

British Solomon Islands.  
and Santa Cruz.

May 19, 1916 - Nov. 24, 1916

Tulagi, Solomon Islands, May 28 1916.

Left Sydney on S.S. Mindiri, May 19. The boat was four days late in sailing. The passenger list included a well assorted lot of missionaries - Catholic, Melanesian Mission, & Church of England - and some good old time sailors & men going up to the plantations and estates. Also 2 specimens of native ~~that~~ had been shown in Sydney.

The immigration coast was in sight until after we were a day out from Pinkenba, the port of Brisbane, mostly barren looking hills but with here and there lighthouses and small villages.

At Pinkenba there was little time to go to Brisbane so I got in a half day's collecting in some encyrtus and iron-wood bush near the village, taking several lots of Bothrioponea, including a couple of males.

We had some fairly heavy weather in the coral sea.

Sunday morning we passed close to Guadalcanal & nearer to Savo. The southern aspect of the first was mountainous & wooded, with patches of grass land, which changed to a long easy slope as we rounded the point. The Russell group showed up to the south. Savo is densely wooded. Small villages dot the beach.

We anchored in Tulagi harbor at one o'clock.

2/ The crew of the doctor's boat wore red monkey caps. One had a necklace of cuscus's teeth, others plaited grass or arm bands, very tight about the biceps. Red belts on police.

The passengers for Tulagi were joined by men coming from shore & the boat was very joyful until considerably after midnight. The crowd was good natured & of the friendly, frank type that one meets in a new country.

In the afternoon I went ashore with a couple of passengers (Austenfeld and Clarence) for a first look into the bush. Almost the first thing I saw was a young boa eight inches long, coiled in a bush. Mosquitoes were abundant (small brown species) in the shade. Spiny spiders, metallic blue and red; Polysphincta in a long flat web on an agave leaf and an Ectatomma living in rotten wood turned up and I saw my first Ornithoptera flapping along.

May 30 - 16.

In the morning I called on the resident commissioner, Mr. F. J. Barnett and was given a very nice reception by him. His residence is on the top of the highest hill & I think that the former resident, Mr. Woodford, had Entomology in view when he planned the place, for the house is surrounded by flowering hedges & these are covered with wasps. Several Ornithoptera came.

along as we were sitting on the 3  
verandah. Afterwards I took a  
walk with his son into the bush &  
saw one of the green arboreal  
Cicindelids.

Next morning I moved ashore into  
the doctor's house. The doctor, Mr.  
A. Sullivan lives on the other side of the  
island. The path to his place leads  
over a hill, then down and along the  
beach & then up another hill. The  
hospital - a small but well equipped  
institution is at the bottom.

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Saw a boat full of coconuts brought by  
natives from Guadalcanar to be given  
to the Red Cross fund. The Solomon men have  
contributed nearly a thousand pounds so  
far.

4/ Wednesday.

In the bush all day. Life is abundant. White cockatoos in flocks. Most conspicuous among the insects are spiders. One of my old Fiji friends, the umbrella spider occurs, but not commonly.

On "flame trees" along the govt trail *Xylocopa* congregates during the day.

Thursday.

In company with Mr. W. R. Bell & Mr. Campbell, the chief of the native constabulary, I went to Cuki, on Malaita. It took about eight hours to go. In the harbour we passed Gavatu, the headquarters of Lower Boro. A fleet of three small steamers was in their harbours. A narrow passage runs through Florida for about eight miles. Sometimes it is less than two hundred yards across. On a pile of stones in the water we passed a native fishing with a pole! and beyond, on a reef, others with spears. Thirty miles of sea took us into Cuki Harbor. The wharf is of coral sand banked by rock.

At the residency a space of ninety acres has been cleared of all but coconuts along the beach & sago & betel palms above. Orange & lemon trees are scattered about & a big Banyan stands in front. The paths are

bordered by fine hedges of crotons & hibiscus, houses belonging to the native constabulary, twenty in number are scattered about. Mr. Bell's house, a broad-shouldered roomy building is built half way up the hill, with a good view of front as cleared land & the beach, with the island of Cucki beyond. On either side is tall forest & to the east a small river empties into the bay.

We had tea & later an excellent dinner. In the evening I started my lamps but got nothing but one sphingid and a number of black Coccinellidae.

In the morning I went in the bush to the east, accompanied by two armed police. It is safe to go in this direction for two miles & westward for about five, but always with two or more guards. The danger is not so much from the nearby natives as from passing bush people. There is an average of a murder a day on the island. In the constant feuds that are kept up the bush boys have all the advantage for they may murder & get away, while the salt water people live under the government. There is little open fighting - mostly potting.

Saturday, May 4 - 16

Mr. Bell, four soldiers and I went up to a village a mile and a half away. On the edge of the government clearing we passed the grave of a German who was murdered here four and a half years ago while recruiting. It is planted with cottons and well kept.

In the forest the ground is at first very soggy but higher less so. The trail, a good forest track follows a small river (the ~~Kwaibala~~ Kwaibala). Our march was really an entomological excursion, the boys keeping a look out for "small fellow" and continually bringing up specimens. "This good fellow?" As I reached up unknowingly into a nettle tree - "This kind tree him savez bite um man!"

A pearly white tree snail was common, the flat disc-shaped shell less so. Hermit crabs were in some of the land species. One snail (brown, with strong operculum, a fresh water species) was abundant on leaves. Large *Scutigeridae* & *Montidae* were the commonest things encountered. In a clearing a native dalo patch we met Soboi, the chief of the village, a surly fellow, lame in one leg. He wore a hat, a leather belt & a pipe & nothing more. We ascended a steep hill & came to a couple of miserable huts. The language of the two - Soboi's -

consisted of a room on an elevated platform and a roofed-in area in front. A ~~bow~~ bow and sheath of arrows, three spears, a fish net & a basket were all in sight. Further on in another little cleared patch we saw a cluster of three huts & in front a group of naked natives. We shouted to them & they walked over. When we reached the place no one was in sight, but soon a woman came out. She said that every one was away working in the garden. We looked into a house & called on the inmates to come out & they came, the most squalid lot of diseased beggars possible. We talked a little & then they turned & unceremoniously went back into the house, apparently much frightened at our visit. This village (Bushvata) is only a mile and a half from the station, which has been established seven years, so one can imagine the conditions in the bush further back.

I showed the people some specimens & next morning the whole village came down, with specimens in bamboo. They were all dressed up for the occasion, the men with bear teeth necklaces & each with an ornamented comb stuck in his



of hair. Mr. Bell put on some records on his gramophone & the crowd seemed to enjoy Billie Williams's efforts at singing & laughing.

Before going, Sotoi begged a few cartridges for an Winchester 32 calibre rifle (a well kept gun), saying that a tribe further back had a feud against his. The interpreter explained "him row last long time."

The little island of Lunki in front of the station is, from the shore, a pretty place. We rowed over in the afternoon. The island is almost entirely artificial, made of coral stone from the reef. Until the gov't. came the natives were afraid to go ashore and lived mostly on sea food and a few vegetables bartered from the bush people - at a risk.

As we reached the village, no one noticed us. A loud singing or howling noise attracted us and we walked over and found a woman, clothed in a grass skirt howling. We asked & found out that she had had a row with another woman.

The island was teeming with natives & the houses, filthy but all, built closely together.

Pigs ran along the narrow passages & a couple of cockatoos on a house looked strangely out of place. We entered the "bamboo" house, the chief's building, a large affair, but very dark inside, with a smoky fire in the center. In canoe and some fishing nets were on one side. On the other side and at the end were hung on racks baskets containing the heads of dead natives of the village, more than a hundred in number. Along the beach were many canoes & fish nets and at the other side of the island we saw a man carving the front part of a nearly finished canoe. Nearby another squatted with an adze, shaping a plank.

At another house we saw a party of three making shell money. This is legal tender or the most of the group & is taken by white traders at a set price. It is made of shell obtained by diving. This is cut into discs by breaking up and grinding. We saw a woman with a bow drill boring holes & two men taking the discs on heated rock.

I bought, for tobacco, a few shell fish hooks. The owners refused European hooks but we took two tiny ones as a gift &

10 for safety put them in  
his hair.

During the whole time most  
of the natives were utterly  
indifferent to us. As we  
passed houses, men sat in  
front & put lime in their  
mouths as though they could  
not see us.

On the way out we passed  
a section of tiny huts - The  
women's quarters. Stone  
fences, dirt & a strong sea  
smell were the prevailing  
features of the village.

At the smaller island,  
(Kalapa), we met a better  
reception. We stayed only  
a few moments. The  
"tambre" house was, from the  
outside, a better than the  
other. Three alarm clocks  
ornamented the ends of the  
longitudinal beams.

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A recruiting ship came into the harbor  
& fired a gun for recruits. We went  
aboard & spent an hour with Capt.  
Poh & his wife.

To Lisisiki. May 6<sup>th</sup> (11)  
With a dozen soldiers Mr. Bell & I went  
to the other friendly village near here.  
It took a little over an hour hard  
walking through the bush to get  
there. One ridge we passed over  
at about 600 feet altitude. There were  
not many large trees along the trail.  
The village - on top of a crest - was  
a neat & larger one than Sotoi's, &  
consisted of five houses in a good  
sized clearing. The people had heard  
of our coming & all of the men,  
a dozen or so, and a lot of  
boys were there. They received us  
cordially & we sat & chatted for  
an hour.

One of the men, an ex Queensland  
soldier, told of some epidemic that had  
recently killed many of the men.  
He explained "No body hit him,  
him die himself. Debil-debil  
get inside". In an aside to  
me he told me how quiet his  
people were, but the bush people  
were not. His house, on a  
hill top with a steep slope  
around half and a stone wall  
on the other, is a good place for  
defence.

At my urgent request a man  
& a pickinny were brought  
out and to be snapped. The baby  
howled when she saw me, but  
sized a piece of tobacco & they  
skooted to the other side of the mother

17/ in a manner that reminded me of  
a timid but hungry monkey.

A bag of frogs was handed to me.  
The Chief (Gomi by name) presented  
a ridiculous sight, standing in front  
of Mr. Bell & taking dips of lime in  
his wide open mouth & saying nothing.  
He wore no ornaments of any kind,  
only a piece of red rag tied in a very  
careless manner about his waist.

May 7, 1916.

We went over to a lake about a half mile  
as the crow flies from the station, but over  
a mile the way we went. We borrowed a  
native canoe from Lukki & skirted the  
shore. The reef comes to within a hundred  
feet so we had to go outside. At the  
place nearest the lake we shot the reef, which  
gave thirty seconds of thrill & speed. The  
four boys, with some help from us, carried  
the canoe through a couple of hundred  
yards to the lake. We roved about for a  
couple of hours. The lake is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles  
long & has one good sized island in it, shores  
heavily wooded, with a sprinkling of Pandanus  
& ironwood. Hydrophyton was very  
common but had nothing in it except  
the small, brown *Didymopanax* which  
is a public nuisance here. Where we  
landed the ground was covered with roots  
running along & twisting till they made  
a good mat. We saw two crocodiles. One  
of them was swimming toward shore, but  
thought better of it when he saw us. The

other was floating, Bell shot above 13  
him at first, but he did not sink. The  
second shot hit and the beast did a lot of  
thrashing about & finally sank.

A shout on shore attracted us & we  
went over & found a native with a  
bow and arrow & a big frog. Though  
I had not seen him he had heard of me  
& was collecting. I had 5 inch centipede in throat.

On the way back we took another  
route & had to flounder through a  
quarter of a mile of swamp. The  
boys described it "this place belongs alligator"  
Once out to the beach we had good walking  
till the boys brought a whale boat &  
took us back to the house.

May 7, 1916, Cunki.

With a whale boat & five natives we went to  
Buma, a Catholic mission, about fifteen miles  
down the lagoon. The reef on which Cunki is  
built broadens out further down into a  
succession of small islands, mostly covered  
with mangrove, but in some places with a  
few coconuts. Lower down the lagoon is  
sprinkled with these islands, some of which  
are built up and occupied. One village\* at  
which we called has a population of 600.  
The people are of a better type than those  
at Cunki, but the villages are awful. Narrow  
streets, mostly roofed over & dark & a jumble  
of children & fish nets, canoes, pigs & men &  
old women. As usual, the younger women &  
little girls ran away, but I glimpsed a  
crowd of them around a corner. They scattered  
like rabbits. Shell money is made here.

The mainland to our left had a shallowly  
embayed shore line, with flat land  
extending back to the hills, which rose, three  
or four ranges of them. It is maddening  
\*Laulasi

14 not to be able to get into them. The single wast village that we passed in was composed of several huts set on piles. A solitary hut on one of the islands is the home of a man who has spent 20 years in Newland. Contractor.

The mission station is on a flat, with only a narrow stretch of water between it and one of the islands. A small frame church is set on poles.

In the native village near Isari two fine bows and some arrows, but could not find the owner.

At Lamlazi we stopped on the way back & chatted with some of the men who had returned from Fiji, who traded tobacco for fish hooks.

We had a little time after dark on the water, glassy quiet. The men did not seem to mind the 30 mile haul pull.

Just day in the bush, with good luck.

Monday.

Stayed around yesterday, because the soldiers had the day off & I could not go without them. Cleaned shells & labeled specimens & played Bell's phonograph.

Monday, May 12 -

To a little mission village down the lagoon. Quite a clearing had been made. The houses were on piles, in what had been a mangrove swamp. Several good taro patches were behind the village.

The schoolmaster disorted to us on religion. He seemed to take more a great deal of personal satisfaction in that the bush people had future punishment because they had paid no attention to the teacher who told them: "I was saviour

belong you"

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June

Tues. May. 12, 1916. Cunki.

On the hill access from station with Sgt. Alec & five police. It is pleasant & cool in the bush! In the morning large flocks of parrots and a number of hornbills were encountered. The latter, the "kuri-kuri" of the natives, makes a loud whirr when it flies.

Spiders swarm. We passed along the trail four times & each time the webs seemed as thick as before.

Land crabs were found on the hill side under almost every log.

Ants are not common. A new *Polyrhachis*, found in a thicket, had its nest spun between two green leaves.

One "horned" frog was sitting on the ground in the shade. It's a curious animal. When annoyed it opens its mouth & inflates the sides to a great size, sometimes erecting one side & putting the other on the ground. It has considerable gripping power.

June

Wed. May. 14.

To Fui.

Walked along the beach for five miles with Bill, who was going to inquire into a recent murder case. The beach is forested with giant "dilo" trees. The only insect seen was the bicolored, arboreal, Cicindelid. At the town there is a fine beach of black sand. Rude stone platforms on the beach are used as fishing stations when the tide



16/ cousin. The town is an extensive one & has a fine little church belonging to the Melanesian Mission, built like a "tambu" house, with decorated front with a row of carved fishes. In front is a cross (iron on cement) to the memory of a Rev. Sage who was drowned three years ago.

The murder case was the result of an old feud. The evidence was something like this:

Informant: "One fellow Gilia he kill him one fellow Ramafuna belong my village. You take plenty soldiers, go along, shoot him. Govt." What did Ramafuna do to Gilia? Inf. He no do something. Govt. Why he shoot him; he cross with him?

Inf. yes. He cross along a row. Govt. What row.

