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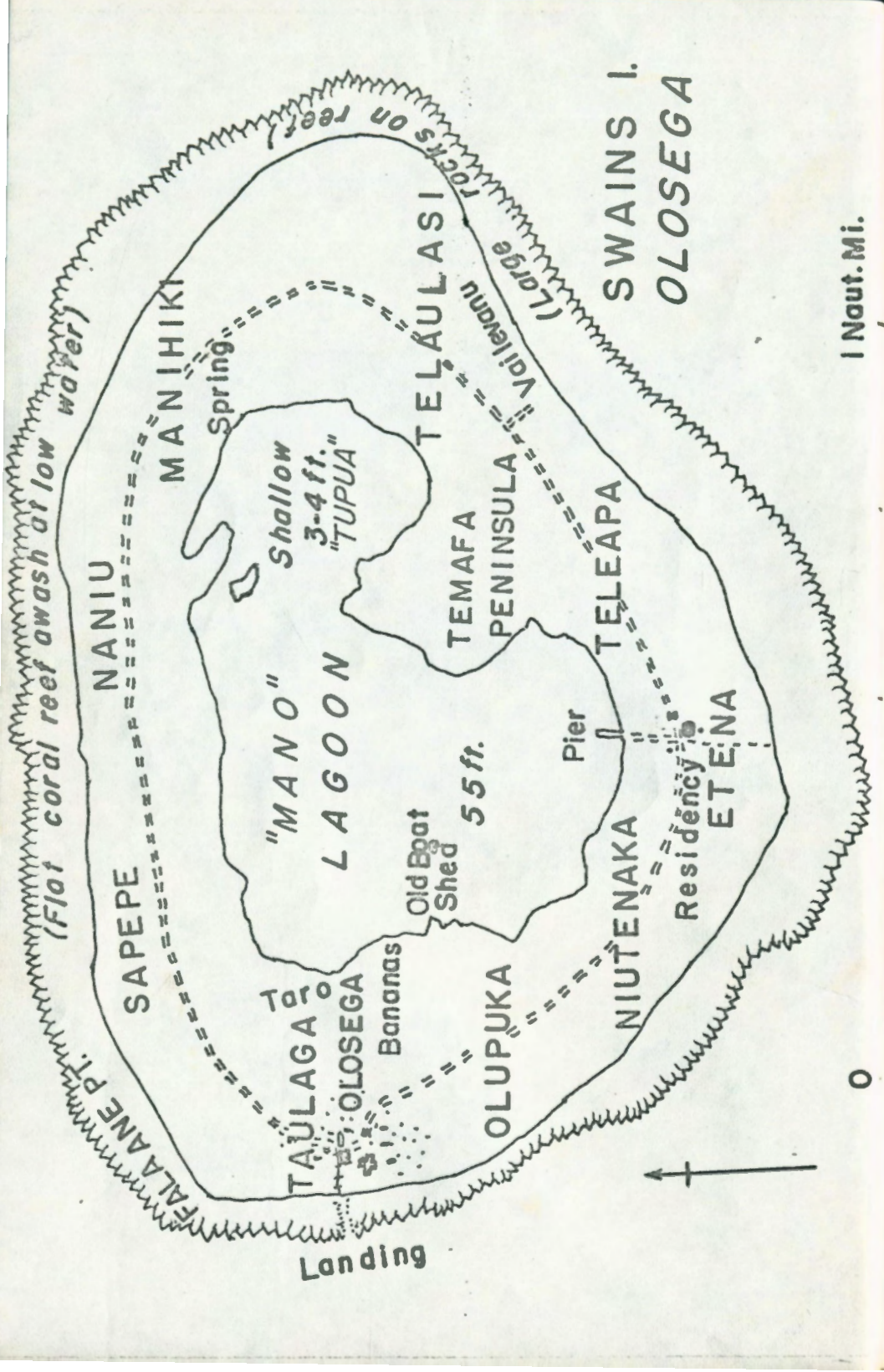
SWAINS ISLAND

INCLUDING EXTRACTS
FROM THE DIARIES OF
ABRAHAM PIIANAIA and KILLARNEY OPIOPIC
January 24 to February 23, 1936

PACIFIC SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION CENTER
Bernice P. Bishop Museum,
Honolulu, Hawaii
January 1974



PREFACE

(Adapted from an article by E. H. Bryan, Jr., published in the Paradise of the Pacific, July, 1939)

Two hundred miles north of Samoa lies a small coral atoll. It is a continuous, flat ring of land, a mile and a half long by a mile wide, and nowhere more than 20 feet high, surrounding a slightly brackish lagoon. Most of the land, from the crest of the narrow ocean beach to the very edge of the lagoon, is thickly covered with vegetation, about 800 acres of coconut palms and various trees and shrubs found widespread in the Pacific. From the sea, the island appears as a long low ridge on the horizon, somewhat roughened along its crest as if one were looking at the edge of a fiber doormat. An aviator would see a pale jade pupil in a dark green eye, separated by a narrow line of white and gray (beach) from the great expanse of deep blue sea.

On charts this atoll is labeled Swains Island. By the natives of the three Tokelau Islands (atolls which lie 90 to 170 nautical miles north to northwest) it is called Olosega (pronounced O-lo-seng-ah). Copra traders refer to it familiarly as Jennings' Island, and on the list of islands claimed in 1856 by American guano companies, it is recorded as Quiros Island. These names outline its history.

On March 2, 1606, the famous Portuguese navigator of Spanish vessels, Pedro Fernandes de Quiros, discovered an island somewhere in this region, which, because of the brave and handsome men and unusually beautiful women who inhabited it, he called Isle de la Gente Hermosa ("the island of handsome people"). Quiros did not locate the island with any accuracy, stating only that it was about ten degrees south of the equator, but similarity of size and description gave rise to the belief that this is the island. There is also a possibility that Swains Island was one of the islands sighted by Mendaña in 1595.

Captain William H. Hudson of the USS Peacock, one of the vessels of the United States Exploring Expedition, learned of the position of this island from Captain W. C. Swain of the American whale ship George Chamblan, from Newport, R.I. Knowing also of the story of Quiros' discovery, he thought that he would

try to verify both records while he was in the region. After a day's search, land was sighted on January 31, 1840. The weather was so bad during the four days spent in the vicinity that no landing could be made, a boat being smashed on the reef during one attempt. However, the position of the island was determined and a survey of part of its shoreline made. No sign of inhabitants was seen, and as the island's position differed a whole degree from the position recorded by Quiros, Captain Hudson called it Swain's Island, and that has been its official name ever since.

On October 13, 1856 an American, Eli Hutchinson Jennings, who had been born November 14, 1814 at Southhampton, Long Island, New York, landed on "Olosega" (Swains Island) and founded a unique little community which has remained strictly a family affair up to the present time. He acquired title to the island from Captain Turnbull, an Englishman who claimed that he had discovered it. Mr. Jennings married a native Samoan woman of rank, daughter of a chief of Upolu, Malia by name. When he died December 4, 1878, at the age of 64, he left Malia all of his property, including title to the island, by a will which was recorded in the American Consulate at Apia.

Eli Hutchinson Jennings, Jr., was born on the island January 1, 1863. After being educated in San Francisco he inherited Swains Island upon the death of his mother Malia, October 25, 1891. Under his management the plantation prospered. Coconut palms which had been abundant on the island even at the time of Quiro's visit in 1606, had been set out in rows around most of the ring, and many tons of copra were produced annually.

In September, 1909, the Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony visited Swains Island and insisted on collecting a tax of about $85.00 for the British Government. Eli Jennings appealed to the American Consul at Apia, who in turn communicated with the State Department in Washington. On November 9, 1910, the State Department instructed the Consul that Jennings should file a diplomatic claim against the British Government for recovery of the taxes. At the same time the State Department expressed doubt to the Consul as to whether they could back up the claim to sovereignty over the island since it had been occupied without any arrangement for American jurisdiction. Fortunately no such proceedings had to be tried, for

the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific informed the American Consul at Apia that the British Government considered Swains Island to be American territory and the taxes collected from Mr. Jennings were returned.

This was the first of several episodes in which Swains Island thrust itself into international affairs. The second occurred during 1917-1919. On Swains Island the senior Jennings was virtually king. In addition to members of his family, there were generally a number of laborers brought from Samoa or the Tokelau Islands to work the copra plantation. The natives of the three Tokelau atolls were especially glad to come, for Swains Island was much more luxuriant and progressive than their own atolls, and danger of famine there was not nearly so imminent. It appeared that Jennings had ejected a few of the Samoan laborers and sent them back to Samoa. Not being pleased with this treatment, they filed charges of cruelty against Jennings in the native court of Western Samoa. On January 30, 1918, the British Embassy in Washington relaxed from war routine long enough to inform the State Department that His Majesty's Government understood that Swains Island was American territory, so perhaps it would like to settle this little row. A copy of the evidence presented in support of the charges was thereupon transmitted. This was referred to the Navy Department, who investigated the complaints and found that they were not justified. The State Department so advised the British Embassy on January 20, 1919, and the world war being over, this second crisis was passed.

Eli Hutchinson Jennings, Jr. died October 24, 1920, at the age of 57. In his will he left his property, including Swains Island, jointly to his daughter Anne Elizabeth, and his son Alexander. The daughter had married Irving Heatherington Carruthers, a British subject, and they lived in Apia. Mr. Carruthers was named sole executor and trustee of the estate. In 1921 he tried to probate the will of his late father-in-law but no court could be found which would consider it. The American Consul at Apia had ceased to exercise extra-territorial jurisdiction on December 2, 1899, and had no authority to probate the will as he had done in the case of the two previous wills. To make matters worse, Mrs. Carruthers died intestate in August, 1921. The British High Court of Western Samoa granted letters of administration to Mr. Carruthers, who was appointed guardian of the five minor children; but his administration applied only to property in Samoa and not to

Swains Island, over which the court still declined to exercise jurisdiction.

Both Alexander Jennings and Mr. Carruthers wanted the United States Navy Department to help out the situation; but that Department stated that it did not see that the island came within its authority, and declined to probate the will. And so another plea was made to the State Department, and finally to the President of the United Sates, to do something which would fix the status of Swains Island. This was finally accomplished on March 4, 1925, when a joint resolution of the House and Senate of the United States Congress was passed and signed, extending American sovereignty over the island and placing it under the jurisdiction of the government of American Samoa. In 1924 the property had been incorporated for the joint benefit of the family. The legal difficulties had been straightened out, and the prospects were bright for the future despite shipping problems and the comparatively low price of copra. The new arrangement made it possible to market the copra at Pago Pago, instead of Apia, and thus take advantage of the favorable price maintained by the U.S. Naval Government.

When I first visited Swains Island on April 6 and 15, 1935 on the first cruise of the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Itasca, to the Equitorial Islands and Samoa, I met Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Jennings and took their picture. Alexander Jennings was a robust, kindly man of middle age, quite well educated and capable. He was half Caucasian American and half Samoan. He was married to Margaret Pedro, a quiet, attractive, intelligent woman who had been born on Fakaofu, the southeasternmost of the Tokelau Islands. She was a member of one of the wealthiest and most influential families on that atoll, and had Spanish and Portuguese blood as well as native Tokelau. Although her health had not been too good during the late 1930's and 1940's she outlived her husband who died in 1958. Both parents being half Polynesian and half Caucasian, their children retained the same proportions of racial mixture. They had at least three children, the eldest, Wallace Hutchinson Jennings, is the present manager of the island.

The village, which is called Taulaga, and also the nearby copra drying and storage sheds, are located at the western end of the island, where a small passage has been blasted through the narrow fringing reef to

aid in landing, which must be made in outrigger canoes or small boats. In the village live from 20 to 25 families, most of them young married couples. The usual population of the island ranges from 100 to 160, including children. Official census figures are: 1930, 99; 1940, 147; 1950, 164; 1956, 80; 1960, 106; and 1970, 74. There is a church with a native pastor-school teacher, and a large general meeting house. Most of the buildings are built in native style, thatched with coconut leaves.

The Jennings family lives at a spot called "Etena" in a substantial, homelike, frame building, the "Residency", built in 1929 with a few thatched houses nearby, on the southern curve of the island, between the shore and the lagoon. Here a power-driven generator now furnishes electricity for light and radio. A road leads north to a short pier which extends into the lagoon, a fine place for swimming. The water of the lagoon, although too brackish to be drunk with enthusiasm, is by no means salt. The rainfall is moderately heavy, some years in excess of 100 inches, and the lagoon is without channels to the sea, although its surface rises and falls to a small extent with the ocean tide. Much of the lagoon is shallow, with a greatest depth of about 8 fathoms (48 feet).

The only commercial activity on the island is copra making. Five days a week, weather permitting, the men of the village go out into the groves to harvest coconuts and do other necessary work on the plantation. The nuts are husked and piled along the "belt road" which circles the island about midway between ocean and lagoon. During the 1930's an ancient Ford truck plied this road, gathering the nuts and conveying them to the village. Here they were split, the kernels removed by the women and spread out on the racks to dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry, the white, translucent, somewhat rancid smelling product becomes the copra of commerce, stored in a large wooden building in the village near the landing, until it can be transferred by small boats to visiting ships. In these it is carried to commercial ports, such as Apia or Pago Pago, from which it is shipped to far-away manufacturing centers where it is made into soap, vegetable substitutes for butter, or even explosives.

On Saturdays the natives may work for themselves, either harvesting or cultivating taro, bananas, and other food crops, or going fishing. Fishing generally is done from canoes at sea where tuna and other large

fish are caught. Some reef fishing also may be done, and there is one portion of the reef which is reserved against the time when it is too rough to put to sea or fish elsewhere. This area is used only with the permission of the owner. There are about 500 pigs and numerous chickens on the island. Most of them run wild, but such pigs may be killed only by permission of Mr. Jennings or his representative. Certain supplies, such as flour, tea, sugar, and the like are dispensed by the owner, especially when there is a shortage of other foods. Only rain water is considered good to drink, and this is not generally served at meals, coconuts being preferred. After consuming the liquid in the nut, it is a strict rule that the husk must be split in half and made available to the pigs and chickens. Otherwise the kernel might decay or be consumed only by rats.

