THE ELEPAIO

Journal of the Hawaii Audubon Society



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 wedgetailed 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 bluefaced boobies appeared, one of which was accompanied by three red-tailed tropic birds and two noody 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, now and then a frigate bird would dive and chase a booby, forcing it to give up its fish.

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Blancho A. Pedley.

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H. Greenfield: Secretary, Miss Ruby Munro; Tronsumer, Mrs. Blanche A. Podloy. OS ALL MAIL TO P.O. BOX BOXZ, PAWAS STATION, HOWOLDIN 14, MARKIT.

ancidestral felvotampa . Medic o one tweet of gide and belong which by seed the believe mark today. Rowland Inland should be roughed in two days.

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,

gate 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

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birds nesting. 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 1 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 souty term colonies on the south shore. At the south end of the island I noticed a noddy term 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 term 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 term 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 term 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 term 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. Bels were abundant, especially a white variety, covered with black dots. I encountered one octopus.

Approaching one, I tessed her off her nest and procured the brown off. She raised a noisy objection.

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Back at headquarters, Mr. Munro was skinning my birds and I set to blowing

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 Manca. In the spring of 1947, seventy five pairs were brought in and released: twenty-four pairs in Kaneche, 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 Manca. 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; tho note is a sharp chip.

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

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Journal of the Hawaii Audubon Society



For the Better Protection of Wildlife in Hawaii

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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 set 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 Pioa, the rainmaker, rounded it and entered the scenic harbor of Pago Pago, guarded on both sides by the valiant sentinels, Pioa 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 Fagatogo. 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. Pioa, 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

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

\*\* KARLEPHLU POMD

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ory birds on Keelepulu Pond decreased sharply in numbers reported the

poisoning. Tw hundred affected birds have been captured and taken to hundred in pure water they recovered rapidly. Workers are hopeful seent rains will raise the water level in the swamp and thus help to dear

and alder lives near a pond where awans, donker, herones, sulla and

Ogswell is teaching in the Zoology Department, plans a course in eco-

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THE STATE OF THE PRODUCT We were experimenting with a second tity during the month.

hary 22nd: To Posmono. Let's get off early enough really to see birds.

I is not quite early enough, but perhaps we had better work up to early to saily to saily to sail.

ARTHUR ETTE

Iding, which is the small rad brick building part to the Board of Parks and Recent countries and the Holding part to the Board of Water and the old Wission Memorial. There is ample parking space on the Hotel countries and discountries are take up study of the elegate in detail, with all members contribution and questions.

JUBON SOCIETY OFFICERS; President, Mrss Grenville Hatch; Vice-Presidents, Morton, Miss Wargaret Titcomb, Secretary, Mrs. Ruth R. Rockefellow; Trees-Lanche A. Pedley.

MAIL TO P.O. BOX SOSS, PAWAR STATION, HOMOLULU 14, HAVAII.

or the Better Protection of Wildlife in Hawaii Journal of the aii Audubon Society

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MONTHUME OF THE 1928 LINE ISLAND MANHOUS

by Feltar Densenho

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July 31: Sur-up frond us off the eastern and of the mountainnes indeed off while it main daily for main daily of american Surce, is the "Taney" drew alones to the issue it is the sea that it was well forested alone down to the sea, depoint relies are corner, growing well up the rilliance, there and there alone the shore years sweet consum grower, under which were thirthined houses, and an echogody frame at out of place white studen church.

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We guide here and followed the trail up the hill. The place was rich in plants.

Note a several Samoans lived here and their banana, papaia, breadfruit, mango, and other several trees grew profusely about. I immediately started collecting insects. First fruit trees grew profusely about. I immediately started collecting insects. First fruit long legged fly and others appeared rapidly; several butterflies flew around, was a long legged fly and others appeared rapidly; several butterflies flew around, which will be a start 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, 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 locks 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,
first kingfisher; it was white breasted, with a brilliant metallic blue back and

