Diaries and field notes, 1915 - 1972

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To Ed—

Left Hakalau this, morning at 8 o'clock. Racing all the way back to Moku Lomi, we cleared nicely & with a fair wind we anchored in Moku Lomi at 3 p.m. I spent the balance of the day exploring the volcanoes near the village (black skin, fumaroles & agglomerates) & in getting some genuine rocks of the island. We then hove from the hills (also collected some flinte & granite for you). Expected to return tomorrow here and planned an all day trip to Kauai, but on returning to the village at nightfall I learned that the skipper expected to land by moonlight & sail at dawn for Kauai. Damn! famous as a rider island, smaller than Moku.
Dear! Between now we quite a different plan when we don't need to worry about petty details & when we have 'tembana'! Had a lovely chicken dinner tonight with Mr. Prem who came to the store here (he is Arthur's son). After dinner we had ourperm & now, of course, I'm full of energy! With how just delivered a long lecture on 'one-skilled animals' holding everyone attention & leaving forth maximum of astonishment.

The Tukinge has left an enviable reputation for strenuous among the natives - still here and no Lakhina. Of course we don't know how much to believe such stories grow like snowballs.

This town is filled with children & plant-keeping women. If I recount...
practically a married man.......!

Cheers! I'm deserting you for more glamour! Love & Kisses

Hogy

On board LE1
June 29th

Dear Ed-

Had my driver a Karoie the morning & collected 2 sacks of beautiful orange, a real forest belt in place, smaller forest as well but large are perfectly preserved. Carry now & early preserved. Nine-buck if the LE in granite & got a thin in lots of secondary stuff. Nevertheless I shall start off from again if possible - until you join me. Mamuka to Carate. She'll try to snag an

The setting of the island interests me.

We discharged passengers at noon on form and now (4.20) are nearing lakshawa. The beautiful day with a gentle SE wind has been fishing on the line (same boat) and feeling simply well. Will be deep in eating and it & I ate Borneo remarks later. I suppose you are leaving over the road of the Arangani & calling "So mother!" to your friends.

Best voyage, Edward!

Hogy

P.S.

Add the to "Spice of Life in the East Coast" when I arrive Tuesday morning in Bangalore as it was coming like hell & delicious. I agreed that the Admire surely would not start on planned.
I reconciled myself to a day of office work, reading & tea. Since I had been on a spree for two days, I started off with a big dose of Frank Lotte. A few minutes later Willy came in—"Are you all ready, Roder? They are just putting up the anchor."—"Sure Willy," I replied, "I'm ready!"

Lekemba, Sat. June 30th

Dear Ed—

Good day! Have gotten the miller's flour & provided with groceries. At least one of my Masango ancestors has managed to live on! Eaton is giving a big jangana party tonight—Fiji gang & native music (to get excellent reception here)—even Willy has been persuaded to attend. (Thank God there is no dancing!)

I tried to look composed, all of which I didn't take time to explain. Anyway, I said on the L.E.I. at noon for Vavuna Vati, an island we get connected by a geologist. Am guaranteed a home of daylight sober & I plan to arrive about 2 o'clock. We shall see! Surname thing sorted out in all respects for as we know. Willy says the passage is difficult (when chine cutter was wrecked, remember?)

Lekemba, Sunday July 1st

Dear Ed—

An encore day & me
in the Leli 16. I want to avoid
that if possible.
Gentle shower now falling!
My friend Eason has done food
list, so I'm going to pack my
food up & take a lot of
Sunday work.

Harry
Komo, Ran
July 2

Dear Ed -
In the third time I
reach Komo after starting for
some other places! The Leli
found me & we abandoned the Vanua
Vatu trip & we embarked in the
Leli at 10:30
AM for Namuka.
About noon we struck dirty
weather & after bucking around
amid the rain equaled me

sound but there has been a big
storm to the south of us
somewhere & the "Lokahi" are on.
We could close the pass all
night but would be unable to
load any cargo at Vanua Vatu as
the trip is off. The weather may
be on one day - 2 days - a
week! My dreams of Vanua Vatu
are over. Shall probably go
for Namuka Tuesday or Wednesday
at another opportunity.
The Vanuca came in
today, leaving MV "Rana" June 28th (Monday)
No word from you so I assume
you were unable to see Sukaua.
Our missing Marion today to
have the China cutleries. Marlothia
stand by on August 15th. It would
cost me $16-0-0 to go to sleep

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today, leaving MV "Rana" June 28th (Monday)
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cost me $16-0-0 to go to sleep
abandoned our chance for Namuka and headed for Roko. Made the journey quite after dark. Willy and I went ashore, climbed over the island to the village on the opposite side, and are now having a bit of yarn gone while the rain pours outside (shades of Tarawha!). I hope we are not in for another long spell of bad weather. Christ—

Here it is July!—the dry season should start soon!

I certainly enjoyed my visit with young Eakin. He is an hospitable and interesting (though a bit grand a sort—thank God!) He will probably be away when we return but

Willy and I have orders to open his house and make free with everything. I met Mr. Messenger, McCrum, twice. He is a pleasant sort. I am supposed to have dinner with him and his wife when I get back. How can I escape?