Inf. Mara he kill Ramugwoa. Ramugwoa & Muskoa he relation of Ramugwoa. Ramafuna

Govt. Why he shoot him?

Inf. Along row. Muskoa he shoot Gambata.

Govt. Why he shoot him.

Inf. Mara & relative of Gambata) he prison father belong Gilia. (Witchcraft)

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The native teacher from said a visit in the evening. We played several hymns for him and then suggested a song. We told him it was a "Carikari" song, but he was broad minded & said all right,

one listen?

To the Interior with Bell.

17  
Simon

In boat to the mission, & then with ~~Stephan~~ for a guide across the little coast range & up the crest of the next.

It was mostly a steep climb, part of the way along a rocky stream bed. The top of the crest has been used by generations of natives for gardens, so there is left little big timber, but plenty of small trees & bamboo thickets. <sup>of young</sup> We passed some gardens

& saw two women, one dressed in an apron, the other with a pair of shell armlets. They knew one of our soldiers, and chatted from a distance, but when I suggested a snap-shot they disappeared.

Dr. Heck, a missionary, was up here once & had spears flung at him & was spat upon - let out spittle too. With one dozen soldiers along, no spears were flung.

We had lunch in a delightfully cool nook on the side of the road, ~~along~~ <sup>by</sup> a spring piped down in a bamboo. On the way back we stopped in a clearing, where the natives were burning & cutting down trees.

A fine patch of dry land ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> across the road. Some men came & talked to us; others squatted sullenly at some distance & two three women and a little girl stayed in the nearby bush. When about

to go. Bell got off the "Lead on  
18/ Macduff" speech. I asked Simon  
what part of the Bible that was in.  
He did not know, though he thoroughly  
remembered the missionary telling  
him about it.

I got a colony of a fine species  
of Polypachia on a nest on  
an agave leaf. On some of  
the trees in the clearing was  
a Podomyza. I could not find  
the nest.

At the mission village a native  
brought me a Varanus and a  
snake.

When we reached Linki we found  
Lilia, who shot Ramafusa three  
weeks ago, come down to tell his  
side of the case and next morning  
at the station were about fifty natives,  
representing both sides of the shooting case  
to argue before the district officer.

June  
Tulagi, May 24 - '16

Left Linki on Mr. Leacock's boat, which  
had been recruiting about Malaita &  
reached Tulagi after eight hours.  
An abscess in a tooth kept me  
occupied for four days and nights.  
Spent several days in the bush  
about the Gov't. station, with good  
success.

Mr. O'Sullivan and I spent one day  
at Alick Barnett's place (Maliala)

on the island of Florida, which <sup>19</sup>  
we reached in a dingy. The station is  
up a mangrove lined stream & cut  
out of the forest. Land was being  
burned off & we found a good lot  
of wood holes, especially about a  
newly constructed pig sty.

At the bases of bamboo plants, the  
large, black Ectatomma nested.

Yavutu, the Levee Bro. Island, is  
a well developed little place, with good  
buildings and a fine store, and  
wharf. On my first visit there I  
met Mr. McKee, from Cristoval, who  
showed me a lot of interesting curios

On board "Kobiloko", June 28, 1916

After a weeks stay on Tulagi I found  
that the "Kobiloko" was going to San Cristoval.  
The supercargo, Mr. J. Selmes got permission  
from Mr. Huntington, Levee Bro's manager  
for me to make a passage on her. She  
was to start several times but delayed on  
account of the "Matungu's" lateness with  
the mail. I finally got to Yavutu in  
the evening on a launch that broke down  
& had to be towed. In the morning I  
returned to Tulagi for my baggage  
in a launch, which broke down. We  
drifted almost on to a reef, when a  
whale boat took us off. As we were  
coming back, in a miserable rain the  
"Kobiloko" put to sea & picked me and  
the luggage up in the bay. We left  
in a fog. I got some "kai" aboard.

20 The "Kobilako" is a small, <sup>barred</sup> and shallow steamer with comfortable quarters. Small dining room. (98 1/3 tons net) (170 gross) Capt. Mate H. Franklin, engineer & Supercargo. The latter with 4 years experience here and in New Guinea, 20 years old.

Crew mostly Santa Cruz natives. Don't like to tell their names. Ask the next fellow.

Waiter: Small Makian boy, with Gov. M. Cohen <sup>(Duali by name)</sup> ~~travelling~~

We reached Lungo in three hours and anchored. The coast is low and a low-lying flat extends back. Beyond are mountains, partly covered with low lying white cloud patches & back of all the fine mountain "Lions head". A <sup>scattered</sup> plantation houses are near the shore. I did not go ashore.

Our passengers are mostly Santa Cruz natives being returned from plantations to their homes. They sit silently along the deck with the goods bought for their salary's. Trunks, cases of tobacco. One man has a miniature satchel, five inches long, tied to his neck by a leather belt. The ear lobes of all are widely pierced. Some in hair. One man has a piece of blue ribbon tied through his nose. Some with cheap "cowboy" hats & bands of red ribbon.

Since wind at night. Quiet in morning. At noon reached Koro water, Sever plantation. Inshore is a wild surf. Ruts planted for a mile back. There birds. I walked in and had good collecting on the trail through the ruts. Serayon finches, tiger beetles and Jettigidae new specimens. We reached in the afternoon.

A small flat island is the headquarters<sup>21</sup>  
of the Malaita Company. Opposite on  
the main land is a Lever plantation,  
& up the coast, above a native  
village in a large clearing is the  
government station. Several  
schooners are in the harbour.

Ground on board. Mandolin. Capt. Fole.  
Tales, some of them true, making them interesting.

Next day to Rere. Yala left behind but  
Malaita very prominent. Past the  
headquarters (Rua Ina) of the Catholic  
mission.

The Gibson Islands Ltd. is about Rere  
700 acres of water. I pumiled about in  
a swamp for a time, picking some  
water beetles, spiders and *Blattella* &  
seeing a monitor, well over three feet  
long. It got away very quickly.

A new cocoon just a cocoon  
occurs in numbers on leaves

In the afternoon I took another walk  
to the bush. Wells that have been dug  
in the tracts are swarming with tadpoles.  
They are also in some water casks. Adult  
frogs are scarce.

Native rats brought in tin turned out European

Toward Kani Kani the coast character  
changes. The mountains instead of  
being far back & precipitous come to  
within less than a mile from the shore  
& more easily sloping.

22 July 1, 1916.

A little before noon we reached Mamonia, another Sever station. The beach here is coral. A dirty stream flows out & the water in the little harbor is badly discolored. As at other places we unloaded rice, biscuit & tobacco, yanked a little with the man in charge & hurried back to the boat.

The eastern end of Guadalcanar is rather deeply embayed, with more frequent islands, which get smaller toward the east.

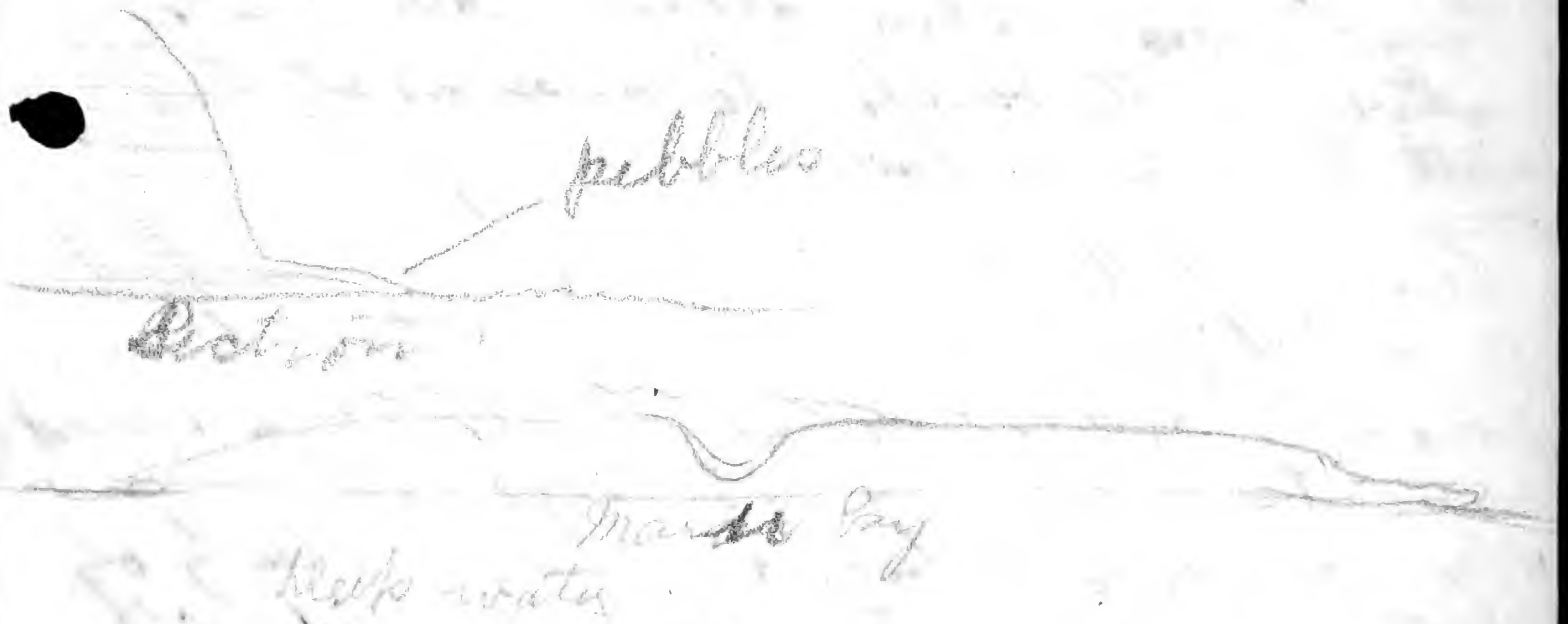
### Guadalcanar Geology

N. coast. From ~~W. end~~ to Cape Esperance to Lunga point; Bold show, scarce reef passages, no anchorage, Lunga pt. to Ghera I. broad shallow bays, flats extending from  $1/4$  to 1 mile. To East end, deep water along shore, a few fringing reef in places. Patches near Anula. Eastern end broken into many islands, with water 15 to 20 fathoms; too deep to anchor

~~After five hours~~ <sup>six or a half</sup> after ~~five~~ hours open, but calm sea, we reached Marau Bay, on S. Cristoval. The island presents a curious outline. The coast hills rise abruptly & the coast is level nearly across the island, but dissected with a "V" shaped cut at the middle. The

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slope to the north is gradual & to the south there is a well elevated platform, other ranges rise behind, all densely wooded.



The narrow foreshore (up to 1/4 mile long) is flat. The beach is of pebbles.

At night we fished from the deck in about a hundred feet of water. Caught only a small "bonito". The crew played cards near us. "He looks like King belong you."

On shore in the morning a number of natives, coast & bush men, came down to look at us. They kept in separate lots. Cannibalism is common here, so it is very probable that these visitors were real ones. The coast people had knee trowsers, one a white pair with red stripes, the bush people did not.

Large myriapods were all about, on the ground.

The men gathered a dozen bunches of bananas. Also flowers for hair.



<sup>24</sup> We sailed along the N.W. coast till 10.30 A.M. The low coast range is fairly regular, close to the shore & about a hundred feet high.

Passed several native villages, with naked natives on the beach. A mission station, with the mission building on piles.

Anchored at Baroni. Came out Monford an old skipper who has a plantation there. Also Dick Richardson, an Philadelphia colored man, tall & big. He is satisfied with life - "No worry except tucker, & there's plenty of that." A big hearty voice. Married, with two children. Was watermelons growing. Bought an armful of tinned beans aboard. Been here eight or nine years, Monford gave a turkey.

July 2 - 16

At Ngi, flat island, slightly elevated in middle, reefed. Met Dickinson who was laid up ~~with~~ and later Hall, who also had a sore on his ankle. Can stop off when I come back. Night in bay. Mendolin by Hall.

<sup>July 3 - 16</sup> Across from Ngi is Bid, another rather flat island, owned by Lever's & managed by a German named Busch. Back from the house a hundred yards is a swamp & I heard four or five frogs croaking - six notes to the croak - but could not see any of them.

The boss boy came to me & asked me to tell one "English fellow" that they was not getting enough rice. "No full up, we can work good fellow."

July 3-16.

Left Agia at nine o'clock for the "Three Sisters" and reached about eleven.

After breakfast I went ashore.

There is a beautiful bay, very

Three sisters

narrowly separated from the sea by a spit that is a mile long & in places no more than twenty five feet broad. Mangroves are in little patches on the tide flats. I walked along this and into the forest along a brush

track. Large blocks of coral stick out here and there in the woods. Small crabs & gobies were plentiful. Cecophylla was common and a new Leptoglossus was found. The latter were swarming on a tree & on the ground at its base. Several males indicated that it was a mating flight, though I saw no female. Even in the forest mangroves were predominant & Pandanus ~~and~~ common. Casuarina

occurred in patches.

A big area has been cleared & now is a forest of stumps. The Three sisters have never been inhabited before.

We left at five in the evening

26 for Santa Cruz with a rather rough sea on that makes the "Kibloks" roll considerably.

July 4 & 5, 1916.

The trades ahead have kept the ship on the bounce continually. At night sharp flurries of rain.

The 4<sup>th</sup> passed quietly. All I could do was to occasionally insult the ship's officers by way of being patriotic. At night both the Great Bear & the Southern Cross were out, equally prominent. At 3.30 on the 5<sup>th</sup> we sighted Santa Cruz & the volcano "Tiniakula", about 30 miles due east. A rain & heavy clouds obscured them again. We keep plugging along at about five knots an hour.

Some of our passengers are sick. One of them who sits outside my door has a sore leg. To help it he wears on his left wrist a string, with two pieces of wood tied on.

The weather got worse in the evening; became very misty, but the Captain got the boat into Graciosa Bay. The entrance is clear of reef, but hard to see in in dark. After we entered, many lights were sighted along the shore, fishing parties, and a boat with Mr. Jack Mathews came out & signalled with a torch the proper anchorage. He came aboard & we had a yarn.

July 6 1916

The weather was clear & the bay could be seen well. It is about three & a half miles long and one and a half wide. Matthews house is on a promontory, which forms a good small harbor. The point is cleared & planted in nuts. The woods elsewhere are densely wooded, & elevated.

I took a stroll and not a hundred yards away found a fine red Adiantum that was nesting in the hollow of a moss-covered coral stone. Phylactis was very common & a species of Amorpha on the leaves was very abundant. I was "shook" and was driven out of the bush by mosquitoes. They were terrible.

A dozen canoes came out & hung about the ship. These were outriggers, with very narrow bodies, unladen by lime. They are dug out, & the cavity is four feet wide enough to let a man stand. On the platform of each was a low stool bunch of arrows for each man. There is still constant fighting between different factions. Mr. Matthews tells me that on the beach in front of the house there is an occasional set to. The Santa Cruz natives all use arrows & nothing else in fighting.

