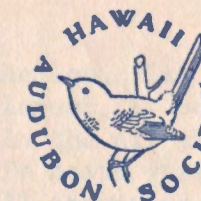


Journal of the
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For the Better Protection
of Wildlife in Hawaii

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JOURNAL OF THE 1938 LINE ISLAND EXPEDITION

By Walter R. Donaghho

July 16: Sailed at 7:00 p.m. on board the USCGC Roger B. Taney, from Pier 5A, Honolulu, bound for Palmyra, Samoa, and the Line Islands. I was aboard as assistant to Mr. George C. Munro, Associate Ornithologist, Bernice P. Bishop Museum, who was to band seabirds for the U.S. Biological Survey.

July 17: Ship 150 miles out at sea by morning. Watched for birds at various times of the day. Saw most of them before breakfast; Hawaiian petrel, and wedge-tailed shearwaters were most commonly seen. Several Newell's shearwaters were spotted, as well as one or two Bulwer's petrels, and red-tailed tropic birds. An inquisitive blue-faced booby flew up to the ship, circled a few times, then flew on its way.

July 18: Watched for birds three times during the day; saw only a red-tailed tropic bird which circled the ship at about one o'clock. Equatorial initiations started today. I was one of the doomed "pollywags"...

July 19: Birds became numerous. At a ten o'clock observation, three blue-faced boobies appeared, one of which was accompanied by three red-tailed tropic birds and two noddy tern, all busy fishing. Another fishing party of four tropic birds was seen far out to sea. A number of brown boobies were seen just off the bow, while sooty tern, petrel, more boobies and tropic birds were noted.

At one time the "Taney" passed a school of fish that was being pursued by a school of porpoise. Boobies and petrels were flying above, catching fish as they leaped into the air to escape the porpoise.

Passed the halfway mark today. Howland Island should be reached in two days.

July 20: Within 250 miles of Howland. Morning nasty, with frequent squalls; not many birds seen. Afternoon observations resulted in 7 boobies, one noddy tern, two frigate birds, and four shearwaters. Two petrels were seen that had bluish back and white breasts. (Bonin petrel?)

July 21: Sighted Howland Island at five to nine this morning. The Amelia Earhart Memorial Light appeared above the horizon, soon followed by the island itself.

A flock of frigate birds was seen hovering over several fishing boobies, and then a frigate bird would dive and chase a booby, forcing it to give up its fish.

...in their scope all branches of nature and conservation. They study plants, insects, mammals, aquatic life, etc., as well as birds, and learn about soil, forest conservation, because we cannot conserve wildlife without... We have no Audubon Junior Clubs... it would be difficult to be proved wrong in this... we would certainly make a start by circulating more Junior members in the Hawaii Audubon Society.

...The morning of Sunday, July 15th, was not the most ideal one for... a mountain trail, but seven of us braved the unpleasant weather and... for a few specimens as we left... for the morning, the day passed out... of the beginning of the trail while... of the "hagback" and returned along the same out of the trail.

...on the mountain trail has often proved to be disappointing and this... the trail is always a beautiful one and had we... we would have lost the day a good one. Our main... by the two bamboo thickets through which we had to

...and curious objects were frequently seen and heard along the... which we had hoped so much to see, was very shy. We... about as throughout the day, but it was not until we were on the... that Mr. Norton spotted the only one seen during the entire trip. It was along the lower trail that one of the greatest spotted a small... of a branch overhanging the trail. By carefully lowering the... we were able to see three beautiful blue eggs with brownish-red... None of us was able to identify it and as it seemed to be temporary... we were unable to decide what kind of nest it could... after doing a little "research" at home, we decided it must be the nest of a very bold Lichstein, indeed, to have built her nest so near the... the lower trail that we saw the yellowish-green flash of... as it flew along the trail below us.

...on occasional cardinal sailing to the right as we progressed along... of a white-eye in a nearby tree. It was approximately fifteen o'clock, four white-eyes, one Lichstein and one

Blanche A. Peasley.

...we shall meet at Kilauea and of... at 5:00 p.m., then take off for the... This is a delight not to be missed. Bring supper.

...At Bishop Museum Library at 7:30 p.m. on Monday, the 15th... will summarize the study evenings of the last few months. If we have missed some evenings, here is your chance to catch up.