Young Stewart at the M.H. store is a good fellow but very quiet. His father, an Eakin, is a groaning old bastard—heartily disliked by Europeans & natives alike. Here is a fine sample of his conduct. Sutteuma had to go to town on a huring on the time of the Roko's death. He chartered the bee and had to pay for the round trips @ £4-0-0 per day. Then, on arriving in
Dear Edward—

Tell of a rain last night, but it began to clear shortly after, and we hauled up the anchor at 7.30 a.m. A calm sea and a good time to have engine trouble—so we had it! Nothing serious, however, and we came into Mamanuka Bay at high noon. The Maba is a relative of Willy, and under obligation to Willy for 60-cord.
Basket of eggs—so well took
our house (the best in town) & many
baskets of food were presented with
great ceremony! We unpacked
the balance of the afternoon
(rice too high for show work) taking
bottom sampler in the day.
Rabbits sampler move beautifully.
Samplers show considerable variation
—very rich in large frame.
More later—here comes LEVU
Kava! Young Stimul on dining
with me.

Cherio—

Harry

Namaka
July 4th.

Darling (Dear Man, dear Ed!—
true blue brother, confusing!)
Well, the glamour 4th has
come & gone. No fireworks here—
we celebrated by doing some 9,000
pieces of hemostone work!—
"Burenton face—Burnton face....."

Examined a big cave nearly
a mile inland. Big pool
is fed by many warm springs
with fish. Took 2 water samples
a lot of backwash water (storms
for Elmdale). Our efforts to
collect specimens on this island
have not been successful, though
we have skinned dozens of flowers
& greens onto the cause. Well,
called ‘em “fligs” which is not
so bad! Well, got a nip from
a spider today—I let him do
the dirty work!

Finally had a chance to use
my new 1/2 roll of movie film.
Took a girl painting a motif
intricate peace of tape - alas a
log spreading across our fire. 
Willy are certainly on head
man in the town! Chickin again
tonight. Two men have the job
of providing us with water, etc.
- we come in the A.M. & one in the
P.M. - Shade of Notha & the
days of my "starvation"!

The capture of the Geographical
that I bought along will, like
my pack of cards, soon be
ready for the "glass case"! We
think of you & speak of you
quite often. Will you come
here, Ed? - here's a load
of yarn to you! Hang.

P.S. -
Let your fogen - 2 months.

P.S. -
from tonight is my wedding
night - so do you drink or
something - or other to me!

Cheers

P.S. -
Thank God I bought a Flat
Gum! - few mosquitoes & some
flies here but there are countless
number of tiny non-biting flies
that swarm around the light &
move up the table. I cover the snap,
use the gum & they feel like snow!

Then I have a few minutes on a
clean sheet.

The evening grows old-time
to join the floor gang for the
last few rounds - before going
temporary to sleep!
Before breakfast this morning I laid a his quires around the Ballvelly Cove and I day hence as a chief look getting ready. Some thing is shown or their way back. After breakfast we went up to one of the biggest Cave on the Island (Manaket). I took the sound also. I dive down with one of the bottle to get the Water sample. The water was on so deep about 10 ft in 10 fathoms I took my first dive down right to the bottom with my fingers on the bottle so to keep it close while I reached bottom. I open my eyes when I was under I hardly see any it was biten' to. I left the bottle under water and swam up for breath before I got to surface. I got my blunder head bump on one those mad rocks so I nearly fell. I thought it were a big shark showed my hair off so I went down again.

For the bottle I levy the spot where this mad bottle was so I dive around for about three minutes and I found the bottle but before reaching the surface water I drank about 5 to 10 feet of this mad brocked water, because I was breathing but the sense of this brocked water under water became the sense of the country point at Burners village.

And the funny part of it is I did not feel or Taste for the feel knew. W N. Karmik0
Manaket
July 5th

Dear Ed,

Alone in a contribution from Willy. Write as I got in last night. (We get him to sign the next one).

Right shown today off.
on—and too damned cook to suit my taste. I paced & worked nonpareil for the home & spent the balance of the day planting. No stalling, & our little house is about half done.

Tonight our 5th chicken came in! I had built it—anything for a change! I’ll be crowing and laying eggs if this keeps up much longer.

Each night I have my bath on The Chinaman’s little cement landing & as I scowl I listen to Chinese Victrola records (I dare not call it music!). The Chinaman speaks no English (except numbers—plus the words “shelling,” “imported” and “expensive!”) and my Chinese isn’t all it might be to let me get on well with a few words of Fujian (his three most important being “Muntha” and “Liseli” and “Molle!”)

Our canoe is now three days overdue—I begin to get a touch of“ants” every time I think about it. If they let me down I am in a pickle indeed as there is not a single large canoe here at present. But something will turn up—I’m always lucky!

You must be near Honolulu. I hope you found some congruous company on board and didn’t draw a seat with any “Gumshoe-Guys”!

The grog has been musically pounder—Muntha muncha!"
Later - I just a postscript to let you know that it is raining like hell—God damn it! I lost it.

Hamakua,
July 6th

Dear Ed-

Climbed over the lendalona today for a total of over 12,000 feet and a lot of it short shots. The just finished plotting it - the map is beginning to look like something. Am afraid, however, that I shall not be able to map a boundary between the bowl, the hilly area - the reef is about - we know our map of the interior are not satisfactory. But we shall see.

If I can hold up long enough, we will have every interest.

Stopped!

Made an interesting find today - an old cannon lying on the reef float close to shore. I wonder what sailing ship or old man-o-war it came from? It is about 3½ ft long with a bore of about 5" - now much corroded naturally. I think I shall report it to the Fiji Museum as they may have a chance to bring it in one day. — Wally has just remembered the older native. One has heard the name that a two-masted ship washed here long ago - before his time.

From again this afternoon & too many to compute our bottom-sampling operations. Also - no chance for lunch. We have a fancy showdown.
crowd tonight & while I worked on the map Willy delivered an illustrated lecture on "Tuber-volta Argozog".

Our sixth chicken arrived today! Am afraid I'm eating too much again!

This afternoon the Chinaman invited me in for a smoke after my bath & later I presented him with a corn-cut pipe. He wanted to pay for it & now all Chinese smiles when I conversed him
it was a present?

Ho-hum! Time to finish the grog & stretch out on my creaking bed of slate.

Harry

Tell Ruth that if she ever
invites Jane & Harry to dinner

This fall she must not serve chicken. I have a feeling that after the fog, I shall shudder every time I hear a rooster crow.

Namaska,
July 7th

Dear Ed-

Yesterday we left a canoe on the western end of the island as we had to be all set for a good start on the NW coast today. We hitched off early & early but were not able to complete the map. Wind & waves & current were against me & when the tide was two hours past ebb I had to quit. It is the most difficult stretch of coast I've ever tried to work. There isn't enough of a break to make a 20 mile walk in some places so the canoe had to pull us constantly to ferry me across.
The gap... The cliffs drop straight into blue water - 40 or 5 fathoms in spoke. Climbing on all fours on that narrow limestone strip with the water splashing in it not so much from the sea - as the wind gale Lack to the SE till... to finish. Only reach 3000 feet of... can travel today. But it made a N-S traverse across the island. Yet some good algae & detrital limestone but it seems to have found the best fossils on my earlier visit. Am quite full of... convinced that the N coast is faulted - can't explain its unusual features any other way. An inspect algae reef (5-15' wide) forms in the cliffs is a few places - much like the fault... on Wanga... Kamba... Have found beeded...
along. that's good news but, my God, the skipper must be a cautious fellow! Some trouble & a bit of wind today but if the small Endeavour cannot sail against it I should think the big one could slip over from Motueka! I guess they wanted Sunday old home!

Can you hear the musical clanging of the yangone stone? That's the way I like to have it made - damn then silent & uneventful tree logs!

Today finished my book & wrote 4 in that time. An hour worked on 4 islands - Takemata, Motueka, Karori & Waimaia. I hope we catch to keep moving! The next two works should bring Yangaroa.

Kambata, Wangaroa & Maranui. Read on & see if sunright! I expect to make my stop in the all-fruitstone islands in three or four days. Sam aim to make Onetahi & Naran when I shall be able to make geological notes & get good fossils. Still have hope of getting you a coal from or kumutia - I haven't finished there yet.

Just returned from a visit to the Motuiki cockrocok-infested prairie. It's a charming little place & one of those where you have to stand up on the seat & the wind blow the door open! Also there are clothes lines strung up between the house & the farm! Three are designed to catch you
under the chin of might but on
I am a short fellow they only
hit the top of my head.
Willy is having a little
lamb and steak made for me here.
Sam + I shall use them this
winter in summoning our
friends the Hoffmores to
dinner! Am also having
coconut cupa made. Have
already been presented with a
new gangora steamer so
prepare for the "Tea party"! — He
bought a bag of gangora from Sam.
I hope Jane likes gangora
as well as I do — but she's
asking quite a lot of even
goood a blanket. Janes,
just it?
Willy's looking forward
to "our trip up to Wichita to
see those cannibals"! — Do am I!
But that's some time ahead yet
+ it doesn't do to think too
much about it. Thank God there
is plenty of work & I surely
would get antsy!
For your consolation I do
merely confess that I left a hammer
on an anteroom today — aim to get
it tomorrow. [Later: seen!]
Collected 3 letters + 2 sets of
land shells for Coote + had Willy
help two tremendous four-legged
spiders for my Rochester friend.
And then, logs + girls, is
all the news today. I settle down
with some cigarette to do a little
sermon Saturday night — gangora
drinking! Take it easy —
Henry.
Nausori
Sunday July 8th

Dear Ed—

No rain today (for once!) but a high irregular wind. Too
windy for the Fidonga canoe to continue to Moi & co. So, in our
 canoe didn’t come from Mother. I computed the church morals of
Willy’s cousin (“Willy No. 2”) &
we spent the morning in the field.
During the afternoon I cooked
deliciously—reading & sleeping—ending
up with a swim in the lagoon and
a hot bath at the Chowie.

My reading matter is now
exhausted! (Not Prog., Readers Digest & 2 Cooks.) The afternoon I read
The Fiji Times Herald for Dec. 1933!
— the newspaper I brought for
wripping specimen! Played a game

with myself—trying to remember what
I was doing last Dec. When the
various things were happening in Fiji!
— or be talking to myself before long!
Willy in deep in a boqwell Thomas
book that I borrowed from Eason.
The only mode that he has gotten
stuck on so far are “Senurita” and
“Mau Diana”!

I’m just now having my second
cup of tea. Willy & The Maloia family
are eating a loud & hearty meal on
The Mate. Two chuckers today—one
for lunch & one for dinner! I
try Worcestershire sauce & tomato
catap on them—anything to change
the taste. Willy had an onion cooked
with the evening’s bread— that helped
but I wouldn’t recommend it to
Ruth for a constant practice!
March arguing v nice looking today! - and St. Peter please note.
I gave two shillings to the church.
I suppose you are writing
all our Honolulu today. I hope
you will write me all the news
- a few pages - say about

I am developing a taste for
chilons. When they are boiled just
right (just too much not too little)
+ THEN cooked they are delicious +
not tough at all. They must also
be well cleaned and that's an art!
Ah! - The first "thump-clank-
thump" of the yamunu stone! I
shall open a new tin of cigarette
+ let my mind wander off
into the early days of September
- less than two months hence.

Chinio: Harry

Dear Edward - Kamehame July 9th

Completed the trip today.
"Thank God, this pleasure is over!" We
have just finished pitching. The traverse
could scarcely be better than
Tennent's) nor, in view of the
difficulty, I am inclined to think
we were more good luck than
good passing! Anyway, the done -
We finished our business about
noon & as we rounded the western
top of the island on our way back
a large white ship - strange even
to walk! - here in view. She proved
to be the "Tui Toga," an 80-ton
Ketch about 100 feet overall! We
hauled her and climbed aboard
Who should the captain be
but our old friend Fotio!
Remember

"Till darkness eventually hid it from view
and everyone slept except Captain Foa.

"Yes, the same old weather-beaten
face and the same kind of a
broad-summer rain hat! The school
handle with a laugh! Also, on
the crew were two of the Tongan
boys who earned the flag aboard
on Faleun - both speaking excellent
English. Also a boy who sailed
with Beck & Bryan in the
France. Also a young English
girl (very pretty) returning from
school in N.Z. - We all had
quite a "year". One of the
Faleun lads spoke of reading

Your Eva began what she now
at the Nukuloa Clerk. Well, if
come, discovered relations and did
some fishing!

The two Tonga started some days
ago from human headed for
Nukuloa. Bad weather forced
her to Kamala & from there
she came here seeking water
and firewood. She came around
to our bay this afternoon -
the whole gang in coming in
tonight for gas. Wish you
could join us Edward!

Remember me telling you that
Nanuha (not Nukuloa or Lomoloma)
also the "cress road of lane"? Then
as a sample - someone in allusion
dropping in on Nanuha. Hope
our canoe drops in soon - They
couldn't make it today - gray sky, strong wind, rotten habilitate and rain part of the day. The Fokker canons are still here, but the single Moth cannot start and head homeward at dawn.

I hear that no second party has ever landed on Foleum. The island is not yet completely washed away. Some months ago, says one of the Fokker boys, an eruption occurred from the Haupai Group - built up a smaller cone which has since been washed away. I'll try to get more detailed information tonight.

I remarked to the Captain (with our interpreter) that he hadn't changed a bit in 6-7 years. With equal truth (but little politeness?) he replied that I was a young man in those days but that now I was getting gray! - I felt like telling him that I was still like a young bridegroom - but I refrained! - I shall begin to feel like Manuel in the "Silver Stallion" if many more of those "Mr. Crompton remarks" fall on my ears!

Cherio - here come my guests.

Harry.

Later

The crowd had now gone off to a nearby house for a meal. Since you know how I feel about meals you will not be surprised to hear that "the little pig stayed home!" I have had a most interesting conversation...
Samuel Mafileo, one of the Tongans who carried the flag to Fiji.
He is the engineer of the Ten Tonga, and his brother George (who sailed with Dick) is mate. Both of
the sea, are relatives of the Queen
of Tonga. It was all explained
as length to me that I am still
slightly bewildered! —new on L
clear figure I try on 2nd
3rd outcome.

Samuel is out of reading
matter so I gave him a
Georgian. At present to
send me such samples from
some of the volcanic islands of
Tonga. He claims they are sorbet
in certain of the Haapai islands
(I doubt it no?) and will send
some of them too. He located

The recent eruption is follow

× date

× sea

× sea (scene of eruption)

× lighthouse

× ofolanga × Haapai

Tofua

I heard much gossip of Tonga.

The Schamman, Powele, Mulum, +
Charles Hame are all trying an
Eve according to latest reports.
Tonga in not heard hit of the
depression (at least not too hard).
She is shipping lamas in a
large scale & the Government has
a surplus of £10,000 - what a
4,000 more than they had several
years ago.