The men aboard were clothed in short aprons & wore arm-lets of shell, arm-lets of shell money. Each had a flat nose piece, which covered his mouth, or three inches of it. Ear rings were varied. Shell was the commonest, but tortoise shell & a long arrangement of beads were also favorites. One man had rings of shell; on these rings of tortoise shell & on these which from a man. The personal

28/ property of each - mostly a gourd  
for lime, was carried in baskets.  
Big discs of shell were on the breasts of  
some. I tried to get some amulets of  
made of grass-wool & shell, but the  
price was too high.

They were a jovial crowd. Many  
had been "along Solomon" and spoke  
pidgin English very well.

One man in morning had his hair  
hanging like a mop, in clusters, about  
his shoulders.

I bargained with them a little while & got  
a bunch of arrows at one stick of tobacco  
each. Natives fear these arrows!

July 7, 1916. Partly weather  
Selmes & I went across the bay to  
some villages. These extend along the  
coast for about three miles. They are  
walled with stones. The houses are of slabs,  
covered with thatch in places. I went into  
the bush, followed by a dozen of the natives  
& we all collected, with shrieks of laughter.  
Big ants were common in the stone walls  
and big green ones in the trees. My pistol  
cartridges were fought for by the youngsters.  
Red "crab" spiders were abundant in the  
bush & there were lots of ants. One, a  
slender Ponerine, of which I got only  
a single worker, was on a tree trunk  
going towards its nest with food. I followed  
it & it finally disappeared into a  
cavity in the hard wood & was lost. The  
one which I got was in the same place  
near the nest entrance. Papilio!  
Boas very common. Amphisbaena.

I waited in a native house for 29  
Selmas. The house was about 15 x 20 x 14  
& dark inside. Three low doors. Smoke  
blackened walls & ceiling. Tobacco pipes  
eyes became accustomed to the darkness I  
could make out a central fire place -  
a square pit, with a heavy post  
at each corner, with two shelves at  
the top. ~~The~~ floor covered with coarse, dirty  
mats. Fish nets, bows, arrows, axes,  
& a case of tobacco in the house. The  
chief (the richest man in the village) had  
a great deal of dignity about him  
& was very courteous to me.

The men sat about & talked. Some had  
their heads tinted with lime, sort of  
continental fashion. Betel nut - Alumi!

No women were about. I saw one bunch  
in the woods, tending & watching me.  
I wanted their photos, but George, the  
Santa Cruz to sum of the Kobilaks  
explained

"No more. May be ~~to~~ polite!"

July 8, 1916. Kobilaks left. I stayed  
with Mr Mathews.

A native who had been  
a good aid yesterday came over to guide  
me through the bush. He was dressed up  
for the occasion in a pitifully poor &  
ragged coat, vest & trousers, quite  
European. We spent the day out. The  
mosquitoes were damnably tormenting.  
I found a Rhopalotrix! in rotten  
wood & several other good things.  
Spiders are not nearly as abundant  
as in Fiji or the Solomons.

30/ The aspect of the fauna is typically Solomon Island.

July 9, 1916.

Sunday. With two of Mather's boys into the bush along a stream. A few forest, with many brake, tree ferns, big ferns, palms & an occasional buttress tree. Low ground, somewhat swampy & "no strong fellow". As to the prevailing insects. In the river were three species of shells, one long & tapering another the spined Nematina. Wingless tiger beetles.

Small hermit crabs in a land shell that I did not find elsewhere. When leased, they leave the shell & stick their abdomens in the nearest hole in the ground.

Mosquitoes continue. They make a hell out of the forest. Few birds in bush.

At the house there are some very small sand flies that can bite viciously.

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Natives

Have never been cannibals; regard the practice with horror.

Wives bought at about £10. Those who can afford it have several (banana fibre)

Money & small mats; feathers (red) stuck on fibre from bark, in long coils.

When they kill pigs they don't like to lose the blood so they drown them. (In Malaita they strangle them). After it becomes carrion they still eat it.

Head-making. The head of a favorite wife or child is often preserved - the spirit is kept in by stopping the holes with plugs of wood, & mother of pearl eyes are used put in.

Never were head hunters.

At certain seasons the natives fish with <sup>31</sup>  
bites and a string of with a spider web on it  
this is mostly in December, after "gar fish"

About Graciosa Bay are the most savage  
natives. When Mathews came here they  
came over & tried to boss things, assuming  
a superior air. In attack Mathews  
besieged the island & held them off  
with his Solomon Islanders. Great black-  
mailers; trump up charges & asked for  
cane of tobacco.

Nose ornaments. When the men go away to work  
on the plantations they leave their "jewelry".  
The nose ornament of tortoise shell is taken  
off, after being softened by steaming - a  
painful process.

The round disc of Tridacna shell on the  
breast represents the moon, as does the  
crescent of the Malaita natives.

About 1906, the Reef Islanders had all  
embraced Christianity but one. The  
converts held a meeting & resolved to make  
it a unanimously Christian Island,  
so they drove the outsider on to the  
reef and filled him full of arrows.

Natives in a fight arrange the arrows  
fan shaped in their belts so as to  
be grabbed easily



32 July 10, Monday. Santa Cruz  
Roved with Mr. Mathews to his new  
clearing, across the little river. A  
patch of eight acres has been cleared &  
planted in sweet potatoes which keeps  
the land cleared. The roots are  
planted in holes about two feet deep  
— and, because of the potato vines, easy  
to fall into — from seedlings from  
the little nursery by the house.  
A number of new things, including a  
bi-colored Cerochetus & a fly & a  
Pelaphid gnat of Adontomachus,  
brought up.

On the way home we heard conches  
being blown on the other side of the  
bay by the weather doctors, who are  
as tired of the rain as I am, if  
possible. They want good weather for  
fishing.

A man & two boys were waiting at  
the store for coco trade, with strings  
of copra, eight nuts to the string. Their  
principal want was tobacco, a stick  
to the string, but one took a lamp. To  
the tune of 240 nuts. The man  
had a curious formation of his  
legs. From the knee downward the  
bones formed an arc. Mathews says  
that this malformation is common  
on the island.

Mosquitoes damnable, damnable.  
Three species of Sphinx came in at night;  
one of them a new form

July 11, Tuesday, Santa Cruz.  
 I climbed on the hill back of the beach. A limestone cliff, from twenty to fifty feet high & very broken extending parallel to the beach about a hundred yards (at closest point) to the beach. In several places it is overhanging & stalactites & stalagmites have been formed (largest up to four feet long).

Rained most of the day. Mr. Mathews kept records of rain for two years & it averaged nearly four hundred inches.

A fine Amalago bone was resting in a log, in termites galleries. I got a good series of the microstructure.

The weather doctor across the bay is still busy with his conch shells. I hope he blows the rain away.

There is a village in the bush where renegades from the coast tribes live. When a man runs away with the wife of another he goes there. They would be shot at on the coast. As they raise their own tobacco & have no money they do very little trading.

The "Kabiloko" came in late at night.

July 12, 1916. Wednesday.

With "Georgie" & a boat crew for recruiting, went across the bay. My boy, Charlie came along. We got off on a sand spit opposite the island at the head of the bay and walked about two miles along the coast. For a mile there

34 was a poor trail & no settlements. I got a  
new black Cololopsis in a hollow vine.  
Further down we passed a number of villages  
& were driven by the rain into one of the houses.  
The men of the village gathered in & we  
stayed a while. One man, confused by  
the different missions asked "What name  
God belong place belong you?" A little  
orphan boy in the crowd seemed a great  
favorite among the men. He had on his  
father's nose & earrings & anklets. Jimmy took  
the chief, a courteous old fellow, gave me  
a basket of panna, & a meal of panna,  
"nallow" nut, a nut four times as large  
as an almond, with flattened kernels, <sup>very</sup>  
packed, rich & oily, and a pudding.  
The latter, made of bread fruit & coconut  
was brought in ~~long~~ black wooden  
bowls, with handles, & was good <sup>prepared</sup> of chief.

Our argument arose about some leaves used  
with bell & everyone started shouting. A  
quarrel seemed imminent, but a wedding  
ceremony passing the door detracted  
their attention. We all went out and  
saw the principal part of the ceremony -  
the payment for the bride, four old  
bags, each with a heavy load of coils  
of native money on her head. As  
they passed the door, <sup>we</sup> one set up  
a lusty yell, probably of felicitation.

A dance pavilion by the door was  
round in shape 30 feet in diameter &  
surrounded by thin slabs of coralline

35  
rock set on end. The enclosed space was  
packed hard. During a dance this is  
welled & the stamping of the feet exaggerated.

Each village has several open wells.  
I saw them drawing up water & drinking  
it out of a Nemth shell on a string,  
a handy & very pretty cup.

At the last village we wanted to enter  
the whale boat came. Two men had  
expressed their willingness to sign on.  
George came up with the boat crew &  
two cases of tobacco & a big trading  
chest. One of the recruits backed out  
but, after a lot of talk, the other decided  
to come, so a case of tobacco, an  
axe & knife & parcel. "axe, knife, parcel  
& case". The case is 15 lb. tobacco. The  
parcel consists of a piece of calico, a  
half dozen clay pipes, a sheath  
knife, looking glass & belt with a  
pouch.

When this was negotiated the recruit  
stripped of his nose ring, earrings &  
all ornaments except his shell amulets,  
picked up a bow & a bunch of arrows  
& we all went to the whale boat.

Every one seemed cheerful & did a  
lot of shouting & yelling. No one said  
"good bye" to the recruit, who huddled  
forward in the boat & looked miserable.  
A heavy rain had set in, which  
kept up until we had almost  
crossed the bay. The boys who were

36) not rowing held up from palm leaves  
as umbrellas & shivered with the cold.  
As we neared the steamer George hoisted  
the red flag - sign of a recruit - & even  
one on the boat, including the whistle,  
made all the noise possible.

I stayed ashore at night & Mathews told  
me some more yarns. He is looked upon  
as one of the natives, an honour, as  
they consider themselves the elite.  
He told me of their being out with him  
because he "one of us" had told a  
tourist on a boat not to pay such  
exorbitant prices for curios.

Rain all night. There has been scarcely  
any good weather during my stay.

We got off in the morning at  
about 10. heading for Sikiama. Mathews  
waved at us from his veranda. We  
won't see another white man for  
three months.

The sea was not over rough, in spite  
of the side wind. As we had plenty  
of time, Capt. Wood, went a little  
out of his way to get close to the  
volcano "Tivakula". This is an  
irregular cone. There is not a  
fringing reef, but only some patches.  
Some beached  $3/4$  the distance to  
the top & there are scattered trees even  
higher. Lava drifts looking like  
trunks come down about a fourth  
distance from the top. Coconuts on beach

Sikiana

Break the distance to top

July 14, 1916. At Sea.

Easy roll, bright sun. Waves look silvery on top. Fairly cool. Heavier sea at night.

July 15 - Off Sikiana.

Sighted Sikiana by moonlight - Islands show up as low dark patches. Lay to just all night! Not slept on upper deck.

July 16. Sikiana.

In the morning the islands could be seen. They are very low & flat. Four of them in a big lagoon surrounded by a reef some twenty miles long & in places, a half mile broad. No anchorage outside

belly & I went ashore. There is but one passage through the reef. The tide was falling & the water of the whole lagoon surging through the passage & tumbling in broad cascades through over the reef. At its narrowest part the passage was only thirty feet across & about

36 ft. as deep. We tried to go along the sides, but three times got into the tremendously swift current & carried back a hundred yards, where we grounded on the reef & tried again. At the apex there was a rise of three feet.

We finally got through. The inner reef flat is chock-a-block with patches & the boat passage tortuous. The resident trader, Mr. Skov Boye met us with a little dingy, fitted with an outboard engine & we left the heavier, loaded whale boat for the boys to bring.

In the beach we were met by a crowd of natives, straight haired & smiling, some of them with a mongolian aspect (Gilbert I. blood), a resemblance heightened by peaked hats of straw. The island had been recently swept by a storm & the single row of houses was in bad condition. A heavy canoe, inland a hundred feet was evidence of the extent of the storm. We went into the store & residence of Boye, a large native house on piles. The crowd followed us. They seemed the most affectionate people I have seen, all the young ones holding each others arms, or with their arms about their waists.

The men are large & well formed. Some of them incline to fat, but this is in their arms & legs & not in the trunk. They are tattooed with an elongate pattern over the shoulders & down the arms. Some have mustaches. One boy, long & slender & with the perfect face of a Greek god brought me some bananas. The men remembered a ship that had been there with another collector one or some years ago.

The women are pretty, even the old ones do not get too fat. The latter are tattooed down the throat & abdomen & on the thighs. They wear little jewelry, chiefly rings made from shillings, skillfully beaten flat & generally worn with a tortoise shell ring on either

side. The tots are the prettiest I have ever seen. Every one is clean skinned & no one malformed (They kill imperfect babies). 37

When I went into what is left of the bush (only a few species of useful plants are left) a small crowd followed & one tiny young lady of about 7 years, Kai-ipa by name and a vision of childish beauty, took & firmly held my non-collecting hand. There was little in the bush. On the largest island there is a swamp, but I could not go over.

In the village I was surrounded & hugged most of the stay. My pipe was much admired & every native, man & woman, tried to exchange theirs for it, & failing in that, to smoke it. The word "thumbor" was sufficient, so Kai-ipa & I had it to ourselves, loaning it very sparingly now and then to particular friends. Sometimes Kai-ipi would disengage her self from me and do a war dance, making grimaces as horrible as her pretty face would admit & advancing, arms out, in a threatening attitude. Kai-ipa's only tattooing was in two lines across the base of each finger. For convenience use as a belt & shirt, but she hung it about her neck.

The natives live mostly on <sup>mounts</sup> fish, pandanus roots, taro (grown in the swamp). They make toddy & also a sort of molasses, quite palatable, from the seedling cocos-nut. No missionary has ever been permitted to live on the island. "Devil devils" run the place,



3<sup>d</sup> but it is more kindly & human than any mission village that I have seen.

Taboo is very strict on many things. It is taboo to use sails on canoes during the day time, except on steamer days.

The cargo of copra was taken on as we left, with the population standing on the beach & waving. Coming out through the passage was lively, simply rapids shooting.

Polynesia is pleasant, but too much of it would be bad for one who must spend part of his time among less ~~f~~-decent people.

Ugi. July 27, 1916

We left Sikiama at night & had a rough time. Just morning passed close to Alawa a small but very rough island & close to Pid. Anchored in the evening at Pawa, Ugi. Just morning Capt. Wood took Wall & I across to Wai-ai on San Cristobel, & I bid farewell to the Kobiloko.

Wai-ai is one of the three stations owned by Dickerson & Wall. A small frame & corrugated iron house is made cool & comfortable by an additional roof of thatch.

I spent four days here, collecting up a river and in the bush along the beach. A large, salmon-red snail, with a very small body was common on leaves. A big centipede turned up & five large Bulimus were

brought to me by the plantation boys <sup>39</sup>  
On a lemon tree by the house I found  
a Cremastogaster & several workers of  
Opisthopsis. Could not locate the nest  
of either. A large colony of Oecophylla  
was in the same tree.

Saw natives only once at Wai-ai, a  
lot of three men & a woman. The men  
carried long spears.

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Dickinson came in the "Wai-ai" an  
auxiliary cutter & we all went over  
to Pawa, Ngi, the head station, about  
five six and a half miles.

A large three room house with mandak,  
all made of "betel" palm wood is pleasantly  
situated near the beach, front a  
broad, deep bay - Delwin Bay.

A good forest road leads to the native  
village of Ete-ete & along it the  
collecting is very good.

The natives have been especially  
industrious, bringing chiefly land  
shells. One beautiful Bulinus,  
green when alive, salmon when  
cleaned, is common on the betel  
palm & I have obtained about five  
hundred specimens. Boas are plentiful.  
The natives say of one arboreal  
species that when it falls to the  
ground it can't climb the tree again,  
so dies. Three frogs have been  
brought in.

40 With Dickinson & Hall I have taken many walks about. Let Ete-ete met Hamiel Butaro, an old man who, when a child followed Guppy about. He came with me for a day, he is a very good naturalist & has a name for everything. He gave one name to the three genera of Cicindelidae, showing that he connected them. A white recently described the apterous one to me as an ant.

The wasp, he told me, "Little bit needle stop along tail belong him; tail he bite. My word!"

He told me also of the first whites who were seen here. The boat was sighted to the south of San Cristobel & news was brought across by canoe. The San Cristobel natives followed the ship - a whaler - around the island. The Ugi natives followed it as it tacked, from one end of the island to the other. - "Uim no kai-kai-lim walk about". When the boat anchored some of the Ugi ones went out. Man stop, Uim white. People very debil-debil. Uim no savey other place he stop. He took Uim Pansa, Mala & Gadulcanar, Uim say all place he finish word. A piece of hoop iron five inches long bought a pig, a newspaper another. "Uim like any thing belong white man, all same you like any thing belong Ugi." Peter, a well educated native,

with a beautiful lot of fish hooks, gave me one. He talked about me not giving a return. Daniel also gave me some hooks, & explained that he was a different sort of fellow, and did not regret that the Governor of New Guinea had made no return to him for two fowls he had given.

July 28, 1916. Ngia.  
found a Phasmid, about five inches long, that shot a milky spray backward over two feet distance.

The boys who are going home gave a big "Kai Kai" to the island natives. The latter assembled & the Malaita boys came out of the woods all dressed up in garlands. One fine effect was achieved by one who had a band of white cotton across his forehead. Another had his hair decorated with red peppers. They advanced dancing - chiefly jumping from side to side & stamping, - to the tune of pan-pipes played by three. Now & then they stopped & yelled.

The feast consisted of cutting up & dividing three pigs, and the distribution of an immense quantity of native vegetables & puddings, the latter done up in cocconut leaves. The food was first exhibited spread on leaves & I saw several suspicious green flies about. Pieces of pork, fat & leaves were

~~42~~ eaten on the spot, afterwards the ladies carried the food home.

Hall, Freshwater and I went in the "Wai-ai" to the "Three Sisters." Ireland met us near his house on Malacpinia, the largest of the islands. His first news was that he was out of starch, cheap, considering that we had none. However on pigeons, rice, fish & corn. flour, with excellent bread, we had four days of good-enough feed. Lobsters,

Santa Cruz labourers were clearing to the south of the house & in that locality I found a series of specimens surprising after my first visit & its barren results. Tree snails were abundant. Boas common.

Spiders there & in the standing bush were scarce, compared to the nearby islands.

Ants were abundant in the felled trees, Oecophylla, a fearful nuisance, so common that there was scarcely a moment among the branches of fallen trees that I was not being bit by them.

Podomyrma was found nesting in small cavities high among the "vesi" trees. Three nests were in one branch. They were not connected, only one contained <sup>one</sup> ♀'s so it is probable that each was a branch of the colony.

A single nest of Aptelostoma with one ♀ was in a cavity on a tree trunk, covered by bark.

Iguanas were very common in the cleared spaces & I saw two large monitors along a trail in the bush.

The highest point in the island is <sup>443</sup>  
125 feet high. Most is much lower.  
The soil is shallow & in places covered  
with coral. Because of the heavy silt  
the soil is clay & the undergrowth seems  
different to that of the other islands.  
You see very little in walking the trails,  
most of the life being arboreal.

Wood "lines" running across the island  
make good paths. Now the eastern side  
the reef is far out & the surf very heavy.  
For a hundred feet back from the shore  
is a grove of fine Pandanus. This,  
a sort of agave and a wiry grass  
is the only vegetation. On the agave  
were numbers of a small Cerambycid.

I saw one of the large apterous  
Cicindelids ovipositing in a stump.  
It has its body erected & the ovipositor  
inserted into the soft central tissue.

Birds were scarce, but I saw several  
of the red-necked birds used as money in  
Santo Cruz. The boys catch them with  
bird lime, pluck out the red feathers &  
let them go again.

Bigas is common on the island & is  
frequently caught.

The island has not been inhabited for  
many generations. The tale is that  
the old population was exterminated  
by Malaita men - quite probable.

The spider noted was taken from  
beneath coral blocks & wood, where it

44 lives in silk-lined holes.

Pests - flies, mosquitoes (these not bad during my second visit), chiggers & dog ticks - are bad on the Three Sisters.

We returned to Panua via Mai-ai. Ireland came with us. Just as we were leaving Mai-ai, we saw the "Koonae kara" steaming eastward. The team excited & when we reached Ngai made immediate arrangements with Jack Ruck to take him back in the morning. We suffered a bad leak on the way.

Ngai, August 9, 1916.

There are many pleasant walks about Panua. The broad forest trail leading to Ete-ete is best. Leading from it are numerous side paths <sup>paths</sup> made by natives, others by wild hogs.

Southward there is a cleared patch & beyond a beach trail to a little settlement headed by a Malaita man settled on Ngai. Above are several good trails; one beside a small, clear stream, I found some fine Adonata along this stream. On top of the range is a small village. Hall & I went up there. Large "patches" are near & each house we looked into contained a big pile of panna ready for planting. A large green arboreal Cicindelid

is common, mostly sitting on <sup>45</sup>  
leaves along paths. It is not  
especially active. Its mandibles are  
long & sharp & capable of a sharp  
bite. When caught it gives off  
an odor not unlike that of crushed  
rose petals.

Tree snails are everywhere. The  
raust are a couple of species with  
heavy opercula. One short, figal  
species is very common on the  
betel palm. A number of flat  
Cunctionids were also taken on the  
betel.

Dragon flies of one type - the red  
broad winged form - swarms  
in the cleared spaces on the  
edge of woods. The wing color  
ranges from blood red to colorless.  
The commonest form is yellowish  
brown.

Today I heard some tree-frogs  
piping, but could not locate any.

Aug 9, '16

Harry & Bilge started off to Malacca.  
To return the time expired boy (a  
happy looking lot) and recruit new  
ones. They dropped me at Bis, where  
Jack Rich met me in his dingy.  
Ashore the boys brought me a lot  
of Buprestidae which they had  
found feeding on plant leaves.  
Jack has a neat place & a



46. fine vegetable garden - cabbage, beans, turnips, peas, onions - and I've started orange, lemon & mummy apple plants + bananas.

In the swamp, a couple of hundred yards from the house frogs sing constantly. I got, mostly from the boys, nearly fifty of them. In the bush there was not a lot of material, but there was no trail, so I saw little of it.

In the evening I played ~~dominoes~~ checkers with Jack's wife, a Blawá girl. She played a fair game, but got mad when a man was in the way. "What name this fellow he stop!"

Jack brought me back to Ugi the next day in his little launch. It took only an hour to make the run. We towed a large whale boat, the "Pena".

Aug. 11 - '16. Panna.

Gov Dickinson & I in the whale boat crossed to "Panna", the Melanesian Mission station on San Cristobel. It took six hours with a very poor breeze to make it.

We had a bad time getting ashore because of a heavy surf. Gov got

very wet & had a bad chill on the 47  
beach.

Rev. H. J. Bird met us on the beach.

Rev. C. E. Fox came a few moments  
later.

Panama Bay is a semi circular &  
well protected. <sup>Small</sup> white sand  
island a quarter mile from shore  
is a turtle laying ground. About  
forty acres have been cleared about  
the station & planted in nuts. A  
good frame house, with a fine  
lawn in front & a little cluck  
at the side, & a boat house is at  
one end and the village of the school  
boys, three rows of houses, 3 boy houses,  
a dining hall, a school, game house  
tool shed, on the other. There are forty  
boys, from San Cristobel, ~~the~~ Kawa,  
Malaita, Guadalcanal, Santa Cruz,  
Ruf Island, Shuff Group, Itupua -  
a mixture of Melanesian & Polynesian  
Boys are taken in at from 10 to 11 years  
of age & kept four or five years.

Taught in Motu (just now introducing  
English) arithmetic, reading &  
writing & religion. & prepared for  
Folke Island school where they  
are finished as teachers.

The boys do a little manual labor,  
working their gardens, building, &  
keeping the village clean.  
Not allowed to smoke or chew betel nut.

48 (I saw them at the latter in the bush.)

Aug. 12-16

Some twenty of the boys have been into the bush with Joe & me collecting. Twenty pairs of eyes are better than four and a good amount of specimens came in. Our march through the bush was taken by the boys as a picnic & loud shouts & squeals were in order. Joe made himself popular by stumbling down a log over a stream.

A hill rises two or three hundred yards back of the house & a stream comes down. We found many spiders on the trail, but the boys spied three small bats on the underside of a leaf. I could not make out what they were; three small brown balls, but fed into them & got one. Afterwards found a dozen more of the same.

A new Polychaetus makes a nest, firmer in texture than the common one on Igi. It is much more timid and active.

The small beetles with the slender brown Myrmicine were with in the passage that the ant makes beneath bark.

Eastward about ~~an~~ a mile on the coast is the deserted village of Rapa-ro Rapa-rafa. A half dozen houses, with carved & memorial posts (many

sitting in fish's jaws) and the  
roofs hung with hog jaws & flying  
fox skins, deserted on account of  
dysentery.

We met a man just in from the  
bush. He was very excited, just having  
had a fight with some bush men -  
mostly talk. We carried four long  
spears.

Aug 14-16.

Collected back of the house. In evening  
had a yarn with Rev. Fox - one of  
the missionaries who is different  
He is worried because yesterday the  
men in a village to the west (seven  
miles) yesterday went up into the  
bush & speared five women, bringing  
one back with them for provender.

Mr. Fox told me of an archdeacon  
who had just given a sermon on  
"If you have two coats," and after-  
wards a coatless native asked for his other  
white one.

Routine for Mission boys.

Conch shell at 6.4.11.

6.30 Service, followed by tea & biscuit.

Work in gardens to 9.30.

10.00 Breakfast. Boiled rice, sometimes coconut milk.

11.30 School.

12.45 School out. Play until 4.00.

(Except cooks, who are selected from  
The boys & cook for a week.)

4.00 to 4.30 school.

5.15 tea, sweet potatoes, yam, meat on

Sundays & special days.

7.00 Evening service, followed by school till 8.00

50 8.00. 15 minutes preparation for  
next day.  
8.15 Bed bell. 8.30 lights out.  
Wed. afternoon & Saturday - whole holidays.  
Sunday. Services in morning & evening.

At conclusion of two years the boys  
go home on the Southern Cross &  
return by it on the next voyage.

Aug. 16.


We are having many sharp showers.  
Sometimes these are severe. One April  
~~morning~~ fell in  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , 3.3 inches fell in  
an hour and a half.

Life is pleasant at the station. In  
the house is a large & excellent library,  
composed of the books of Rev. Mund, Fox &  
a Rev. Shrew - the latter now dead.  
Rev. Fox's part contains many books on  
the South Seas.

The surf in front of the house beats  
constantly.

I took us walked along the coast  
northward to a village & tried to get the  
natives at collecting. Bought some arm  
bands & fish hooks from them. The  
women were not frightened & even  
the children were bolder than in  
most of the villages. Two of the  
missionary boys went with me part  
way, but found a "naki" nut tree,  
the fruit of which detained them. In  
the bush I came to a large stream,  
a hundred feet across <sup>and</sup> three or  
four deep where the trail crossed it,  
but on the beach I was able to

cross the mouth, there only a small, though swiftly flowing stream. Most of the streams here are like that, terminating near the beach, when the water seeps through, but opening up after a rain. The surf throws back the sand over the mouth & closes it again.

The coast is one succession of broad bays  with sand beaches. Poor harbours.

Aug 17, 1916.

Bathing in surf with Jim & boys. Good sand bottom & fine surf to jump up on or dive through. For a trip to the cleared top of a hill to the east. On the way back met a man carrying a young Cassin and a monitor tied onto a stick. Put the Cassin in a box. It is pretty well torn.

Patterson, the cook here, is the stupidest, slowest, dirtiest native I have seen in the group, which is an infinite statement. He is superlative in all objectionable qualities. He leaves my dirty wash water in the basin regularly & just now has destroyed a fine Polyrhachis nest that I left to dry in the sun. He is a great affliction.

Aug. 18.

In the morning I looked at the school boys. They are in two buildings the smaller in one, & when I went in there, with sober looks at their

52 slates, were trying to divide 4357 by 35. They looked at me and at each other, just like school boys all over.

In a field I found the nest of the small, black Camponotus that has annoyed me. It was in a twig on the ground. Another and, a tiny black & yellow one, new to me was beneath a stone - very small colony. In the afternoon I brought in three ant nests, all Polyrhachis. When the leaf on which the nests are built is out, the ants swarm out. Sometimes the nest acts as a sounding box, magnifying the noise of their feet. If the nest is left on the ground they soon ~~return~~ enter & can then be carried to the house. A jar snatches them come out again, but they soon return.

The "Southern Cross" has just come into the harbor. It is a wonderful, clear night & the boys, all of them have lined up in front of the door with the question, put one by one "May I stay out tonight, please? May I too, please?" - over & over again, to the reply "Right" by the missionary. They are going fishing on the reef. Signaling to boat with flaming arrows.

Boys dormitory.

53

Long houses, with ~~twenty~~ fourteen or fifteen beds in each. Platforms on poles. Mosquito nets. Each bed with a hook or so & a tin or box containing the property of the owner. One end of the house is screened off and rooms the native teacher.

Aug. 19, Saturday. Panna.

In the morning the boys swept clean the paths on the grounds. Then at football or loafing for the day. Most of them sit in the boat house and watch the boats from the "Southern Cross" coming through the surf.

Several of the men from the ship came ashore & yamed for a while.

Rev. Fox tells me that the rocks in general on San Cristobel lie unconformably, with limestone above volcanic rock.

The boys come and ask for things. One learns the sentence & "gets it out with much trouble"; "May I have a coconut, ples?" Others, following, use the stock expression, "May I too, ples."

Everyone from the "Cross," except the bishop & the watch, came ashore in the afternoon & we had a game of cricket. The Panna tot's beating the ship's crew 69 to 53. There were representatives of practically all the islands from New Hebrides westward in the game. The Captain's boat got swamped coming through the surf and every one in it got well soaked.



54 At the skipper's invitation, I went off to dinner. Met Rev. Wood, Bishop of Melanesia, a tall, slender and rather young man.

After dinner service was held in the little chapel which opens on the dining room.

On the way back our boat got sideway to the surf & stood on one end side. The boys crouched ready to jump, but all that happened was ~~stripping~~ one big wave, mostly on my aft end.

The waves are striking the beach at intervals of five seconds, about four bigger ones to the minute <sup>Sounds like engines chopping off steam in normal hours & "boom"!</sup>

Aug. 20<sup>20</sup> - Sunday, Panna.  
Packed up, wrote some letters, cleaned shells. Washed out some plug tobacco & made it smokable.

Aug. 21, 1916. Panna.  
Rev. Fox's new house is being landed piecemeal from the "S. X". A carpenter will put it up for him while the boat is rounding the island.

Seventy new boys have been landed for the school. They are standing uncomfortably about, very self-conscious.

Each boy gets three loin cloths - two blue, one red (for Sunday); a blanket, a towel & mosquito net.

55

Ngi, from Panna.

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Aug. 22, 1918

In the afternoon the Southern Cross got away & made the anchorage off Levers' place on Ngi just at dusk. Rev. Fox & I went ashore at Ete etc & I had a yarn with Samiel & Peta, while he paid off his teachers. Joe came aboard & he, the skipper and I had a gab till one o'clock.

The "Belama" came in the harbor late, towed by the "Hawk". The former had Campbell & the police aboard. I hope for particulars later.

The settee in the skipper's cabin made a comfortable bed for me. We kept the light on to keep cockroaches away. They were walking across the papers on the desk & sounded like horses.

Aug. 23 - 16.

We were on the eastern shore of Ngi in the morning at the village of Makira. <sup>"Peta & his European house"</sup> This is the finest of the coast villages and has an extra good canoe house. The only other coast villages are Mwanipua & Marutharara. We

56 called at both.

The Bishop went ashore at each village. Many accounts of missionaries that I have read are mendacious & lies, no doubt, but Bishop Wood is every inch a Bishop, a man and a missionary. One can see the intense, sympathetic feeling he has for the natives. I saw, in a half dozen instances, him put some child. Ordinarily a child would run from a stranger, but these children all smile back. Perhaps some base, scientific, & covered with data & proof argument would prove that there was other reason than the Bishop's countenance & frank fondness of children, but I would not believe it.

One man aboard (Rev. G. D. Hopkins) a frail man physically, is going to Norfolk Island to teach. Twelve years ago he was planked down at Firi, Malaita, built a native house and settled down to teach. Once a native teacher was shot & killed while sitting at his side on the verandah. Another time Hopkins, in a small canoe, was cut off by two larger ones.

We stood in his canoe & said, <sup>57</sup>  
"you want to speak to me? what is it?"  
They said Malaita for "Mr. Hawthorn",  
sir" and paddled sheepishly away.

The skipper, too, has lived a life,  
mostly east of Suez. He tells you  
too, such as of coaling Jap. war  
boats out of the forward hatches &  
Russ out of the rear ones.

We crossed to Muwanitunki  
("Many bananas") on San Cristobel.  
On shore a large crowd was waiting.  
The Bishop inspected the church, a  
cement one (sands burned) coral.  
Fox paid the local teacher - sugar,  
calico and an axe, & I bought a  
plaited spear for five sticks on  
the shore.

We walked to a nearby village  
to Tawangisi. A road goes  
from here across the island.

Three of the men had been to Fiji,  
& we yarned fiercely for a time.

At Ngorangora were two little  
villages, both almost deserted,  
the population having gone back  
to the bush, and, as the Bishop  
sadly remarked, to their old  
ways. A really nice cement

55 church was in the inland village,  
and near it a big deserted men's  
house. A good canoe house in  
the shore village <sup>of Hamu</sup> had a carved  
allegorical top piece - two men,  
one pulling on the tail of a cuscus  
(the men looked like monkeys) with  
a frigate bird and a couple  
of fishes beneath.

People were down to meet us.  
Afterwards we learned that Campbell  
& his thirty soldiers had landed  
there and gone at once into the  
bush, but the natives said nothing  
about it.

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Aug. 24-16. Wainone bay.

Reached the bay in the evening. Rev.  
Fox & I went ashore to the Catholic  
mission, after I had said "good  
bye" to the men of the S.X. (There is  
no better lot of men.).

Father Moreau met us on  
the beach & father Babbo Babonneu  
welcomed us to the house. The latter  
has done mission work in  
Fiji, & a great bowl of yamgona  
was ready for us.

The Catholic (Marist) mission  
includes a square mile. In  
good frame house houses the

two fathers; another two sisters<sup>59</sup>  
(also Marxist). A church is  
between & to the north is the boys  
school. There are thirty boys, of  
all ages, ~~mostly~~ <sup>all</sup> from San  
Cristobal, and fifteen girls.

The school for girls was started  
in Dec. 1915. Boys school  
started in 1909.

Each small boy gets a cahico  
for work days, another and  
a singlet (or small coat made  
by the sisters) and a blanket.  
Soap is given & a little tobacco  
that is grown here. Their food  
is entirely from the garden, though  
sometimes rice has to be bought  
on account of shortage.

The boys rise in time to attend  
service at 6.00 A.M. (Those who  
are cooks - changed weekly) are  
up earlier.

After service - breakfast - pot  
kumalas yams - dinner &  
supper the same.

7.00 to 7.30 school.

Work in garden from 8.00 till  
tired! (10.00 or 11.00. They are  
fond of cutting trees & clearing.)

Afternoon free until 2.30 sleep or

10 go fishing.) (all taught in  
2.30 to 4. work. their native language)  
6.00 supper  
School

Evening prayer of supper.  
Then school. Father Moreau takes  
the small ones (not baptized) on  
the verandah for a half hour,  
then the mostly catechism.  
Then all go to the school house  
until 7.45.

Bed at 8.30. (generally.)

Besides above, the girls are taught  
plain sewing & mat making.  
The latter was taught first by a  
sister who had been in Fiji.

The girls go to the streams for  
prawns & small fishes.

The sisters cook for themselves  
for the fathers.

Aug. 25, 1916.

With Father Moreau to the bush village  
of Maniwaka a couple of miles from  
here. The path in places is on the  
edge of a precipice and, built for bare  
& sure feet & then partly washed away  
made an interesting climb. The village  
consists of a half dozen houses, placed closely  
together. Two are "devil-devil" houses, &  
contain bones of late lamented done up in  
meat baskets, & spears along the roof.  
The whole village was cleaner than any

I have seen here. The men were all 61  
away, getting ready for a feast to  
be held in ten days time (the puddings  
are already made) and only a few  
women were in the village. We entered  
a house & visited a time. The  
big central platform was over ten  
feet long & supported numerous pots  
and kettles of wood. Two pans  
contained small pigs. Several un-  
finished baskets - coarsely woven,  
completed the list of furniture,  
excepting the usual trade chests.  
Every one in the house had a bad  
cough, which Father Mouat says is  
common over the island. \*

One small girl of about eleven  
years had been married twice.

On the way back we were caught  
in a heavy storm & took shelter in  
another village Nami. I bought a  
spear (had bought a couple in  
Maniwaka) from a boy. A very  
large tambo house, about fifty  
feet long is in this village. It is  
almost in ruins. What I thought  
was a canoe, was really a  
pudding dish. Seven hog jars  
on the roof mark the number,  
a high one on this island, that were

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\*. Coconut trees in the village seemed  
to be very prolific, though the altitude  
is several hundred feet.



62 killed in the feast when the house was opened.

Aug. 26, 1916. Mariano Bay with Donaciano one of the mission boys from Guadalupe I climbed the steep trail back of the house which leads to the girls' gardens. We passed through these & later heard the girls singing about one going into the "scee-rub" to catch the little animals.

My boy's English was too good. When he grabbed a lizard & held a wriggling tail in his hand he explained, "Head belong him run away." About the Malaita mission he said "we gammon plenty". We asked whether there were Catholics in America & also Miss Young's Mission.

Another boy (Emilio) who has been out with me was bought by Father Babonera before he was born. His mother had another child. As they suckle the younger for three years the unborn one was to be killed. The priest bought it and raised it on tinned milk. He is now eleven years old and one of the brightest native boys I have seen.

Another interesting boy is a tot <sup>63</sup> recently from the bush. He is very suspicious of me, but today showed a great deal of expression when, to pay him for a very feeble lot of orange cigars, I offered him his pick of a string of blue or green beads. His eyes wandered from one to the other till he got both. He disappeared at one but came back soon with them alternating on a long string & now he wears them as a belt or as a necklace.

It must be disappointing to the missionaries not to have any show of gratitude for the labor they have spent. A native is taken in as a small child, fed, clothed, nursed when sick and educated. One day he goes away as a recruit, leaving no word. Someone took one of his boiled bananas three months ago, & he has availed himself of the first chance to run away.

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Polypachis is very uncommon in the vicinity of the mission. A new Crematogaster, a yellow one, was found nesting in a hollow stalk of a bush. A new Calobopsis and a Rhopalotermis also were taken.

644 Aug. 27, 1916.

Cambell has just sent a message saying that he does not know if he can get out of the group for island before three weeks, which leaves me in a nasty hole.

I went over to the South Sea Evangelical mission today. It is about a mile away. Walked on the beach. Had to ford a small river near the station. On the way I found some centipedes - the long slender type - beneath the bark of a log that is constantly overwashed during high tide.

The natives in the mission village seemed rather more surly than the average. Mr. Dick received me cautiously & we had a few moments chat, after which I went along, over the boggiest kind of a trail to two villages in back. Only a few women were in the first one. I got a snapshot of one in a native grass skirt. This. Myachile in sides of houses swamp

A couple of men & two women in the second village were very poor specimens of organisms. Two emaciated boys, both tots, with protruding bellies, skeletal legs and faces of old, worn out men were half heartedly walking about dragging play things - a piece of log

bone tied to a vine. They looked as <sup>65</sup>  
though they could not possibly live  
and symbolical of San Cristobal  
natives. There are ten deaths to one  
birth in this district according to  
Father Moreau.

The Catholic mission station is  
ideally situated. There are no  
mosquitoes or sand flies. A cool  
land breeze comes at night. The  
Fathers get a great deal of living  
from the land & with the little  
cares that the French put in their  
cooking, the menu is varied and  
good. Fish are plentiful, the hens  
lay eggs. Yesterday we had delicious  
coconut salad & some artificial  
stewed turnips, also from the papaya  
Taro leaves & coconut. Native leaves in  
salad. Water-cress has been planted. (1)

A special grove of mts has been planted  
for the boys.

In two months the ordinary boy can  
read a little. Small boys teach the  
newcomers the alphabet.

(1) The only troubles on the place are  
hawks which kill the chickens; also  
wild dogs, wild pigs and poverty due  
to the war keeping the money in  
France.

Rain nearly every day. Wonderfully cool nights.  
(Gorilla & Beer is water)

66 Aug 28, 1916 Wainoni Bay  
Up one of the little streams to the inevitable falls, not more than a quarter mile from the mouth. A new spider, white and brown, with an orb web & a twisted leaf for a shelter was over the water.

Three larvae of Microdora were in a nest of the bicolored Phidole beneath a stone near the water. This Phidole is always found beneath the stones or in logs in sandy soil & near water.

A village formerly stood in the forest "long time before little bit". The only traces left are a few stones in rows, absence of large trees and in infernal lot of Plagiolipsis longipes. Myrmecophila occurred with the latter.

Several boys came down from the hills, one bringing a frog. In answer to a query regarding my supply of tobacco I showed one of them my "store" of tobacco, beads, handkerchiefs, matches, mirrors, combs, and elastic belts. He looked pathetically at a belt & asked "What is there in the bush worth that". Poor devil, in only a ragged and very dirty lava lava, his sad, x like eyes & wistful expression were touching. Sometimes it is hard to believe that these people are yet murderers and cannibals, but when one has experience with some of those accustomed to dealing with whites, he

can believe anything of them. 67

Among those who come to me is a slave boy, who was bought from the bush by the coast natives. He is free to come and go & has a fairly satisfied expression.

Aug. 29, Sunday.

Mass at 7.00 A.M. Church built of betel wood, with a well made thatched roof. <sup>(1)</sup> Men on one side, women on the other; school children in front. I had a chair near the door to the right of the women. The small twice married girl from the bush village was there (her face is marked with shallow scars made by heated *passum* bones). There a woman, her skin one mass of ring worm held a baby covered with sores. All stages of dress were there, from a loin cloth to a white coat and white lava lava.

Every one seemed to know the responses very well. The singing of the boys was fair; that of the girls sweet, but not strong.

The fathers here built their house, the sisters' house, the store & the church. Besides being carpenters, they must be boat builders, planters, <sup>(match, logs, and plank pl.)</sup> store keepers, mechanics, in fact about every thing, as well as priests and school teachers, doctor, cooks.

The last storm created havoc with the lawn & two rows of flame trees in front of the house

(1) Thatch is of ivory palm leaves. The fathers have planted a small grove of these palms, to be used in thatching.

- 68 Selected lots of shells from three streams. Wainoni Bay
- Lot No. 1. From small stream by the house.
- Lot No. 2. Same locality as lot 1.
- Lot No. 3. " " " " 1
- Lot 4. Stream beyond church.
- Lot 5. Hill stream by.
- Lot 6. Second stream from house to north



The number of shells in a stream is variable.

On Fiji, there are many on the north end, & few elsewhere

Mon. Aug. 30, 1916. Wainoni Bay 69

On the trail to the north through the bush on the coast, a dead tree furnished a lot of beetles, including a Histerid & a Hololeptid & many staphylinidae. Three Polyrhachis colonies were on the under side of leaves.

Tues. Aug. 31. Wainoni Bay.

There are some fine tide pools nearby in front of the house, in coral. I had a look through some & found no better star fishes, except some brittle stars, few anemones & shells. One very flat crab was beneath stones. There were plenty of fishes. I wished for chloride of lime. Monacians went into the bush & brought a half dozen fruits of the "watu". The fruit is a little larger than a golf ball, when rubbed on coral stone it wears away as readily as "sapolis" & a milky fluid is given out. The stained water & particles of the fruit irritate the fish, which soon show signs of discomfort. Some jump out of the water into the next pool or on the rocks, especially the "goby" (which often shoots from one pool to the other as well as jumps along the stones), others float belly upward & others <sup>are</sup> somewhat groggy & less active than usual. We caught a dozen species from the one pool - a varied colored & formed lot. Sharp coral. We were driven away by a fierce rain.

Wed. ~~Aug~~ Sept. 1, '16. Wainoni Bay.

Repeated the fish poisoning & got several



70 new fishes. It rained very hard most of the day.

There is a big feast on at Boroto down the coast & parties of natives are passing. A big canoe load of them came across from Numo today. They brought a pig with them. The canoe (photo) was a fine one, twenty five feet long & decorated & painted red, black and white. Spears, tomahawks, with carved handles and grass bags were the only cargo. The paddles were long & slender.

Thurs. Sept. 2, '16. Nainoni Bay

Early in the morning Latha B. and I started for Boroto, where Warepl, the chief, is giving the feast. With us was most of the mission boys and girls & members of natives going the same way. We went along single file through the cool forest now and then getting a wetting as a gust of wind came through & shook the dew down from the trees. Three villages were passed, <sup>(all men carried torches of fire in their hands)</sup> where a returned Fiji labourer has established himself as chief of the place (three small houses), Kabura, a large village with a good canoe house and Srahitoga, a small cluster of houses near the beach below Boroto. There is a succession of small streams all along and one small river, the Numi, over this, which flows parallel with the beach for a short distance. "giant" (Fiji dils) trees formed a roof. Whether saw a stream or a beach the trunk of this tree inclines toward the water & numerous branches 2 1/2 ft in diameter extend laterally.

