

ARTICLES BY OR ABOUT GEORGE WEST AND HIS  
PARTICIPATION IN THE SETTLEMENT OF JARVIS ISLAND

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leaving the Governorship last week that he planned to become a "country gentle-

June 21, 1977

MEMO

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII LIBRARY

to: Renee Heyum

from: Peggy Ferris

re: four items on Jarvis Island

Enclosed in this envelope are copies of the following:

1. A manuscript by George West titled "Pioneering on Jarvis". A very similar article by George West appeared serially in the San Jose Mercury Herald in January, 1936.
2. An article "Pacific Dots" from the January 23, 1937, issue of the Literary Digest.
3. An article, "State College Freshman Empire Builder for U.S." from the San Jose Mercury Herald, January 27, 1936.
4. Portions of Page 7, the Columbia Missourian, for Friday, February 18, 1938, including an article, "Lobster Hunting, a Jarvis Island Custom," with pictures.

These items, all either by or about George West, were copied by me from material given me by Winifred West, the widow of George Nuuanu West, Sr. (May 29, 1915 - April 19, 1977). George was a writer for the Star-Bulletin at the time of his death. He was one of about 134 young men (mostly Kamehameha School students or graduates) who took part in the "settlement" of Jarvis, Howland, Baker, Canton and Enderbury islands during the period 1935-42 to help the United States assert its claims to these islands for aviation purposes. The islands never proved as important to aviation as expected, but today they seem to have renewed importance to the nation, as result of the new 200-mile economic zone which went into effect in March, 1977. For this reason I felt the material should be in the Pacific Collection, where it could help students and others doing research in modern history of the Pacific.



One quiet afternoon in the windy month of March I was sitting musingly on the steps of an old tradition-reeked building of my high school alma mater. My high school days were drawing to a close. What an uneventful four years I thought, no athletic honors, no glories, no hope of ever going to college-----just memories. Suddenly, I was called into the principal's office and in a few moments I received news of the biggest break I've ever had. In that office I heard the foundational details of a project that has made the world South Sea Island conscious. A project which brought before the American mind the names of three islands, Jarvis, Baker, and Howland; islands which will become famous airports in the proposed California-Australia air-line.

At this time information was scant. All I was given was a description of what I thought a purely scientific expedition. I was asked if I cared to live for six months on an equatorial island on which the sun struck unmercifully. It was uninhabited, scarcely above the ocean, flat as a pancake, a pin point on the map, and miles away from civilization. I was to receive pay and my duties were to assist the mature men of the expedition.

The description of the island I must admit scared me a little. But upon being told that the project was being sponsored by the United States Government I became less afraid. Naturally, I agreed to go. We were to leave on a government ship and it was scheduled to

Shelley  
in W.H.II



leave in six days. In the meanwhile the principal had asked five other boys if they cared to go. They were <sup>recent</sup> all/graduates of the same school I was attending. The other mature men I later found out were to be non-commissioned officers of the United States Army. The expedition concerned three islands and the party was to be made up of fifteen men. Three soldiers for each island and two of us young fellows for each group. Before departure a physical examination and an interview with the assistant-in-charge was required. I had no fear of passing the physical examination but I was afraid of my size. Being only slightly more than five feet in height and small in stature I was quite a contrast with the other members of the party.

The day of the interview came. I remember it vividly. I was never so greatly disappointed. Captain Harold Meyer, the assistant-in-charge, took one look at me and called me for a private conference. With these opening words of his, "Size is the controlling factor....." I knew my hunch was true. I was to be eliminated. With moistened eyes and a broken spirit I left the room while the others gathered to hear the complete details of the coming trip.

Naturally, I found it difficult trying to forget. But believe-it-or-not, opportunity knocked twice. Just three days after graduation I was again asked to join the expedition. And this time I was told that there would be no question about my eligibility. It was Tuesday and the sailing date was Sunday night at eight o' clock. Seven



other boys, again all of the same high school, were selected. A discussion with the Bishop Museum authorities followed. We were given a further description of the three islands and supplied with a scientific outfit for each island. We were asked to skin birds, to collect insects, plants, shells, and marine life. Then came the physical examinations. Everybody passed with the exception that one boy had to have a tooth pulled. We spent two days loading provisions on the United States Coast Guard Cutter Itasca. Loading such perishables as apples, oranges, eggs, potatoes, onions, and cookies. And such canned foods as, corn-beef, hard tack, chicken, bacon, ham, spinach, corn, beets, and other vegetables. We had everything in the way of clothing, fishing equipment, camping equipment, first aid, amusement facilities, tobacco and cigarettes of every brand---in boxes containing fifty cartons. We didn't miss a thing. Our water supply was brought in sterilized oil drums. Each drum held 55 gallons and each island received fifteen drums.

On June 9, 1935 at eight o'clock the Itasca sailed out of Honolulu harbor. No publicity was given to our expedition. Only close friends were there to bid farewell. There seemed to be a sort of secrecy attached to our departure. To us, there was nothing mysterious about collecting natural specimens and yet we could not understand what the ultimate purpose of the trip was. Two days out at sea and everything was finally made clear. Captain Meyer assembled us together. Staring<sup>at</sup> us for about five minutes he finally said,

"Boys, someday you're going to be mighty proud that



you made this trip. Your names will go down in history. You're going to colonize and help establish claim of three islands for the United States government. These islands are going to be famous air bases in a route that will connect Australia with California."

Of course this was unexpected but at the same time pleasing. Before we could say anything Capt. Meyer went on to say,

"Your first purpose is simply to live on these islands and to keep a log of the daily occurrences faithfully. Then we are requiring you to keep a daily weather report. You are to describe the cloud conditions, to read the barometer, the thermometer, and to record the wind velocity. These duties are to be done every hour during the day and every three hours during the night. You are also to find a suitable spot for a landing field, to mark the area, and to improve the field day by day. You have already received instructions for your scientific work. That you may pursue at your own leisure."

Captain Meyer also took time to warn us of the island dangers, the infrequent rainfall, the desert climate, and instructed us how to live economically and peacefully.

Two more days of smooth sailing and then came our first stop. On the morning of June 13th we sighted Palmyra Island. In a drenching rain, in seven life boats towed by a motor launch, we went ashore to make scientific collections. Palmyra is really an atoll of 52 islets forming a horseshoe shape. There are also three lagoons which are from 25 to 28 fathoms deep and the water is just slightly brackish. Palmyra is also a very soggy place on



account of the heavy rain; vegetation reaches a height of 90 feet, mostly coconut trees, and the island stands just 6 feet above sea level. There are thousands of birds, a great number of sharks, coconut crabs, and all kinds of fish. Some of the fish can be caught with just the aid of your hands. Palmyra was discovered by an American ship in 1802. Today it is a possession of the City and County of Honolulu lying 960 miles south of Honolulu. There used to be a thriving cobra industry on the island and a house with a galvanized roof is still to be seen. The industry was given up because of high cost transportation. We departed from Palmyra that evening about five and had for supper seven different kinds of real good eating fish.

It is an old sea custom for every ship crossing the equator to have a King Neptune party. At this time all passengers crossing the equator for the first time are initiated. On the night before actual crossing Davy Jones comes aboard by the bow of the ship and issues subpoenas to all pollywogs (those crossing equator for first time) ordering them to appear before the high tribunal of King Neptune. The next day at the time of crossing King Neptune and his royal escort comes aboard. The escort dressed in costumes depicting their professions consists of policemen, a lawyer, preacher, barber, doctor, prosecutors and persecutors with paddle sticks. Each pollywog is charged with some offense, usually something funny as getting seasick too often, spitting in King



Neptune's domain, or disbelief in King Neptune. Then the victim gets a dose of soap and water, his head is shaved, he is ducked under water, and finally sent to the long line of waiting persecutors. At the end of the ceremony the victim receives a document signed by the commander of the ship certifying that he has been initiated into the mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep and is now a trusty shellback.

No sooner was this party over a cry swept the ship that Jarvis Island had been sighted. This information gave me a somewhat nervous feeling for only the night before I had been assigned to Jarvis. Curious to know what it looked like I went forward. I must say that the first sight of it was sickening. All I could see was a bumpy piece of white sand, glaring in the sun, and scarcely above the ocean. I could even see the ocean on the other side of the Island for miles beyond. Until we got closer I saw not a sign of life. "My home for three months," I said to myself, "maybe six, who knows?"

By reason of being one of the future inhabitants of Jarvis Island we were accorded the privilege of going ashore with the official landing party. We were greeted by five men beaming with enthusiasm. They were Austin Collins, leader of the group, Wieman Graf, Edward Aune, and the two Hawaiian boys Henry Ahia and Daniel Toomey. These men, if you recall, were among the fifteen who secretly left Honolulu on March 19 and had been living on Jarvis since the 26th. They were all looking happy and



healthy. During a following conference it was learned that the soldiers were to be taken off and that the two Hawaiian boys had decided to remain. The new colony was now to consist of Daniel Toomey, Frank Cockett, and myself, with Henry Ahia as leader. The rest of the day was spent in unloading the supplies and provisions. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the crew and passengers of the Itasca could be seen walking in all sections of the island, making Jarvis look like a real city. At four o'clock the Itasca departed. It was strange saying goodbye. It wasn't that I was scared but the thought of being excommunicated from the world was something I had never experienced. Dinner time found the four of us around a table--hundreds of mice running around in all directions---talking about the experiences of the other group and a hundred other things.

It took Frank Cockett and myself two weeks to get adjusted to the climate. The glare of the sun on the white sand is blinding, we had to wear goggles everyday, and the heat is terrific. It seems to take the sap out of you and gives you a tired and worn feeling. We did not do much work at this time except to log the weather and to study our physical environment.

Jarvis Island is supposed to have been discovered by Capt. Brown of the English Ship "Elisa Francis" in 1821. It is 1600 miles southwest of Honolulu and a 1000 miles east of Baker and Howland Islands. Baker and Howland are only 37 miles apart and the equator separates them.



Jarvis is saucer-shaped with a beach rim enclosing a basin. It is a couple of miles long and a mile wide having a total area of 1.66 square miles. It takes 20 minutes to walk across Jarvis and two and a half hours around it. Its highest elevation is 20 feet and its lowest is five. There is very little rainfall on Jarvis and vegetation is sparse, reaching a height of eight inches at the most. There are mostly pigweed, and puncture vine, with wiry bunch grass most abundant on the beach rims. There is only one tree on the island, a stunted coconut palm obviously planted, and which is barely surviving. Birds are numerous on Jarvis. There are four distinct types, the Booby or Gannet, the Boatswain Marlin, the Frigate or Man O' War Hawk, and the Love or Tern birds. Together they number about six-hundred thousand. All of the Love Birds together I can feel safe to say numbers about three-hundred fifty thousand. All of these birds subsist on fish. The Boobies are the most skillful for catching fish and they are called the diving bombers of the bird family. They soar at great heights and suddenly plunge into the sea upon sighting a school of fish. It is also very fascinating to see them glide over the surface of the sea without wetting their wings. The Boobies have been named so because of their stupid looking faces and they seem to behave so too. All the birds of the island go out for their fish about five in the afternoon. The Frigate is the parasite bird of the island. It gets its food by chasing the Boobies and biting them until they

drop their fish. The Boobies make an awful racket when being pursued. Both Booby and Frigate lay only one chalky white egg. The Frigates are most vicious when their nests are approached. The Boatswain Marlin is the meanest for biting. Sometimes a Booby or Frigate can be chased away from its young but the Boatswain Marlin----never.

In the 70's and 80's people used to live on Jarvis. They were engaged in removing guano. So much of the best guano was removed that in 1889 when Great Britain took over the island it found the industry no longer profitable. Since then no one has lived on Jarvis up until March 1935. Mules used to be employed on the island during the guano period and there is a story told that when ships came to Jarvis all they could see from the distance was a man and mule riding on the waves.

All over the Island of Jarvis are evidences of former occupation. On the northwest landing is a four-sided wooden beacon 25 feet high. Near here are foundations of three or four houses, a brick-lined cistern, a large tank, a rusty windlass, an old furnace made of bricks, the wheels of an old trawler, and a trap line leading to the guano diggings in the center of the island. On Baker Island are also evidences of the guano digging period. The most outstanding being a roofless stone and mortar house, four cisterns and two trap line routes. A man once kept a lonely vigil on Baker Island. In an article to the New York Times he wrote: "For eight months I have been a voluntary exile from society and for two months literally imprisoned



because of tremendous seas. I cry at the ocean with fixed emotions.....the sea is the haunt of numerous sharks..... the surf races violently from November to March."

This man was known only as R.B.B. Baker Island has also seen some sad sights. An American and a Hawaiian once rescued a Chinese junk and found 11 Chinese dead and the man at the tiller a living skeleton.

Also on Jarvis on the southwest end is the wreck of the barkentine *Maranth* of San Francisco which went aground in the year 1913 with all hands lost. Her poop can still be seen. The waves have washed away the bottom but the hull is deeply imbedded in the sand. Her mizzen mast lies on the starboard side so as to appear like a gangplank from the distance. There is flotsam and jetsam in the vicinity and the sight stands out as a grim reminder of the fate of countless other ships of the old sailing days. On her board was found coins of different countries, dishware, clothing, books and a baby carriage. She carried a cargo of coal and the coal is strewn along the beach. Near this scene can be seen the fading mounds of six graves and towards the guano diggings are more graves. On one of the mounds at this latter spot was found during the 1924 Whippoorwill Expedition a head-stone with the inscription: "To the memory of Capt. Alex. Aliny, 1st assistant on Jarvis, who died May 15, 1973, from injuries by being thrown from a car."

After these two weeks of studying and visiting on Jarvis life actually began. We approached matters in a

were serious vein and did some constructive work. The duty of keeping the daily log was assigned to me. Besides the duties of weather reporting we spent the following months collecting insects, shells, marine life, and plants. Incidentally, Lieutenants Graf of the other group discovered a plant heretofore unknown to the botanical world. I also worked on the landing field, improving it at odd times. I made maps of Jarvis Island, skinned birds, and made a written study of bird life. In the way of pastime we made a raft out of the wreckage of the *Samaranth* for deep sea fishing and enlarged a cottage which had been built entirely by Austin Collins. The roof of the cottage was our most constant problem. No matter how little it rained the roof leaked so terribly that we had to get up in the middle of the night and move back into the tents. I finally used wax paper and made the roof almost 90° rain-proof but the wind often tore the paper to shreds. Around the cottage we built brick-lined roadways and made gardens. Gardens which never bore fruit except a bunch of hollow radish giving food for one meal. An outdoor gym consisting of a chinning bar, dumbbells, and a boxing arena were also constructed. We took exercises every afternoon at five.

Our most popular diversion was fishing. Jarvis also is a fisherman's paradise. There are all kinds of fish, easy to catch, and many of them are beautifully colored. We went fishing whenever the impulse took us, sometimes four or five times a day. To catch fish we either used nets, hook and line, or dived under water to shoot fish



with iron spears. The latter was the usual method because it takes skill and it was a kind of untiring fun. The reef is "lousy" with lobsters. One night we caught nearly a sack-full of lobsters. For meat we relied on turtles. Turtle meat is, to me, almost the same as cattle meat. One day we caught a five-hundred pound turtle. The day before we discovered turtle tracks on the beach. Coming back that very night we found a turtle crawling on land. Turtles come on land to lay their eggs. They lay hundreds of them at a time---eggs that look like golf balls. We turned this turtle on its back, (it is helpless then) and came back the next morning for the rewards of our labor. That day we had delicious turtle soup, turtle steak, and plenty of lobsters. I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal so much as that one. We dried the remaining turtle meat in the sun and had enough dried meat until the next turtle came along.

Sometimes we would spend a whole day hooking sharks just for the fun of it. We'd either stun them and throw them back or extract their jaws for ornamental purposes. On the door of our cottage we hung a shark jaw and everytime a larger shark jaw was found the old one would be discarded. It was a sort of game that we kept up.

A strange thing we discovered about the sharks is that they have skins that are so tough that it is practically impossible to pierce them. About the only place that can be pierced is the throat. The ocean around Jarvis and the South Seas for that matter is literally infested

with sharks. They love warm water. Sharks have a very keen sense of smell, so much so that a piece of fish bait will attract a school of them in five minutes. They grow to be as much as 14 feet long. These several-finned man eating creatures are treacherous when in deepwater, vicious when hungry, and furious when blood-tensed. But strange as it may seem they are just as much afraid of humans as humans are of them. There are two or three ways of frightening them away. One is to splash the water vigorously. Another is to throw stones or coral at them. However, none are effective in deep water. We have gone swimming with sharks only 50 yards from us and have thought nothing of it. We learned that in shallow water (we swam only around the reef) sharks will seldom ever try to attack. Besides we always had the advantage. We can tell the approach of a shark by its fins and can usually get out of the water before it can reach us. But strange again, no matter where the place a shark will almost always attack a lone swimmer.

The sharks gave us plenty to worry about. One morning I was wading through the reef holding a bleeding fish which I had just speared by the tail. Suddenly I felt a heavy jerk. Turning around I saw a good size shark splashing away. I soon discovered that in my hand was only the tail of what had been a fish. It had bit the fish right clean up to my fist. I was brushing my teeth one evening just at the fall of night when, like the explosion of a firecracker, I heard two voices shout at me. I understood what the voices said and jumped out of the water just in time to see a shark close its jaws. Whew! Escapes from



sharks were many. I must tell you about one of the noblest acts of bravery I've ever seen. On September 1st we had a visiting ship----an auxiliary schooner. All of the crew was ashore and only the engineer was on board. Ships coming to Jarvis cannot anchor. This one was drifting. Late that afternoon, a rowboat, the only means of conveyance, was drifting out to sea with the current, leaving the captain and crew terrified. In that very area of the drifting boat were sharks. Without one thought of self-preservation Daniel Toomey swam out and rescued the boat while the rest of us looked on helplessly. Another act of bravery was shown by Henry Ahia. The physician of the Itasca had become so engrossed in his fishing that he forgot about the dangers of the reef until he was sucked off the reef by an outgoing wave. His cries were weak but fortunately they were heard. Ahia swam out and rescued him. In a very short time that very scene became a mecca of sharks. The doctor, pale and frigid, lay unconscious for several minutes.

