

LOVELY BAKER.

Five Months On A South Sea Atoll

(Editor's Note: This is the second of three articles by Mrs. Baker, who spent five months on Baker Island as part of the recent Cornell expedition to these equatorial islands. In it she tells some of the life on the atoll. Next week we will tell of the adventures of the land animals from Baker and the further cruise of the schooner Kinkajou.)

By JULES BLOOM

Besides the four Kamehameha school boys stationed by the U. S. department of commerce, Baker Island boasted a tremendous population of rats, booby birds and hermit crabs.

When Harris and I went ashore the first night to pitch our tent a great ring of rats circled us, staring just without the beam of our lantern. When Harris went off to the Kinkajou camp and dropped wearily into my army cot, the rats advanced hungrily and swarmed over our supplies, gnawing greedily among themselves. I awoke once in the night to find one perched on my chest, and, before I could get up, it leapt, I took a reemounting tour about the island. A little north of camp we found the remains of a wooden wheel of a cannon now on view at the Bishop museum. The cannon was used, I found, to shoot whalers and sharks in the days of the guano industry on Baker. Inland we came upon a nest of fresh water crabs, evidently laid out of the coral, and found the water a little acid but not unpalatable, teeming with mussels.

ALOHA TO KINKAJOU

When it came time for the Kinkajou to leave, we spent a few weeks on the tiny island, we gathered on the reef and as the schooner began to pull away sang "Aloha" as lustily as the troops in our throat would permit.

Back at the camp we piled our provisions on the table and slipped its legs in tins of water to keep rats and ants away. Though no rats reached the supplies several quarts of water were splashed out of the five-gallon tins in their efforts to scramble up.

BOOBIES TRAPPED

For some strange reason booby birds for perhaps generations had been lured into the cliffs, hanging inside the walls. As the big sea birds nest 20 to 40 feet of runway from what to take off to the air, all had been trapped inside. We found the bones and skeletons of at least 4,000 birds lying two feet deep in the cliffs. Strange, and why? The bones were piled on one side, indicating that the starving birds had been lured to that side while dying to catch the last rays of sun.

After cleaning out the cliffs we went to the beach pool and planted there some taro, the first planting of our colonizing venture. The taro, also called "kalo," grows in water, and we planted potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips in the soil.

One day I noticed a pair of boobies nesting near the camp and started to systematically borrow their eggs. After taking an egg I watched the female stare stupidly at it for as much as an hour before concentrating on a new one. The boobies can show perplexity and dismay just as well as man, and in such a seemingly exaggerated way as to be ludicrous. They keep their throats pulsating like a harp string most of the time they are brooding.

FRIGATE BIRDS

Better flies than the boobies were the frigate birds. One can watch their graceful course for hours at a time as if under a spell. But on the ground they are transformed to vile-smelling, vulgure-like creatures with dowdy feathers and ungainly wings. The red-pouched males slouch around in dull, spongy groups, and the females are equally repulsive. One day I saw what seemed the only retaliation the boobies have apparently thought of in the matter of flies. They had conceived the idea of flying over the pool near our camp and releasing flies, which they then swooped down and were trapped if they touched the water. They swooped down too much to fly. Sometimes

three or four were trapped in one day. If they were sensible enough to throw around trying to get out, but set around until their wings were dry, one foolish one was doomed to starvation. Perhaps their inadequate protection against water, as well as having no web on their feet, have forced them to turn pirates.

LOTS OF ARCHEOLOGY

On the island I found many round and oval pieces of volcanic pumice which likely floated here from some obscure oceanic upheaval in Java, Japan, or even Central America. It occurred to me that these lumps of pumice among many other resources of this place which would have enabled a sizeable group of natives to exist there would have afforded excellent abrasive material as well as a means for fire.

A re-use of the flora, fauna, marine life and materials available in pre-European times would indicate that this island was rich as many of the Tuamotus, with the exception of breadfruit, Pandanus, coconut and breadfruit, could conceivably have been transported in their canoes as well as in other parts of Polynesia.

PLANTS OF MATERIAL

There is a great amount of plant life on Baker. Barely any of the plants are native. Many pines were rainwater in the island. Basil, coral, tortoise shell, eggs, turtles, and other outside waters. Logs occasionally drift ashore from which a sea-weed, sand and sharks are in such abundance as to insure adze, fish hooks, utensils, and even a small canoe. The island is rich in resources than Necker, that bleak little rock north of Kauai where it is estimated 30 to 50 persons lived for several decades.

One day I followed the north shore of the island, and for the first time, it was alive with shells, sea cucumbers, cowrie shells, crabs and algae. There were slugs and snails, and a lot of other life, but all complete oxidized. Along the reef were stratified bits of sand and coral, and a lot of other life, but all complete oxidized. Along the reef were stratified bits of sand and coral, and a lot of other life, but all complete oxidized.