We reached Booto by a steep climb <sup>(up the 71)</sup> village contains seven houses; is on the east of a ridge that forms a peninsula, so water is visible on three sides. The place was crowded with natives whose interest was divided between the specially built food house and a group of men engaged in killing pigs. Piles of <sup>cut up pork</sup> pig's bladders of blood greeted our eyes and noses as we finished our climb.

The food house, erected for the occasion, was a good specimen of native building, but open at both ends. The ceiling was decorated with strips of red & white cloth hanging. The food was arranged in three dense rows with narrow passages between them. Piled up & hanging from the ceiling were hundreds of yams, Taro, seedling coconuts, puddings in bowls piled up, the tops decorated with betel nuts, festoons of mali nuts on strings, bananas, sugarcane.

This was the supply to be given to the visitors to take away. They are fed for a day or two there.

A friend from the bay shook hands with me & got my hand all pig-bloody.

Outside were gathered bushmen and coast tribes from all about, each decorated with his best. I jotted down some of the ornaments. Shell money, corries across forehead; shell whistles (woven); woven & shell pendants; amulets (Trochar & Tridacna); necklaces of cursees, flying fox and porpoise teeth (and imitations of the latter); buttons in rows as amulets or frontal bands; ear ornaments of shell, bone, sticks, rolled leaves, & flying fox teeth (some women had at least a half pound of the latter in each)

72 One man had in his ear a key ring with the key hanging as a pendant. Another wore a pad lock in his nose.

Their clothes varied from a complete outfit of short trousers, vest & coat, to the grass skirts of the bush women.

Wasepe stood on one side, a well built man, with one deformed foot, clothed in a hat, a belt of shell money, a cowrie shell below either knee & plain grass anklets, holding a baby in his arms. His hands were red with pig blood. Proud, but bored. A small ~~son~~, perhaps four years old, came to me when I called him and actually cuddled up. When I spoke he looked at me with wide opened mouth.

The guests examined the food intently. A small crowd watched the pig-killing. Most of the 15 pigs were already dead but a few were killed while we were there, strangled, the put over a fire & kept turning & scraped for a half hour. Then cut up, the lower jaw taken first as a memento. The blood is saved and put with pieces of meat into a bamboo and made into blood sausage, as vile as the European & American article.

After a time we retired into a house, a long structure, gloomy & dirty, with rows of sleeping mats on the floor & ~~remains~~ <sup>remnants</sup> of fires between them; for the nights are cool & they have no covers. We ate an extraordinarily tough pigeon that Father B. had shot & which had been roasted

on the walls, yams, bananas and 73  
weasels, our hostess, an old woman  
when I gave her some tobacco told the  
priest she had no pipe (hint.) We suggested  
taking the tobacco, but she thought she  
could borrow one.

Honacians brought me some fox tetter <sup>(that I did not pay)</sup>  
from a man & very honestly told me  
the terms, "—" "I want 10 stick tobacco.  
Suppose 10 stick he no stop, me want  
6".

While we were sitting, a new contingent of  
guests came running up the hill, shouting &  
waving spears & sniders as at an attack.  
When they reached the top, despite their hindered  
yard charge up a steep hill they executed  
a dance & did a lot of shouting.

We got back late in the evening, accompanied  
by natives carrying their share of the kai-kai.

Next morning Jacobson from Manwa came  
in his small launch.

In the evening my sore shoulder got a little  
worse & at eight o'clock I was flat with fever.  
This lasted all night & next morning I was  
too weak to get up & not able to eat. The  
tinned beef stew and cabbage that the good  
father opened as delicacies for me.

Just morning we tried to get out in the  
boat, but after plugging ahead of one  
point for an hour and a half turned  
around & came back. The next morning  
at evening at ten o'clock we tried again  
got out. It was a cloudy night, with a  
little rain, but quiet, so we got out  
all right & in the morning were off.

74 Manu~~gia~~, where J. anchored and attempted to put off some traps he was landing. There is no reef on this part of the coast & the surf was so heavy that they could not land.

From here to Fanarite<sup>7</sup> the coast is rough, mostly cliffed, with narrow bays. At Fanarite a fringing reef starts & extends, a little less than a mile off shore for seven miles around the point. The lagoon for the most part is very shallow & dry at low tides, but there are passages with up to 7 fathoms here and there.

The passage at Bulimataiava, Jacob's place is a thickish one. We had to anchor far off from the shore.

J. has a station of <sup>800</sup>150 acres, 150 of which, mostly the fresh one, is planted in nuts. Several sluggish streams run through the place, but do not reach the sea.

House of corrugated iron & thatch. Bare reef in front at low tide. Brittle stars, blue stars, big ~~ebb~~ eels (one ripped the neck of a dog who likes to go with me) active, needle spine <sup>were etc.</sup> near ~~mechanics~~ <sup>mechanics</sup>, cowries, coral exposed as in Seville Ken to pictures, fishes, ~~eels~~, nudibranch, tochar.

Small island in front of the house. Lime stone cliffs.

Back of house wet bush with little in it. Limestone, indications of big caves; several smaller ones, one has large crocodile in it.

Crocodiles are abundant. We see tracks on beach every morning; one a very big one.

Taidama on top of flat corals - innocent looking.

75

Holothuria - tent-fish (black & firm, 290 to 240)  
5 to 6 thousand to ton, worth £. 150 in island.)  
surf red, prickly red, red fish, (these are best),  
lollie fish, (black), snout-fish, (white);  
tiger fish. These all sell low & take too  
money to the ton to be of great commercial  
value.

Aug. 11, 1916. Bulimimatawara  
with Jacobson & Mary Javaraha, on the  
other side of the coast, about an eight  
mile walk.

Sand beach clear around the point & a  
half mile westward on the other side, with  
the reef parallel to shore & a quarter  
mile out. On the south side of island  
the shore becomes rocky & the reef comes very  
close. We walked mostly on the bare reef  
& shore; but now & then had to make  
our way over small mountains of piled  
up black volcanic rock - a conglomerate.  
One place it was sheer cliff & we had to  
go up another hanging on to roots. We  
passed several little valleys with native villages  
in them. It was hard on Mary, for she had  
to trudge through the bush in back, so as  
not to walk in front of a canoe house -  
which, if she did would have to be pulled  
down.

There had been a "kari kari" the day  
before & numerous natives from Santa Anna  
and Santa Catalina were present, loafing  
about. The latter are a fine looking bunch  
of savages, pure bred, while the former are  
mongrels.

In a big light a row of adjacent

76 villages extend for a half mile. Each had its canoe house. One of these, at Javauha, is unusual because of the paintings. A native artist, evidently a returned Greenlander, has decorated the uprights & beams, as well as the ~~roof~~ figures, with all manner of drawings, mostly of native deities, but we saw also a prize fight, a ballet girl & other civilized objects depicted. The roof had stripes colored red with betel nut.

We had lunch in front of one Tabu house, while poor Manu sat on one side & ate hers.

Our boat was to meet us in a mangrove swamp on the other side. We walked across, found a stream & waded down till we came to a boat landing. The big Santa Anna canoe was there & we got in it. Manu, not allowed in, sat on a log in the water. As the tide rose she had to get off to another & again off this. Sulk. Wait of two hours.

Men brought yams to the canoe & we asked for one in which women could ride. They got one & we started off to meet our boat.

There was a very number of passages through the swamp & J. regaled me with a tale of his being pushed there once. Low on water. Oppressive silence & monotonous outlook. Our boat finally came & we rowed down, coming to a broad passage large enough to harbor large ships & into Star harbour, a fine big bay, reefed in front & surrounded by a ragged lot of mountains. We crossed the shore reef twice & reached home a little after seven by a full moon. Cooper & father B. were there, at dinner. We joined quickly - boiled lobster, creamed lobster, lobster salad, fresh pig. (shot in the morning).

The four of us went over to Santa Anna in <sup>77</sup>  
Jacobson's launch. Nearly caught coming out the  
reef off the boat house. We landed at the house  
of Tom Butler, an old time trader, located to one  
side of the village. The house is composed mainly  
of ship's wreckage, with doors, windows, benches as  
settees & even the sets of drawers from the officers'  
quarters. Tom was in a room & showed  
us in very slowly.

The village, once one of the finest in the  
islands, is fast going to ruin. The canoe  
houses, five in number have bad roofs &  
the insides are very dirty. One of these houses,  
to the north of the village is 50 x 30 x 20 ft. &  
contains nine canoes, the largest a very  
fine one, about 45 feet long <sup>(110 ft. high at ends)</sup> & furnished  
with nine seats & finely decorated.

Five carved sharks, green in color, & one  
small canoe, contain the dead. A sort of  
stockade in the center of the building is filled  
with trade chests of skulls.

One canoe is filled with bows, black &  
decorated with shell. The poles are carved  
crudely; mostly sharks jaws & men. 64 skulls of  
big kai-kai.

The village is rather large, with one  
street with six houses in a row. Irida in a  
shell used as pig troughs, pigs, big bowls of  
food (a kai-kai) was one filled one sort of  
synae. The string skirt was worn entirely  
by the married people women. The unmarried  
women wear only a string of porpoise teeth  
about the waist.

There are grave yards, 30 x 25 ft. & with 3 foot  
stone walls about them, inside filled with  
white sand one in the village.

The people are not likable. I gave a boy, a  
tiny one, some beads. His father, a heavy eyed  
beast brought them back for tobacco.

Tom played a scratchy phonograph till



so <sup>78</sup> midnight, going through the records several times. Careful.

Kuper and I walked across a mile or so of sharp coral trail to a big blackish lake, caught little on the island, except a series of Bulinus

The harbor is good. A reef extends out  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile parallel to the opposite shore, affording a good anchorage in the S. E. season.

Jacobsen and I came back in a whale-boat.

---

We had a miserable, rainy trip back to Gaimoni Bay, where we stayed the night. In the morning we got to Kerri-kerri & found the "wai-ai" with Joe & 'arrod, Capt. Campbell was in camp, in a small tent, the police in temporary houses. Campbell had some burrowing snakes for me. Rain!

We had kai and stayed in the tent till our welcome was exhausted, then Harry went to the wai-ai, Jacobsen to the Simoli, Joe curled up on a box & I took the sentry's bed.

---

To Ngai. Two days stay.

Left in the morning & sailed west along the San Cristovel coast. There reef on the San Cristoval coast (N.W.) are near shore. The bays are broad but there is no good anchorage till Wongo.

At the west point on the east coast is a good belt of flat land.

We slept in Levers' house at Mauer Bay. Mosquitoes were very bad and the large Juhos that swarms here kept coming in the house, & also into the rooms occupied by the soldiers, who stayed awake through fear of them.

A couple of natives came up when the boat came in, but when they saw the soldiers they went away again.

It took six hours from Manu Bay <sup>49 54</sup> to Manu Sound. Heavy seas. The E. end of Guadalcanar is fenced by a big house-shoe shaped reef that encloses the sound. We entered through a passage & had a few anxious moments as three enormous waves rolled up behind us. Had one broke it would most surely have swamped the boat.

The sound, full of small islands of a few acres extent, with the reef on one side & high hills on the other, is pretty, though it was too dimly for to be seen at its best.

The outer islands are flat & there are reef patches here & there. We passed a burial island, where bodies in canoes are tied in trees, and a ghost island, where Malaita dead live & smoke their gardens.

The forest is dead in patches, where they have made clearings! A village is one one part of this. We passed close enough to see the skull houses, small square boxes set on sticks. Further along there are larger, higher islands & some rice plantations and native villages & trading stations. Then a passage, in places a hundred yards wide, which broadens to  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile & into a bay. Canoes. Small, flat, sand islands in bay (some only 20 ft across.) out the passage.

For some distance the coast is mangrove lined. Along the coast are reef patches, but no well defined reef.

We stayed at night at Aula, a well laid out gov't. station, using the about M.C.'s house, table & beds. Rain & mosquitoes. Next day made Tulagi, passing Bungana.

80 where another Melanesian Mission school is located. To Gavnor & then over to Gov't. wharf.

Stayed at Tulagi for a week, waiting for the "Mindoni" which was five days late, owing to a strike in Sydney. Did some packing and a little collecting and had a meal on the Germania, with Mr. Mouch Tor of Fiji, who had come from the Marshalls. Tom Ashley Marshall's wife & a boy of his grown up daughters were aboard, plus a brown black haired girl, possessed of a gramophone & unlimited Harry Lauder and Billie Williams records, which she played at loudest pitch and highest speed incessantly. No mail!

Mr. Abbott was going to the Russell Group on the "Dala", and to save a day or so I went with him.

Oct. 3, 1916.

We went across to Berandi, a Burns Philp station & had lunch there; a lovely oyster omelet. Shelly gave us a box of eggs. Left soon & went along the coast, past Teteri, where the monument to the Antarctic Expedition stands. All along this part of the coast the flat land extends from one to five miles & grassy patches high up the hills. There are frequent patches of mats, with plantation houses, but much available land is still left. The latter, bush covered is more interesting. The beauty of coconuts can be appreciated only by those with mathematical or financial tastes.

Gradacanal inspires enthusiasm. Some day there will be railroads there & we hope, hotels.

The coast is broadly embayed, for anchorage, with deep sandy bottom - W. of Point Cruz 10 to 15 fathoms along shore. There is only one patch big red patch. Let along

this part of the coast.

We passed one river with a delta in island form, well planted in spots. Passed flock of gulls fishing. Bonito were driving out small fish. Frigate birds above.

81  
Anchored for the "night". I got busy with a fish line & caught a small shark (2 1/2 ft).

At midnight we heaved anchor. I slept till three and then took a watch till six, when we reached the Russell group. The group has three names Savou, Russell Islands & "The Cape" or Cape Marsh. The islands, in early morning looked flat. Guadalcanar <sup>was suggested</sup> & Savo were very conspicuous. & Isabel could be seen faintly to the north.

The outer islands of the group are low and flat; those inside higher in part, often with limestone cliffed edges. The largest one has a 1500 foot mountain.  
(Russells, from E)

on it and another one nearby, a 400 ft. one.

There is no reef outward to the east. The water is very deep. We looked at the chart and found that it was wrong & that we were sailing over islands.

We landed first at Talina, a Guadalcanar Co.'s plantation on a 500 acre island, crescent shaped, ranging from 3/4 mile to 50 ft. It had on it the usual plantation home, copra house, boys quarters & hospital. Mr. Abbott inspected the boys lined up, each responding to his name. About thirty boys are on the place, most of them on task work. Seven are "beetle" boys & spend their time gathering beetles - B. Fozzatti. Large beetles,

42 / no Xylotripes are bought, 3 for a stick.

The shore is curious. A ledge of coral runs out for 30 to 40 feet & then shelves to 30 feet depth. Further out it is very deep. This formation I saw on most of the other islands, though in some cases the deep water comes right to the shore.