.admaig hi doly sew souls edl . Illd eld on livet edd bewellet bas ... is lived here and their banens, papais, breadfruit, mange, and other darifu paroeaul anitoefico bedrate vietelberma I divode viesuiote vo-.barrons well selfined but fareves : wibiger bereeges amende bue wit bethe white markings, orange and blue ones, the latter with a large white tong of talgerith .effine a neiter ou area seed naome? Here cwl .asp! retoined me. I saked the older whether he could find any mod (limerds) on the way slong the steep slopes. I heard a strape bird siming nearwell build off . bebeenous bus on ob of bedemette I establish of your an residue venod e saw il . elistaw edidw a sitiv byld neers estal a .em ? Announg as inc. I went after nome blue-tailed skinks, and the boy, the same the fill. He led me further, east of dry lend thro, basened and other plants, Ageta I heard an iso, s ni oxeen estal a mue ebiadi nalvooi nogu bas savod viene lieme a o a von ent dirw bas our brazil ent besede I . ebitoud bryers dans v . It was the largest mooks in Folymests, unknown in Humili. Proceedaniliser oraw adminis chaild earel he reduce a craft door a bedesey e lines out of bemoissook . see this of I bout a set on his. waln woods ensw year . osent to end detan of tillying a writer saw it it bus bestoof year district or more to winter length length, send a bus added They looked and with molines ent or behinder I remark to noticello um die belle ... 

erestied with my collection of illereds. Il recurred to the Station, with a co-comess attracted the attention of a group of Semon boys playing ut the engine is a store. Boys dress in a levalers, or loth-cloth, only, and on the case the water and swim a while as they walk-mions the shure nests, on the case of the cours of the cours of the cours of the course of the the informality of the course of the cour

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the veiley yielded quite a mimber of insects, about the reservoir were also several kinds of builtes and also received a brown on the white were continued the stream, the adark of collected a large brown butterfly.

Truit down on the welley. Fruit doves hoomed and now and then flew over the time salitiets (pospes) wheeled and turned above the greasy slopes. Let the a native etailing, called. Several times, while proceeding slong with a native potton of the walley, a tiotala (futuila singulation) flew and the with a grating ory. Once I had an excellent view of this bird.

We followed the trail out of the valley, zigzagged up the grassy slopes, and entered a bit of the original forest, which was quite luxuriant. Time forbade going far, so we turned back after reaching the top of the slope.

August 1: Caught the first boat going ashore from the "Taney" and soon boarded ancient bus going to Leone, down toward the west end of the island. The driver as a Samoan youth of about twenty. The bus chugged along a dirt road, past the governor's residence and out into the country. The road hugged the shoreline, passing through stretches of verdure. At a small store, surrounded by Samoan houses. there was a distribution of mail and other odds and ends, and we were off again. the road went up along a hill and rounded a point, off which was a perfectly round mith steep cliffs, the top covered with verdure. This was the "Flower-pot." noticed several grey noddies flying about it. We now passed through cool, dense ungle growth, rich in the number of plants. Stopping at one spot. I could hear the forest ringing with the notes of iao and fruit doves. Farther on, the road passed along steep cliffs, about 150 feet above the surf. Here, the scenery was very beausteep, precipitous cliffs, several hundred feet high, clothed with luxuriant verdure of brilliant green, backed by the green, forested hills, had creamy white surf at their feet and the sapphire blue ocean. In the distance were plains with groves of coconut trees, and back of them a battalion of jungle-clad mountains.

The bus crossed the estuary of a deep valley at the head of which rose the needle-sharp peak of Matafao, then skirted more cliffs and motored out onto the plain. After going through a more open, drier forest, we reached the village of Nuuuli. Here, on a dazzling white open space, were groves of coconut and breadfruit trees, Samoan houses nestling underneath. The bus stopped at the store and post office, as usual, then went on.

Again the road led through a dry forest, winding in and out among the high trees festooned with vines. Next were coconut and banana plantations and cow pastures, and finally more Samoan houses, with their breadfruit, banana, mango and other trees. Finally we came to the village of Maupasaga.

