YAP AND OTHER PACIFIC ISLANDS UNDER JAPANESE MANDATE

By Junius B. Wood

With Illustrations from Photographs Taken by the Author in the Spring of 1921

LIFE is easy and time drifts slowly by on the little tufts of green in the warm blue of the Pacific which now are under Japanese mandate. The largest is less than 13 miles in diameter, while a half dozen coconut trees, surrounded by nature's breakwater of mangroves, tells the whole story of many of the smallest. Nobody knows how many or how large they are. One careful estimate is 1,000 islands, with a total area of 970 square miles.

Sown in the form of an inverted T, the islands stretch 2,462 miles east and west, just north of the Equator, from Lord North Island, the westernmost of the Carolines, to Mille Atoll, the easternmost of the Marshalls; and 1,170 miles north and south from Pajaros, the most northern of the Marianas, to Greenwich, in the Carolines. Small as they are, they stake out about 1,500,000 square miles in the North Pacific.*

Men of many nations — Portuguese, Spanish, English, American, French, Russian, German, and now Japanese — have wandered through the islands in the centuries since Columbus dared the unknown sea.

They came as explorers seeking El Dorados, soldiers to conquer new lands for their kings, pirates to recuperate in the balmy tropics, missionaries to teach and trade, "blackbirders" gathering laborers for the plantations of New Zealand and Australia, beach-combers drifting out their aimless existence, and all the strange medley of humanity that life's eddies cast into strange corners of the world.

Each has left a mark, a mere fleeting touch—the name of an island, a river, a mountain peak, or a family. But unconquerable nature is unchanged and the tropical jungle has covered the scars of their works, while the white skins darken with each generation of children and the family name is but a memory of an ancestor gone and forgotten.

They were but ripples on the surface. The old life runs along, deep and unchanged; the new is there for a generation, fading and disappearing in the next. At home amateur theatrical and movie companies don strange costumes to portray spectacles of departed ages. Here the past is masquerading as the present—whatever may be pleasing to the rulers of the day—and the costumes are as weird.

A GOVERNMENT IS POPULAR IN PROPORTION TO THE FREQUENCY OF HOLIDAYS

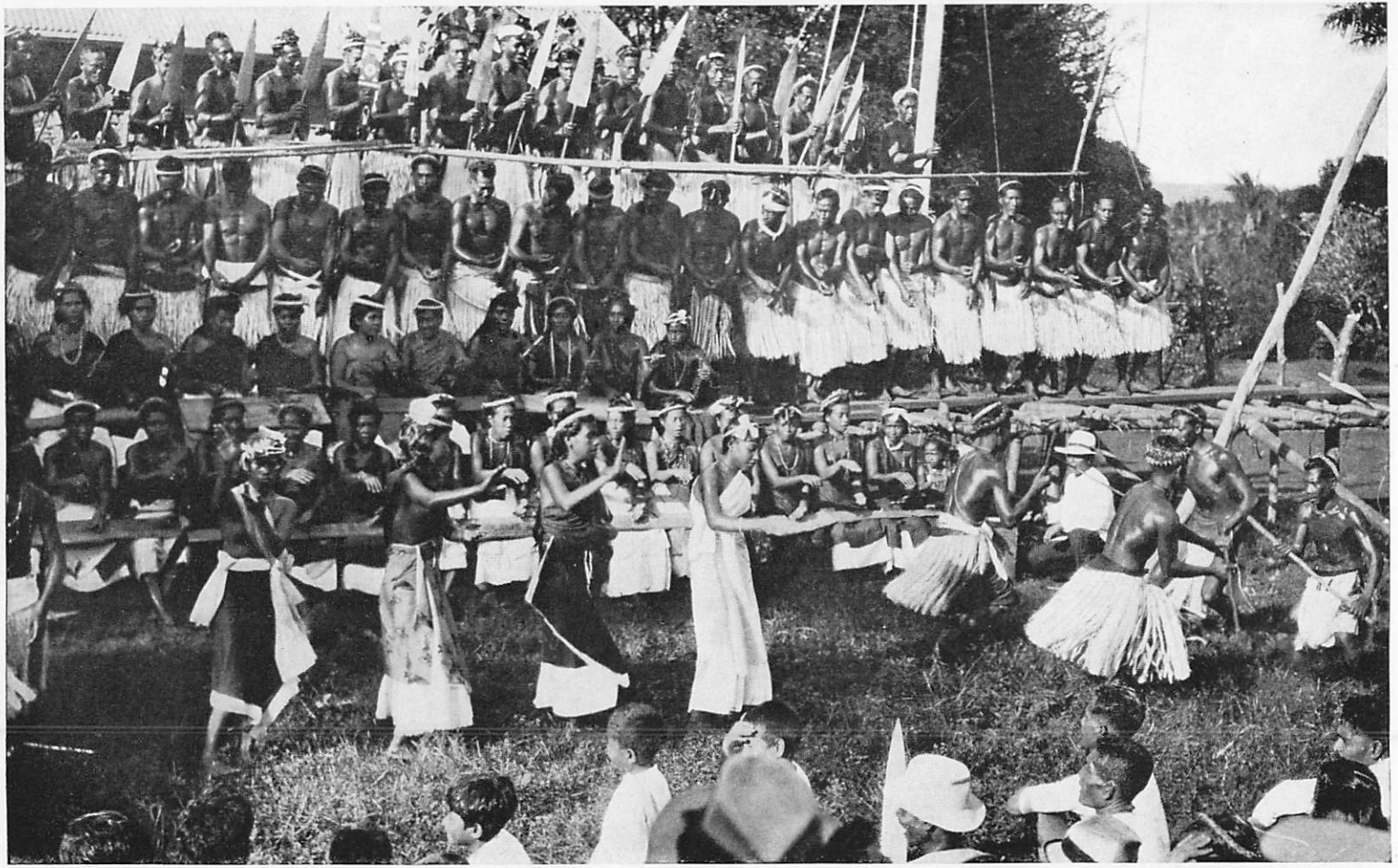
The last time our ship anchored in Ponape Harbor was on the Japanese national holiday celebrating the accession of the first mythological emperor. In 1921 it was the 2,581st anniversary.

During the hour's ride to shore in the little launch, winding between the sunken coral reefs showing white through the clear green water, the genial naval commander of the island explained that a holiday and big celebration had been arranged. Any government is popular with the natives in proportion to its holidays.

That afternoon the flag of the Rising Sun was flying over the big parade ground above the village and the naval band played the Japanese national air.

The natives were there to watch the athletic games, just as they or their fathers and mothers had come on other national holidays when the Spanish or German colors flapped in the breeze over the same parade ground and they joined in singing other patriotic songs in other languages. Some remembered the even earlier years, when Fourth of July was the big holiday, and a few could recall two occasions when bloody revolutions started against the Spanish rulers as part of the celebration of the American natal day.

* See map supplement with this number of The Geographic.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE GRAND FINALE OF PONAPE'S MUSICAL COMEDY AND GRAND SOIRÉE (SEE TEXT, PAGE 615)

The four girls and eight men in the center of the lawn, the stars of the performance, are going through the evolutions of a wand drill and an expurgated "hula," for which the "chorus" forms the customary background.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

ON THE KITI RIVER, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Back of Ronkiti, the port of Ponape, there are practically uninhabited tracts of level country crossed by many streams with cascades suitable for conversion into water-power for industrial use and of sufficient volume to float rafts and large boats.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A NATIVE MANSION IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

The dwellings, which are usually surrounded by a neatly swept clearing devoid of grass, are built upon platforms to keep the floor—the family bed—as dry as possible, for the ground is at times deluged with tropical rains.

Between the finish of a coconut-husking contest for native men and the start of a half-mile race for Japanese residents, in which merchants, officers, and sailors puffed and strained like real democrats, the busy little civil governor, tiring of the quiet monotony of a wicker chair under an awning, started to investigate the origin of a squat building between the Spanish church and the German school.

THE STORY OF A "BATH-HOUSE"

Of solid stone and mortar, with iron-barred windows and heavy doors, it had withstood time and revolutions. The governor said it was a bath-house. Several dutiful Japanese subjects corroborated his verdict and exhibited in mute proof one of the combination casks and furnaces in which they delight to parboil themselves after every day's work.

However, the Spaniards did not build block-houses of stone and iron for baths. The massive stone wall cutting off the end of the island where the settlement is located, just like the crumbling walls in Mexico and South America, showed their ambitions and fears ran in other directions.

The wall in Ponape now is an ornament of the past. The Germans cut roads through it and vines cover its rough face.

"We'll ask this woman; her father was a German," said the governor.

A young woman, fatter than any of the others in the group, sat under the shade of a tree, nursing a husky baby. A few weeks earlier she had been noticed at a native dance, her light skin contrasting with the other women, bare from the waist up, as they swayed and sung to the strange harmony.

The governor spoke to her in German. She shook her head, unsmiling and uncommunicative. The language of her father was already forgotten. The question was repeated in choppy Nipponese to a young Japanese, who translated it into the native vernacular.

"She says the Germans used it as a chicken-house," he explained.

"And what was it before it was a chicken-house?" asked the governor, like a real antiquarian.

Nobody in that ladies' nursing circle knew. Why worry about the past or future when there is nothing to worry about in the present, is Ponape philosophy.

THE GERMANS MADE THE NEW GUINEA NATIVES POLICEMEN

By this time Governor Okuyama had his dander up. Something must be found out. Leaning against a tree was a study in black and white, an outsider among the straight-haired, brown-skinned natives. Shirt and trousers were white; feet, hands, and face were inky black, with a jaunty white cap on his woolly pompadour.

"He's from New Guinea," the governor explained. "The Germans used them as policemen, because they are so black the natives are afraid of them."

The former local terror, though he understood both German and English, could not remember farther than the chicken-coop era; but, true to his police training, he went to find out. He returned with a report that it had been built and used as a jail. He added that several of its inmates, hurried to an untimely end, were buried under its cement floor, promising disturbed dreams for those who doze in its modern bathtub.

INQUIRING FOR A BOY IN AMERICA

The foot-race was finished and the governor flitted to distribute the prizes to the winners. An old man approached timidly. A smile encouraged him.

"You American?" he asked in his little-used English.

It had been ten years since the last American missionary had left the island. Possibly there is some similarity among Americans.

"A Ponape boy lives in United States," he said.

"Whereabouts in United States?" I asked.

He shook his head hopelessly.

"Just United States," he replied. "Perhaps you know him," he added, for in all of Ponape's continent—of 134 square miles—everybody knows everybody else, as well as some of the great men on the other islands, to them far away.

"Perhaps. What's his name?" I suggested, knowing a few hundred out of America's 110,000,000.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE LARGEST AND MOST PRETENTIOUS CHURCH IN PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

This edifice, originally built by Americans, was remodeled by the Spaniards, and services are now conducted in it by native leaders.

"Uriel Hadley. He's a Ponape boy," he repeated, a touch of pride in his quiet voice.

There was no Uriel among my memory of many Hadleys, and his face fell in disappointment. He could not understand that anybody could live in America and not know the "boy from Ponape." Something was wrong, but he did not know why.

I walked away from the noisy games through one of the gaps the Germans had made in the thick stone wall, past the silent church, and along a path rapidly growing narrower, as it passed from the little fields which the Japanese were cultivating into the ever-crowding jungle.

I stopped to look across the jungle-closed valley to where the late sun was tinting the palms on the mountain top, just as it had done in the dim, forgotten days when Ijokelekel came in his war canoe. The pit-a-pat of bare feet approached along the path. It was the old man, one of the coconuts salvaged from the husking bee in his hand.

"Are you a Ponape boy?" I asked as he stopped.

"I'm Ngatik boy; can't go home," he said, uncovering another of the tragic romances of the Carolines.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR'S COLONY ON NGATIK

He pattered along down the path, carrying his day's harvest, his exile and the story of Ngatik forgotten. In the early '60's an American whaler was wrecked on Ngatik, 75 miles southwest of Ponape. Visioning a choice assortment of white heads to hang from the eaves of their huts, the natives attacked the survivors.

But the sailormen were well armed, with the result that most of the ambitious warriors were killed, and the new arrivals settled down to a life of laziness and a plethora of wives until the next wandering whaler sighted the lonesome island and took them home. That accounted for the old man's familiarity with English.

"You like coconut?" he asked with native hospitality, proffering his entire meal.

"I live here, men's hotel," he explained, as the gift was declined. He trotted off

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN ALTAR OR TOMB IN THE SUN TEMPLE OF NANMATAL, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Beneath this altar there was once a large room with an underground passageway leading outside the walls of the mysterious city (see text, page 607).

on a side path through an opening in the brush.

In a little cleared space stood the "men's hotel." It was a roof of thatch, open on all sides. Fastened to the poles supporting the roof, about four feet from the ground, was a braided hammock-like floor of fibers and leaves. Cracking the coconut on the fringe of rocks which protected the hotel from the crowding jungle, he climbed to the unsteady floor, squatted on his haunches, and started the evening feast, his day's work done.

Down at the foot of the path where the narrow bay separates the main island from the rocky head of Chokach (one of 33 islets surrounding Ponape), half a dozen outriggers were tied to the mangroves. Other bare feet were coming along. An athletic young man, a wreath of flowers on his head and a shirt of fiber strings covering his hips, untied one of the canoes. The little narrow hull, hollowed from a single tree trunk, was so narrow that his knees rubbed as he sat on the cross-bar.

"Want go Chokach?" he offered.

"I'm Pingelap man," he vouchsafed, as his narrow paddle drove the canoe across the quiet water.

Hospitable, good-natured, and easy-going, the Ponape natives have a temper which flames into wild revolt when pressed too hard. The first Fourth of July revolution against the Spaniards, in which the governor and four others were killed, a carpenter being the only one able to escape to the warship *Maria Molina*, was precipitated when a road boss forced the natives to pick up rubbish with their hands.

The next revolution, in 1891, started over the rivalry between an American mission church and a new one established by the Spaniards near Metalanim Harbor, on the east side of the island. The natives disposed of an officer and twenty-five soldiers who interfered in the religious competition, and when a larger force of two officers and fifty soldiers was sent from the garrison at Ponape their worldly worries ended with similar celerity.

A transport with 3,000 soldiers came from the Philippines. It went ashore on the reef outside of Metalanim, and in the ensuing mêlée, according to the widow of the American adventurer who later piloted the transport off the reef, three natives and 1,500 soldiers went to an-

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

PORTION OF THE WALL SURROUNDING THE ANCIENT CITY OF NANMATAL, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Numerous narrow, straight canals, now overgrown with jungle, encircle the walls. (See reference in "The Islands of the Pacific," page 553, and text, pages 607 to 615.)

other world to settle their religious differences.

That ended the local holy war until 1898, when the five tribes on the island were having a lively fight among themselves, which Spain, on account of its trouble with the United States, was too busy to meddle with.

After that Germany exercised the lien which it had held on the Carolines and Marianas since 1886 and bought them from Spain.

About noon, on October 18, 1910, the young German overseer of a gang of natives building roads, or rather footpaths, on Chokach struck one of the men with a whip. That was not the first occasion, but it was the last.

Governor Gustav Boeder, of Strassburg, a retired army officer, who heard of the riot and death of the overseer, hurried from his headquarters on the hill overlooking the settlement. He believed that his presence would awe and quiet the natives. He was paddled across the same narrow bay which I was crossing. As he stepped ashore, a bullet fired from the hillside struck him dead. The rifles captured in the Spanish days had been brought from the hiding places.

HEADSTONES TELL TRAGIC STORY

Four granite headstones, on which are neatly chiseled their names, ages, and the date—October 18, 1910—in the little foreign cemetery, tell the story of that day.

A month or so later a German warship happened to anchor in the harbor. The natives were as peaceful as ever, but there were no officials. "Joe of the Hills"—Joseph Creighton, a London gipsy, who lived with the natives, away from the settlement, and died in Ponape only last year—was the only foreigner alive to tell the story.

The force from the ship rounded up the inhabitants of Chokach. Half a dozen ringleaders were shot, others were imprisoned, and the remainder—about 200 men, women, and children—were deported to the barren phosphate island of Angaur, in the West Carolines. To repopulate Chokach, other natives were brought from Ngatik, Pingelap, Mokil, and Mortlock islands.

"Mrs. Anna lives Chokach," said the boatman as he lifted his canoe into a canoe-house, a thatch roof under which were a dozen outriggers, either on the ground or on cross-beams tied to the roof-poles.

Who "Mrs. Anna" was I did not know, but the affable young native said she spoke English and German, and we started along the well-built path which encircles the island. Evidently she was a local personage of importance.

THE WOMEN CARRY THEIR TOWN FROCKS AROUND THEIR NECKS

Stretches of the path hugged the shore and hillside. In other places the water would be hidden by the dense foliage.

The little houses were scattered on each side, none of them more than a hundred yards away. A few were of rough boards, one had a corrugated tin roof, but most of them were thatch roofs, woven palm-leaf walls, and roughly smoothed floors, worn shiny by many bare feet and slumbering backs. All were elevated on posts. When the weather is wet, it is very wet.

The rockiest spots also were selected for building sites. Let nature fight the battle with the jungle.

A little boy with no more clothes than when he was born and a girl with a few feet of calico for a skirt were driving a family of goats. Occasionally we met a barefoot man or woman. Some of the men wore trousers and undershirts; most of them had only the knee-length, artistic fiber skirt hiding their loin-cloth.

The women, like their sisters in lands where dress is more of a problem, had a town gown and a home costume which meant no dress at all, merely a cotton skirt reaching below the knees. Most of them walking toward the village carried the town wrapper comfortably looped around their necks, ready to be slipped over their shoulders when the settlement was reached.

MEETING THE WIDOW OF A FAMOUS SCIENTIST

"Mrs. Anna now," said the man. A tall, straight old lady was slowly approaching. She stopped at the sight of a stranger. Her thin gray hair was smoothly parted in the middle. Many years of

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A YOUNGSTER OF PONAPE STANDING ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE ISLAND'S MOST ANCIENT TEMPLE

Nanmatal, on the east coast of Ponape, was a prosperous city of stone walls and canals hundreds of years ago. Its origin is lost in the folklore of the islanders (see text, pages 553 and 607 to 615).

THE MERCHANT MARINE AND NAVY OF MOEN ISLAND ON REVIEW IN TRUK LAGOON: CAROLINE ISLANDS

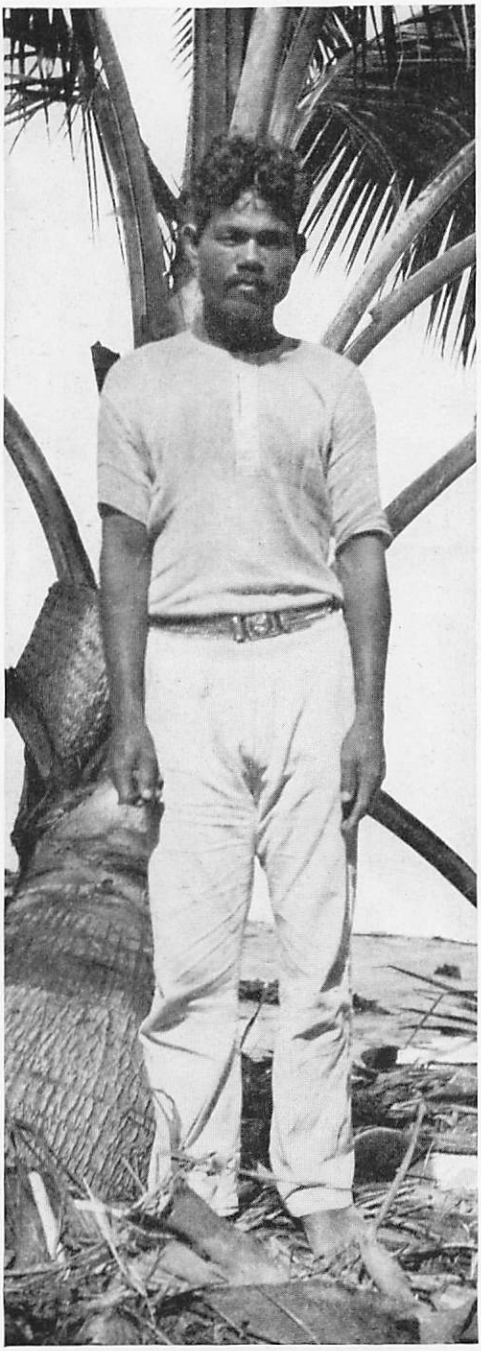
About forty of the little islands of Truk are scattered about in this big lagoon, which could accommodate our largest transatlantic liners.

tropical suns had not browned her to the colors of the other natives. Tattoo-marks on the backs of her hands ran across the wrists and disappeared in the loose sleeves of the immaculately clean wrapper. Other designs showed on feet and ankles.

"I'm Mrs. Kubary," she said. This, then, was the relict of that striking character on whose studies much of the scientific knowledge and romantic lore of the Carolines is based, who came to Ponape when a youth of 19, full of enthusiasm and vigor, won a name for himself which reached to Europe, and wrested a wealth of coconut groves from the jungle, only to be conquered in the end, when age weakened strength and courage.

The day the fight relaxes, the jungle, always waiting, starts to reclaim its own. A monument in the little cemetery, with a bronze slab sent by his scientific colleagues in Europe, showing the profile of a strong face, with drooping moustache and eye-glasses, and the legend, "Johann Stanislaus Kubary, 1846-1896," epitomizes his hopeless life story.

The jungle has choked the botanical garden which Kubary started and closed the paths across the mountains which the warrior trod in the days when Ponape had a population of 60,000 instead of



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE FINEST TYPE OF NATIVE MISSIONARY

Though the American missionaries abandoned their work on the island of Truk years ago, the Reverend Ham Aettu still preaches the gospel to his people. He knows an American named Louis and would like to hear from him.

3,000. Some say that the rifles captured from the Spaniards are hidden in that jungle.

A new path around the edge of the island, built under Japanese supervision, past the houses of its remaining fringe of population, is the only route of communication by land. Lieutenant Yamanaka, the present naval commander, treats the natives with gentleness and consideration.

Seated on a rough rock at the side of the Chokach footpath, the woman, who is said to have been received at court in Berlin, and in Hamburg society in the early '90's, when she was a tropical belle, patiently told her story. Then she was 25 and handsome; now she was 56 and faded. The tropics had reclaimed her, quick and sure.

"My name is not Kubary now," she added, as if following the thought. That was another miniature of the changing life of the Carolines. When the struggle seemed never to be won, Kubary committed suicide.

The widow, still a young woman, married a young native. He was one of the leaders who killed the German governor and was executed. The widow and her daughter—she has flown from the jungle—were among the 200 deported to Angaur. The older has returned to take another young native husband. The young man in that little world who has the Kubary widow for a wife has social standing if not domestic contentment.

HER FATHER WAS A BALTIMOREAN

"My father was Alec Yeliot, of Baltimore," she continued. "He was buried here by Dr. Doane (one of the early American missionaries). I was 14 years old when I married Mr. Kubary. We traveled through all the islands while he made his studies for the Godefroy Company, and then we went to Europe.

"We went everywhere — England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia—but so much has happened to me since and nobody here understands it that I have forgotten. Only a year after we were back Mr. Kubary died, leaving me and our daughter. She is now a teacher in the French convent (naming a British city). All of the past is gone, but life goes on just the same.

"My father came from over the seas and my husband from another land. Our girl has gone, for she was of their race, but I have come back. The islands never change, and these are my people and my life."

She folded her tattooed hands over her knees, showing thin through the cotton wrapper, and silently gazed across the bay to where the Japanese transport was riding at anchor. For a few hours each month that reminder of the outside world breaks the monotony of Ponape; otherwise life flows along smoothly and contentedly, unthinking of the past or of tomorrow.

TATTOOING ADORNS THE BELLES OF OLDEN DAYS

Formerly the natives were walking pictorial histories. After the missionaries came, tattooing was discouraged, not caring to be tattooed themselves, and in recent years it has been prohibited. It was considered a sign of courage, without which a young man or young woman was not worthy to marry. This practice even went so far as systematic mutilation of the sexual organs. Scientists are divided whether this, an epidemic of smallpox brought by a whaler, or the frequent tribal wars are responsible for the diminished population.

The young people still practice an effete modification of the old tests of courage by pricking cicatrices, or little raised welts, on their flesh. Most of the girls prefer the right shoulder for the adornment, though some have them on their breasts. The boys adorn shoulders and chests.

The welts, which are formed by making a fairly deep cut in the flesh and keeping it open until the new skin grows into a ridge, are usually about an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. Sometimes they are arranged in straight lines, one for each admirer, like the bangles on a high-school girl's friendship bracelet; again they may make an asterisk or are scattered indiscriminately over shoulders, breast, and back.

The older people still show the old adornment, the lobes of the ears stretched into loops until they touch the shoulders, and bodies and limbs tattooed, the most distinctive effect being broad parallel stripes of solid black from ankles to

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

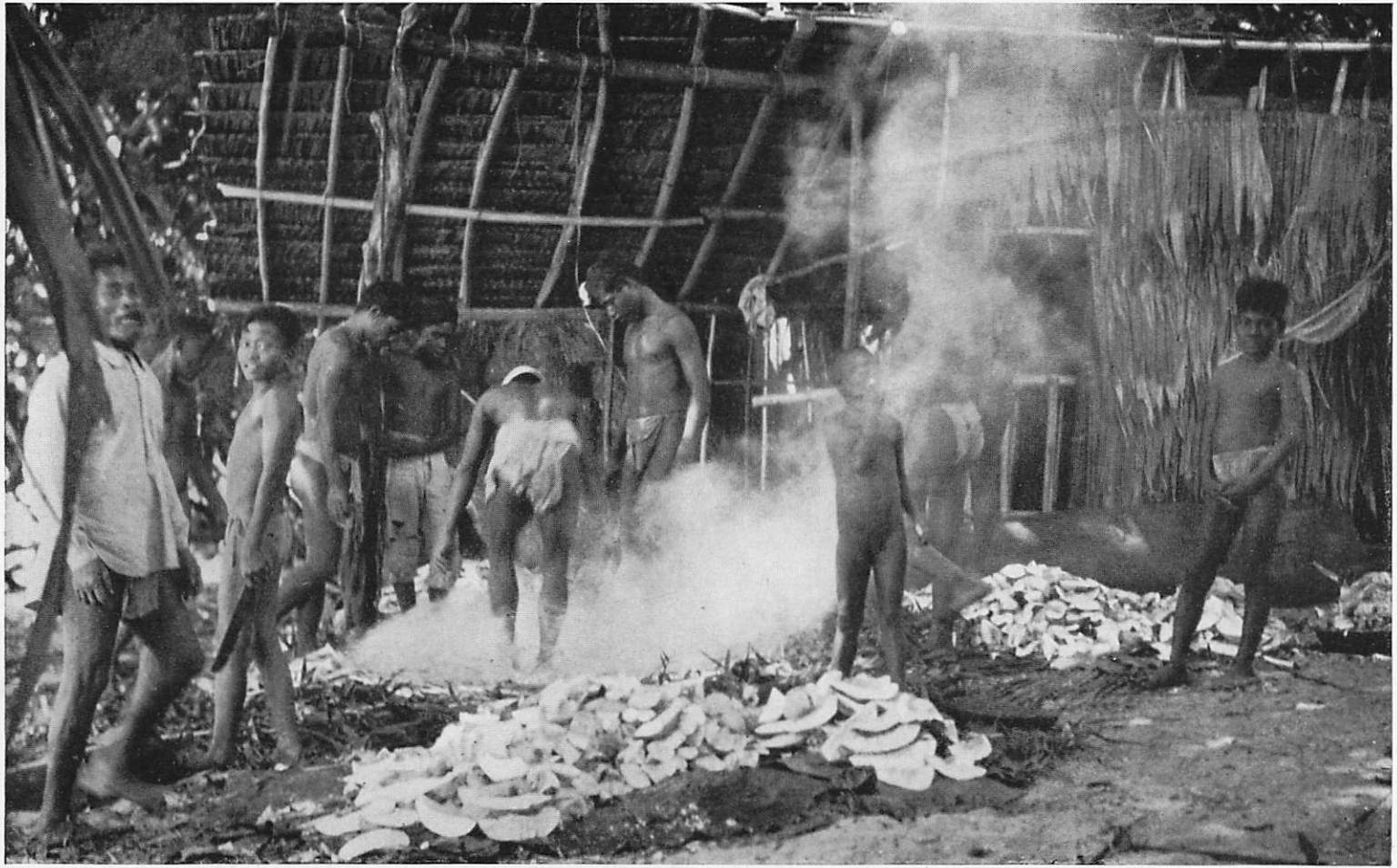
CORRECT "STREET" CLOTHES IN TRUK

This one-piece poncho-like garment is the prevailing style in the Caroline Archipelago. When the wearer is working or away from the settlement, he throws it aside, leaving his waist and shoulders bare. Both the men and women of the older generation are tattooed, but this practice is now prohibited.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE BEST HOTEL IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