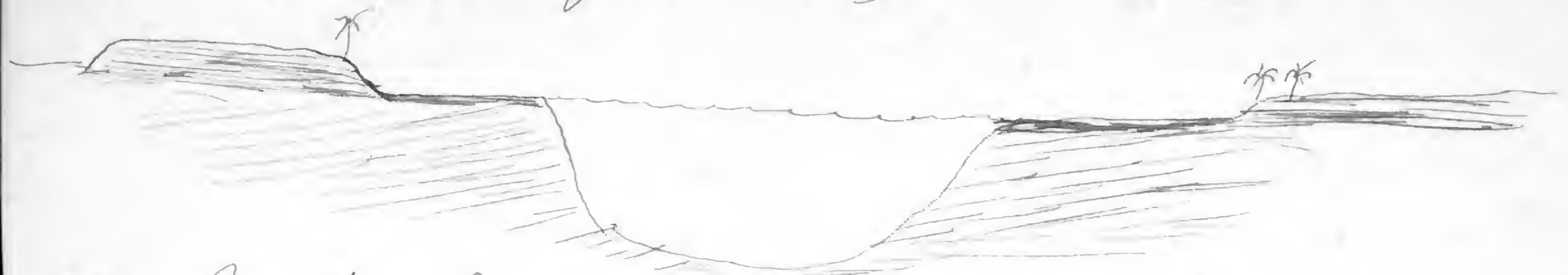
We went across to the village of Luni, on the beach. The houses are ridged at the middle. The natives indifferent to our presence. I met had yellow hair & the women wear skirts of grass, extending to their knees. A wharf is built out from the village, of coral. The priests (all the village is Catholic) must have hard work in getting it built.

The Russell Islanders are almost gone. In the fighting days the Isabel was partly paid them to help against Guadalcanal & vice versa. Less than a hundred are now alive.

On ~~the largest~~ <sup>the quarter</sup> island is the Malaita Co's. Yanchina, the largest plantation in the Solomons, with 2000 acres planted & fine drying sheds, using the hot air system. Abbott went shooting pigeons on a small island, while I hunted among some fallen timber and got a number of Pezoparus. Abbott returned with three species of pigeons.

The two largest islands are separated by a narrow passage, the water between is generally over 50 fathoms. Many long peninsulas extend out; some low & flat, others higher, breaking into small islets connected by reefs, with generally a passage between two of them. The Bay island is

deeply embayed.  
(General type of island)



In the clear day the reefs showed up as light green patches, the deeper water as dark blue, so it was as easy as going along a road.

On many of the small uninhabited islands pigeons swarm. One man got 100 with a 22 in an afternoon.

Night; rain; leaky canvas.  
We anchored off another native village, a Melanesian Mission one, Karambahi. It was built on the white sand of the beach & very neat & clean, with white coral paths bordered with coral. The largest building was a church. Outside a roof sheltered an open school room with benches & lying about, slates. The building was carefully made, finely platted sides & roof, tight & airy owing to a space between wall & roof and six small windows. The back wall had a black & white woven pattern of chevrons and Maltese crosses. Wooden benches formed the furniture. One of these had wooden cushions carved on it. The platform was of cement & part of the floor, but it had evidently given out before all was completed.

The native teacher, Clare Gibson Inani, recently from Norfolk I. was very busy writing when we came in & had no time to talk to us.

Mr. Abbott gave one man five shotgun shells - his name on each to prevent substitution - to shoot pigeons on a

84 25 of basis. We returned later with four.  
At Peperala, a Levu station, there was  
a fine cement wharf & an extra good house.

The *Mindini* came in about 3 P.M. &  
left at night for the Maravo Lagoon.  
In the morning we were off Vunguini &  
approaching New Georgia. A long flat in  
front of us with ~~the~~ thick vegetation on it  
looked like a hedge, with a gate in it.  
We went through into the Maravo Lagoon,  
almost completely land bound by large &  
small parts of the "hedge" & dotted  
with small islands. New Georgia from  
this side is a high & jagged island, with  
a high mountain range. One peak stands  
out prominently. I did not ask its name,  
for fear, like in Fiji, it would be  
called "somebody's thumb".

We stayed a few hours off Lilihimi,  
Mr. R. G. Erickson's island, totally cleared  
and planted. On the main land opposite  
were several native houses (and on a little  
island.)

Manning Strait in the morning. Also  
many small islands & some larger ones  
& Isabel & Thosent. There is a plantation,  
on swampy, poorly drained land, & a  
pearling station there. The manager  
brought aboard several boxes of oysters,  
large, tough & strong, & some extra  
fine crabs. ~~Robert~~ I talked with a  
French & Tahitian, who did not like the  
place - "Trop des mosquitoes!" & with  
Pearling & all.

85

a boy who spoke Fijian. I had before asked a boy if any of those about had been in Fiji. He said that a brother of his had been "sent" there for seven years. I told him that I had been sent there too, for eight and a half months, <sup>(what a dump!)</sup> which formed a bond between us. Fiji is, to the Solomon native, either a penal place, or a gold mine. Gems occur, but I could get none.

We got away late at noon & made Hawthorne sound at night. A narrow channel (1/4 to 1/2 mile broad) both sides lined by with fine plantations. Several planters came ashore aboard, among them Norman Wheately's man. In the morning I went along through the "narrows" to the Rubiana lagoon & up to the landing at Lambert.

The beach has been extended in a series of stone wharves, native style, with anchorages between. A lot of land has been reclaimed with coconut husks, of which there are mountains on the beach. Large warehouses on the beach with trochus shell, ivory nuts and copra. The latter smoked and salted.

Norman Wheately, King of New Georgia, was on the veranda of his store, when we got in time to escape a terrific rain. Went up to the house for tea. Big two floored house. Dining room below, with heavy, straight-backed chairs & long table, when we later had dinner in ferdal style. Gamed in evening. There is an assortment of nationalities on the place - two Swedes, and two Trahans. I slept like a log on a sofa above. Snaphels in morning.

In morning I went in whale boat to Rudoava, about eight miles across.



46 We rowed at first close to the New Georgia coast, past a succession of native villages, mostly of a few scattered houses & some of them with stone wharves. At one school was open, though it was only 9 h. m. & the children were coming out.

The head boy of the boat's crew gave me his opinion of D., for whom he has worked seven years. "Thin good fellow master; sometime he snort too much; swear like Bill; but he no killum boy." The European war he finalized with "German he one fellow no more. English he got plenty fellow help him."

(we stopped on one.)  
The Rubiana Lagoon is shallow & full of reefs, though there is one steamer passage. We went through several channels, passed natives fishing in canoes; then across to a passage over a mile broad & past several small islands into Rendova harbor & to Lewis Station.

Mr. G. A. Pilmer is in charge.

This part of the coast is cut into bays, separated by narrow rivers; swampy. A quarter mile back the land is easily elevated & back of this is Rendova Peak 3885 ft. high.

S. S. Makura. Between Honolulu  
& Vancouver. Jan. 5, 1916.

99

Splendid smooth boat. Usual passengers to  
Auckland, where most of them got off  
leaving about forty aboard - still  
usual. Those still with us are the  
usual artists, engineers, a statesman  
or two, men on war service & the much  
to be envied one who calls the captain  
"Sid". Japanese lady sings. "Pay to advertise".

The usual concerts & the especially usual  
"sports" made the time pass quickly by  
(as usual) to Honolulu. Here we  
lost most of our passengers, but took on  
a few more - the usual railroad  
"Colonel" and a couple of "ikeleles",  
accompanied by girls.

The voyage has been pleasant  
enough, despite the attempts of  
some of the passengers to make it  
so, but it is getting too cold. The  
decks are impossible & huzzes are  
coming, though the smoke room too, &  
every one increases the homesickness I  
have for the islands. I wish I  
were back.

(One Britisher told me in an angry  
manner that by rights Honolulu  
should have been British.)

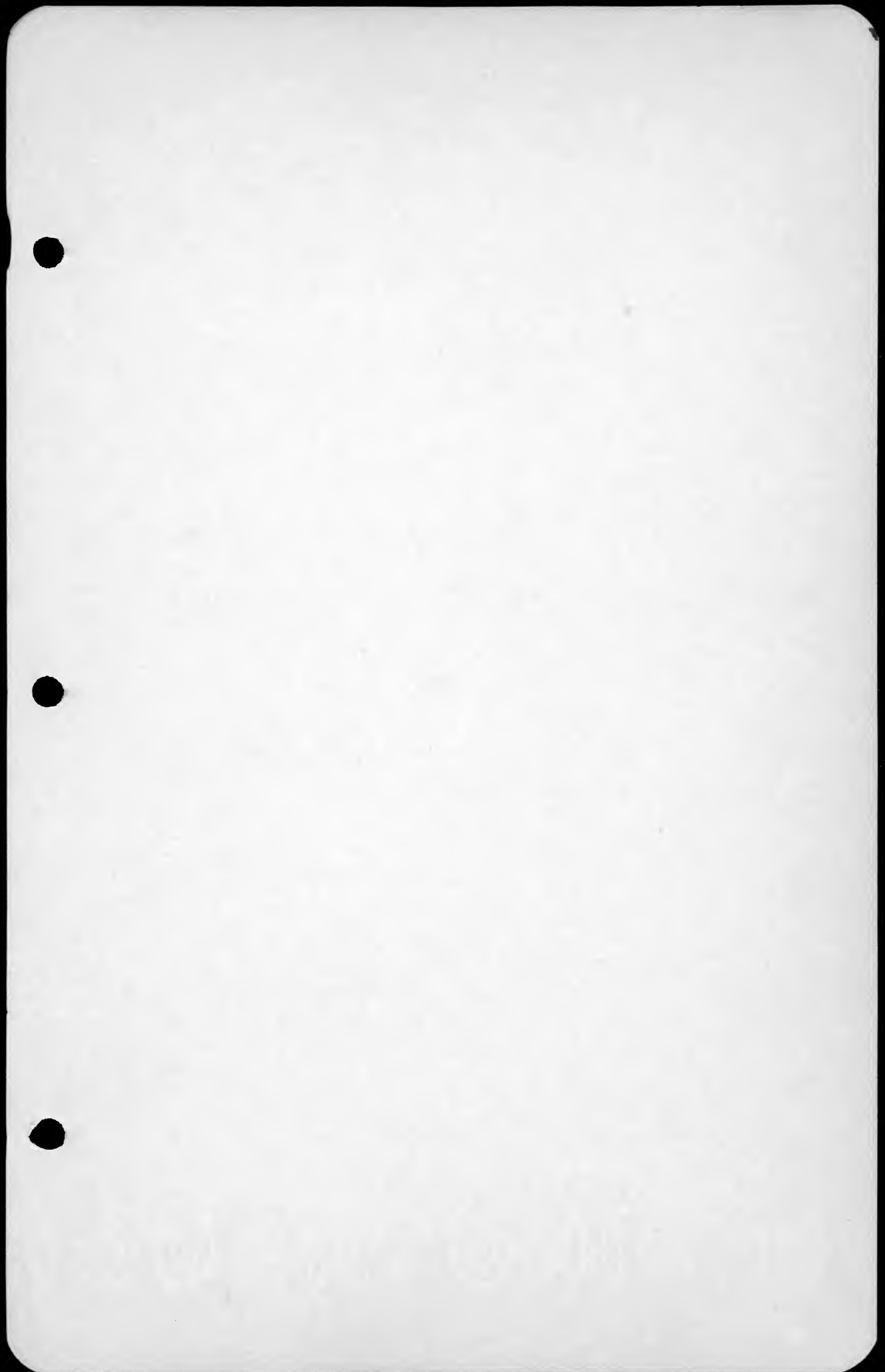
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The Englishman has been a big disappointment. I know him ~~with~~ chiefly from Kipling & the Blue Book & from several personal friends I have had. The average falls below standards set out in any of the above; very far below in the majority of cases. In depicting the British gentleman, writers select the extremely rare finest type, there is an admirable human, but no more typical of the race than a cow-cracker is of the American. Yet an Englishman will compare his best with our worst & prove that way his own superiority.

And he loves soft soap quite as much as any people I have known; more than most. He believes the Germans are starving, that they have no spirit for the war but are driven on by the officers. American news he tells you is false - direct from Germany. Also if America should go into the war the Germans would make a big civil war. One told me he hoped Japan would wipe up the States. A government school teacher in Sivka (Prof. Jones) teaches the boys - some of whom have American blood in them - that Americans are "mongrels!"

The first thing I noticed when I stepped  
 out of the plane was the fresh air. It felt like  
 a warm blanket after a long winter. The  
 sun was shining brightly, and the birds were  
 chirping happily. I took a deep breath and  
 smiled. This was my first time in a new  
 country, and I was excited to see what  
 it had to offer. The people were friendly  
 and welcoming. They showed me around  
 the city and helped me get settled in.  
 I was in good luck. Everything was  
 going just the way I needed it to. I  
 was finally where I belonged.



1900

Erisimai, professional murderer, lives at  
Royalist harbour, Malaita. Reputation of 100  
murders for money. £. 500 in native money  
out for him. Small band of followers.

Came once for a talk with Campbell, with  
a bag in his hand. Campbell afterwards found  
out that the bag contained sovereigns, in case  
he arrested him to buy himself off.

---

### Alek's campaign.

To Vai-mi-ili, a walled town in Malaita bush.  
Constabulary made ~~safe~~ ladders to scale the walls,  
& carried them through the bush. Found horse gate  
& went in. The inmates, professional murderers  
fired at the Govt. men, but three out of four  
snipers missed fire & the other missed Alek.  
Four men killed. - see additional data.



## Recruiting.

Formerly recruits paid from £.3 to £.12 per year. Small boys only £.3. - Now the minimum is £.6. In the earlier days the people were given to understand £.6 & then some of them, after they got on the ship were told it was £.3. Capt. Mr. Thomas, an agent, protested to the Govt. at Fiji because the labor inspector insisted on explaining this rate to the people on shore, thereby hindering recruiting.

Now, at £.6, (75 of get this) <sup>not more,</sup> paid in money (generally <sup>to</sup> turned into trade), buys as much as a white man gets at the store for £.3, which is little enough.

In recruiting the recruiter goes ashore to bargain, his boat waiting stern to shore for quick departure. A second boat with armed men, lies off the bow of the recruiting boat to protect it.

When the recruit signs his family presents amounting to £.6, trades or £.2 in money. He can take this himself. His salary can be drawn, ~~up to 75%~~ <sup>to</sup> 25% of it (or nothing). The employer must never give more than 25% of the amount due, or less.

## Food allowance. Daily.

Rice, 2 lbs (or not more than 21 days per month)  
or biscuits, with 1/2 oz of tea & two oz.  
sugar. (not more than 10 days per month)  
or Bread 3 lbs (or not more than 10 days  
per month.

or.

Taro, Yams, Cassava, Bread fruit,  
Plantains or other vegetable equivalent  
10 lb. (on all days.)

or.

Sweet potatoes or Bananas 10 lb. (on  
not more than 14 days per month.

Weekly

$1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of meat, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. fish weekly,  
in 3 issues of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. each, or 6 issues of  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. each.

Tomacco. 3 sticks or 2 oz. 1 Clay pipe if required.

Soap. 1 oz.

Salt.

Bedding. Sleeping mat or blanket +  
a mosquito net, supplied on arrival &  
renewed after 6 months.

Clothing. 1 piece calico supplied on  
arrival; renewed after 6 months.

Frogs.

p. 15. p. 85

kararai (Agi) Big frog.

bwai-bwai (Agi.) Small frog

tin tin (Santa Lucia) Small frog

Native names.

linga - (general name for ant) Santa Cruz  
ko-kandi: <sup>(Luki)</sup> Malaita) Odontomachus,

lo. (Sikiana) ant.

lo-lo (Ngi) small ant.

hooli. hooli (Ngi) Odontomachus

kikipo (~~Panna~~ S. Cristobel) <sup>(Nong)</sup> Odontomachus.

nandi. (Santa Cruz) Odontomachus

talai: (Banks Is.) Odontomachus

Cenks.

Cenki No. 1. Polystachis. Nest beneath stone.

Cenki No. 2. " Nest built in crevices  
of rotten log. Populous colony.

Cenki No. 3. Paper nest on underside of leaf,  
hemispherical in shape, with several  
openings.

Cenki, No. 4. Polystachis nesting in silk nest  
built between two leaves in high tree.

Cenki No. 5. Polystachis, with two nests preserved  
in pasteboard box.

Cenki No. 6. Polystachis. Taken in interior  
in Cenki district. (Alt. 1200 feet). The  
colony was very populous, in a nest  
built of silk, without vegetable material  
about six inches long & three broad &  
deep, on the underside of an agave  
leaf. Another nest, probably a branch  
of the same colony was on another  
leaf of the same plant.

Ectatomma. At Machali, this nests beneath  
growing bananas. It should be a very useful  
species in that situation. <sup>over,</sup>

Leptogenys. Three sisters. Page 25.

Santa Cruz. Red Adontomachus. p. 27

Santa Cruz. Slender black Formic. p. 28

Santa Cruz No. 1. Polystachis. Nests in  
hollow palm trunks; few stems; populous  
colonies; very active. Common

Santa Cruz No. 2. Camponotus.  
Large colony in rotten wood.

Santa Cruz No. 3. Polystachis. Common  
on leaves. Solitary worker; very timid; nest  
in earth on epiphyte.

Ants. 2.

Santa Cruz. Black Colobopsis. Large colony in a hollow vine.

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Wai-ai. Crematogaster. p. 39.

Wai-ai. A. p. 39.

---

Ugi. No. 1. Slender Myrmicine. Nest in rotten log. Very large colony. ♀ & ♂ sting noticeably but not severely.

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Podomyrma. Three Sisters. p. 42

A. p. 42.

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Polyrhachis. Panna. Age. p. 48.

Myrmecophile. Panna. Age. p. 48

Slender black myrmicine. Panna. 48

Ectatomma. Panna. Beneath logs. Also nests in ground. Nest with two entrances - each a half inch in diameter.

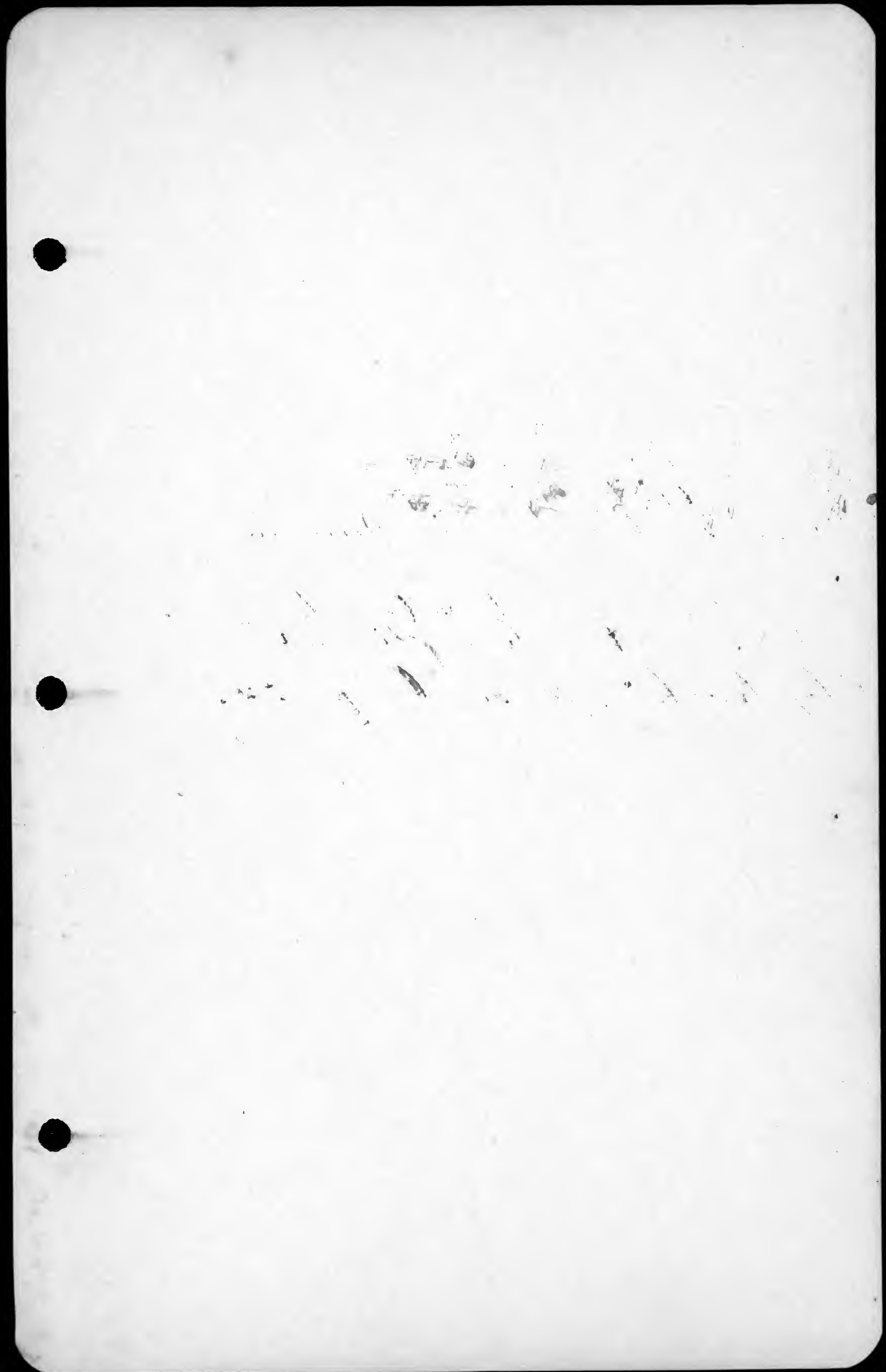
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Polyrhachis. General. p. 52.

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Crematogaster, yellow, Wainoni. p. 63

Phidole (bicolor d) Wainoni Bay. 66.



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Second section of faint handwritten text, appearing as several lines of a list or notes.

Third section of faint handwritten text, continuing the notes or list.

Bottom section of faint handwritten text, possibly concluding the page's content.



R. J. Munson, c/o L. P. Co. Ltd, Gwanta

R. H. Farnham, c/o Norman Healdy, Whalley,  
Rubiama, British Solomon Islands.

(See J. J. Farnham - (Farnham & Nelson, Union Ave.,  
Jamaica Plain, Mass. (Do Grandpa still live?))

S. J. Eckley, Makambo, Solomon Is.  
(Catalogues of specialities.

J. H. & F. E. Mittelhanser, Gandina, Russell Is.

C. W. Brown, Brackleigh, Boonah, Queensland.  
(formerly at Cape Marsh.)

R. R. Pugh, Tulagi.

Rev. R. C. Nicholson, Sunnybrook, Macleay St.,

Golden Square, Victoria, Australia.  
Pub. H. Revell, Book Publisher.

Miss Francis Howson, c/o Mrs. Inesnew,  
Mertha Road, New Farm, Brisbane, Qld.

Rev. W. H. Lemberger, Rubiama, Sol. I.  
Methodist Mission.

\* W. R. Bell. Tulagi. Photo's. from Sydney.  
S. F. Selms. of Lever Bros. Grouper, Solomons. Photo's.  
C. W. Wood. (Capt.) " " " "  
J. E. Mathews (Sinter Bay) of Lever Bros. Grouper.  
W. J. Wall. of Lever Bros. (Wai ei - or Ugi.  
J. H. Dickinson. Ugi, Sol. I. to Lever Bros.  
H. D. Freshwater. of Dickinson. Ugi. (Below.  
N. C. Ireland.  
Rev. H. F. Fox. Melanesian Mission. Sea Crested  
Ethnological papers, "Tiji & the Tijians".  
Joseph Lively. to Rev. Fox. Photo of church at Tiji.  
Jacob

H. Jacobsen. Ulaava, Sol. I. avotã vradõisud.  
H. Kager. Noumea, New Caledonia.  
C. C. Mackton, of Lloyd's Bank,  
16 St. James St. London, S.W. Photo  
Tiji & Solomons.

C. W. Abbott, Tulagi.

G. A. Halyday. Levers. P.O. Co. Grouper.

---

Mary M. ~~Ellis~~ Women's College, St Pauls Rd,  
Newtown Sydney. Australia.

Mr. S. J. W. Mouan. Commercial Bank, Cross  
West, N. S. W.

Mr. M. R. Flynn, Battard, 38 Martin Road,  
Centennial Park, Sydney, N. S. W.

Exch. Syd. Ind. Paper for "Harvard Med. Paper"

G. Hanson, 36 Bay St, Double Bay,  
Sydney. (Chief Steward on Mindini).

---

C. R. Bignell. Tulakora. Yabel, Sol. I.

H. D. Freshwater. Spr. Engineers' Depot, Moore Park,  
Sydney.

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly including a date or header.

**P.C. - Hamilton**  
**22nd 2nd**  
**2nd 2nd**

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Very faint handwriting in the middle section, possibly a list or notes.

Faint handwriting at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or footer.

Localities.

Malanta.

Cunki 14

Fim. 15

Buma 13

Ugi 24-38

Pawa 38.

Eti-eti 40.

Florida (Gaela)

Maliati.

Bis. 45

Tulagi. 1

Santa Anna. 77

Guadalcanal (22) Geol (80) (79)

Ruwatu 20

Rere 21

Man Bay.

San Cristobel (Geol. p. 53.

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Bulimatarava 74

Baroni . . 24

Mai-ai . . 38

Panna . . 46

Wainone . 58

Rendova. 85.

Three Sisters 25-42

Santa Cruz 26.

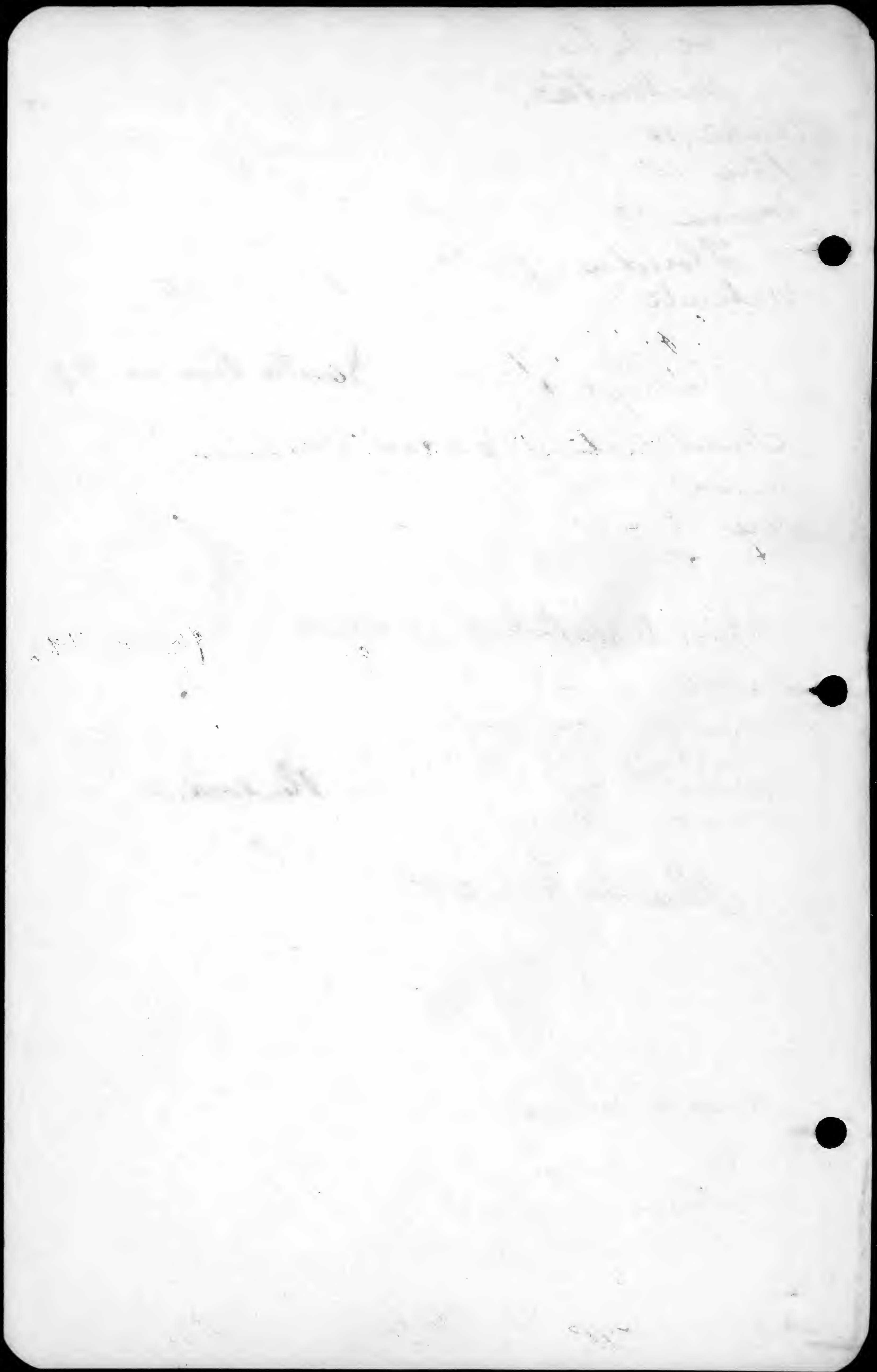
Sipiana 35.

Russell Islands. 81, 82 (Geol.)

New Georgia.

Harthorn sound. 85.

Lamberti - 85



Porpoise diving.

Schools driven in to shallow water & mud.

15,000 caught in one season in one district in Mailata in one harbor. Value one pound each.

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Bats. p. 48

Centipeds & distribution. 64

Shells. 68

freq. "tin tin" - Santa Anna.

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Beche de mer. 32 commercial varieties. Fished out now in eastern Solomons

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"Atta trip" = alt. 2200 feet in range half between Atta & Coleridge Bay. (Gwom Tafu)

242 Pitt St. Sydney. History of Mel. Mission. Remington.

The Melanesians.

by R. H. Codrington, D. D.

Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1891.

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Hints to Travelers. Pub. by R. Geog. Soc.

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