Sunday is a day of rest, with usually at least two church services. Interesting details about these, the pastor and other daily activities, including cricket, the favorite outdoor sport of the island, are given below, condensed from the diaries kept by Abraham Piianaia and Killarney Opiopio. They were dropped off at Swains Island from the fourth cruise of the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Itasca, on January 24, 1936, on its way from Baker Island to Pago Pago, and picked up again on the return trip on February 23, 1936. During this stay these two Kamehameha School boys, who had just spent ten months on Baker and Howland Islands, respectively, endeared themselves very much to the people of the island, and had the opportunity to learn much about the daily life and activities of these people. Arriving just after a serious hurricane which had caused much damage to food crops on the island, they took ashore food supplies from the Itasca, doctored injuries, and entered wholeheartedly into the everyday life of the people. Their diaries fill more than 50 pages each, with detailed notes regarding their observations and impressions of the island and its people.

DAILY LIFE ON SWAINS ISLAND

(From the combined diaries of Abraham Piianaia and Killarney Opiopio)

A recent hurricane which had swept Swains Island had done considerable damage to trees and crops. Alfred Schultz, who was in charge of the island in the owner's absence, was quite agreeable to our visit; but he stated

that food supplies had been much diminished by the storm. So an outrigger canoe was sent out to the Itasca to get more food and supplies. These were furnished through the courtesy of Captain Brown. There ~~were~~ was no sickness on the island in need of treatment, but some first aid equipment was sent ashore for us to use. All of this was brought ashore through the narrow channel which had been blasted through the reef many years before. At the beach, everything was loaded onto a small flat car which ran on rails to Iupeli, the large building on the edge of the village where copra was stored. Eight men were used to push the car up the slight incline. At Iupeli the supplies and our equipment were transferred to an ancient Model T Ford truck that had been on the island for ten years. It was all taken to Etena (which means Eden), the home of Mr. Jennings, where we were to make our headquarters on the spacious veranda. This is about a mile and a quarter from the village of Taulaga. The truck was driven by Aleli Jennings, nephew of Mr. A. Eli Jennings, owner of the island. At Etena there were three boys to help unload the truck. Their names are Kene, Teaviki and Umala. The first two are from the Tokelau Islands; the other is half Tokelau and half Solomon Islander. They live and work at Etena.

After unloading our gear and fixing up our quarters, we had lunch with Mr. Schultz - fried bananas, beef and corn. The food was prepared and cooked by Teaviki. Mr. Schultz occupies one of the rooms in the Jennings house. After lunch we went swimming in the lagoon, which is named Mano (shark) and at 3:00 p.m. we rode down to the village with Aleli. When we got there, Jione, foreman of the island workers and a first cousin of Mr. Jennings, was dividing a bag of rice and a bag of flour from the Itasca among the villagers. After that we watched a game of cricket. It seemed funny that the national pasttime of the British was being played here on a remote south sea island. There were two teams, one made up of men living below, or on the south side of the church; the other of men from above, or on the north side of the church. After the game was won by the south side, we were asked to entertain the group with a few of our Hawaiian songs. After that one of the old men, Joasa, stood up - all had been seated on the ground - and in a clear soft tone called out the names of the men who were to form the canoe crews for tomorrow's fishing trip. Opiopio was invited to be one of the oarsmen, to leave at 5:00 a.m.

Immediately after that we left for our quarters. We had supper with Mr. Schultz - fried ulu or breadfruit, beef and coffee. There were frequent heavy squalls today with scattered clouds along the horizon. Mr. Schultz told us that during the recent hurricane 5.21 inches of rain had fallen. He has a rain guage which showed that today's rainfall had been .24 inch. The thermometer at the Jennings house had registered 90 degrees at noon, dropping to 81 in the evening.

After dinner we swapped yarns with the three boys who helped us work today. They all squatted on the floor and murmured words of surprise at some of the things we told them. At 11:00 p.m. we finally told them that we were tired and wanted to sleep. Our bunks were wide, comfortable canvas cots but mosquitoes made sleep a torture. They were all about the grounds and found their way up onto the veranda. There were only a few at ten o'clock, but after midnight the house was flooded with them. The natives don't seem to mind their presence; they laughed at us the next day when we told them of our misery.

Saturday, January 25, Opiopio got up at 5:30 and went with Kene to Taulaga where three canoes (vaa) were to start out on their fishing trip at 6:00 to catch bonito. He was given a place in the largest canoe with five others, and assigned a paddle. There was an old Tokelauan named Tome, and the other four were all married. The tide was high, so they didn't have any trouble crossing the reef which has a width of about 100 yards and then drops down into the blue. They pointed the canoe in a northern direction but remained close to the reef. Opiopio noted that the current came from the northwest. There was no strong wind blowing, but there were low scattered clouds along the horizon, with rain to the northwest.

As the canoes went along, one of the men sighted a huge flock of sooty terns (which is a sign that bonitos were below them), about a mile out. We paddled to the spot but the fishes were nowhere in sight. Following the birds again and again there were no fish. About ten o'clock we gave up the chase. By that time we were about three miles out. The other canoes came up to us and we all had a good talk about Hawaii. The canoes were allowed to drift until we were directly off Taulaga. Then the three canoes landed. There were twelve men in all; three each in the other canoes and six in ours. The natives here on Swains Island all came from the

Tokelau atolls. They brought with them their hooks and lines. The hooks are made of pearl shell and the lines of coconut fiber. Tome chanted a few songs before we left. I asked him for those chants, but he refused.

The people here do not work on Saturdays but are allowed to spend their time fishing and attending to their banana, taro and papaya patches and working around their homes. The livestock on the island are for all the people. They share everything. No family is allowed to kill any pig or chicken except with permission from Mr. Jennings or the man in charge when he is absent. Usually Saturdays are the days chosen to slaughter the animals. Today, when I came back from fishing, two pigs were killed. The pigs were chopped up into pieces according to the size of each family. Each family is expected to make the pork last throughout the week. Kene, who was with me, had a woven basket which he had made. Our share of the pork consisted of a ham and pieces of liver.

Instead of following the road, Kene and I took an old trail close to the lagoon on our way back to Etena. We saw a large lizard and also one with a blue tail among old coconut husks. There were several sooty terns and one or two white birds high above the tree tops. We carried the basket by means of a pole which was stuck through it, on our shoulders. Piianaia and Mr. Schultz waited for me to return before having breakfast. Our late breakfast menu consisted of fried pork and bananas, besides rice mixed with coconut juice and roasted liver cooked over hot coral.

The young boys who are staying with us at Etena are personal servants for Mr. Jennings. Only married couples are allowed to live in the village. Boys above fifteen and single are kept here. There are four of them, namely Kene, Teaviki, Iuta and Umala. Mr. Jennings has provided them with living quarters in one of the huts. He has a personal servant who is in charge of these boys. Their duty is to take care of the grounds, act as servants and find the fowl and pigs. They never go out to gather copra.

We all swam in the lagoon this noon. The lagoon is about a mile and a half long and a mile in breadth at its widest. According to Mr. Schultz, there is only a slight rise in the tide. During rainy seasons it rises about 10 inches at its highest. There is a little island off the north shore, with little coconut palms

growing on it. The water is nearly pure in some spots. The natives use the lagoon for bathing and washing purposes. There is a little wharf made of native timbers at Etena.

Piianaia got up immediately after Opiopio left to go fishing and found the young men repairing one of the falegalue, or work houses, which had been partly destroyed by the hurricane which recently blew over the island.

With whatever English the boys could speak and whatever Hawaiian I could make them understand, I succeeded in getting them to tell me the name of the various parts of the fale and the kinds of wood used. I was told that there were only two work houses on the island, one being used as a carpenter shop and the other as a blacksmith's shop. The falegalue was built according to the Tokelau method of construction except that nails were used to hold the framework together instead of twine, and that several pieces of 2" x 4" timber were used for some of the parts of the frame. The nails and timber were used so as to speed up the repairing of the shop in order to put it into use as soon as possible. The roofing, which is made of plaited coconut leaves, was also nailed on instead of being tied or lashed on with twine. The repairing of the house was called "station work".

On Saturday afternoon and evening, the people usually do most of the cooking of Sunday meals as no one works after sunrise on Sundays. I found Teaviki bustling around the kitchen of Mr. Jenning's house. He is the short fellow with bowlegs, and a heavyset chest and arms. Anyone stopping at Swains has surely seen this oddly built young man. Mr. Schultz asked me to teach Teaviki to cook something, so I taught him to cook hotcakes. Aleli was also present and took pencil and paper and wrote down everything I did to prepare the dough and cook the hot cakes. He showed interest in what I was doing and asked consistent questions as to why I did certain things. From the way things have been going, it looks as if Aleli, the three boys who helped us yesterday, and another powerfully built lad named Iuta, are going to be our constant companions, except when they have work to do.

Opiopio came back from Taulaga at about 11:00 a.m. He and Kene were carrying a coconut basket which was suspended from a pole on their shoulders. They had not caught any fish, so two pigs had been killed and

they were bringing home some pork. We had a breakfast of fried breadfruit, rice cooked with coconut juice, pork and liver that was fried. Immediately after eating, Kene and Iuta went out to gather young coconuts for us to drink and eat. They picked and husked enough coconuts to last us two days. These they put in a large coconut basket and placed the basket at the foot of our cots, so that we could wake up at any time during the night and take a drink. After drinking the milk of a coconut the nut is split in half and thrown out. I was told that this was done so that the pigs and fowls could eat the meat from the nut. If this was not done only the rats could get at the meat in the nut. I was told also that in former days anyone caught not splitting the nut after drinking the milk was fined 12 shillings for the first offense and one pound if caught again. This shows the importance of the coconut to life here - whether it be human or animal.

Piianaia went down to the village about 3:00 to play cricket while Opiopio stayed back to prepare the museum collecting instruments. The evening meal consisted of the remains of the noon meal with no additional food. After dinner Piianaia doctored Iuta, a boy who had come from one of the Tokelau Islands about four months before, who had raw scabs on both arms. He had only lysol and mercurochrome so he bathed his arms in warm water and painted the sores with mercurochrome.

He had been scratching his sores with dirty fingernails so I told him the danger of doing this and he promised not to scratch anymore. There had been a similar case in the village about two weeks ago. The boys sang several songs for us and we repaid them with songs from Hawaii. We went to sleep early, but there were still too many mosquitoes.

Sunday, January 26. We woke up at 7:30 and found everybody preparing for church. No one had breakfast until after church. Mr. Schultz wore a white tweed suit, maroon bow tie and a pair of low Oxford shoes which had come off the Itasca a few days ago. We left Etena at 8:00 a.m. and walked down to Pastor Peni's fale. His home seemed to be the neatest and cleanest we had seen. Besides being the pastor, Peni is also the island school teacher. He assigns one boy and two girls from school as his own workers and helpers, changing every week. He also has his own banana patch and his own quota of pigs and fowls. They are his as long as he remains on the island. He is an educated Samoan who belongs to the London Missionary Society.

He served 25 years in Papua-New Guinea, and later was transferred to Swains Island. He has a wife and one son who was educated in Oakland (Auckland?) and is now living in Western Samoa. The pastor's house is located close to the village; the grounds around the place are well kept and very pleasing to the eye. Reverend Peni was attired in a white jacket with stiff collar, khaki trousers, white canvas low cut shoes, a pair of glasses, and white topi (pith helmet). Mr. Schultz changed his shoes there, putting on low cut canvas shoes.

When we got to the church, which had been built in 1922, we were introduced to Peni's wife. The whole congregation was waiting for us. They wore their finest today. We were led in through the rear door by a man named Tito, who was waiting to show us to our seats. The church is a rectangular frame building, with wooden pews and stained glass windows. All the women sat on the right side of the church and the men all on the left. They sat four in a pew. All the children sat in the front part of the church with one old man who was the leoleo or policeman, to keep an eye on them. He had a small stick with strings of coconut husk tied to one end. This he used to hit anyone who falls asleep during the service. All the women with small children sat in the rear of the church in a part partitioned off from the main room. In the front center there is an elevated pulpit, behind which is the pastors seat. Behind this a long stained glass window rises. Seats on both sides of the pulpit are for the Jennings family. Mr. Schultz was in one; Pastor Peni's wife in the other. We had a pew which we shared with only one other man, Joasa. When the pastor entered the church everybody stood up and remained standing until he reached the pulpit and then they sat when he gave the sign to do so.

All the preaching and singing was in Samoan: a prayer, a hymn, a Bible passage, another song, the sermon, a closing song and the benediction. The pastor walks out; following are Mr. Schultz and the pastor's wife, then the congregation. All the people have fine voices and those of the men were deep and low. Some hymns were translated into Tokelauan. The sermon lasted about 45 minutes.

After church Piianaia and Opiopio visited several homes to care for several persons, especially children who were suffering from boils, bruises, ringworms, and injuries. They were accompanied by Aleli. One small

girl had a four-inch gash beneath her chin which had been caused by a six-foot Kingfish which her father had caught. The little girl got too close to the fish while it was still alive.

When we got back to Etena it was noon. No food is cooked on Sunday, but Teaviki had a cold meal ready for us; chicken which had been cooked over coals; Pastor Peni had given us cooked taro leaves with coconut milk; Aleli some cooked pork; also breadfruit (ulu) cooked in coconut milk and some ripe bananas.

After lunch we went with Mr. Schultz and Aleli around that part of the lagoon known as Tupua on the swampy peninsula of Temafa or Tamafa, northeast of Etena. This had once been the site of a village with an old place of worship, with a broken fallen idol and several coral slabs, of possible archaeological interest but now covered with brush. After returning to Etena we went with Aleli to Metagofie, which means "beautiful view" on the bank of the lagoon. It is the site of an old broken-down storehouse for copra, and copra mill of which only the foundation remains. It was built by the first Mr. Jennings. The water close by is very cold and clear. The children of Swains Island use this place for swimming, because of its deep water with low overhanging coconut palms. Aleli showed us a steering oar, "foe taiule", which he said was over 100 years old. Piianaia asked him for it for the museum. He got it for us. After supper, which consisted of the remains of lunch, we went to the beach to look for shells.