We of Jarvis have had our tense moments----but life was not always so. We have been happy as well as troubled. The nights on Jarvis are beautiful and cool. We used to sit out in the moonlight and sing until late. Most of the time we sat up and played cards until midnight. Then we'd go torching, returning at three o'clock we would have roasted lobsters and fish before finally going to bed at five a.m. That was our night life. We also spent the nights reading. In two months we read everything on the island except a medical book. For a lighting system we had dry cells





His temperature went up as high as  $105^{\circ}$ . There is a complete medical kit on the island but in this incident knowledge of the thing to do was lacking. There was nothing that the men could do to help Ahia but luckily he recovered. Our only immediate fear was sharks. If anyone was unfortunate enough to be bitten it meant a great loss of blood and probable death.

Other experiences of a more pleasant nature include one which gave us our first sight of Stingrays, sometimes called Stingarces or Sea Bats. At the head of the landing channel every afternoon at four we used to see sparkling fins swaying above the surface. One day we became especially curious. Drifting out on our raft we soon got in the thick of it. What I saw there and the kind of fear that gripped me I'll remember as long as memory serves. I had never seen a stingarce but had always known that they were dangerous. Black as ever on the surface and white under the body they were shaped like bats with their wings outstretched. From tip to tip the wing-like fins measured about eight feet. They possess a whip-like tail with sharply barbed spines that are capable of inflicting severe wounds. Swimming around us they created whirlpools, rocked the raft, and splashed water all over. Cockett and I didn't have to think, instinctively we got down on our hands and knees and clutched the raft for dear life. Fortunately, the raft was fastened to a long rope and we were soon pulled in.

Two other events worth mentioning occurred on August

6 and August 14 respectively. Again at four o'clock on the afternoon of August 6 occurred an incident that in my opinion has probably never been witnessed by any living man. On this very afternoon while working we were stopped by the sight of the ocean covered with leaping porpoises. From one corner of the eye to the other and as far out towards the horizon all we could see were scattered porpoises moving rhythmically in the same direction. It was the appalling number of porpoises that made the sight so spectacular---reminding one of a grand military review. They were probably migrating. To attempt to estimate the number of moving porpoises is rather difficult. But off hand I would say there were about five-hundred thousand.

Porpoises, some of you may know, are considered a sailor's best friend. Sometimes they are also called sea hogs. There is an interesting story told, and a reliable one I have heard, of an old porpoise of New Zealand. The entrance to this harbor of New Zealand is very narrow and hazardous----reefs existing on two sides. It requires skill to navigate a ship through. Porpoises love to play around the bow of a ship especially ahead of it. And so for many years, by following this old porpoise of New Zealand, ships have safely passed through the dangerous entrance. Finally this old sea hog disappeared. Following its disappearance three ships piled up on the reef.

Once more at four o'clock on the afternoon of August 14 we experienced something highly unexpected. About this time it had been a common practice for us to jokingly



shout, Ship Ahoy! On this day we were all reading. Every-  
one was quiet. Suddenly Toomey jumped up and shouted, Ship  
Ahoy! Nobody paid any attention. But Toomey kept it up  
and became delirious about it. We looked, and sure enough,  
there just a quarter mile out floated a steamer in full  
view. We could even see the crew walking about. We waved  
and so did they. She was not flying a flag and had it not  
been for the glaring sun we would have seen the name of the  
ship. Excitedly we waited for a landing party but none came.  
Instead she turned around and slowly drifted away. With  
sinking hopes we watched it drift out of sight. We could  
not imagine to what country the steamer belonged. But  
because of its peculiar construction we believed it to be  
a British tramp freighter. That was the first sign of civi-  
lization we have had since June 15. Had this ship arrived  
a day later it would have seen the American flag over our  
camp. We had planned on flying the flag regularly begin-  
ing on August 15.

On September 1st occurred the biggest event. It was  
seven o'clock in the morning. I was sitting on a rock facing  
the sea---lord of all I surveyed. In the distant horizon  
I saw a tiny white object. Believing it to be a bird I  
dismissed all thoughts. However, I kept studying this ob-  
ject. Then came the decision. It was a ship, a sailing  
ship, I was convinced! Ship Ahoy! I hollered. Nobody  
responded. I too had to become delirious. Finally the boys  
came but they too believed the object to be a bird. However,

in an hour, a three-masted schooner with tall white sails came gracefully over the horizon. No one can tell you what a sensation it is, after three months of solitude, of just sky, land, and water, to see a pitching white schooner with a spray over its bow. It is like being rescued.

We knew no one that came ashore in the first boat but we greeted them just like old friends would. Once on board the ship we went directly to the mail bag, eagerly read our letters and finally tried again the taste of gum, candies, and other sweets. In the following moments we learned that we were on board the auxiliary yacht Kinkajou. It had just come from Howland. Leaving Howland on Aug. 10 it had taken 22 days to get to Jarvis. On Jarvis it was leaving a party of two men assigned to make a guano survey. It had also left men on Baker and Howland. The Kinkajou and its guano surveying group was headed by Dr. Dana Coman of John Hopkins University. Dr. Coman was also one of the members of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition. Working also in conjunction with Dr. Coman was Harold Gatty, who with the late Wiley Post set a record round-the-world flight. The Kinkajou, incidentally, has since sunk off the coast of California near Santa Cruz Island in February 1936.

Before her departure the Kinkajou left a complete radio outfit, receiver and transmitter. On the first night of her visit we contacted Honolulu and an Australian station. It was a real thrill to hear modern music and the current news of the world. It was on this night when we first heard of the tragic death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. We kept a regular schedule with Honolulu and



thereby managed to hear from close friends and relatives in actual voice. Twice a week the Honolulu stations broadcasted programs especially for our entertainment. Somehow it seemed as if new life came to Jarvis. Those long weeks of solitude and seeming exile were gone. At the turn of the switch we found the world at our feet, New York, China, Australia and Honolulu. Every evening we called San Francisco for the correct time and at eight-thirty Howland Island would come chirping in faithfully. Howland once reported a funny incident. The boys had been spending about two weeks making a football field. They had to carry bags and bags of sand inland and it was hard work. When the four well-deserving boys went to inflate the football--it was supposed to have been the crowning glory---the bladder blew up.

On September 15 the Itasca finally returned. Through daily radio reports we were well informed on her position and so her return did not cause much apprehension. The sight of her on the horizon however, was exciting none the less. Taking time only to unload supplies and provisions the Itasca departed that same afternoon. Desiring to continue our education Cockett and I were relieved but Ahia and Toomey remained for another three months. Leaving with the Itasca on the 15th we arrived at Baker three days later. Again taking time only to unload we left Baker that evening and arrived at Howland the next morning. On these two islands we relieved more boys and left more provisions. The camps on Baker and Howland were in a much improved condi-

tion since the last trip of the Itasca. On Baker they had an attractive terrace leading up to a beautiful lawn. On the lawn stood an old cannon and behind it the lofty flagpole. On Howland there was a long stonewall in the center of which was a wide entrance flanked by two four-sided columns standing about six feet in height. On one of the columns hung a sign which read, "Kuu Home." In Hawaiian it means, Home Sweet Home. The roadway lead directly to the camp center and within the same stood the football field and an outdoor gym.

We left Howland at midnight and after three days at sea we met an old windjammer. It was the Star of Zealand. She had been becalmed for 15 days and her destination was Japan where she was to be turned into scrap iron.

The Itasca finally reached Honolulu on September 25. After a month I was fortunate to make a trip again with the Itasca to San Francisco. During maneuvers off the coast of California we received special orders to go back half way to Honolulu and standby for emergency. At this point we witnessed the first flight of the China Clipper to Hawaii. This also inaugurated the first Trans-Pacific Air Mail Flight. This experience marked the culmination of all associations I have had with the Itasca and the colonization project of Jarvis, Baker and Howland Islands. Since then the three islands have seen much progress. Today on Jarvis, Baker, and Howland are a larger colony, three government houses with every household convenience, building materials, tractors and plows for constructing air-plane runways, naval pilots and an aircraft tender. Progress is going on rapidly.



leaving the Governorship last week that he planned to become a "country gentleman." Independently wealthy through his oil properties, he has bought a 160-acre tract of land near Topeka, where he will indulge his favorite hobby—horseback-riding.

Another outstanding "ex" is ex-Senator Guy V. Howard, Minneapolis Republican, who startled the politicians by grabbing a Senatorship for two months and received \$3,332 for doing nothing. Howard knew the law. When a Senate seat is filled by appointment, it must go on the ballot at the next election. Elmer A. Benson, the appointed Senator, expected to serve until January. But, at the last minute, Howard registered his candidacy for the remainder of the term. The sole candidate, he was elected.

After a vacation trip to Panama, Howard plans to resume his job as an insurance salesman in Minneapolis. Other "exes" are vacationing, traveling, working or "doing nothing in particular". They include:

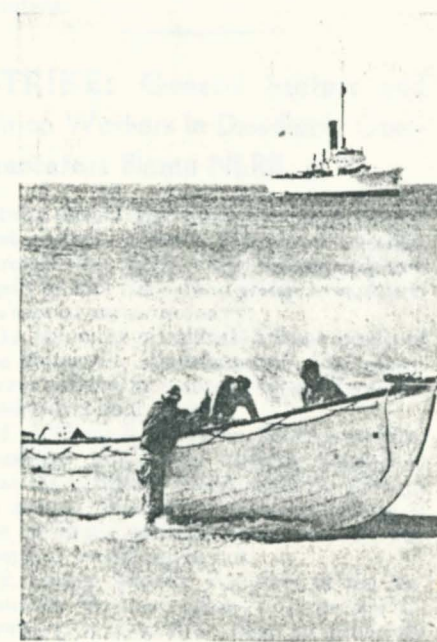
**Widow**—Mrs. Rose McConnell Long, of Louisiana. Widow of Senator Huey P. Long, she completed his term in the Senate, serving for eleven months. Not a candidate for reelection, she is now living at her New Orleans home with her family. Her present interests center in the activities of her daughter, Rose, a student at Louisiana State University.

Mrs. Florence Kahn, former Representative, of California, is living quietly at her San Francisco home; "not doing anything in particular at present."

Lester J. Dickinson, of Iowa. As a former Senator and Representative—he served in the House from 1919 to 1931, and in the Senate for the next six years—he finds it hard to break away from Washington. He is still there, expects to remain a couple of months; later, he may return to Algona, Iowa, and practise law.

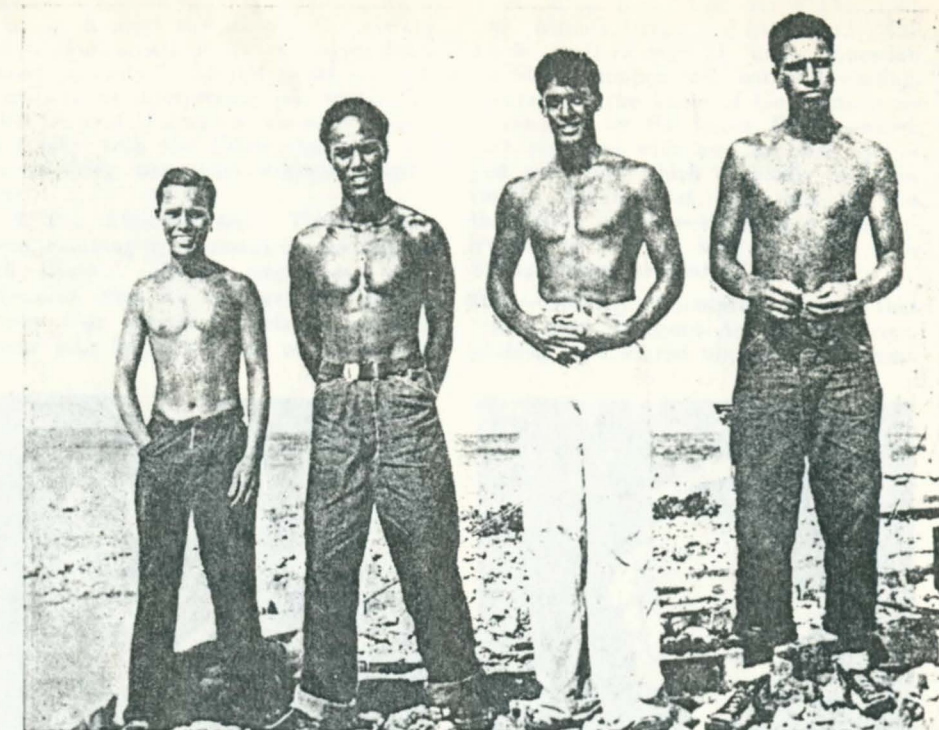
W. Warren Barbour, former Senator, is at his Locust Point, New Jersey, home. Head of a thread-manufacturing concern, he was not out of an official job long. Governor Hoffman appointed him Chairman of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Board, and he was sworn in on January 7.

Jesse Houghton Metcalf, two-term Sena-



Pan-Pacific Press Bureau

Young colonists arrive at Jarvis Island



Wide World

George West, Henry Ahia, Dan Tommey, Frank Corbett put up trespass notices

tor from Rhode Island, is living in Providence. He and his brother control a company operating four textile mills, and he also is interested in various banks, insurance companies, philanthropies.

**Rancher**—Robert D. Carey, former Senator from Wyoming, is living at Careyhurst in that State, managing his extensive ranch properties.

Daniel O. Hastings, former Senator from Delaware, living in Wilmington, plans to resume his law practise.

Chester C. Bolton, former Representative from Ohio, is ill at his farm home near Cleveland.

Vito Marcantonio, former Representative from New York, who made himself conspicuous in his single term, has resumed his law practise in New York City.

Schuyler Merritt, former Representative from Connecticut, and formerly the oldest member of the House—he is eighty-three—is passing the winter at Lake Wales, Florida. A banker, he served nine terms as a Representative.

Isaac Bacharach, veteran Representative from New Jersey, who served from 1915 to last January 1, returned recently to Atlantic City after a vacation in Florida. He insists he is "going to attend to his real estate business and make some money."

## PACIFIC DOTS: Islets Coveted as Aviation Prepares for Antipodes

Before Pan American Airways flung an all-American air-mail route across the Pacific from Honolulu to Manila, Howland, Baker and Jarvis Islands were pin-point red dots on an all-British map of the greatest ocean. To-day, possession is nine points of the law.

Map-scanners last week looked at these three bits of sand and coral near the equator. For eighty years they had been treeless, grassless bits of soil, a dozen feet above the lapping Pacific, charted only in musty files at Washington and London.

What caused aviation editors to thumb through forgotten envelopes in newspaper morgues was an Associated Press dispatch, picked up from the San Diego *Union*, saying that a new twenty-ton Pan American Airways clipper-ship had left Miami for San Francisco. This giant plane, it was reported, would survey a new sky-trail to the antipodes from Honolulu to Australia-New Zealand.

Dan Sayre, Pan American's genial, robust contact man with the press, soon put inquiring reporters right—the *Union's* story was a "stumper." The great flying-boat would not operate out of Honolulu for the next five months. Had they thought twice, aviation editors would have realized that flying-boats on the Honolulu-Melbourne route would be as out of place as sail-makers on an ocean greyhound.

**Island Boss**—Next year, however, there may be an air-mail line to the antipodes. Getting ready for it is one of the Government's oddest jobs. R. B. Black, of the Department of the Interior, is boss of *Uncle Sam's* three new desert islands.

Way-stations on the air-line to Suva, Fiji (British), Auckland, New Zealand and Melbourne, Australia, they are as coveted to-day as if their coral were gold. They lie in a strategic position along this sky-trail.

Few persons ever had heard of them until the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* slipped down there last summer from Honolulu. On each were landed four boys from the Kamohameha School to take and keep possession for the United States. Their first job was to set up leaden plates warning "trespassers" that this was American soil.

As colonial administrator, Mr. Black has twelve citizens under his jurisdiction, four on each islet. America's newest frontier—the air frontier—is governed from Honolulu, tho these islets are not yet part of the Territory of Hawaii. Only means of communication is by the *Itasca*.

**Heavy Seas**—The cutter, on her first trip, took along building materials, seedlings and cuttings for ironwood, cashew, mango, breadfruit, Hawaiian oranges, passion-fruit



and sea-grapes. On her second voyage, there were tractors and plows to turn bumpy natural landing-fields into smooth tarmac runways.

This week, another Coast Guard cutter, the *Duane*, is en route for Howland Island with Mr. Black, Robert Campbell, Divisional Airport Inspector for the Department of Commerce; a naval air pilot, six Army enlisted men and several WPA workers. Two tractors and a cement-mixer will be landed for constructing two air-plane runways.

Land-planes rather than flying-boats will be used on the 5,000-mile service to the antipodes. Already, these landing-areas could be used for emergencies, but water surrounding the islands is too rough for seaplanes to make a safe landing and tie up for refueling and inspection. These landing-fields are a mile long, face directly into the prevailing winds and are sufficiently wide for their purpose.

Angry seas beat directly on the shore, surf booms and piles up in wintry weather until landing even by skiff is dangerous. It is a lonely life the twelve native-boy colonists lead, but a life that any live American boy would jump at. They are bound there for six months until others replace them, but they all want to stay if they can.

**Old-timers**—Flotsam and jetsam on the beach where they landed tell of shipwrecks and survivors who stayed years until they were taken off. Back in the 'fifties and 'sixties these three were guano islands where laborers shoveled into sacks deposits left for centuries by mewling seabirds, sent them to fertilize rocky soil of far-off New England. Weathered boards still mark graves of sailormen buried by skippers of Yankee clippers of another era.

On Howland Island there is a trench several hundred feet long and a hundred-odd feet wide, ten to fifteen feet deep, landmark of bygone Polynesian colonists who dug down for water to grow their favorite taro crop.

Then, these three islands were nameless. To-day, their status is complicated by different theories of annexation. To satisfy British laws, it is necessary only to discover a pin-point on the map and plant the Union Jack. For the United States, continuous possession must be established. Some sort of "gentleman's agreement" is the likeliest solution.

## STRIKE: General Motors and Union Workers in Deadlock; Commentators Blame NLRB

Strike clouds over Flint, Michigan, parted just enough to let a glimmer of sunlight through last week, then rushed together again to cast thickening gloom over America's giant motor industry.

In the most complicated labor tie-up of the Roosevelt Administration, five potent forces collided in a shower of sparks as the week came to a close:

1. William S. Knudsen, Executive Vice-President of General Motors, announced that his company would make no attempt to remove machinery from its plants if the sit-down strikers encamped on the property would move out.

2. Homer Martin, President of the Automobile Workers, agreed to order the sit-downers to evacuate. But he promptly canceled the order upon learning that

Knudsen had promised non-striking workers that General Motors would "never tolerate domination of its employees by a small minority." Martin could see only one way of interpreting this statement: that General Motors was about to bargain not only with the Union, but with the non-striking, non-union workers comprising:

3. The "Flint Alliance." This organization, claiming to represent 95 per cent. of all General Motors employees, wired Knudsen that its members did not see "why they should be delayed resuming their jobs for two weeks or more while

which John Lewis and his C.I.O. split with William Green and his A.F.L. The whole craft-vs.-vertical union question would be dumped, red hot and sizzling, squarely on the knees of Government as represented by the Labor Board—which isn't provided with any asbestos aprons just now, and which decidedly and distinctly didn't want any part of this threatened hot lap—even as a counter-irritant to the hot seat on which it is sitting before the courts."

**Flaw**—Dorothy Thompson agreed that "the Labor Relations Act is not accomplishing its declared objective of 'dimin-



Wide World



© Harris &amp; Ewing

Knudsen (left) and Lewis . . . their war at Flint enters its third week

negotiations with representatives of this small minority (the United Automobile Workers) are in process."

4. John L. Lewis announced that, despite statements to the contrary from Homer Martin, his Committee for Industrial Organization would insist that the U.A.W. be recognized as the bargaining agency for all employees in negotiations between company and workers.

5. The American Federation of Labor turned this newest and most serious industrial war into a disorderly free-for-all by insisting once more that no matter what agreement was arrived at between Knudsen and Martin, it would pertain in no way to the automobile industry's handful of craft unions.

**Question**—Columnists and editorial writers, struggling desperately to untangle this skein and give the newspaper-reading public a clear view of the battle-field at Flint, could only ask: Why hasn't the National Labor Relations Board exercised its power under the Wagner Law to find out whether the U.A.W. does or does not represent the majority of General Motors employees?

Wrote Hugh S. Johnson: "The Labor Board didn't horn in, probably because the first question it would be its unavoidable duty to determine is: 'What is the appropriate bargaining unit—the separate plants, the whole industry, or crafts within the industry?'"

"But this is the very question over

ishing the causes of labor disputes.' No law will accomplish that purpose which does not more clearly define rights plus procedures, ideas plus plans, and which does not also clearly define and limit the powers of the Board which administers it, so that the Board is a tribunal and not a legislative body!"

Congressmen questioned by THE LITERARY DIGEST were generally of the same opinion.

Said William P. Connery, Jr. (Dem., Mass.), who helped draft it: "All the machinery necessary for complete collective bargaining is contained in the Wagner-Connery law. The method originally intended by Senator Wagner and myself in sponsoring this legislation was that majority rule should prevail and that workers by majority vote should select their representatives to bargain collectively. Whenever there was any doubt as to the majority, an election should be called by the National Labor Relations Board. There was in the auto strike a moral obligation . . . to take action."

**"Knotty"**—Sen. Henry F. Ashurst (Dem., Ariz.): "A board is, by definition, long, narrow, and wooden. It is often, in addition, quite knotty. The National Labor Relations Board fits in the general category. Its recent actions are no more than can be expected from its innate nature."

Sen. Rush D. Holt (Dem., W. Va.): "The Board should not have dodged the issue. It should be impartial, no matter



# STATE COLLEGE FRESHMAN 'EMPIRE BUILDER' FOR U. S.

## Hawaiian Lad Tells of Crusoe Life on Lonely Isle

Served As Uncle Sam's Aide  
In Establishing Title To  
Jarvis Island.

### Island Colonists

Youthful Colonists Who Pre-  
ceded Air Line Staff Have  
Thrilling Experience.

By G. H. McMURRY.

One of Uncle Sam's "em-  
pire builders" in the spanning  
of the Pacific ocean with com-  
mercial air lines is now an un-  
assuming 20-year-old freshman  
at the San Jose State college.

He's soft-spoken George N. West,  
who with three other Hawaiian lads,  
lived a Robinson Crusoe life for  
three-and-a-half months last sum-  
mer on the lonely and arid mid-Pa-  
cific coral speck of Jarvis Island  
and established America's title to  
this key stepping-stone in its ocean-  
ic air-clipper program.

And then, as a member of the crew  
of the coast guard cutter Itasca—  
the boat took him to his empire-  
building vigil—West was one  
of those who stood by at sea, three-  
quarters of the way to Honolulu, to  
go to the aid of the China Clipper  
should she have failed to make the  
hop.

**LONELY, EXCITING.**  
"It was lonely out there without  
a word from home," says West, "but  
there never was a dull moment. I'd  
be glad to do it again."

His adventure over, West is now  
studying to be a newspaper man—  
one who doesn't parade his exploits,  
for his fellows have just learned  
of his experiences, though he's been  
at the local college more than a  
month.

Jarvis is a flat, desert island, cov-  
ered with scattered bunch grass and  
pig-weed, only a mile and a half at  
the widest, 1060 miles due south  
of Honolulu and almost smack on  
the equator. Not since a British  
guano company ceased operations  
there in 1889 had anyone inhabited  
it—hardly a place to look for ex-  
citement.

**DUG TREASURE, TOO.**  
"But there was plenty of it," says  
West, "and when it wasn't a narrow  
escape from the 40 to 60-foot sharks  
that continually circle the island,  
there was plenty to do, taking me-  
teorological readings every hour of  
the day and once every three hours  
during the night, taking turns cook-  
ing, putting up buildings, mapping,  
road-building and working on the  
air field."

There was spare-time treasure-  
hunting, too.

"And what's more," laughs West,  
"we dug up quite a few coins and  
souvenirs out of the wreck of the  
barkentine Amaranth of San Fran-  
cisco, which lies half-buried on the  
southern side of the island. Coal  
from this vessel is scattered all over  
the island."

The Amaranth foundered in 1913,  
with all hands lost, in one of the  
mysteries of the sea. From the  
wreckage the lads built a small  
snack.

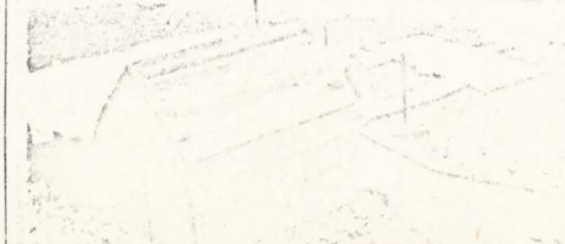
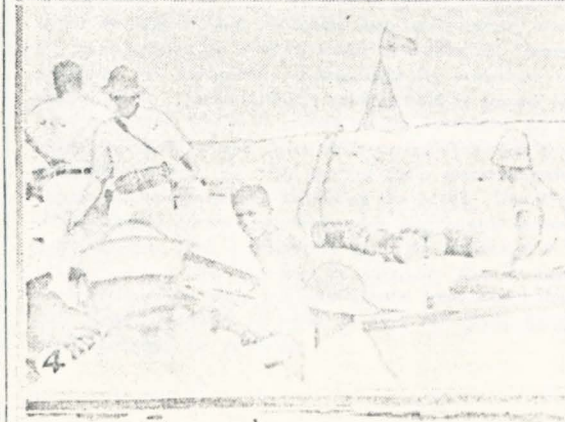
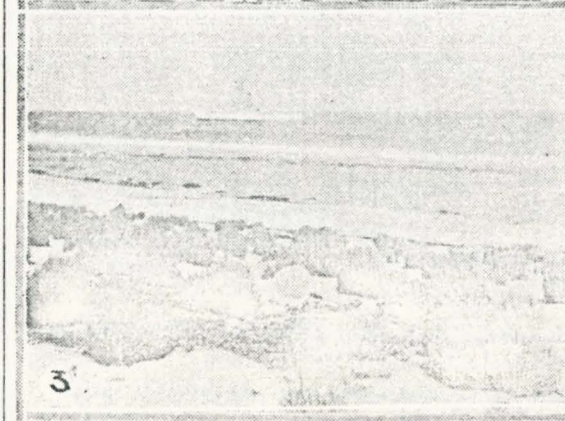
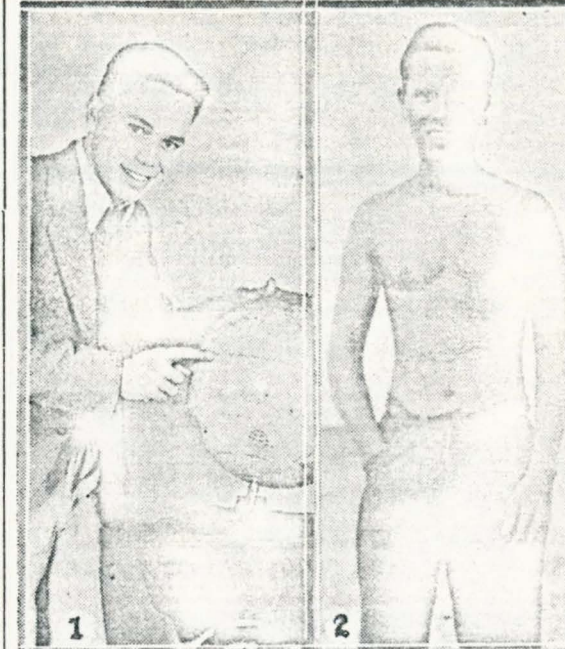
**FOUND NEW PLANT.**  
"The island is a graveyard," West  
adds. "All over it are graves and  
unmarked headstones some of them  
dating back to the early days of  
American whaling ships."