...President, Miss Margaret E. Egan; Vice-President, Mr. H. H. Greenfield; Secretary, Miss Ruby Munro; Treasurer, Mrs. Blanche A. Peasley. ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO P.O. BOX 5032, PEARL STATION, HONOLULU 14, HAWAII.

Gradually we drew nearer to the low, flat island. To the rear of the two buildings that comprised the settlement, Itasca Town, were kou trees in two small clumps. Thousands of birds were in the air above the island.

The Taney dropped anchor, life boats were let down and soon we were off to the shore. Boobies were flying all around us. They came close and paused overhead to get an eyeful. The four colonists, Hawaiian boys employed by the Government to make meteorological observations, and to hold the island for the U. S., were waiting on the beach as we jumped out and waded to shore. After packing Mr. Munro's things and my own up to the house, I joined Mr. Munro and Emory, an assistant, and we set out to band birds.

Going around to the back of the house and starting inland, I was greeted by a breath-taking sight. Birds--hundreds of birds, thousands of birds--were on the ground and in the air. The island was swarming with birds: terns, boobies, frigate birds. The interior was flat and barren, covered with low, creeping plants, and this green and white terrain was fairly dotted with the white forms of boobies, and the black frigate birds. Terns swarmed in the air. I couldn't believe my eyes; for a moment, I stood there utterly speechless. How often I had read of these wonderful bird paradises. How often I had longed, seemingly without hope, to visit them! And now my dream has come true! Near me was a blue-faced booby. I walked over to her and she honked at me and backed off her egg, deposited right on the sand in a slight depression made by her breast, presumably. I picked it up and went over to a small colony of frigate birds. How often had I seen these master fliers of the upper element soaring majestically in the Hawaiian skies! How little did I dream then that I was going to be able to visit them at home! Approaching the nearest male, I chased it off its nest and collected the large white egg. The nest was merely a platform of sticks built on the ground.

Mr. Munro caught a frigate bird and was banding it. I went after a blue-faced booby for him. Two white, or fairy terns, flew overhead while we were banding the frigate birds--the only ones I saw on the island. A daintier bird I have never seen. These beautiful, delicate, frail, snowy white birds are the last word in loveliness.

I went to a nesting brown booby to collect her egg while Mr. Munro and his assistant, Emory, walked over to the kou trees. A harsh, raucous cry came suddenly from their direction. They were banding a bosun (tropic) bird, a beautiful bird, gleaming white tinted with delicate rose, with a brilliant red bill and two long red shafts as tail feathers. This finished, we set out across the island. I saw several grey noddies. They seemed to prefer pebbly ground, as I saw them nowhere else. We passed through an extensive colony of blue-faced boobies and spent some time banding them. Here also was a large colony of bridled (grey-backed) terns sitting on their speckled eggs. While Mr. Munro set out for the south end of the island, I wandered over to the beach nearby. Here was a belt of tuft grass which was the home of thousands of sooty terns. They rose in a cloud and swarmed about my head, crying loudly, so much so that I could hear nothing else. The young were running about among the tufts of grass, looking much like quail; many were hiding or trying to hide under the grass. They had their back ends sticking out--but no doubt they thought they were well hidden!

I came to a log on the beach, rolled it over to see if there was anything underneath, and found several hermit crabs, large and red.

Mr. Munro came back and we set off towards the settlement. Arriving, I walked over to a patch of ground strewn with coral slabs. Underneath several were tropic

Gradually we drew nearer to the low, flat island. To the rear of the two buildings that comprised the settlement, Island Town, were kou trees in two small groups. The Island was a flat bench that extends out for a hundred yards or so then drops abruptly into deep water. It had a peculiar orange color, unlike any Hawaiian reef. In fact, the sand was orange colored. The reef did not seem to be overflowing with live creatures. Sea cucumbers were abundant, and very noticeable were the giant Tridacna clams, about ten inches long, embedded here and there in the coral. Their mantles were of various brilliant colors: reds, blues, browns, purples, and greens, covered with "polka dots" of various colors. Reels were abundant, especially a white variety, covered with black dots. I encountered one octopus.