Mr. Schultz told us that mosquitoes were not generally as plentiful as they had been the last two nights. The house is screened, but somehow they find their way in. When we went to sleep we covered our faces with blankets.

Monday, January 27. Piianaia records the method by which a new fire is kindled, as done by Mele, wife of Tito.

The first thing she did was to hollow out a shallow hole in the ground and put in some pulu or coconut husks. She then procured a piece of puapua, the same wood used in making house frames (probably Guettarda speciosa). This she rubbed with a small piece of the same wood and in less than 2 minutes had it smoking. Then she nursed the smoking piece carefully, by shielding it from too

much wind and after a while live sparks developed. She transferred the sparks to one of the coconut husks and blew upon it until it burst into flames. The fire was then applied to the husks already in the umu or ground oven. While the flames were gathering headway she put on about 200 ipu or empty coconut shells that had been split in half. On top of this she spread a layer of coral from the beach; then left the umu to burn and get hot. In about half an hour, the umu was ready and the coral nearest to the coconut shells was red hot. Mele then placed several bananas on the umu and also a pot of water. I was surprised to see that the water boiled in less time that it takes to boil on an ordinary oil stove. After cooking, the food was taken off the umu, and more stones were spread over it. This was done to keep the fire from dying out during the day. The fire in an umu lasts all day and usually all night.

There was no food in the house, so we had to rely on our own provisions. For breakfast Mr. Schultz ~~and~~ and the two of us had salmon, hardtack, jam and cocoa. The natives seldom keep a reserve supply of fish and they eat sparingly of fruit.

We worked on our reports most of the morning. A few men came to see us work. They were surprised to see us write so much. They sat on the floor in silence while we typed and asked Mr. Schultz and Aleli for information. At present no copra is being cut because the trails in the coconut forest are covered over by debris left by the recent hurricane. These trails have to be cleared before any of the nuts can be gathered for cutting. This morning Pastor Peni came to visit us. He brought us a piece of salted pork. Abraham tried to explain the cooking of pork and beans. The people here do not know of any way of preparing delicacies. The food here is always solid. That is, they do not make soups or gravy. At lunch, Pastor Peni and Mr. Schultz were introduced to eating poi, with sardines and corned beef. Both agreed that poi is far better than their food on the island.

After lunch we went with some of the boys for a swim in the lagoon. The water is cool and very refreshing. We swam out to the small island. Kanavao, who is only a boy of about 10, surprised us by swimming anywhere the older boys swam.

At 1:00 p.m., Opiopio went fishing with Aleli, Ate Maka and Vaa Sua, the last two the best and most daring fishermen on the island.

Our diving equipment consisted of a pair of goggles and a rubber sling-shot to propel a straitened length of fence wire about four feet long with a prong at one end. We took along our can of preserving fluid. The tide was low at the time. We went out on the reef on the southeast shore, where the reef is widest, extending about 250 yards out. We took along with us a strand of coconut leaf, known as kalana, for stringing the fish, and also several strands of fau tree. These leaves were used for the diving goggles (mata ika) to keep them clear under water. There were large breakers but they did not keep the men away. I was given the honor of catching the first fish. We stayed out a few feet from the reef. We caught about five different kinds of fish, besides others for our dinner table. One of the men suggested that we return because the sea was rough and we had lost a spear and a pair of diving goggles. We stayed out about an hour and caught fifteen fish. Several were kept in the preserving can for the Museum.

At about 3:30, Mr. Schutlz took us around the island belt road in the Ford truck, with Aleli driving. The island is divided into 10 districts. The first after leaving Etena (and going counterclockwise around the island) is Teleapa which extends from seashore to lagoon, but does not include the peninsula called Temafa or Tamafa. Tamafa is a low marsh land extending into the lagoon. The waters thereabouts are very shallow. It is possible to wade across to the other side of the island. The ancient village of Tupera was situated on this peninsula. The next is Telaulasi, from shore to lagoon. This is where the reef is narrowist, extending only 90 to 100 yards out from shore. Fishing is prohibited here; anyone being caught fishing is fined one dollar. This is done for the protection of the people because it provides a sure reserve of fish when fishing is impossible on any other part of the reef. At such times Mr. Jennings allows the men to get their fish from here. In Telaulasi is one dwelling hut and one cook hut, the name of this particular spot being Vailevanu. This hut is used as a rest house, or a place to isolate anyone who may have contracted a sickness. It was built by Eli Jennings, II, and is not now furnished.

The next district is Manihiki. Across it is a clearing which extends from the beach to the lagoon. The district gets its name from the belief that at one time people from Manihiki Island (an atoll in the northern

Cook group) built a road extending from the beach to the lagoon. About 60 yards to the right is an old abandoned pier. In these three districts the vegetation is very dense and the scenery very pretty.

The next two districts (across the northern side of the island) are Naniu and Sapape (or Sepepe). The next district (at the west end) is Taulaga. The word means "landing place" and it is here that landings are made from ships. The village is located here. The next district is Olupuka, named for the puka trees (Pisonia grandis) with large trunks of soft brittle wood bearing canopies of large, opposite leaves, sticky greenish flowers and spindle-shaped fruit. Here only a few coconuts are growing and a few taro patches are found. The last district before getting back to Etena is Niutenaka. Years ago a native by the name of Tenaka planted coconut trees here. The trees grew well and out of respect to the man who planted them the place was named Niu O Tenaka and as years went by the O was dropped out.

When we were in the village we doctored our patients again. There were a few new patients today with boils, sores and rash. The only thing we could do for most of our patients was to tell them not to scratch their sores, to keep them protected from flies and to move their bowels regularly.

Back to Etena, our supper was made up of the remains of the last meal. We were entertained tonight by our Etena boys. They sang several Tokelau songs and demonstrated their art of fatele, or dancing. In Hawaii it's the hula, in Samoa the siva. In response we sang our own native songs.

January 28, 1936. This morning we found Mele, Tito's wife, sweeping the dry leaves and rubbish around the house. The broom she uses is typically Tokelau in construction. It is called salu, and consists of a round stick about four feet long at the end of which several stems of coconut leaflets are lashed. The stick is called au, the coconut midribs tuaniu and the twine used to lash them to the stick, fauato. I asked Mele to let me try sweeping with her broom and found it to be light and easy to handle. After I had handled her broom she shyly asked me to let her wash my clothes. I told her I would think it over. Not satisfied with this, she sent her husband Tito, to ask me to let her wash my clothes. I let her have my shirt. When Aleli

who had been coming to see us every day, came this morning he said that several women in the village wanted to wash our clothes for us, one of them being his wife. I thanked him and told him that I had already let Mele wash my clothes. I went to the back of the house to see how she did our laundry. The soap she used came probably from her bartering with the ship. She used a long wooden club for beating the clothes after they were thoroughly rinsed in soap suds. Washing any visitor's clothes seemed to be an honor with the women folk.

Before lunch we went swimming in the lagoon with Kene. We took a cake of Lux soap with us and told Kene to help himself to it. He took one smell and started soaping himself vigorously; then jumped into the lagoon. He repeated this six times. Not satisfied with this, he washed his lavalava with the soap, making sure that it was scented like the soap. When he was through, he thanked us profusely for letting him use the "sweet smeel" soap. I believed that he was the happiest person in Olosega for the rest of the day.

Mr. Schultz, or "Sulisi", as the natives call him, has a man clearing the pathway leading down to the lagoon. During the recent gale several coconut and fala (pandanus) trees were blown down across the pathway.

For lunch today we had chicken cooked over hot rocks, fried fish, boiled breadfruit and sauerkraut. The food was prepared outside in a little hut. The underground oven used is called umu tafaluova. The way the chicken was caught proved interesting. There were five dogs on hand, their names being Whisky, Itasca, Copra, Topi, and Sami. When the chicken to be caught was chosen, one of the boys would throw a stone at it and clap his hands. Immediately the five dogs would converge on the chosen fowl and capture it, holding it until one of the boys came to get it. The dogs in no way injured the chicken. I was told that the same method was used in capturing the wild pigs that roam the bush. After lunch Mr. Schultz asked us numerous questions concerning the U.S. Coast Guard. He wanted to know how many ships were in the service, the personnel on each, the armament they carried and their cruising range. He also told us what a great man Hitler is. I do not like his attitude or the way he treats the natives here.

After lunch we rode down to Taulaga on the truck, driven by Aleli. We went to the home of Mose and had a chat with him. He is suffering from a skin eruption. We gave him treatment, and for our services he gave us both coconut hats. We then went to the house where the women folk were making mats for the personnel of the ship. There were three women working on one mat. The weaving was done by sections. To get the black strands in the mat, the natives soaked a roll of laufala in a pan of lampblack in water for three days before using. A large mat, six by five feet, would take one woman about two weeks to complete, whereas when three work on it it would take only a week. At Aleli's home we were shown some Tokelau pearl shell fish hooks. These were about three inches long and half an inch wide. Several holes were bored through. The maga or curved portion is attached to the ba (shank) by coconut fiber, called fausaga, and the line is called afo. The lure is called siga and is made of chicken feathers. The afo is made chiefly from a native bark called fau (Hibiscus tiliaceus). Aleli gave us two hooks and explained the reason why he did this. He said that years ago the hooks were very crude, but as the years went by the people improved the shape until now it is perfected. These pearl shell hooks are very valuable because of the reason that the pearl shells are not found on this island, but only in the Tokelau group.

This afternoon we were invited to participate in a game of cricket. We played on different teams, Piianaia for the South side and Opiopio for the North. The South won the first game, while the second was discontinued before it was finished, because the women folk wanted to present us with gifts or talofa (mia alofa). We squatted on the ground while they brought strings of sea shells and laid them at our feet, twenty-four in number. We sat with the men closely huddled around in a group. Aleli was our interpreter. The women made a speech saying that they were sorry that they could not give us anything better than the shell leis, because they had much work to do restoring their banana fields and taro patches. After the speech, they sang and presented dances in which three of the older boys participated. They danced in perfect rhythm, and all of their motions were simultaneous. After the dancing and singing, which was accompanied by several boys beating their hands on an empty box, the old men of the village made a speech inviting us to a huge dinner on Thursday evening, at which time songs and dances were to be presented. We were expected to be present, and also to

render some of our native songs and dances. After the old man's speech, we sang five or six Hawaiian songs, while everybody huddled in a circle around us. They wanted to know the meaning of the songs we sang, so we told Aleli, our interpreter, what the songs meant and he in turn explained what we told him. By the time we finished singing, the moon was up. All the women left for their homes, while the men remained to select a crew which was to go out fishing for the remainder of the night.

We went to Aleli's home where we doctored several children and a woman. One child had a boil, another a cut, another a gash on her foot. The woman had a large boil on her left breast. After this we sat around telling stories and answering questions about Hawaii, its people and language. We left for Etena at about 9:00 p.m. Although the moon was up, we had a hard time seeing the road because the tall coconut palms shielded the light. We got to Etena at 9:30 and with Kene we went down to the lagoon for a swim. The water was nice and cool, so we swam for quite a while. When we got back to the house, Teaviki had a meal ready for us, the leftovers from our noon meal. Tito also had a basketfull of young coconuts at the foot of our bunks.

Wednesday, January 29. We had a fine sleep; there were hardly any mosquitoes. For breakfast we had two cans of sardines, hard bread and cocoa. Aleli came up from Taulaga in the Model "T", bringing us a basket of slabs of fish which the men had caught last night. It was called palu or polu, and must have been all of six feet long. Six other fish of the same kind had been caught, so everybody will have enough fish for a day or two.

This morning Mele was hauling baskets of clean coral stones from the beach for use in the falecooke. She said she did this once every two weeks because the old stones on the fire become greasy and dirty. After that she salted part of the fish that Aleli had brought. The salting was done in a deep wooden tub, called a tanoa, which had been made from the stump of a taiule tree. (Perhaps the same as Samoan talie, Terminalia catappa). Half of the remaining fish was boiled and the rest fried for lunch. Opiopio went fishing with Aleli, who took along his spear. They caught twelve different fish, but only three were preserved, and the others eaten at the noon meal. Piianaia and Aleli prepared a roster or list of all the families and

people living on Olosega: 21 married couples, six single males, two women whose husbands are in Pago Pago at the time, and 54 children, 26 of them males. This makes a total of 104 people on the island on January 29, 1936. Nine other residents, including Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and their children, also make their home on Olosega. Not including Mr. Jennings, 14 grown persons were born here, 28 in the Tokelau Islands, 4 in Samoa, and one on Ware (?Wari Island in the western Louisiade Islands?). All except eight of the children were born here, the eight being born in the Tokelau Islands.

In the afternoon we went down to Pastor Peni's house with Mr. Schutlz, with a load of iper or coconut shells to be used for the family fire. We treated six patients with our own medicines, and advised them on precautions they must follow. Several of them have recovered. It seems to me that, if the natives have faith in the medicines, it is very easy to cure them. Piianaia observed several women in one of the houses working on a large pandanus mat. The women wove very fast, and whenever any one of them got tired, she was replaced by another woman. The kiddies had a great time following us around. I did not see any of the men folk around, and upon inquiring I was told they had gone into the bush to catch pigs for tomorrow nights feast or kaikai. They had taken five dogs with them to help catch the pigs, because the pigs which they intended to get were not the tame pigs that come about the village for food, but wild fellows that have lived in bush all their lives.

When we got back to Etena we saw Mele and her husband preparing food for the fowl and pigs that live around Etena. The food consisted of coconut meat, part of which was grated and the rest cut up in small pieces with a copra cutting knife. This is one of the daily chores at Etena done by Mele and Tito when the boys who live there are not available. Coconut milk was fed to the hogs. Every day 100 nuts are fed to the pigs and 20 nuts are grated for the fowl. The empty shells are all saved to be used as fuel for the umu. When the food was ready a gong-like noise was made by striking an old tire rim with an iron bar; immediately pigs, chickens and geese would come double time from all directions.