Here I got out. I intended to follow a trail which led up over the mountains to the village of Fagasa on the other side, from which I would then cross over the pass into Page Pago valley to the town. I hailed a Samoan youth to ask him where the trail started and he invited me into his house, nearby, where his mother, and several brothers and sisters were seated on the floor. The lady immediately offered me cooked green breadfruit. I ate some, dipping it into a coconut sauce, and found it good. (I had been accustomed to eating breadfruit ripe in Hawaii. Breadfruit seemed to be the Samoan's staff of life.) She then offered me some cooked bananas, but I did not care for them much.

I set out again with the boy and his brother, walking down the road in the direction from which we had come. We passed through open glades between the large trees smothered with vines. Butterflies flocked about their tiny white flowers. Swiftlets wheeled and turned in and out among the trees, fruit pigeons cooed, iao and fuia sang and called. The morning seemed quite bright indeed. At one time, a large flying fox, or fruit bat, flew about above the forested hillsides above. We reached, and turned into a large coconut grove, also used as a pasture, which extended on up the valley. Small, beautiful birds among the blossoms of the coconut palms the boys identified as sega. They were jet black, with brilliant red breasts, and were honeyeaters.

(to be continued)

ell. We have been given permission to go on the trail back of Mamehamena is area was extensively planted many years ago. It will be inturesting rlant life as well as to see what birds we find in a place we usually can-

Sen. (Jaturday). To Palehus, This is duy land country, with skylenks on ourse, and a strange hird call to untrigue un. Mact at the Library of c.m. Mr. Mace Morton, leader.

er, We will observe birds in the meighborhood while dusk, in Noodlamm, nothrix haunt her yeard, Fembers will gether shout tool p.m., bringing er, We will observe birds in the meighborhood while dusk, them supper, too regular meeting. Those present at his last meeting felt that the colepsia was worth while. This time we shall take up the sompane, with tellar as much as mossible.

202 SOCIETY OFFICERS: President, Mas Grenville Hatch: Toe-Fresidents, orton, Miss Margaret Titcomb; Secretary, Mrs. Ruth Sockulellow: Tressurer, et a. Pedley.

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ALL TO P. O. BOX SORE, PERSA STATION, HOVOLULU IN MAKANI.

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

THE ELEPAIC

Journal of the Hawaii Audubon Society



For the Better Protection of Wildlife in Hawaii

Tolume 13, Number 10

April 1953

JOURNAL OF THE 1938 LINE ISLAND EXPEDITION

By Walter Donaggho The Both and South

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 retaled 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 eatch 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 bustled 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 Pags 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 cocenut 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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twocoo dayonds neds bas elant dolds dayonds yibigar bebreezeb liar asiA .ensiliv encomes believe as as we see .weled ensiliv ent oins and sarred by a much too large white church, Many children played about in the before the church. (Samoans are fond of children and have many of them) leino enT .esuod a'restinim ent, vidamusang asw erutouris entre conjo ergs house, next to a larger community house in the clearing opposite the Other homes were scattered about under the breathruit trees. The large . nosed bass Iulijused a djiw beghe

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 sevattorner boys for a lizard hunt. In a coconut grove, we caught several skinks. eral 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 luxuri-

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 cances before we reached our anchorage. Soon after anchoring, a large longboat, with a Samoan crew at the cars, 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 willage 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 unspoiledeven by a church. Many Samoans here did not speak English ... I came across one old man hewing out a cance 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, them 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 becomed 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 singfisher, seen in the forest about the little bay, I also noted a fuia.

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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" out of the little bay. Night found us cruising along the north coast of sailed out 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 encirlles the island. There was a large slat 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 bosum 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 terms 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 smoop down and grab an unsuspecting chick to make a meal of it. The terms 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

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ed-footed boobies nesting on the ground at one spot. No trees were a-

so they had to be content with the ground. Many grey moddle's frequented

the edges of the flats. All of them flocked over to get a glimpse of us as we through. There were more here than I had seen anywhere else.

passegue-faced boobies nested here and there over the plains, and there were small, stattered 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 shear-

I walked alone down the east beach of the island, Mr. Munro having returned to 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

## IRRIVAL AND DEATH OF A PHALAROPE

One evening in February I had the thrilling experience of adding to my limited mowledge 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 Coot; 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

(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: