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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Rodrigue Bertol

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH BAR
MEMBER OF THE BAR OF NEW YORK

TEL. BECKMAN 3-5765

165 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

#238. A Rhode Island Irishman, Thomas ("Red") F. Mikkenny, arrived in Hong Kong in the mid-thirties with a large roll of blueprints and the backing of a number of international sportsmen, including Count Ilia Tolstoy - grandson of the novelist - for an idea called the Ning Po Junk Expedition. - - - When backing for the Paris junk expedition fell short of expectations, - - -. In 1939 Mikkenny was able to realize some of his long-cherished plans when Mrs. John D. Archbold, a wealthy New Yorker, commissioned him to supervise the building of a deluxe junk to provide transport for scientific expeditions in which she was interested. When the resourceful Irishman found that Chinese artisans built without blueprints as their forefathers have for centuries, and that in all of China there were no plans for a junk, he expedited his own plans and supervised building of the Archbold junk to Lloyd's specifications in the venerable yard of Ah King. With the help of measurements taken from a century-old salt junk, the 89-foot-LOA 154-ton luxury craft with heavy, hand-sawn yacal frames, camphorwood knees, and three-inch plank, slowly took shape. An ancient temple idol was placed on the stem during building to bring good joss, and there were appropriate ceremonies at "the narrowing of the keel" and on launching day to drive evil spirits into the sea. Across the stern of the large Mingpo-type poop, craftsmen carved a Holy Goose with wings spread, and directly below Seven Chinese Sages were seated to keep evil at bay. With an "improved junk rig," three masts to each mast, a ship's rudder in place of the traditional one, and twin diesels, the Cheng Ho, named for the Chinese admiral who sailed to Africa in the fifteenth century, cleared Hong Kong in the northeast monsoon for a fast passage across the China Sea to Manila. "At sea," said Mikkenny, a firm believer in tradition, "the British tar has his daily rum ration and the Chinese sailor has his ration of joss sticks." Aboard Cheng Ho each of the ten Chinese crewmen went daily, after each meal, to burn three joss sticks each in the dining saloon before a fireplace joss shrine. When the mizzen boom carried away in a gale that flung sheets of spray one hundred feet aft over the high poop, a dozen joss sticks were burned by some of the men in place of the usual three. From Manila the owner of Cheng Ho and members of the Fairchild Tropical Garden Expedition cruised down through the Philippines, collecting rare plants and other specimens. From Zamboanga they cruised the Celebes coasts and then crossed to Surabaya in Java. Many calls were made at seldom-visited spots in the Malay Archipelago. When Germany invaded Holland, war conditions brought the Fairchild Expedition to an abrupt end at Amboina, where most of the original crew left. Under Captain Ellis Sheffield, the junk made her way slowly eastward through the tropics and against the prevailing easterlies to Suva, Fiji, where she arrived late in 1940. She then made a 5,000-mile plant expedition to the Islands of the Central Pacific for the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. Shortly before the attack on Pearl Harbor, Cheng Ho arrived in Hawaii and was "sold" to the U.S. Navy for one dollar to become patrol vessel LX52 in Hawaiian waters during the war years. In 1947, when she was returned to private ownership, the junk came under control of Otto Degner and Eric De Bisschop, who formed the Cheng Ho Trading and Exploring Company to operate between Hawaii and French Oceania. Flying the French flag, Cheng Ho cleared Honolulu for Tahiti in January, 1948, with a group of adventurers and general cargo. Shortly after her return passage from Papeete with passengers and a cargo of vanilla beans, several liberal miles were sailed at Honolulu by crew members for local waters. After months of local adventures, Cheng Ho cleared Hawaii for an eighteen-day passage to Papeete and remained in the Society Islands to become a copra trader. Legal battles over her ownership were not resolved until 1955, when she was ordered sold by a Papeete court. Promptly bought by a French firm, she was put back in the interisland trade in French Polynesia. Long a familiar sight in Papeete harbor, Cheng Ho was given two new diesels, renamed the Hiro, and set to carrying cargo between the Leeward Islands and Tahiti with occasional voyages through the Tuamotus.

"The Cheng Ho Trading & Exploring Company, Ltd.," an American company incorporated in the Territory of Hawaii, plans to sail between the Hawaiian Archipelago and the French Islands of the South Pacific (Society, Tuamotu, Marquesas) for two purposes, namely 1.) To continue scientific research and 2.) To engage in trade to help in part to finance this research.

Regarding the first purpose, I might state that the Cheng Ho, the vessel to be used, was built for research work in 1939 by Mrs. Anne Archbold of Washington, D.C., who, with the famed U.S.D.A., plant explorer David Fairchild, collected seeds of useful plants in the Moluccas for introduction into the United States. The trip was described by Fairchild in his popular "Garden Islands of the Great East." The second scientific trip concentrated its work in 1940-41 about Fiji, I, a professional botanist and author of five books, being in charge of the botanical research there. The results were published by Harvard in Sargentina 1. Further research was interrupted by the War, when the Cheng Ho was purchased for \$1.00 by the Navy. The War ended, I purchased the Cheng Ho, then declared surplus, and recently formed the Cheng Ho Trading & Exploring Co., Ltd., with the hydrographer and author of "Kaimiloa," Mr. Eric deBisschop. We plan to have some crew members professional scientists who, during the voyage will act as deck hands and cook but, on touching at isolated islands, will encamp there to engage in collecting and research. I, for example, will be one of these scientists who, during the first trip, will collaborate with Mr. Gene Papy of the Dept. of Public Instruction in Tahiti, in writing a flora of the Society Islands. I cannot finance the use of this 98 ft. vessel for scientific research without using her in a business way for trading various commodities for profit. Hence some of my associates in the company are primarily business-minded with the second purpose their greatest interest.

Regarding the second purpose - namely trading - we believe this an auspicious time to renew trade relations interrupted by the war and now chiefly in the hands of New Zealand and Australian concerns. Our greatest obstacle is exchange: the reluctance of France to lose her American dollars, and our reluctance to accept francs. Consequently our business must be based mostly on barter. As this is our very first trip, we have no agents in the French Islands nor are we sure what the islanders wish from us and can furnish us. This is primarily a trip of reconnaissance. Consequently we plan to take small trial lots of things too numerous to mention like: pins, needles, thread, fish hooks, diving goggles, combs, paring knives, machetes, cheese crackers and similar Army surplus goods, cigars, cloth, undershirts, boat equipment, kerosene, dried vegetables and fruit, prints, paper bags, pencils, string, glassware, scissors, paint, rock salt, carpenter tools, etc. In barter we would accept from the natives salt and dried fish, pearl shell, trepang, tortoise shell, curios, vanilla beans, coconut oil and other island products having value in Honolulu itself or by way of Honolulu on the Mainland. It is only after this first trial trip of reconnaissance that we can fill out your blank with accuracy.

Honolulu is a small community where many government officials first started out as employees of a relatively few local concerns. Naturally there is a certain feeling of aloha between old friends, and perhaps some resentment at the coming of newcomers like us onto the scene. This may temper their justice so that, for example, in spite of Territorial wharfage space available, we got none and threw ourselves upon the bounty of the Federal Government. This trip, then, is one of reconnaissance. If conditions in the Territory are too trying, we may sell out most of

our interest to citizens of France and let the business be conducted from Papeete, Tahiti, as the home part, ~~to Hawaii and back.~~

The Cheng Ho is a Chinese type junk-yacht with diesel engines and sails. She can eventually carry 40 tons deadweight but ⁷⁴this first experimental trip the goods we plan to take will have a value of less than \$5,000.

Cheng Ho Trading & Exploring Co., Ltd.
Otto Segener, Sec. - Treas.

Kein Verzicht Frankreichs auf Hilfe

Paris (AP). Nach einer Mitteilung des französischen Außenministeriums hat die Regierung niemals erwogen, auf weitere amerikanische Hilfe für das Mutterland zu verzichten, um die dadurch freiwerdenden Mittel für den Indochina-Krieg verwenden zu können. Die Höhe der amerikanischen Indochina-Hilfe werde nach den Besprechungen festgesetzt, die Ministerpräsident Mayer und Außenminister Bidault in der nächsten Woche in Washington führen werden. Das letzte Wort hätten jedoch die Vereinigten Staaten, die in getrennten Haushaltsplänen die Hilfe für Europa und Asien veranschlagten.

11-21-45

Austin Moore
1023 Waringold
East Lansing, Mich.



U.S. Postage 6¢

DR. OTTO DEGENER

R.T. Box 89, Mokuia Beach

Waialua, Oahu

Hawaii 96791, U.S.A.

21 Jan 54

Dear Otto:

Last word I had on Ching Ho
came from office of the Governor
of Tahiti. Present name is
HIRO II & she is owned by
the Société HIRO of Papeete.

She is docked at Papeete and no
longer in active service.
I was not told that she is

being used as a restaurant.
Carvings still show through paint.

Phone call from John

about a month ago before he
went to Dominica indicated

that he wants to get going on
publication of Ching Ho next

summer - I hope so!
Regards, Austin

Meeting Indorses Statehood

Honolulu chapter of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People held a recent mass meeting at the Y. M. C. A. building endorsing statehood.

The resolution follows: That the overwhelming majority of the people of Hawaii considered themselves as denationalized for the territorial; and

That the objective of the Association is to fight for the full citizenship rights to all, regardless of race, color, or religion;

That it be resolved that the Association, representing all racial groups of Hawaii, record in favor of statehood for Hawaii;

That it also ask that Hawaii be given the full unqualified citizenship in the American Union;

That it further resolved that the Association office of the Hawaiian People's Union be moved to Honolulu;

That it further resolved that the Association, under the leadership of Adam C. Powell, be authorized to exert all the influence of the Hawaiian People's Union for the full citizenship for Hawaii."

Injured Here Accidents

Accidents occurring over the past 10 persons were injured, said Joseph Jones, registrar, said Monday. One of the injured, 4-year-old Corrie, 1905 S. Queen street, was playing on the sidewalk in front of his home and was struck by a car driven by a driver.

The car was driven by a driver, 222 Lee street.



ONE-TIME 'GLAMOR GIRL' NOW A TRAMP—The 89-foot 154-ton Chinese junk Cheng Ho, which created such a stir in Honolulu when she first arrived here in April, 1941, came back to the harbor yesterday virtually unnoticed. She was towed back from Pearl Harbor for "cleaning up" after several years' Navy service. It could not be learned yesterday what the disposition of the craft will be. The Cheng Ho was built to special design in Hong Kong for a wealthy and elderly New Yorker, Mrs. Anne Archibald, and arrived here originally after a 5,000 mile scientific expedition through the South Seas. Stripped now of her elaborate carvings, fireplace and other symbols of luxurious travel, the once spectacular vessel is just another war veteran in need of rehabilitation. (Advertiser Photo by Danny Morse.)

13 Men Here Join Naval Personnel Regular Army Discharged Here

Thirteen men have enlisted in the regular army at the recruiting stations in the Aloha Tower and the National Guard Armory, choosing five different branches. Men enlisting in the regular army will be sent to various parts of the world.

Pearl Harbor's Navy staging center reported yesterday the following Naval personnel discharged in the Honolulu area:

S1/c Wayne Gilbert, of Maritime Service Hall, Honolulu, has served in the Navy for 33 months and participated in action off the Marshalls, Hollandia, New Guinea, Guam, Saipan and Luzon. P. Moore, fireman first class, O. Box 365, Naalehu, served in the

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Johns
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RECEIVED

JUN 23 1971

HUNT
BOTANICAL LIBRARY

Waiialua, Oahu, Hawaii 96791.
June 21, 1971.

Dear Mr. Bossert:

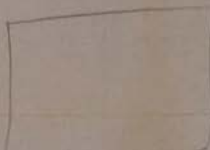
As you will remember, I gave the Library my Cheng Ho photographs in exchange for xerox copies of same. I am presently helping Dr. Moore of Mich. State University write a book about the Cheng Ho and cannot read one xerox because of its faintness. Please send me a darker, legible one, or the original, by air mail.

The xerox in question consists of 3 columns of newspaper clippings. I can make out the following highlights:

BURDENED WITH
WRITS
'Cheng Ho' In Honolulu

remarkable feet. when --

of the crew ---

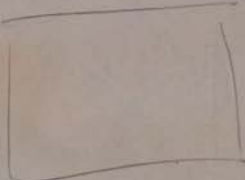


(Evidently photo
of Mr. & Mrs. Deb.)

PACIFIC ISLANDS MONTHLY - MARCH, 1949

NOTICE

OWNERSHIP OF CHENG HO



(In my black ink
script: P.I. 3-1949 p. 7)

Probably photo
of Cheng Ho



REPRINT OF
THE JOURNAL OF
THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

Containing

THE LAST CRUISE OF
THE "CHENG-HO"

PART I

by

OTTO DEGENER



Volume 44

SEPTEMBER 1943

Number 525

4/27/56
ROBERT G. HOGAN
RONALD B. JAMIESON
JOHN F. DYER
ROBERT M. ROTHWELL

HOGAN, JAMIESON, DYER & ROTHWELL

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

2ND FLOOR, FEDERAL SAVINGS BUILDING

843 FORT STREET

HONOLULU 13, HAWAII

TELEPHONE 5-5908

TELEGRAPH & CABLE ADDRESS

"HAGOH"

April 27, 1956

Mr. Otto Degener
Waialua, Oahu
Territory of Hawaii

Re: The "Cheng-Ho"

Dear Mr. Degener:

We have examined the files and records you left with us, regarding your claim to the above vessel.

We have further interviewed a number of persons who recently arrived from Tahiti.

They tell us that the ship has been recently rebuilt and repowered, so that she is presently in excellent condition as a freighter, but of course, is no longer the fabulous luxury yacht she originally was. We believe she is currently worth \$15,000.00.

As to enforcement of your option to purchase we are convinced that you were swindled, and that Messrs. De Bishop et al are chargeable as individuals, despite the collapse of the Hawaiian corporation with which you originally dealt.

However, it is also clear to us that in Tahiti the government is solidly organized against you, and that no relief is foreseeable short of a bitter showdown.

We believe that the cost of such a course would be too great to you to make it worthwhile as you would obviously at the outset be required to tender the purchase price of \$15,000.00 and would have substantial legal costs as well.

There is, of course, the slight possibility of effecting a compromise settlement by correspondence, in that you would be paid for a release of all claims to the vessel. However, this seems so unlikely in view of past events, that we feel reluctant to undertake even this on a contingent basis.

The case is a fascinating one, and we deeply regret that we can see no realistic approach to your problem, but in fairness to you we feel obligated to inform you that in our opinion, any efforts on our part to assist you would be more costly than the benefits realized.

We will hold your various papers until we hear from you as to their disposition.

Very truly yours,

HOGAN, JAMIESON, DYER & ROTHWELL

By

Robert M Rothwell

sm

1023 Marigold Avenue
East Lansing, Michigan, 48823
January 10, 1976

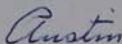
Dear Otto:

Thank you for sending the enclosed letter re the Cheng Ho. I am sending a copy immediately to Herman Arens. It may be too late for him to use it. I am just not certain at what stage he is at this point. In a recent telephone conversation John Archbold told me that the target date for publication is next Christmas.

Bea and I had planned to go with an Audubon tour to India in February, but we finally canceled our reservation for various reasons: a direct flight from New York to Delhi with no stopovers permitted because of the special tour arrangements seemed too strenuous, particularly at the beginning of a tour; articles that we read about the parks in India were discouraging; the tremendous upsurge in malaria in India reported in The New York Times; and the likelihood of dysentery, however careful one may be. I hope that at the age of seventy-five I may be excused for "welshing out" on a trip I would gladly have undertaken earlier. We are enjoying life right here, but we'll begin to make plans for an alternate journey soon, I imagine.

Thank you again for the letter. Our best wishes to you and Mrs. Degener.

Cordially,



Austin L. Moore

1023 Maryland Ave.
East Lansing, Mich.
48823

26 Apr. 1976

Dear Otto:

Latest word about Ching Ho is that publication won't be this year because of the flood of books coming out this Bicentennial year. Makes sense, but I hope there won't be delay beyond that. I have done all I can to urge haste.

Thanks for the excerpt from the Wildlife A.B.C. Book - with Sandy Dean's illustrations. Very good and clever.

Under separate cover I am sending you a little book that I put together last winter

COLONET

CORRESPONDENCE SHEETS

DURAND • CHICAGO

Just for the fun of it. I got a kick
out of writing the off-beat
definitions, and if you have any
good ones in mind I'd like to have
them for my "Dictionary." If either
you or I find that you enjoy some
of the material I'll be happy.

I'll let you know about
developments re Cheng Ho - Will be
seeing John at Foxhall probably in
July. Meantime will be playing golf and
will keep on with my cooking. The
dishes I am preparing these days would
shatter the fast of a Pope -

Warmest personal regards,

Austin

12/14/40

Jeff

Yacht "Cheng Ho,"
Suva, Fiji.
Dec. 14, 1940.

Dear Smith

Although the "Cheng Ho"
is in Viti Levu Bay, my Filipino
amanuensis and I are now in Suva.
He had to have two teeth extracted and
abscessed, and so I walked to the Suva
postoffice where I was delighted
to find your letter of Oct. 24, ^{and Nov. 18} in a day
or two Marshall rejoins the Cheng
Ho.

I am all in a dither about my
work. I do not care to be just a
collector, of course, and yet I do not
want to encroach into your legi-
timate scientific Fiji studies.

Delonix regia, common ginger,
sleander and similar plants of no
scientific interest. Sir Harry Tucker,
governor, has ^{intuitively} approved the
book, I to supply ^{him} my 166-
odd gineos free of charge.

It is my suggestion that you
publish your *Gij* novelties in
the same way as usual. But in the
case of *Gij* novelties I should
unearth (or collectors or friends of
mine) ^{to me} I most emphatically would
like to work them up with you
as coauthor. I see no reason
why we perhaps could ~~not~~ not
publish them as a second book
of "Degener & Parkhaus' *Gij* Flora,
you then becoming the third
coauthor. (Mr. Parkhaus willing).
Should such a Degener, Parkhaus

When I arrived in Suva I contacted Dr. Jack, Director of the Fiji Dept. of Agri., and Mr. Parham, the local botanist. I gave them a set of my books. Mr. Parham a few days later informed me that 166 species described and illustrated in my "Flora Hawaiiana" are also found in Fiji. This started the ball rolling!! Parham plans to scrap all references to Hawaii for these 166 species and, instead, give the Fiji facts. We would then have a "Flora of Fiji" as far as botanical junk is concerned. The authorship was to be "Segeuer & Parham." Such a work should not get into your hair as it would include such plants as

and Smith "flora must wait your
and Dr. Merrill's approval, I would
be prepared to bodanize in Fiji
extensively in years to come.
In fact, I might even divide
my time equally between Fiji
and Hawaii.

Your own flora, being purely
scientific, would meet an entirely
different group of readers than
"Degener, Parham & Smith's." Let me
know your reaction to such a plan.
I have a new Pseudomorus, for example.
Such a plant I cannot afford to relin-
quish. Coauthorship, however, is o.k.

We sail for Gilbert and Ellice
sooner. Your informational letter will be
invaluable to me on my return to Fiji.
Thanks lots.
Thus far I mailed 5 packages Fiji plant
to Arnold W. Please receive the novelties from
Coauthorship. Aloha, Otto Degener

*Portrait of Fiji
And of a Personality*

NATURALIST'S SOUTH PACIFIC EXPEDITION. FIJI. Otto Degener. 303 pages, illustrations, maps, index. Published by the author, P.O. Box 187, Waihia, Oahu, T.H. 1949. \$5. Also available from the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, New York 58, N.Y.

Otto Degener has a niche in botanical history for giving his name to the Degeneriaceae, the genus *Degeneria*, and numerous little "degeneri's" as specific names. He now has another niche: as the author of this volume, which recounts his explorations while with the Anne Archbold expedition on the motorized junk *Cheng-Ho*.* Here is a book to take its place beside the classics of the 19th century traveling naturalists, thoroughly modern, yet in an established style and tradition that has a parallel in such compositions as Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony."

The author has a rare trait of choosing his native friends with discernment, and of gaining their affection with their confidence—a task difficult in a land where the race problem is no better (or worse) than in our own lynch-conscious southern towns. As a result, this delightful account of his wanderings about the islands, filled with the human side of his experiences yet presented with the impartiality of a scientist (even to a minutely detailed description of yangona drinking, with clocked notations, some at one-half minute intervals during the ceremony), all

give us an exciting picture of the islands of today.

The book is written with a complete lack of that "diplomacy" that often colors the words of professional lecturers and travelers and others seeking to climb success's ladder, and the narrative is backed by supporting chapters on the history of Fiji and its customs. When today has gone, the volume will serve the ethnologists of the future for its basic data of this age.

"Portrait of Otto Degener" might well be the subtitle of this unusual book, which is all the more pleasing since the picture appears unplanned and unconsciously drawn. A hundred little anecdotes, some uncomplimentary to himself, and the absence of such stories as many authors use to prime their pomposity, all have their cumulative effect. As one closes the book, one knows not only Fiji, but also Otto Degener the man—so sage and kindly that one wishes more of his kind would tread the earth.

FRANK E. EGLER,
Aton Forest, Norfolk, Conn.

*Reprinted from the
Journal of the New York Botanical Garden,
November 1949. Vol. 50, No. 599.*

*Parts of the book appeared originally in the *Journal of the New York Botanical Garden* for September and October 1943.

A WIRELESS dispatch from London to *The New York Times* dated February 21 reads: "The British Association for the Advancement of Science has announced that it has decided to join with American scientists in preparing 'a democratic charter of science' to be observed by scientists throughout the world. The first principle laid down will be that the fellowship of the commonwealth of science has 'service to all mankind as its highest aim and the whole world as its outlook.' The charter will not recognize any barriers of race, creed or class. Sir Richard Gregory, past-president of the British association, has submitted a preliminary charter to his organization and it will be considered by a committee including himself, H. G. Wells, Professor Alan Ferguson, Professor Hyman Levy and Ritchie Calder."

7/21/44

On my return to Hawaii from 7½ month's botanizing in Fiji as member of Mrs. Anne Archbold's "Cheng Hoo" Scientific Expedition, I proceeded to peruse my large accumulation of Science magazines. My attention was drawn to the notice (Science 93: 255, March 14, 1941) that "The British Association for the Advancement of Science has announced that it has decided with American scientists in preparing 'a democratic charter of science' to be observed by scientists throughout the world. The first principle laid down will be that fellowship of the commonwealth of science has 'service to all mankind as its highest aim and the whole world as its outlook.' The charter will not recognize any barriers of race, creed or class." Men in America and England, with such ideals, perhaps will hear my plea in behalf of a lovable race of people, 100,000 strong, now forced to live as peons in their lovely land.

Though I returned successful with over 2,000 numbers of herbarium specimens for the Arnold Arboretum, many represented by 15 to 30 duplicates, I am disillusioned and greatly disturbed by leaving my brown sun-kissed patrons of botany and sincere friends under conditions that I had always associated with mediaeval times! To be sure, these Fijians are the grandsons and -daughters of inveterate cannibals, who killed their fellowmen at times for food. But Captain Cook wisely discouraged this custom by introducing the pig into Fiji so that roast pig might take the place of "long pig" on the native menu. He evidently did a good job, for the custom of eating one another died out rapidly. The last act of cannibalism occurred about a hundred years ago when a too-insistent missionary was "liquidated" by a sharp tap on the head and made the center of a joyous feast. Today the Fijians are a kindly, religious, clean, law-abiding race of people of great promise if only given a chance.

I went to Fiji with my Americanized Filipino assistant, a typical high school student studying Latin, Algebra, etc., like any Caucasian lad of the same age in Continental America. I treated him like my son and so, without knowing it, was classified by the Fijians as a strange kind of white man called "American". When acts of racial snobbishness were so severe that the Filipino just could not help but cry himself to sleep at night out of sheer chagrin and embarrassment, I sent him back to Hawaii and gradually trained several young Fijians to take his place. Their observations of an American's democratic treatment of non-Caucasian races was a revelation, and the "scandal" spread from village to village. Instead of being feared and hated, I was made welcome and treated like a beloved chief. One father even gave me his 19 year old youth as "son". Aloisio and I took our responsibilities seriously, he accepting me as his "white father" (Fijians have "little fathers" and "little mothers" also) and I accepting him as my "Fiji son".

Wherever we traveled we paid our way instead of living off the bounty of the generous natives. On arriving at a village my "son" would perform the sevu-sevu ceremony. He would face the buli (chief), both sitting cross-legged on the mat-covered floor of the grass house. I, the exalted white man, would be obliged to sit in a chair, provided for me sometimes after considerable scurrying and search. Aloisio (in a rather rude fashion, it seemed to me) would throw a six pence bundle of yangona (Piper methysticum) root toward our host. The latter, while fondling it, would make his Fiji speech of welcome, amidst our clapping of hands twice with barely an interval between but with the third clap following one or two seconds later. At times we would interrupt with bula, amathe, venaka and other words appropriate to the occasion. Some boy

or girl would then pound the yangona to a coarse powder between two stones or in a wooden mortar with a wooden pestle. This powder then would be placed in a clean cloth held taut at all four corners by two Fijians while a third would slowly add water and by hand gradually work the fine yangona through the cloth into the carved, wooden bowl beneath. The resulting liquid is turbid, a dull mustard color, but hardly foamy as so often described. Although it does taste like a poor quality dentifrice, it is refreshing to drink and leaves the mouth smooth and clean. After mixing the yangona thoroughly in the bowl by dipping some out with a polished coconut shell and pouring it back again, the Fijians would ceremoniously announce the drink ready.

Being guest of honor, a Fijian would bring me a coconut cup full of yangona, carrying it toward me in a somewhat stooping position. He or she, kneeling before me, would hold the cup with both hands. I would clap my hands thrice in the proverbial way, grasp the cup while the Fijian clapped in turn, and then with a grimace, would swallow the portion at one time. Then with an exclamation, if a true Fijian, I would spit into a discarded tin can before me, into the open fireplace, out the doorway, in rare cases even against the nicely plaited inner wall of the house, or often simply refrain from spitting.

The Fijians usually use two coconut cups; one for dipping and pouring, the other for serving and drinking. Everyone drinks in turn from the same drinking cup, but no two people ever drink from the same filling. Should a Fijian drink just part of a cupful, the remaining liquid is discarded. To avoid the objectionable feature of using a common cup, however, I always carried my own in my briefcase. This is a large, shallow, beautifully thinned and polished, almost black coconut cup, a cherished heirloom presented me by my "son's" father.

We collected extensively in the "bush", often guided by the buli, an elderly man of considerable executive ability with hair dyed jet black so many months ago that it had had time to grow out half an inch in its natural white color. Evenings Aloisio would prepare yangona in my three-doored grass house for our 20 to 40 visitors. Then while he sang and played the guitar, I would work ^{up} the day's catch of plants. Before pressing each kind, I would hand it around to the Fiji guests, these giving me its name and various uses. Aloisio acted as interpreter. About 11 o'clock, he would open up a few cans of pears or peaches, unknown fruits to them, or serve each guest a sardine perched on a cracker. These would be eaten with queer coachman-like clicks of surprise and pleasure. The yangona fibers left over from the first pounding would be ^{wet} pounded again to fill a second bowl of superior drink, and my lesson in Fiji botanical lore would continue to midnight or beyond.

Saturday nights my work would be a bit interrupted by the tra-la-la-la, a harmless, almost prudish type of dance. The girl walks toward the seated swain and gently taps him on the shoulder. He rises and takes his place at her side. Both then place one arm about their partner's back. To the accompaniment of a guitar and perhaps beating sticks, the dancers shuffle slowly in a circle about the room. Some of these tra-la-las last until 2:30 A.M., the yangona being passed about from time to time to refresh the dancers.

The Fijians are not a stupid race. The half dozen highest chiefs who have been allowed to attend Oxford or Cambridge are highly cultured; while the sum total of the native population, deprived of adequate schooling, compensate for their lack of formal education by knowing intimately the many plants about them. They have names for almost each kind. But as

Fiji is peopled by many tribes speaking many dialects, it is useless to record the vernacular name of a definite plant without stating the dialect used. So, for example, an orchid called papara in one region is called papapa in another. A medicinal shrub called bovo in one island is called vobo in another. The Fijians know which trees are good for houseposts and do not rot in the moist ground, and which may be used as rafters for their houses. They distinguish between the different lianes, knowing which can be used as "string" to tie the parts of their house together and which are worthless. They know that an occasional fire of coconut husks within the house will dry and tighten their "strings", and will sweeten and preserve their thatch from mold and the ravages of insects. They profess to know which plants have value as medicine for thrush, ulcers, broken bones, eye trouble, diarrhoea or constipation, and for "blood in the stomach". They know a score of plants useful as fish poison, etc. Such facts of human interest are buried in the minds of the Fijians and not yet recorded in print. Every year, with the death of members of the older generation, more and more of this priceless empirical knowledge and interesting superstition is being lost.

The Fijians have a concept of genetic affinities and study their plants. For example, different species of Eugenia are called lemba. All species of Ficus of the banyan type are called baka; smaller, smooth-leaved species, losi-losi; and the sand-papery leaved species, masi-masi. I did correct my mentors, however, when they considered Pseudomorus congenerous with Ficus. They were greatly interested in any herbarium specimens I happened to have with me from other regions, handling, tasting and smelling any plant foreign to them.

These good friends of mine, the obscure Peter, William (William), Samu (Sam), Timoci (Timothy), Aloisio (Aloysius), Esala, Heneri (Henry), Ligorio, etc., etc., who offer their help and advice with no idea of reward, and 100,000 similar Souls, are ground down (worse than the 85,000 East Indians living in Fiji) by customs or regulations of the following type:

A white man can marry a Fiji woman, but if a Fiji man marries a white woman he is cast in jail. A Fiji man cannot leave the confines of the British Empire. A Fiji man, unless he is one of the few highest chiefs, cannot leave the Fiji Islands. A Fiji man cannot leave his village without permission. If a Fiji man is unable to pay his tax, he goes to jail. Their taxes are high. One of my assistants who had been lucky enough to earn 2½ shillings per day as road laborer, was obliged to pay a yearly tax of 37 shillings. In addition, the Fijians have hidden taxes to pay on such necessities as kerosene used to illuminate their spacious houses. If a Fiji man owns land rich in natural resources, a white man can exploit them against the native's will by getting permission from the government to do so and paying the native a mere pittance. A Fiji man is not to live under the same roof with a white man, nor should he shake hands with one. He should not enter a white man's house by the front door. He must not sit beside a white man in a vehicle. In public buses, for instance, the white man sits in the front seat beside the driver. Should a Fiji man sit there before the white man's arrival, he relinquishes his seat without a word and slinks away.

A Fiji man is not to sit at table or eat with a white man, yet not a few white men will sleep with Fiji girls degraded by close contact with Caucasian civilization in the towns. If a Fiji man must eat in the same room with a white man as, for example, in a one-room Fiji grass house, the white man finishes his meal first at table before the Fiji man begins to eat.

begins to eat his meal on the floor. Even while botanizing in the jungle, it was difficult for me to get my assistants or companions to eat our picnic lunch together. In the beginning they would slink away like outcasts. A white man is not supposed to carry a parcel.

Fijians are roped off from white people in moving picture theaters. They do not sit in the same section of church. In one, which my Filipino assistant attended in good faith, a printed tract was distributed among the white members of the congregation. When the Filipino requested one, he was rebuffed by the priest's remark: "These are only for white people. Do you consider yourself a white man?" Fijians are buried in cemeteries for Fijians; part-Fijians are buried in cemeteries for part-Fijians; white people are buried in cemeteries reserved exclusively for white people.

Fijians are dismissed from school at a much earlier age than white children even though many are good students, and their schools are of wretched quality. Compulsory education for Fijians is either wanting or poorly enforced. One of my assistants, for instance, attended school for only 1½ years, most of this time being employed not in the classroom but in the jungle cultivating tapioca and taro. Another assistant had gone to school for only 2 years. Looking through the open side of a native one-room, two-teacher school (devoid of furniture), I read on the blackboard in the teacher's fine calligraphy: "Present, Past, Future." And under his misspelled "Future", the teacher had written as illustration: "I will be eat." The headmaster had had 6 years of training in a native school. No matter if a Fijian does better and more work than a white man beside him, he gets far less pay because of his skin color.

The clerk in a Suva steamship office, would sell me a cabin class ticket for one of my Fiji youths on an American vessel to Honolulu only on condition he be kept apart from other passengers. Yet agents in other countries do not discriminate against the closely related Maoris, Samoans or Hawaiians. At one of the main rural hostels outdoor toilets are labeled "For Europeans only". Fijians are supposed to crawl into the roadside bushes. They are barely considered human but treated more like dogs. I requested the Fiji Government to allow one of my Fiji assistants (my "son"), versed in native lore, to accompany me to Hawaii to enable me to write a book on "Fiji Plants and Fiji Customs" with his expert aid similar to a book I had written a dozen years before on Hawaiian customs. Though I offered to post 100 pounds bond for his safety and to pay for his return passage in advance, my plea was denied! The Fiji peon "would return spoiled" after contact with free, democratic Americans of Hawaiian or other non-Caucasian ancestry.

In a crowded postoffice a District Commissioner ordered one of my assistants, a perfect stranger to him, to take his hands out of his pockets. No American would stoop to waste his time with such trivialities or try to show his exalted authority with such bad taste before the crowd of onlooking Fijians and East Indians. When I was about to go to Suva for a week's stay I left one of my assistants with my equipment and drying plants on the grounds of a country hotel. I wanted him to have proper food during my absence and hence went to my landlord to pay him in advance for a modest supply of milk, eggs and papaya. I wanted my Fijian to fetch this daily from the kitchen door in proper colonial style. The white man refused to sell me any of his abundant provisions which he had advertised on the neighboring trees as for sale, with the

Degener on Fiji for publication in Science

remark: "Fijians don't drink milk; Fijians don't eat eggs; Fijians don't eat Papaya. You're spoiling the damn boy." Yet this same man during a period of poverty, had been living in native villages on the bounty and generosity of the people he reviled! Fijians never turn away the destitute or hungry whatever the race.

In general, the finest type of Fijian stands on a lower social scale than the most degraded, rum-soaked, bootlegging white man or discharged government embezzler. According to a story current among the natives, and I have also heard it from white residents, one of these last was not brought to trial from his mountain province as that might lower the prestige of the white race. Another culprit, instead of being jailed, had his passage paid back to England.

This botanical paradise is mediaeval Fiji in the year 1941, a dangerous hotbed of racial distrust, meanness, and pent-up anger; where the white man is cordially hated by the Fijian, fiercely so by the East Indian. The brown thinkers are not pro-Axis but fear the thumbscrews will be tightened still more if their England wins the Second World War. They are pathetically hoping that Fiji, like American Samoa, will become part of the United States. These wretched conditions are not the fault of the Governor, nor of the Immigration or Police Departments, but of a small, powerful group of "poor white trash" and glorified beach combers who adversely influence the Department of Native Affairs. I have written, on advice of some white residents in Suva, to the Colonial Office in London on behalf of these 100,000 unfortunate, botanically-minded peons. Will not some members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and of our own American Association do likewise?

Otto Degener

Waialua, Oahu, Terr. Hawaii.

9/27/41

Dear Mr. Degener

I am using two boxes interchangeably so you need not be surprised.

I believe I developed two of each negative; even three in some cases. Only five or ten more prints to worry about. It would naturally cost much to print them for you have to buy two kinds of chemicals and for which you cannot keep one they are in solution. Here are four more, three of Puyo Puyo. They are extras from the ~~last~~ my last developing set.

When I was sleeping with my Tjixian friends, at Lawa, I had my diary on a table all the time. They all were curious and because they could read, they occasionally read it. I was ashamed to write anything concerning that lost I intended to write about it after I had left them but somehow forgot all about it since. I write in my diary daily but hardly go back to read the past incidences. I want just to write, and write until I have gray hair; then when my time has almost approach for me to go to heaven or hell, it will then be at that time that I'll go over every word.

These photos of Mr. Krause are excellent. Thank you so much for them. Thank Mr. Krause, will you?
The hi-light on our school

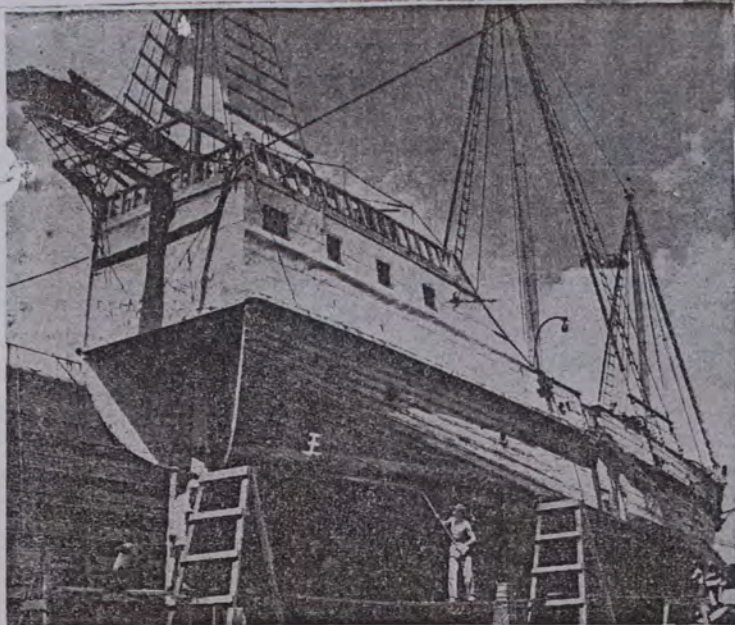
paper this week is about a hypnotist.
They certainly printed my name with
huge letters on the first page too.
Telling about me intending to establish
a psychiatric club. The representative
assembly approved of it but somehow
the principal, who was the one ^{to} ~~was~~
encourage me, is now the one to oppose.
He is more interested in dancing and
or football games than for the
benefit of science. Even these science
teachers are rather ignorant about it. I
was willing to teach it to virtuous students
as well as to teachers who think or rather
admit that they have a lot more to
learn about this subject; but now that
all turned out that way, I do it in my
own way. The majority of the students
agree with me. In fact, they are willing

to be my followers. He already hypnotized
the Student Body President, the Class President,
and various other prominent students at my
house. He started writing a book on this
subject—about 60 pages, $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the size
of my diary. As soon as my father gets
his contract money we are coming to
Osaka, probably in the early part of
Next year. Should the principal be-
come science-conscious, and let me add
that club, I'll stay here until the term is
over.

He typed a copy of your writings on Fiji and
many of these brown-race students who read it are all
too glad to have a copy. If you have to print
it yourself, I beg you to do so. If I weren't too
busy with my lessons, I would be too glad to
concentrate on it.

The British are devils after all! If
your article will eventually be distributed through-
out the world the majority of the people on this
earth will call you the father of humanity. In fact,
I already take you to be that.

Alston
Emilia



WITH THREE SETS of sails, twin diesel engines and a fuel capacity giving her a cruising range of 15,000 miles, the one-time luxury junk can take the Pacific in stride either under sail or under power.

The skipper and Mr. Degener figure she ought to be able to make a round trip between Honolulu and one of her proposed ports of call in about six weeks.

TO SAIL AGAIN FOR SCIENCE—The once-luxurious Cheng Ho which served throughout the war with the navy went up on drydock at Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co.'s Drydock No. 2, Pier 27, yesterday to be put back into ship-shape for postwar Pacific cruising. The drydock workers are pictured scraping off assorted submarine life as a preliminary to recaulking her hull. After reconditioning, the Cheng Ho will operate for the Cheng Ho Trading & Exploring Co. in a commercial-scientific venture between here and French Oceania. (Advertiser photo.)

Cheng Ho Readied For New Adventures

Adventure is dead, you say? Well, you'd better duck when you say it to the man who has been World War I combat ace, scientist-explorer, skipper, French consul in Honolulu, shipwrecked three times that he can recall offhand, boat-builder, outwitted of some business-like pirates in Formosa—and now getting ready to launch into a brand new adventure involving the fabulous junk Cheng Ho.

ERIC DE BISSCHOP took time out from scraping barnacles off the ship's bottom yesterday to give this reporter an idea of what his latest venture is all about. The Cheng Ho, it might be explained, is high and dry in Inter-Island's No. 2 drydock at Pier 27.

Otto Degener, who recently purchased the junk from Mrs. Anne Archbold following its redelivery by the navy and maritime commission to the former owner, came down from his chores on deck to join the conversation.

THIS NEW VENTURE, it seems, is wrapped up in the Cheng Ho Trading & Exploring Co., incorporated last July 7. Mrs. De Bisschop, the former Constance Conable, is president and Mrs. Degener secretary-treasurer of the new concern, organized to conduct trade between Hawaii and French Oceania.

The enterprise, however, is not to be wholly commercial. Mr. Degener said he has reserved the after cabin and his private bath companion, Joseph T. Bouché, has

for days on candle tallow.

The two French scientists pitched a tent down at Ala Moana and set to work on a new craft, this time a double-hulled canoe called Kaimiloa. And on March 7, 1937, a few months after their Molokai mishap, the two took off for France.

BY MID-JUNE winds and currents had carried the motorless craft more than 5,000 miles, to Soerabaja, Java. From there the Kaimiloa headed for South Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and eventually made port in France.

There Capt. de Bisschop acquired still a fourth vessel. Mrs. de Bisschop was with him when he put to sea that time, but it was another voyage, destined for an unhappy ending. Off Portugal the de Bisschop craft was run down by a sardine boat one night. The vessel and everything aboard was lost, but the de Bisschops miraculously were rescued.

IN JULY, 1941, the skipper was appointed French consul at Honolulu. Two months before, the Cheng Ho had arrived in port here. But at that time Capt. de Bisschop didn't dream that one day he'd be readying her to put to sea again in the interests of science.

A seven-man crew, all of whom have interests in the new company, will be aboard the Cheng Ho when she sets forth on her new career, the skipper said. He thinks she should be back in ship-shape within two or three weeks.

Pomelo Long Neglected By Fruit Growers

Hon. Adv. 8/20/44

This article on The Nation's Breakfast Fruit, the Pomelo, is one of a series of articles by Mr. Ambrose on Fruits You Ought to Grow. Mr. Ambrose will answer questions addressed to him at his home at Waikoloa, Maui. Send stamped, addressed envelope.

The grapefruit takes its common name not from its resemblance to a grape but from the fact that the fruit grows in clusters like grapes. Clusters of 10 or 15 large fruits are not unknown.

The fruit was long neglected because of its sourness while growers and research men developed the orange industry. About the turn of the century, interest in the fruit was awakened. Doctors said it was good medicine, and with vigorous



Mr. Ambrose advertising its sales grew from nothing till now it is about a \$20,000,000 crop and still growing.

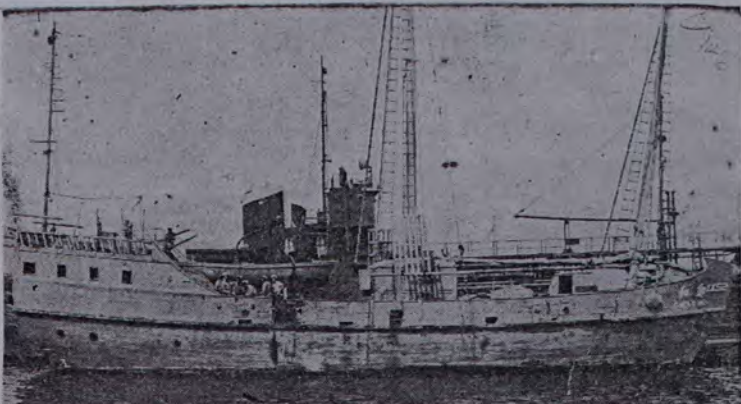
Immense orchards may be found in California, Arizona, Texas and Florida. Residents of each state are quite sure their fruit is best. Just to be loyal, we might say they are all wrong, and the best grapefruit is grown in Hawaii. The writer is quite sure he has never eaten better grapefruit than those grown at the Iwasaki nursery at Puna, Hawaii.

You may grow the grapefruit anywhere from the lowlands to as high on our mountains as farming is done. Ours at 4,000 feet are growing and bearing well. Our neighbor, Dr. Howard Powers, planted one in his family orchard from the same nursery where we bought ours. His tree outbore ours, but the fruit was too bitter to eat. After a few years, we topworked the tree to tangerines and now he can pick sweet fruit from the tree. This is a rather unusual experience, but it does sometimes occur.

Since the grapefruit is growing in popularity and many people in Hawaii are planting either a few trees in the home orchard or else are planting commercial orchards of this fruit, we shall devote our next week's article to a discussion of the grapefruit varieties in size, color of flesh and even in acidity.

Some people want sweet grapefruits, but if it is not sour it is not a grapefruit.

Eat them or drink them; but use them.



BACK TO PRIVATE OWNERSHIP—The once-luxurious junk-type Cheng Ho, pictured here at a Pearl Harbor mooring, was returned by the maritime commission Monday afternoon to Otto Degener, acting as agent in the transaction for Mrs. Anne Archbold, former owner. At the outset of the war, Mrs. Archbold turned the Cheng Ho over to the navy for military service. Mr. Degener was one of the scientific expedition which the vessel carried through the South Seas prior to the war. It is indicated that the Cheng Ho will now be drydocked and surveyed for rehabilitation. (Official U. S. navy photo.)

Hon. Adv. 2/6/47

Hon. Adv. Plant Causes Dermatitis 10/2/58

CHICAGO—Some species of the popular house plant philodendron have been found to cause a skin eruption similar to that produced by poison oak.

Writing in the current (September) Archives of Dermatology, published by the American Medical Association, two Los Angeles doctors said contact with philodendron leaves produces red blotches and streaks of tiny blisters. They usually occur on the hands and forearms, although they may occur in other places.

The number of cases of dermatitis resulting from contact with philodendron is probably greater than generally thought, they said, especially since philodendrons are increasing in popularity as house plants.

The doctors have seen at least 15 cases of philodendron-caused dermatitis in the last few years. The medical literature mentions other cases.

There are approximately 100 species of the genus. The most popular as a house plant is *Philodendron cordatum*, a vine with small, heart-shaped, glossy leaves. Another is *P. selloum*, which has large divided leaves and grows in a mound. The genus belongs to a family different from that to which the poison oak and poison ivy plants belong, although the skin eruptions produced by the plants look alike.

The skin eruptions generally clear after the exposure to the plants is ended.

Authors of the article are Drs. Samuel Ayres Jr. and Samuel Ares III.

Did You Know?

Hon. Adv. MYRLE CLARK 7/20/58

Did you know that back in the good old days when Mom baked a cake, one of the ingredients which she used was probably vanilla? Now a-days, Mom may buy the modern cake mix which already has vanilla in it. You may see vanilla growing in Honolulu if you amble up to the Foster Gardens on Nuuanu Avenue. The entrance is on the School Street side—and it's all for free. This plant believe it or not, belongs to the orchid family and is a vine climbing up trees, poles & lattices. It blossoms within a year and if half and the pod like berries formed, may continue to grow for 30 to 40 years. From an acre, about 100 pounds of cured pods may be taken.

Mexico is the home of this flavoring. Being happier in a hot, damp climate, the plant grows in Tahiti, Madagascar, and several other "hot spots." In the Kona district of the island of Hawaii, it is grown commercially to some extent. In Honolulu, it is just one more sight for you to see.

Flora Hawaiiensis

Dr. Otto Degener and his wife, also a skilled botanist with a doctor's degree, have produced another sheath of pages of their "Flora Hawaiiensis," loose-leaf illustrated flora of the Hawaiian Islands, aided by a grant from the National Science Foundation.

This installment describes two shieldferns, called by the Hawaiians "neke" and "pau-nao"; gives keys to local species of bananas, to genera of the pepper, mulberry, buckwheat, amaranth and mint families in Hawaii, to Hawaiian species of the genus *Pittosporum*; describes and figures species of *Pittosporum* or *hoawa*, a native species of *Hibiscus*, a member of the olive family, and two species of *Cordia*.

Doctors Degener may be addressed at Wai-alea, Oahu, T. H.—E. H. Bryan, Jr.



BACK TO PRIVATE OWNERSHIP—The once-luxurious junk-type Cheng Ho, pictured here at a Pearl Harbor mooring, was returned by the maritime commission Monday afternoon to Otto Degener, acting as agent in the transaction for Mrs. Anne Archbold, former owner. At the outset of the war, Mrs. Archbold turned the Cheng Ho over to the navy for military service. Mr. Degener was one of the scientific expedition which the vessel carried through the South Seas prior to the war. It is indicated that the Cheng Ho will now be drydocked and surveyed for rehabilitation. (Official U. S. navy photo.)

Hon. Adv. 2/6/47
sent to Mrs. Archbold, 7, Mulholland, Irvine
Calif., Irvine, John J. Barker, Karl Pischke, Heldenwald

Kona Coffee An Island Asset

Hon. Adv. 2/28/47
 By JARED G. SMITH

So, Kona wants to have the legislature make the school commissioners change the summer vacation to conform with the general practice elsewhere, the reason being that neither teachers nor pupils want to pick coffee. For many years the annual school vacation has been timed to coincide with the coffee harvest so that the children could help their parents gather the crop.

Some old residents of the district have told me that coffee, as an industry, is on the way out, citing that the last crop was little more than half the prewar normal. This I can understand—the shortage of fertilizers and lack of man-power during the four war years having lowered yields.

Coffee trees are hard to kill. Volunteers in the lantana, rock piles and pastures all through the district flower and ripen cherry, not enough to make the crop worthwhile. But, during that other high-price period after World War I, men hunted out these stragglers, cleared away the brush, pruned the deadwood and were duly rewarded with a nice lot of cherries.

Then, too, coffee prices rose to 30 cents a pound. I doubt whether a hundred pounds all told was left unharvested in both Kona's South or North.

By using fertilizers and proper cultural methods, yields of more than 3,000 pounds of clean coffee per acre have been obtained on the best soils—world production records!

Medellin, the Colombian grade nearest Kona coffee in aroma, taste and cupping quality, which sets our price levels, was quoted at 30 cents a pound in the New York market on February 7, 1947—four cents above Santos No. 4, the base grade in the American market.

The Bureau of Census estimates 1946 coffee roastings for civilians reached an all-time record high of 29,480,000 bags. (The standard coffee bag is 60 kilos—132 pounds). Stocks of green coffee in the U. S. on January 1 were 3,800,000 bags or about nine-weeks supply.

I have injected the above to show that our Kona coffee crop small as it is, is potentially too valuable to our economy to let it die or have the legislature give it a kick in the pants when everything possible ought to be done to help the industry regain its rightful stature.

I lived in Kona twelve years, voted at Hōkēna, did jury service in the sweat-box (the old Kaiulu court house), and naturally absorbed much coffee lore, seeing as how coffee was the main crop.

I've had "queer" ideas about it—one million dollar corpora-



SMITH

tion, single buyer and handler to process the entire crop under chemical control; establish uniform grades; and market the coffee for the growers on the same cooperative basis as sugar, paying 75 per cent of the market price when the ripe cherry is delivered and splitting the remainder pro rata, when the crop has been sold.

Reputation based on uniformity of established grades is necessary to build a lasting market for any product. Kona coffee used to have a fine reputation before so many little handlers messed it up. The old adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth" applies to Kona's dwindling coffee industry as it is today.

MC Here On Search For Otto Degener

Advertiser 2-14
 That ship is here again!

Harry A. Ayres, regional director here for the U. S. maritime commission, reported Friday that he has just been authorized to deliver the 99-foot junk-type Cheng Ho to Otto Degener—but the catch is that Mr. Degener cannot be located.

Mr. Ayres said that wealthy Mrs. Anne Archbold of Washington, D. C., who had the once-fabulous Cheng Ho built to special design in Hong Kong in 1939, has paid \$1 in the maritime commission and has instructed it to redeliver the craft to Mr. Degener as her agent.

A search of the telephone directory and city directory and investigation through every other available source, the MC representative said, have failed to yield a clue as to the man's whereabouts. Meanwhile, the Cheng Ho—which several months ago was towed from Pearl Harbor to Pier 3—has been moved back to Pearl Harbor since the navy has relinquished its use of the Honolulu pier.

To complicate matters further, it was understood last August that the Cheng Ho was to be given by Mrs. Archbold to the Sea Scouts of Honolulu.

Executive board members of the

Famous Gold Tree (Sunshine) Tree Now In Bloom

The famous Gold tree, or Sunshine tree near School St. and Nuuanu Ave. is in bloom today. It is announced by the board of public parks and recreation. This tree, one of the main sights in the city for flower-minded visitors, is always a mecca during its short blooming period.

The tree, which botanically is *Tabeula donnell-smithii*, stands in Foster park. This park was formerly the home of Dr. Hillebrand, one of the earliest persons interested in importing unusual trees and plants into Hawaii. It holds, in consequence many rare plants and some of the largest and most unusual trees in the islands. The Gold tree is one of these.

Maintained today as a city park, the Foster garden holds a large greenhouse with a fine collection of orchids and other rare and some of the largest and most unusual trees in the islands. The Gold tree is one of these.

Park and greenhouse are open during the day without charge.

Honolulu council of Boy Scouts, headed by President Wade W. Thayer, and a committee of 10 different troops, met at Pier 5-W last August and decided to accept the gift of the Cheng Ho by Mrs. Anne Archbold, registered owner. . . . Whether or not Mrs. Archbold still intends to turn the vessel over to the local group following its redelivery to her agent—provided he can be found—is not quite clear. Mr. Ayres said his knowledge of the vessel's disposition does not go beyond the redelivery point.

Honolulu Advertiser 6/19/47
 Seventy Years Ago—1877
 To the Editor—The statements made by others as well as myself, in the papers respecting the large yield of the sugar cane, in some cases and locations, though true, would not be a safe basis upon which to engage in the culture of cane and manufacture of sugar. The cases named are respecting the cane, and anyone entering into the business expecting an average yield of from four to five tons per acre will be likely to be disappointed. From two to three tons per acre is a good yield, and as large as it is safe to expect. . . . S. N. Castle.

Kew

Plants collected in Fiji on the Cheng Ho trip
of Anne Archbald or Otto Degener

Described as	Type collection	Present disposition
<i>Aglaia archboldiana</i> A. C. Sm.	D. & Ordonez 13705	O. k.
<i>Arthropteris archboldiae</i> Copel.	D. 15514	Prob. o. k. (fern)
<i>Astronidium degeneri</i> A. C. Sm.	D. 15279	O. k.
<i>Cinnamomum degeneri</i> Allen	D. 14531	O. k.
<i>Glaoxylon archboldianum</i> Croizat	D. 14906	= <i>Glaoxylon echinospermum</i> Muell. Arg.
<i>Cleidion degeneri</i> Croizat	Tabualewa 15570	= <i>Cleidion leptostachyum</i> (Muell. Arg.) Pax & Hoffm.
<i>Cryptocarya degeneri</i> Allen	D. 15412	= <i>Cryptocarya hornei</i> Gillespie
<i>Degeneria vitiensis</i> I. W. Bailey & A. C. Sm.	D. 14537 (descr. 1942)	O. k. New and very important family Degeneriaceae
<i>Dolicholobium oblongifolium</i> var. <i>degeneri</i> Fosberg	Smith 1643	= <i>Dolicholobium oblongifolium</i> A. Gray
<i>Melochia degeneriana</i> A. C. Sm.	Smith 5095 (descr. 1950)	O. k.
<i>Elaeocarpus degenerianus</i> A. C. Sm.	Gillespie 4285 (descr. 1953)	O. k.
<i>Elatostema archboldianum</i> A. C. Sm.	D. 14429	= <i>Elatostema filicoides</i> (Seem.) Schröter
<i>Flacourtia degeneri</i> A. C. Sm.	D. 14890	O. k.
<i>Freycinetia degeneri</i> Merr. & Perry	D. 15128	= <i>Freycinetia hombronii</i> Martelli
<i>Jasminum degeneri</i> Kobuski	D. 14980	O. k.
<i>Medinilla archboldiana</i> A. C. Sm.	D. 14366	O. k.
<i>Morinda umbellata</i> var. <i>archboldiana</i> Fosberg	D. 15115	= <i>Morinda umbellata</i> var. <i>bucidifolia</i> (A. Gray) Fosberg
<i>Odontochilus degeneri</i> L. O. Williams	D. 14736	O. k.
<i>Piper degeneri</i> A. C. Sm.	D. & Ordonez 14096	O. k.
<i>Procris archboldiana</i> A. C. Sm.	D. 14354	O. k.
<i>Psychotria archboldiana</i> Fosberg	D. 15316	O. k.
<i>Psychotria degeneri</i> Fosberg	D. 15374	= <i>Psychotria storckii</i> Seem.
<i>Tectaria degeneri</i> Copel.	D. 14478	Prob. o. k. (fern)

Vaynaa degeneri A. C. Sm.	D. & Ordonez 14099 (descr. 1952)	O. k.
Xylopia degeneri A. C. Sm.	D. 15204	O. k.
Xylosma archboldianum A. C. Sm.	D. 15435a	O. k.
Faradaya neo-ebudica var. degeneri Moldenke	D. & Ordonez 13762 (descr. 1952)	O. k.



This Hawaiian family burial cave, on the Big Island, has been entered many times by sight-seers

Klets, is booming and briskly fishhook of all is a shark hook made of Kawila wood with a point of human bone.

"Prices are going so high I'm getting out of the business," said Coward. "I tell you it's spooky. If you lose one of those tiny fishhooks you can hardly see it might cost you \$150. Or a little mirror, \$1,500.

"Hawaiiiana has become such a big business that only large corporations can afford to buy.

"TWO MONTHS AGO I picked up \$50,000 to \$60,000 bly, an over supply; be worth of Hawaiian stones cause it's an artificial situation. for a collector. Did you know that a Hawaiian bowl has sold in London for \$36,000?

"I've had Aunt Jenny Wil-wants only one or two of a son's feather lei on consignment, priced at \$3,500. And Queen Liliuokalani's amber necklace for \$5,000.

"For a lei palaoa (neck ornament made of human hair and ivory) you have to get \$6,000. For a ring top pounder in good shape you can get \$600. For a stirrup pounder even more.

"A BIG, 10-INCH stone adze with no chips in the cutting edge will bring \$300. A half-inch fishhook in good condition retails for between \$50 and \$60.

"The most expensive

hook made of Kawila wood with a point of human bone. I can get you \$1,000 for one just by lifting the telephone. I know a collector who turned down \$1,200 for a little stone mirror."

Anthropologist Emory said the interest in Hawaiiiana has become a new fad.

"It will result in a mad rush for speculators," he said. "There will be raiding and stealing and, inevitably, an over supply; be cause it's an artificial situation."

"You must remember there are only a few collectors who can pay those prices. And a collector

kind. After that, duplicates are a glut on the market."

Of the 85 species of animals and bird life which the National Wildlife Federation lists as "endangered," more than half are found only in Hawaii.

And the federation, at its convention in Chicago urged, all possible efforts to prevent extinction of the species.

One such Hawaiian species is the Hawaiian hawk, which now lays eggs which are so full of accumulated agents derived from pesticides that they no longer hatch.

George Du Bois, delegate to the convention from the Hawaii Wildlife Federation,

Otto Degener's Fiji

Botanists as well as those who didn't know a casuarina from a casowary will enjoy and find profitable Otto Degener's latest book, "Naturalist's South Pacific Expedition: Fiji," published by himself, printed by the Paradise of the Pacific. Degener, whose volumes on Hawaiian flora have attracted wide attention, has written an account of his eight months sojourn as a member of the "Second Cheng Ho" expedition, headed by Mrs. Anne Archbold, in 1940.

The volume is an account of botanizing, of social studies, of cannibalism, firewalking, religion, native remedies, for leprosy, Fiji drums, tattooing and pet doodlebugs. Degener deals with filariasis, wasteful lumbering, the making of mats, miscegenation and the burial alive of Fijian chiefs of older days. He discourses on the copra industry, witchcraft, native chewing gum and jungle intoxicants. He mixes a technical discussion of a newly discovered fern with a biting commentary on the status of native population under English rule.

A recurrent theme is his recurrent description of the Fijian as "only a partially emancipated peon hedged in by strict laws not applicable to white residents," and he contrasts the status of Fiji islanders unfavorably with the emancipated Hawaiian race. Some of the "more disturbing passages," he said, in a foreword, were deleted at the suggestion of friends.

A high light of the volume is an account of a sinking and a poisonous plant called the "dadanga" with which Fijians once used to beat their wives, when the wives had been unfaithful. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Pacific, although Pacific Islands Monthly will not accord it a favorable review because of the strong anti-colonial slant.

The meeting that within 10 years there will be no more Hawaiian hawks.

THE FEDERATION passed 67 resolutions, only one of which Du Bois opposed. It asked President Nixon to be more active in efforts to achieve stabilization of the world's human population. Du Bois said the resolution "misstated the problem."

The convention, by a vote of 33 to 12, went on record opposing gun control. Du Bois voted with the majority.

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Forty Years Ago—1915

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THE ALUMNI BULLETIN



GRAND CENTRAL

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "CHENG-HO"

Continued here is an account of a botanical collecting trip made in Fiji by Otto Degener '22. Now on the staff of the New York Botanical Garden, Degener lived for many years in the Hawaiian Islands where he compiled his notable Flora Hawiienensis. He has received the distinction of having had some dozen plants new to science given the species name Degeneri; a new plant family also has been named in recognition of him. The complete article from which the excerpts below and in the last Bulletin were taken was originally printed in the September and October, 1943, issues of the Journal of the New York Botanical Garden. The pictures, here, as well as the article are reprinted through courtesy of the Journal.

The "Cheng-Ho", aboard which the collecting expedition set out in November, 1940, is a palatial Chinese junk-yacht owned by Mrs. Ann Archbold who sponsored the expedition. The vessel is to be presented to the Navy, and will go to Annapolis after the war.

Mutinies among the crew eventually caused the cancellation, in December, 1940, of plans to use the "Cheng-Ho" as a base of operations for the entire expedition. With Mrs. Archbold's permission, Degener and his Filipino assistant, Emilio Ordóñez, limited his exploration and collecting to Fiji. They set up headquarters at Balanga.

At Balanga, gentle, herculean Williampi (William) attended to our wants, supervised the milking of the cows, and rowed miles over the bay to deliver butter for sale in Valetahi, on the return trip bringing our groceries and "benzine" (gasoline). He had studied for the ministry, but, disillusioned, at length found employment on this copra plantation. Samu, a Fijian not acquainted with the English language, acted as our bearer and guide. He was faithful and industrious but of no help in giving the names and uses of the plants collected.

In this general region Ordóñez, Samu and I, often surrounded by a bevy of Fiji youngsters, ranged the surrounding hills and shores for specimens. We discovered a rather pretty *Tectaria*, later named *T. elegans*, on neighboring Savathbury Mountain. Another novelty was the terrestrial *Habenaria scrotoformis*, the smallest-flowered rein orchid known to occur in Oceania. A nettle which Dr. A. C. Smith had named *Elatostema insulare* was likewise new. Not far from our house I happened to look up into the trees and was flabbergasted at the sight of enormous pods strikingly resembling the lomentos of *Desmodium*, but more than 2 feet long and 4 inches wide. They belonged to the almost pantropic giant bean or, according to the natives, Thimi (*Entada phaseologides*), a remarkable plant with its massive grooved stems curving about the ground and reaching up to the tops of the highest trees. Whenever we were thirsty and the palatable *mbu* coconuts were not at hand, one of the Fijians simply severed one of the arm-thick trunks with his machete. Then with one deft stroke he cut about a two-foot length from the pendent end of the vine and quickly handed it to one of us. With mouths agape and a piece of vine held over-head, we had only a few seconds to wait before a small stream of almost tasteless, frothy, water-clear sap gushed forth to quench our thirst. Had he cut a segment below the original cut, not a drop of liquid would have escaped from it; nor did I observe any bleeding from either end of the vine from which our segment had been taken.

Besides collecting several hundred kinds of miscellaneous plants which Williampi rowed to the post office as soon as dry for mailing to Dr. Albert C. Smith for monographing, we found some rather

novel or interesting specimens worth special mention. In the forest we collected a 10-foot ginger (*Alpinia Parksii*), called *Lotholotho* by the Fijians. Its corolla is white while its fruit is pale yellow. The plant is very rare, and known thus far only from Vanua Levu and Viti Levu. A second interesting monocotyledonous plant was the banana-relative *Heliconia Bihai*, hitherto unreported from Fiji but common in Samoa, New Caledonia, and the Solomons. It is a well known ornamental, being grown in greenhouses in temperate regions and outdoors in warmer ones.

While we were coming down a jungly mountain-side one day, several of the Fiji youngsters, who were wont to rush ahead, became excited about a small tree with white flowers. They proceeded to break off the smaller twigs and the coarse leaves (thus wrecking potential herbarium specimens) to allow a sticky, milky juice to exude. After a half minute or so they touched it gingerly to determine whether it had hardened. In two or three minutes several globules of latex popped into each mouth and each boy proudly and merrily masticated Fiji chewing gum. Noticing no ill effects, I followed suit with a fresh, clean piece. The tree proved to be *Alstonia costata*, one of the Apocynaceae, or Dogbane family, notorious for some very poisonous members. Later I was to collect this species again, for example in the vicinity of Ngaloa, Island of Viti Levu, where it was called *Mbulaki* or *Mbulaki*. These Fijians not only used its latex for gum but told me how they used its sap. They put the younger branches in the fire to wilt and heat them, scraped off the bark, placed it in the brown fibrous sheath taken from the base of a coconut palm, and squeezed the juice into sore eyes to cure them. To what eye disease they referred I could not make sure. *A. Reineckeania*, a 12-foot tree with orange flowers, and *A. vitensis*, a 16-foot tree with white flowers, both collected in the same region, were called by the same name and were similarly used. Instead of scorching the bark of *A. vitensis* my informant, however, merely mentioned scraping it. This genus should be studied for its possible economic value, particularly in war times. I have tried to import seeds but thus far have failed.

(Continued on page 10)

36 Walter S. Mozden, M.D., is commissioned as an assistant surgeon in the U. S. Public Health Service and is stationed, at present, at the Norfolk, Va., Marine Hospital. Previously he had served at the Cleveland Marine Hospital and on Staten Island.

"CHENG-HO"

(Continued from page 10)

vu, Vanua Levu, where it was likewise said to be of little value; and some specimens about Ngaloa, Viti Levu, where the natives gave me conflicting data about its vernacular name and its uses. To Seemann it was known as Velau.

I also found that remarkable gymnosperm, *Gnetum Gnetum* var. *domesticum*.

The tree I found was about 12 feet high, bearing a few bright red, drupe-like naked seeds on a ratty, rough strobilus. The Fijians about Savu Savu Bay eat these seeds and the young leaves cooked. A Fijian of Serua informed me that they called the plant *Wasokau*, used the wood simply for kindling, and ate the seeds but not the leaves. According to Dr. A. C. Smith, who visited Fiji ten years before I did and who kindly identified most of my collection, the natives called the plant *Sijau* on Kandavu; *mbui ni vondre* about Thakaudrove, Vanua Levu; and *mbete sikau* on Koro. It is truly a remarkable plant, probably not the actual "missing link" between gymnosperm and angiosperm, but certainly close to it.

Inter-island boats in Fiji run not so much on a regular schedule as according to the amount of freight that is available, the time involved in getting it off and on the boat and, some settlers maintain, according to the particular mood of the captain. Should a squall or protracted rainstorm arise while loading or unloading copra, all this work must end immediately for fear of having this perishable cargo get wet, mold, and spoil. Work can be resumed only when danger of wetting is past. Under such circumstances the best advice we could get from the colonials was that the "S. S. Yanawai," named for the river we had just visited, "is expected to arrive January 12 but may be delayed two or three days or perhaps may omit this trip entirely."

After collecting all afternoon of January 11 and the next morning at Mr. Dods Yanawai place, we felt we simply had to leave to catch the steamer that night to take us back to Suva, Viti Levu. We therefore carried our few possessions and prized plants to the crude landing, next waded with them to the launch and stowed them away on the seats to keep them dry. We roused our staring idiot, who mechanically started bailing, and shoved the boat into deep water a little after 1 P.M. Because of an unfavorable wind and to save time, we were to cross nearer the mouth of Savu Savu Bay. We threw a line or two overboard on the chance of catching a fish, and chugged on. The breeze rippled the water and our idiot bailed. After a while Ordenez hooked and, with some difficulty, actually landed a three-foot fish resembling to a certain extent the *ulua* of Hawaiian waters. After this excitement Ordenez

and I lay sprawling on our backs in the sunny launch roof while our idiot bailed. The waves gradually got higher and whiter, and we were not even a quarter of the way across the bay. Both Ordenez and I had experienced rough weather in the "Cheng-Ho" and felt physically comfortable. Intermittently our idiot bailed. I looked ahead; I looked back. We were not half way across and the waves were getting still higher and whiter. Nevertheless, the headland should cut off the full force of the ocean swell and breeze. Occasionally cold spray slapped across Ordenez and me, and staying glued to the roof of the launch became increasingly difficult. Ordenez and I got occasional drenchings and experienced a few sudden lurches that brought my heart into my mouth. Clutching whatever I could, I crawled ignominiously to a seat in the launch. I was getting increasingly nervous; our host and his cronies were chatting about the wind, landmarks, the fish we had caught, the "S. S. Yanawai." The staring idiot, cool as a cucumber, mechanically bailed. The foamy crests of the waves occasionally spilled into the boat; I thought of my tightly laced, heavy boots and tight hiking trousers. At least no shark would eat me alive, for after a few gulps of salt water my heavy boots would sink me to the bottom of the bay, there to rest with my metal drier. Our idiot bailed more slowly—in a case like that I would be spared the ordeal of breaking the sad news to Ordenez' loving parents—the waves seemed getting smaller—the wind was abating with the headland now in front of us to the right. I came back to earth, as it were, from my musing, relieved, elated, proud that I had not "lost face" by outwardly showing my fright. No! I should never again be in a teredo-riddled launch or any launch, on anything larger than a shallow mill pond. That I could promise myself (if I cared to). We reached Balanga toward dusk, after an actually uneventful afternoon.

On stepping ashore faithful Wiliami told us that the "S. S. Yanawai" was expected to arrive soon at Valethi for her trip back to Suva. Ordenez and I gobbled a little food, packed frantically, gave away some last odds and ends to our kind Fijian friends, and sincerely thanked Mr. Dods for his many kindnesses from the very depths of our souls. We piled all our belongings, Fijian and others, into the launch; the poor idiot was stirred into bailing again; and we chugged the three miles to Valethi with Mr. William Witherow, the boat builder, at the helm. Rounding a small island, we saw the welcome lights of the "Yanawai" in the distance. I sighed with relief at the evident ending of a long but successful day. But wait, what is this? The lights, instead of becoming brighter, gradually faded out over the horizon and disappear in complete darkness. We had missed our boat!

FOOD AND DRINK IN THE FIJI ISLANDS



A native planting of cassava



Climbing for "mbu" coconuts

Getting a drink from the stalk
of a giant bean →

(The author is shown in the
middle)



Dalo, one of the staple articles
of food



Catching "oura" — fresh
water shrimp →



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