Before dinner we went with Aleli for a bath in the lagoon. For the dinner meal we had the remains of

lunch - fish, bananas and breadfruit. This evening the boys demonstrated for us the art of self defense as known in the Tokelaus. They move with the agility of a cat, disarming and disabling their foes with ease. This art is taught to them when very young, and they are taught the holds and grips only on full moon nights.

I found a partly broken tanoa or wooden platter today. It was made from taiule (probably the same as Samoan talie, Terminalia catappa). Piianaia asked Aleli for it, and he said that he could take it back for the museum. It was the first that we had seen here. The people here do not use these wooden platters any more because they have tin platters now.

Thursday, January 30. We slept well again last night. Mr. Schultz told us that there were no mosquitoes to speak of.

Early this morning two of the native boys came up to the house to get a cart to gather nuts from the bush. There are only two very old horses on the island.

Piianaia read an old notebook containing part of the story of Olosega and the arrival of the Jennings on this island. The story had been translated from the Tokelau language; the writing was difficult to read, the book was torn and part of the story was missing. He copied what he could and tried to get the rest of the story from Aleli Jennings. At about 10:00 he and Opiopio went down to Taulaga and took one of the preserving boxes with them. They caught several insects on their way to the village.

None of the boys were around, as they were all out working for the Copra Company. The men go out and collect the nuts which the wind had blown off the palms. They are husked and piled by the side of the road. The truck then comes and takes them to the copra shed, where the women cut the kernel out of the shell with blunt copra knives. The extracted meat is dried in the sun for three or four days. The huskers are very efficient in their work and can clean 15 to 20 nuts per minute. The husks usually are piled in the brush until they rot, or are taken to the banana patches and used as a source of humus. At Jubilee, the copra house, the nuts are broken in half by the children over empty cans, and the milk fed to the hogs. The meat is taken out of the shell with a short knife. Accidents can be caused by cracked nuts or slippery shells. The meat

is caught in a basket, in which it is carried to the drying platform. The store room has a capacity of 100 tons of copra. We rode back to Etena on the truck of loli after the work had been completed.

In the afternoon, after lunch, Piianaia saw Iuta cutting off a stump of tausunu wood, and cut it to a piece about three feet long to make a canoe. His hewing tool was an old piece of iron lashed with coconut twine to an angular piece of wood from the crouch of a tree branch.

In the evening all the men in the village, except Mr. Schultz, Pastor Peni and Johnny the foreman, went to Taulaga where a native feast was being given in our honor. The food was not yet ready when we got there so we sat around singing some of our Hawaiian songs. Piianaia also sang some Samoan songs which he knew, which were well received, and performed a few card tricks, which mystified and delighted the natives. They made him repeat the tricks several times. One of the old men said he must be the devil in person to be able to do what he did with the cards. Our meal consisted of two pigs, four chickens, four Tokelau puddings, one plate of Tokelau jam, 20 fried bananas, 10 fried fish, and two baskets of boiled bananas. Most of the food was cooked over beds of hot coals. The Tokelau pudding was made from mashed bananas, coconut juice, and a little sugar, wrapped in banana leaves and baked. The food was spread over a large mat or tray, (or laulau), made of coconut leaves, on which banana leaves/laufae were spread. Before we commenced one of the old men made a short speech in the Tokelau language, saying that the feast was the best that they could prepare as the land was on the threshold of famine. He also said that for years the people of Olosega had heard of Hawaii, but never had they had the privilege of knowing any Hawaiians until we had come to Olosega and now that we are here, that we had partaken of their food, that we had entertained them, that we had doctored their young ones, the best that they could do for us is to love us and treat us as one of their own people. After this, he presented us with a laufala mat as a mea alofa or gift from the people of the village. Piianaia then got up and thanked the man on behalf of Opiopio and himself for all that they had done for them, telling them that he was sorry he had nothing to give in return for the gifts. The old man then answered, saying that the gifts were not given in the hope of getting anything from us, but were gifts from

their hearts. He then said grace and we started eating.

Because he had been our constant companion since our arrival, Aleli was given the honor of eating from the same laulau that we ate from. The other men sat around other laulaus in groups of threes and fours. None of the women were present because Pastor Peni did not want the children to be out late tonight as tomorrow was to be a shcool day. During the meal the men talked and joshed with each other, creating a very pleasant atmosphere and making eating a real pleasure. After dinner they asked us questions about happenings in the outside world. We both tried to impress upon them the fact that they need not be alarmed by world conditions, because the United States would take care of them in case of a world conflict. At the conclusion of our talk we were asked to sing several of our songs. As our parting piece we sang Aloha Oe, which is their favorite Hawaiian song. We finally left for home at about 9:00 in the truck driven by Aleli. The car did not have any lights and there was no moon, so the road through the coconut forest was pitch black. A lantern was used, but the light it cast was too feeble. Many times we came very near running over some pigs that made no effort to get off the road. After about fifteen minutes we got to Etena.

Mr. Schultz told us that on moonlight nights Mr. Jennings would go down to the village. He has a hut close by the seashore, which he uses after late fishing trips. The villagers are only allowed to enter the hut by permission of one of the members of the family. A visitor stands about 25 feet away from the house and calls to someone in the house. Only on rare occasions do any of the natives dine with any of the Jennings family at their home in Etena. No natives are allowed to ride on the truck except by permission, although many of the natives are related to the Jennings family. The people are allowed to leave the island if they are discontented with conditions on the island, but so far no one has left as they are always happy here.

Friday, January 31. Rain fell all night and throughout the morning. The natives were working copra today. Every day that copra is worked 5,000 nuts are husked and cut. This is the equivalent of one ton of dried copra. There are six men who husk the nuts, and each man husks 675 nuts as his days quota of work. For each man who husks there are two who gather the nuts

from the brush and bring them to the huskers. The husked nuts are left in a convenient place where they can be picked up by the truck and taken to the large copra shed at Taulaga. There they are turned over to 12 women who split the nuts in half and cut out the meat with special copra cutting knives. Each woman has her share of the nuts (385) to cut out each day. However, all of this is play to the natives and is usually finished by 11:30 a.m.--by the time that the first load gets to the women, so in reality the work only lasts about 3-1/2 to 4 hours on copra producing days; then they have the rest of the day to themselves.

In the afternoon Piianaia walked along the beach from Etena to Vailevana hoping to find some sea shells but saw nothing but coral. When he got back the boys told him that, if he wanted to find shells he should go to the beach between Olupuka and Naniu. Opiopio went on a field trip to Temafa and Telaulasi, hunting for insects. He only caught two butterflies, one moth, a spider and a beetle. The land about Temafa is very low and swampy. He observed several native birds; a lovebird, a sooty tern and a vasavosa. He was told by Aleli that these birds roost on the coconut palms and fale trees, and that their diet consists of fish. Along the lagoon there is a fence made of native wood and iron wire. In the enclosures were several taro plants that were barely growing. The fence extends about 100 feet into the lagoon. He saw a wild boar roaming the bush that tried to charge. He had scars all over his face; two teeth about 3 inches out of his mouth. When he got home the boys told him that this boar was a very clever fellow for he had eluded them many times when they set traps for him. In the evening they went swimming in the lagoon. The natives bathe at a place called Toeligo o polo, meaning "bathing place for ducks". Long ago Mr. Jennings had a flock of ducks in the lagoon but they all died of starvation.

In the evening Mr. Schultz told them about his life in the tropics. He said he had graduated from a Berlin University at the age of 21, and immediately got a job in a south seas copra firm. He lived several years in Tonga and Fiji before establishing his home in Apia. During World War I he had invested all of his savings in his Fatherland, and after the war he had lost all of his money. We seem to be having rain every day, with wind from the north. Mr. Schultz told

us that we were in the season of very bad weather, and that he wouldn't be surprised if it rained until the Itasca came back.

Piianaia remarked that Schultz grabbed at Mr. Jennings for not giving him enough papalagi (white man's) food, that the food of the islands was unfit to eat, and that the natives didn't know how to cook a good meal. In refutation to this Piianaia noted in his diary that :all the food that the natives eat is supplied either from the island or the surrounding sea. The natives prepare their food in whatever manner they are acquainted with, using the extracted juice from the grated coconut in most of their vegetable and fish preparations, and cooking their meats over hot coals. They hardly drink any water, but husk a young coconut and drink its liquid contents whenever they are thirsty. However, despite this simple diet, the natives are all hale and healthy, showing great stamina and endurance both on land and in the sea, and possessing powerful and rugged physiques. He had noted that at the end of several days that boys had gone to sleep at night without a morsel of food for dinner; getting up early the next morning and starting right out working again without any breakfast, then finally having a meal at noon. Still they are contented with their lot, only grumbling when Mr. Schultz yells at them. They told us that when Mr. Jennings is here they receive no such treatment from him.

Saturday, February 1. This morning Jione, the foreman, came as a representative of the natives to ask Mr. Schultz for a bag of flour. He told Mr. Schultz that there were hardly any bananas or breadfruit left and that the sea had been too rough to fish. Schultz told Jione to take the flour and tell the people to get a wild pig from the bush.

Aleli brought a message to us from Pastor Peni, inviting us to lunch at his home today. We were also invited to partake in a game of cricket in the afternoon. When we reached Taulaga, several women were weaving mats in the copra building. Immediately Jione struck an old tire rim with a piece of iron. About 15 minutes later he sounded "assembly", and every family in the village was represented by either a mother or a youngster, each with a can or basin in which to put the family's share of flour. While we waited, the women asked Piianaia to perform some of the card tricks he had shown the men, who had told them about the

entertainment. Luckily he had a pack of cards in his pocket, so he performed. The flour was distributed by Jione, assisted by Asiasiga, wife of Mose Matua. None of the men was present for they were busy working in their banana fields and taro patches. As the name of a family was called, its representative would step forward and hand the family receptacle to Asiasiga, who held it while Jione put in one level cupful of flour for each adult in the family. The container was then returned to the family's representative who sat on the floor until all the families had been summoned for their quota of "adult" flour. Then the whole procedure was repeated according to the number of children in the family, the quota being a half-cup per child. When this was finished, the remainder of the flour was divided equally among all the families, after which the representatives went home, carrying their loads either in their arms or on their heads.

We went to Pastor Peni's house, where he was waiting for us. He was dressed in an old pair of khaki trousers, a faded blue shirt, and an old pair of low cut shoes. While waiting for lunch to be ready, Piianaia asked the pastor if the early inhabitants of Olosega had made tapa for use as clothing or bedding. He told us that tapa was never made here. The only clothing used was made from coconut leaves and called titi. He also told us his life's story. He had been a pastor in New Guinea for 30 years. He had retired and returned to his home in Apia, where he had been educated in the mission. He brought out several Samoan text books which he had used. Five years before, he had been asked to come to Olosega and had accepted.

The couple had only one son, who was married in this home only a few months before. He now lived in Apia.

The table was neatly set by Mrs. Peni, Aleli and the two children who worked in the Pastor's home. Mrs. Peni did not join in the meal, but sat on the floor, serving each dish. Aleli was chosen to be our waiter. The meal consisted of chicken broth, fried and stewed chicken, fried bananas, breadfruit, biscuits, sauerkraut and cocoa. The chicken and vegetable soup was so good that we asked for seconds. While we were eating, Aleli's little girl brought a fish for Reverend Peni, and in return was given a biscuit. We were told that any time the natives catch fish they always send part of their catch to Peni. The same is true when

they harvest their crops. He is well taken care of and well liked by his congregation. The Peni's have the cleanest and most attractive house in the village. The two children work here for a week as part of their training. After we had finished eating, Mrs. Peni, Aleli and the two children ate on the floor near the table. We told Reverend Peni about Baker Island and our mission there. We thanked him for the excellent meal and, with Aleli, left for the cricket game. On the way over Aleli told us that having dinner at Peni's was the highest honor that could be accorded to anyone in Olosega. That in the five years that Peni had been there, this was the first time he had eaten there, and that this had been the first time that any native other than the deacons, had received this honor.

The teams were already waiting for us when we got to the field, so we started to play right away, one on each team. During the game there was a light drizzle, but this did not stop the game. One team won each game. Usually the losers have to go catch the pig to kill for tonight and tomorrow. We did not go on the hunt, for the sky was overcast and we were invited to have supper at the home of Jione (Sione). We returned to Alelis home to wash. While there we discussed the family history of one of the boys we knew in Hawaii. It seemed that the boy's father had come from one of the Tokelau islands on a whaling schooner and made his home there.

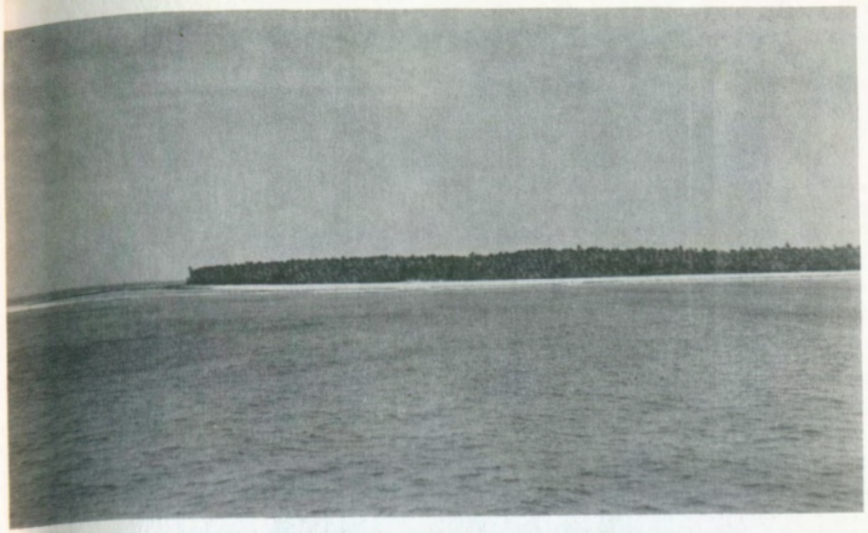
Sione sent his little son over to call us when the meal was prepared. We went, sat on the floor, and ate a simple meal of chicken, breadfruit, boiled taro and bananas. To drink, we had a young coconut with its top cut off. Although we were not hungry, we tried our best to eat all we could so as not to disappoint our host.

During the meal we saw the men bring in the pig to be slaughtered. Its fore and hind legs were both tied, with a stick through the loops, carried on the shoulders of two men. The pig was squealing all the time. The dogs came running after the men, barking and jumping at the captured porker. The pig was killed by piercing his throat with a knife. More torches were lit and used to singe the hair off the animals hide. Then he was laid on a clean platform and chopped into pieces for the families, to last two or three days.

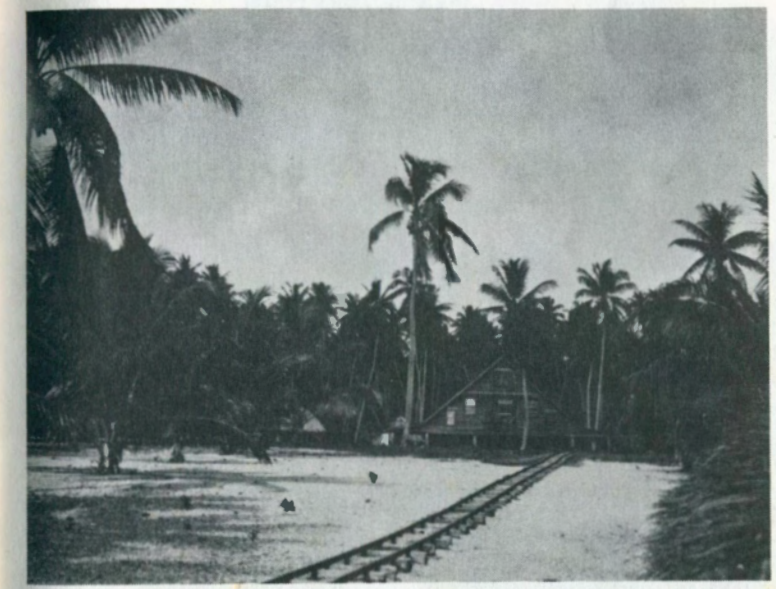
When we finished eating, several persons came to

J(S)ione's house, to talk and ask questions. The main issue tonight was religion and the Bible. Some seemed to doubt parts of the Bible and wanted to know our views. Piianaia told them that the Old Testament was just a history of the Jews, and that it was hit and miss and partly inaccurate; but that the New Testament was probably more accurate. Opiopio commented that all we could do was to say that we were not Bible scholars, but that the Philosophy of Christ is a good life to follow. Piianaia said that religion is just like a group of copra plantations working for the same goal but with different ideas and management. They were satisfied with this. Before we left J(S)ione presented each of us with a mea alofa, the gift of a laufala mat which had been made by his wife. Aleli drove us home in the loli. The trip was not as bad as before, for a little moonlight filtered through the treetops. We got home at 9:30 and went to sleep immediately.

Sunday, February 2. We slept well despite the heavy rain accompanied by strong wind, up to 25 or 30 miles and hour. Aleli slept under the house, where Tito and his wife sleep. Mr. Schultz said he was not going to church this morning, since it was too stormy. This did not weaken our enthusiasm, because both of us wanted to see the actual conditions in the village. We wore our old clothes, carrying clean clothes wrapped in newspapers to keep them dry. We left Etena in the rain at 8:30 and arrived at Tauliga at 9:00. On our way we observed the amount of damage which had been done to coconut palms and other trees along the road. Many were damaged and some were uprooted. Young coconuts and bananas were strewn all about. The village was at the mercy of the wind from the WNW, about 40 miles per hour, when we arrived. Men were out lashing coconut branches to the tops of their houses to keep them from being torn away. The shutters of all the houses were lowered on the weather side and secured to the house posts. The coconut palms were tossing as if they were made of rubber. Coconut leaves and nuts were everywhere. We left our Sunday clothes at Aleli's house. At his falecooke we found three of the younger men eating with the women. They had just made the round of the village to see if any homes needed a hand, laughing and joking to keep up morale, and had been invited to have some salt pork, coconuts and bananas. We were also invited, but declined. Aleli took us along the beach to watch the surf. All the boats and canoes had been moved about 100 yards inland to keep the sea from



The southwestern part of Swains Island viewed from the south, April 15, 1935.



The tram tracks leading from the landing place on Swains Island to the copra shed.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eli Jennings
and daughter at Etena, April 6,1935.

Sailors from the Itasca approach Etena "Residency."

The old Ford truck gives the "Skipper" a tour of Swains.

portion of the "Belt Road" around Swains Island, April 15,1935.

Looking north across Mano Lagoon from just west of the pier at Etena, April 15,1935.

Nearly the entire population of Swains Island and visitors from the Roger B. Taney in front of the new thatched meeting house in Olosega, Taulaga, near the landing, June 30, 1938.

damaging them. It would have been suicide for anyone to try to land or go through the breakers. We found Mose Matua and Pa standing watch, ready to spread the alarm if the sea got worse. They told us that in former days, when they had a storm like this, the wind would tear off the tops of the coconut trees, and the sea might rush inland as far as the lagoon. When huts were washed away the people would seek refuge at Etena or the copra shed. Mr. Schultz acts as a weatherman on the island, and sees that if the barometer drops, the villagers are warned of an impending storm. He usually sends a boy to the village to tell the warning to each home.

We made several visits to homes and found villagers engaged in some kind of work at each. Most of the women were preparing the Sunday meal. They all seemed happy, and asked us to remain for something to eat, but we politely declined. At the home of the foreman, we found him (Jione) and his wife washing clothes. His hut was reinforced with coconut leaves and he seemed to think nothing of the wind. He told us that the only thing the people feared was the sea. While we were talking (at about 12:00) the church bell rang, so we left to prepare for church. At Aleli's we found that his wife had laid out our clothes for us. She also had a basin of water ready for us. She had all of her little ones neatly dressed and ready for church. An audience of kiddies and adults watched us dress; how we put on our socks, tied our shoes, knotted our ties. At the church, all the windows were closed, and only the doors on the lee side were open. Aleli had told us that the second Jennings had built a small church and placed in each corner post $20 in gold. As the years went by, this became too small and the third Jennings used the money to build this new, imposing building of worship.

The second bell sounded at 12:30. By that time we were ready for church and awaiting the arrival of Pastor Peni. The service began with several hymns of praise, and finally the sermon which was in Samoan, after a few words in English from the passage from which the text was taken. Samoan seems to be the official language of the people, althoug the majority of the people come from the Tokelau Islands. They use Samoan in the church service, school and business. The Tokelau language is spoken only in the home. Later the children sang an English hymn taught them in school for our benefit. After the service we remained to take part

in the Holy Communion. All the children and several adults left the church. The members are very religious and anyone caught breaking the laws of the Bible are excluded from the Lord's Supper. One of the chief offenses, we were told, was adultery. During the service, two new persons were confirmed and one was reinstated. One baby also was baptised. The "bread" was biscuits cooked with grated coconut; the "wine" was coconut water. The ceremony lasted about fifteen minutes. After Communion, Pastor Peni explained to the natives the reasons for our being in Olosega. We were congratulated by Pastor Peni and the whole congregation shook hands with us. Soon we saw children bringing plates of food, called tonai, for cooking. We were invited to Aleli's for lunch; and when we got there the food was ready. It consisted of pig, breadfruit, chicken, bananas, copra and Tokelau bread (made of flour mixed with grated ripe bananas and coconut juice. This last was wrapped in banana leaves and laid on hot stones to be cooked). Only the men ate first. When we finished, the women and children ate.

After lunch we sat around telling stories, and before long everyone was dozing off. There was no afternoon church service and we left for Etena at about 4:00 p.m. Before we had gone 100 yards, a youngster came running up to us with a plate containing a whole cooked chicken, several cooked bananas and some pancakes. He said "it is from my home", which was the household of Bonita and his family. We accepted the food with thanks and continued on our way. There were hundreds of coconuts on the ground, all of which will be useless as copra. There were also hundreds of coconut leaves strewn across the road, and many more blown into the bush. There were many palms with only one or no coconuts left on them.

We reached Etena at about 5:00 p.m. Mr. Schultz had already eaten his supper but was willing to eat with us as we had some chicken. The wind continues to blow, but has died down to an estimated 12 miles per hour. The sky was overcast throughout the day. There will be a shortage of food if the bad weather keeps up. But the people do not seem to mind. They keep inviting us to dine at their homes on what little they have. Their hospitality is unlimited, and they seem to have woven a deep friendship and love for us.

Monday, February 3. The storm continued throughout the night and morning, with heavy rain and lightning

flashes. The wind continued to do considerable damage to the trees. Work was suspended throughout the day because of the strong wind. Under such conditions Mr. Jennings never allowed the men to work in the coconut groves because of the danger of being hit by falling nuts. However, the men had cleared the road of fallen coconut leaves and tree branches. Several men and women came up our way to try to fish along the southeast shore. After breakfast Piianaia watched Tito collect pandanus leaves. He drove a wooden stake into the ground and squatting in front of the stake he took one leaf at a time by its two ends and ran it back and forth around the stake, ironing out all of the creases and smoothing the leaf. If any leaf broke it was discarded. He kept doing this all morning, and when he stopped he had several large rolls of fala. The fala would be used in repairing the roofs of some of the leaky huts at Etena. It rained consistently throughout the morning. It was surprising to see the white caps on the lagoon.

Opiopio went down to the reef at 11:00, taking a jar of preserving fluid with him. The tide was low, and he had no trouble in collecting specimens. One of the boys went with him, spearing several small fish and a large white eel. The eel took a nip at one of his fingers, so we discontinued our collecting and went back to treat the finger. It was raining all the time, but nobody seemed to mind. Aleli came in at about 12:00 with fifty different fishes. He gave me a fish to preserve, and also five fish and a lobster for our noon meal.

Opiopio had one of the boys named Tuta tell him some legends that he knew. It must be understood that the early natives of long ago were very superstitious. They believed in ghosts, fairies, and all sorts of tales that pertain to the supernatural. The stories were from his former home in the Tokelau Islands.

They went for a swim in the lagoon, which appeared to be about a foot deeper than the normal level.

Mr. Schultz measured the rain gauge and said that the rainfall for the night had been 2.6 inches and for the day 1.77 inches (possible overlap?).

Tuesday, February 4. The storm continued and we stayed indoors most of the day. No copra was made today because of the weather. Johnny asked Mr. Schultz'

permission for the men to fish on the southeast and eastern shores. Piianaia prepared a pot full of pork and beans. Opiopio noted that on many of their trips from Etena to Taulaga they had seen several mounds along the side of the way. He asked Mr. Schultz about them but he had no information. None of the natives could throw light on the subject. There are some on both sides of the island, each about four feet in height. Close to some are taro patches made by the natives. There are many springs close to the lagoon, especially in the Manihiki district. Mr. Schultz had heard reports of whirlpools on the northeast side, but these he did not believe. They may be springs of brackish water coming up from the limestone strata of the island.

Aleli went fishing and caught a large batch of reef fish. He left several in the can for us to preserve. It was raining before lunch, so we both stayed in.

Piianaia made a short field trip into the thickets surrounding Etena to look for plants. He was surprised to find that only a few different kinds grow profusely in this part of the island, even as far inland as the lagoon where the ground was wet. He conjectured that a reason for this might be the ever-present shade, that keeps the undergrowth from receiving the proper amount of sunlight necessary for photosynthesis. The plants were mostly large and sturdy and capable of holding their own against the coconut trees. (Bryan believes that the area described by Piianaia is dominated by puka trees, Pisonia grandis, with such a dense canopy that it shades out most undergrowth.)

When he returned from his excursion, Piianaia found a group of about six children waiting for him. They had heard that he was making pork and beans, and had come up all the way from Taulaga to get a glimpse of the papalagi food. When it was time for lunch, all the children were invited to help themselves, and the big pot of beans went down like a shot.

After lunch, several of the men who had gone fishing this morning stopped to let us see what they had caught. They let us have some fishes for the Museum, despite the fact that they were needed for food. The majority of the fishermen had caught their fish with poles made from the slender branches of the puapua tree. Their lines were of fau, which is very strong.

They used small fish for bait, and also the insides of fish already caught.

After a while the rain stopped, and Piianaia took a look around and found Iuta working on his canoe. He was digging out the center with his metal adze. We asked him if the ancient natives ever had adzes, and he said they did, using tridacna or kauagati shell for a cutting edge. The shell was worked down by rubbing it on stones until the desired size was reached. It was then lashed onto a handle made of any wood available, with coconut fiber cord.

In the evening we visited with the boys who live here, and taught them a Hawaiian hymn. They want to sing it in church on Sunday.

Wednesday, February 5. It was raining again this morning. There was no work this morning. A few men went fishing. Aleli was up here bright and early. He was excited because he had caught a "bird" which he wanted us to take to Honolulu and put in the Museum. The bird turned out to be a large moth. Opiopio went out to look for marine specimens; Piianaia went out to collect insects and plants.

Aleli told us that we were invited to dinner that evening at the home of Tomi, the oldest man on the island. He had spent his youth at sea as a sailor and had visited many of the islands in the south Pacific engaged in the copra trade. He had never visited Hawaii but had met many Hawaiians in his travels. He speaks English fairly well. We left Etena at 4:00 and walked along the coast collecting shells, but only found a few. It began raining again so we stopped to see Pastor Peni and take him a can of poi and a can of pineapple as a fonai or gift. During our conversation, Mrs. Peni served us afternoon tea, biscuits and jam. On the way to Tomi's house we stopped at several homes as a sign of courtesy. At the first the women of the house called us in and gave us each a shell lei and some coconut juice. At the next house Mose Laititi wanted us to drink more coconut water, but we politely declined. He then invited us to lunch after church on Sunday. We were joined by Aleli when we reached his house. Before we reached Pa's house, where Tomi was having us to dinner, we watched two boys climbing a coconut palm. One was Pa's son. Soon he came down with a bird in his hand. It was a blue-billed booby, which was flying around before dark. It

does not make its home here, but comes occasionally when there are very strong winds or when it has been following a school of bonito or tuna.

