots, pigeons, etc., are present in abundance. But the only things of note that the island produced was a rare night hawk, a white-breasted hawk (similar to the one Smith shot on Florida) and a few blackbeards. There were plenty of green herons on Tanno, and I saw a pair of white herons, although no one, including myself, shot any of this species.

The bush on the mainland was as barren of valuable birds as the bush near Cocksuni Bay. A brace of graybirds, some blackbeards, and a heron or so built Dynastobora was the best that it could show. There is a trail to the top of the hill northwest the anchorage but only one dove, and that a common red-breasted one, was found either at the top or at the bottom.

There are evidently no white-eyes, no long-tails, and no thickheads on Tanno. But when the island possesses we hope to make certain when we find a spot richer in birds than the Tanni discovery. With this in mind we weighed anchor at ten o'clock Friday morning as the rain of the night. And sat for Ginnore on the other side of the Eastern Cape. It is appropriate to mention that the crew of the Tanni have gotten into a fit of calling ugly names. We

reached out of the harbor with a fleet of small craft a mile long strung out behind us on the end of lines.

Friday, December 2nd to Monday December 5th. Kalia, Fauro Islands. Mr. Pennock, estate manager of Kalia, came on board and welcomed us to his place. He is a gaunt, dark featured man, a cinema prototype of a South Sea Island plantation manager. He has amassed an extraordinary amount of incorrect information on every subject under the sun, and, indeed has at one time or another been to every part of the earth that the sun shines upon. He fought in the Boer War, drove teams for the Grand Trunk R. R. in Canada, sailed as mate on a Seattle three master, and owned a peach ranch in Manitoba. In regard to the latter he expressed himself with considerable humor. "I owned a peach ranch in Manitoba", he said. "I own it still. A fellow came to me and said he had a peach ranch in Manitoba. Said he wanted to sell it cheap and quick. I bought it from him without even looking at it. When I saw it I found that the worms had gotten into the trees. I watched the peaches fall to the ground, rotten before they were half ripe. A rancher nearby had a look at the place. He said the only cure for the trees was to chop them up and burn them. I'd have sooner chopped cordwood. Get money for chopping cordwood."

During our stay at Kalia he was, as all these people are, very kind to us. On Sunday he had all

rounded out of the barrel with a fleet of small craft a mile long strung out behind me on the end of lines.

Friday, December 2nd to Monday December 5th. Kalia, Fanto Islands. Mr. Fenwick, estate manager of Kalia, came on board and welcomed me to his island. He is a quiet, dark featured man, a almost prototype of a South Sea Island plantation manager. He has amassed an extraordinary amount of important information on every subject under the sun, and. indeed has at one time or another been to every part of the earth that the sun shines upon. He fought in the Boer War, drove teams for the Grand Trunk R. R. in Canada, sailed as mate on a sailing three master, and owned a peach ranch in Manitoba. In regard to the latter he expressed himself with considerable humor. "I owned a peach ranch in Manitoba", he said. "I own it still. A fellow came to me and said he had a peach ranch in Manitoba. Said he wanted to sell it cheap and quick. I bought it from him without even looking at it. Then I saw it I found that the worms had gotten into the trees. I watched the peaches fall to the ground, rotten before they were half ripe. A farmer nearby had a look at the land. He said the only use for the trees was to chop them up and burn them. I'd have rather cut down cordwood. Got money for chopping cordwood."

During our stay at Kalia he was, as all these people are, very kind to us. On Sunday he had all

of us ashore for lunch, a mighty repast for which he had had prepared an egg plant soup of most notable flavor.

He has a fine big house, roomy and cool. We made ourselves at home in the fly proof room, writing letters, notes, and generally freshening up from our confinement on the fly-beridden France.

Mr. Pennock has 33 Malaita boys for his plantation labor, and the copra is planted over the nose and along the ridge of the harbor, the broken lip of an ancient volcano. He also has four Fauro boys on his place as carpenters and boat's crew.

The birds at Kalia are mostly located in the bush of the plantation side of the harbor. In the flat land adjoining the cocoanut trees on the ocean side the birds collect in considerable quantities in the morning and evening. On the opposite side of the harbor in the high land they seem to be comparatively scarce at all times. There are a number of herons at the mouth of the river on the western side of the harbor. But outside of these, it is surprising how scarce all other species are along the river course.

We found no yellow-bibbed doves. We got, at Kalia for the first time as well as for the first and last on Fauro, the light purple-backed kingfisher. We collected black-headed flycatchers, bald flycatchers, red and yellow-throated honeysuckers, blackheads, midgits, graybirds, and brown fantails. There are definitely no long-tails, white-eyes, black fantails,

of an amore for lizzie, a slightly repast for which he had had prepared an egg plant soup of most notable flavor.

He has a fine big house, roomy and cool. He confiscates at home in the fly proof room, writing letters, notes, and generally transporting up from our consignment on the fly-bedridden Tenue.

Mr. Fonnock has 35 Malaita boys for his plantation labor, and the supra is planted over the nose and along the ridge of the harbor, the broken lip of an ancient volcano. He also has four Nauru boys on his place as carpenters and boat's crew.

The birds at Malia are mostly located in the town of the plantation side of the harbor. In the flat land adjoining the coconut trees on the ocean side the birds collect in considerable quantities in the morning and evening. On the opposite side of the harbor in the high land they seem to be comparatively scarce at all times. There are a number of herons at the mouth of the river on the western side of the harbor. But outside of these, it is surprising how scarce all other species are along the river course.

We found no yellow-billed terns. We got, at Malia for the first time as well as for the first and last on Pavuro, the light purple-backed kingfisher. We collected black-headed flycatchers, bald flycatchers red and yellow-throated honeyeaters, blackbeats, midgits, graybirds, and brown fantails. There are definitely no long-tails, white-eyes, black fantails,

thickheads, or little kingfishers on Fauro. The only doves seen or taken were the red-capped common dove and the brown ground dove. Reports from the natives of a long-tailed red-headed pigeon went unverified. Minors, starlings, shrikes, cockatoos, and parrots were present as in the Kariki district.

Monday, December 5th to Wednesday, December 7th. Mono, or Treasury Island. Early Monday morning we weighed anchor from Kalia and with a fine fair breeze over the port quarter set sail for Treasury Island. After an all day's trip we anchored off the part of the only village of that island known as Geesu, the other two sections, bearing somewhat further on along the shore, being known as Nazareth and Canaan respectively.

Late as it was there was light from an almost full moon and the natives came out to greet us immediately. The canoes in this part of the Solomons are all outrigger canoes, that is, canoes built of the same school of naval design as the other canoes of the Group, but having the addition of a wooden pontoon which is held out abeam of the main body, is fastened with short poles, and bound with considerable skill with the native rope. These canoes can be propelled with incredible speed and some of the large ones, supporting as many as thirty men, present an impressive spectable when these same are working well together.

The population of Treasury Island boasts of only

Sunderland, or Little Influence on Pauro. The only lovely man or Talon was the red-capped person Eve and the brown crowd drew. Deporte from the native of a long-tailed red-masked pigeon most unrelated. Ulcers, starlings, sunlamp, constrom, and carrots were present as in the Kerlki district.

Monday, December 6th to Saturday, December 7th. Mono, or Treasury Island. Early Monday morning we weighed anchor from Kelia and with a fine fair breeze over the port quarter set sail for Treasury Island. After an all day's trip we anchored off the part of the only village of that island known as Gaman, the other two sections, bearing somewhat further on along the shore, being known as Tasarete and Gamman respectively.

Late as it was there was light from an almost full moon and the natives came out to greet us immediately. The canoes in this part of the Solomons are all outrigger canoes, that is, canoes built of the same school of naval design as the other canoes of the group, but having the addition of a wooden pontoon which is held out alongside of the main body, is fastened with short poles, and fitted with sunshades made with the native type. These canoes can be propelled with incredible speed and some of the large ones, supporting as many as twenty men, present an impressive spectacle when these come out racing well together.

The population of Treasury Island consists of only

one light skinned individual, a Chinaman. This Chinaman is aided and abetted in elevating the estate of the negro population by a Fiji mission teacher. The first presented us with a pig before we left, and the second occupied himself as the interpreter and trade commissioner, arguing and translating to the natives the amount of calico and tobacco that was being offered to them for the possums, pineapples, yams, oranges, taro, poi, bananas, and snakes that they brought aboard.

The natives of this island are all commanded by one chief and it was for him that they gave a dance the second day of our visit. It appears that his canoe had upset and he had lost all his belongings (a pipe) overboard.

In order to console him his subjects took it upon themselves to distract his mind by a dance. For this purpose all the men and women of the village were busy collecting fruit, nuts, vegetables, and other indigenous delicacies from the bush. By four o'clock in the afternoon twenty or thirty large packages of leaf wrapped banquet material were placed in neat rows on top of a large wooden altar. This structure which was about ten feet high had a ladder mounting up to it, and against it there was a bamboo pole erected, supporting in its turn an iron taro pot.

As I came into the village from a day's hunting in the bush I could see the maris gathered in the centre of the village. They had their hair painted

one light skinned individual, a Gilbertese. This Gilbertese is aided and abetted in enslaving the natives of the negro population by a Fiji mission teacher. The first presented me with a pig before we left, and the second occupied himself as the interpreter and trade commissioner, arguing and translating to the native the amount of copra and tobacco that was being offered in them for the possession pineapples, yams, oranges, taro, pot, bananas, and anchors that they brought aboard.

The natives of this island are all commanded by one chief and it was for him that they gave a dance the second day of our visit. It appears that his house had burnt and he had lost all his belongings (a pipe) overboard.

In order to console him his subjects took it upon themselves to distract his mind by a dance. For this purpose all the men and women of the village were busy collecting fruit, nuts, vegetables, and other indigenous delicacies from the bush. By four o'clock in the afternoon twenty or thirty large packages of leaf wrapped banana material were placed in neat rows on top of a large wooden altar. This structure which was about ten feet high had a ladder mounting up to it, and against it there was a bamboo pole erected, supporting in its turn an iron tent.

As I came into the village from a day's hunting in the bush I could see the people gathered in the centre of the village. They had their hair painting

half brown, flowers and blossoms hung about their throats and bodies, and their lava lavas were decorated with a sort of trailing vine. They arranged themselves in a circle around a drum pit dug in the ground and at a given signal from the dance leader, (a mari, or woman), commenced to sing and dance.

Neither the music or the form of the dance struck me as being anything in particular in the way of melody or aesthetics. The first sounded as though it was close to the Greek diatonic scale, with not sufficient variation to engage one accustomed to a musical range of greater proportions. If there was melody present I could not uncover it, and the memory of the music will always be associated in my mind as rhythm, a sort of a summum bonum of rhythm, as rhythm unadulterated.

The dance was what I had always imagined a Solomon Island dance to be. It is just a little bit worse than the Hawaiian hula- an insane, wild, immoderate, unspeakably disenchanting affair. All of us went back to the ship before the entire assemblage fell to feasting. From the appearance of the village the following morning, fragments of food, fruit, etc., thrown about, and the natives all sound asleep long after sunrise, this part of the performance must have been pretty venerable.

On the whole the Treasury Islander appears to be a superior native to most of those in the Solomons.

salt brown. Flowers and blossoms hung about their throats and bodies, and their love lares were decorated with a sort of trailing vine. They arranged themselves in a circle around a deep pit dug in the ground and at a given signal from the dance leader, (a man), or woman, commenced to sing and dance.

Neither the music or the form of the dance struck me as being anything in particular in the way of melody or aesthetics. The first sounded as though it was close to the Greek diatonic scale, with not sufficient variation to engage one accustomed to a musical range of greater proportions. If there was melody present I could not uncover it, and the memory of the music will always be associated in my mind as rhythm, a sort of a sonous bonus of rhythm, as rhythm unadulterated.

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On the whole the Treasury Islander appears to be a superior native to most of those in the Solomons.

There were many finely built houses, well laid out gardens, with taro and cocoanuts very much in evidence, and patches of ground where European vegetables were growing. The tools such as knives, axes, and hammers, which could be observed in the native houses, were obviously purchased at the Chinaman's store. But there were pestles and mortars, water pots of pottery, adses, bows and arrows, fish hooks, and spears of excellent manufacture. I was fortunate in getting possession of one of the hand carved and painted dancing sticks which is used by the leader of the dance.

Our relations with them showed them to be of a more happy disposition than others in the Group, more inclined to laugh at a joke, more inclined to make a joke out of what the others would be inclined to make a serious affair. Our visit there was in the middle of the bad season. That is, it is the most unhealthy time of the year, the hottest, the dryest, and the time that the native diggers are the busiest in the cemetery. The chief explained this to Dr. Drowne, saying that it was generally believed that if one escaped this season he could look forward to another year of life. As this is only another testimony of the natural cheerfulness of the natives of this island who showed no signs of being especially worried about anything, I again feel sure they are rather notably a better class than most of the others I have seen. It is, however,

There were many Ainoly built houses, well laid out gardens, with here and occasionally very much in evidence, and patches of ground where European vegetables were growing. The tools used as shown, axes, and hammers, which would be observed in the native houses, were obviously overlooked at the Chief-man's store. But there were pestles and mortars, water pots of pottery, adzes, bows and arrows, fish hooks, and spears of excellent manufacture. I was fortunate in getting possession of one of the hand carved and painted dancing sticks which is used by the leader of the dance.

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probably a most ridiculous conclusion.

The story of the birds on Mono is rather sad. In our entire stay with all four of us working all the time, only two species of small birds were collected, the black fantail and the yellow honey-sucker. It is a large bird island. The minors, pigeons, parrots, hawks, blackbirds, and cockatoos have evidently left no room for anything else. One common brown dove, because of its local rarity, was the most interesting bird we found, aside from a single graybird shot by Dr. Drowne.

We covered all the ground in the neighborhood of the ship as well as the bush from the village to the height of 1100 feet, along the rim of the extinct volcano. But there was not a sound save for the occasional crash of a rotten tree.

The most attractive part of our visit to make up for our bad days of shooting was in exploring the rivers of Mono. The island has a geologic construction which is very complex. That is it changes ever so often from a hard igneous bed to a soft clay-like bed. The water drainage therefore passes through a varied declination, forming itself into odd waterfalls, half-hidden water pools, caves, and overhanging grottos. Following the course of one of the several rivers is an unending series of pleasant surprises, passing some particular spots where the association of foliage, mosses, caverns, and pools wind themselves into sorts of fairy bowers. Several places appeared to have been

probably a most delicious combination.

The story of the birds on Tonga is rather sad. In our entire stay with all four of us working all the time, only two species of small birds were collected, the black fantail and the yellow honey-sucker. It is a large bird island. The minors, pigeons, parrots, herons, bluebirds, and cockatoos have evidently left no room for anything else. One common brown dove, because of its local rarity, was the most interesting bird we found, aside from a single graybird shot by Mr. Greene.

We covered all the ground in the neighborhood of the ship as well as the road from the village to the height of 1100 feet, along the rim of the extinct volcano. But there was not a stand save for the occasional crash of a rotten tree.

The most attractive part of our visit to make up for our bad days of shooting was in exploring the rivers of Tonga. The island has a geologic construction which is very complex. That is it changes over so often from a hard igneous rock to a soft clay-like bed. The water drainage therefore passes through a varied declination, forming itself into odd waterfalls, half-hidden water pools, caves, and overhanging grottos. Following the course of one of the several rivers in an unending series of pleasant surprises, crashing some particular spots where the accumulation of foliage, moss, caverns, and pools wind themselves into sorts of fairy bowers. Several places appeared to have been

at one time underground stream beds, as I noticed old stalactites and stalagmites protruding at various places along banks.

On Wednesday night under a very light wind we set sail from Mono and on Thursday at noon arrived at Whitney Island, a hitherto unnamed islet lying to the north of Mono and to the west of Shortland Island.

Thursday, December 8th. Whitney Island. Result of a half day's collecting at Whitney Island, a small coral atoll at least ten miles from the nearest point of land, resulted in what appears to be a variation of thickheads, brown flycatchers, an osprey, cocoanut paraqueets, yellow honeysuckers, white-headed kingfishers, green herons megapodes, and wagtails. The birdlife for such a small island was remarkable. It is less than a half mile long. There is no human dwelling there.

Friday, December 9th. Momulufu. On Friday morning we made sail for Momulufu. This is another small islet lying nearer Shortland Island. Two day's collecting here managed to uncover some brown ground doves, black-headed flycatchers, brown fantails, and common land kingfishers in addition to the birds gotten at Whitney. The entire parrot family (common) is also present, as well as minors, pigeons, and hawks. This island is about a mile long, has no human habitation and is the home of a most unworthy itching plant, which got to all of us before we left. This

at one time underground stream beds, as I noticed old stalactites and stalagmites projecting at various places along banks.

On Wednesday night under a very light wind we set sail from Yono and on Thursday at noon arrived at Whitney Island, a hitherto unknown islet lying to the north of Yono and to the west of Shortland Island.

Thursday, December 8th. Whitney Island. Result of a half day's collecting at Whitney Island, a small coral atoll at least ten miles from the nearest point of land, resulted in what appears to be a variation of thickhead, brown flycatchers, an angry, cosmopolitan parrotbeak, yellow honeyeaters, white-headed kingfishers, green herons megapodes, and reptiles. The birdlife for such a small island was remarkable. It is less than a half mile long. There is no human dwelling there.

Friday, December 9th. Yomulum. On Friday morning we made sail for Yomulum. This is another small islet lying nearer Shortland Island. Two day's collecting here managed to uncover some brown ground dove, black-headed flycatchers, brown fantails, and common land kingfishers in addition to the birds gotten at Whitney. The entire parrot family (common) is also present, as well as minors, pigeons, and herons. This island is about a mile long, has no human habitation and is the home of a most noisyworthy fishing plant, which got to all of us before we left. This

itch soars out of the realms of science into the realms of philosophy and could only be described in a long poem such as the "Divine Comedy", so I will not take the matter up here.

Saturday, December 10th. Aikiki. On Saturday morning without shifting our anchorage we collected the island of Aikiki, only a stone's throw from Momulufu. There was nothing to differentiate it ornithologically from Momulufu, producing only more specimens of the same birds that we had gotten the day before. There was, however, a tremendous assemblage of pigeons. They seem to come over from Shortland Island in the early morning to feed, stay until about ten o'clock, and melt away two by two to the eastward again.

Sunday, December 11th to Saturday, December 17th. Faisi, Shortland Island. We weighed anchor from Aikiki after breakfast on Sunday and sailed through a rough sea down the northwest coast of Shortland Island, arriving at Faisi in the afternoon. Our friend Pennock, the planter of Kalia, was the first person in evidence, and he put off in his dinghy to tell us that the steamer was expected that afternoon.

Faisi is one of the more picturesque places in the Solomons. It is a perfect natural harbor, protected from all winds and weathers. It is the home of the Shortland Island Plantation, a huge tract of land owned and operated by the Burns Philp & Co. under a nom d'appel. The entire harbor is encircled

less more out of the realms of science into the realms of philosophy and could only be described in a long poem such as the "Divine Comedy", so I will not take the matter up here.

Saturday, December 10th. Nikiki. On Saturday morning without omitting our customary to collect the island of Nikiki, only a stone's throw from Nomuriki. There was nothing to differentiate it ornithologically from Nomuriki, producing only more specimens of the same birds that we had seen the day before. There was, however, a tremendous assemblage of pigeons. They seem to come over from Abgarland Island in the early morning to feed, stay until about ten o'clock, and then fly back to the mainland again.