Togi still sees the lighter I
gave him & is always asking
someone to fill it for him!

David & Mrs. B.M. have recently
been to Makawao & Eua - doing
some sort of writing & reading,
collecting land titles.

Mr. O'Conor has gone to N. Z.

Joe, who was with us on the
Patumahoe when we went to Tofol,
was also here this evening.

The Tui Toga is really a
fine boat with good accommodation
- First class passage Suva to Nukalemeca
in £5-0-0, 2nd class £2-15-0,
dock passage £1-0-0. I wish
we could have taken her! Old

Fate stayed on board like a good
skipper. He is now 60 years old
with 40 years of sailing to his
credit. Mean how he taught a
rest - in spite of the fact that
he cannot shoot the wheel! He
apparently is the only "undirected"
skipper allowed to sail between
the groups.

Tonga is certainly a soft and
melodious language when compared
with Fijian. Even with Human. No
Fijian being spoken tonight. With
an apparently taking care of all
the seamen - leading them from
home to home. He dropped in here
now & again to see how the
youngmen are holding out.

The Tui Toga sails on the
morning. The journey rain tonight.
I've worked myself out of a job
last of the fair days. I've examined some additional sections if it would only clear us that could come over. Bring on to the "ladder luck!"

It's growing late now, but the smoke is still being beaten out with great vigor—six to nine on the ten roof can't draw it out. I'm left with the Tuscani makers and two other seasoned Tuscani drinkers. By the way, I finally discovered how to drink the grog—make it strong (like a thick soup) and drink small sips—one smoker with delight and return to sleep! It's a pity (for your sake) that I didn't deserve this summer. The little flies are a pest again tonight—you probably will find several posted between these pages. I can change slightly our Tenth Sunday Jingle—

"The rain descends on toronto,
The sun come from afar,
Yegua's being founded,
And by God, here I am!
So long, Ed. Best love to Ruth and some.
Yours, Harry

Kamloops, July 10th

Dear Ed—

Still here, or you can see—and slim chance of getting away tomorrow. The Tuscani cannon tried to deport the morning by back to town last and the whole place at 6 or near now in our bay. Personally...
3 was anchored around all Malendilo in the north could hold the stiff NE wind from around here.

I thought to try to line these Falangos to take us to Rambala but after talking with Willie we have decided to

reach a bit longer - sending a hurry-up message to Morro de

the Falango long - Willie figures the weather is the only thing that will

keep the big canoe in Morro.  I, of course, figure the captain as "chicken-hearted" (aah, pardon me, Mr. Fernie, I didn't know you were here!)

Before the wind got too strong the morning we completed our bottom sampling operations in the bay and in the lagoon.

After lunch we examined the lee

in the lagoon to the SE of town.

Didn't hope to find much as we were not disappointed. However, I
did collect some hundreds of land shells for Boa.  Cook - after all these

years the stone and shells were loaded - quite a souvenir, too!

including some beautiful banded

forms. Made an effort to
catch a big jumping spider (the biggest I have ever seen here) but before

Willard could get a handkerchief on it it jumped clear out of sight!

By the way, The chief weather

that drove us into lamas on

July 2 (see page 9) nearly overturned

the admiral. The Togga longs saw a report of the heavy on the

surviving paper. She left Rambala
when we did—headed for dear
with a load of tar, coffee from
Tumlon,.until Mrs. Stewart
& her daughter as passengers. They
get so bad that they had to
throw all the dark load of
coffee overboard—and it fear
not insured, either. It must
have been lost indeed for she
only had 200s. & her load
is 300. Then in the dry
season when the gales Trade
prevail! —you are in for
a lot of weather; tell if
you ever finish this book, Ed!
I can see that right now.
I don't know what I shall
do tomorrow. I'm fed up with
the sea of the interior (at queer walls)
and I'm content every inch of

The coast. It sure is tough
here with no real work to do.
I can see Tangier and the
hump of Delia Coda on the
horizon — it's work in both places!
Maybe I'll start and read
Dana over again—no, heaven
forbid! — I'd rather twiddle my
thumbs and drink grogna!
Believe it or not, I can
temporarily feed up with jam.
For the last 4 meals Willie has
set out a jar of my favorite
(Choke currant) and I haven't even
consecrated the lid! (Sh-h-h-h-1. The
answer is I am working on a
pot of honey!) Tonight there was
no chicken so I opened a tin
of Biden Haddies, served with
vinaigre they were delicious. The other
day they proudly brought in some
chicks born on the boat. We looked
more I rubbed my hands in
anticipation but.....! If you
want to know what it was
like try to eat an ear of unpopped
pop-corn! I rushed my tooth down
a bite or two for politeness sake.

Willy & I are done tonight.
The hour made me so strong
grog & we have been having a
delay conversation - with one doing
most of the talking! (although, I
suspect, it was after-lunch-balut
conversation & exploring island
cliffs!) With our new day in a
National Geographic.

Faux unconformity
Now I think I shall lean
you - hosta marina - en la noche.

Aloha.
used to sing in Wellar’s camp — at

The tune of “Hallelujah, I’m a bum."

“Oh, why don’t you work

like the other folks do?

— How the hell can I work —

when there’s no work to do!"

Well, there is a lot of sleeping to

be done. May I have dreams of
calm sea, sunshine, and Yanga’s!

A!

Namakan, July 11th

Dear John Edward —

We shall now

all rise and sing the song

beginning —

“Just another day — y —

— wasted away —

Awake this morning to a dead

calm and ate my tin of salmon

while a gentle rain fell straight
down. At 8:30, however, the rain

had stopped. Willy No. 2

and headed westward across the

point to Namakan — Thence along

the coast to the foot of the highest

hill on the south end of the island

(240).

The story in this is a cave

on top of this hill lies the home

of Namakan man’s famous women

— along with his spear (Tomarigoca). The old man

has become a sort of god, and

all the present generation avoid

the spot like the plague. I left

Willy No. 2, collecting land shells near

de stone, near a stone, which

island. I soon came to a vetted
cliff - well vertical. I cut along the top of the cliff for a long way but could find no way up as at last I tried the root route. Succeeded in getting up to the 190 foot level & down we went only about 10 feet more of actual cliff but then we were stopped. Cutting down was naturally much harder than getting up & my arms got so tired hanging on to them I couldn’t reach that contemplation of doing a King Albert! Let nothing like this go to happen to me this trip.

So the old man still stands as his stronghold! The roots encountered were pretty poor but I did get orchids higher than I have gotten them previously. We also got 108 little land snails and some spiders. We have had heavy showers off and on all day. The work took me along the coast as we quite quickly dropped the ship & watched the rain beat down the tiny lagoon water and blow over the sand.

From early completely drowned and cold - LV hot tea & a lot bath have done wonder. Late this afternoon I caught a 2-foot green lizard in a broad fruit tree next to the house. She picked him for the Museum. Fancy things we find. Willy (who handles all sorts of spiders, lizards and so forth) in stead of death. Lizards! He paints them grey when I handled them back - I told him not to. So Willy, too, has an Achilles heel!
It was now growing dark and pouring rain. The Mendi had paid a visit (to his own house!) ensuring for goods. He claimed to like strong grog but often an hour of my special brew he had to stand adding water—which of course pleased me no end.

The Fulangas cannot set out in spite of the lack of wind—three men steering in each canoe. It's some 20 miles to Motha so I don't envy them. They carry a message from me to the "blood-stained captain"!

Willy had rigged up a set of drum beats and a swiftly filling our Kangara drum with fresh water from the ten roof of our home—that boy is certainly a great one! I too shall give him a bonus as you did—he does deserve it!

Found a spot along the coast when the mangroves are covered with large forams—collect a bunch of them. When the mix of weed & forams are dried it should make good classroom material.

M-H won't even let me do as well as my food order, they gave me a bunch of bastard brandy, bagful of soup in large tins (too large) and a 50 lb. sack of Australian rice that comes up like glue—too soft. I am sure even for your teeth! I am to hand them back the balance in August.

Now I must do the honours...
Later.

Dinner is now a thing of the past—I’m sipping my tea along with a Crown & 6. What did we have tonight?—Well, Ed, I’ll tell you! First thing brought in—a couple of Martinis cocktails—too cold! On a slow tray next to the cocktail were thin slivers of brown toast with a thick spread of Russian caviar— but I can’t go on, Ed!—Then an Turnbull tostatoe!

And now I’ll tell you about the weather prospects for tomorrow—they are Lousy. I am surrounded by hundreds of land shells—all looking drowsy—therefore fearful. By the time you read this, you’ve probably concluded that I have a bad case of ants—and you all are quite right! Damn the antechamber! I am so hard up for something to do that even the “Tooth-Brush” is going to receive a nice letter. Why in HELL did I forget to get the other dish of caviar from you? (Mother seems to have kept mine) Solitaire might help a bit—I might even find out about the caviar.

We have been having a great session on the floor tonight. The house is half full of everyone drinking. But the evening was
Dear Ed -

Rain all the morning and showers off and on all afternoon. A moderate SE wind & fair visibility. The captain - that chicken-hearted bastard! - didn't venture out of Moths! Anyway, the skis are clearing now so I have hopes for tomorrow.

I put on the old boots and called forth after lunch. Between (during) shows he played around to the north coast - collected the bones & collected sandshells. You won't believe what I found wanting.

Sir, July 12th

New York, July 12th

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New York, July 12th
If rain clear. Stinkle little note + though playing difficult to manage to keep up with the voice. I feel sorry for the poor chow - after 20 days here I can realize how lonely a job this is. I gave him some juice clams today - he was much pleased.

The Motu, his wife and one of his cows have been very ill from eating person food but even the cow is now recovering. The first gave it a sort of paralysis of the hind quarters and it staggered around as though intoxicated. It still falls down now and then but not so much as it did when I first arrived here.

Willy has made the "tea soup" early tonight to keep me from getting ants. I'm having a lot more on darkness comes on. The lady just been in to find out what I want for supper. After much deliberation we have decided on corned beef.

Oh yes, I shared today. And now that's all the news! If I think of anything else I'll write you after supper.

Kay

Bed time -

Couldn't think of anything else.

Goodnight -

Namuka, July 13th

Dear Ed -

Awoke today to clear sky (SUNSHINE!) and a gentle SE trade wind - calm sea - ideal canoe weather - a fine smial from moma! Willy & I much cheered - but did...
that gone a bitch come from茅th? He did not!!!

Now we don't know what to think - something must be radically wrong in茅th, but what? There is nothing we can do but wait. Believe me, I'm going to commandeer the first sea-going boat that arrives if I have to use my automatics!

I spent Friday busy all day - reading Aikman's report etc., studying photographs, taking movies etc. Went to the Malabar house to the beach for land shells. They were brought back plenty.

Took movie of native fishing, the crops around on the Chow river, a panorama of Namboor Bay, a close-up of a young girl playing an intricate sort of hand-dapping game.

The Chow is now furnishing me with eggs. Today I have decoupled a new desk - twice fired in eggs! - with raspberry jam it is delicious. The lemon is bit sour and I'm taking a gingera cocktail while awaiting sugar. - A month from tomorrow I'm due to head for Burma and here I am still in Namboor!

I wish now that I had taken all our gear to Namboor & stayed there but at the time we weren't sure we could get a canoe there. We just took the trip in hopes of engaging one & for the fun of seeing Mather & Karooni. Well, they will surely be a canoe in here from somewhere before long. I also wish now that I'd hired a couple of the small Eulangga canoes - but what's the use of wishing. - my
Dear Ed -

An overcast day with showers

At intervals - Light & fair wind from North but no change came over. Tomorrow is Sunday as I see little chance of getting away for Anzac Day before Tuesday. However, we shall see.

I've just been checking up. July 14 days old and she carried all but 3 of those days - mine?

Office work of rasson kind.

Today, Nothing of any great interest - but I did a land office business in 57 varieties of land ships! All the ships in the Village went out.

They bring in the lettuces so fast that each makes two bales or three they are drowned. Am down to my last layer of lettuce. I figure Coste now rather have one island well covered

Than better collection from somewhere.

Lunch will get me off before many days - we have to catch up by dawn - to twilight each day.

You must now be nearing Finnes and the Aranami reached Vancouver today. Jane will soon have my Turnth Pack. I wonder if she will realize how busy we are repeating itself? - No input by her anyone - but I do have some leisure. They don't bother me much & looking for them give me something to do.

No animal dinner. Came, back places with me for a day or two, Ed, and you can have all the eggs - you and half the gain!

Harry

Namaka, July 17th
Later -

Willy has discovered that a Fehlens came in from next week to take some Namuka people to Opotiki. Ha! an "act-in-the-hole" & something else to tie my hopes to! If necessary I'll buy that boat and sail myself captain!

A month from tonight I'm due to be on the high seas headed for Darwin - as I shall be.

H.

Sunday July 15th

Namuka (of course!)

Dear Ed -

Don't how it rained after I went to bed last night! Our tin roof sounded like a gang of boiler makers! I thought surely it would not last long but it lasted pretty
nearly all day. At half time the wind shifted around to SE as, though it still looks threatening, I have hopes. No cans were sent home today as for the moment I am not carryiing the captain.

I wrote a 15 pager to friend Marion, and had some odd jobs before the rest of the day I looked asleep, waking up to eat eggs, rice and then.

The crew were much impressed with my Thomas hair tonic and shampoo.

P.S. - Willy has just discovered an ancient deck of cards in the town! Four are missing but he makes some replacements. We are a hell of a decent fellow tonight - and play solitaire!

8:00 pm - "FLASH! Wind now blowing like hell. Lilly-O! - and raining like hell! Haven't looked at the barometer, it's over 800 ft. - that's just about 100 higher (lower) than the last time I looked. It may be! Willy and I will ride over.
to Kangore or the tail of a hurricane! Any thing for a change! I'd welcome a full close hurricane with open arms! — I mean return to my dock of filthy cans!

Nanikwe, July 16th

Dear Ed —

No luck even with high wind! By dawn it was clear and by 10 1/2 am just a nice sailing breeze. I climbed the old warner hill from the landward side & took some view of the bay & the coast. The visibility was excellent — Kangore, Orange, Galanga, Mvambilu, Kambere & Wanagana — all my islands in front of me — last no canons from Mothe! The very discouraging, Ed. If the delay lasts much longer we have to give up

the Lili Island & travel to Kedeka or Morar on the Aden mixed she calls to take the Malawi to the Bronze — that week or next, I didn’t encounter this old warner and it is no wonder for in the cove & hole of that cliffside all the warner would be concealed! It is an anxious day any lunatic I have landed over and can hardly change a heavy rain most of the way. Yet a good forum is at the house (on the island) but the higher cliffs like than on the north coast, one of coralliferous lo, though on this trip I could distinguish no real structure.

In spite of the fouling that has, I am sure, removed a part of the island on the north. The high marginal
The telescopic line + dissembler. Only made one mistake so far, or I know that not only 2-3 feet of film. Then used the F1.9 lens (with CK1 filter) for several portraits of children. Came to get 2-3 men later - mildly, the Malay, etc., and in the middle I shall put the grinning face of the crew! You should find them useful for your notes.

Decided today that the crew has been out of milk for some time so I gave him a tin. He surprised me with 2 new English words. "This velly-good," said he as he tipped the tin. (I thought no, they look "cheer," said "vely," but I am wrong, I guess.)

What do we do tomorrow? There
The big question - is it small consolation to remember that Smith was delayed 14 days in Kambou - that the taints put to sea in a canoe after a rain must of a month! I suspect I had some Lagos - I'd like to get beautifully stung and stay that way till a ship comes sighted! - Love & kisses!

Harry

P.S. -

The Moslem war for a bit of a going. He asks me that since there is plenty of land available, Willie & I had best settle down & start a bit of planting! Not a bad idea.

Harry

Namuka July 17th

7:35 A.M.

Dear Ed -

Just by way of variety I shall pencil you a few words in the morning. It was fairly clear at dawn but an express came on the phone at 7 it began to rain like hell. So here for another day indoors.

While Willy cooked the "mad rice" I resumed my study of Fijian. I'm now up on Lesson 44 now and can say interesting things like: "The dog and the pig" (Nukutu kei na mana) - "Bring me your drum" (Kantor mai na momo laki) - I can even formulate the question "Ke na luka kei vanga e na yaka ongo?" - Will you go to Vanga Thursday? - and the answer is - SENGAD!

Harry
And here for a sundowner—

Willy has got the Bremen coming under more ice for us to be having currant beef tonight (oh, goody—goody!)

I worked on cross-sections & did some writing in the morning. Surgically we all
The sun came out before noon & Willy & I took a canoe around the west horn
of the bay & I took some pictures to show bedding. More writing this afternoon
and now the sun goes down & so
close the day
— we just performed
my nightly rite of drawing another red
cross on the calendar. Today figures our
Third week on Naukara! The wind is
now from the SW which is tough
should anyone on Naukara by any remote
possibility think I’m coming to Naukara
(very serious!). Willy optimistically opines
that the SW wind will bring more rain!

Eloquently yours,

Harry

17 July 1934

So day is one. Some thirty days on this mad
Island (Mr. Waters) was waiting for
our mad Cansoe to come from Tioga but
no sign of any here yet. We have completed
this mad Island & in some nine or ten
days, but the rest of our trip days
here nothing doing & we read all day.
About 11.30 A.M. I went up on the
lads on a Cansoe to take some
photograph of the bedding around
the rear horn. Came back. I had
funkily a start on my book again
(reading) until 11.30 A.M. I went
on preparing supper, a boy of
Chinese Rice & Curried Beef. I hope
this mad Cansoe turns up tomorrow
so we may shift over to another line
of Hope Island I am just about fed up
with Naukara.

Mr. N. Waters
O.B.

Ever na mawambwa wanga? Omg. Senza! La tsho mai Mothe - se mani ne bota-mi wasawana - ei? An an zenga ni hila! Lu mothe -

A.

Momonde, July 15th

Dear Ed -

A spare memory making on a friend to the broken country of the common end of the road. - 75 platinum on 3600 feet! Swampland the mba a hut but on the whole it hardly was worth while. Visited the cave used by the Chimana who killed himself last year. Returned home at noon and enjoyed an afternoon trip to a famous battle cave where (for once) the Njemba shielded the Tonga

we many cracked bones are said to be fitted. But just as I finished my tea I heard the sound I have been listening for 14 days - all the people in town shouting "Said he!" I rushed out and there was a sketch coming from the next home! The nation claimed she was the late Tavamana, but she looked like the Aolamo to me and so she was! As she motored up to the anchorage a canoe has in sight! How much does the old arrive together! The Aolamo looks tonight - mule of down for seven - impossible
to persuade the ship to take me to Mothe because her is late now and be sighted the late Tavamana today headed for Kambara order to call here tomorrow. This boat is
returning later from Toccany + svl call here to see uncle in well. The canoe was not empty (unhoped) but a Galangh box, with 4 men, headed for Orenta. Good old Mamuka — "The worst mode of travel!"

- but it's thank my own et it well pleasure tomorrow or next day?

No mail for me except a receipt of seven bulletins (what for once I shall need) and Stockwell, Victoria! B.S. beyond my instruction + shabby it look to me — instead of to Stockwell! Here I am with a Victoria and no records! Beside one of the chorh squealing given just to be sure the machine works OK.

It does — now to get it back to Lomelore!

On the Aeromor came one European — Mr. Crabbie — recruiting native labor. He has had dinner with me (a good dinner — the best of my store) + I am enjoying my visit with him. We have many mutual friends.

He will mail the in three for me. Must now return to my duties as host.

So ended this year of the stranded sailor! — Volume 2 to follow later!

Very best to you and Ruth.

Harry

08.

Mr. Crabbie & I have traded magazines — what luck.

A,