When we reached Pa's house, dinner was served on the floor and everybody was waiting for us. The meal consisted of two chickens, one baked and one stewed, fish, roasted bananas and breadfruit. After dinner Pa showed us a canoe he had made for the commander. It was very well made and showed fine workmanship. The only tools he had used were a straight edged adze and a curved edge adze. After dinner we talked about world news in general, and whether or not more supplies could be landed when the Itasca returned from Samoa, since their food had been much depleted by the storms. We did our best to assure them that everything would be done to give them additional supplies.

We did not return to Etena because of the bad weather, but slept at Aleli's. This was our first experience sleeping on solid floor, on mats, with hard pillows woven of pulu, a native plant. There were many mosquitoes in the house and neither of us slept well. Aleli's children slept on the floor with hardly any covering or pillow. There were about fifteen of us in the crowded shack.

Thursday, February 6. Aleli's wife wanted us to have breakfast with the kiddies, but we declined and started for Etena immediately, Aleli with us. On the way we picked up some specimens of weeds which Aleli identified for us. It rained and we were drenched by the time we reached Etena. Piianaia went into the falecooke to press the weeds, and found Mele preparing the fire for the umu. The last fire had lasted three days, and now she was having a hard time starting a new fire because all the ipu (coconut shells) were wet. She left the fire alone and started to grate some nuts. When she had grated about 20, she took some strands from coconut husk and wrapped it around the grated coconut, two handsful at a time, and wrung it until she had extracted all the juice from them. When she had finished, she poured the juice into a pot of breadfruit and bananas. The pot was then ready to put on the umu to boil. It rained throughout the morning.

Four men from the village came up to ask Mr. Schultz for permission to fish off Telaulasi for the whole village. The permission was granted, and when they returned in about three hours they had 67 good

sized fish. They said that was all they could catch as the sea was becoming too rough.

Piianaia and Opiopio made separate, short field trips in search of natural history specimens. It was still stormy, so on Aleli's advice they wore their old clothes and used towels and borrowed lavalavas to wear to dinner at Tautuas home. They were served two chickens, roasted bananas, breadfruit, fish and copra.

We were asked questions about Hawaii. We sang some Hawaiian songs and they sang some of theirs in return. Tautua knew a few Hawaiian phrases which he had learned when he lived on Atafu Island, in the Tokelau group. He told us that in his youth he had known a Tokelau man who had visited Hawaii. Again we spent the night at Aleli's house.

Friday, February 7, 1936. They slept well. Piianaia noted that sleeping on a laufala mat on the floor was even better than on a cot. Immediately after getting up they returned to Etena. The sky was still overcast. The road was covered with coconut leaves and nuts. It began to rain before they reached Etena.

A few men tried to go fishing but were forced to return. About 11:00 a.m. we heard a rumble in the sky and a few minutes later there occurred a heavy downpour which lasted until 2:00 p.m. 2.79 inches of rain fell during that short space of time. There was water all over the place. Ducks and pigs were all swimming in little ponds. Tito and the boys were attempting to repair the house that had a thatched roof of pandanus. The roof leaked so much that everything inside was soaked. Piianaia described the thatching as follows:

Tito would take a piece from the midstem of a coconut leaf about 3 feet long and fold over it about ten of the laufala leaves which he had flattened out about four days ago, so that each margin overlapped the next. Then with a needle of shell or turtle shell, he pierced a slit in every leaf where it overlapped the next. He then took a dry coconut leaflet midrib and ran it through the slits, like a thread. The sections were then ready to use.

About 4:00 p.m. we left for Taulaga to be the guest of Aleli and his wife. We made visits to several homes nearby and found the occupants safe and dry. Most of the umus or underground ovens were flooded, so new

fires had to be built. The people were glad to see us and gave us shell leis. When we came to the house of Mose Matua, he wanted us to teach him how to play a game of hearts. During the game Aleli's son came to tell us that dinner was ready. Spread out on the laulaus were four chickens, fried bananas, young taro leaves cooked with coconut juice, breadfruit and polufae (polofoe). Eating with us were Aleli and Tautua, the old man at whose house we had dinner last night. There were several other men present, but they didn't eat until one of the others had finished and there was room, and then only when one of us had invited them. We were told later that at a dinner it was the custom for the guest to invite any other person present to dine, not the host. After all the men present had finished, the children were called to dinner, and after they had eaten the women could eat. After dinner we went back to Mose Mauta's house to play hearts. Mose's wife was weaving a mat, so Piianaia asked her if the black stripes were pandanus. She said no, they were coconut leaf after they had been soaked several days in soot from the umu. It was a surprise to learn that Mose could speak and understand English fairly well. They had both been educated at schools in Apia. We played until 1:00 a.m. and then slept the rest of the night at Aleli's house.

Saturday, February 8. Before leaving for Etena we had a dish of grated coconut, sweetened with coconut water and sugar, used by infants after they had left their mother's breast. We found the dish rather inviting. Vaa, Àte and Tioulu accompanied us back to Etena for they were going fishing. On the way we collected some plant specimens and found two red crabs usually seen around the coconut palms, where they feed on young coconut buds. We also found hermit crabs wandering along the road; they were different from the ones on Howland Island and smaller in size. Piianaia went across to the lagoon and found the water level about 10 inches higher than normal. When he got back he found Mele grating coconuts, part of the preparation for Sunday's party at the home of Mose Laititi. In preparing polufae she mixes flour, coconut milk and grated bananas. This was wrapped in unsplit leaves of young coconut plants and placed over the umu about half an hour on each side. After lunch he found the boys preparing to go on a moakaivao, or wild chicken hunt, despite the heavy rain. With the dogs they went into the bushes of Temafa; but for an hour the dogs could not find any wild chickens. They came across

two large wild pigs and the dogs started to charge them, but one word from the boys and they stopped. The ground was too soft and they gave up the hunt and the boys killed a domestic pig, because it had the habit of eating young chicks.

Sunday, February 9. Went to church, but found Pastor Peni laid up with a fever. Tito did the preaching. A hymn was sung in Hawaiian. Piianaia collected family history from several families. Dinner at Moses Laititie's house. Dinner consisted of a cooked pig, 11 chickens, cooked bananas and breadfruit, polufae, and loto (the blood and insides of the pig). After the men finished the Etena boys and children ate; then the women. We rested on mats for an hour and the weather having cleared, we started to take pictures of the 16 families. In the evening we also had supper, the leftovers from the feast. When the moon rose in the evening, returned to Etena. One of the boys showed Opiopio several sleeping sooty terns. Killing these birds is strictly forbidden, although in former years they were snared for their feathers, used on fans. Piianaia obtained information from him about his family history.

Monday, February 10. Opiopio took soundings in the lagoon with the help of Aleli, using a small canvas boat which had been made by Captain Dow. He also visited the grave yard at Taulaga. There were seven graves of Solomon Islanders, the last of whom had died 8 months ago at the age of 96. There were 26 graves of Tokelau Islanders; and those of members of the Jennings family, 51 graves in all. During the year 1911 there had been 21 deaths due to a flu epidemic. This disease seems to have attacked at an interval of 7 to 10 years. There were several taro patches growing near the cemetery. Aleli said there were four kinds which grew in water, including pulaka, talovai and tolouli.

About 25 soundings were made in the lagoon using a fish line and a heavy iron bar. The deepest found was 55 feet; the average 34-1/2 feet. The deepest was near the southwest end of the lagoon, about 300 yards from a little island. The northeast section is rather shallow, having numerous reefs covered by about three or four feet of water. The eastern end, beyond the peninsula, is very shallow, covered by about 2 to 3 feet of water. I also visited the Manihiki springs of which I had heard so much, and found them to be

water outlets. Aleli said that, in normal weather, the suction is so great that when a dry coconut is dropped into one of them it will sink and never rise again. We rowed right over one and didn't feel any suction but there was evidence of whirling water. Back at the little wharf, we dove and took water samples at about 6 fathoms; also samples of the soft reddish decaying material from the bottom. We caught 3 small fishes like the kind called "o'opu" in Hawaii. Aleli said they never grow longer than 5 or 6 inches. He knew of no larger fishes in the lagoon.

Piianaia collected a few plant specimens. Later he got Aleli to tell him how native huts were built. First, all the materials are gathered and prepared. The pillars which support the roof are set up first. They are buried 3 to 5 feet in the ground and rise 5 to 8 feet above the ground, depending upon the size of the house. The framework of the roof is then completed and braced before any of the roofing is put on. The roofing is the most monotonous part of the whole construction. It takes a lot of good fala leaves, which may require 4 to 12 months to gather and prepare. After the roof is finished, the shutters which keep the wind and rain out of the house are woven (plaited) from coconut leaves and fastened to the house. The top one is stationary while the others can be raised or lowered. When the construction of the house is finished the floor is built. An outer layer of strong, large stones is first built completely around the house extending from four to six feet beyond the edge of the roof. Then the central part is filled with rocks of any size and sand, until the whole is finished within one foot of the top. The final foot is then filled with small rocks from the beach and is the floor of the completed house. During the building of a fale, the builder can ask any of the men in the village to help him build his house, but he must on demand supply the families with food every day until the house is finished. After the house is completed, he gives an umusa, or house-warming party, before living in the house.

After lunch Opiopio went with Aleli to the beach to get some sea cucumbers. These filled our specimen jar right up to the brim. We went swimming in the lagoon.

About 4:00 p.m. we went down to Taulaga with Aleli in the automobile, to the home of Ioaso (or Joasa),

where we were to have dinner. One of the men there had a large boil on his right leg, close to the kneecap. We both did our best to get the core, but only a section came out.

Our dinner began with a religious ceremony. The three families sat in separate groups. Tai started the meeting with a prayer. A song followed, and then a prayer for the food. This dinner was the largest we have had so far. Our menu comprised 11 chickens (9 boiled, 1 roasted and 1 mixed with luau), 1 cooked pig, a plate of taro, fried ripe bananas, 200 Tokelau bananas, 200 Samoan bananas, 3 bundles of Tokelau bread (made with coconut), and 14 coconuts. During the course of the meal, one pork leg, 1 chicken and 3 bananas were sent over to Pastor Peni's home as a tonoi (taonai) from the three families. While eating, I noticed several uninvited men fill the house. This same group has followed us to nearly every home to which we have been invited. They ate when the men were through, and when they were finished the women and children ate. After the meal we sat around talking and singing. Pa was finishing work on one of his canoe models; Opiopio learned the names of the various parts, while Piianaia got the family history of those present. We left the house about midnight and spent the night at Aleli's again.

Tuesday, February 11, 1936. This morning the men of the village went bonito fishing. There were six men and Pa, their captain. They had caught only 28 bonito. We took pictures of the men and their catch, and of the captains and crews of the three canoes. Aleli divided the morning's catch among the families. There were 16 families. Mr. Schultz and the two of us also received a fish each. There is only one fisherman in a canoe and responsibility for the success of the party falls upon him. He sits astern, directs the paddling and handles the bamboo fish pole and line. The end of the pole is held snugly in a slot at the rear end of the canoe. As soon as the fish strikes he halts the canoe and stands up. He plays with the quarry until he gets it out of the water and then swings the fish in. The fish is maneuvered until it hits the inner wall of the canoe. The force of the swing will set the fish free in the canoe. A wooden club is carried for killing the fish in the canoe. The person handling the club usually sits next to the captain. He strikes the fish usually on the head. Aleli said that this month was the beginning of the bonito season.

At this time the catch is just a few, but as the months go by the fishes get tamer and are caught in abundance. Mr. Jennings is said to be the best fisherman on the island. In one hour's time he usually catches 200 to 250 fishes. His record is 250.

Opiopio and Aleli made a trip to Sopepi (or Sapepe) district to collect soil samples. Later in the auto the work was continued in the Telaulasi and Manihiki districts. Piianaia collected plants and insects in the bush. The men working in the coconut groves helped him get the Tokelau names. At 2:00 p.m. both went to Taulaga to play a game of cricket, the men playing and the women and children cheering from the sidelines.

After the game the men and women gathered around us to present us with their sivas (dances), accompanied by songs and rhythm on a wooden box. Thinking that we might depart soon, this took the form of a farewell celebration. We were asked to give a little talk. This we did, thanking them all for the help they had given us, the hospitality accorded us, and their willingness to accept us as one of them. When we had said all we could, one of the old men of the Village, Tautua, stood up and spoke in behalf of the natives. He said that the people were all proud to know us, and that through us they had learned to respect the Hawaiian people, their brothers from the nuku mamao, or far away islands. He then told the young boys of the village to mold their lives after ours and thereby grow to be worthy of their race and the heritage of the sturdy Polynesians. After Tautua had finished, there was a moment of silence during which I saw several of the women clutching their young ones and choking back soft sobs, while most of the men and husky boys looked at us with tears streaming slowly down their dusky cheeks.

Then suddenly pandemonium broke loose. Men beat their hands on an old wooden box and sang native songs while other men and women stood in a straight line fronting us and danced with perfect rhythm, their motions gracefully interpreting the movements of the sun, moon, stars, wind and waves. All the while the tempo of the singers increased and the dancers moved faster until the dance ended with a sudden shout from everyone.

The first group of dances, the fatele, was to express the joy they felt for our being there. The last

group was a sacred ceremony, comprising the presentation of gifts to us in the true Tokelau fashion. These dances are called kapasinu or gifts of love, and are only performed for persons of distinction. The dancers consisted of about 25 men and women who stood in a straight line, dancing. In the last series of dances only one person was selected to represent the people. All the gifts were taken to him (Suka) and by him presented to us.

During this dance we received mats, canoes, and shell leis. The dances finished at 6:00 p.m. and we went to bathe in the lagoon, then came back to Aleli's house to dress for dinner.