Sunday, December 11th to Saturday, December 17th. Malai, Shortland Island. We weighed anchor from Nikiki after breakfast on Sunday and sailed through a rough sea down the northwest coast of Shortland Island, arriving at Malai in the afternoon. Our friend Tapuesh, the planter of Malai, was the first person in evidence, and he put off in his dinghy to tell us that the steamer was expected that afternoon.

Malai is one of the more picturesque places in the Solomons. It is a perfect natural harbor, protected from all winds and weathers. It is the home of the Shortland Island Plantation, a large trust of land owned and operated by the Burns Philp & Co.

by the bright green of cocoanut branches- an effect which, much as I am disenchanted with the sight of all cocoanuts, undoubtedly adds a softness and an atmosphere of refuge to the place.

Faisi is the furthest outstation of the British Solomons to the north and west. It is the last port of call for the steamer, the only other government depot in addition to Tulagi, and the port of clearance for the western Solomons. It is, similar to Tulagi, visited at far distant intervals by the Norwegian copra ships.

According to the always to be doubted advice of Pennock, the platitudinous planter, the Mataram hove up out of the horizon in the afternoon against the blue mists of Fauro. She docked at five, bringing with her mail and some old friends. There was the corpulent Captain Voy, the purser, Jordan, the "sparks", Long John, the bath steward's apprectice, Blueie, the bartender, and Hutchinson, the former third and present chief mate. It was nice to see familiar faces again and hear the latest gossip of the Malaita massacre. Things have quieted down evidently. The volunteers of the punitive expedition, who set out from Tulagi, have all returned, having done little more than enjoy a pleasant outing. The ringleader of the massacre, four native chiefs, and forty native prisoners were taken by native police boys with some help from the crew of the Adelaide. But the adventure

by the bright green of vegetation overhead- an effect which, when as I am disenchanted with the sight of all occasions, undoubtedly adds a softness and an atmosphere of romance to the place.

Malai is the furthest outstation of the British Solomons to the north and west. It is the last port of call for the steamer, the only other government depot in addition to Taloga, and the port of clearance for the western Solomons. It is, similar to Taloga, visited at far distant intervals by the Government cutter ships.

According to the always to be doubted styles of Fanoow, the plaistudinous planter, the traders have up out of the horizon in the afternoon against the blue plate of Pacific. She looked at Mae, bringing with her mail and some old friends. There was the corpulent Captain Voy, the purser, Jordan, the "superior" Long John, the bath steward's apprentice, Minnie, the barmaid, and Hutchinson, the former third and present chief mate. It was nice to see familiar faces again and hear the latest gossip of the Malaita massacre. Things have quieted down splendidly. The volunteers of the punitive expedition, who set out from Taloga, have all returned, having done little more than enjoy a pleasant outing. The ringleader of the massacre, four native chiefs, and forty native prisoners were taken by native police boys with some help from the crew of the Adelaide. But the aforesaid

proved effectively the superiority of the native police in concluding such matters. The white forces as well as the forces from the Adelaide were at all times unable to penetrate the bush. The native police not only penetrated the bush but actually sleuthed down a number of the murderers, captured them and brought them home. The white volunteers cooperated with the forces from the Adelaide in poisoning the native gardens, destroying the villages with mill bombs, and generally ravaging and pillaging everything they could lay their hands on.

Probability of a sympathetic uprising of the Malaita labor on the plantations of the Solomons is very slight. A few gestures have been made here and there, but the affair is regarded as closed.

Of all the people I have met so far in the Solomons the most pleasant are Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the District Officer of Faisi and his wife. They are a true blue English couple, gentle, cultured, and extremely well bred. In our official relations with him as well as in a more social evening's visit with him and his wife, he proved to be a memorable oasis in the desert of bad-mannered and mediocre people that is the curse of the Solomons. His father, grandfather, and great grandfather were all in the British Civil Service, and he is himself a mellowed in the wood, 180 proof product of the service he is pledged. His knowledge and interest in the members of the service at other places in the world is

proved effectively the superiority of the native police in conducting such matters. The white forces as well as the forces from the Adelaide were at all times unable to penetrate the bush. The native police not only penetrated the bush but actually nigh-hunted down a number of the murderers, captured them and brought them home. The white volunteers cooperated with the forces from the Adelaide in poisoning the native yarrams, destroying the villages with mill bombs, and generally raveging and pillaging everything they could lay their hands on.

Probability of a sympathetic appraising of the Maiala labor on the plantations of the Solomons is very slight. A few pictures have been made here and there, but the effort is regarded as almost.

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uncanny and reveals the quality of the peculiar bond that holds the men of all Britain's official affairs together.

Collecting around Faisi, although not highly successful as far as the number of birds is concerned, managed to establish pretty well what there is to be had on Shortland Island. Most of our hunting was done at the back of the plantation operated by Percival Bedford. There are no trails in the bush here to amount to anything, but there is enough variety in the terrain, growth, foliage, height of trees, etc., to attract most every kind of bird.

Shortland Island has crows, hornbills, minors, striped-bellied hawks, broadbills, cockatoos, large green parrots, yellow-headed parrots, cocoanut parrots, brown fantails, black fantails, black-headed flycatchers, thickheads, blackheads, white-eyes, red-capped doves, common doves, starlings, rusty-winged blackbirds, ground doves, graybirds, common pigeon, and white-tailed pigeon, the common ground pigeon. I also saw a bird, a mysterious sort of thing whose back was as green as taro leaves, which I could never shoot, never get a clear view of, never have time to line my sights on for so much as a second. I saw it three times during our stay. It had no call as far as I know, and attracted my attention only when it would flutter off a heavy leafed bush close to my track and fly off noiselessly through the jungle. Its flight was a quick one, uncertain, and delicate,

showing and reveals the quality of the specimen that colds the men of all Britain's official affairs together.

Collecting around Kalat, although not highly successful as far as the number of birds is concerned, managed to establish pretty well what there is to be had on Sportsland Island. Most of our hunting was done at the back of the plantation operated by Percival Bedford. There are no trees to the bush here to speak of, but there is enough variety in the terrain, growth, foliage, height of trees, etc., to attract most every kind of bird.

Sportsland Island has crows, sparrows, starlings, striped-tailed hawks, broadbills, cockatoos, large green parrots, yellow-headed parrots, cockatoo parrots, brown fantails, black fantails, black-headed flycatchers, thickheads, blackbeats, white-eyes, red-capped doves, common doves, starlings, fruit-eating black-birds, ground doves, wrybirds, common pigeon, and white-tailed pigeon, the common green pigeon. I also saw a bird, a mysterious sort of thing whose back was as green as bare leaves, which I could never shoot, never get a clear view of, never have time to like my sights on for as much as a second. I saw it three times during our stay. It had no call as far as I know, and attracted my attention only when it would flutter off a heavy leafed bush close to my track and fly out colaborately through the jungle. The flight was [illegible]

and could easily be compared to the falling of a many pointed autumn leaf. No one else saw it and no one else collected anything like it. When we return to Shortland Island I shall make every effort to discover what it is.

There is a variation in the crow from the Choiseul Island crow, as well as in the graybird and blackbird. We shot no small blue kingfishers (which are present) and no yellow-bibbed doves. We have not yet established whether they are present or not. But we are returning to Shortland later on to visit the springs of the great frog, to visit the caves, and to get a better chance at the birds we couldn't get this time.

Saturday, December 17th to Sunday, December 18th. At sea. On Saturday morning early we cleared for Bougainville, weighing anchor in a heavy drizzle which was destined to last all day. And with us, in the way of a Jonah, we carried a red bearded Catholic padre called Father Schnack. The company of Father Schnack began to bear very heavily on the ship's company. Naturally there isn't much extra room on a craft of the disposition of the France. Father Schnack commandeered all the chairs for his own use, borrowed all the airs of a Fifteenth Century Papal lieutenant, and in the evening after a rather disconcerting day in a rolling sea bucking the tide, and straining out to see where we were going, Father Schnack descended into the cabin, grabbed the only light there was, and

was could easily be compared to the failing of a very pointed autumn leaf. To one side saw it and no one else collected anything like it. When we return to Shortland Island I shall make every effort to discover what it is.

There is a variation in the crow from the Choiseul island crow, as well as in the greybird and blackbird. We shot no small blue kingfishers (which are present) and no yellow-ribbed doves. We have not yet ascertained whether they are present or not. But we are returning to Shortland later on, to visit the springs of the great frog, to visit the caves, and to get a better chance at the birds we couldn't get this time.

Saturday, December 17th to Sunday, December 18th. At sea. On Saturday morning early we cleared for Bougainville, weighing anchor in a heavy drizzle which was destined to last all day. And with us, in the way of a launch, we carried a red bearded Catholic padre called Father Schmaus. The company of Father Schmaus began to bear very heavily on the ship's company. Naturally there isn't much extra room on a craft of the disposition of the France. Father Schmaus commandeered all the cabins for his own use, borrowed all the air of a Kitchener Country Depot Lieutenant, and in the evening after a rather disconcerting day in a rolling sea breaking the dive, and attempting out to sea where we were going, Father Schmaus descended into the cabin, crashed the only light there was, and

while four of us were attempting to read, spat on the floor, threw matches on the table, grunted and shifted, shook, scratched, and leaned, and made more noise and disturbance than an orchestra of twenty monkeys. This experience with him reminded me of a similar one going up Hamilton Inlet in Labrador with a padre called Father O'Brien. If it was not that one of my dearest friends was a Catholic priest I would be tempted to damn the whole lot of them and their whole organization for a bunch of impressionable children; but as it is, as well as the one I know is, unselfish to the highest degree, I shall say nothing, and ask them not to decide to leave home quite as often.

We spent the day cruising down the coast of Bougainville, passing the islands of Ballale, Nusakoa, Nusave, Kuvuvulu, and Taurato. We rounded Cape Friendship in the middle of the afternoon and in the evening anchored a few miles south of Koromira Point. The great mountains of Bougainville, which we had seen often on clear days from different anchorages on Choiseul, were now very close by. The two highest, Bonmartini Berg and Taroka Berg, stood up like ladders to Heaven, green and damp and covered with dreams. It kept on raining most of the night but at four in the morning of Sunday the clouds scattered, the moon, at present on the wane, burst through and cast a spell of its own upon the mountains.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. We got away at

while four of us were attempting to rest, some on the floor, three bodies on the table, crushed and stiffened, scratched, and lacerated. We made more noise and disturbance than an orchestra of twenty musicians.

This experience with bugs reminded me of a similar one going up Hudson Inlet in Labrador with a party engineer's division. If it was not that one of my assistant friends was a Catholic priest I would be tempted to blame the white lot of them and their white civilization for a bunch of irreconcilable villains; but as it is, as well as the one I know is, consecration to the highest degree, I shall say nothing, and not even not to decide to leave home quite as often.

We spent the day cruising down the coast of Sorgovilla, leaving the islands of Ballale, Kamakoa, Nusave, Karavuin, and Tanatoo. We rounded Cape Friendship in the middle of the afternoon and in the evening anchored a few miles south of Toscoira Point. The great mountains of Sorgovilla, which we had been often on clear days from different anchorages on Choiseul, were now very close by. The two element, Sonnerat Bore and Tarera Bore, stood up like leaders to Heaven. Green and deep and covered with dreams. It kept on raining most of the night but at four in the morning of Sunday the clouds scattered, the moon, at present on the wane, burst through and cast a pall of its own upon the mountains.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. We got away at

six in the morning and after passing Zeune Island on our starboard arrived in Kieta at noon.

Sunday, December 18th to Monday, December 26th. Kieta. The harbor of Kieta is a wistful harbor. On the west the half-moon of Bougainville's coast with the District Officer's residence, the store of Messrs. Ebery & Walsh, and the four stores of the Chinaman, all widely separated along the old German Road, face outwards towards the sea. Around the point still further another semi-circular curve of the road leads to the residence of the doctor and the outbuildings of the hospital. Dominating all the other buildings of the port are the masts of the House Wireless at the summit of a ridge in the cocoanuts; and beneath them are the red-roofed civil dormitories.

The great mountains of Bougainville continually immersed in clouds rise so abruptly from the sea, that the harbor of Kieta, which, with all its buildings and its old German Road, is a considerable one for this part of the world, remains always an incident in its own panorama.

It has, as an island port, a certain insincerity about it, as might any village that was begun by one nation and finished by another. And although it is a long time since the termination of the war and the improvements and progressions of the Australians, being new, are everywhere in evidence, the Old German Road still remains the most eminent landmark on the

life in the morning and after passing Point Cyclone on our starboard arrived in Kilda at noon.

Sunday, December 16th to Monday, December 24th. Kilda. The harbor of Kilda is a victual harbor. On the west the half-moon of Bougainville's coast with the District Officer's residence, the store of Messrs Berry & Malan, and the four stores of the Chinaman, widely separated along the old German Road, face outwards towards the sea. Around the point still farther another semi-circular curve of the road leads to the residence of the harbor and the outbuildings of the hospital. Bordering all the other buildings of the port are the huts of the Buna Pioneers, at the summit of a ridge in the background; and beneath them are the red-roofed civil dwellings.

The great population of Bougainville continually increased in clouds rise so abruptly from the sea, that the harbor of Kilda, which, with all its buildings and its old German Road, is a considerable one for this part of the world, remains always an insignificant in its own quarters.

It has, as an island port, a certain importance about it, as might any village that was begun by one nation and finished by another. And although it is a long time since the termination of the war and the improvements and progressions of the Australians, being new, are everywhere in evidence, the old German Road still remains the most prominent landmark on the

shore.

We don't know as much about Bougainville now, of course, as we will when we have come out from our stay in the mountains. But already its past history, its present mystery, and its beautiful high mountains have excited an interest which even the Island of Malaita cannot equal.

Bougainville, named in honor of Le Duc de Bougainville, was originally settled and developed by the Germans, and came into the territory of the German colonial tract known as German New Guinea. Tales are still told of the thorough methods of that country's colonizers. Recalcitrant native villages were wiped out in full. A road, at present crumbling into an obscure trail, was driven into the mountains and across to the northwestern coast. In the construction of it all the natives who lived along its course were shot outright without the trouble being taken to send in word to the government that anything untoward had occurred. It is generally believed that if the Germans still had possession of Bougainville it would be by now completely opened up. The Germans dug trenches in the marshes and got rid of the majority of mosquitoes. They built bridges over the large rivers and made charts of the entire coast line which are the best charts of any in the western Pacific Islands.

The Australians have had possession of Bougainville for a decade, and it is still the enigma that it

shore.

We don't know as much about Tongariville now, of course, as we will when we have come out from our stay in the wilderness. But already, life past History, the present mystery, and the beauty I hope you have evoked an interest equal, even the labour of Malta cannot equal.

Tongariville, named in honor of Le Duc de Tongariville, was originally settled and developed by the Germans, and came into the territory of the French colonial court known as Terran Sea Dominion. Tales are still told of the thorough methods of that country's colonizers. Theoretical native villages were wiped out in full. A road, as present crossing into an obscure trail, was driven into the mountains and across to the northwestern coast. In the organization of it all the natives who lived along its course were shot outright without the trouble being taken to send in word to the government that anything unknown had occurred. It is generally believed that if the Germans still had possession of Tongariville it would be by now completely opened up. The Germans dug tranches in the mountains and got rid of the majority of roadwitness. They built bridges over the large rivers and made clearts of the entire coast line which are the best harbors of any in the western South Pacific Islands.

The Australians have had possession of Tongariville for a decade, and it is [illegible]

was since the Germans abdicated. There is an area of roughly three hundred and fifty square miles which no white man has ever entered, and about which nothing at all is known. The large volcano of Bougainville, 11000 feet high, has never been ascended, the interior of the island has not yet even been superficially surveyed, and aside from the knowledge that in the unknown area smoke has occasionally been seen from the distant mountain ridges, no information is available.

Mr. Samson, whom we met in Kieta while he was recovering from a spear wound he received when he was ambushed in one of the Kanaka villages, is one of the two government patrol officers assigned to the southern district of Bougainville. It is through the efforts of him and his few brother officers that the government hopes to overcome slowly the unopened territory. It will by the rate they are going and the methods they are using take another fifty years to accomplish.

The government patrol officers, of which there are three on the whole island, make extended journeys in company with their police boys. Their equipment and supplies must be carried by natives of the successive villages and surrendered by stages to their successors. In the village that is under government control there is one government agent who acts as chief and one government interpreter. Both are local natives. During the course of his visit to a village the patrol officer consults his agent through the medium of the interpreter, or tul tul, inspects the gardens which

man, since the German soldiers. There is an area of roughly three hundred and fifty square miles which no white man has ever entered, and about which nothing at all is known. The large volcano of Tongariro, 11000 feet high, has never been scaled. The interior of the island has not yet even been superficially surveyed, and aside from the knowledge that in the unknown area smoke has occasionally been seen from the distant mountain ridges, no information is available.

Mr. Sanson, whom we met in Kiaka while he was recovering from a spear wound he received when he was ambushed in one of the Kamula villages, is one of the two government patrol officers assigned to the mountain district of Tongariri. It is through the efforts of him and his fellow officers that the government hopes to overcome slowly the unexplored territory. It will by the rate they are going and the methods they are using take another fifty years to accomplish.

The government patrol officers, of which there are three on the whole island, make extended journeys in company with their police boys. Their equipment and supplies must be carried by natives of the successive villages and surrendered by stages to their successors. In the village that is under government control there is one government agent who acts as chief and one government interpreter. Both are local natives. During the course of his visit to a village the patrol officer commits his report through the medium of the interpreter, or, if the interpreter

the natives are required to cultivate, makes some suggestions, and departs after collecting the taxes. In the village which is not under government control, or which, for instance, has never been visited before, the patrol officer takes the caution of augmenting his guard of police boys. If he is not ambushed he makes a successful entry into the village, he chats with the chief as best he can through one of the interpreters he carries with him, and departs without collecting any taxes at all. It is the policy of the government to have been able to make a peaceful visit to a village for a period of at least four years before asking them to pay any taxes. The taxes amount to about five shillings a year for each head. It appears to be the policy of the government as well that in the event of an ambush or of an unsuccessful visit it sends its patrol officer again to make a peaceful attempt. This policy is often frustrated by indignant punitive expeditions and indeed the government itself not infrequently authorises punishment to be inflicted. But as a rule the policy is one of slow aggrandizement of native territory and a gradual making friends process.

The natives, especially the Kanakas, or bush natives, are a very timid lot on Bougainville. They have not accustomed themselves to the presence of the white man. The visits of the patrol officers and the government doctor to the bush villages, and the trips of the taxpaying Kanakas to Kieta, will, in the extended

The natives are required to initiate, make some suggestions, and depart after collecting the dance. In the villages which is not under government control, or which, for instance, has never been visited before the patrol officer takes the condition of suspicion and guard of police type. If he is not embarked in a successful entry into the village, he checks with the chief as best he can through one of the interpreters he carries with him, and departs without collecting any taxes at all. It is the policy of the government to have been able to make a peaceful visit to a village for a period of at least four years before making them to pay any taxes. The taxes amount to about five shillings a year for each head. It is proved to be the policy of the government as well that in the event of an embush or of an unnecessary clash in which the patrol officer equals to make a peaceful attempt. This policy is often frustrated by inadequate punitive expeditions and indeed the government itself not infrequently authorises punishment to be inflicted. But as a rule the policy is one of slow experimentation of native territory and a gradual making friends process.