Approaching one, I teased her off her nest and procured the brown splotched egg. She raised a noisy objection. After lunch, on the way to the south end of the island, I passed through a colony of grey-backed tern, and headed for a number of frigate birds. As far as I could see, clear to the end of the island, were nesting boobies and frigate birds--the frigate birds more often along the outer edge, the boobies inland. Showing white against the greensward was a large flock of boobies, at least 200 birds. As I passed near a colony of frigate birds some of them snapped their bills and reached for me. Every stage of the young was there, from eggs to birds ready to fly. Approaching the kou, I noted that one dead, scraggly tree was covered with red-footed boobies. Several white-capped noddies were here also, the only ones noted on the island.

Returning to camp, I joined Mr. Munro, off again to band more birds. Our destination was the sooty tern colonies on the south shore. At the south end of the island I noticed a noddy tern fly up, and searching, found its egg in a rough nest of twigs placed loosely on the ground. Frigate birds were streaming out to sea in a long column, as far out as I could see. We banded during the rest of the afternoon, one young tern after another, then a few boobies. Then back to camp. This evening a colonist, James Kinney, wanted to accompany us on our banding expedition and we set out soon after supper, starting north. Sixty boobies were caught and banded. The area seemed to be the home of hundreds of them, and also many frigate birds. The air was filled with the screams of sooty terns, and the honks of the boobies. Bridled terns screamed overhead in several places, but I failed to find any of their nests. Noddy terns flew up now and then and I caught a couple for specimens. At one time we came across a dead carcass that was "bubbling over" with hermit crabs, feeding on the flesh. Another large flock of blue-faced boobies was encountered, and one flock of red-footed boobies. After exhausting the supply of frigate bird bands, we returned to camp. It was now time for Emory's shift, and he and Mr. Munro set out. I walked across the island until I came to the bridled tern colony. Half of them rose when my light fell upon them. Some flew into it, others remained on the ground. Going on, I came to the sooty tern colony on the beach. As soon as the light fell upon them they set up a din. I could hear nothing else--just that clamor of tern calls, as they flew close over my head, screaming "wide-awake" in my ear. I picked up one for a specimen. I noticed several native rats running away from my light. Returning to camp, I passed the kou, and the red-footed boobies were still there, also a white-capped noddy, which I collected for a specimen...

July 23: After breakfast, Kinney and I went down to the beach for a swim. The pool was a hole blasted in the coral... Later, I walked up the reef to see what it had to offer. The reef at Howland is a flat bench that extends out for a hundred yards or so then drops abruptly into deep water. It had a peculiar orange color, unlike any Hawaiian reef. In fact, the sand was orange colored. The reef did not seem to be overflowing with live creatures. Sea cucumbers were abundant, and very noticeable were the giant Tridacna clams, about ten inches long, embedded here and there in the coral. Their mantles were of various brilliant colors: reds, blues, browns, purples, and greens, covered with "polka dots" of various colors. Reels were abundant, especially a white variety, covered with black dots. I encountered one octopus.

birds were seen. Approaching one, I teased her off her nest and procured the brown egg. She raised a noisy objection. A black rain cloud approached the island this afternoon and it rained quite hard for awhile. Just prior to the rain, I noticed a commotion in the frigate bird colonies. One by one, birds were taking off from their nests and wheeling skyward. Higher and higher they soared. Two clouds of them to the north and south of our island, they drifted out over the ocean and up into the air. The frigate bird detests rain. It has caused the death of many a frigate bird, as it weights down the wings, causing them to become waterlogged. Then they are unable to take off.

The "Taney" appeared on the horizon at three this afternoon. We prepared to leave and about an hour later were off to Canton Island. While cruising along the coast of Howland, we were accompanied by a school of porpoises. This evening "Davy Jones" visited the ship...

July 25: Canton Island came into sight right after breakfast, a long, low, flat island, extending for miles, just ahead.

(to be continued)

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BUNTINGS, THE LATEST BIRD INTRODUCTION BY THE HUI MANU.

A dozen or more bright-colored buntings have been seen in upper Manoa Valley recently. These are probably the birds properly known as Leclancher's non-pareil, of which several lots were brought from California by the Hui Manu and released here.

In September of 1941, twenty pairs were brought in and released at the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association substation in Manoa. In the spring of 1947, seventy five pairs were brought in and released: twenty-four pairs in Kaneohe, twelve pairs in the James R. Judd garden on Makiki Round Top, and the remaining thirty-nine pairs elsewhere in Makiki Round Top and on Ferdinand Avenue, in Manoa. In the fall of 1949, still another twelve pairs were imported. These were kept at the Zoo until space there was needed for other birds. In February, 1950, they were released on Maunalani Heights. Some have been released at Olinda, on Maui, also.

These are birds of brilliant coloring. The back and wings are cobalt blue, slightly tinged with green; the throat and breast are a rich orange, becoming pale yellow on the abdomen; the crown of the head is olive yellow, tinged with green. The female is duller than the male, with much more olive-green than bright blue in her coloring. The male bird is about five inches long, the female just a little shorter.

The song is a bright, pleasing warble; the note is a sharp chip.

These buntings are native to southwestern Mexico, but those that reached Hawaii came via California.

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JOURNAL OF THE 1938 LINE ISLAND EXPEDITION

By Walter Donaggho
(continued)

July 30 (continued): Mr. Munro left me after a while to go around the atoll. I remained to do some collecting, the boys staying with me... (to collect) specimens of azure-tailed skink which were all about among the trash on the ground. They get to and caught four... I tried to get them to catch another lizard that I desired very much, a large, gold colored skink. But neither they nor I was successful in obtaining any... Once I peered into a rotten stump and pulled out a purple hermit crab. The boys finally led me out of the forest into the village. I heard a blast from the "Taney's" whistle... yes, they were preparing to leave... we didn't get away until three...

July 31: Sun-up found us off the eastern end of the mountainous island of Tutuila, the main island of American Samoa. As the "Taney" drew closer to the island, I could see that it was well forested clear down to the sea. Coconut palms were common, growing well up the hillsides. Here and there along the shore were several coconut groves, under which were thatched houses, and an extremely large and out of place white stucco church.

We passed close to Cape Mutatula, passed by Aunuu Island, a small island with a small tuff cone and an extremely large church. Then we sailed down a beautiful coastline toward majestic Ploa, the rainmaker, rounded it and entered the scenic harbor of Pago Pago, guarded on both sides by the valiant sentinels, Ploa and Matafao, the highest peak of Tutuila, over 2000 feet in elevation. Nestled in the foothills of the latter peak, underneath giant radio towers, sprawled the Naval Station of Pago Pago. We slipped down the bay and anchored off the Naval pier. A boat put out for us, at the bow of which stood a Samoan clad in the uniform of that unique Samoan regiment, the Fita Fita Guard. He was clad in a white skivvy shirt and skirt, around which was wrapped, at the waist, a red sash. He wore no shoes.

The magnificent grandeur of the harbor of Pago Pago cannot be adequately described. It is landlocked, is of the deepest, brightest blue and is backed on the shore opposite the settlement by high cliffs covered with luxuriant verdure of the brightest green. Mt. Ploa, framed in steep crags of vivid green, stands guard at the entrance like a veritable Gibraltar. Though only 1700 feet high, its majestic appearance gives an impression of much greater height; it seems to tower above the bay.

The first boat went in at about one o'clock, and I prepared for an afternoon of collecting. There were two trails running up into the hills behind the town and I planned to go up them... I asked a Samoan where the start of the nearest trail was, and he guided me over to a large tank across the road, by which ran a trail. I left

[illegible]

July 21. Sun-up found us off the western end of the mountainous island of
Lundy, the main island of the Lundy group. The "Lundy" was blown to the sea
and I could see that it was well founded clear down to the sea. Downward from
the top, growing well up the cliffs, there and there along the shore were
several small groves, under which were situated houses, and an extremely large
out of place white stone church.