Dinner this evening was another joint affair, given this time by the families of Sua, Mose Matua and Alaisa in Sua's fale. There were 8 chickens, a pig, fried bananas, raw and cooked bonito, Tokelau cabbage, fried liver, Tokelau boiled bananas, Tokelau pudding, lemon juice, and breadfruit. There was the usual crowd of uninvited guests, but plenty of food for all. After dinner we sang and talked, finally leaving at 11:00 p.m. and going to Aleli's house where we slept the rest of the night.

Wednesday, February 12. When we awoke we went back to Etena. After a little breakfast we began to pack up our specimens, all of which fitted into one big box. We finished before noon and went out to help Aleli overhaul the truck, so that it would be in good shape when the ship came in. Only Mr. Jennings and Aleli knew how to operate it. When we finished we went to the lagoon for a swim. After lunch we walked down to Taulaga, getting there about 2:00 p.m. Reverend Peni was still sick with a fever. The women and children were burning all the fallen coconut leaves, and sweeping the shed where the copra is stored. We played 3 games of cricket. After that the people sang and danced. In one dance there were six men who were supposed to be oarsmen, Opiopio was the passenger, and one woman, Asiasiga, steered with an oar.

At about 7:00 p.m. a logo (drum) was sounded from Peni's house. This was a signal for the village to pray. The crowd dispersed to their homes. We went to Aleli's home for the evening to be his guests, after we had a swim in the lagoon. Aleli asked us to join the family group in prayer. The meeting started with a song, followed by a scripture reading, and finally

a prayer by Aleli. In his prayer we heard him mention the Itasca and the Jennings family. The lamp light was lowered throughout the prayer. All the little children knelt during the prayer, and when it ended they all said "amen". We had a supper of two chickens, breadfruit and "luau" (Hawaiian for taro leaf spinach). There were over 20 guests in the home when we got through eating. They had come because they expected the Itasca to arrive tomorrow. We sang songs until about 1:00 a.m. when the people left and we spent the night there.

Thursday, February 13.

Note: This might be regarded as the high point in the visit, although the Itasca did not arrive for more than two weeks. Only a short summary will be given concerning the happenings of the next 15 days.

This morning the men went bonito fishing in three canoes and caught 48 bonitoes. Piianaia recorded: Watching the canoes go through the surf is very fascinating. One canoe would got out at a time. Then when it gets outside the breakers it waits for the other canoes. Then they start out in the direction of the school of fish, which they locate by looking for the gogo or akiaki birds which always fly over and follow the bonito school. In heading for the school, the men try to keep the boats parallel to each other, and try to cover the whole area over which the birds fly. When the canoes reach the shool of fish, the captain of each canoe tries his best to catch the first fish. He is also the steersman, and he directs the maneuvering of the canoe from his position in the stern. The fish is lured by the mate whose position is next to the captain. He sends a spray of water from his oar, which falls like rain in the wake of the canoe, and he also gives a good imitation of the call of the gogo every time he sends out one of his sprays.

We went back to Etena to pack our personal belongings and clean up our quarters. Tito invited us to be his guests for lunch. We had two chickens, raw bonito sliced and mixed with coconut milk, fried bananas and breadfruit. About 4:30 we played a game of cricket which did not finish until dusk. After this the men sat in groups and discussed tomorrow's fishing trip. When the group broke up we went with Aleli for a swim in the lagoon and then to his home for evening prayers, and dinner of raw bonito, cooked bonito, cooked taro,

bananas and coconuts. After supper, Opiopio asked Aleli about his family history and about fishing methods. Canoes were made chiefly from the trunks of tailuli and puka trees. Cutting implements, in olden days, were made from stone; two kinds of adzes, pergo and kola. The selection of the trees was made chiefly by the individual. The trunk was hollowed out while still green and the outlines drawn. Then a fire was built in it, the fuel being ipis or coconut shells. The kola (or kala) adze, which is hard and brittle, was used to chip out the charred portion. The puga (pergo?) could be sharpened to a fine edge. Usually such canoes were built by families consisting of four to six persons. The time required for completion depended upon the size. A four man canoe takes a week to complete. After being completed, a large feast is prepared prior to launching the canoe which is named by the individual. According to Tautuo, the largest canoe that he ever saw was at Atafu (Tokelau Islands) about 72 feet in length, built 62 years ago by two brothers. There is a large canoe at Etena, owned by Mr. Jennings, called Pusaloa.

Friday, February 14. Only three canoes were going fishing and Opiopio was invited to go in one. As they left the island the sky suddenly became overcast, with dark rain clouds over the horizon. Before they had gone three miles out the rain began to fall. They kept going although there were hardly any birds out. They ran into a flock of birds and were rewarded with several strikes. Moses Laititi, who was captain of one of the canoes, had the misfortune of letting a fish get away after it had landed in the canoe. After that there were hardly any strikes, so the canoes all returned to the island. A meeting was held to determine the penalty to be imposed upon Moses Laititi. Before sentence was pronounced, all the members of his crew were asked to tell what had happened. One said that while Moses was pulling the fish in, instead of keeping the end of the bamboo in contact with his body, he carelessly had it at his side, and when the fish was drawn in there was no force to halt the swing of the catch. Moses was asked to leave the folk vaka while the men decided upon his fate. Votes were cast, and it was finally decided that he must remain back in the village for a week without accompanying the rest of the canoes on their fishing trips. When his sentence is over, he must hold the position of chief mate until the person who succeeded him as captain is fined.

There is usually lots of competition among the men as to their rank in canoes. Each feels that he is just as good as the commanding officer. They try to outmaneuver each other to see if their canoe can catch the most fish. Aleli said that in order to get to be captain on one of the canoes a large feast must be prepared. During the feast, the person who wants to be captain makes his proposition to his guests, who express their opinions. The following day a meeting is held and votes are cast. Aleli stated that the sons of the captains may succeed their father's place upon his retirement.

There are many rules which must be observed by any fishing party. Nothing may drop from the canoes. The oars must never strike or touch the sides of the canoes as sound travels in water. The commanding officer is in full charge, and if anything goes wrong, the members of his crew report the news to the rest of the canoes and they decide on his fate. No canoe is allowed to go back to shore unless the senior officer in all the canoes say he may.

Piianaia asked Mose Matua why Opiopio was allowed to go fishing while he was not. He replied that Piianaia was "laititi" (junior), while Opiopio was "matua" (senior). The same rule applies to every other activity.

We had breakfast at Aleli's house: hotcakes, boiled papaya, fried tuna and coconut milk. We all walked to Etena. The men were working in the brush close to the home, cutting all the growth that was hindering young coconut plants. Several long slender poles were being cut from puapua for the construction of a hut. At noon we were invited to eat with Tito and his wife, Mele. We had dried tuna, breadfruit cooked in coconut milk, Tokelau pudding and several bananas. At 3:30 we went back to Taulaga to take part in a cricket game. The natives play cricket very well, with never a quarrel between the players, although they poke fun at each other continually. Aleli said that if the players engage in an argument they are both beaten by their fellow players.

We bathed in the lagoon and went back to Aleli's house for evening prayers. We spent the night there.

Saturday, February 15. We went to the beach early to see if we could go bonito fishing. Only three canoes

were going out and all were filled. They returned about 9:30 with only six bonitoes. Since the catch wasn't sufficient for the whole village, the fishes were eaten raw by the men who went out fishing. We had breakfast at Aleli's house, cooked papayas, bananas, hotcakes, grated young coconuts and coconut milk.

Aleli was busy this morning erecting a new stand for his water tanks. We offered to help, but he politely refused, saying we were his guests. So we walked back to Etena. For lunch we had bananas, breadfruit and fresh bonito. Piianaia took a walk along the edge of the lagoon. At one place in Teleapa he saw the remains of two fences parallel to each other and about 100 yards apart. They ran from the sea to about 200 feet into the lagoon. He was told that in former times they had been an enclosure for pigs, but since the pigs had multiplied so fast that the enclosure had become too small, they had been allowed to roam at will in the bush. After lunch we went to Taulaga to play cricket. In the evening we had dinner with Mose Laititi: chicken, bananas, breadfruit, polugae, pelepele and coconuts. The return of the Itasca was a topic of conversation.

Opiopio and Aleli went down to the beach where several women and children were torching. Their torches were made of dried coconut leaves tied in bundles. They accompanied one group and found that they used knives to kill fishes that were sleeping. They caught three lobsters, two maninis, and one large eel.

We have made Aleli's home our quarters for the past week and a half, although some of our belongings are still at Mr. Schultz' home at Etena.

Sunday, February 16. After an almost sleepless night due to mosquitoes, Piianaia went for a swim in the sea, finding the water nice and warm. When he returned he found Aleli's wife with Ate and his wife, Tupea, in the cookhouse preparing food for the day. Other natives were preparing food for their Sunday meals. They get up early on Sunday mornings so that work may be finished before sunrise.

At about six the church bell was rung and some of the people went to church for the morning service. Other services are held at 8:30 and 3:00 p.m. Morning service consists of a hymn, a prayer, another hymn, a short sermon and a last hymn; the whole procedure takes no more than an hour. Going back to Aleli's, Piianaia waited for Opiopio to return from a swim in the lagoon.

Then they went to see Pastor Peni which they had done every Sunday since their arrival. They found him laid up with a fever. He calls it "New Guinea" fever, because he got it when he first went to New Guinea

At 8:45 we went with Peni's wife to attend the mid-morning church service. She was dressed in a plain white cotton dress, a coconut fiber hat with a ribbon around the crown, and no shoes. Piianaia asked her why some women had a ribbon around their hats and that others had none. She replied that the women who had a ribbon around their hats were married and had children while those with no ribbons were either unmarried or married and had no children. Today's services were conducted by Tito and were very monotonous.

After church Peni sent one of the children who work for him to tell us that he wanted us to have lunch at his house. We accepted and went, having fish, chicken, taro, bananas, taro leaves, and coconuts for lunch. Also having lunch with us was Tautua.

Later, after a sleep at Aleli's house, we went to afternoon services. Not all the natives go to these services, but there was a good sized congregation present. After a swim in the lagoon, we had supper at Mose Laititi's house.

Monday, February 17. Piianaia was assigned to row in the six man canoe as number 2 man. They set out before the other canoes and waited for them outside the breakers. After all had crossed, they set out for the northwest corner of the island because a flock of gogo was flying around there.

Before we were within two miles of our destination, our captain, Joapo, made a strike and hauled in a fair sized bonito. This made the other captains urge their crews to row faster. We followed the birds all morning, and after four hours we had caught only 12 bonito. Our captain decided to head for shore, and the other canoes did likewise. When we reached the channel, we waited for a while until a large breaker loomed on our stern. Then, with our backs bent and oars pulling with powerful strokes, we shot forward on the crest of the wave, riding like a bullet to the shore. When the other canoes came in and all the fish were brought out, there were 60 bonito in all. The fish were then divided by Mose Laititi, and several were cut right there for the oarsmen to eat raw with coconut. Fish never

tasted so good, because we had paddled about 40 miles.

Changing to our working clothes, we helped along the road to load nuts on the truck to be taken to the copra shed. We made four loads, about 5,200 nuts. We had lunch at Aleli's house, and rested until 2:00 when we played cricket again. Dinner and family prayers at Aleli's again.

Tuesday, February 18 was similar to yesterday: fishing in six canoes, a total catch of 69 bonitoes. The last canoe to return was capsized; all the men were safe, but several fish were lost and the outrigger was broken. Again helping gather coconuts, 5,000 in all; and playing cricket. Dinner at Aleli's house, but slept on the beach until it started to rain in the early morning.

Wednesday, February 19. Another fishing trip, but only 7 fish due to an error on the part of Tai in making a strike. Breakfast of papaya, chicken, bananas, and coconut milk. Gathered 4,500 coconuts. To Etena on the truck and lunched with Tito and the boys. On the way to Taulaga in the afternoon, met several women going to Niutenaka to gather pandanus leaves for mat making. Another cricket game, but interrupted when a large flock of gogo or booby birds was seen circling close to shore. Four canoes were launched in record time, but returned when no fish were caught. The cricket game then continued where it left off.

February 20 to 22 were much the same: fishing in the morning with 46 bonito on the 20th, 51 on the 21st and 60 on the 22nd. Collected coconuts, a total of 9,000 in the two days. The 22nd being Saturday, helped Aleli gather taro from his patch. Cricket in the afternoons.

February 23, Sunday. There was no fishing trip. Went to church, and found Peni still down with the fever, and again had lunch at his home. The services in church were better than they had been the past two Sundays, because Tautua chose stirring songs for the people to sing, and his prayers and sermon were not as long as those of Tito. Lunch at Aleli's home with Tautua; plenty to eat including fish, chicken, taro, bananas, breadfruit and coconuts. In the evening sang Samoan hymns at Tautua's.

February 24 to 27 similar to last week. Fishing

every morning, catching 40 on the 24th, 5 on the 25th and 60 on the 27th. On each morning we paddled an average of 50 miles. Each day we gathered coconuts in the bush, about 4,500 each day, and twice that many on Monday, when we worked until 4:00 p.m. and did not play cricket.

Friday, February 28. While we were out fishing, one of the canoe captains saw the Itasca on the horizon, so all the canoes headed for shore. We went up to Etena and got our things and specimens, and brought them down to the landing. When the surfboat landed, there were Mr. Miller, Commander Brown and Captain Meyer. We all went up to Etena on the truck. When we returned, all the natives had gathered on the beach with gifts. One of the old men made a speech, translated into English by Aleli. The Commander accepted the gifts and made a speech in return, thanking the natives. When he finished, the men put on a dance in his honor. After saying goodby to all, we left for the ship. There were tears in the eyes of all the women, and the kiddies all clung to us before we got into the boat. In the meantime, the men had launched their canoes and were outside the breakers waiting for us. When we got to the ship, the men climbed aboard with whatever mats and beads they had, hoping to barter these things for shirts or whatever they could get. After an hour, the ship was ready to leave. As the men got off they said goodby to Opiopio and me.

Leaving Olosega was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life.