MADE COLLECTIONS

My botanical survey of Baker revealed a total of 100 species of plants, one more than were reported by the Whipple survey of 1924. Also collected were 70 species of marine shells. In my researches I found an ancient well site and afterward studied the remains of a broken pottery jar, evidence of native life on Baker. All the pumice varied in design and color, and some of them resembled the Hawaiian pumice. I was familiar with the pumice from the Hawaiian Islands, and I was familiar with the pumice from the Hawaiian Islands, and I was familiar with the pumice from the Hawaiian Islands.

FOUND ANCIENT ORAVES

At the well I found four circular depressions, each about a foot in diameter and surrounded by coral slabs, some of them still upright. One of the depressions had a hearth nearby, lined with inverted bits of dacha halves in which ashes were still packed. I also found similar depressions, some of them with evidence of native life on Baker. All the pumice varied in design and color, and some of them resembled the Hawaiian pumice. I was familiar with the pumice from the Hawaiian Islands, and I was familiar with the pumice from the Hawaiian Islands.

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THE CAT CORNER

By Nella Wright

The death of Peter Pan, quite a famous local stud, has stirred lively interest in the genealogy of catdom in Hawaii and the discussion of pedigree and relationships has brought to light some curious reminiscences of the old days before the Jancy became organized to a point where the importance of accurate pedigree was sufficiently stressed.

Peter was an unusual blue-tinted cat with a blue smoke—loosely called a blue smoke—without greenish eyes, the heritage of his father, a cat of the splendid type and build, possessing great potentialities for stringing his kittens when properly mated. He was bred by Mrs. Rose Miller at her Maluanai cattery and later became the property of Mrs. Rose Miller who sold him to Mrs. Parwar who owned him when he was stricken with his last illness. He was not, as was inadvertently stated, the son of Nani Lei, but the grandson, as Mrs. Rothwell pointed out. His sire was owned by Mrs. Joseph and his dam was Ursula Minor, also bred dam of a cat named Ursula. Mrs. Rothwell was a half sister to Sonny Boy who was boarding at the Nani Lei Cattery when he mated with Ursula.

FAMILY HISTORY

To start further back toward the time of the interbreeding family tree, Mrs. Deleora Hale's Silver Lionel, a chinchilla, was mated to a cat named Ursula, a silver cat, who was the daughter of Mrs. Joseph and his wife. Mrs. Joseph and his wife were a half sister to Sonny Boy who was boarding at the Nani Lei Cattery when he mated with Ursula.

RAISED BY HAND

It is possible, however, to raise kittens by hand without the services of a mother, but it is trying, tedious work requiring the patience of Job. A formula can be obtained from authoritative books or from the veterinarian and the liquid given to the kittens at first, increasing slowly as the kittens grow. It should be given at first, increasing slowly as the kittens grow. It should be given at first, increasing slowly as the kittens grow.

PLEASE SEND NEWS ITEMS

(Please send news items and inquiries for this column to Mrs. Nella Wright, 3480 Aloha ave., or phone 7833-1.)

Hawaii Rising Travel Tide

(Continued from the Second Page)

His recreational facilities will extend from the tennis courts, the baseball grounds, to roving on the Ala Wai, and yachting in the harbor. The hotel, the house and Kewalo Basin. In fact, a beautiful clubhouse is to be built, where hundreds of motor boat and yacht owners will have their headquarters.

It does not require the mystic powers of a seer or prophet to look into the future of travel. Anyone, weighing the events of the past against possible future development, can visualize a growing community commensurate with the rising travel tide. It is true that all will not visualize the future alike, and there are those who will disagree with predictions set forth herewith. But all must agree that Hawaii's future holds much in development, whether we agree on all phases of that development, or otherwise.

OUT FOR MAN'S PERIL, TOO

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STAMP COLLECTORS' CORNER

By K. S. Vandergrift

THE STORY OF THE AZTECS

On numerous Mexican stamps appears the country's coat of arms, which derives from a legend which dates back to the days of the Aztecs, who lived in Mexico before the conquest by the Spaniards. The Aztecs were a tribe of Nomadic Indians, who wandered down from the north, in the early years of the 14th Century. One day they came upon a fertile valley in Central Mexico, and there they saw an eagle with a rattlesnake in its beak, alight upon a cactus plant. According to tribal tradition, this was the sign which they were to settle. And so they remained and founded what is known as Mexico City. The symbol illustrating the legend has since become the national emblem.

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OUR DOGS

By K-9

LAST CALL FOR ENTRIES

ONE week from midnight last night the entries for the Hawaiian Kennel Club annual all-breed district will close. This is the general rule of the AKC as the new regulation of the governing dog body requires absolute closing of entries and the mailing of a complete list not later than seven days prior to the show. In view of the fact that the work of compiling entries requires about a week, no entries will be received after the closing date Saturday night. Entries blanks may be obtained from Arthur Kane at Capital Market or from E. S. Crane at the Advertiser or E. S. Crane at the Advertiser or E. S. Crane at the Advertiser.

ONE MAN'S OPINION

COMEX exhibitors at the show have declared that they do not show again because dogs were not put up to judges. Judging a dog show is a thing else. The results of the opinions of a single judge can be as great as the placing. It does not seem to follow that the dog should win up to the same time as another judge.

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PEOPLE

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