In addition to their meteorological  
duties, the youths made a complete  
collection of the plant, insect and  
sea life and shells about the island.

"We discovered a plant new to  
science," West reports, "as well as  
several new species of sea urchins.  
All of this work was done for the  
Bishop museum of Honolulu. It was  
found that the new plant, which has  
followed its own evolution on this  
isolated island, can grow only under  
the peculiar combination of  
aridity and equatorial humidity  
found there."

**WILD LIFE THRILLS.**

"There are millions of birds on  
the island," says West, "and one  
type called 'love birds' can be de-  
cidedly seen."



were directly behind me yelled. I  
looked up just in time to see an im-  
mense shark slipping up to me. It  
turned and swam rapidly away at  
the noise, because sharks are easily  
frightened. Yes, and I was, too."

**FEATURELESS ISLAND.**  
Though the island is within 20  
miles of the equator, the tempera-  
ture never was greater than 87 de-  
grees, but West says that was plenty  
hot because of the great humidity,  
though it rains very little on Jarvis.  
There is a steady northeast wind  
blowing between 20 and 30 miles an  
hour over the island constantly, and  
the air field is being laid out on  
this axis, which corresponds to the  
island's maximum length.

Only 23 feet above the sea at its  
highest point, the island boasts only  
one tree—a three-foot coconut  
palm planted in 1924 "that isn't do-  
ing very well," West reports. A pyr-  
amidal wooden beacon tower, set up  
by the British in 1889, still stands,  
as the only hint of previous occu-  
pancy.

West won the chance to colonize  
for Uncle Sam when the department  
of commerce asked the principal of  
the Kamehameha high school in  
Honolulu to choose the most likely  
lads for the work.

**LANDING TICKLISH.**  
"I didn't get in the first group  
that spent the first three months  
on the island because they thought  
I was too small," smiles West, who  
is five feet tall. "I managed to per-  
suade them I could 'cut the buck'  
before the Itasca sailed the second  
time, to pick up the first group and  
drop us, with six months' supplies."

The landing on Jarvis on June 15  
was ticklish, business, beaching six  
months of supplies and 1850 gallons  
of drinking water in iron drums by  
running small boats through a mile  
of surf and shallow water.

**ONLY EMPTY WATER.**  
Then the Itasca steamed away to  
land similar parties at Howland and  
Baker islands a thousand miles west  
of them.

"And then there was only empty  
water extending hundreds of miles  
on all sides of us, and we wondered  
if there was anything we had for-  
gotten to bring along with us,"  
smiles West.

"The only thing I missed, as a  
matter of fact, was not being able to  
see a movie, or go to a Saturday  
night dance, and wondering what  
was happening back home."

"But there was plenty to do dur-  
ing the day and at night we could  
read through all the books on the  
island and play cards for sea shells  
or go 'torch fishing'."

**BRITISH CHECK-UP.**  
"We had one visitor—a British  
tramp steamer—which hove to off  
the island, looked us over—probably  
to make sure we were carrying out  
our international homestead ad-  
vancing properly, then sailed away without  
a word to us."

"We recognized her as British, and  
wondered if she had come to raise  
a dispute."

Then shortly before the lads were  
replaced by the island's permanent  
population in September, Dr. Dana  
Condon's scientific expedition arrived  
in its yacht, leaving the boys some  
welcome mail from home, and a  
complete radiophone set that en-  
abled them to communicate with the  
outside world every day thereafter.

**ASSISTED CLIPPER FLIGHT.**  
With West and his companions  
were returned to Honolulu by the  
Itasca, he learned the coast guard  
boat was sailing to San Francisco  
for naval maneuvers and won a

# FILM STAR FARM

## OPERATORS RAISE

## VARIED PRODUCTS

Could Provide First-Class  
Dinner Menu With Floral  
Trimming.

By Associated Press.  
HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 26.—Soup  
doesn't grow. And none of the  
movie stars raise coffee.

But, except for these two items, a  
pretty fair full-course dinner could  
be put together from the products  
of land and nature actually raised  
by the fair hands of the motion  
picture players.

Farming, cattle raising and poul-  
try ranching occupy the spare time  
and most of the spare cash of a  
large section of the movie colony.

Newest recruits in the back-to-  
the-land movement were Mary Car-  
lisle and Jean Harlow, both blondes,  
both with options on plantations in  
the Hawaiian islands, both inter-  
ested in cultivating sugar.

**COMPOSITE MOVIE MENU.**  
With sugar on the menu, here's  
the composite movie dinner:

Seafood cocktail—Supplied by  
Charles Bickford's fleet of fishing  
ships.

No Soup—(Unless Warner Oland  
would collect a few turtles from the  
Mexican seashore, where his Mazat-  
lan ranch is located.)

Fruit Salad—Oranges from Al  
Jolson and Ruby Keeler's Encino  
ranch, subtropical tid-bits from  
Bing Crosby's Rancho Santa Fe,  
apples from Robert Montgomery's  
farm in upper New York state and  
raisins from Warner Oland's other  
ranch, near Carpinteria, Calif.

**MAIN DISHES.**  
Entree—Prize beef from the 400-  
000-acre Nevada ranch of Clara  
Bow and Rex Bell, turkey from Vic-  
tor McLaglen, Richard Dix and  
Charles Ruggles, chicken from Ar-  
line Judge and Warren William, or  
baked ham from Harold Lloyd's hog  
farm near Santa Rosa, Calif.

(Note: In case some of the guests  
prefer eggs, they can be supplied  
from Mona Barrie's poultry farm  
near San Diego.)

Vegetables—From Paul Muni's San  
Fernando valley truck farm, or from  
Fred Stone's farm in New Hamp-  
shire, or Sir Guy Standing's estab-  
lishment in the hills near Lake  
Malibu.

No coffee—(but plenty of milk  
from Joel McCrea's 200-acre dairy  
ranch, 40 miles north of here, or  
Lawrence Tibbett's Honey Dew farm,  
in Connecticut, where he specializes  
in dairy products.)

Dessert—Walnuts from the 30-  
acre grove at Encino, operated by  
Ann Dvorak, or from the grove of  
her neighbor, June Knight, who  
owns 20 acres in the San Fernando  
valley.

**DECORATIONS, TOO.**  
Floral decorations for the table  
would come from Miss Dvorak's hus-  
band, Leslie Fenton, who lets her  
worry about the walnuts, while he  
putters around in a hothouse on  
their ranch. In about 10 years, the  
orchid culture, recently purchased  
by Mary Carlisle, will be in bloom,  
if her new-found enthusiasm for  
orchid raising lasts that long.

Should this be a six star dinner, the  
best place to give it would be Cecil  
Demille's "Paradise ranch," in the  
Big Tupunga valley, 50 miles north-  
east of Hollywood. No woman has  
ever set foot within its boundaries.

And for protection during dinner,  
the Great Danes raised by Harold  
Lloyd, or the Springer spaniels from  
Charles Ruggles' See-Are kennels,  
could be employed.

Pop-eye Remedied



...to go, taking meteorological readings every hour of the day and once every three hours during the night, taking turns cooking, putting up buildings, mapping, road-building and working on the air field.

There was spare-time treasure-hunting, too.

"And what's more," laughs West, "we dug up quite a few coins and souvenirs out of the wreck of the barkentine Amaranth of San Francisco, which lies half-buried on the southern side of the island. Coal from this vessel is scattered all over the island."