POSTSCRIPT

The foregoing gives a fairly accurate picture of life on Swains Island up to the time of World War II. Then life on that little island began to undergo a change. The outside world began to learn about this change about September 1953, when a little note was published in the Pacific Islands Monthly headed "Labour troubles at Swains." It said:

"During August, the East Samoan Government's vessel Manu'a Tele made a special voyage to Swains Island, north of Samoa, with the Attorney-General and the Secretary of Native Affairs, to discuss some labour troubles that had developed there. Swains is owned by the Jennings family."

In the November 1953 issue was a somewhat longer article, captioned "Swains' Headache, Labour problem for an old Family." It explained that this northern outlier of American Samoa had been experiencing unrest of late.

"The population is employed by the Jennings family, making copra on a daily task basis. Some of these people are now claiming squatters' rights to the land on which they live. They are reluctant to work for Jennings, and he consequently wishes to return them to the Tokelaus and replace them with other people there, who are said to be keen to work on Swains. Some claim that the daily task is excessive.

"An American Samoan Government party recently journeyed to Swains to discuss the problem. They carried out a test of the daily task and found that the 200 nuts which have to be cut per man per day, could in fact be cut in from 48 to 90 minutes by the men employed on the test.

"At present the island is producing only 200 tons of copra per annum. Jennings considers that at least 350 tons could be produced by willing labour. Nuts lie sprouting under the trees.

"The problem of squatters' rights seems more complicated. Legally, it seems that Jennings must remove the people from his land for one day per year, in order to retain his clear title. But where can he remove

them to? Swains is 100 miles from Fakaofu and 200 miles from the nearest American territory, Tutuila.

"Could they be taken for a 24-hours' cruise on the high seas, to meet legal requirements? Even if they could, the chartering of a vessel would cost a great deal. Presumably, all their goods and chattels must also be removed from the island for that 24-hour period.

"Meanwhile, the legal men have returned to Pago Pago to ponder on a knotty problem."

The story is continued in the P.I.M. issue of March 1954, with the caption, "The Bureaucrats Take Over,"

"Following an Executive Order published January 21, 1954, regarding local government on Swains Island, to aid employer, employees and families thereon, an official party departed from American Samoa on February 2 by the Government ship Manu'a Tele.

"Labour troubles and disputes had arisen earlier on this copra-producing island, which resulted in the Samoan Government holding an investigation. (See PIM, November). The outcome was this Executive Order which, in brief, authorizes establishment of a Village Council with a Village mayor and policeman. These officials are to have the same duties as those in American Samoan villages.

"A government representative will now reside on Swains - this being an annual appointment.

"All employees on the island are to get written contracts, showing terms and provisions, that will be subject to Governor's approval. Employees are to be Samoan or part-Samoan; no contract may be cancelled without Government authority; either party may appeal to the High Court.

"The party which went to Swains to put the new plan in action included Samoan Affairs Officer John C. Cool, Mr. Sonoma Liufau, High Chief T. Le'iato (who is also Governor of the Eastern District of Tutuila) and Mr. John Leasau, school teacher. The latter has been appointed Government Representative on Swains."

After outlining the background of the problem, the article continues:

"There have, in the past, been numerous examples of the Jennings' type of feudal family government, but one by one they have been swamped by the march toward total bureaucracy.

"The spread of 'new thought' since the war has encouraged the mass of workers to imagine that they have a just claim to the creation of the 'boss'. A generation or so ago, this would have been regarded as the Reddist of Socialism. Now it is looked upon as democratic - and quite normal."

Another short article, which appeared in Pacific Islands Monthly for July 1954, pages 82-83, brings us a bit of information about A. Schultz, who permitted our friends to spend a month on Swains. He was a prisoner of war in an American camp, and died soon after he was repatriated to Hamburg, Germany.

The article quotes from a letter which Herr Schultz had written some time in the 1930's describing life on Swains, much as it is described in the diaries. His letter adds a few details, which might be noted for the record.

The area of Swains Island was noted as having 750 acres of dry land.

Once a year, on May 13, the American Governor visited Swains from Pago Pago to celebrate "Flag Raising Day".

At the time, 1856, that the famous old Hamburg firm of J. C. Godeffroy and Son established its first branch in Apia, there was living there a Mr. E. Jennings of New York. He had arrived at Samoa on one of the old whaling ships. Jennings had heard from the whaling crews of the mysterious island. As one of the first customers of Godeffroy's, he bought materials for a wooden house, utensils, provisions and equipment, and sailed for the island with his Samoan wife and their child.

"He found there some two dozen Tokelau Islanders on a fishing expedition. They told him the island was only temporarily inhabited.

"When the islanders witnessed the unpacking of Jennings' goods and equipment and the wonderful European manufactures they had never before seen, they

offered to stay with him as voluntary workers in his Garden of Eden.

"He started to produce coconut oil in giant boilers, which are still in existence there. Later he planted the whole of his paradise and produced copra. He became a wealthy man and nobody contested his ownership of the island.

"Now his grandson drives his motor car on good roads through his plantations. He has named his new bungalow very appropriately, "Eden", or in the language of the island "Etena". Nowadays the island, which can be sailed around in two hours, is inhabited by some 100 Tokelau Islanders, of whom half are children.

"Though they are not all angels, not one of them is missing from the Sunday service in the small church which Mr. Jennings has given them. Judging by the beautiful singing of hymns by these hundred happy human beings, they should be given the best seats in heaven. The South Seas are the field of the missionaries, and here on Swains a sympathetic old Samoan Missionary of the London Mission preaches to his small community who know no troubles.

"Coconuts, bananas, taros, paw paws are abundant. There are also troops of pigs fed with coconuts and of excellent quality, and numerous fowls, all contributing to the islanders' kitchen. Last, but not least, there are rich fishing grounds which border on the miraculous.

"A reef, only 100 yards from the beach, surrounds the whole island and inside the reef, where the water is only a yard deep, as well as outside on the high seas, fishing is unlimited the whole year through and the natives have become expert fishermen. (He goes on to describe the catching of flying fish with nets at night. Also, half a bucket of sardines in a quarter of an hour on the beach.)

"Then one of our brown friends discovered a turtle track leading across the white sand to the bush. He followed it and reappeared in a minute with 87 turtle eggs. Better still, he joyously told us that he would be able to catch the turtle too, as he knew for sure that it would come in the next 10 or 12 days to the same spot to lay more eggs. And sure enough, at the given time we received the report that the turtle had

been caught and that it weighed 280 pounds alive.

"Another time the master ordered his servants to catch lobsters at night, and the next morning 20 lobsters were delivered to the house . . .

"The men receive six and the women four shillings worth of goods per month for their work.

"Three, or at most four, times a year a small steamer of an English firm at Apia calls at the island. She lands goods and mail and takes a load of copra. There is no other connection with the outside world, no radio news disturbs the peace and quietness. The mighty roar of the surf on the enclosing reef supplies eternal music, the only true harmony in this solitude.

"When I wander about in some remote corners of the island, I enter the small cemetery and am surprised to decipher on an old moss-grown tombstone the inscription: "Here rests Phoebe Ranzau, born Jennings; born 9th July 1850; died 5th September, 1871." The young woman was the half-caste daughter of the first owner of the island, who married one of the first captains of the Hamburg firm of Godeffroy.

We do not want to prolong this story into a Forsyte Saga, but there is one more episode which might be mentioned. Written by a distinguished American novelist, James Ramsey Ullman, this appears in Sports Illustrated for May 1, 1961, with the title "Wild Wedding on a Small Island". It is a factual and entertaining story of a wedding on Swains Island, and brings the account of the Jennings family down to its fourth generation, when Wallace Hutchinson Jennings was the manager of the island and its copra plantation, after six years in the United States Air Force.

The special event which took Mr. Ullman to Swains was the marriage of the younger brother, David Eli Jennings, to Bessie Brown, of Apia. This young man, now age 24, had served three years in the United States Navy, and was thoroughly westernized. The couple planned to settle in Pago Pago, where David had the promise of a job in radio communications; but so many Jennings weddings had taken place on Swains that the island was chosen for the ceremony rather than Apia, where the brides' family lived.

Some fifty passengers made the trip to Swains and

back to Pago Pago on the Isabel Rose, chartered for the occasion. David's sister Lilly Billings, came all the way from Oceanside, California. They were welcomed and entertained by Wallace and his widowed mother Margaret Pedro Jennings. The guests added fifty percent to the population of Taulaga village.

The author tells his story graphically and well. He was taken on a circuit of the island in the family Jeep; gives an impression of Etena, the "western style homestead." Meets the school teacher, the islands "proconsul", one of the three persons on the island, with the nurse and radioman, who did not work directly for the Jennings family. He notes that there had been no further labor troubles. And he gives a very graphic account of the wedding and two days of celebration which followed, a happy blending of American and Polynesian ways.

And finally, in the autumn of 1973, we learn that Wallace Jennings, with the help of the entire population of Swains Island, is industriously carving a 1500 foot airstrip through the forest. This should bring his island to within an hour's flight of either Tutila or Upolu, and introduce the air age to this beautiful little island.

WHERE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT SWAINS ISLAND

In September 1970, industrious retired entomologist, N.L.H. Krauss published a Bibliography of Swains Island, American Samoa. This privately printed, seven page leaflet lists 87 publications which give reference to the island, its geography, history, economy, government and natural history. Since this publication is not for sale and has had limited distribution, inquiries concerning its contents should be addressed to either N.L.H. Krauss, 2437 Parker Place, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822, or the Pacific Scientific Information Center, Bernice P. Bishop Museum, P.O. Box 6037, Honolulu, Hawaii. We, also, would be much interested to learn facts about this island.

BIRDS, REPTILES AND MAMMALS OF SWAINS ISLAND

Seven visits were made to Swains Island during 1966 and 1967 by field parties of the Pacific Ocean Biological Survey Program of the Smithsonian Institution. The birds observed on these visits were reported on by Roger B. Clapp, entitled The Birds of Swains Island, South Central Pacific, published in Notornis, Vol. XV, (3); 198 to 206, September 1968, with a sketch map and one illustration. The 16 species of birds listed below were reported, with notes on them, four species of lizards and the Polynesian rat. There are a few notes on the history and geography of the island.

BIRDS NOTED:

White-tailed tropic bird, Phaethon lepturus
Uncommon; 1 specimen collected.

Red-tailed tropic bird, Phaethon rubricauda
Occasional; 1 specimen collected.

Red-footed Booby, Sula sula,
Occasional; 1 specimen collected.

Frigatebird, Fregata sp. Two seen, one immature.

Reef heron, Demigretta Sacra. Four specimens seen.

Golden plover, Pluvialis dominicus
Seen on all visits, October, November, April. 4 Taken.

Ruddy turnstone, Arenaria interpres,
60 seen in February, 43 in April. 4 Taken.

Bristle-thighed curlew, Nimenius tahitiensis,
one seen in October.

Wandering tattler, Tringa incana. Seen on each visit from 20 in August to 34 in April.

Sanderling, Crocethia alba. Three seen.

Black-naped tern, Sterna sumatrana. One seen in April in a flock of Brown Noddies.

Sooty tern, Sterna fuscata. Three seen in the air in February.

Brown Noddy, Anous stolidus. 1500 to 3000 seen on five visits (February, October, November, April). Only 40 in August. In April many young birds in coconut palms.

Concerning the Brown Noddy on Swains Island, George Munro says in Birds of Hawaii, 1944,(page 63) Well-grown young of the Noddy Tern are found in the tops of high coconut palms, safe from the pigs which roam the island.

Black Noddy, Anous tenuirostris. Numerous (number varying); active colony in a Pisonia tree in November, still active in April.

White Tern, Gygis alba. Most abundant (3000 seen) in February; 500 to 1000 in October and November; 350 in April.

New Zealand Cuckoo, Eudynamis taitensis. Some seen on each trip; 5 collected.

Domesticated Fowl.

A bird referred to by the native name "vasavosa" might refer to the Samoan Whistler, Pachycephala flavifrons, called vasavasa in Samoa.

REPTILES NOTED:

Polynesian Gecko, Gehyra oceanica.

Mourning Gecko, Lepidodactylus lugubris.

Azure-tailed Skink, Emoia cyanura.

Black Skink, Emoia nigra.

MAMMALS NOTED:

Polynesian rat, Rattus exulans, numerous, feeding in piles of coconut husks.

Domesticated Mammals: cats, dogs, pigs, and one horse.

INHABITANTS OF SWAINS ISLAND, JANUARY, 1936

Mr. A.Eli Jennings (III) owner, wife Margareta, son Wallace, daughters Ilaise,Zelpha, and Lily (Another Son, David Eli, was born later). 6

Families	Wife	Children	
Aleki	Matelina		2
Aleli	Makulu	Tauete,Mua,Meisi,Siva,Fano	7
Ate	Tupea	Mele,Faleniu	4
Jione	Aso	Kanavao,Saina,Misikosi, Makoa,Lupe,Alisa	8
Joapo	Tauilo	Ata,Temisa	4
Jona	Seilala		2
Joasa	Saniata	Lina,Maleloga,Emaima,Juni	6
Korio	Vagi	Penaia,Salota,Apiseka	5
Kene			
Mose Matua	Asiasiga	Beki(Mose's adopted niece)	3
Mose Laititi	Moni	Vaileti,Pita,Jelenia,Atalani Nisa,Esi,Puaga	9
Pa	Malia*	Malaki,Litala	4
Petela**			1
Pou	Silifu		2
Sua	Sania	Paulo,Feleti,Ualesi,Ala	6
Suka	Faavai	Aneti,Alisana,Lobati,Isa, Ailini,Alofi	8
Tai	Toniga	Lufo,Tavam Solonaima,Manuele, Peni, baby	8
Tautua	Atafu	Tiolu	3
Tome	Tinei		2
Teavaiki		(station boy)	1
Tito	Mele		2
Umala		(station boy)	1
New Arrivals			
Bonita	Mele	Toematagi	3
Iuta		(station boy)	1
Va'a	Fia	Fuamoli, Mina	4
Peleti	Alaisa	Keila	3
David***	Sina	Baby	3
Pastor Peni	Segitima		2
A. Schultz		(Manager from Hamburg)	1
29 Families		Population	112

*A sister of Jennings
**A brother of Mrs. Jennings
***Absent at Pago Pago at the time