[illegible][illegible]

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the only way to get a good photograph is to use a large camera and a long lens. In fact, the best photographs are often made with a small camera and a short lens. The secret is to use good technique and to be patient. It is not always easy to get a good photograph, but it is worth the effort. The best photographs are often the ones that are most unexpected. So, don't be afraid to try something new. You might just get a great shot.

my guide here and followed the trail up the hill. The place was rich in plants. Several Samoans lived here and their banana, papaia, breadfruit, mango, and other fruit trees grew profusely about. I immediately started collecting insects. First was a long legged fly and others appeared rapidly; several butterflies flew around, brown ones with white markings, orange and blue ones, the latter with a large white spot on the wings. Two small Samoan boys came up after a while, attracted by my collecting and watched me. I asked the older whether he could find any moo (lizards) for me...He led the way along the steep slopes. I heard a strange bird singing nearby, and, seeming easy to imitate, I attempted to do so and succeeded. The bird flew out in front of me, a large green bird with a white wattle. It was a honeysucker, known to the Samoans as iao. I went after some blue-tailed skinks, and the boy, seeing my efforts, said, "Those are not moo, those are pili." He led me further, through gardens of dry land taro, bananas and other plants. Again I heard an iao, and imitated its call. It immediately flew up, less than six feet away, hovered in the air, and then flew into a mango tree.

We came to a small empty house and upon looking inside saw a large gecko in a crack. The boy went around outside, I chased the lizard out and with the boy's help caught it. It was the largest gecko in Polynesia, unknown in Hawaii. Proceeding further, we reached a spot where a number of large black skinks were rustling through the trash on the ground. I finally caught one. Accustomed to the small skinks of Hawaii, it was quite a thrill to catch one of these. They were about eleven to fourteen inches in length, and a half inch or more in width. They looked and felt enormous.

Well satisfied with my collection of lizards, I returned to the Station, with my guide. My specimens attracted the attention of a group of Samoan boys playing about near Kneubuhl's store. Boys dress in a lavalava, or loin-cloth, only, and often jump into the water and swim a while as they walk along the shore roads.

The parade ground of Fagatogo is a spacious park, faced on the south by the buildings of the Naval Station. On the beach is the pavilion which, on specified days, is the market place for the whole island. Samoans come long distances, from all over the island, some villages on the other side of the mountains accessible only by a narrow trail. Also facing the park is the jail, famous for the informality with which it looks up prisoners. They come and go, about as they please, except at night, when they do stay in jail. Many prisoners actually prefer to live in jail than at home!

My guide saw two friends who became inquisitive and accompanied me to the hills behind the town. We turned off the main street and followed an alley-way leading up to a small valley just in back of the station. The road led past Samoan homes and their gardens, and climbed a hill, finally coming to a sluiceway and a small power-house. Here I stopped to collect butterflies. The boys were eager to participate, and most of the time they had my net and were swinging it about to catch insects, or dashing about for a butterfly. They were great help, especially in my bird study, as they identified the birds I saw and pointed out others.

The little valley yielded quite a number of insects. About the reservoir were dragonflies, also several kinds of butterflies, including a brown one with white spots and a beautiful chequered blue and black. Farther up the stream, in a dark foliage nook I collected a large brown butterfly.

Birds were common in the valley. Fruit doves boomed and now and then flew overhead. Many tiny swiftlets (peapea) wheeled and turned above the grassy slopes. Iao sang, and fuia, a native starling, called. Several times, while proceeding along the boggy meadows at the bottom of the valley, a tiotala (Tutuila kingfisher) flew out of a banana tree with a grating cry. Once I had an excellent view of this bird, my first kingfisher; it was white breasted, with a brilliant metallic blue back and wings.

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JOURNAL OF THE 1938 LINE ISLAND EXPEDITION

By Walter Donaggho
(concluded)

August 1, continued: I noticed large black skinks about the trunks of several coconut palms, and started trying to catch them, the boys also setting in when they found what I was after. There was also a larger lizard that resembled a monitor, brown on the back, yellow on the belly; it ran up the trunk of a palm. I tried to catch it but it escaped among the stems and trash of the crown, where there was a second lizard. One of the boys went up after it, hoping to scare it out, but had no luck. I procured a skink, however, and went on up the valley, through open pastures. Several sunken pools marked the course of the valley's stream, and in them I collected dragonflies. I scared up a pair of Samoan teal from one of them. (Samoan teal closely related to the Hawaiian duck)

The boys did not seem to be finding any trail for me, and it was getting late, so I turned back, as I had spent some time in the valley and had to be ready to catch the Leone bus to the Station.