The natives, especially the Kamuku, or bush natives, are a very timid lot on Zaranville. They have not accustomed themselves to the presence of the white man. The visits of the patrol officers and the government doctor to the local villages, and the help of the interpreter Tungwa to make contact

course of time, undoubtedly bring about the opening up and conquest of the unknown territory. But it will take a very long time, and the speculation in the meantime, on the nature of this country, and what it possesses, will continue.

Kieta was our Christmas port. In the idle week we spent there at anchor we made friends and passed many happy hours. The most extraordinary of these friends and hours combined in company with Mr. Ebery and Mr. Walsh, the owners and partners in the only European store, and with Mr. Scrivin, the wireless operator.

Scrivin, who in addition to his telegraphic duties finds time to edit the "Kieta News", entertained Hamlin and me at dinner one evening and treated us to a roast fowl. Mr. Ebery entertained Hamlin and Dr. Drowne and myself at dinner on Christmas Day and treated us to some apricot brandy, new victrola records and cigars.

The arrival and departure of the "Marsina", the departure of Walsh, the Christmas on the France, the gifts and speeches of the crew, the pig, a dinner at Wong's, an all night's row in a rainstorm, an all day's walk in a rainstorm, a night at Arawa plantation, all came and went in one week's phantasmagora- while twelve fathoms of chain held the France to the bottom of Kieta harbor and plans went forward for her overhauling in Rabaul and for Dr. Drowne's, Hamlin's and my expedition into the mountains of Bougainville.

course of time, undoubtedly bring about the opening up and conquest of the unknown territory. But it will take a very long time, and the speculation in the meantime, on the nature of this country, and what it possesses, will continue.

Xiata was our Christmas port. In the idle week we spent there at anchor we made friends and received many happy hours. The most extraordinary of these friends and hosts combined in company with Mr. Merry and Mr. Malah, the owners and partners in the only European store, and with Mr. Sorlvin, the wireless operator.

Sorlvin, who in addition to his telegraphic duties finds time to edit the "Xiata Tere", entertained Hamlin and me at dinner one evening and treated us to a rather fowl. Mr. Merry entertained Hamlin and Mr. Drowne and myself at dinner on Christmas Day and treated us to some spirits already, new vistrels recently and cigars.

The arrival and departure of the "Kaisina", the departure of Malah, the Christmas on the France, the gifts and dances of the crew, the pig, a dinner at Wong's, an all night's row in a rickshaw, an all day's walk in a rickshaw, a night at Kawa Plantation, all came and went in one week's panorama- while twelve fathoms of chain held the France to the bottom of Xiata harbor and plans were formed for her overhauling in Nahuai and for Mr. Drowne's, Hamlin's and my expedition into the mountains of Jangkanville.

Mr. Samson, the government patrol officer, gave us some valuable information anent the back country, Kanaka. From his advice and from the advice of Mr. McAdam, the District Officer, we completed plans for our expedition. On Monday morning we weighed anchor from Kieta and set out for Arawa plantation, seven miles to the northward. An hour or so later we bade farewell to the France and dumped on the shore of Bougainville three shotguns, a case of mutton, a case of assorted meat, forty tins of beans, twenty tins of jam, twenty tins of sardines, twenty tins of salmon, a side of bacon, a lantern, kerosene, six axes, two cases of trade tobacco, two bolts of calico, two cases of ammunition, duffle bags of clothing, cornmeal, cotton, twine, scalpels, photographic material, arsenic, alum, oil, blankets, hunting coats, a case of canned fruit, a gross of butter, flour, salt, sugar, tea, cocoa, corn, and ship's biscuits.

Faisi, Shortland Island,
December 11, 1927.

Dear Doctor Murphy:

I enclose a copy of my journal up to the present date. Aikiki was the last island we collected before putting in for Faisi yesterday morning. It is not the best of journals. There are things in the other fields of science which I had done better to put in had I known how. I have seen bugs whose names, dispositions, and table manners would have been of great interest to some scientist in the proper scientific language, and there have been fish that have swum under stern, storms that have brewed, plants that have itched, and negroes that have shrieked with laughter, melted in tears, cried aloud in agony, and even made gestures bellicose and impolite, and have still failed to come into these pages. Perhaps they are fortunate in their lot, but at any rate, I would feel better to have had them in.

We are leaving here for Bougainville in the course of a week's time. I hope to be able to write in a longer letter to you from there. Things are greatly rushed here on account of the steamer's departure so very soon after she arrives. Suffice it for the present to say that we are all well and happy and that everything is going along in tip top shape. I have it in a letter from home that the news of the Malaita fracas has leaked into the American papers. I am very sorry for this and I hope you will do your best to explain that Malaita is a long way from where we are, and that it

Dear Doctor Murray:

I enclose a copy of my journal up to the present date. Aleiki was the last island we visited before nothing is for what certainly contains is not the best of journals. There are things in the other fields of science which I had more better to put in and I know for. I have seen huge whose cases, specimens and tale tanners would have been of great interest to some scientist in the proper scientific language, and there have been fish that have eaten under after, stories that have brewed. Plants that have fished, and portrays that here shrieked with laughter, waited in terra, arrest alone in agony, and even made receives bailiness and impolite, and have still failed to come into these tempo. Perhaps they are fortunate in their lot, but as any rate I would feel better to have had them in.

We are leaving here for Pangatavilla in the course of a week's time. I hope to be able to write in a longer letter to you from there. Things are greatly changed here on account of the observer's departure so very soon after she arrives. Suffice it for the present to say that we are all well and happy and that everything is going along in the top manner. I have it in a letter from home that the news of the Malaita troubles had leaked into the American papers. I am very sorry for this and I hope you will do your best to explain that Malaita is a long way from where we are, and that it

was merely an isolated outbreak, and that we won't be working that island for two or three month's time. Finally, I hope you haven't been troubled too much by inquiries and hysterical relatives.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very sincerely,

Guy Richards

Kieta, Bougainville Island, 158
Mandated Territory of New Guinea,
December 21st.
1927

Dear Doctor Sanford:

As we have been fortunate in striking a most unusual mail connection with Sydney I have decided to write to you today to give some further idea of how affairs are progressing on the "France".

As it is the Christmas season I hesitate to be pessimistic where there is any chance of not being so and hope that you will regard this communication as a conservative one. Hannibal and I have been on board very close to three months and our estimate of the situation on her is, naturally, somewhat more valuable.

In the first place I am inclined to refute all I said about Beck's politeness in the first letter. This is a small matter if it did not bear considerably on the past history of this extraordinary vessel. I am quite certain that all the explosions of Quaile, Correia, the officials in the French Islands, and even some of the minor eruptions in New Zealand are due to Beck's impossible personality. Contrary to the impressions of the people at the Museum there is nothing picturesque, or amusing, or incredible, or whimsical about this personality. It has not got, what most everybody who has met and talked with Beck for a short time thinks it has got, even any courage. I have watched Beck like a cat ever since I have got on the ship. The other day I told him exactly what I thought of him. It was at this time that I discovered the last thing about him, his

Mr. Hagerville Island.
Kandahar, Artistry of Jew Cut
Passenger Ship.

Dear Doctor Sanford:

As we have been fortunate in striking a most unusual mail connection with Sydney I have decided to write to you today to give some further idea of how affairs are progressing on the "Prance".

As it is the Christmas season I feel liable to be pessimistic where there is any chance of not being so and hope that you will regard this communication as a conservative one. Hannibal and I have been on board very close to three months and our estimate of the situation on her is, naturally, somewhat more valuable.

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lack of courage. It is in utter disgust with the man that I write you the following synopsis. I only want you to remember two things before I do. One, that I am quite aware of his brilliant past as a bird collector, and two, that I hate to run an old fellow down, no matter who he is, who is pretty poor, in bad health, and whom everybody else is down on too.

Beck has the mentality and point of view on life of a day laborer. He is boorish, unspeakably impolite (with the ability to be polite for a minute or two when he is straining), vain as a little baby, sly, full of tricks, over which his most dominant motif, an inflated idea of his own great importance in the world, waves like a preposterous parasol continually. Beck as some insignificant trolley car conductor, or ditch digger, or milkman, or just plain bird collector, would exhaust no emotion or trouble from anybody. But Beck at the head of an expedition, like a vagabond king, or Jackie Coogan at the wheel of the "Leviathan", is another matter altogether. Especially when the prestige of the American Museum, and in a small way American diplomacy with officials of foreign countries is at stake.

I would say, from what has occured on this boat since I have been on board, that the man is nothing more or less than insane. But his deliberate and malicious treatment of Dr. Drowne, a subject which I consider quite the most important matter in this letter, and which was too subtle to have attracted my attention before I wrote my first letter, shows that Beck, in exploiting

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his own personal jealousies can summon in a most ingenious duplicity, which in the rank stupidities and absurdities he imposes on the routine of the expedition is lacking.

Dr. Drowne actually does and has done twice what Beck has done. There is one difference. Beck can climb to 3000 feet and get back in a day and Dr. Drowne cannot. For the rest Dr. Drowne skins as many birds as Beck (the latter always picking out deliberately all the best and most interesting specimens in order to get his name on them), has by his own tact and behaviour kept the crew on the boat when they were ready to murder Beck and clear out, has collected and sent to the Museum many series of snakes, snails, insects, native work, butterflies, reptiles, and so forth, has written faithfully a broad and copious naturalist's diary, has out of his own pocket (Beck neglecting always to purchase a medical kit for the ship) bought and administered medical supplies for everybody on board, has drawn water colour plates of all the new and interesting specimens, and in fact, is working from early morn to dewy eve.

Dr. Drowne, being a gentleman, adapted himself to Beck, and has taken probably the greatest mental beating a man can take in this life, as far as I can see. What, I think, is the most wonderful about the history of his year with Beck, is that he has always managed to purge his letters of any complaints against him. He read the letters of others who had been in contact with Beck and evidently resolved that he would never stoop to

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the smallnesses. If this sounds as though I was trying to make a hero of Dr. Drowne it is only half of it. I don't see how a man can do more than he that is beautiful and fine and decent in any life anywhere under any circumstances.

Dr. Drowne, in having no companionship on board, would let off steam in a few drinks ashore, when in about every two months the vessel came to a place where there was some company. He would get a little buz on, even as you and I, which was probably the only way in which he endured the situation at all. In a sort of arch way, as I have mentioned, Beck would capitalize this, running Drowne down as a bit of a boozer to the local people, boasting about his own abilities, and ordering Dr. Drowne to do this and that in order to impress them with his own importance. As Drowne was too much of a gentleman to answer in any way Beck came off each time with an apparent victory.

Nobody will ever know the truth of the story. The stuff that is sent to the Museum is no medium because all of it that is the best, no matter who collected it, no matter who thought of it, is bound to have Beck's name on it. Hicks at present can skin birds quite as well as Beck as Dr. Murphy knows. He can collect as many and climb as far when he is feeling like it, which, at present, because he is deathly fed up, he refuses to do under the present leadership.

It would be impossible to make a compendium of all the thoughtless and stupid things that

the smallnesses. If this amounts to treason I may trying to make a hero of Dr. Drowne it is only half of it. I don't see how a man can do more than be what is beautiful and fine and decent in any life anywhere under any circumstances.

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Beck has done in conducting the expedition even since Hannibal and I have been on board. The ship is in frightful condition, all the lines are practically rotten (seven of them have given away since I have been on board), she has to be pumped every twenty minutes at sea, and every five minutes in a rough sea, he cannot make up his mind half a second about anything, the ship is a continual mad house nobody ever having the slightest idea what is going to happen, or where we are going next, the captain is never allowed to decide anything, and yesterday he told Beck that in the condition she was in she would be condemned by the port authorities at any place there was an inspector, and would never be allowed to leave the port.

The thing that I personally find to be the most objectionable is the presence of Mrs. Beck on board the ship. Beck treats her as one would treat a leper, fails to introduce her when he goes ashore,(as, indeed, he fails to fulfill the common decencies and civilities with the few people we meet, always attended at second thought by Dr. Drowne), throws food around the table at her, and has so generally conducted himself toward her that the atmosphere is highly indelicate at all times. Still worse, it is so apparent that anybody can see it and it is one of the things that has contributed to build up the rotten reputation that the boat has in the Solomons at the present time.

I assure you it takes a lot out of a person to write a letter like this. I hate this sort of thing and would much rather let things go on the way they

work has done in conducting the expedition even since Kundsel and I have been on board. The ship is in terrible condition, all the lines are practically rotten, seven of them have given away since I have been on board, one has to be pumped every twenty minutes at sea, and every five minutes in a rough sea. We cannot make up our mind half a second about anything, the ship is a constant mad house nobody ever having the slightest idea what is going to happen, or where we are going next. The captain is never allowed to decide anything, and yesterday he told Beck that in the condition she was in she would be condemned by the port authorities at any place there was an inspector and would never be allowed to leave the port.

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[illegible]

were if it was just myself that was involved. I can stand a good deal and Hannibal can stand a good deal more. But the high injustice to Dr. Drowne and the gloomy future of the ship makes it high time to have something understood by people at home.

The result of a row I had with Beck the other day is sending the ship to Rabaul to have the leak patched up. Hamlin, Dr. Drowne and myself are going up in the bush here on Bougainville for two months. What will happen after that is uncertain. The captain has pleaded with us to stay on board saying that Beck will really have nothing done to the ship at all, the same way he always has failed to have anything done.

I am writing this to you and not to Dr. Murphy, because you know me pretty damn well and Murphy doesn't. I am telling you from the bottom of my heart that which I feel very strongly.

It is perfectly evident to me that Beck pulled himself together when we first came on board, realizing that if he wasn't careful his little pack of cards would tumble down on him. As time went on and Hannibal and I were very polite to him, and willing to do most anything on board such as work with the crew on the anchor, engine, etc., he automatically drifted into his customary ways, mistaking our politeness to him as a sign of our fear of him. He has that inherent psychology, that of a small town bully.

I want you to distinctly understand that Hannibal and I are tremendously grateful for the

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I want you to distinctly understand
that Murphy,

experience we are having. With three months or so camping up in the mountains here by ourselves we should be able to do some good work and we are looking forward to it tremendously. But the life on the boat with Beck at the head of the expedition has begun to tell on me, - this letter ought to prove that. Perhaps three months away from him will straighten it out for it is most certainly not the climate or the work both of which I particularly fancy. It is a long time since I have laughed as it is a long time since I have seen anybody else laugh, on board this vessel. Dr. Drowne is going to stay here with us. But from my own distemper I can only begin to realize what that man (Drowne) has done, what he has gone through, and what an inveterate debt all who are connected with the expedition owe him.

With Drowne at the head of the expedition it could go on for a long time, twice as efficiently, far more politique as far as relations with the country and the officials are concerned, and with everybody happy for there is not a person on board, from the captain to Teora the cook, that doesn't love him dearly. It would be, I think, less expensive, for Beck is penny wise and pound foolish, lives continually ahead of his funds, never has any ready money to pay the crew or the bills of the ship, and has wasted a great deal since I have seen him on his inability to make a decision, changing the destination of the boat many times when we are three quarters of the way to another place.

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and has wasted a great deal since I have been in his
inability to make a decision, changing the destination
of the boat many times when we are three quarters of the
to another place.

When you get this letter Beck will be in Rabaul. His health is gone, his mind is failing all the time, getting worse and worse, and Heaven knows what will happen to him. It is more than any man can ask of other, I think, to stay on the boat with him. There are seven of us in a cabin no larger than a telephone booth and when we are aboard with him and his wife there is no way of getting him out of your mind. Dr. Drowne and I were going to leave the ship here until Beck made up his mind to go to Rabaul. That meant that Hamlin and Hicks would leave, and all four of us were on the point of taking the Marsina, on Christmas day, until Beck decided to leave us here by ourselves. We are all right for the present. For the future and for the good of the expedition it is up to you to make up your minds there in the Museum. It is impossible for us to talk to Beck for he clings to the ship with the talons of a defeated man.

I am frightfully sorry to have towrite a letter like this to anybody. I should suggest wiring Beck in Rabaul to turn over the expedition to Drowne.

Very soberly,

Duke.

Guy Richards.

When you get this letter Beck will
be in Kabul. His health is good, his mind is fed lik
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I am frightfully sorry to leave you
a letter like this to anybody. I should suggest writing
Beck in Kabul to turn over the expedition to Browne.

Very soberly,

Guy.

Guy Moberly.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION IN BOUGAINVILLE

December 29th. With sixteen pieces of baggage including large wooden cases, duffle bags, guns, several axes and a lantern, and supported by thirty native carriers, the expedition left the house copra of Arawa Plantation and set out on the trail to Kino.

The trail follows the course of what Mr. Esson calls "Number One River", entering the bush about a mile from the plantation residence. The beginning of the trail follows the main Kanaka trail which is used by all the villages in this part of the mountains. On both sides of the trail, which is about a foot wide, the bush is cleared away from two to three feet. Our course followed this route for two miles or so. It is gradual incline. Arriving, finally, at a swiftly flowing stream we turned off from the main trail and commenced the more precipitous part of our journey on an ordinary bush trail, a rough and jagged path following fortuitous water sheds, stream bottoms, and the mud steps formed in the roots of the trees. This trail continues at more or less right angles to the main water shed crossing a fair-sized and very beautiful river and several small fast-flowing streams. Another mile from its intersection with the main Kanaka trail our trail entered upon a broad, treeless delta on both sides of which the roar of large rapids was audible. Another half mile brought us to a steep incline up which our

ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION IN COOPERATIVE

December 27th. With sixteen pieces of baggage including large wooden boxes, duffle bags, guns, several axes and a lantern, and supported by twenty native carriers, the expedition left the house occupied of Irene Plantation and set out on the trail to Eiro.

The trail follows the course of what Mr. Keene calls "Number One River", entering the bush about a mile from the plantation residence. The beginning of the trail follows the main Kumasa trail which is used by all the villages in this part of the country. On both sides of the trail, which is about a foot wide, the bush is cleared away from two to three feet. Our course followed this route for two miles or so. It is gradual incline. Arriving, finally, at a swiftly flowing stream we turned off from the main trail and commenced the more precipitous part of our journey on an ordinary bush trail. A steep and jagged path following torrituous water courses, strewn boulders, and the mud steps formed in the roots of the trees. This trail continues at more or less right angles to the main road crossing a fair-sized and very beautiful river and several small fast-flowing streams. Another mile from the intersection with the main Kumasa trail our trail entered upon a trona. Treelessness dells on both sides of which the floor of large rapids was sandy. Another

trail, winding over a series of grass-covered hills fringed with a few young cocoanut palms, led us in to the village of Kino.

It was incredible the manner in which our carriers negotiated the tortuous and slippery trail under their heavy loads. From Chiri, Bakawari, and Mokontoro, the Kanakas had come down early in the morning to commence their work which was to bring them each a shilling and a stick of tobacco.

At the plantation store where Dr. Drowne had assembled our equipment into weights of a hundred odd pounds the Kanakas, under the direction of Barandi, the Tul Tul of Sirwana, bound their loads to poles with strips of bark and moni vines. They were very amusing, these fellows, as they tested the weight of each load and bandied with one another as to who should take the heaviest ones.

They made the haul to Kino with only one real rest- which was taken at our command- and I believe they would have preferred to have gone without it. I watched their straining, sweating shoulders as they strung out ahead of us on the trail, and wondered when they would collapse. They never did. They kept going like immortal engines, scaling up mud inclines more slippery than gelatine, fording rock-bottomed rivers, and crashing through marsh grass higher than their breasts. Sometimes they grunted as they dug up a steep hill, and sometimes they labored on in silence.

trail, winding over a section of grass-covered hills
Ringed with a few young cocoanut palms, lay on to
the village of Kino.

It was incredible the manner in which our carrie
negotiated the tortuous and slippery trail under that
heavy loads. Frog Point, Lakehead, and Tinkerbore, the
Lunatics had more than nearly in the morning be commence
their work which was to bring them each a shilling an
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take the heaviest once.

They made the haul to Kino with only one real
rest- which was taken at our command- and I believe
they would have preferred to have done without it.
I watched their movements, smoking cigarettes as they
strung out along of us on the trail, and wondered how
they would collapse. They never did. They kept up
like immortal engines, coaxing up and laughing more
slippery than anything, fording rock-bottomed streams,
and crawling through rocky gorges bigger than Lake
Kranta. Sometimes they grunted as they dug up a
steep hill, and sometimes they labored on an incline

But for the most part they chattered back and forth up and down the column in their shrill staccato tongue and laughed at jokes that one of them, a very small fellow under a gigantic load, was continually making on the others. When they at last came within earshot of our destination they set up a great catcalling and shouting which echoed and reechoed from the valleys and cliffs, and was answered by their friends in the village. They were very polite- they only asked for three shillings and three sticks of tobacco when we lined them up before they set out to return to their villages. They were very polite and accepted one shilling and one stick with the same smile and in the same breath.

As for the village of Kino- it has a legend about its origin. A great many hundreds of years ago some Kanakas coming down the trail decided to halt and make camp until the rain let up. These men were the founders of the village of Kino and ancestors of all the present inhabitants.

If one could not call Kino a distinguished community one could at least call it a distinct one. There are eight native houses fenced off in a square court, a shed for small pigs, and, outside the fence, an immense taro garden. There is also a "House Belong Kieppe" and a "House Belong Boys Belong Kieppe". We made ourselves at home in the former while our four boys

But for the most part the gesticulated back and forth up and down the valley in their strill staccato tongue and laughed at jokes that one of them, a very small fellow under a gigantic load, was continually making on the others. When they at last came within sarshot of our destination they met up a great natural log and shouting with scones and reechoes from the valleys and cliffs, and was answered by their friends in the village. They were very polite- they only asked for three shillings and three sticks of tobacco when we lined them up before they set out to return to their village. They were very polite and accepted one shilling and one stick with the same smile and in the same breath.

As for the village of Kine- it has a legend as its origin. A great many hundreds of years ago some Kinaths coming down the trail decided to halt and make camp until the rain let up. These men were the founders of the village of Kine and ancestors of all the present inhabitants.

If one could not call Kine a distinguished community one could at least call it a dignified one. There are eight native houses fenced off in a square court, a shed for small pigs, and, outside the fence, an immense taro garden. There is also a "Tower Saloon Kiappe" and a "Kanas Jaiche Joje Saloon Kiappe". We made ourselves at home in the Tower while our boy

set about preparing Kai in the cavernous depths of the "House Belong Boys Belong Kieppe".

The "House Belong Kieppe" is an admirable affair. It is boosted off the ground on poles. The roof and walls are made of sac sac bound together with vines and again to thin poles. The floor is made of bamboo splits laid together lengthwise over heavy cross-poles. The result is a rain-proof room, open at one side, ten feet square.

Bakki, our cook-boy, rustled up a sound meal of baked beans, taro, coffee, jam and ship's biscuits, after which we set about to dispose of our diplomatic duties with the villagers. The pickanninies were all made presents of a shining new (Woolworth and Co., N. Y.) glaze necklace. The presentations and acceptances were carried on amid cheers from mother, father, and grandfather, and when the youngsters returned to their mothers the necklace immediately changed places. A small quantity of salt was also passed out to each family, and a knife was given as a present to an inhabitant who organized a sample sing-sing, or dance, for our benefit, and made music on his Kalulu, an hollowed out bamboo instrument pierced with holes for note variation. There seems to be only one melody or rhythmody on the island. It is, as far as I can determine, framed on the Greek diatonic scale and results in being less voluptuous than the music, otherwise very similar to it, on Mono. It has a wild and rather Slavic

out about preparing for in the afternoon beside of the "Moran Belong Joya Belong Klappe".

The "Moran Belong Klappe" is an admirable affair. It is located off the ground on poles. The roof and walls are made of sea one bound together with vines and again to this poles. The floor is made of bamboo split laid together lengthwise over heavy cross-poles. The result is a rain-proof room, open at one side, ten feet square.

Bukki, our cook-boy, treated us a morning meal of baked beans, taro, coffee, jam and white biscuits after much we got about to dispose of our diplomatic duties with the villagers. The gratuities were all made presents of a shining new (Woolworth and Co. T. T.) glass necklace. The presentations and acceptances were carried on amid cheers from neither, faith and groundfather, and when the recipients returned to their mothers the necklace immediately changed places. A small quantity of salt was also passed out to each family, and a knife was given as a present to an industrious who organized a sample sing-sing, or dance, for our benefit, and been music on his kalulu, an native bamboo instrument pierced with holes for note variation. There seems to be only one salad, or rhythmedy on the island. It is, as far as I can determine, framed on the Greek alphabet square and ran is being less voluptuous than the music, otherwise very similar to it, no more. It has a wild and tender, that

timbre. The dance of Kino is also less primitive and has considerably more motion in respect to the distance travelled per individual. It is an affection of the walk of the peacock, a bird which, of course, these natives have never seen, and consists of extending each leg far out and to the side and swirling on them forwards and sideways, each step being exactly like its predecessors.

The altitude of the village, according to our aneroid barometer, is fifteen hundred feet. The natives, of which there must be not more than forty, wear practically no clothes, the old men going stark naked and the young men and women nothing more than lava lavas. As it becomes pretty cool at night and as the diet of the populous is limited to taro and bananas tempered with an occasional pig it is marvelous how they bear up.

We slept very soundly and awoke amid a barrage of barnyard noise set up by the chickens and pigs. I have never heard anything more unmerciful in my life. To it the pickanninies contributed their own matitudinal salutations, and the new day, locally speaking, made its official entry. The rain, which seems to be never twenty minutes away from Kino, lost little time in following the sunrise.

December 30th. Doctor Drowne, accompanied by a member of the community of Kino, set out at an early hour to stir up the carriers from Kupei, while Hamlin and I remained behind to repack the boxes. At noontime the carriers, in the midst of a heavy rainstorm, appeared

with a note from Dr. Drowne, and after a few minutes the parade took to the trails again.

The trail from Kino on is about twice as bad. It is scarcely wider than one's foot and as it had been raining it was nothing more than a steep mud trough. The manner in which the carriers climbed up the trail was nothing short of miraculous. Hamlin and I had all we could do to get up the trail with nothing to carry at all.

The beauty of the country increases with the trail. We passed several heavy waterfalls, dank and eerie-looking places, and three mysterious grottos where the thick foliage, steep cliffs, and moss-covered rock associated like a dale in Ida. Just before sunset we arrived at the "House Belong Kieppe" in Kupei, and found Dr. Drowne in sound diplomatic standing with the native dignataries, bartering tobacco, calico, and salt for taro, bananas, poi-poi, and spears. He was very cold and wet and seemed glad to see our white man's tucker with his duffle bag on the backs of the carriers. Our camp was, even at the first glance, one of the most beautiful places that I have ever seen.

It stands on a knoll at an elevation of twenty two hundred feet loverlooking the whole of the great Arawa valley. Immediately behind it the mountains rise up to five thousand two hundred and fifty feet. It appeared at first, as it proved later, to be the summum bonum of a bird collector's jumping off place.

Our cook-boy, Bakki, stirred up a more than adequate

supper based on tinned mutton and fresh fried tomatoes, the latter of which, to the quantity of one leaf basket, were purchased in Kino for a stick of tobacco.

Our tucker supply includes rice, sugar, tinned meat, sardines, self-raising flour, jam, cane syrup, ship's biscuits, tinned milk, coffee, tea, cocoa, tinned tomatoes, and tinned beans. Not a very changeable diet for two months but highly nutritous. It proved afterwards that any of the native foods, cocoanut pudding, poi-poi, and especially taro, combined in a fairly palatable degree of harmony with the cane syrup and we learned to count heavily on these dishes as staple foods.

December 31st. Soon after dawn all three of us set out with our guns to explore the surrounding country. A trail, fairly broad, and steeper than any I have seen so far, rises from directly behind the camp to the summit of the mountains. Off the main trail and still near the camp one or two small trails wander into the bush and valleys between the lesser ridges. Hamlin went up the main trail, Dr. Drowne went off to the right, and I to the left. Hamlin mounted to fifty one hundred feet by the aneroid barometer and I followed up later on the main trail to four thousand six hundred and fifty. The day's hunting brought in long-tail doves, two kinds of white-eye, two kinds of graybirds, two thrushes (Hamlin), four doves unclassified (resembling the female yellow-bibbed), four common redbreasted doves, brown

supper based on liquid nutrition and these also were the latter of which, to the quantity of one half pint were purchased in Kimo for a meal of 50cents.

Our menu merely included rice, sugar, canned meat, sardines, self-raising flour, jam, some cereal, milk's biscuits, tinned milk, coffee, tea, cocoa, tinned tomatoes, and tinned beans. Not a very comfortable diet for two months but highly nutritious. It proved afterwards that any of the native foods, cocoanut pudding, poi-poi, and especially taro, combined in a fairly palatable degree of harmony with the same spry and we learned to count heavily on these dishes as staple foods.

Departure Kimo. Soon after leaving all trace of us met out with our guide to explore the surrounding country a trail, fairly broad, and steeper than any I have seen so far. Place from directly behind the camp to the summit of the mountains. Off the main trail and within hour two deep cuts or two small trails leading into the bush and valley beyond the larger ridge. Trails are up the main trail. Dr. Gordon went off to the right and I to the left. Trails started to fifty one hundred feet by the aneroid barometer and I followed my lower on the main trail to four thousand six hundred and fifty. The day's hunting brought in long-tail doves, two kinds of white-eye, two kinds of graybirds, the honeyeater (Kaalin), four doves unknown (resembling the Tongan white-ribbed), four common red-breasted doves, green

fantails, red-throated honeysuckers, thickheads, a new curve-billed bird resembling a honeysucking form of thickhead, and a brown-bellied flycatcher. At the end of our stay in the camp I will make a synopsis of all the birds on the island which, as the result of more experience and more study, will be less fragmentary than each day's ruminations.

New Year's Day, 1928. Hamlin and Dr. Drowne stayed in camp to write up their notes while I set out on the trail up the mountain. Hamlin and I have arranged a schedule to mount the trail on alternate days.

Ona, the Kukurai's pickanniny, and Cumbai, a bushman of Kupei, went with me. When we got as high as four thousand feet the fog and cold sleet set in upon us and never let up until late in the afternoon. There is a spot on the trail at forty three hundred feet where a landslide has clearedaway the bush leaving, on clear days, a superb view over the adjoining mountains, over Arawa valley and out to sea. Slightly up and to the left the clouds and omnipresnet fogs and mists pour through a gulch in the range and water the green valley beneath our camp. Far out to sea the great barrier reef, its white spume assuming the proportions of a diamond brooche, can be seen cutting the blue monotony of the horizon; and nearer, here and there, trails of blue smoke rising from the scattered native villages.

It was my intention to discover the highest altitude on the trail . In this attempt the three of us covered a considerable distance back and forth along

Lobelia, one-flowered Gunnera, saxifrage, saxifrage, one olive-hilled bird rose-lily a honeysuckle for of ginkgoes, and a brown-hilled flycatcher. At the end of our stay in the camp I will make a specimen of all the birds on the island which, as the results of experience and more study, will be less frequently the each day's rumination.

New Year's Day, 1928. Manila and Dr. Brown are in camp to write up their notes while I set out on the trail up the mountain. Manila and I have arranged a schedule to meet the trail on alternate days.

One, the Colonel's plantation, and Cimbal, a Dumagan of Kapul, went with me. Then we got as high as four thousand feet the fog and cold sleet set in upon us and never let up until late in the afternoon. There is a spot on the trail at 7000, where Dumaran just when a landslide has cleared away the bush leaving, on clear days, a superb view over the adjoining mountains, over green valley and out to sea. Slightly up and to the left the islands and omnipresent fog and mists pour through a gulch in the range and enter the green valley beneath our camp. Far out to sea the great barrier reef like white spume marking the promontories of a jagged brocade, can be seen outlining the blue monotony of the horizon; and nearer, here and there, trails of blue smoke rising from the scattered native villages.

It was my intention to discover the highest altitude on the trail. In vain attempt the three of us covered a considerable distance both and forth along

the ridge. Finally the barometer slipped up to five thousand two hundred and fifty feet in front of a tree standing on a sudden rise in the trail. The tree was blazed with much ceremony and portions of its bark, which is of an unusual reddish color, preserved for future emolument.

An accurate description of these lofty places, whose nature is at such variation from the common tropical appearance of the sea level country, is difficult. Because Bougainville is a tropical island with a coast temperature always uncomfortable and sometimes almost unbearable it seems incredible to experience on the same island the climate of Cape Cod on a cool autumn's day. From forty-five hundred feet up the tree and plant life, because it is continually enshrouded in fog, has all the clinging mossy coverings of marine flora. This point appears to be the dividing line between high altitude and low altitude on the island. Going higher than this all the forest becomes dank and dripping, pools of water and mud appear upon the trail, and the whole aspect of nature changes as completely as if one were entering upon another world. Although most of the terrain bordering the trail declines in a precipitous slope there are ravines and gulches which with their impenetrable plant growth, their fallen and decaying trees, their fog, and their great quiescence, resemble the nightmare haunts of some demon. In this region one's voice takes on an hushed and almost useless tone and the voices of others seem as strange and as unearthly as

voices in Xanadu. Here it is nowhere possible to see over the forest down over the island, for in the one or two open places that can be found on the three miles of trail along the ridge the white battlement of fog obscures everything.

This, the first day on the mountain top, was occupied largely in exploration. We descended to forty-two hundred feet on the opposite side and blazed another tree, being then about half way between Kupei and Kokere. Returning up the mountain Cumbai disclosed another trail which crosses a short ridge crowned with pandanus trees and comes to the source of the river passing beneath our camp. Here it is a trickling brook petticoating over flat rocks and moss.

The birds, on account of the ubiquitous fog in these high places, are difficult to see and to shoot. They sing very little and their figures, outlined against the fog in the vague and indefinable trees and bushes, are hard to orient for aiming, and, in case the aim and the shot are successful, still harder to retrieve. The natives proved invaluable for this purpose and I am sure what fortune our expedition will have will be due almost entirely to them.

The day's work brought in one thrush, one redbreast, five yellow-bibbed doves, some graybirds, and some flycatchers. The climb up and back making a day's work by itself. It was with great satisfaction and comfort that I returned to the less chilly altitudes of our camp and found good food, dry clothing, and a warm blanket under

a rainless roof.

January 2nd. Today was Hamlin's day on the mountain. I found myself very stiff from yesterday's climb, and wondered whether both of us could stand the gaff of our schedule for as long as we had planned.

Spent the day skinning and making up what the camp had bagged yesterday, Dr. Drowne has ordered and arranged the camp with a great deal of skill. On one side of the cook-house or the "House Belong Boys Belong Kieppe" he has laid out our skinning bench. The arsenic, cotton, bamboo strips, cornmeal, twine, needles, instruments, etc., are lined up here, while the mats for the boys to sleep on occupy the bamboo rack on the opposite side. When the fire is going for cooking it is placed in the center of the hut, and, of course, smokes up the place pretty badly. But even with the rain coming down and being blown about by the wind the three of us can operate effectively at the same time.

The boys haul up the water from the spring down in the valley, bring in the firewood, cook the meals, wash the plates and cooking utensils, wash and dry our clothes, and police the ground around the camp. Bakki and Kokari are good workers, but the other two, being particularly fond of staring at the sky with their eyes closed, I am afraid will soon be asked to depart.

Our relations with the few inhabitants of the village of Kupei, largely due to the tactful overtures of Dr. Drowne, are standing us in very good stead. A delegation comes over from the village every evening with taro, poi-

a trailing foot.

Watery fog. Today was Sunday day of the week. I found myself very, quite from yesterday's climb. We endured whatever both of us could. Like spirit of our ancestors for so long as we had planned.

Great the day dawning and waking up was the cheer had begun yesterday. Mr. Brown was cheerful and arrived the camp with a great deal of skill. On one side of the cook-house or the "House Behind Joya Valley Kiwi" he has laid out our sleeping beach. The grounds, bottle bamboo strips, outrigger, veins, baskets, instruments, etc., are lined up there. While the pots for the boys to sleep on occupy the bamboo rack on the opposite side. Then the fire is going for cooking it is placed in the center of the set, and, of course, cooking up the place pretty busy. But even with the rain coming down and being blown about by the wind the stove of the one opera effectively at the same time.

The boys went up the water from the spring down in the valley, bring in the firewood, cook the meals, wash the plates and cooking utensils, and had day was joyful and polite the ground around the camp. Tahal and Tomar are good workers, but the other two, being particularly fond of eating, if the day also must open closed. I am afraid will soon be called to depart.

Our relations with the two inhabitants of the village of Ahmet. Largely due to the faithful overtures of Mr. Brown, are standing us in very good stead. A delegate came over from the village every morning with some

poi, and cocoanut pudding. This manages to lessen the incursions on our supplies, for all three of these are staple products which are becoming more and more appetizing to us.

The touch of genius which the Doctor has shown, is, I think, in making these natives understand what we are after; i. e., that we are anxious for them to bring us frogs, snakes, land snails, beetles, moths, insects, rats, fruit bats, possums, and insects. In response to a magnificent soliloquy of his in Pidgin English, natives are appearing at all times of the day with a frog on a string, a handful of land snails, a pair of live swifts, three or four rhinoceros beetles, a centipede, and so on. For each of their offerings they are paid a small quantity of tobacco and urged to bring more. The word has passed even to the more distant villages like Kokere, which, if it proves a fertile source, will be valuable in showing a variation in the land snails, which may be counted on to differ between widely separated ridges. The accumulation of snakes, frogs, butterflies, and bugs of one sort or another, all of which is really a sideline of our work, is already growing. A single bushman brought in to camp this morning thirteen fruit bats, which, by climbing to a cave higher up in the mountains before sunrise, he had killed with a stick. In this manner, the natives, reinforcing a theory of Dr. Drowne's which he has never had a chance to try out before, are proving themselves the best collectors of all of us. They can go into places we cannot go into, and know by years and years

of experience with the country, where to look for the things we want.

Hamlin came down from the mountain (it is a part of the Kronprinzen Gebirge) about half past four with his two boys and a good day's work in birds. He brought in another redbreast, another thrush, eight yellow-bibbed doves, and some thickheads, besides one or two small birds he shot at a low altitude coming and going.

January 3rd. Started up the trail this morning with Cumbai (attired in a Halifax, N. S. blue knit sweater to protect him from the cold-- Oh, little does that storekeeper in Halifax know what uses his merchandise is put to!), and Lutnineva, a very intelligent boy who followed us up as a carrier from Kino. We ran into the yellow-bibbed doves above four thousand feet and shot four of them, They are very hard to see, being the color of the leaves of the fruit trees they inhabit and remaining, generally, very silent. In the five thousand feet district, close to the summit, there exists an area of altitude birds such as a different dun-colored fantail, a dingy thickhead, the thrush, the warbler, the long-tail pigeon, the green paraqueet, and the two forms of white-eye. We bagged four thickheads, four of the brown fantails, one of the thrushes, and one of the redbreasts. The rain set in very heavily at noon, and we had lunch (sardines and biscuits) close to a bog where a slow flowing icy brook provided water. After lunch we sloughed around in the fog and rain. We picked

up two more yellow-bibbed doves, two black-winged pigeons (long-tail pigeons) and another fantail. It seems to be pretty certain that the graybirds, flycatchers, blackheads, and other indigenous and fairly common small birds do not come into the high altitude area. The only birds of the low altitudes present up here are the two forms of white-eye, the crow, and the cockatoo. And none of these three could be said to be even partially common. The fantail and thickhead are present but in quite different species than the fantail and thickhead of the lower altitudes.

We saw no more redbreast but had the great fortune to bag another thrush at about five o'clock, just as we had given up for the day and were starting down. This bird, as far as any of us have experienced, invaribly remains as quiet as a stone. The ones I have shot have all been perching in very dark places, the most umbrous and secluded that the environment could offer. They keep from ten to fifteen feet off the ground and seem to have a faculty for selecting a bush or a tree whose dark leaves are shaped much after the pattern of their own figures.

We came down the thirty-five hundred feet to the camp in less than an hour and a half sliding and sky-shooting around in the mud. It was still raining when we arrived and again the flavor of cocoanut pudding, cane syrup, and a quiet smoke on dry blankets, proved to be unmentionable things.

January 4th. Hamlin's day on the mountain. The

birds had so accumulated on the skinning bench that it took Dr. Drowne and myself all day working steadily to run them out. In this wise we are fortunate to be able to leave the birds overnight which is not possible at water level whereat they spoil as soon as six hours after shooting. The strain is very heavy on the Doctor, who stays at the bench all the hours of the day bent over in a cramped position. It is not so bad when it comes every other day, but as an unadulterated diet, I am afraid it will prove too much for him, as, indeed, it would prove too much for anybody.

More snakes, longicorns, rhinoceros beetles, butterflies, and grasshoppers were brought in by the natives today. The sideline collection is developing extraordinary proportions. The pilgrimage from the village in the evening brought three baskets of taro, a large basket of cocoanut pudding, and another bunch of bananas. The natives are becoming far less shy than they were at first. A number of the very old men, wearing nothing and with great grayish beards covering their wizened features, are making it a habit to come to the camp about sunset for a gossip together under our single cocoanut palm. They evince an interest in the day's bag of the man on the mountain when he comes down. When the first shot audible in the camp on his descent is made, they all look quickly in its direction and commence an animated conversation in the tongue of Kupei. Three times a four or five year old girl pickanniny has come with them. She is bound round and round with the folds of a long blue

bead necklace, and she stands very quiet at a discreet distance from all the people in the camp. Heaven knows where she or her parents obtained the necklace. But there is was. And there, with all the trumpery of Aida, she stood. And she will have nothing to do with any of the other pickanninies who come and go on errands for their fathers.

We are honored at various intervals with visits from a roaming clan of pigs. They are curious looking things, more like South American tapirs than any other breed of pigs I have seen. They have long overhanging sharklike noses and razor backs. They are semi-wild and sniff interrogatively into the area of the camp through openings in the surrounding bush. They are cnnsidered a rare delicacy by the natives, and , I suppose, if we were to catch one it would have to be the fesult of very pointed diplomatic negotiations.

Every day we add also to our collection of spears, bows, and arrows. The spears, except the much-valued Bougainville king spear, are similar to the Solomon Island variety. They are made of lnng pliable black poles, circumscribed with sharp curved fragments of human bone and painted with white, yellow, and red designs, much after the manner of the Alaskan totem poles. The arrows, which are designed with color difference for every village, are made of young bamboo stalks pointed and bound at the head with a gilt colored vine. Due to the tesselated feudal state of the population of

Bougainville with all the villages except the adjoining ones essentially unfriendly to one another, the natives travelling on the trails for any distance carry their weapons with them. A proper armament is composed of a bow with eight or ten arrows wrapped up in sac sac leaves. This armament, in the event of a journey all the way to Kieta, is more often than not bartered away to the Chinaman for beads, a tin of meat, or a knife.

January 5th. Started off this morning with Cumbai and Lutnineva. We attained the region of the yellow-bibbed doves about eight o'clock and found very good shooting. In two hours and a half we shot six good specimens. These birds see to eat at least four different kinds of berries, a green, a red, a white, and brown, and a russet colored. The best time to get a shot at them, that is, the only time it is possible to get a shot at them, is when they disturb a branch in yanking off their food. Several times we exhausted fifteen or twenty minutes under a tree, knowing there was a dove in it somewhere, but always unable to see it. And generally when we did see it, it was when it flew away.

The weather has not treated our undertakings kindly, but the rain in its pure obliterating form has kept away each day until the noon hour. The moon is at present on the rise and I suppose we can expect much worse luck in the latter part of the month. The rain today was just fifteen minutes too late to prevent the shooting of two small cuckoos, the first blood in this species.

We spent all day cruising around the two ridges. The rain continued and soon became supplemented by the characteristic fog. We shot some of the dun-colored fantails in the small bushes along the main trail and six thickheads on the eastern trail. We also took a yellow-bibbed dove at the very summit of the eastern ridge, about fifty-one hundred feet, and two long-tail pigeons further to the westward. The long-tail pigeons appear to favor the high branches of the dead and weather-beaten trees that stand on the ridges. When they are to be seen at all they make easy shots against the artificial white light of the fog.

Although we concentrated on them specifically all day we saw no more thrushes or redbreasts. One a day of the latter is the best that any of us can do, and it may be that we have cleaned all of them out of the area temporarily. At best both species are never better than extremely rare.

We shot nothing more between three o'clock and five, when on the point of abandoning the mountain top, we shot a new black hawk. It had flown up to the top of a dead tree trunk, pruned its feathers, and attempted to shake off the wetness of a very disagreeable day.

It is a completely black hawk, measuring about eighteen inches. The iris is orange and legs yellow. The specimen was a male, had an entire small bird and several lizards in its stomach, and was shot at the highest point of the main trail, five thousand two hundred and fifty feet

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We spot nothing more between Pine Ridge and Five
when on the point of descending the coastal top, we
a dark black bear. It was close to the top of a dead
tree trunk, facing the footpath, and attempted to hide
off the menace of a very disagreeable day.

It is a completely black bear, possibly about
sea level. The fur in orange and large patches. The
specimen was a male, but no sexing small bird was
liberal in its comments, and was also at the highest point
of the main trail. Five thousand one hundred and fifty

January 6th. Hamlin's day on the mountain. The septic poisoning which is so common on these islands with little wounds and scratches has set in upon us. There seems little to be done with these afflictions. Most of the standard ointments and treatments such as "Scarlet R", bismuth and boric acid, and bichloride of mercury solution are very valuable as temporary disinfectants and as agents for retarding wider infection. None of them, however, appear to act as curatives in any degree and in their best offices are forced to permit the poisoning to run its natural course. Some of ours have already taken two months to heal. It is a matter of divided opinion as to whether or not they are the primary condition of the tropical ulcer. Certainly they are very likely to run into them, and , indeed, act similarly to them. They affect a gradually ascending crimson discoloration around the center of infection culminating after a few days in a slow pussy discharge. The bacteria seem to be active and vicious for the infections, and in a rather short time result in deep craters. In healing they leave, as do the tropical ulcers, a dark purple scar.

We have decided to omit a Saturday trip to the mountain in order to have no birds to work on on Sunday. It is necessary to have one day a week free if for nothing else than a shave. Dr. Drowne and I spent the day in running out the birds shot yesterday.

In the evening Hamlin returned with twenty-three birds and report of another rainy day on the mountain top. He likewise had the misfortune to go the whole day without

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In the evening Smith returned with twenty-three birds and report of another relay due on the mountain tomorrow. The Illanelas had the motor-boat to go the whole day without

seeing a thrush or a redbreast. But he brought in some very valuable birds, including a number of thickheads, warblers, and dun-colored fantails. Enough to keep us all busy skinning for a morning.

The septic poisoning has settled most emphatically on my own legs and feet. I attribute it to an original infection set up by wearing shoes that were too small for me. Shoes, I have found, are scarce in the Territory of New Guinea, and proper sizes are not to be had this side of the stores on New Ireland. We have found the American sneaker or the Australian ked the most desirable when they can be obtained. The poisoning, which is similar to one I underwent two months ago on the ship, seems to particularly involve the lymph glandular system. The lymph glands, true also of Hamlin's case some time ago, become swollen at the base of the limb subject to infection. With this turn of events added to Dr. Drowne being slightly ill the prospects of keeping up our record of birds for the two months is diminishing. Hamlin's lot tonight makes a total of one hundred and seventy-six birds for the week.

Our barter and trade with the natives maintains its flourishing estate. A small basket of taro nets them one stick of tobacco, two baskets of taro and two baskets of cocoanut pudding a fathom of calico, two small paw paws and one large paw paw each a stick of tobacco, a large bunch of bananas two sticks of tobacco, ten arrows a fathom of calico, a spear a fathom of calico,

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three frogs a stick of tobacco, a handful of rhinoceros beetles, or eight butterflies, or four preying mantis, or ten land snails, or one very extraordinary insect one stick of tobacco. A fathom of calico is considered the same as six sticks of tobacco, and a pair of a new species of fruit bat (flying fox) brings two sticks. Although trade goes on intermittently all of the day with natives going up and down the trail to the more distant villages, the market hour in its most intense and colorful period comes in the morning.

January 7th. All of us remained in camp skinning the birds shot yesterday. The waning of the moon, at present full, will undoubtedly bring more rain, and what with the various maladies assaulting our personnel it does not look as though we could be as fortunate in the coming week as last.

The camp is becoming more efficient and more organized. In consideration of the vast evil influence that the two lazy cook-boys wielded over the two unadulterated cook-boys, the former were sent home. Since they have gone a great change has taken place. Bakki and Kokeri, the two who remain, have the fire going in the cook-house before sunrise. Coffee is made at six, and breakfast follows at half past the same hour. Our diet for breakfast is made up of rice and scones. The rice is an excellent dish with condensed milk and water, and the scones made freshly with the self raising flour are immortal.

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The cook-boys have learned to keep the camp clean, an accomplishment which is worthy of the adjective considerable, inasmuch as it required a direct conquest of the most highly fortified trait in the native character. They are, as well, surrounded with tins of foodstuffs and exerting a petty authority over all our other possessions, eminent in the eyes of the Kanakas. They play the part of the hosts to them very grandly and pay some of them with a plate of rice, or a plate of cocoanut pudding with tea, for hauling water or bringing in dry firewood from the bush. In this office there are always three or four extra hands hanging about. Cumbai, Lutnineva, Wagga, Tutepai, and Sappi, are all retained, fed, and kept happy at the slight expense of less than a dollar a day. This figure includes the rations of the cook-boys and in addition pays for all the taro, cocoanut pudding, paw paws, kow kow, and arrowroot that comes into the camp.

It seems that with plenty in their tummies the natives cease to associate with the distemper. They have been continually friendly to us and everything they have done has been essentially important and invaluable.

It would be ridiculous to commence a serious Anthropological study of Bougainville natives from the facts garnered in a trip of only two months duration. I shall therefore limit myself in this field to impressions of them, changing and possibly contradicting themselves from time to time, in the hope that an interested anthropologist reading them with that acknowledgement in

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mind, may obtain an overtone of something that is useful.

The Bougainville Kanaka, or bushman, is a fairly imposing figure when he is at work in his own surroundings. Carrying heavy loads up and down the rough mountain trails, lashing loads, cutting his way through the thick bush, ferreting out firewood, shooting a bow and arrow, throwing a spear, stalking a bird, and building a fire are occupations which he acquits so skillfully that their performance lends him a certain grandeur.

Squatting around a fire with the fragment of a clay pipe stuck in his mouth, or singing through the rainy hours with his weird invariable chant, he takes on a very different figure indeed. One becomes divided between awe and disgust in judging him and the correct opinion of him, as an opinion, changing as it always must with circumstance and individuals, will probably never be submitted.

The natives of the village of Kupei are not much to look at physically. Their teeth are in a state of general decay, and their crow black skins are blemished in many places by the craters of old tropical ulcers. The pickanninies of the village, attractive and intelligent young people and the least offensive members of their society to look upon, share their mothers' and fathers' susceptibility to skin disorders. All of them, no matter how young, seem to have had one or two tropical ulcers, and one or two of them suffering from a curious flaking skin malady, look as though they were

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dressed in tight sheepskin jackets. Hookworm and fever are also diseases which have followed the Kanaka trails even up to this altitude.

The village is organized under the leadership of a chieftain, or Kukerai. In this case he is a very old man of about seventy, and is unable to converse in the simple yeas and nays of Pidgon English. Under him is the village doctor, or medical Tul Tul. It is the duty of the medical Tul Tul to conduct the severely ill members of the village over the trails to Kieta and to administer to the wants of the less seriously ill in the village. His experience in medical matters is obtained by assisting for three months in the "House Sick" at Kieta. Some of the larger villages have a second Tul Tul, who acts as an interpreter for the government patrol.

The village Kukerai is expected to have the gardens of his village in a constant state of cultivation, and the responsibility of providing against dearth and famine rest upon his shoulders. It is he, as well, who leads the taxpaying members of the village once a year to the House Paper in Kieta, and upon paying his toll to the government, makes a report to the Kieppe on the affairs of his village, the deaths, births, marriages, state of the garden, amount of money earned by the men of the village, the names and number of the men who are absent from the village on plantations, etc.

The effect of the plantation on the welfare of the bush village is the foremost problem in Bougainville.

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The effect of the plantation on the welfare of the bush village is the foremost problem in Bougainville.

When a village falls into lean days the men, when they are most needed in the village to restore it to prosperity, are the most tempted to make paper (sign on) as a laborer on a plantation. The government finds it impossible to suppress this practice inasmuch as labor recruiting, that is, the obtaining of native labor, is an essential office of the plantation owner, the continuation of which is the very vital of his existence. The villager, furthermore, who has served his time on a plantation and is free to turn back into the life of his village is no longer as useful. He has lingered too long under the white man's regime, has gotten "ideas", and never falls into the pace again. I say never. There are, of course, a great many exceptions. But it is not difficult to see looking into the future of the island and the future of the bush villages, the gradual disintegration of the old society simply on this basis. The villages who need their men most are the ones who cannot hold their men, and with their departure it takes only a few years with no one but women and old men to manage the village affairs for the village to become extinguished altogether; the gardens to turn to weeds and the houses perches for parrots and feeding grounds for crows.

In mentioning the organization of the Bougainville bush village, I have referred only to those villages under the control of the government. There are a great many which are entirely unknown to the government, and have never been discovered. One of these, for instance,

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is located not a great many miles from our camp to the southeast of the Old German trail. And a considerable number of villageswhich have been visited once by the government patrol have not yet been accurately identified, accurately charted, organized in any way or required to pay a tax.

Kupei itself numbers forty odd men, women, and children. It is located on the summit of a small knoll jutting laterally out from a ridge of the Kronprinzen Mountains. I mention this again as the village proper is at some distance from our camp. There are eight sac houses mounted on poles and grouped in rough rows over a sloping mud clearing. To see it one thinks immediately of the absolute Alpha in human society.

The women, or maris, occupy a very low position. It is their duty to supply the household with food. In order to do this they make daily or bidaily journeys to the taro gardens. They bring back the taro strapped to their backs in leaf baskets. Before it is cooked it resembles a large uncomely turnip and it is actually the root of a tall plant attaining the heighth of a man and bearing broad green triangular shaped leaves. They also bring with them a bunch of berries and an occasional paw paw, which they gather from the bush on their way to and from the garden. They smoke continually the leaf of a bush plant as do all their children from the age of four, and all appear to be supplied with the remains of a clay pipe.

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The women are ugly, fat and strike me as being almost incredibly unintelligent. They have short curly heads of hair like their youngest children. Save for a rare necklace or bracelet that their husbands have brought to them from elsewhere they possess no ornament and wear none on the ordinary routine days of their life. They have, howevef, several fashions, among which are the pasting of a white clay upon their faces whenever they pass a stream where it can be found; the carrying of a sort of semi-circular parasol made out of strips of leaves and having, of course, no handle; fastening certain blossoms and colored leaves in their hair above the ears; and puncturing the nose and ears with stone and bits of shell.

The arts of the village are limited to housebuilding, cooking, the making of stone adses, bows and arrows, spears, baskets, and rope. Thinking of the village and looking at this list it seems as though I must have put down more than is true. It is rare that one sees them occupied in any craft. But this is actually a list of everything they are, in this village, capable of doing.

The maris do the basket making, which expresses itself in mats from two to three feet square for sleeping, the parasols mentioned, and the coarse taro baskets, which are nothing more than one cocoanut palm wound into another.

As much as possible the maris keep together. They move in and out of the village to the taro gardens in one herd, like cattle of an identical and self-conscious

The women are ugly. Yet and strike me as being almost incredibly uninteligent. They have short curly heads of hair like their youngest children. Save for a rare necklace or bracelet that their husbands have brought to them from elsewhere they possess no ornament and wear none on the ordinary routine days of their life. They have, however, several fashions, among which are the painting of a white clay upon their faces whenever they pass a stream where it can be found; the carrying of a sort of semi-circular parasol made out of strips of leaves and having, of course, no handle; fastening certain blossoms and colored leaves in their hair above the ears; and puncturing the nose and ears with stone and bits of shell.

The arts of the village are limited to housebuilding, cooking, the making of stone adzes, bows and arrows, spears, baskets, and rope. Thinking of the village and looking at this list it seems as though I must have put down more than is true. It is rare that one sees them occupied in any craft. But this is actually a list of everything they are, in this village, capable of doing.

The marls do the basket making, which expresses itself in mats from two to three feet square for sleeping, the parasols mentioned, and the coarse taro baskets, which are nothing more than one cocoanut palm wound into another.

As much as possible the marls keep together. They move in and out of the village to the taro gardens in one herd, like cattle of an identical and self-contained

strain. Conversation and social intercourse between the two sexes is repressed to monosyllables. A group of male natives, such as the group in our cook-house, will bring an animated conversation to a complete silence when a mari appears to sell her basket of taro, and observe it until she departs. The mari, on such an occasion, inevitably performs some silly and embarrassed contretemps and shifts and filigrees around like a child of two.

They carry their children on their backs straddle-legged fashion, they wear lava lavas, or loin cloths, and their figures are enlarged around the waist from the weight of the loads they are forced to carry up and down the steep trails.

It would not be correct to say that the women are left all the work to do. The men stir about considerably themselves. But they are free and independently spirited and their exits and their entrances, their tasks and their excursions are timed to suit themselves. And when a mari sells anything her husband takes the calico or tobacco and gives it, or part of it, to her if he chooses.

For all the wretchedness and squalor of the people of the village, they are not wretched-spirited people. The struggle for existence stands, like the jocund sun in Romeo and Juliet, tiptoe on the mountain top, and the sulking lean ribbed dogs that sniff hungrily around under the poles of the huts bear witness that there is

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little time for writing poetry or for a-strumming on the lyre. Under the circumstances it is surprising how many smiles the men have for each other, and how many giggles the women pour out over the trails as they start for the taro gardens in the morning.

January 8th. At noon a native from Kokere came down the trail with the news that there was a white man behind him. He made gestures to show that the white man was disabled.

This was exciting news to us. There are no white men on the opposite coast of Bougainville and none in the interior. The nearest white man to us is Esson at Arawa Plantation, the foot of the trail on the northern coast. Not being able to understand who it could be and what could be in the wind we were prepared for most anything.

An hour later a very tall man in a giant sombrero hat came around the corner of the hut. He was leaning heavily on a stick, his feet were bare, his trousers rolled up, and he wore a month's old beard. As he came nearer his youth penetrated the startling incognito of his appearance. His first words were, "The original New Guinea tramp!".

He turned out to be a chap called Fordyce, a recruiter from Rabaul, and very much of a gentleman and a fine fellow.

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Two months ago he and his partner set out from Rabaul on a schooner belonging to E. K. Carpenter & Co. They

were landed at Miwarika on the southern coast with supplies and trade articles estimated to last them a month. It was their intention to proceed slowly from one bush village to another staying long enough to pick up a recruit or two while the news of their presence and friendly intentions travelled ahead of them. Everything went well until Fordyce's partner came down with an acute attack of gastric malaria. Unable to move, and there being, indeed, no place to move to, Fordyce was forced to hang by and watch his partner sink through all the stages of delirium until he was severely wasted. The weeks went by, supplies and trading articles gave out, and the sick man was still too weak to be moved. After a two month's isolation Fordyce decided that his partner was well enough to be left alone while he tried to cross the mountains into Kieta for assistance.

He obtained a few native carriers on promises to pay should they get back to civilization. Starting out on Wednesday morning it took him four days and part of a fifth to reach our camp, the news of which he had picked up in Kokere. The third day he injured his knees fording one of the mountain rivers, and they became so swollen that he could no longer walk. He had to be carried on a sapling stretcher from Kokere to our camp over the trail we use for collecting on the mountain.

It was a pleasure to do anything for this man to whom the slightest things, a cigarette or a square meal, were nominal events. Dr. Drowne bound up his knees and

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It was a pleasure to do anything for this man to whom the slightest things, a cigarette or a square meal, were monumental events. Dr. Browne bound up his knee and

paid off his carriers. What few things he brought with him were hung up on our steps, and with the departure of his camp followers and the restoration of the quiet of the Sabbath, we found ourselves possessed with a totally novel endowment, a guest for dinner.

Mr. Fordyce turned out to be actually the most attractive person in the Territory of New Guinea, barring, perhaps, Esson of Arawa. Outside of giving us a brief of his experiences in the most abstract way, he switched the conversation off himself and never permitted it to get back again. We had a most enjoyable afternoon and evening and inaugurated a discussion in which we tossed the reputation of nations around in a most cold-blooded manner, lying on our backs and blowing smoke into the darkness.

January 9th. Mr. Fordyce set out early for Arawa Plantation. He took with him very kindly some letters to Messrs. Ebery and Walsh, the storekeepers, and his carriers going north will be our carriers coming south again with the supplies we have sent for at Kieta. They have agreed to carry up rice, biscuits, flour, tinned meat, jam, and condensed milk. With them we sent our first shipment of birds, one hundred and twenty specimens packed up in a camphorwood box and destined for Mr. Esson. The camphorwood box is one that I bought from the Chinaman in Kieta for eleven shillings. It has served as a writing desk, dining room chair, bird skinning bench, and reading table. Besides holding together all my heterogenious possessions, tobacco, tooth-paste, socks,

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books, flashlight batteries, etc., it has engaged my emotions sentimentally. I shall live uneasily until I see it back again.

The septic poisoning on my legs continues, so Hamlin took the day on the mountain. At noon Dr. Drowne, who has not been in good health for the past few days, came down with an attack of malaria.

Hamlin returned in the evening with eighteen birds, including a little green paraqueet, the first one taken by our expedition here. The thrushes and redbreasts still observe their lately acquired elusiveness.

It rained heavily all afternoon. Several cases of fever with complications have broken out in the village and Cumbai has left, himself, with a dose of fever, with four patients bound over the trails for Kieta and the House Sick.

It is the season for sickness among the natives. And the waning of the moon bringing increased rain and dampness is the worst part of this season.

January 19th. Doctor Drowne's illness has turned out to be gastric malaria. He is having a hard time of it. His temperature has gone up to 103, he cannot eat anything, has fits of coughing and renching, and due to the nature of the camp with bamboo poles and a blanket for a bed, is in an exceptionally uncomfortable situation. Hamlin and I both stayed in camp today. It is difficult to make a decision in such circumstances. If Dr. Drowne is going to be sicker he certainly should be

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in Kieta, but it is by no means certain that he would not, in the exposure and awkwardness of being carried, develop worse complications than he would, here in camp, naturally develop in the natural course of the disease. We both agreed as the day wore to a close to make up a hasty party in the morning if he is any worse and carry him down. At present he is a very sick man.

The fever, as it expresses itself in these parts, is a subtle thing to deal with. It may be low fever, a prolongued and heady malady with no crisis and no high temperature; it may be plain malaria, with a high temperature and a definite crisis; it may be gastric malaria; or it may be the final stage of all the fevers, the breaking down of the red corpuscles, known as black water fever. Quinine, with those who act and react to it favorably, is the efficient antidote. Dr. Drowne is taking as much as forty grains a day. His temperature is highest in the mornings and evenings, subsiding slightly in the middle of the day.

The natives of the village as well as those of our own camp have been respectful of our illness, and have gone about very quietly during the day. No activity in the bird and exploring business.

January 11th. Dr. Drowne's condition improved enough to postpone the idea of carrying him to Arawa. His inability to eat any food has weakened him badly, and it is hard to say just how much of his pallor is due to this and how much to the disease. His evening temperature

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yesterday went down to the 102 mark. In the forenoon he tried to take a cup of Bovril, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Meanwhile, all other operations are temporarily abandoned. Severe rains, which come up here simultaneously with the waning of the moon, have fallen all week. It is impossible to believe we could have done any valuable shooting in the days we have missed.

The rain clouds pour through the gap in the two ridges above us and swoop down the valley under the force of a very high gusty wind. Each rain squall is a storm in itself. The trees on the ridges are shaken all over each other and several of them, with the report of a giant cannon ball, have fallen over and careened into the bush on the side of the mountain.

The climate during the late storms has remained cold, like late October days in New England. It has seemed preposterous to look far down the valley to the coast and know that around the nose of the nearest northern peninsula is the hottest place in the world, with the exception of one famous little harbor on the Persian Gulf.

At night the clouds clear away and there follows the cold crystal atmosphere of New England in November. We have been thankful for all our blankets, overcoats, shooting coats, and everything we could pile on. The change has been a blessing, and I, for one, look forward with melancholy circumspection to the time when we shall have to return to the coast.

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Each day discloses an added natural endowment of the camp. One of the large tumbling mountain rivers commences its journey to the coast through the ravine below us. It possesses all the stage properties of Alph, the sacred river of Kubla Khan, the ancient logs, profound pools, veils of bubbles, and many pulpits of veteran rocks in which curiously-speaking frogs address their mossy audiences. Its roar is diminished to a whirr at the distance of the camp, but it remains in easy climbing down distance, and a pilgrimage to it for some of its clean bubbles and much of its philosophy is a cherished item in the day's routine.

The clouds on the mountains are in themselves eternally engaging. Some rise up slowly from the dank ravines to join the more lofty ones and become twisted into all manner of patterns and veils. When it is stormy these smaller ones are eaten up in the fierce black manes of the long distance fellows, and the entire chaotic package flies on like lightening northward to the sea. There are idle moments of the day when all the tussle of the winds and elements are in armistice. It is then that the caw of the native crow expands its international illusion. With the rareness of the sky and air one would believe, were he an American and were he but to look downward towards the sea and close his eyes, he was near the Hudson, and the crow and he were dreaming through a day of early autumn.

All this, when it is possible to look down at sunset

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through the clouds on the thin delta of Arawa Plantation and know that far over there Esson's native labor are spread out under the palms hoping to catch one cool evening's breath of air. It is like stealing music from the angels.

January 12th. Today Dr. Drowne's condition is improved. Although he is still weak his temperature has gone down and his spirits have proportionally ascended. It is very cheering to us. Hamlin went up the mountain on the strength of his turn for the better, and the camp has begun to take on signs of reanimation.

In the morning Mr. Fordyce's carriers from the village of Miwarika returning with supplies for his partner brought with them the supplies we had sent for at the store in Kieta. Our flour supply is thereby replenished and the privilege of having fried scones for breakfast guaranteed forwell into the future. These four men under the leadership of the village Kukerai, who is, according to Mr. Fordyce, a very capable and wiley fellow, will arrive at their destination Saturday night. The heavy rains continue and it is remarkable to think of the distance these men will cover, strapped to heavy knapsacks, over the mud slides of the mountains. They will sleep at Lamara tonight, which is well the other side of Kokere, and come to Miwarika the following evening. Mr. Fordyce's partner ought to be glad to see them. He is expected to be able to set out for the coast very soon after they arrive, and should get to our camp Sunday or Monday.

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Soon after the departure of the carriers up the trails, a delegation of five men from Kokere came down it to do some trading with us. One of them could speak a form of Pidgin English, and through him we completed the largest business transaction that has taken place so far. For five fathoms of calico, eight shillings, and nine sticks of tobacco we obtained eight native mats, forty-five plain arrows and fifteen decorated arrows. Dr. Drowne also presented them with salt and some matches. They all stood in a line behind their spokesman and handed him their treasures, which he held up before us one by one and announced the amount desired. All of them were shy, but quite determined on the price of their possessions. One or two things they asked too much for and accepted a lower figure. One or two things they were paid more for than the articles merited. The visit was carried out with great manifestations of good feeling, and they loitered around the camp talking to our cook-boys for a while before they started back up the trail.

These men from Kokere seem slightly sturdier than the Kupei men. I hope to be able to get over to their village before we leave the island. It must be larger then Kupei by many people, and possibly more interesting. The Kokere men wear colored arm bands and necklaces. The former, I believe, are actually made by the natives of Buin, while the latter the Kokere natives construct themselves. They consist of twelve or thirteen of the front teeth of fruit bats hung loosely together about the neck.

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The visit of these men seem to do Dr. Drowne good. He became interested in the trading, sitting up and taking his first full cup of Bovril.

We have added two vegetables to the list of food it is possible to get from the natives. One is kow kow, an exceedingly appetizing substitute for potato somewhat lighter in substance. The other is pumpkin. A gigantic specimen of this dignified vegetable was brought in to us today, but I do not know whether it was grown in the Kupei taro garden or in the garden of one of the lower villages. It is the natural thing for travellers to exclaim, "far better than potato!", or, "far better than tomato!", whenever the local substitute is presented to them. In spite ofthis I extend a degree of tantamouncy to the kow kow, while the pumpkin, a corpulent and blushing thing, will be allowed to speak for itself.

Dr. Drowne is definitely on the road to recovery. His temperature is back to normal and this morning he ate his first real meal. The septic poisoning on my legs seems to be recovering as well, and I started back on my shift up the mountain.

The post lunar storms are still continuing. Many trees have been blown over on the trail, and it is now necessary to make a series of detours into the bush and back on the trail again. But the trail itself is, I suppose, nothing more than the history of detours, and stood when we first saw it only as the most recent of an evolution of changes destined to continue as long as

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the black man of the forest trudges, scrambles, and cuts his journey to the coast. Indeed, a trail such as this has an analogy to the history of the people whose footsteps preserve it. For every turn that it makes, gully it avoids, one forgets the long since buried pioneer who wandered off this way and that way only to return and say that this way and that way were no good. At its best, the well-travelled conclusion of many many years, it is still a shadow line in the great green confusion of the forest, altered when a little earth slides from the ridge, when a puff of wind conquers a too grown old tree, or when a boulder slips and with it an ancient and dependable ridge becomes an intransversable ravine. As it stretches out its compromises with the natural obstacles contending it, over a spring bottom upon whose weedy rocks it leaves a path of small bare surfaces, skirting here a gnarled rooty knoll, there the extended figure of a fallen tree, and mounting ever upwards on boulder tops and favorable roots, affecting really no tree, no spring, no boulder by its passage, it seems more a ghostly thing than a useful thing, more the casual motions of some woodland sprite, who, being in a holiday mood, cared not the least where he was going.

The wind blew hard against the trees and there were few birds on the ridges. Above four thousand feet it rained continually. For the first time the mountain top was even colder than mid-winter New England, with a combination of wind, rain, and fog all doing business simultaneously. The swaying of the pandanus trunks made a

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sonorous staccato noise, like the slow beat of a wooden mallet on a wooden drum, and combined with the other curious properties of this altitude to make the place more unearthly and more dreary than ever.

Lutnineva went with me. We munched our ship's biscuits in a steady rain and gazed gloomily at each other across a bog. We had shot nothing more than four thickheads. In the afternoon the wind continued and the birds remained out of the area of the trail. We returned to camp with a day's work of six common birds.

I tried going barefoot today as an experiment. On the strength of Mr. Fordyce's adventure and the lack of shoes in the Territory of New Guinea it might seem that this is an expedient adjustment. It turned out very well. I managed to keep my bandages away from snares and twigs and although I moved slower than usual I had less difficulty with the smooth muddy incline of the trail. It is possible that with a little more practice I will be able to attain native velocity in this medium, although it is extremely doubtful.

January 14th. Today is Dr. Drowne's birthday. He has fully recovered his spirits if not all his strength. We left off the mountain trip as usual on Saturdays, spending most of the day skinning birds shot yesterday around the camp. In addition to these was a very beautiful hawk shot by Hamlin. It is about the same size as our first hawk, eighteen inches over all, blue black feathers on the back, with a barred breast, yellowish brown with horizontal black stripes. Bakki, our cook-boy

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who has taken a gun off in the bush at odd times, returned today with a cuckoo. This is the third so far and a very welcome member indeed.

In the evening we sat down to Dr. Drowne's birthday dinner. Although it carried with it no more unusual edibles than a tinned fruit cake preserved especially for the purpose, it was very hearty in good wishes. Particularly in celebrating his safe recovery from a rotten disease.

The passage of time among these mountains is an engaging study. I take my cue from the comparative identity which each day has with the next. In every week of all the months of the year each tree is just as green, the palms and taro leaves as tall and healthy, the song of the birds in the morning quite the same and quite as cheerful. One may go to sleep at night knowing that tomorrow may be indistinguishable from today, and if today was particularly beautiful it may be enjoyed all over again. For the weather is arbitrary. The rain clouds gather at certain times in the day and month, but it is perfectly possible for them to disregard their schedule. If they do not disregard their schedule it is still possible that they will not rain. There is nothing unequivocal in the sky at any time as there is nothing changeable in the forest and on the hazy blue foreheads of the mountains. Indeed every day on the calendar is a repetition of some undated day, its exact counterpart in tincture of sky, pattern of cloud, and feature of the

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distant ocean- a day which in itself is only the most recent of a numberless chain.

That is why, perhaps, with the natives there is no calendar. The year has no number nor the month a name. Time, at least that slight obeisance that is payed to it, is exacted in moons. So many moons. Some event that happened long ago happened by moons and moons. A very long time is moons and moons and moons. This is expressed with an accompanying gesture which means at the same time, what on earth is the difference?

Watching the sky, watching the days go by, watching the natives, and listening to the sounds in the valley, it is not a difficult thing to understand.

January 15th. The English partner of Mr. Fordyce was half expected today, but he didn't appear.

Hamlin conceived the idea of going to Kokere. He set out after breakfast with a gun. He walked and walked for a very long time, but he never got to Kokere. He had a perfect day rainless from sunrise to sunset, and obtained a view which might be obtained not more than once in a lifetime on Bougainville with all its mists and clouds. He looked about eighty miles up the island past the Kronprinzen chain, past a long flat plateau into the peaks of the other chain. Spread out before him from near and from far were the trailing wisps of smoke from a host of native villages. Many of these have never been visited by white men, and some, undoubtedly, have never decided what a man like a white man was.

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The distance Smith traversed was somewhat greater

than the distance from here to Arawa Plantation. He travelled until one o'clock, finding the trail on the opposite divide of the mountains flattening out and ascending and descending four or five gentle ridges. He was more than rewarded for his journey, and failing to reach Kokere had a view which is as difficult to get as the Bougainville crested pigeon.

Tomorrow we are sending carriers to Kieta for salt, tobacco, rice, and two flashlight batteries, a most extraordinary mission.

January 16th. The carriers got off for Kino shortly before I started up the mountain with Ona, the son of the Kukerai. The day dawned rainy after an unusual night of high gusty winds. They commenced to beat against the walls of the house at midnight, pounding the sac sac and squeaking the supports from one side to the other, depositing bits of limbs on the roof.

When we started out in the morning it looked as though it might be clearing. But half an hour after we left camp the rain began again and kept up with two half hour intermissions for the rest of the day.

In the two half hour intermissions we bagged a thrush, a warbler, a long-tail dove, a long-tailed pigeon, and a brace of white-eyes. The shooting was very dull for the rest of the day on account of the rain.

To lighten the tedium of the poor shooting there were three passages of Kanakas along the trail. The first two groups were bound for the coast, while the third, encountered late in the day, were bound inland.

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Ona and I met the first group at our five thousand foot mark. They were under the leadership of a Kukerai who spoke Pidgin, and carried some baskets and kow kow on their backs. I suggested that he make a call at our camp and sell the baskets, and it was a suggestion which I found out later he carried out.

The second group, seven in number, passed us without a word or a saluation at lunch time. They were without a Kukerai, being evidently from an unregistered village, and were travelling very rapidly. Most of them wore no clothes at all. In the center of the procession was one mari with a tremendous blue stone necklace strung around her. They carried bows and arrows and heavy loads, the mari bearing the heaviest load of all.

The last group, going inland, passed in the late afternoon evidently prepared to spend the night travelling. They were from a village which they called Faro, and bore signs of a visit to the Kieta Chinaman, one of them carrying a tin of mutton. With them was a Kukerai who spoke Pidgin and had very pleasant manners. He pointed out a bird (a curvebill) in a tree, waited until I shot it, retrieved it, and after reassuring me of the great number of "pidgins" which "stop along Faro", organized his forces and departed.

When I returned to camp I found that Hamlin and Dr. Drowne had had a profitable day's business with these same Kanakas, purchasing arrows, spears, and baskets. The first and the last group had stopped while the second group had gone through like the wind.

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Two snakes, a spiked iguana, two species of tree frogs, and some more land snails were brought in today by the Kupei natives.

January 17th. Hamlin's day on the mountain. Dawned clear, but the clouds collected at noon and the rain followed soon afterwards. Dr. Drowne and I found a full day's work at the skinning bench.

Our carriers returned from Kieta just after lunch. With them and the salt, tobacco, rice, and flashlight batteries came letters from Mr. Esson and Mr. Scririn. The former recounted an attack upon its author by one of the plantation laborers. The attack was made with a copra knife, and the man disappeared into the bush after three or four others had pounced on him.

During the afternoon three maris and a man from Livilik came into camp with a new dish, tapioca paste sprinkled with shredded cocoanut. They also brought in two dozen odd land snails. The tapioca paste turned out to be marvelous and at supper time the three of us devoured the whole affair after coating it with cane syrup.

Following shortly on the heels of the tapioca, three men from Siwi came up the trail with baskets to sell. Siwi is well-known for its fine baskets and root weaving, and these men, if they made their own baskets, must certainly be the foremost members of the guild. The root and fibre of a tree is bound tightly into a heavy thread and woven with minute stitches over the frame of

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the basket. As I understand it the basket can only be worked on when the root is damp. The baskets we acquired were said to have taken three moons to construct.

Hamlin came in in the evening with reports of a wet and rotten day. He was in the act of giving two pigeons away to Wagga when Dr. Drowne rescued one of them. It turned out to be a completely new bird, a yellow-legged ground pigeon. Dr. Drowne has never seen it before or heard of it or anything like it. It is given No. 273 on our list, and will fit into the Whitney S. S. number in whatever thirty thousand is attained with No. 273 as its final digits. Iris is yellow orange, it is a female specimen, and measures about 15 inches over all. It is curious that in a bird collector's camp the rarest bird taken had to be salvaged from a native kaikai fire, and the bird, the native, the fire, and the collector, must be allowed to burn together, wafting over the history of the expedition the smokes of poetic justice.

The reason for the episode is, of course, the resemblance of this bird to the red-knobbed pigeon, having the same dark feathers touched with green and the same general silhouette.

January 18th. Morning collecting today in which no new birds were acquired and in which we succeeded only in adding to our list of species in series. And operations on these birds were pleasantly upset by the arrival of the much heralded Mr. Kemp, the exiled partner of Pat Fordyce.

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It was the intention of Pat Fordyce and him to slice through Bougainville from Buin to the Pukka end, penetrating the unknown country near Bagana. They were convinced they could get enough recruits to send them down to Sydney for quite a luxurious holiday.

When Fordyce passed through our camp he had three recruits with him, and Kemp, with the boys he has picked up, boosts the aggregate to eleven. Financially, therefore, their adventure has set them back very heavily. Yet, as Kemp sat down on a cracker tin and confronted his first plate of tin meat in a good many days he kept repeating, "But there are boys in that country, by Jesus! Some day I will get them!".

The country around Bagana, one of the two active volcanoes, has never been entered by recruiters. Years ago a patrol officer went through the outskirts of it

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Meanwhile, Kemp with his battered baggage, his ancient gold panning outfit and his bright smile, is due to walk down the trail tomorrow into the valley. And with him Omega on a valiant attempt to wrest some sort of a fortune from the damp and unfamiliar places of the earth.

The boys he brought with him were odd ends of whatever village they came from. Most distinguished of these was one very fat one who stood all afternoon with his arm on his hip gazing at the top of the opposite ridge. Although he was as black as any of them, his corpulent figure and benevolent features were in contrast to the ferocious appearance of the Bougainville native. He reminded me of a medaillon I once saw of Pope Clement VII and I enquired about him. I was informed that he was slightly off his head. Had been so for a long time. All his life in fact. He had made no objections to being recruited as he had made no objections to anything that had ever taken place as long as his villagers could remember. His name was Vasuli. It is a pity more are not born like him on all the islands of Oceania plied by recruiters. Kemp described the peculiar quality of Vasuli's lunacy. He said that it was brought on suddenly

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January 19th. Kemp organized his carriers and made up his boxes immediately after breakfast. The carriers had slept huddled together around a fire between our house and the cook-house. The night was a particularly cold one, but they had been too lazy to make a shelter yesterday afternoon.

While all the carriers were gathered about their vine-strapped loads waiting for the start, Kemp got out his hair clippers. To the intense interest of the natives he completely shaved the heads of Hamlin and myself. We were very grateful for this opportunity, as our hair has been a nuisance to us for over a month. We both decided, however, somewhat wistfully, that the number of months likely to pass before our hair could be a nuisance to us again was more than either of us would care to go without sugar.

Finally, at about nine o'clock Kemp's party set out down the trail augmented by four of our own carriers bound to Arawa with another shipment of birds. Before he left, our guest left with us ten pounds of flour, a tin of baking powder, a tin of cigarette papers, a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, and a tin of jam- all that was left of his gesture. Then with one native who carried his sneakers on a stick, he departed down the trail following the footsteps of his partner. "Back to the

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Hamlin took a late start up the mountain, while Dr. Drowne and I collected on the side trails, spending the afternoon skinning the morning birds. Again we found nothing new, and the day's work added to what Hamlin brought down from the mountain, only enlarged our series of already acquired species. The best of the high altitude catch were two redbreasts, a female and a young male, and two green paraqueets.

The weather has improved in regard to the rain. The nights are clear and cold and the day's shower is now coming between three and four. In the approaching three weeks there is a rising moon, and we are depending upon more favor still.

January 20th. Turned out to be amost noteworthy day. I left right after breakfast for the mountain top. It was a beautiful clear day similar to Hamlin's lucky Sunday on the Kokere side of the mountain. As we got higher and the weather continued clear I was determined to get as far as I could myself, and chance a sneaking look at his view. The sun was so bright that the birds kept off the ridges and we only got four shots between our camp and five thousand two hundred feet. Going barefoot I find I am considerably slower on the climb but with the dull shooting we managed to get to the top by ten o'clock. We passed a delegation from the village of Kokere bound over the mountains to our camp with

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Hamlin took a late start up the mountain, while Dr. Browne and I collected on the side trails, spending the afternoon skinning the morning birds. Again we found nothing new, and the day's work added to what Hamlin brought down from the mountain, only enlarged our series of already acquired species. The best of the high altitude catch were two redbreasts, a female and a young male, and two green parequeets.

The weather has improved in regard to the rain. The nights are clear and cold and the day's shower is now coming between three and four. In the approaching three weeks there is a rising moon, and we are depending upon more favor still.

January 20th. Turned out to be a most noteworthy day. I left right after breakfast for the mountain top. It was a beautiful clear day similar to Hamlin's lucky Sunday on the Kokere side of the mountain. As we got higher and the weather continued clear I was determined to get as far as I could myself, and obtained a sweeping look at his view. The sun was so bright that the birds kept off the ridges and we only got four shots between our camp and five thousand two hundred feet. Going barefoot I find I am considerably slower on the climb but with the dull shooting we managed to get to the top by ten o'clock. We passed a delegation from the village of Kokere bound over the mountains to our camp with

spears, arrows, and mats to sell. We had begun the descent on the other side by half past ten and after a fifteen minute intermission for sardines and biscuits we kept going as fast as we could until after three o'clock.

I am still unable to decide whether the view I saw was the view Hamlin saw or not. It probably was not, but it was a magnificent one. Over a broad green plateau as far as the eye could see to the uttermost horizon, with a thin ribbon-like exception where the plateau at last receded into the ocean. The direction of the view was SW by compass, and it was possible to see the other range of mountains to the west. Two blue columns of smoke rose from a point in the valley, coming, I imagine, from the two native villages of Moroni and Desekei. Some twenty miles away other columns rose from villages which were not able to be identified.

Ona cleared away a large portion of the tree limbs and shrubbery which parenthesized the view, and I stood there for half an hour.

Up to our coming to the view, late in the afternoon, four birds was the sum total of our operations. It was amazing how quicklythe birds appeared from this point on. First a yellow-bibbed dove going back up the mountain, then two dun colored fantails, then a thrush, a curvebill, four honeysuckers, two more doves, two long-tailed pigeons, a warbler, another dove, and last and eventually the most eminent catch of the day, a crested pigeon, the shooting of which was a preposterous affair

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from beginning to end.

The pigeon sat in a tree along the course of the trail and was shot at three times, each time changing its position. The final shot at the final tree finally finished it sufficiently to upset it from the branch it then occupied. But although it was now a dead bird it had only changed its position an inch and a quarter. Hanging by its tail it gazed down upon us from an altitude of forty feet, directly over a ridge graded eleven inches to the foot. Three quarters of an hour's operations brought Ona to a point on the tree where he could barely reach the bird with a hurriedly constructed bamboo pole. As he extended the stick the body of the bird tumbled down the side of the ridge, leaving the tail pirouetting slowly in the breeze. The tail did not take kindly to the separation, however, and a second or two afterwards took a glidelike coast far over the ravine and out of sight. Somewhere below us was a created pigeon and a crested pigeon's tail. Half and hour later we found the pigeon, or rather Ona did, but the crested pigeon's tail has gone as an offering to the gods.

January 21st. No hunting today. Marking the termination of three week's work, we counted up our results into statistics. On Friday we had accumulated 372 birds representing 40 species, 1700 land snails, 126 frogs, 15 snakes, 16 fruit bats of four species, 2 iguanas, 15 geckos and lizards, and 600 odd insects.

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January 21st. No hunting today. Marking the termination of three week's work, we counted up our results into statistics. On Friday we had accumulated 872 birds representing 40 species, 1700 land snails, 126 frogs, 15 snakes, 16 fruit bats of four species, 3 iguanas, 15 geckos and lizards, and 800 odd insects.

There are, undoubtedly, diametrically opposed schools of thought on the proper method of collecting

in a foreign country. Our own policy, namely, that of wholeheartedly enlisting the assistance of the natives, while it is efficient in a country where a stick of tobacco is an article to be conjured with, would be severely harrowed in a country like Australia or Spain where the natives are people like ourselves. There are those believing in the native policy, however, who would attack Australia or Spain, indeed, have attacked both Australia and Spain, with ample and not too expensive results.

Likewise there are exponents of the opposite school operating in regions abounding in cheap and resourceful labor who are convinced that this labor is no good to them and deprive themselves of it. It is with the desire of experimenting on the success of both sides that we are obtaining the help of the natives up here; for the policy of Mr. Beck has always been to avoid the natives in pursuit of bird specimens, using them only for purposes of food supply, and the catching of live specimens.

In the course of a few days after Dr. Drowne had explained to the natives what things could be brought in from the bush to receive a portion of tobacco, there appeared representations of nine different villages, Kupei, Binkumi, Kino, Chinga, Mokontoro, and Katikia on this side of the mountain, and Mosinau, Moroni, and Kokere on the other. The villages mentioned fabricate a network of sixty-four square miles.

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other conversations. The representatives of the village, whoever they might be, journeying up and down the trails soon conveyed the instructions they had received to their fellow villagers. It meant that every man in the village who felt like having a smoke, as well as pickanninies and maris, was a potential collector. Soon the material began to appear in camp. The great number of leaf packages we had to unwrap each time a delegation came with an interpreter to do business bore witness to the number of unseen persons who were serving us.

Before we are finished these Kanakas may yet do something which will change our opinion of them. The hunters who have spotted birds in the trees, which we couldn't see ourselves, and climbed down places we couldn't climb down to get them, may suddenly take fancies to scare every bird away or to pull the feathers out of the ones we shoot. The faithful bug collectors, who have deluged us with invaluable longicorns may commence sending in spitballs. I hesitate to conclude so soon that natives are a boon to science due to the great eminence of members of the opposite school. There must be a catch in it somewhere.

January 22nd. Another very fine Sunday. Started up the mountain after lunch with Ona. We were in search of rare birds; redbreasts, hawks, thrushes, and crested pigeons. The weather was so fair even at the summit that I thought unkindly of the early pages of this chronicle, which have the mountains eternally snshrouded in fog. It is almost eternally that they are enshrouded.

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Today the dank unearthly places were a little less dank and unearthly, for the sun had penetrated the thick vegetation and imposed a few dry and half warm oases on the dark wilderness of the place. There was no wind and the quiescence seemed more overpowerful than ever. When I took off my shooting coat and threw it on one side of the trail I could hear my watch ticking very plainly from where I lay on the other.

Of all the rare birds Ona and I were in search of we were most desperately in search of a crested pigeon. The mess we had made in respect to crested pigeons on Friday had been hard for us to bear. The bird has a low whistling call which is almost an inversion of the call of the long-tail dove with a longer pause between the two notes. It is an easy call for a man to imitate and both of us had bayed it out against the sky hopefully, like Irish wolves after attaining the first lookout. We had sent it out all along the ascending ridge and dropped it into the valley below. When we had mounted to the summit we sent down into the ravines on the other side. But always there was no answer. I had heard the call off the trail and passed on not knowing what it was. Although the birds are uncommon their call, which I had heard, sounds as though it was being made from a great distance even when the bird is near. Before I knew anything about the crested pigeon I must have lost one or two through this illusion.

There seemed to be no birds left in Bougainville.

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I shot a long-tailed pigeon on the wing (I use that expression to mean that the bird was on the wing and not that that was where I shot him) and the air was so quiet that the feathers knocked from its breast descended and formed an aurora over my head and shoulders. As I looked at the ruined bird I thought of a good way one might end an intimate novel of a bird collector, and handed it to Ona for his supper.

Before we left the summit we shot a thrush. As it was the only bird it had to become gradually the justification for the day's climb, and by the time we had reached the camp it had expanded, in the queer way little things have, into that full office.

January 23rd. Our intention of sending down another shipment of birds today vanished with the morning. Lutnineva could not find boys enough to carry for us. He came into camp with this information and departed immediately in the hopes of securing them for tomorrow. We may have more trouble than we expect in moving ourselves, bags, baggage, and birds out of here. This week is our last week- it is not easy not to be sentimental about it.

Dr. Drowne and I had a day's work at the skinning bench, for Bakki and one or two of the other boys had shot around the camp yesterday afternoon. Bakki's shooting has had a direct effect on enlarging our series. He shot the only two blackheads taken so far, nine of the ten purple-backed kingfishers, three of the six small cuckoos, and any number of the valuable smaller

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birds, specimens of which are slightly more plentiful. His attitude towards the shooting and towards the gun he uses is essentially heroic. In the evening after supper and at odd times during the day, I notice him practicing the British manual of arms under loudly self-inflicted orders. Whenever a group of Kanakas from another village are present, no matter if a bird is within sight or not, he will suddenly look very hard at a distant tree and disappear in a menacing manner.

The manual of arms he has probably picked up from the police boys in Rabaul or Kieta, while a man with a gun is, I suppose, an eyeful at any time in the forests and glades of the Kanakas.

In the evening Hamlin returned with what will, without any doubt, remain on the records of the expedition as the most preposterous and most valuable day's work. He was almost apologetic about it.

Dr. Drowne and I were still at work in the cook-house when he came into the camp. The dialogue went something like this.

"Well, hello, Ham. What sort of a day did you have?"

"Oh, not so bad. Not too bad." (A pause).

"What did you get?" I turned around as I said this and I am sure I saw him blushing.

"Well, I got a couple of your crested pigeons. Pretty lucky, I--"

"Crested pigeons? You did? Gee whiz!"

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This intelligence broke up the operations of Dr. Browne and myself.

"Good God, what else did you get? Did you get any thrushes?"

"Yes, I got three thrushes."

We asked no more questions. It seemed too ridiculous to ask questions. He had shot twenty-four birds. He hauled out of his shooting coat and unwrapped two crested pigeons, three thrushes, two green paraqueets, three yellow-bibbed doves, three dun-colored fantails, a mountain thickhead, two warblers, three white-eyes, a red-bellied flycatcher and two long-tailed pigeons. He had also shot (as though to thumb his nose, professionally speaking) a crow. The pickanniny who carried it tied by its legs to a stick heaved it on the counter and grinned.

January 24th. Marks the third act in my tragedy of the crested pigeons. It was a very fair day and the yellow-bibbed dove shooting had been good going up the mountain. We had also taken a thrush, and Ona and I, quite at peace with the world, had rambled pretty far down the trail to Kokere. We got another and last dove, I resolved never to go barefoot again, and we turned around, all in the space of two minutes. This was at a quarter past three. About half past four as we were very near the summit going back we heard the call of a crested pigeon. I looked at Ona and Ona looked at me. We sat down on the trail and commenced to call back. Each time we called we received an answer, but the pigeon, which seemed to be a long way off, came no closer. It was very discouraging. The bird's location was in a direction at right angles to the trail off and down a

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January 26th. Marks the third set in my tragedy of the crested pigeons. It was a very fair day and the yellow-ribbed dove shooting had been good going up the mountain. We had also taken a thrush, and Gus and I, quite at peace with the world, had rambled pretty far down the trail to Kokera. We got another and last dove I resolved never to go barefoot again, and we turned around, all in the space of two minutes. This was at a quarter past three. About half past four as we were very near the summit going back we heard the call of a crested pigeon. I looked at Gus and Gus looked at me. We sat down on the trail and commenced to call back. Each time we called we received an answer, but the pigeon, which seemed to be a long way off, came no closer. It was very discouraging. The bird's location was in a direction at right angles to the trail off and down a

steep slope wooded with almost impenetrable bamboo. We kept on calling, growing more excited and more forlorn as the minutes passed. And the pigeon kept on calling, only its call sounded as if it was becoming a little fed up with the persiflage and very soon would cut it out altogether. It began to dawn on me that my gun, my hunting, in fact the cut of my whole figure was an immortal joke to all the crested pigeons in Bougainville. I grew slightly red in the face. I could bear it no longer.

Ona and I started back on the trail for the place, sounding nearest to the pigeon, from which to cut down into the bush. It was farther away than we expected it to be, due, I suppose, to the distance sound carries in that altitude. The pigeon kept on answering our call at detached, disinterested intervals. But they were enough to lead us. We pushed, felt, scratched, and crashed our way down the side of the ridge. As I slipped and fell on my face over a log I remember thinking that the pigeon's call was sounding closer. When I got up I saw a large bird flying over a distant tree and I was about to start in that direction when I heard the "s-s-s-s-t!" signal from Ona behind me. I turned around and saw him making all sorts of frantic wild gestures at the top of another tree closer to him. I became very excited immediately. A crested pigeon within grasp! After all this martydom!

There was a slippery trunk of a fallen tree bridging a gully between Ona and myself. The tree he pointed

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at was hidden from several hundred others from where I was. It was necessary for me to come back over the trunk of the tree. While I struggled to execute a quiet reverse passage Ona advanced towards me, always keeping his eyes fixed on the bird. We met on the trunk of the tree. He pointed out the bird. It was a crested pigeon. It was walking and turning about on six inches of a high limb.

One branch of a large fern in front of me covered the aim from where I was. I moved further along the trunk, squatting and shoving myself down to get a clear shot at the pigeon. I was becoming more and more excited, my footing was becoming more slippery, and the pigeon was becoming more intensely desirable.

Finally I got an aim. Squatting with my left hand on Ona's shoulder I raised the gun in a wobbly sort of way, sighted as best I could, and fired. As both Ona and I slipped off the trunk and crashed to the ground we could also hear the pigeon crash in the distance.

I looked at Ona and Ona looked at me. Suddenly we both let out a whoop, I threw my gun in the air and yelled and yelled. Ona screamed out all sorts of marvelous native exclamations and dashed off in the jungle.

We never found the bird. Two and a half hours later when it was almost dark, I discovered one gray feather resting on the leaf of a small ground plant. We were still on the top of the mountain.

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Ah! Those crested pigeons!

January 25th. Hamlin's day on the mountain. The carriers who were to get off Monday with another shipment of birds, and then were to get off yesterday, finally got off today. I imagine they thought they were getting off in good season. As our time in Kupei is drawing to a close, I might do well to turn back to the question of the natives. I don't think I have acquired any further information about the nature of their philosophy, their arts and crafts, or their legends. I have learned to believe two things about them most determinedly, and, as far as further data goes, that is all. One is that they have a fine, innate, spontaneous sense of humor. The other is that they have no reflective fear of death; that they regard death, for the most part, as a good deal of a joke.

Of the native sense of humor a great deal ought to be said. The information one gets from a plantation manager, as well as the impression one gets in walking about a plantation on Bougainville and seeing the Kanaka at work, sullen, listless and wretched-looking, incorporate into opposite points of view. Again it is not pleasant to be one who after a few desultory months at a place, turns around and tells men who have spent the better part of their lives there that their opinions about it are wholly in error.

It is with no intention of doing this that I take up the cudgels on the minority side. The Kanaka on a plantation is not the real Kanaka any more than a farmer

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Of the native sense of humor a great deal ought to be said. The information one gets from a plantation manager, as well as the impression one gets in walking about a plantation on Bougainville and seeing the Kanaka at work, sullen, listless and wretched-looking, incorporate into opposite points of view. Again it is not pleasant to be one who after a few desultory months at a place, turns around and tells men who have spent the better part of their lives there that their opinions about it are wholly in error.

It is with no intention of doing this that I take up the cudgels on the minority side. The Kanaka on a plantation is not the real Kanaka any more than a farmer

from Pennsylvania, while he is on a visit to Coney Island, is a real farmer from Pennsylvania. And his conduct, under the circumstances, throws no more light on the nature of his societal life. It seems to me not too incredible to believe that plantation managers who have handled Kanakas for as long as thirty or forty years have only been exposed to fractions of their characters. For instance, one would gather from rumors of ambush, attacks with knives, arrows, and spears, and from the murders of white people, that they were a cruel, malicious, sneaky, ungrateful group of people, whose natures were so base and whose dispositions so esoteric that they should be regarded in the same light as the other fauna of the island surroundings, and like wild pigs, wild ducks, or any fortunate accidents, be game for anybody. That is, game for anybody who was brave enough for that kind of hunting. One hears on first visiting the islands the opinions of the white people towards the natives. They describe them as "beggars" and "swine", and accompany the description with great streams of unambiguous profanity. After one has listened to this sort of thing for a sufficient length of time, due partly to the peculiar powers of publicity and partly to the hypnotism of repeated words, one might leave the island without seeing the natives in their own habitat, pretty well convinced what natives were- to the whites.

The truth of the matter is that the white people

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themselves are the maladjustments. They are the guests, the second comers, the visitors. I am not entering upon a political discussion or attempting to consider the thing in a political way. The German and the blacks had their troubles much as the Australians and the blacks. I am merely upholding what appears to be generally denied, i.e., that the natives of Bougainville possess the inherent characteristics common to mankind and that they are, barring the peculiar anachronism that hermetically preserves their primitive society in a world whose other societies have developed complex appurtenances, simply ourselves.

There is a hackneyed French proverb "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner". There is no right or wrong, of course, in the correct study of anthropology. What is is, and what is not is not. These people who are supposed to be organically unpardonable, different, "swine", "niggers", and so on, are actually more vital anthropological units, except when they are being ordered around a plantation by a "big feller master" than our own educated American negroes. They have not been subjected to what even an Indian Rajah and an Oxonian might be subjected to should he venture beneath the Mason and Dixon line, a social self-conciousness. They have not organized themselves into the "Seven Singing Samboes" and toured other countries going through wild and primitive antics that they originally learned to be expected to excel in.

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The word "appurtenances" which I used a while ago might seem to hold the difference between these natives and ourselves to be in the matter of property. This is pretty true as far as property, having it or lacking it, is an indication of striving and seeking, and not yielding. And as it seems that civilizations, unlike individuals, must be graded according to what kind of properties they totter about with them, so it follows that the tessellated society of Bougainville does not epitomize an eminent civilization.

On first acquaintance, as I have said before elsewhere, the Bougainville Kanaka is not engaging from any point of view. His apparent state of poverty and lack of the essential implements of husbandry precipitate an instinctive contempt in a civilized person. The contempt is instinctinve, not reflective, and would have more often worn off white people if the Kanaka, on his part, did not naturally distrust them and exchange what few elemental good manners he possesses for a studied sullenness whenever white people appear.

After the shyness and strainedness slipped out of the atmosphere here in Kupei (it took a couple of weeks) all the spontaneous human qualities which have been denied in the Kanaka began to appear upon him. Laughter and joking in the morning, humming by the fire or gazing out on the stars at night; loyalty to us as our hunting companions, slight jealousy of one another, the desire to laugh it off and forget when an episode

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or crisis of it had come and passed: two kinds of humor, one as the man of Denmark in Macbeth who may smile and smile and be a knave, and a bubbling sense of fun, not always present, but expressing itself naturally, as pickanninies pushing each other over a knoll; as Lutnineva's pretending a dead snake he carried was alive and wiggling it over Bakki's sleeping figure; thoughtfulness and consideration evinced by staying very quiet when Dr. Drowne was sick; manifestations of intense affection for one another, especially for the pickanninies.

I believe a great many things our boys do for us are done because they hope for a present from us when they are paid off, and again because they are a little afraid of us. But they are young fellows and find me a young fellow, or a young American fellow, or any kind of a young fellow, who bows to his employer in the morning simply because he is in love with him, or who would die of a broken heart if the gentleman died and left him the business.

I do not think the Kanakas are wonderful, nor do I think there are no people on earth like them. Although I feel a very deep affection now for Ona, and rather fancy Lutnineva and Cumbai, I have grown very weary of others. They have their nuts, their silly fellows, their bores, their smarties, and their little bit shady characters. As shadiness is not an innocuous practice to pursue where the struggle for existence is so hard and

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spears and arrows so numerous, the latter are held down in numbers. The others are suppressed with about as much success and accorded about the same measure of popularity as-anywhere.

To get back to the French proverb- take the island with its tropical ulcers, its septosis, its three kinds of malaria, its blackwater fever, it snakes, its centipedes, scorpions, elephantiasis, tuberculosis, leprosy, pneumonia, climate and history, and although other countries have the same afflictions, understand it if it is possible to understand it, and pardon it if . . . you happen to be constructed that way.

Hamlin brought down a new hawk yesterday with four redbreasts and a few smaller birds. The hawk has a white breast, black wings, back and tail. It is, in fact, almost identical in size and shape to the first completely black hawk we took.

Just before breakfast this morning a party of seven Kanakas, being mostly old men, passed through the camp bound up trail. They were carrying with them on their shoulders a human cadaver. It was covered with leaf matting but one foot dangled free. The Kanakas were smoking, laughing and joking and were evidently in the course of proceeding to a burial ground.

Ona and I started up the mountain half an hour after they did. When we were passing a sharp ridge which the trail ascends just above the thirty-eight hundred foot mark we heard a strange call off to the left, and

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One and I started up the mountain half an hour after they did. When we were passing a sharp ridge which the trail assends just above the thirty-eight hundred foot mark we heard a strange call off to the left, and

downwards in the bush. It was a sort of sustained catcall beginning on a high note and descending through three of four before it expired. Ona and I both thought it was a bird. I turned around to Ona and asked, "pidgin?". He nodded, and we both as best we could attempted to imitate the sound. But very soon a smile broke out on Ona's face and he picked up a stone and hurled disdainfully in the direction of the sound. Although Ona cannot speak English it began to dawn on me that the funeral party was down in there somewhere and that the noise we heard was a wail of mourning.

Ona shouted and hissed and threw two or three sticks down over the ridge. Sounds of laughter and several native voices came back to us. But the wailing recommenced and Ona and I moved on. It was evidently an example of the Kanaka point of view towards the dead, that is, a lack of any particular respect for the dead, and of any particular fear of the state they have come to. The wailing is an insincere affectation gone through mechanically for a short time before covering up the body.

Ona seemed to understand that crested pigeons were no longer topics for polite conversation. He failed to whistle the call of the crested pigeon as usual when we had come into its possible territory. It was just as well. I shall never shoot at a crested pigeon again. If I saw six of them on a log I would throw a stick at them, or whistle a tune, or ask them to come

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stick at them, or whistle a tune, or ask them to come

over for a game of bridge. But I would never shoot them.

We had a very rotten day. We got one more thrush and a few small birds before a violent thunderstorm put an end to all activities. Ona and I huddled up close together under a leaf shelter and listened to the explosions of the storm. They began like the scratching of a victrola needle and ended up in a great roaring cannonade. I have always been frightened of thunderstorms and this one gave me no particular pleasure. Ona was far braver about it than I was, and managed to muster up a nervous smile or two whenever a crash came closer to us than usual. It rained as hard as it is mechanically possible for it to rain, the water coming down in fat solid columns. It kept up so long we were forced to make the descent in the midst of it and had some difficulty slipping and sliding down the trail. When I unwrapped the birds I had shot they resembled a species of hairy fish.

January 27th. This morning just after Hamlin left with Wagga for the mountain, our carriers came back from Kieta with a very pleasant surprise. They had with them a bag of mail. I was for shouting to Hamlin to come back but he had gone too far.

The mail had come up through the British Solomons and was really an accident. It had been brought over from Faisi on the cutter "Kokopo" after the "Mataram" had dropped it off. Two months ago we wirelessed the

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American Consul in Sydney to send our mail to us here via Rabaul on the New Ireland steamer. And this mail was what had already filtered through his office after the last "Mataram" sailed and before he had received our message.

It was a welcome accident. It is amazing how one forgets all the familiar matters and familiar people of normal life in a detached existence of this sort. The scope of consciousness includes no more than the ebbing and flowing of the ego through the environment surrounding it. The other worlds fade out slowly and a process of insular stagnation permeates the memory and the mind.

And suddenly the mail comes. And as suddenly the other worlds tumble back roaring and rolling and knocking against each other with an energy redoubled in exile. It is a nervous affair. It all comes on you at once like an avalanche and you cannot help but be toppled over by it. It was seven weeks ago when we got our last mail and this installment was from three to four months old.

When Hamlin returned from the mountain and had gotten into the spirit of the affair we all became immense little gods making jokes about the universe. Yale had beaten Harvard, so and so had married so and so (after all, well well); and there was sad news as well as fair news.

When the three of us rose from dinner in the evening we hardly knew each other so greatly had the event

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temporarily altered us and the vein of our relationship.

It is difficult to say if it is worth while receiving mail out here at all. If a letter requires something to be done there is nothing to be done about it. If someone wants something or wants to know something this someone must keep on wanting it or wanting to know it. And after the excitement, the merriness, and the temporary change there is a deep didactic pessimism in turning back the wheels to the old workaday relationships again.

January 28th. Once more up the mountain with Ona - for the last time. Hamlin had a bad day yesterday, and although it was the turn of a good day to come along, and although it was a beautiful day, it was a bad day. The birds of Bougainville were away visiting. We climbed completely over the mountain without seeing a bird. We looked neither to the right nor to the left for crested pigeons, nor heard any, nor saw any, which saved me from a certain nervous breakdown. Neither did we see any redbreasts, thrushes, hawks, or long-tail pigeons. We stopped and stared at the views where, in several rare places, it is possible to see down from the summit through the thick vegetation. It seemed a little bit sad to be leaving all this lonely beauty. I looked at Ona and I think Ona looked at me. And that was all.

Coming we shot a paraqueet and two yellow-bibbed doves. We got back to camp in time for noon kaikai. The rain clouds were making in the valley and in the

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January 28th. Once more up the mountain with One - for the last time. Hamlin had a bad day yesterday and although it was the turn of a good day to come along and although it was a beautiful day, it was a bad day. The birds of Bougainvillie were away visiting. We climbed completely over the mountain without seeing a bird. We looked neither to the right nor to the left for orange pigeons, nor heard any, nor saw any, which saved me from a certain nervous breakdown. Neither did we see any redbreasts, thrushes, hawks, or long-tail pigeons. We stopped and stared at the views where, in several rare places, it is possible to see down from the summit through the thick vegetation. It seemed a little bit sad to be leaving all this lonely beauty. I looked at One and I think One looked at me. And that was all.

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afternoon when all three of us were working at the skinning bench they rose up and poured down on the sac sac roof of the cook-house.

January 29th. Hamlin went up the mountain for the morning shooting. It was our last gesture. To him, as far as the mountain is concerned, goes the honor of being the first and the last, Alpha and Omega. What is an additional stroke of fortune he returned with a crested pigeon (sacred and terrible syllables) and two redbreasts. With this final contribution our list is swelled to 612 birds of 49 species ending the first month. What we had, in rather a joking way, aimed for, was to have acquired 50 yellow-bibbed doves by the end of our stay. This bird has always been a rare one, and as its range is in the highest altitude of every island in which it occurs, it has a glamor of difficulty about it. Today we have just that number, 50. We are likely to purchase large silk hats and wear them as we walk abroad in the next tropical town!

For the afternoon Dr. Drowne had invited the natives from near and from far to a final parting fiesta, or sing sing. They began appearing early in the morning with their pickanninies and maris, squatting and lolling about the camp area waiting for the joyous moment when the food was to be passed out. A sapling stand about twenty feet long was erected between our shack and the cook-house. As the groups of Kanakas arrived they

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brought with them several baskets of taro which, as soon as Dr. Drowne had paid for them with a fathom of calico or a few sticks of tobacco, they placed on the stand.

Bakki was given ten pounds of flour and three tea tinfuls of rice with which to compose pasty cakes. We had already salted down the carcasses of a dozen or so pigeons and these, with the addition of four tins of beef (bullimicow) were persuaded to become a stew. With thirty or forty baskets of taro laid out on the stand and fragrant odors pouring from the cook-house, the place assumed the full properties of a carnival.

It rained hard in the early part of the afternoon. It looked as though Dr. Drowne's little party was going to be a fizzle. But it wasn't. At four o'clock the clouds cleared away and the guests got themselves ready for the performance.

The pickanninies went into the bush and cut a great many bamboo stalks. These stalks were in turn cut down into pieces of five, from eight inches to a foot long. Tied together with vines the five pieces composed a flute and every man present made one and held it in his hand. The Kukerai of Kupei cut branches and leafy stalks and passed them around.

Then the sing sing began. Each man with a branch of leaves, or bush axe, or a bow, or a spear held high in the air in one hand with the flute pressed close to the mouth by the other, to the tune of the Kanaka

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chant played concurrently by all of them, lost himself in the irresistible rhythm of the dance.

The dance, as a dance, is essentially the same old story as the Solomon Island dance. A head-bobbing, leg-kicking, elemental and satyr-like affair. The most important thing I can say about it is, I think, that it is practically meaningless. It begins with, possesses and ends with no point whatsoever. It is just what it is, a dance, a sing sing.

To us it was awfully funny. We knew some of the dancers pretty well and the sudden change of demeanor temporarily executed upon themselves had a highly comical effect.

The dancers seem to get a lot of fun out of it, for there was much laughter before and after although the dance requires such concentration on the part of the performers it would be impossible to determine their states of mind at the time.

The sing sing proper lasted about ten minutes. After it was over the natives all threw their bamboo flutes far into the bush and made a rush for the food. They gobbled it up quickly, grabbed a basket of taro from the stand and departed down the trail.

We had no guests from the other side of the mountain. The nearest village is, I suppose, too far away for social intercourse. But from the villages in Arawa valley along the Old German trail we must have had guests from two out of every four.

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We thought we were giving them a good time, but it is doubtfull if they really enjoyed it. They might have been thankful for a little sociability and must have been thankful for a little kai kai; but they gave the dance, I think, more as an obligation, knowing that the "big feller master" wanted to see it.

While I was sitting in the shack and gazing out at the hills after the sing sing I noticed two large and strange-looking birds light in a tree not a hundred and fifty feet away. While I was looking for a gun one flew off. I shot the other one. It was a white-throated pigeon. One of the rarest birds in this part of the world. Bird collecting is a funny thing!

January 30th - February 2nd. This is a story of rain. It has rained all day all of the three days. We are very lucky about our hunting, for in our hunting days we had, at least, our mornings fair. We came in December and are leaving in February, with the month of January corked up and cast upon the waters. And besides catching a bit of a respite from our labors in the intervening time our other actions have been sentimental ones. We strolled about the camp with what little grace becomes those who remain behind when the show is over.

We visited old haunts by the river, watching the jeweled bubbles, and cascades, and bridal veils, and clusters of cold musty-looking moss, wishing, I suppose, that it could last forever. We watched the clouds in

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the evening, and saw their pink sunset stomachs turn into the ecclesiastical color of the moon. And the moon shone on the mountains behind us. Fruitless business!

February 2nd. It took all morning to get to Kino. It seemed after breakfast as though a thousand black people had come to involve themselves in our departure. Ona had come to say goodbye, and with him his father, the amiable Kukerai. Later came Cumbai and Lutnineva.

Kino will always mean a sort of joke to me. It was the same old place. The joke springs, not from the people, but from the situation among the domestic animals. The ridiculous lean-ribbed dogs are so ridiculous and the all too omnipresent chickens scratching incessantly in the dung, mud puddles, rocks and rain ripples of the village yard, are so easily outwitted by these ridiculous lean-ribbed dogs that it never could possibly be a serious village.

The goal and the game of all these creatures is food. From some eminent position the dogs watch the chickens, who compose the reconnaisance army, search for it. Whenever one of these fowls finds a morsel the others (they all watch each other very closely) dash for it. This involves an enormous sortie in which the chickens in the yard unite in chase of the one who has by now decided to depart in search of a more uncontested eating quarter. This is the signal for the dogs. Attracted by the disturbance one of them descends

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upon the leading chicken, the proprietor of the food, and merely emits one imminent yap. The chicken drops the food and makes a short screaming jump in the air. The dog picks it up in a perfectly matter of fact detached sort of a way and eats it.

The dogs use some sense in the matter relaying the right of descent between themselves. But the chickens are inexcusably stupid. For the ones that chase, although they keep on chasing until the last minute, never get the food - not even a chance at it. And they are powerless to take it away from other chickens. They only succeed in attracting the attention of the dogs to its discovery thus losing it forever to the whole chicken family. If they would keep quiet about it and let the discovering chicken eat the discovery in peace they all would have a chance for an honest bite or two during the course of the day. It is true that the lean ribs of the dogs (and they seem even now leaner and leaner as I look at them) bespeak an eligibility for charity. But the chickens are relegated to food that dogs won't eat, which is very discouraging.

One gains much mundane knowledge where barnyard animals are so constantly in the scenery. I have learned that chickens must have a sense of smell, dogs a sense of humor, and pigs most strange and extraordinary digestive apparati. I had never thought much about these things before. I have also learned that although the Kanakas nibble a bit on some kow kow or taro during

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the day they only eat one meal. It is celebrated about five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Also that only one mari makes a trip for the water in the evening. She takes with her eight or ten bamboo stalks and after filling them distributes them among the whole housewifery, rotating on other days with others.

From February the third to the middle of February. This is merely the story of three owls. It has to be. Birds were very scarce in the neighborhood of the village of Kino. And it was at this point due, perhaps, to the scarcity of birds, perhaps to the heat, perhaps to overwork, perhaps to our all developing the fever, that we began to study the natives less and less and ourselves more and more. The result of this enchanting pursuit was the drinking of four toasts, in clear ruby cups of tea. The first two were to the damnation of the universe and to the American Museum of Natural History. The second two were to the immortality of the universe and the American Museum of Natural History.

Such heavy occupations must have their aftermaths. And as it follows that although we stayed in the village of Kino a considerable length of time, and although we learned to play three-handed bridge there with incredible skill, none of us remembers what day of the month we left the place. Which being the case I will pass on to another date, the

First of March; which is a date finding the expedition with 816 birds representing 65 species, about

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7200 land snails, 60 snakes, 600 frogs, 18000 insects; and uncounted fruit bats, iguanas, possums, lizards, rats, mice, and fresh water eels.

I am actually writing this on the first of March. I am sitting on the porch of "Arawa", the residence of Mr. Esson's plantation. In the heat of the noonday sun the rain clouds are gathering, and drooping listlessly over the peaks of the distant mountains. There is an epochal hush in the wide bosom of Arawa valley through which I can hear a cockatoo conversing with a crow, and hear the thrumming and the droning of a thousand insects. I can think of no other way of ending this but to repeat, as I sit here scratching this abominable paper with cigarette smoke torturing my left eye, that I can hear a cockatoo conversing with a crow, and hear the thrumming and the droning of a thousand insects.

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