The Amaranth foundered in 1913, with all hands lost, in one of the mysteries of the sea. From the wreckage the lads built a small shack.

#### FOUND NEW PLANT.

"The island is a graveyard," West adds. "All over it are graves and unmarked headstones some of them dating back to the early days of American whaling ships."

In addition to their meteorological duties, the youths made a complete collection of the plant, insect and sea life and shells about the island.

"We discovered a plant new to science," West reports, "as well as several new species of sea urchins. All of this work was done for the Bishop museum of Honolulu. It was found that the new plant, which has followed its own evolution on this isolated island, can grow only under the peculiar combination of aridity and equatorial humidity found there."

#### WILD LIFE THRILLS.

"There are millions of birds on the island," says West, "and one type called 'love birds' can be decidedly frightening. They fly around one's head in a circle of such a fixed diameter that it makes a solid shadow around one, setting up a deafening chorus of shrill cries and darting down at one's head."

But sharks and huge sting-rays always circling the island gave the boys their chief excitement when swimming or fishing.

"Once two of us were out on a raft we had made of the Amaranth wreckage, when a school of these sting-rays or sea-bats attacked us. They are big, flat, lozenge-shaped black fish with what look like wings, which they flapped around us as they circled closer and closer to the raft. We had to kneel down and hold on to it to keep from being thrown off, and certainly didn't get back to shore any too soon to suit us."

#### WERE OWN DOCTORS.

Another of the youths, Daniel Toomey, had his hand bitten severely by a shark. That was the only mishap of their stay, except when one of them suffered sunstroke.

"What did we do? Oh, they left us a very complete first-aid outfit and a book of instructions covering every type of accident and sickness we might get."

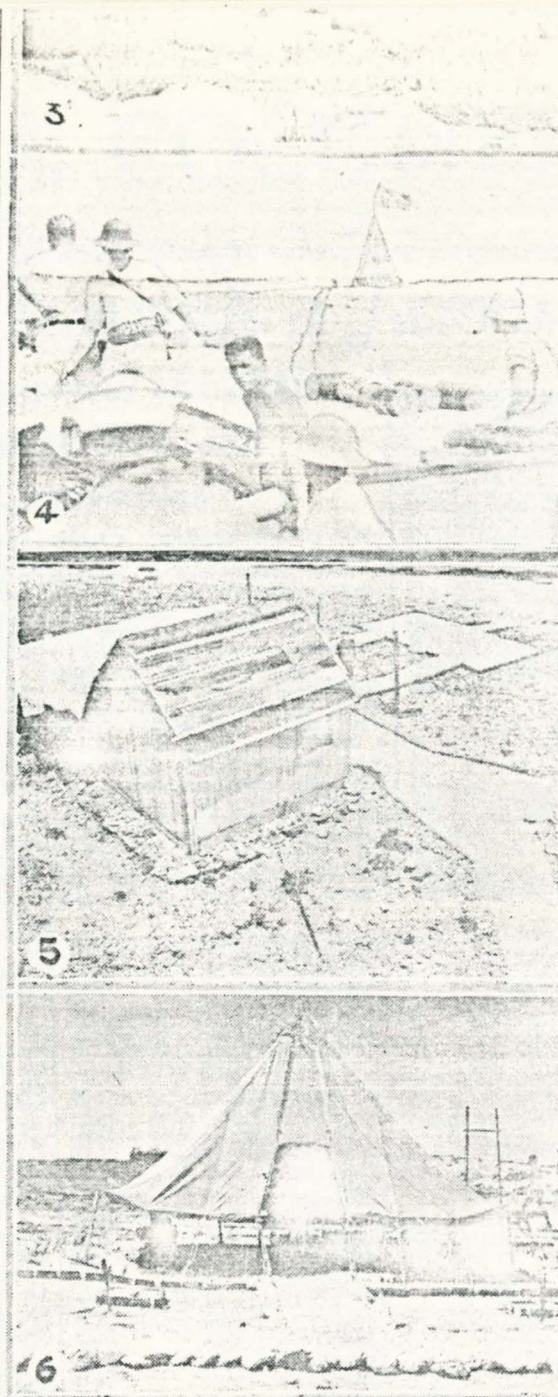
West's nearest approach to death was when he was standing in shallow water at dusk brushing his teeth.

"Suddenly two of the boys who

**Schilling**  
**PURE VANILLA**

retains its delicate  
flavor in all

FROZEN DESSERTS



George West, San Jose State college freshman (1), points on the globe to the mid-Pacific coral speck, Jarvis Island, which he helped claim for Uncle Sam last summer, when for three months he lived in a pair of trunks (2) "homesteading" the mid-ocean landing field for American air clipper ships. Jarvis Island's coral strand is shown (3) with the cutter Itasca at anchor off the harborless desert island where West and three other young Robinson Crusoes were landed (4) with part of their precious water supply in the iron drums shown up the beach. The 1889 British beacon on the skyline was the island's only feature until the lads built a house (5) from the wreckage of a vessel in which they searched for treasure. One of their tents (6) was the meteorological station from which they took hourly readings to build up data for Uncle Sam's ocean-spanning air captains.

of surf and shallow water.

#### ONLY EMPTY WATER.

Then the Itasca steamed away to land similar parties at Howland and Baker islands a thousand miles west of them.

"And then there was only empty water extending hundreds of miles on all sides of us, and we wondered if there was anything we had forgotten to bring along with us," smiles West.

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"We recognized her as British, and wondered if she had come to raise a dispute."

Then shortly before the lads were replaced by the island's permanent population in September, Dr. Dana Coman's scientific expedition arrived in its yacht, leaving the boys some welcome mail from home, and a complete radiophone set that enabled them to communicate with the outside world every day thereafter.

#### ASSISTED CLIPPER FLIGHT.

When West and his companions were returned to Honolulu by the Itasca, he learned the coast guard boat was sailing to San Francisco for naval maneuvers and won a berth on her for the trip to the mainland. Having graduated from high school he left with plans to enter San Jose State, because of what he had heard about it from one of its 1934 graduates, William Jones, one of his teachers.

He stayed with the Itasca a month, when it steamed almost all the way back to Honolulu to take its place as one of the navy ships in the line set up along the China Clipper's route, in the transoceanic air program he has thus twice helped to pioneer.

### WPA to Transfer Mendocino Crew To Park Project

**BERKELEY, Jan. 26.**—State Works Progress Administrator Frank Y. McLaughlin informed the resettlement administration today he had instructed District Director F. M. Holley at Santa Rosa to transfer 91 men from WPA road work in Mendocino county to Mendocino Woodlands, the 6000-acre national park service recreational project.

This means the beginning of development of the only such large recreational area in California, one of two west of the Rockies. The resettlement administration acquired the land and turned it over to the national park service for development.

It had been planned to employ 500 men clearing land, building trails, and constructing buildings in the area, the resettlement administration said, but thus far the national park service has been unable to fill that quota from relief rolls.

The 91 selected are heads of families living in the Mendocino area. McLaughlin suggested it might be possible to obtain the 500 by including single men, although it would be necessary to construct camps for them in the recreational area itself.

(Note: In case some of the guests prefer eggs, they can be supplied from Mona Barrie's poultry farm near San Diego.)

Vegetables—From Paul Muni's San Fernando valley truck farm, or from Fred Stone's farm in New Hampshire, or Sir Guy Standing's establishment in the hills near Lake Malibu.

No coffee—but plenty of milk from Joel McCrea's 200-acre dairy ranch, 40 miles north of here, or Lawrence Tibbett's Honey Dew farm, in Connecticut, where he specializes in dairy products.)

Dessert—Walnuts from the 80-acre grove at Encino, operated by Ann Dvorak, or from the grove of her neighbor, June Knight, who owns 20 acres in the San Fernando valley.

#### DECORATIONS, TOO.

Floral decorations for the table would come from Miss Dvorak's husband, Leslie Fenton, who lets her worry about the walnuts, while he putters around in a hothouse on their ranch. In about 10 years, the orchid cultures, recently purchased by Mary Carlisle, will be in bloom, if her new-found enthusiasm for orchid raising lasts that long.

Should this be a stag dinner, the best place to give it would be Cecil Demille's "Paradise ranch," in the Big Tujunga valley, 50 miles north-east of Hollywood. No woman has ever set foot within its boundaries.

And for protection during dinner, the Great Danes raised by Harold Lloyd, or the Springer spaniels from Charles Ruggles' See-Are kennels, could be employed.

### Pop-eye Remedied By Operation on Socket Framework

**ST. LOUIS, Jan. 26.**—Eyes that seem ready to pop from their sockets have been successfully receded to normal positions in a new operative method described tonight to the St. Louis Medical society.

Dr. Howard C. Naffziger, professor of surgery at the University of California, related that abnormal protrusion, known to the medical profession as exophthalmus, frequently became so aggravated as to effect the eyesight.

Most of the cases on which he performed operations were "encouragingly successful," he said. He illustrated his lecture with lantern slides of patients who had undergone the treatment.

In the operation, entrance was made through the skull just back of the hairline, exposing the bony framework of the eyesocket. Then part of the framework was removed, reducing tension on the eye ball caused by inflammatory swelling of surrounding tissue.

After the operation, the eyeball receded to a normal or near-normal position and normal or virtually normal eyesight was restored, the surgeon said.

### Shepherd Dog Saves Girl, 3, From Fire

**ST. JOSEPH, Mich., Jan. 26.**—A German shepherd dog saved three-year-old Betty Jane Mason from her burning home today. The child's mother, Mrs. Walter Mason, rescued another daughter, Ceola, a year and a half old.

Firemen, handicapped by zero weather and a gale, were unable to save the house.

Mrs. Mason was working in the kitchen, and was nearly overcome by smoke in rescuing the younger child. She was attempting to find Betty Jane when the dog emerged from the smoke, pulling the child by one arm.

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# THE COLUMBIA MISSOURIA

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## Lobster Hunting a Jarvis Island Custom

*This Sport Comprised the Night Life of George West and Three Companions*

George West, of Honolulu and now at the University of Missouri, speaks with mixed seriousness and humor of the days he spent on Jarvis Island. One of his favorite tales is about what he and three companions, Dan Toomey, Henry Ahia and Frank Cockett, called their night life.

"It was a desert island, you know," George will tell you. "There wasn't any night life there except what we made for ourselves. The reefs off the island were alive with lobsters. One night we went down to the shore about midnight and found we could catch them easily. They seemed to come out about that time and we had a regular lobster hunt, catching all we could carry. By 3 or 4 o'clock we got back home and roasted the lobsters over a fire. We sat there that night eating fresh, juicy lobster till daylight. It got to be a custom on the island. That's what you call real night life."

But it was not all play for the four boys. They were there for a purpose. Somebody had to get up every morning at six o'clock to log the weather. The way they worked that, they had a boy for the week and took turns. The one who had to get up early, also had to cook breakfast for the rest and wash dishes. "Three weeks out of four we lived a life of ease," George says.

One is inclined to doubt that on hearing all the things George really did do. The four of them had to build a landing field for future air travel. That, however, was not the job it sounds at first. Jarvis Island is a flat, sandy place, without any elevation, or other growth than a little grass and one sickly palm tree. Building the field amounted to little more than filling in rough places and generally smoothing the surface.

"We couldn't keep that up all day, though," says George. "During the day it got extremely hot and humid and we used to find something easier to do. The first few weeks the heat really oppressed us."

The work was done early or late in the day. They had books and could read in the shade of their tents. Later they had a house.

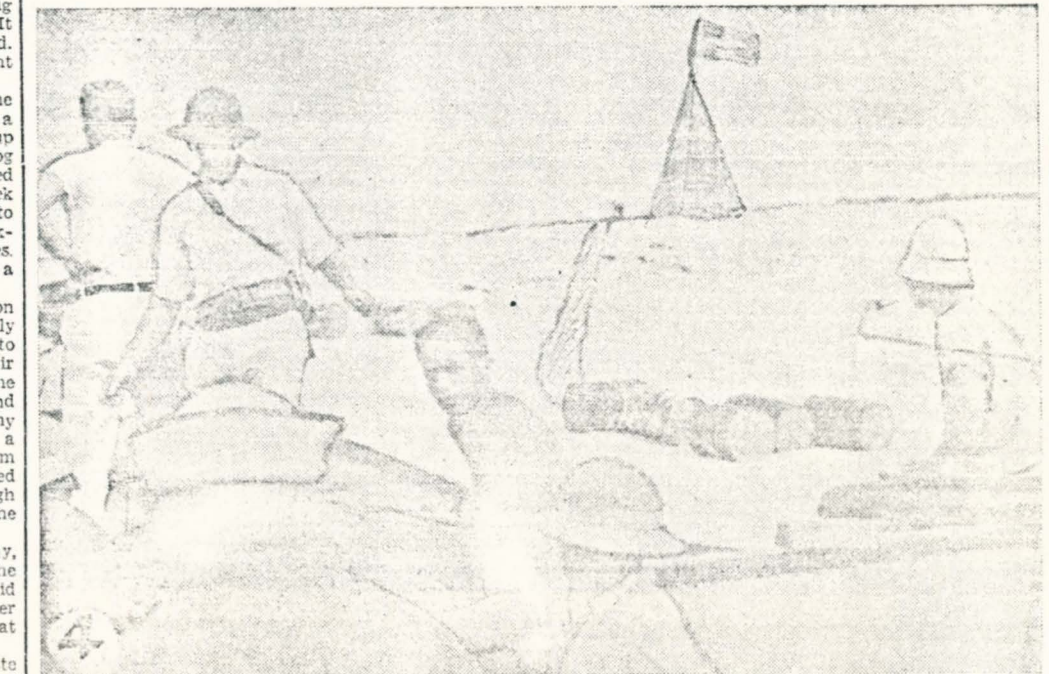
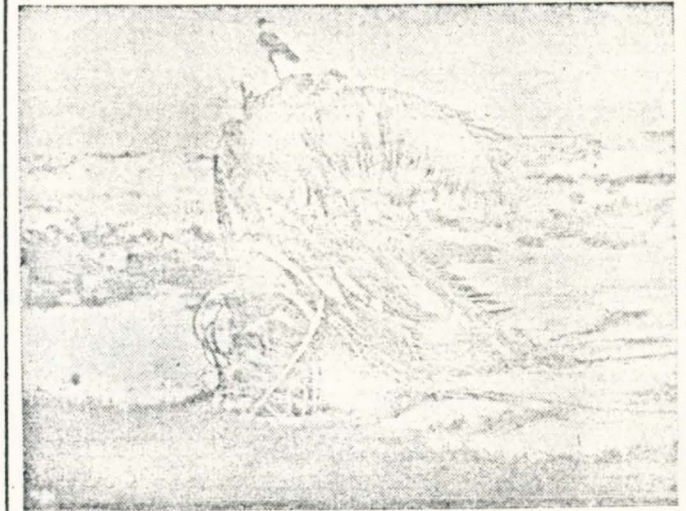
There was an old wreck on the north end of the island," George says. "and one day we decided to build a house out of it. It was hard work getting the planks together and hauled across the island, but we had lots of time and four strong pairs of hands. Things went along fine till we came to the roof. Nobody had thought of the roof till we got to it and found that there was nothing to make it out of. We tried grass, but that was no good. Finally we hit on the idea of using some oiled paper that was with our supplies. That worked fine. It kept ninety per cent of the rain out of the house until one day a hurricane and a flood came. It rained thirteen inches in five minutes, blew all the tents down and washed the roof off the house."

That was not the only constructive idea they had. They decided they

needed a gymnasium, so they made it onto the side of the house and equipped it with parallel bars, a fighting ring and everything a gymnasium needs. They also built paths and planted a garden, but nothing grew in the garden except some very tough and hollow radishes.

"You see, we did all these things to keep busy and to avoid getting lonely," George said. "There were just the four of us on an island a little over a mile square, and sometimes the solitude became very great."

One day a huge turtle invaded the island. They found its tracks where it had laid eggs in the warm sand on the center of the island. The boys followed the tracks until they came to the turtle, which weighed



Above: The only tree on Jarvis Island and one of the 600,000 birds. Otherwise this scenery is typical of the island. Below: A boatload landing on the island. The best days for the boys were when ships came to the island bearing letters from home, different people to talk to and new books to read. The tower in the background is an old lookout surviving from the guano days.

about five hundred pounds. After getting it turned over on its back they were able to kill it, and after that had turtle soup and turtle beef. That is what George calls it. He says it tastes just like cattle beef, so why not call it beef?

And then one day Henry Ahia became ill. His temperature went up to 105 and stayed there for a week. "We were really scared," George says. "There was a first aid and medical kit with our equipment, but we had no idea what was the matter with Henry or what to do for him. There was absolutely no way to send for help. We just had to wait and hope for the best. After a week he got well and we were all very thankful."

The best days they knew were when a ship came to the island. Their supply ship was the Itasca which, it is interesting to note, was the boat that bore the brunt of the search for Amelia Earhart last summer off Howland Island when she was lost on her round-the-world flight. A ship meant letters from home, different people to talk to, news from the outside world, supplies, and new books to read.

Jarvis is a fisherman's paradise. To put it in George's own words: "The fishing is the best there I have ever seen anywhere. There are big and little fish and fish of every color of the rainbow."

"We didn't fish with hooks and lines. That wouldn't have been any sport. There were too many fish. We used steel spears and dove under the water near where we knew the fish were and speared them. That was a lot more sport and fun. The only thing was, we had to watch out for sharks. They were thick and added to the excitement."

"We fished for them with a hook and line. The idea was to see who could catch the largest shark. We hung their jaw bones up over the doors to the tents and whenever a bigger one than before was caught, its jaw bone was hung up in place of a smaller one. We caught some sharks that were fourteen feet long."

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DU [Articles by or about George West and  
650.9 his participation in the settlement of Jarvis  
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1. Jarvis

Island.