August 2: This day I decided I would go over the Pago Pago pass and visit the village of Fagasa on the other side. The morning was a fine one and the road bustling with activity. Samoans were going to and from the Station, groups of boys were swimming just offshore. One Samoan carrying two calabashes suspended from the ends of a shoulder yoke demanded twenty-five cents for posing for a picture!

After leaving Pago Pago, I passed the ruins of the old church that had been destroyed by a severe hurricane a few years ago. A new church had replaced it, nearby.

The road led on up the valley, soon becoming a trail that wound in and out through coconut and banana plantations and finally plunged into the forest. The vine-covered trees of the open glades teemed with insects. I spent some time there, improving my collection. Very large and beautiful tree ferns were common, many as high as the coconut palms below--twenty feet and over. Many Samoans were on the trail, all going to Pago Pago. All gave pleasant greetings. On the ridge, the son of the chief of Fagasa came along.

The trail descended rapidly through thick jungle, and then through coconut plantations into the village below. Here was an unspoiled Samoan village, Alas, it was marred by a much too large white church. Many children played about in the clearing before the church. (Samoans are fond of children and have many of them) The only other frame structure was, presumably, the minister's house. The chief had a large house, next to a larger community house in the clearing opposite the church. Other homes were scattered about under the breadfruit trees. The large bay was edged with a beautiful sand beach.

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JOURNAL OF THE 1953 LINE ISLAND EXPEDITION

By Walter Donaghy
(continued)

August 1, continued: I noticed large black skinks about the trunk of several coconut palms, and started trying to catch them, the boys also setting in when they found what I was after. There was also a larger lizard that resembled a monitor, yellow on the back, yellow on the belly; it ran up the trunk of a palm. I tried to catch it but it escaped among the stems and fronds of the crown, where there was a lizard. One of the boys went up after it, hoping to scare it out, but had no luck. I procured a skink, however, and went on up the valley, through open forest. Several sunken pools marked the course of the valley's stream, and in them I collected dragonflies. I soaked up a pair of Samoan feet from one of them. (Samoa feet closely related to the Hawaiian duck.)

The boys did not seem to be finding any trail for me, and it was getting late, so I turned back, as I had spent some time in the valley and had to be ready to catch the boat back to the Station.

August 2: This day I decided I would go over the Pago Pago pass and visit the village of Pagaas on the other side. The morning was a fine one and the road busied with activity. Samoans were going to and from the Station, groups of boys were returning just offshore. One Samoan carrying two calabashes suspended from the ends of a shoulder yoke demanded twenty-five cents for posing for a picture!

After leaving Pago Pago, I passed the ruins of the old church that had been destroyed by a severe hurricane a few years ago. A new church had replaced it.

The road led on up the valley, soon becoming a trail that wound in and out through coconut and banana plantations and finally plunged into the forest. The thick forest of the open glades seemed with insects. I spent some time there in my collection. Very large and beautiful tree ferns were common, many as high as the coconut palms below—twenty feet and over. Many Samoans were on the trail, all going to Pago Pago. All gave pleasant greetings. On the ridge, the son of the chief of Pagaas came along.

The trail descended rapidly through thick jungle, and then through coconut plantations into the village below. Here was an unspoiled Samoan village. It was barred by a much too large white church. Many children played about in the clearing before the church. (Samoa are fond of children and have many of them.) The only other frame structure was, presumably, the minister's house. The chief had a large house, next to a larger community house in the clearing opposite the church. Other homes were scattered about under the breadfruit trees. The large bay was edged with a beautiful sand beach.

A Samoan boy met me and offered to show me around. We went down the bay to another small cluster of houses. Having found out what I wanted, he recruited several other boys for a lizard hunt. In a coconut grove, we caught several skinks. He led me further, through taro patches and breadfruit groves to a clearing where other boys were roasting breadfruit in some coals. Taking one out and breaking it open with a hand-carved wooden adze, he gave me a half. I dipped it into some coconut sauce in a coconut shell and enjoyed the feast.

Soon I returned to Pago Pago and to the Station, where the Fita Fita Guard were marching in a review. They looked very smart, with much snap to their maneuvers. All day long, Samoans came out to the "Taney" in their canoes, to sell mats, tapa, hula skirts, and hand carved models of canoes and war clubs...We sailed from Tutuila that evening:

August 3: Dawn found us approaching the small islands of Ofu and Olosega, in the Manu'a group, American Samoa. Ofu is about 1500 feet in height, Olosega is a very steep, high peak rising over 2000 feet out of the sea. The north and south sides of the peak are very precipitous, terminating in a knife-like ridge. The east side is less steep and is covered with a good forest. It levels out near the shore, giving room for a coconut grove. Passing Olosega Island, the larger, higher island of Tau came into view. This is a single mountain, over 3000 feet high, with steep sides; it is more or less level on top. The sides are covered with a luxuriant jungle.

We approached the island and anchored off a small bay, around which nestled a small village. The bay was framed with high tuff cliffs, which shut it off. A trail ran along the cliffs from the east, however. Several Samoans came out to meet us in canoes before we reached our anchorage. Soon after anchoring, a large longboat, with a Samoan crew at the oars, their rhythm beaten by the coxswain on a tin gasoline can, pulled alongside, whereupon the officers and guests of the "Taney" piled in and were rowed away. They were invited to a mammoth feast given in their honor by the High Chief Tofele, who resided in a large village on the other side of the bluffs behind the bay.

I went in on one of the boats, and at the shore found a Samoan village unspoiled even by a church. Many Samoans here did not speak English...I came across one old man hewing out a canoe with an adze which was a flat piece of flint fastened to a handcarved wooden handle. Another group of Samoans were thatching a roof of coconut palm fronds...

The trail that led out of this landlocked bay passed along the foot of the tuff cliffs, through forests of hala and other plants, skirted a smaller bay with a beautiful beach, then climbed up along the cliff. A Samoan boy carrying a bunch of bananas offered me a couple. Farther on I met an old man who asked me if I wanted a drink of coconut milk. Before I had a chance to answer, he started down the trail, beckoning me to follow. Turning off into a side trail, we entered a small grove. Here he climbed a tree and broke off a coconut. After descending, he cracked it open on a sharp point and handed it to me. I proceeded to drain it of its sweet contents. I don't believe there are many other people as hospitable as the Samoans. They do everything they can to make the visitor's stay as pleasant as possible, without the slightest urging...

Returning to the main trail, I followed it on, coming down the bluffs and passing through cool coconut groves which rang with the notes of the iao bird. Fruit doves boomed from forest recesses not far distant, and I heard strange bird notes, high and sweet. The beautiful bright red, green and blue shapes flying about among the palms turned out to be parakeets. Other birds seen were swiftlets, and one kingfisher, seen in the forest about the little bay, I also noted a fuia.

As evening approached, the longboat from the main village returned, and the "Taney" prepared to leave. A fruit bat flew about above the bluffs as the "Taney" sailed out of the little bay. Night found us cruising along the north coast of Tau, bound for Rose Island.

August 4: We stood off Rose Island at dawn this morning. The island is a small atoll, with two small sand islets. Seemingly out of place on one of the otherwise barren and desolate islets, was a grove of large buka trees.

The "Taney's" launch passed through the narrow channel and crossed the lagoon, dodging numerous coral heads, to the larger of the islets. Many frigate birds flew above, though I did not find any nesting on the island. We were surprised, upon landing, to find a large cement monument erected near the grove of trees with an inscription, NO TRESPASSING! It emphasized the unpardonable offense of trespassing on a desert island, and disclosed the names of the owners of the island.

Birds were not uncommon on the island. I found several brown boobies nesting, and several red-footed boobies frequented the buka trees. Among the trees was a colony of sooty terns; white terns also frequented the trees. Mr. Bryan noted a blue reef heron.

We stayed only an hour. Passing through the channel, we let out a fishing line and trolled, catching several fish. The fishing stopped as soon as we had cleared the channel.

August 5: Sighted and came to off Puka Puka, or Danger Island, this afternoon. Here was another beautiful coral atoll, with a lagoon of the most delicate coloring. We anchored off the main island, Puka Puka. The two other islands, Motu Kotava, and Motu Kou, are at the other points of the triangle that makes up the atoll.

No sooner had the "Taney" anchored than boats of the islanders put out for us with articles of trade. The islanders themselves were not as picturesque as those of Atafu, for here they wore ordinary clothes. Among the many articles they had to sell were hat bands of cowry shells. Worth about eight dollars in Honolulu, they traded them here for a few bars of soap!

August 6: Arrived off our last island this morning--Jarvis--the largest of the equatorial islands that we visited. It is about two by two and a half miles, and is quite barren, save for a very scanty growth of portulaca. The interior is a large, dry lagoon, surrounded by a ridge that encircles the island. There was a large flat seep near the center, which was quite boggy in places.

Upon landing, Mr. Munro set out to the north along the wide coastal ridge, which was covered with flat coral slabs. This was an excellent nesting area for booby birds and we spent much time banding them here. Continuing on, we approached the north end of the island where the coastal ridge was covered with tufty grass. Here there were large colonies of sooty terns which were in the egg-laying and chick-bearing period. What a great number of chicks! They literally covered the ground in places. Frigate birds hovered over the colonies, waiting a chance to swoop down and grab an unsuspecting chick to make a meal of it. The terns on their eggs were unusually courageous, it being easy to approach right up to them. They hovered over their eggs, glaring at us, scolding us, beating their wings violently. Others swooped right down to our heads, and we caught some of these, banding several. We crossed the salt flats to the other side of the island and found a small colony of red-footed boobies nesting on the ground at one spot. No trees were available, so they had to be content with the ground. Many grey noddies frequented

the edges of the flats. All of them flocked over to get a glimpse of us as we passed through. There were more here than I had seen anywhere else. Blue-faced boobies nested here and there over the plains, and there were

Blue-faced boobies nested here and there over the plains, and there were small, scattered colonies of frigate birds. But the birds were not nearly as numerous as on Howland and Enderbury.

Coming to the east point of the island, I noticed several burrows in a sandy stretch of ground. Reaching down into one of them, my hand came in contact with some tail feathers. Grabbing them and pulling, I dragged out a wedge-tailed shearwater.

I walked alone down the east beach of the island, Mr. Munro having returned to camp. Many brown boobies sat on the rocks here and there. I came to the wreck of an old sailing vessel on the beach near the south end of the island--which was the wreck of the "Amaranth". The two halves of the broken vessel lay end to end, with much wreckage scattered about.

The rim along the southeastern side of the island was covered with a jumble of coral slabs... (unfinished)

The End

ARRIVAL AND DEATH OF A PHALAROPE

One evening in February I had the thrilling experience of adding to my limited knowledge of ornithology when I was called to identify a bird which had been found in my neighborhood, Waikiki. I learned it had been found about 11 o'clock in the morning squatting under and near the front tire of a parked car on Kalia Road. It missed being cat-bait by a narrow margin when it was discovered. At first glance it resembled a sanderling. However, I could not be sure for I had never held a live sanderling in my hand for close observation. The feet were lobed like those of a Goot; its bill was long and broad for the size of the bird; its coloring was predominantly white with mottled brown spots; the breast feathers were dense rather than thick, similar to those of a duck; the neck was not very long and the entire bird not over 6 or 7 inches long (I did not measure it). The bird had wounds, not fresh, on the back of its head and neck; however, it did not seem to be incapacitated. It was very weak, no doubt from lack of food. Because it was not a cage bird I decided that to keep it was too great a problem, so I called Mr. Breese of the Zoo, he accepted the task of caring for it, and the bird was quickly delivered into his keeping. Unfortunately it did not survive the night, but inasmuch as it was in good condition, its skin will be mounted for future use at the zoo.

Mr. Breese and Munro later identified the bird as a red phalarope (Phalaropus
fulicarius Linnaeus), an adult in changing plumage.
(see page 141 of BIRDS OF HAWAII by George C. Munro)

It is generally surmised that prevailing sea winds brought the bird to our shore and, as mentioned by Mr. Munro, "This bird has been reported on several islands. One was given me at Makaweli, Kauai, in November 1896. During 1941 a number were seen to have migrated here. Four at least were picked up dead on the windward coast of Oahu. All were preserved as specimens and were found to be very thin though in good feather. It would seem that they cannot find the sustenance they require in our waters and die of starvation!"

Ruth R. Rockafellow

Catherine Eastman, Leader