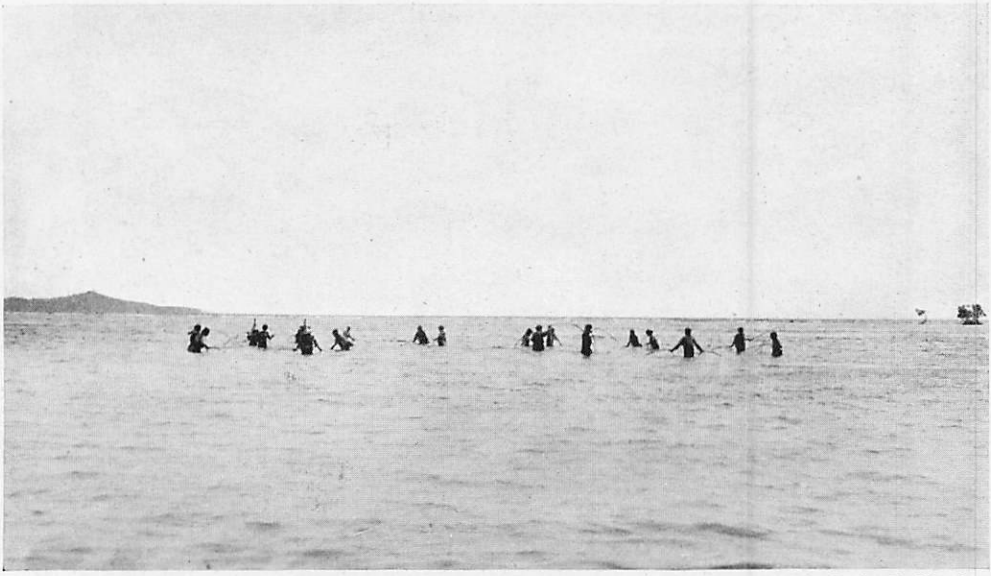
The guests sleep on especially prepared platforms, and an individual may surround his particular corner with nets or leaves for privacy and protection from mosquitoes. There is always plenty of fresh air, as the house is open on all sides.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE CHEFS OF TRUK PREPARING FOR A COMMUNAL FEAST

The breadfruit has been scraped and quartered and the shoots of the banana are being spread on the red-hot stones in preparation for the baking.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

FISHERWOMEN HAUL THE SEINE IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

They advance in a long line, holding the big nets in each hand, and thus form a wall as they drive the fish into shallow water. Daily practice has taught them the proper moment to wheel into a circle and land their catch.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A GROUP OF NATIVE MEN OF WOLA, A SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND OF TRUK

The natives pierce the lobes of their ears and load them with such heavy weights that they expand to enormous proportions. The hill tribes of Truk are darker in color than the people of the coast, who are of light reddish-brown hue.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

"ALL MEN'S HOUSE," OR BACHELORS' CLUB, IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

The club is the common sleeping place for any man without a home, as well as the storage shed for disabled canoes and other rubbish. It usually has a roof of thatch and is open on all sides.

thighs. However, they follow modern conveniences and wear the long loops wrapped around the ears close to the head when they work, while skirts drape the gaily tattooed legs of the social leaders of former days.

That night there were open-air movies and Japanese sword dancing by sailors and a couple of proficient native boys on the lawn of the official residence. Visitors and dignitaries had chairs, while the others stood or squatted on the cool grass.

Movies were a novelty to the natives, but comparatively few had the energy to walk the quarter mile from the settlement to the grounds. An American comic of an indestructible man wrecking furniture, and pictures of Japanese warships, including a boat crew feverishly lowering a cutter, were the hits of the evening.

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF NANMATAL

Late that night, when the others were sipping the inevitable tea on the broad veranda, I slipped away down the long hill toward the settlement. In a pocket was a little map in India ink and water colors which Kubary had made in 1874 of the ruins of Nanmatal, the city of stone walls and canals off the east coast of Ponape which has outlived the facts of its origin (see illustrations on pages 597, 598, and 600).

Storms through countless generations have filled the broad, straight canals until the sands are dry at low tide, but the walls of heavy basaltic monoliths, in some places 30 feet high, have withstood typhoons and earthquakes, proof of a civilization forgotten when Quiros came, in 1595, and found the natives living then in flimsy houses of thatch and sticks.

Charles Darwin, F. W. Christian, the Rev. MacMillan Brown, Dr. Amberg, and others of greater or lesser fame have delved in the ruins near Metalanim harbor and evolved theories of their origin. They do not agree whether the patch of land, 1,200 yards long and half as wide, once was a tropical Venice or whether through the ages it has been gradually sinking, swallowed by the sea and smoth-

Photograph from Hugh M. Smith

FENGAL VILLAGE, PORT LOTTIN, KUSAIE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Kusaie well deserves its soubriquet of "Garden of Micronesia." On Lele, an islet of Kusaie, it is said that there grows a species of wood admirably suited to shipbuilding, being tall, perfectly straight, and of great durability.

ered by vegetation. The waves still beat against its massive sea-wall, while hundreds of little shell rings, used for money and necklaces, can be found even today.

One incident chronicled by all the scientists, like the fragment of bone from which the archeologist reconstructs a dinosaur, is that a metal spear-head was once found in the ruins; and another, less generally known, comes from Capt. John J. Mahlmann, of Yokohama, that, 40 years ago, he copied two Chinese ideographs carved on one of the big stones. However, the whereabouts of the spear-head is unknown and the letter, which the English captain sent to Shanghai, was lost, and he never could locate the stone again.

Some say modern buccaneers built the city of stone without the natives knowing it; others trace it to the copper age, and the present Japanese claim it was the work of their ancestors, who built the uncemented fort in Osaka.

A similar deserted city stands in the hills on the mainland of Ponape, back of the port of Ronkiti, on the southwest corner of the island. Near this is the home of Henry Nanpei, a remarkable native chief, who has traveled extensively in Europe and America and is the bulwark of the Christian work on the island. He probably could tell more about the ruins than any other man; but the scientists have confined their researches to Nanmatal, which is more easily accessible.

Kubary first searched Nanmatal for Godefroy's museum, and when Governor Berg was in the islands he shipped so many specimens to the Leipzig Museum that the government sent an expedition to clear away the jungle and study the city and the slightly different ruins on the island of Kusaie.

The latter adjoin the settlement, and as soon as the expedition left, the natives, directed by an unawed American planter, supplemented the visitors' labors by using a good portion of the uncovered walls for building a breakwater and pier, greatly to the wrath of the Leipzig students of ancient history when they heard about it, a year later.

After his last visit to the Nanmatal ruins, Governor Berg died suddenly, justifying the native superstition that the gods punish intruders.

The present governor has a big white book in which visitors, either after exploring Nanmatal or discussing it in the cool of his residence, are requested to write their opinion of its origin.

The sight of the massive walls, silent and impressive, still surrounded by the narrow, straight canals and overgrown with jungle, is worth the blistered back, wet feet, and skinned shins necessary to reach the ruins. However, as each student has a different verdict, the present method, more reassuring for governors and less strenuous for visitors, may be equally conclusive.

NIGHT ON PONAPE

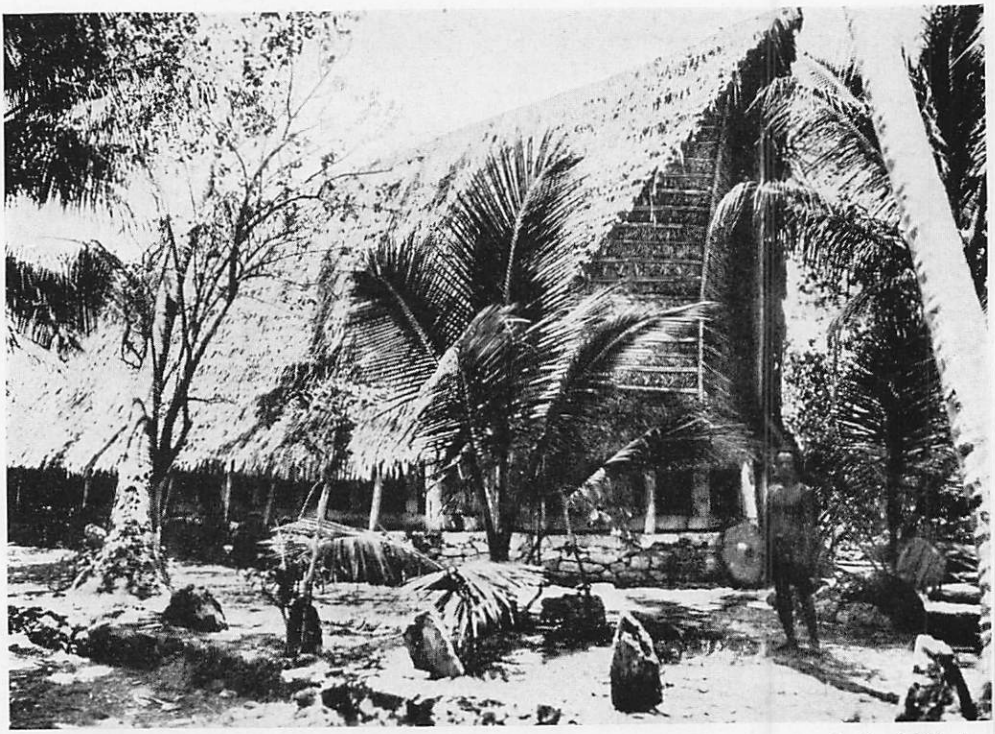
The broad road from the headquarters residence to the village below was a silvered path between black walls of trees. Only the stars were in the sky that night, and nowhere are they as bright as in the tropics.

Through the still air from a native settlement along the bay came the occasional thump of a drum and the echoes of laughter. The big parade ground was silent and deserted, the old Spanish wall and the new Japanese school-house ghostly in the starlight. No spooning couples were in the village park.

The local police turn in early in Ponape. The governor says he has arrested only twenty-two men, all for stealing. One took a bottle of sake from the Japanese store and the others eloped to short distances with their friends' wives. As the authorities discourage primitive methods of vengeance, local home-wreckers are put in jail.

The house where I was going was dark, but alive with the deep breathing of many sleepers. It was a pretentious dwelling, long and low, like a field barracks, with a narrow porch along the side, on which opened the rooms for different families. A "Hello!" brought an answering shout, and I stepped through an open door into darkness. Somebody appeared with a lantern.

My host and his family had been sleeping according to the custom of the tropics. The wife slipped on a skirt, and he with two stretches was fully clothed in shirt and trousers. He took the lantern and we went into the residential social hall,



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

ONE OF THE UBIQUITOUS CLUB-HOUSES OF THE CAROLINES, NEAR TOMIL: YAP

This is where the traveler, if he be a man, meets the men of the islands to discuss politics, crops, and the high cost of living, and to hear stories of the daring deeds of bold chiefs, love intrigues, and the gossip of the Pacific.

a room with a table and two chairs and a waist-high wall on three sides. The men and boys, who had been sleeping on the floor, pulled their mats outside and continued to snore.

KUBARY'S MAP OF NANMATAL

The map which Kubary had made nearly half a century ago, with its water colors showing land and water, and each ruined building drawn to scale, was spread on the rough table under the smoking lantern. Each site had been numbered, corresponding to a list of names in native dialect down the side, like a city visitor's guide, showing the theaters, railroad stations, and leading hotel.

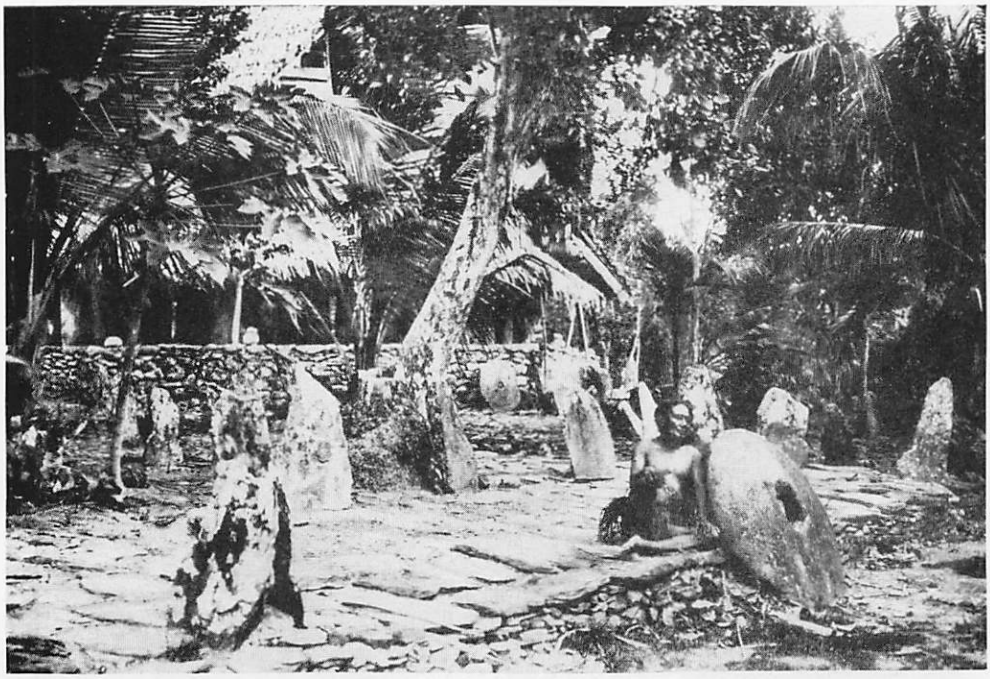
"Those are our names for the city," he said.

There were thirty-three which Kubary had identified and nearly as many more about each one of which this man told some story. One was the king's castle; others were the prince's castle, temples, forts, sepulchers, and holy places which common people must not enter.

Nanmatal means "in many openings," and the other native names were translated on the map into such crude descriptions as "great castle," "on the corner," "in the largest breakers," "coconut castle," "shadow of a tree," "under the chasm," "in the sepulcher," and so on for half a hundred buildings.

"My grandfather was an American, but it is hard to translate the names," he said. "My father was a native, but I have an American name. I want to go to America some time."

He pointed out the burial temple, where Governor Berg did his last excavating; the broad inclosed stretch of water, now filled with sand, which had been the inner harbor, and the wide entrance used for an anchorage when storms did not lash the sea-wall. His spirit seemed to go back to the past glories of that distant age.



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE FRONT YARD OF THE TOMIL CLUB-HOUSE: YAP

The ground around the building is covered with flat stones, and here many of the native conferences and dances are held. The man in the picture is leaning against one of the yellowish limestone discs that were formerly used as money on the island (see text, page 621).

"Here's where the canoe stopped," he mused, putting a finger on an unmarked spot on the south side of the ancient city.

"What canoe?" I asked.

"That's only a story," he said. "We're Christians now and don't believe those stories any more. It's only what the old natives tell."

NATIVE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS CITY

However, from his refusal to accompany me to the ruins and the reluctance of any natives to visit them, their superstitious belief in the dangers of the present world seem to outweigh their confidence in the safety of the future. He told the story, and it is probably as good a version of the rise and fall of the mysterious city as any which the scientists have concocted.

"Once two brothers, Oleosiba and Oleosoba, came to Ponape. They became chiefs and joined all the tribes in Ponape into one tribe. They wanted a great city and just asked for it, such was their power, and it came down from the sky just where it is at Nanmatal today. The other city, at Ronkiti, was built in the same way, and one brother lived in each city, ruling over the island. After them for hundreds of years there was only one king in Ponape. Soutolour was the last.

"When he was king, Ijokelekel, a warrior from Kusaie Island, which we call Kodou, came to attack the city. He had only one canoe and it carried 333 men. They reached Ponape in the night, and when day broke they saw the thousands of palms on the mountains and thought they were warriors, and were afraid to attack and went back to Kusaie.

PONAPE BETRAYED BY A WOMAN

"Ijokelekel came again in his canoe with 333 men and circled the island. Each day, from a distance, they saw the palms and were afraid to come closer, but went home a second time. When he came a third time he went only half way around the island and put the canoe into the harbor at Ronkiti. He sent some of his men ashore. Their instructions were:

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

WOMEN OF TOMIL, YAP, WEARING THE NECK ORNAMENT MADE FROM THE HIBISCUS

Every woman and marriageable girl wears this ornament, which is dyed black, and to appear without it would be immodest. The wide, full skirts, made of the leaves of the coconut tree, prove quite convenient go-carts for the babies.

"'If you see any people ashore and there is an old woman among them, run back to the canoe, for I will go ashore and stay with her tonight.'

"Soon the men came running back, saying they had seen an old woman. Ijokelekel went ashore and found her. That night, as they talked, he said:

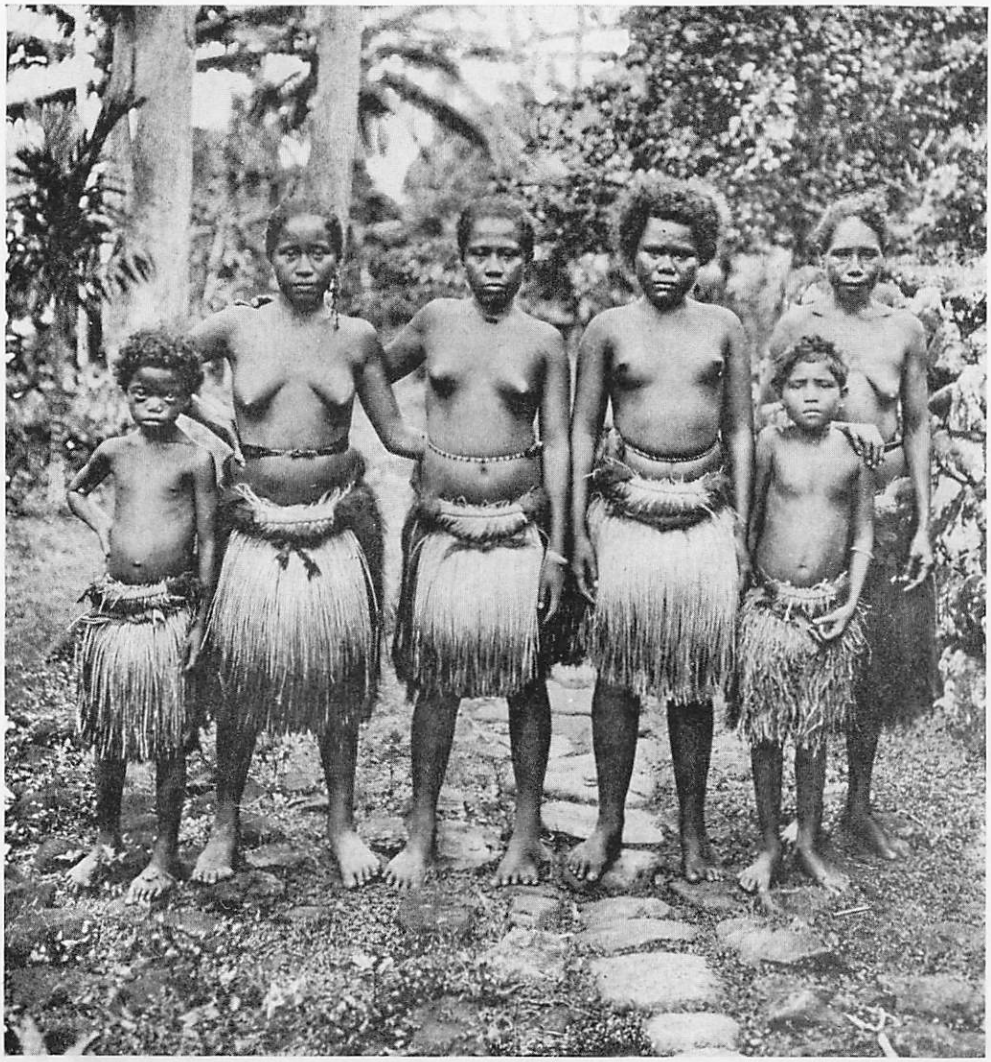
"'There are many warriors in Ponape.'

"The old woman replied that there were few men, but many women on the islands, and that the warriors from Kusaie should stay and make their homes there.

"'But I have seen your warriors standing by the thousands on the mountain tops,' said Ijokelekel.

"Then the old woman, proud to show her knowledge, as all women are, laughed at him and answered:

"'They are only palms, and what you think are the waving spears of the war dance are only their branches blowing in the breeze.'



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE GRASS SKIRT IS NOT PECULIAR TO THE "HULA HULA" GIRL

These ladies of Korror, in the Palao Islands, are wearing the typical skirts, consisting of a front and back piece, made from the stems of a native plant. The débutante announces that she is "out on the carpet" by assuming a narrow belt of plaited leaves or of colored yarn like the neck-cords worn by the women of Yap (see illustration on opposite page).

"Ijokelekel had learned what he wanted. He ran back to the canoe and they paddled around to Nanmatal. At daylight they attacked the city. Here is where they left the canoe.

"Jauteleur, a great warrior, led the men of Ponape. They fought for two days, and each night the warriors from Kusaie were beaten back to their canoe.

"On the third day Jauteleur was again pushing back the strangers when one of the warriors from Kusaie drove a spear through his own foot, fastening it to the ground. The other warriors, who were running away, saw that their comrade stayed to fight, and came back to help him. They captured the city."

NANPARATAK, THE PONAPE ARCHILLES

My host stopped, lost in reverie, dreaming the romance of those stirring days. Civilization, with its laws and conven-

A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE AT KORROR: PALAO ISLANDS

Inside the stone platform in front of the dwelling the family dead are buried. Each household has its own cemetery.

Photographs from Junius B. Wood

THE CLUB-HOUSE AT KORROR, SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PALAO ISLANDS

This house was at one time a village, but the German governor had it moved opposite his office, where it stands today. Its remarkable appearance, both the inside and outside being extensively carved, has remained unaltered.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A MEETING OF THE "BIG CHIEFS" OF THE PALAO ISLANDS ON KORROR

He of the helmet is the Aybathul, a chief of first rank and practically king of the Palaos. He and one other member of the group are wearing bracelets of bone, symbols of dignity. The handbag of plaited leaves carried by each chief is the Palao equivalent of a cigarette case or tobacco-pouch, for it contains the "makings" for betel-nut chewing.

tionalities of distant lands, has substituted work and worry for that care-free life. This man, a native leader, was interpreter for the Japanese chief of police. He might have been an Ijokelekel or a Jauteleur in another age.

"I have forgotten the name of the soldier who won the fight," he said, lapsing again into silence.

The name wouldn't come. He called in the rough Ponape dialect. The light step of bare feet came along the narrow porch. Leaning over the low wall was a woman, bare from the waist up, straight-featured, with threads of gray in the smooth black hair, sharp-eyed and strong-muscled, as if a bronze Venus of fabled Nanmatal had been conjured into the dim light of the flickering lantern. Without raising his head, the man spoke in their native language.

"Nanparatak," she said. Homer would have picked a better name for the South Seas Achilles. I wrote it down while the jargon was fresh. When I looked again the dusky vision had disappeared as silently as the mythological Helen of Troy. The legend of Greece and that of Ponape have strange points of similarity.

"Jauteleur and Soutolour were killed, and Ijokelekel divided Ponape into five tribes, just as they are today," he resumed. "But they did not live in either of the cities, for the gods who had built them were angry. Nobody has lived in them since, and when people go to them it rains and thunders, for the gods do not want them to be disturbed. Nobody has disturbed them since the German governor died."

A DANCE ON PONAPE, CENTER OF THE JAPANESE MANDATORY ISLANDS

On another day the natives gave a dance. It was a good show, but, considering the elaborate preparations and number participating, sadly abridged and expurgated. Saddened by the march of events in America, somebody wrote, "You Cannot Shimmy on Tea," and probably the same applies to the South Seas. The League of Nations very wisely specifies

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE COUNCIL-HOUSE OF KORROR CHIEFS: PALAO ISLANDS

The building, which is placed on a structure of stones about four feet above ground level, is ornamented inside and out with pictorial carvings painted white, red, black, and yellow. The ordinary villagers, and especially the women and girls, are strictly forbidden to darken its doors.

prohibition for all the natives in its mandated possessions, but a reasonable ration on dancing days would undoubtedly put more "pep" into the performances. Nobody became overheated on this afternoon. At that, it was the best dance seen on any of the islands (see pp. 590-592).

Ponape is about the center of the Japanese mandatory islands. Its life and customs may be taken as a standard for all the others. Those who have passed their lives along this border of the Equator say it is the cleanest, healthiest, and happiest. Conditions and habits vary in the others; some are better and some are worse, according to the individual tastes.

Each group of islands has a language of its own. The years are not long past when each was a petty kingdom, and the stranger cast up on its shores was hailed as a gift from the gods, whose head quickly adorned the door post of the first islander to greet him.

The extent of American missionary activity can be gauged by the length of the women's skirts. In Yap, which missionary influence has hardly touched, the fluffy fiber upholstering clings precariously on the fat hips. In the Marianas and middle Carolines, skirts start above the waist-line. In Kusaie, the easternmost of the Carolines, they reach to the shoulders in one-piece wrappers. In the Marshalls, where the missionary work has flourished without interruption, the long-trained wrappers, sweeping up the dust, are further ornamented with high ruffle collars and wrist-length sleeves.

YAP VISITED BY A SERIES OF DISASTERS

The native of Yap is little concerned over the controversy which is waging in other parts of the world as to who shall rule his rocky home. Just now, his chief worry is to get enough to eat. War and the elements have completed the blight which has cursed the islands for a decade. When the English cruiser sailed past and shelled the wireless station out of existence, and a few weeks later a Japanese transport

arrived and deported the foreigners, including the solitary policeman, the islander's chief source of income was gone.

The final blow came on December 7, 1920, when a typhoon leveled the vegetation on the islands, destroying most of the coconut palms, breadfruit trees, and other food supplies. The last previous typhoon had been on February 20, 1895.

About the time the new coconut trees were ready to bear, one of those strange plant sicknesses of the tropics spread over the island. The new groves, which had been patiently planted, were just coming into fruit when the last typhoon wiped out everything.

To everybody in the world except the islander himself, the location of Yap is of importance. It is about 250 miles east of Palao, the future Japanese naval headquarters of the mandate, which is some 500 miles east of the Philippines, about opposite Mindanao.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A SHRINE ON KORROR: PALAO ISLANDS

This structure, three feet wide and six feet high, is a miniature replica of the club-house shown on the opposite page. Though it is a place of worship, it contains no idol or image.

YAP ISLANDERS WERE LEADERS

Like the other forty-eight so-called islands in the Carolines, Yap is not a single island, but a cluster of small islands. There are ten islands in the group, four of which are fairly large and volcanic, all surrounded by a coral reef about 15 miles long and 4½ miles across at its widest point. Epp, the native name for Yap, is the largest of the four. North of it, and separated by narrow straits, are Torei, Map, and Rumong. Tomil is the name of the harbor and settlement, with a good anchorage, reached by a narrow passage and past dangerous rocks.

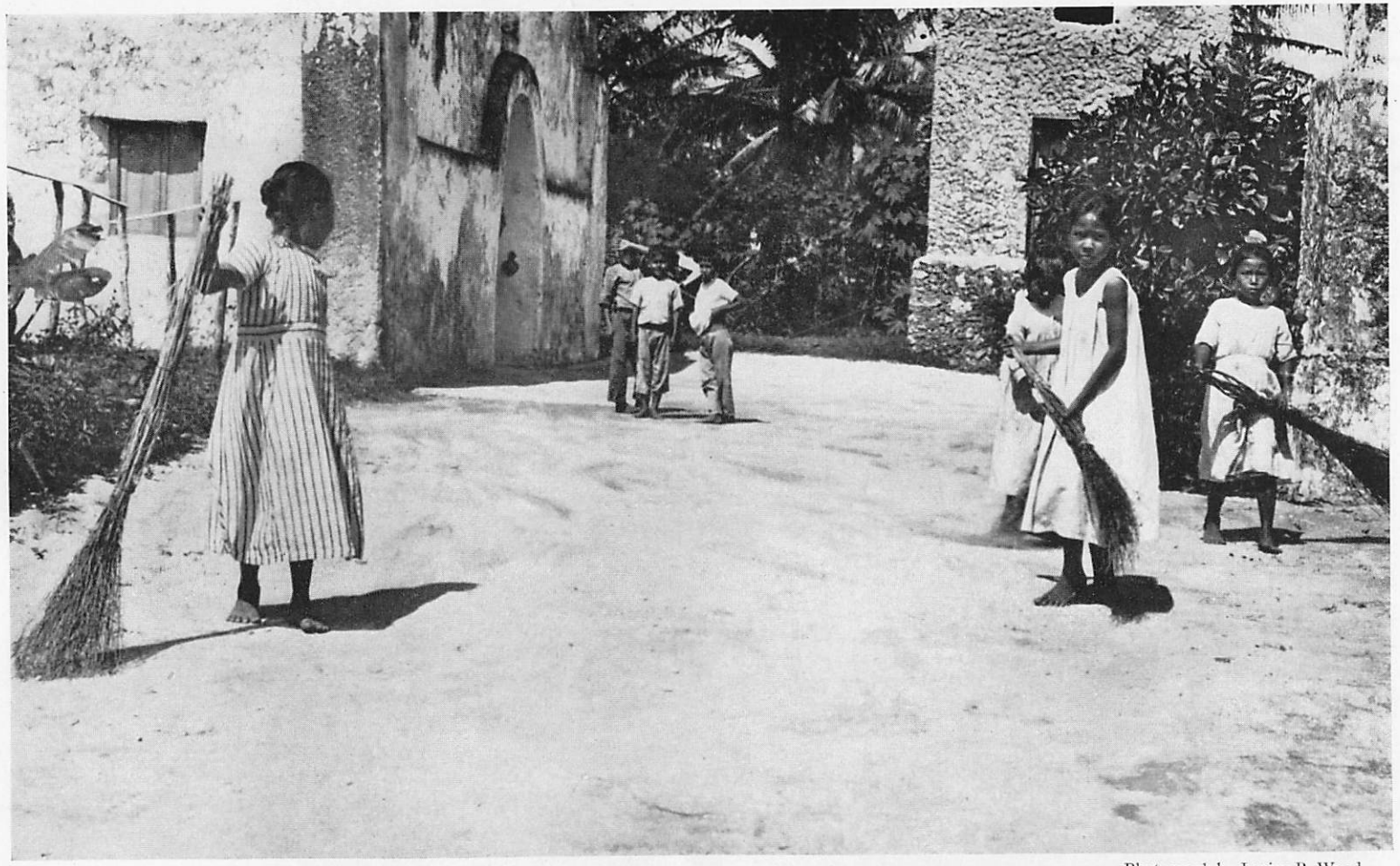
In native civilization, the islanders of Yap were the leaders and teachers for all the others. Most of the legends and customs of the old days can be traced back to Yap. Some islands improved on their lessons, others never advanced beyond crude imitations.

Stories are told of men from Yap coming in their canoes as far as the Marshalls, more than 2,000 miles away. They taught the others navigation. In the Marshalls, where the little low-lying patches of sand and coral are close together, they im-

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

TRAVELING A LA MODE IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

Taking an afternoon drive on some of the South Sea Islands combines all the leisurely and luxuriant features of an airing for some people in some portions of the United States.



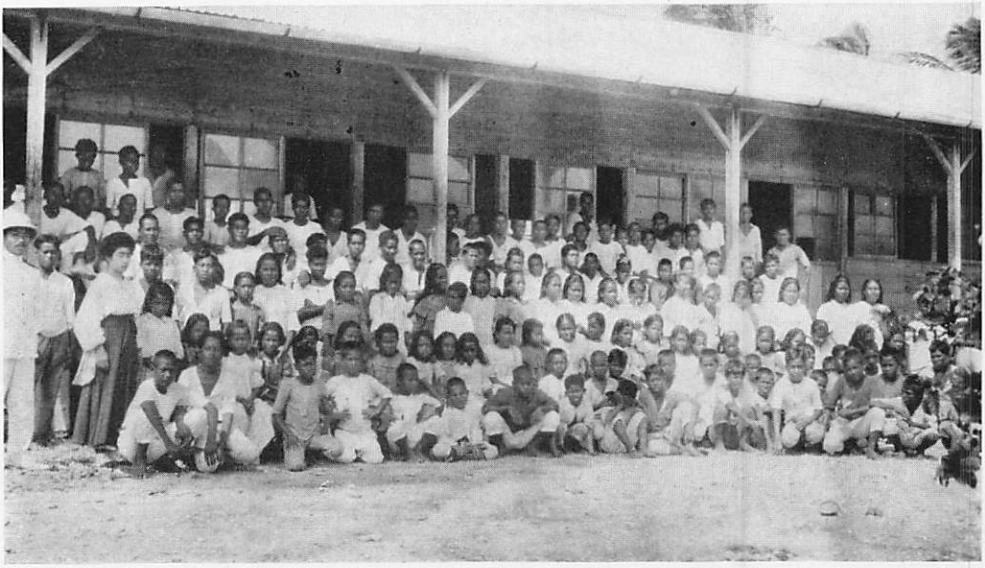
Photograph by Junius B. Wood

"LET THE WOMEN DO THE WORK," IS THE SLOGAN IN ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

The little girls keep the street around the school-house clean by sweeping it during the recess period, while the boys go out to play.

STUDENTS OF READIN', 'RITIN', AND 'RITHMETIC IN ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

The slate is the private property of the pupil, while the text-books belong to the school.



Photographs by Junius B. Wood

THE SCHOOL AT JALUIT CONDUCTED BY THE JAPANESE AUTHORITIES

The pupils are obliged to remain for at least three years of instruction. Jaluit is the chief island and administrative center of the Marshall group.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A FAMILY GROUP IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

A sudden shower drove the photographer into a hut, where the family courteously received him, and to show their hospitality sent the oldest boy off to pick a pineapple for him. The mother was sitting upon the sleeping platform, using her spare moments in braiding a crude basket.

proved on the knowledge of the men of Yap until the seamanship of the old Marshall chiefs, sailing unerringly without compasses, reading the waves by day and the stars by night to lay their course, is a puzzle to modern navigators.

The story of the two brothers, the genesis of the legendary history of Ponape, is told with variations of names and incidents to suit the local dialects and events in the Marshalls and other islands. The brothers are supposed to have come from Yap. The Yap natives built houses, towering structures for that part of the world. In Palao, to the westward, they improved on the architecture of Yap, while as one travels eastward to the Marshalls the structures become of decreasing simplicity.

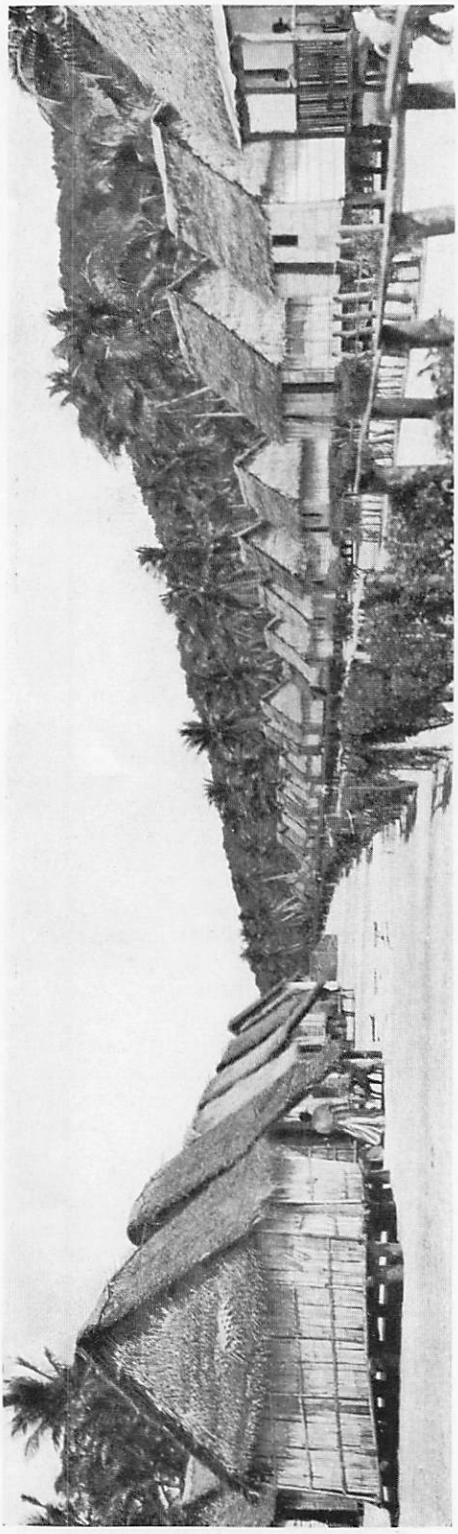
The natives of Yap knew how to make earthen bowls and cooking utensils, how to weave baskets and ornaments, and how to dye the fibers various colors. They had houses where only the chiefs met, club-houses where the unmarried men lived and which all the villagers could enter on certain occasions, and canoe-houses for the use of all. The same custom prevailed on the other islands.

In Yap the women cultivated the taro beds, and on the other islands they did the fishing. All agreed that the women should do the work and the men the fighting and loafing. With the advent of ships and trading, the men now work and the war canoes are leaking and decaying.

AN ISLAND OF STONE MONEY

Yap had a currency of its own—big circles of yellowish limestone which nobody could steal and smaller pieces of pearl shell with squared edges. They were brought from Palao, which gave them an intrinsic value. However, just as they discarded the fire-stick when matches were obtainable, the crude money is no longer used, except as ornaments or to sell to curio-collectors.

The big money resembled a flat grist-mill wheel with a hole in the center, so two men could carry it on a pole. Pieces four feet in diameter are numerous, and



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

MAIN STREET IN A VILLAGE OF ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

All the houses are elevated above the ground and have small windows under the overhanging thatch roofs, some of which extend out beyond the house to form a sort of porch. The woman in the foreground has spread mats on the sidewalk and is drying cocoa beans.

I was told that one wealthy and exclusive club had an 11-foot coin, but I could not find it. About two feet is the usual size. A three-foot coin could purchase a young pig; so the fortune-hunter could take his choice of paddling to Palao to quarry a piece of loose change and risk drowning while returning home, or of carefully raising a shoat.

The money, leaning against the elevated stone platforms of the clubs or homes of leading citizens, is practical as well as ornamental. The number and size of the piece mark the building's financial standing, and when visitors come they sit on the stone pavement, resting their backs against the stone cart-wheels, as they leisurely discuss club politics or the latest escapades of the village slave girls. The smaller shell money is now used for necklaces (see page 611).

Some of the club-houses in Yap are more than 100 feet long and 30 feet wide, built on platforms of rough stone paving. The roofs are striking—high and narrow, with the gable longer than the eaves, so that it projects several feet on each end. A similar type of architecture is followed in the more pretentious homes.

Posts and beams of the club-houses are carved and painted, usually in red, black, and white, with scenes historical of events on the island. In Palao, the club-houses are even more elaborate, the favorite ornamentation being a rude figure of a profusely tattooed woman straddling the door, as a warning to the village maidens to be circumspect. The natives' houses also are partitioned in a way, at variance with the usual one-room publicity.

THE WOMEN WEAR SMALL "HAYSTACKS"

The natives have built good roads in Yap, in most places well paved with stones. The women do all the work around the homes, but the men are sturdy workers and more

and business methods to their native shrewdness. Many of them speak English, and, with their innate love of politics, deluge the visitor with questions on the outside world and international affairs, some of which are too complex for the ordinary traveler.

The years of missionary teaching in the islands have made the natives a peaceful, friendly, and hospitable people, and their even longer association with American and later Australian, German, and Japanese traders has given them a knowledge of values. It has been many years since a pink comb could be traded for a cask of coconut oil in the Marshalls.

"Yak we yuk" is the invariable greeting from man or woman. The salutation, "Love to you," may be taken to symbolize their daily spirit. They have seen much of Americans—rough sailors with pirate instincts, fighting and robbing; others who married their daughters and settled in the islands, and, finally, the gentle missionaries, who built schools and churches. America has taught them much, and they dream of America, far across the Pacific, as their adopted country.

"WHAT IS HAPPENING IN AMERICA?"

Possibly it is a chief, or a native preacher, or a man or woman who has studied in one of the mission schools, who always calls when an American visits one of the islands. A present of a gaily bordered mat, an assortment of artistically woven fans, a fish-hook made from shells, or some other native handicraft is always brought. And when the visitor leaves the baskets of fresh coconuts which are sent aboard his ship will quench his thirst for many days.

As clothes have become popular, tattooing has disappeared. Once a chief was tattooed from ears to waist, in fine lines of many designs, entirely different from the broad stripes of the Carolines. "Chief Moses" is the only survivor of that age, and though he now wears a high collar, his cheeks are lined as if they had been branded with an electric toaster.

Lebario, with nine atolls under his control, is another of the old chiefs, a grim, serious-minded man, whose life has registered all the changes in the Marshalls. My first sight of him was at Wotje. He was busily dictating a contract to his stenographer, a fat, middle-aged man with an ancient but effective typewriter. The captain of the Australian trading schooner was waiting to sign it, and Lebario was in a hurry, as the bimonthly ship sailed for Jaluit in a few hours and he must catch it. However, he had time to stop all work and ask the invariable question, "What is happening in America?"

EVENINGS AT THE "CLUB" IN THE MARSHALL GROUP

Dramatic stories are told of the early days, only half a century ago, before the Marshall islanders became pupils of the Western World. Then these low-lying islands—more than 300, grouped into 32 circular atolls, with a total land area of only 156 square miles—were a world of their own, each atoll having its chief and usually at war with all its neighbors.

More than one night, when the moonlight was silvering the beach and the rest of the settlers slept, we sat until morning in the cabin of Joachim De Brum while old men reminisced of their boyhood.

Legends which their fathers handed down to them, love romances of island Cleopatras, and daring deeds of bold chiefs, stories of the rough characters who had come in later days, whispered locations of still buried treasures of tortoise-shell and gold, arguments of crops and prices of today—all were mixed in an incongruous medley. And, much like clubdom the world over, a sleepy boy would appear with an armful of coconuts, the "eyes" deftly extracted, for story-tellers and audiences always are thirsty.

De Brum is a remarkable character. Born on the islands, son of a Portuguese trader and native mother, subscriber to an American daily newspaper and several magazines, he keeps in touch with the greater world thousands of miles away, though the mail steamer never comes oftener than once in two months.

VALUABLE COPRA CROP PRODUCED BY THE MARSHALL ISLANDS

Life in the Marshalls today is denaturized and commercialized. The transformation came quickly, once it started. Though they were discovered by de Saavedra in 1529 and explored by Captain Marshall in 1788, it was not until 1886

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

GIRLS OF THE CHAMORRO TRIBE IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

The Chamorros are not of the same stock as the natives of the Carolines, but are probably allied with some of the Philippine tribes. They dress in European style and show a preference for white clothes. They also wear leather sandals, a style not common to any other South Sea islanders under Japanese control.

that Germany took possession of them as a colony.

In a part of the world where men's wealth is measured by coconut trees, the Marshalls are a valuable asset to any country. They produce more than half the copra from the Japanese mandatory. Each island is a waving crown of palms. Periodically the fierce typoons strike this or that atoll, leveling the trees, decimating the inhabitants, or even lifting an entire island from its shallow bed on the coral reef, but the total producing power of the group is hardly affected. In five or six years new trees have grown, and those of the inhabitants who temporarily migrated in search of food and shelter return to their home island.

While the Marshalls are entirely low coral islands, the Carolines are both volcanic and coral and the Marianas are entirely basaltic, five of the Marianas—fifteen in number when Guam is included—having active volcanoes. One diligent statistician has located 680 islands in the Carolines, divided into forty-eight clusters. These latter are what show on maps as individual islands.

PLETHORA OF NAMES FOR EACH ISLAND

Truk or Ruk, meaning "mountain" in the native language, where the Japanese naval headquarters administering the mandatory is located for the present, is the largest of the clusters. It consists of eleven volcanic islands, one of which is four miles across, and some 80 coral islands, most of them extremely small, all surrounded by a roughly circular reef 35 miles in diameter. About half the little islands are on this reef, and the remainder are scattered in the big lagoon, which can be navigated by the largest ships (see map, page 648).

The Japanese have followed the practice of the men of other nations, who ruled for a day or a year over the islands, and have given Truk a new crop of names. Nearly every island in the Carolines has a Portuguese, Spanish, Russian, French, English, American, or German name in addition to its assortment of native titles.

Photographs by Junius B. Wood

FISHING IN DEEP WATER IN A WRAPPER AND A LARGE CONICAL HAT MUST HAVE ITS COMPLICATIONS

Since being introduced to this passé garment of civilization, the native women make peculiar use of it. They can scarcely be persuaded to dispense with it when they go fishing. In some of the islands they keep it strictly as a town gown, which they don on the road when they get in sight of the houses of the settlement (see text, page 599).

Mariners' charts, compiled mostly from data of the American missionary schooner *Morning Star* or English surveys, are fairly impartial to all nations, but many other names are used by sojourners in the islands.

Though they show as yet only on official communications, the Japanese have renamed the eleven larger islands in Truk after the seven days of the week and the four seasons, those on the reef after signs in astrology and palmistry, and the small ones inside after flowers.

The three groups in prehistoric ages may have formed parts of two mountain ranges of which the peaks still are above the waves in the Carolines and Marianas, while only the encircling reef of the tireless coral remains in the Marshalls.

The natives of the Marianas differ physically from the natives in the Carolines and Marshalls. Many show traces of European blood and their language includes expressions from the Tagalog and Spanish of the Philippines, possibly traced to the days when Spain ruled the islands. Many of their homes in Saipan are large and comfortable, in European style, with pianos and other furniture which is not found farther south.

The Kanakas, as the natives of the Carolines and Marshalls are called, who also are in Saipan, retain their native customs — absence of clothes, chiefs' houses, dances to the full moon, and an entirely lower plane of existence.

Tribal wars, with victories measured in the number of warriors' heads and women captured, mixed the blood on the islands long before the white men came, and since that time migration has been easy and safe, until racial characteristics are blended and indistinct.

Photograph Courtesy of U. S. National Museum

ONE OF THE STONE IMAGES FROM EASTER ISLAND

The Easter Island images are the most interesting of archeological enigmas. There are more than 600 on the island. Formerly many of them stood in groups of from 6 to 12 on platforms of hewn stone facing the sea. They were hewn out of volcanic tufa and transported, sometimes three or four miles, to their destination. The island is almost treeless, and the wonder is how the image-makers could remove objects so fragile as these, weighing from three to thirty tons each, over ground so rugged. The images exhibited in the U. S. National Museum were secured during a 12-day visit to the island in 1886 by the U. S. Ship *Mohican*, under Commander B. S. Day, U. S. N.

YAP AND OTHER PACIFIC ISLANDS UNDER JAPANESE MANDATE

By Junius B. Wood

With Illustrations from Photographs Taken by the Author in the Spring of 1921

LIFE is easy and time drifts slowly by on the little tufts of green in the warm blue of the Pacific which now are under Japanese mandate. The largest is less than 13 miles in diameter, while a half dozen coconut trees, surrounded by nature's breakwater of mangroves, tells the whole story of many of the smallest. Nobody knows how many or how large they are. One careful estimate is 1,000 islands, with a total area of 970 square miles.

Sown in the form of an inverted T, the islands stretch 2,462 miles east and west, just north of the Equator, from Lord North Island, the westernmost of the Carolines, to Mille Atoll, the easternmost of the Marshalls; and 1,170 miles north and south from Pajaros, the most northern of the Marianas, to Greenwich, in the Carolines. Small as they are, they stake out about 1,500,000 square miles in the North Pacific.*

Men of many nations — Portuguese, Spanish, English, American, French, Russian, German, and now Japanese— have wandered through the islands in the centuries since Columbus dared the unknown sea.

They came as explorers seeking El Dorados, soldiers to conquer new lands for their kings, pirates to recuperate in the balmy tropics, missionaries to teach and trade, "blackbirders" gathering laborers for the plantations of New Zealand and Australia, beach-combers drifting out their aimless existence, and all the strange medley of humanity that life's eddies cast into strange corners of the world.

Each has left a mark, a mere fleeting touch—the name of an island, a river, a mountain peak, or a family. But unconquerable nature is unchanged and the tropical jungle has covered the scars of their works, while the white skins darken with each generation of children and the family name is but a memory of an ancestor gone and forgotten.

They were but ripples on the surface. The old life runs along, deep and unchanged; the new is there for a generation, fading and disappearing in the next. At home amateur theatrical and movie companies don strange costumes to portray spectacles of departed ages. Here the past is masquerading as the present— whatever may be pleasing to the rulers of the day—and the costumes are as weird.

A GOVERNMENT IS POPULAR IN PROPORTION TO THE FREQUENCY OF HOLIDAYS

The last time our ship anchored in Ponape Harbor was on the Japanese national holiday celebrating the accession of the first mythological emperor. In 1921 it was the 2,581st anniversary.

During the hour's ride to shore in the little launch, winding between the sunken coral reefs showing white through the clear green water, the genial naval commander of the island explained that a holiday and big celebration had been arranged. