

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE AND A ROYAL KAUAI

(Continued from the First Page)

not at all flattered then when one day in 1821 he was invited to dinner from George Tamore, a Kauai youth then in Honolulu, addressed to "Liholilo, King of the Windward Isles." Who, now, might dispute his sovereignty on the leeward side?

No one unless it be King Kaumualihi, the noble monarch who ruled Kauai and Niihau.

It might be a shrewd move to visit Kauai, where neither his conquering father nor he had been, and see this ruler.

On July 21, 1821, Liholilo commanded a crew to set sail in an open boat and take him to Ewa. About 30 embarked. When they were outside the reef, Liholilo commanded that the course be set for "Kai, hoi, his followers protect the reckless order."

"Ewa, hoi kakoi-o make!" "Let us return," they pleaded, "else we perish."

Liholilo, however, was not budging. He had been brooding for days on this plan.

"If you go back," he sternly ordered, "I'll swim to Kauai." Then, extending his hand, he spread

fingers apart. "This is your compass," he said, and "point to one finger, and there is your course."

They headed out into the open sea. Twice on the 30th day the loaded open boat nearly swamped but the next morning they reached Waimea.

Kaumualihi himself was there to greet them. Certainly he seemed no rival or rebel king. He warmly welcomed Liholilo, and immediately sent word to Oahu, via his own royal boat, that the party had arrived and was safe.

And he offered almost immediately his allegiance to Kamehameha II. "You are my king," Kaumualihi told Liholilo. "My vessels, my subjects, my islands are yours. All are yours!"

Thus reassured, Liholilo decided to be generous. "I did not come to take your islands," he said. "Do with your vessels and your possessions as you please."

Such a reconciliation merited a royal celebration, and without further ado the kings applied themselves to that end. A few days later the five wives of Liholilo joined him, coming from

Oahu on Cleopatra's Barge. They had been provided the day before by Liholilo, courageous wife of Boki, governor of Oahu. When she heard that her husband had sailed, Liholilo on his reckless voyage she promptly set sail with four rowers and made the trip from Oahu to Waimea in a single canoe!

For several weeks the king toured Kauai.

Then, on September 16, Kamehameha invited Kaumualihi aboard Cleopatra's Barge, to order perhaps the most astounding act in island history. While the unsuspecting monarch was below Liholilo ordered that the ship set sail, and put to sea. With a sudden, characteristic change of heart the emperor had decided to kidnap Kaumualihi! There was no force, no threats, no kidnapping. Liholilo and his wife, the queen, were on the ship. The king was taken to the hatching of his emperor.

But the kidnapped ruler's subjects seemed to have no ill will. They set sail, that they would never see their king again. It is recorded that as the ship sailed away Haupu, the chief of Waialeale, moaned: "Farewell to our king. We shall see him no more."

Nor did Kaumualihi ever see his king again. Though he retained his title and continued as the figurehead ruler of Kauai, he was until death a prisoner in state. He was landed at Waimea and on October 8 went to Honolulu. Ironically, the purpose of his visit there was described: "to return the visit of Liholilo to Kauai."

Nor was Liholilo content only to kidnap Kaumualihi. A year later he had him marry imperious Kaahumanu, the dowager queen. He was never again to see his beloved Kapuli back on Kauai.

Those were doleful days for Kaumualihi. C. S. Stewart, a missionary, contemporary, tells of seeing the king in those years. "The royal captive," he wrote, "had the shade of melancholy always in his countenance." And William Ellis, a British missionary from Tahiti, wrote of the melancholy monarch. "His words were weighty and judicious, but he seldom spoke."

Kaumualihi did not hear long the shame of Liholilo's treatment. Two years later, on March 26, 1824, he died, and it is perhaps no untruth

to say that he died of a broken heart.

In one other of Liholilo's adventures, his last, Cleopatra's Barge nearly took part. That was in the autumn of 1823 when the king decided he would like to see the world. He wanted to visit either America or England.

Capt. Starbuck, American skipper of the British whaler L'Aigle, invited the king and his party to return with him to England. The king gladly accepted and made preparations to leave. He wanted William Ellis, the missionary, and his wife to accompany him to the open sea. But Starbuck for some reason would not hear of the missionaries aboard his ship.

Whereupon Kamehameha II decided the trip would be made in Cleopatra's Barge. She would be thoroughly refitted. But even while the barge was being made ready the impetuous king changed his mind. He would go without Ellis. Hastily he got his party ready and on November 27, 1823, sailed from Hawaii. Among his party were Kaumualihi, his favorite wife,

and Governor Boki. He left Kaumualihi, his nine-year-old brother, as his successor, with Kaumualihi and Kalanikoupe, his prime minister, as regents.

They rounded the Horn, went to Rio de Janeiro, then across the Atlantic to Portsmouth. In London he would call upon George IV.

But the Hawaiian and British kings were never to meet. On June 13, 1824, the royal party from the islands was stricken with measles. Having no resistance against this common Old World disease, both Liholilo and Kaumualihi were in two weeks at the point of death. On July 8 the queen died and on the 11th the king. Governor Boki carried the groivings of Hawaii to George IV.

To Lord Byron, cousin of the British poet, was assigned the duty of escorting the bodies of Kaumualihi II and Kaumualihi back to Hawaii. The sorrowing Hawaiian party left on its trip half way around the world on the Frigate Blonde. On May 6, 1825, the remains were taken ashore on Oahu for burial in an island resting place.

The same year Liholilo died in England Cleopatra's Barge went to her end. She was wrecked April 5, 1824, off the coast of Kauai.

The once-proud royal barge was moored that day off Hanalei when (to quote Hiram Bingham) "through the mismanagement of a drunken crew and captain," she was driven ashore by a squall when she might easily have ridden the storm out to sea.

The ship went aground partially upon the reef. Though smashed in, it was decided if she could be rolled up on the reef she might be repaired and floated again.

Bingham was over on Kauai to witness the primitive attempt of the Hawaiians to save the doomed ship.

"Three immense cables," Bingham wrote, "each composed of 12 ropes of half bark, were attached to the mainmast a few feet above deck. She was 10 feet under water on one side, but it was proposed to roll the vessel up on the reef."

While a multitude of people lined up on the reef and grasped the long cables, a

native chieftain stood on the shore to chant an incantation. He chose one addressed to Lono, one usually used when a tree was dragged down from the hills to be used for building of a canoe. Translated, it is:

"Give to me the trunk of the tree, O Lono."

"Give me the tree's main root, O Lono."

"Give me the ear of the tree, O Lono."

"Harken by night and hear by day."

"O Poikihou, O Pahahua, 'Come for the tree and take to the sea!'"

As he first chanted the multitude stood silent. "Not until he came to a turn in the mele, did they begin straining."

It was, Bingham said, the most amazing show of physical strength he ever saw. Slowly the ship began to roll over. But just as she straightened up the mainmast snapped. The hull rolled back and sank in deep water off the reef.

Thus in the sea off Hanalei the ship which had borne the fables of a Yankee trader and a Hawaiian king went to her last resting place.

LONELY BAKER:

(Editor's Note: This is the first of three articles by Jules Rodman, featuring the adventures and exploits of a young man, Jules Rodman, who has been living on a remote island in the Pacific for several months.)

By JULES RODMAN

I first became interested in Jarvis, Howland and Baker islands a few years ago while making a study of two somewhat kindred subjects: the Polynesian adventure and hypothesis on the origin of isolated formations in the Pacific. In both these subjects the line islands—such as the three known—are among the most intriguing.

So when I read of Dr. Dana Coman's proposed survey of these very islands I applied for a place on the expedition. I was taken on as a supply officer, collector of flora and fauna and student of weather conditions and natural resources, with a Kamehameha school boy as my aide.

Baker Island, the most ideal place for study, was to fall to my lot, and Arthur Harris of Kamehameha was to be my assistant. Kenneth L. King, 17-year-old radio operator, was to disembark at Howland and William Chadwick, telegraph operator, at Jarvis.

Although Jarvis lies 1,000 miles to the east of Baker and Howland, which are only 30 miles apart, they are as much alike as peas in a pod. Each is a coral bound bit of land elevated to 100 feet above sea level, and each abounds with sea birds which nest in the sparse crown of vegetation and dead herbs. Their reefs teem with fish, crustaceans, shells and algae.

Baker Island lies 1,700 miles southwest of Honolulu. In shape it is roughly oval, having an area of approximately 100 acres. Landing, extremely difficult, is best effected through a narrow break in the reef at the southwestern point of the island. Discovered by Capt. H. Foster of the bark Janina, it was taken possession of under the American flag by A. Benson, agent of the American Guano company, early in 1857. At that time Benson and Charles H. Judd of Honolulu left a formal notice of possession on all three of the Line Islands.

On July 22 we were ready to cast off the Kinkajou's lines and sail for the south. And in the morning sun we pushed away and started out the channel. The sails were clattering up and off while we hit a spanking breeze. By late afternoon Oahu had disappeared astern.

MOST ALL SICK

All hands aboard the skipper, Capt. Constantin Flink, Chadwick and two of the crew succumbed, one after the other, to seasickness during the afternoon and night. During a night squall we groined around on deck zigzag a tri-ail on the main mast, the skipper bellying under at the great hands.

I went inside again about 2:30 in the morning to find the wind whistling through the rigging, the thin crescent moon made a glistering path across the water and streaked across the cabin house, giving the illusion of an eerie storm-ridden hull.

Our only new companions during those days and nights on the sea were occasional schools of mako, which for me brought a twinge of nostalgia for I brought back days when I was aboard a tramp freighter wallowing down to New Zealand . . . of Wellington's old-world buildings . . . the glimmer of reeking pubs . . . Gothic spires . . . Bobby Burns' statue . . . tattooed Maori. And there was a term that slipped about midnight. And we fought a flock of boobies resting on the water, which the skipper said was a sign of hot weather.

LOSE DAY IN DOLDRIMS

We lost a day in the doldrums but fresh winds July 31 and clipped along about four knots. I spent some of the time checking supplies and putting together the tables for my stay on Baker.

We were a week out before Dr. Coman, one day made his speech about our work in the islands. Strangely enough, he has never discussed the principal motives of the expedition, much less emphasized the importance of collecting data. He only laid stress upon our conduct toward one another on our separate islands.

With Baker a couple of hundred miles away we were trying to reach Jarvis July 31 and but August 5 that broke down and we wallowed idly in a dead calm. I am sure the ideal place for study, was to fall to my lot, and Arthur Harris of Kamehameha was to be my assistant. Kenneth L. King, 17-year-old radio operator, was to disembark at Howland and William Chadwick, telegraph operator, at Jarvis.

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Five Months On A SOUTH SEA ATOLL

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NEW BOOKS at the LIBRARY of HAWAII

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

NON FICTION

Adams—Don't Be Afraid. Advocates taking one's fears out of the way. A collection of letters brings harmful results.

Barnold—A Diary Without Dates. The first American edition of a young English girl's impressions who worked in an army hospital during the Great War.

Bunham—Profitable Photography with The Miniature Camera.

Clark—Switzerland On \$50. One of a series of books on inexpensive tours.

Coit—Kai Khoum And Other Plays For Children As Produced By The King-Child Children's Theater.

Denion—Short Wave Radio Handbook.

De Russett—Music Under Eight. A teacher of 20 years experience sets out to prove that the love of melody for its own sake becomes evident at about six years of age.

Erskine—A Musical Companion. An introduction to almost every phase of music and guide to the understanding and enjoyment of it.

Fielding—Parenthood: Design Or Accident? A Manual Of Birth Control.

Furnas—The Next Hundred Years. The unfinished business of science, an informal discussion of what science has accomplished and what the great possibilities of the future are.

Hague—Latin American Music. Past And Present. A chronological development of music in the Latin-American countries.

Hards—Wallace Rider Farrington. An authoritative and interesting life of a former governor of Hawaii.

Hedges—Outdoor And Community Games.

HITLER—Mein Kampf.

Kane—More First Facts: A Record Of First Happenings, Discoveries And Inventions In The United States. A reference book and companion volume to Famous First Facts.

King—Crocket Book.

Langston—Langston Out Of The Grind. A novel in verse and cadenced prose, the scene of which is laid in New York and California in the days of the Gold Rush.

Lewis—Lewis' New Air Conditioner.

Little—How To Watch Football. The Spectator's Guide.

Masters—Yacht Lindsay.

Port In America. A study of Lindsay's mind and art, his character and psychology as well as a record of the events of his life.

O'Connor—Steels-Dictator. The rise of the steel industry in the United States and the people who founded it.

Peasent—More Studies In Murder. Twenty-three rather unusual cases of murder.

Reuter—The Famous Fossil Fruit In Hawaii.

Profess. Peasent—College Men. The Making And Unmaking Of College Students themselves which the author says how well make them think.

Rose—Tune—Conversational Japanese For Beginners.

Roth—Antichrist. Calls attention to the evils of the present day and ascribes them to the spirit of Antichrist.

Sanders—Old Jule's. Realistic

ing life of a former governor of Hawaii.

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Roth—Antichrist. Calls attention to the evils of the present day and ascribes them to the spirit of Antichrist.

Sanders—Old Jule's. Realistic

biography of a young Swiss who settled in Nebraska in 1884 and lived the hard but eventful life of a pioneer.

Semenoff—A New Russian Grammar. In Two Parts.

Society For Curriculum Study. Committee On Secondary Education.—A Challenge To Secondary Education: Plans For The Reconstruction Of The American High School.

Tallmadge—The Story Of England's Architecture. A convenient survey of all periods of English architecture.

Travers—Missouri Excursion. The author of Mary Poppins describes her Russian holiday.

Woolf—Crime And The State Police.

Warburg—Hell Bent For Election.

Wolf—Quick, Quick! An attack on quackery in politics and intellectual life and a plea for reason without which civilization breaks down.

Wotton—Rector Berlion. Certain facts of the French comedian's life as a musician and behavior as a man rather than a biography.

Yule—The Plutarch Of History. The second book in a trilogy in which Smelt was the first.

Yule—The Plutarch Of History. Concerning the busy life and perplexing problems of a vicar of a small New York City church.

De Kait—Far Enough: A Story Of The Great Trek. Ninety years in the life of a woman in South Africa whose family fortunes were bound up in the great migration of the British race.

Dowling—The Cat Screen. Mystery and thrills in a Mexican setting.

Fabrics—The Son Of Maritza. A translation of a Dutch play picturing 18th century Italy and the lady life of Benedetto son of Maritza.

Fleming—The Lost Caravan. Adventure in the Sahara Desert.

Gibbs—Blood Relations. The marriage of an English girl to the German nobleman just prior to the Great War is the theme of the tale of conflicting loyalties.

Shankle—Hurricane Plots. The Story Of An Outlaw Hero.

Lumpkin—Big Pay. Civil conflict in a small southern town which shows the determination of the leading first family and the organization of labor under a Negro leader.

Reuter—The Famous Fossil Fruit In Hawaii. The second book in a trilogy in which Smelt was the first.

Yule—The Plutarch Of History. Concerning the busy life and perplexing problems of a vicar of a small New York City church.

Rocket Plane Is Visualized As Dangerous War Device

By ROMAN LAFICA

(Associated Press Staff Correspondent)

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Death from the clouds, with explosive-laden, radio-controlled rockets crashing headlong into densely populated cities, has been visualized by inventors and military officials as a possible war device.

The growth of the mail rocket plane now being developed and almost ready for flight, the rocket plane, 18-foot monoplane, driven at the terrific speed of 500 miles an hour, already has been tested successfully and amazed even its developers. A new fuel mixture of liquid oxygen, which reaches temperatures of 300 degrees below zero, creates the explosions which attain a heat of 4000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The plane itself was designed by Prof. Alexander Klemm, director of the Guggenheim Institute of Aeronautics. The rocket motor was developed by Willy Ley, pioneer builder who has given 87 rocket flight demonstrations, and Frido W. Kessler, president of the Rocket Airplane Corporation of America.

SLOW ON TAKEOFF

Outstanding difference between the new duriumium model and old rockets is its 25-mile-an-hour takeoff and landing speed. Ten seconds after it is catapulted into the air, however, the rocket plane hurtles along at speeds ranging upwards of 500 miles an hour, or more than eight miles a minute. Rockets propelled by power explosions leap away from the ground at their maximum speed and usually crash upon landing.

The fact that the rocket plane can be piloted by radio to land at a directed destination aroused wide comment as to its adaptability for war purposes. Loaded with solid explosives or poison gas, similar rockets could be flown across seas and mountains to annihilate armies and destroy cities thousands of miles away.

Chief hindrance at present, however, is the fact that the rocket plane will burn up if the motor is run more than three minutes. The

extreme temperature of 4000 degrees created by the explosion melts the ST-17 Duriumium walls like wax.

CAN'T BE COPIED

A special patented cooling agent which is poured into the fuel allows the motor to run up to three minutes. This cooling agent is the sole reason why the rocket plane cannot be copied. An exact duplicate using the same fuel but without the cooling agent would burst into flames a few seconds after starting.

The first demonstration flight was planned to be without radio control. The rocket plane, loaded with mail, was to be aloft but 30 seconds and travel about three miles.

The rocket plane is 12 feet long with an 18-foot wing spread. The wing is 35 inches wide and the body measures 14 by 14 inches square. The mail compartment is in a shock-proof nose. Two tanks are in the center of the fuselage containing the following fuel mixtures:

1. Liquid oxygen.
2. Mixture of alcohol, gasoline, methane and other liquids.
3. Compressed nitrogen. Furnishing pressure to the other two tanks.

IGNITED ELECTRICALLY

The liquids in the first two tanks are sprayed into a combustion chamber where they are ignited electrically. The resulting combustion is among the most violent explosions known, forming hundreds of thousands of times the original volume of the fuel.

The explosions blast the plane forward at increasing speeds. When a radio beam is used, the receiver will operate valves controlling fuel flow and the other will pilot the plane by operating ailerons, rudder and stabilizers. Two rocket planes are now being built at Greenwood Lake, N.Y.

If successful, the rocket plane may be used in many carrying flights between cities, particularly across short expanses of water.

Along the Winding Kamehameha Highway



AROUND THE ISLAND.—This is a part of the Kamehameha highway around the island of Oahu. Note the tropical beauty of it all. This section is between Kaneohe and the old sugar mill ruins. Farther along a shoreline highway. Still farther along the pineapple fields and the sugar cane. (Advertiser Photo)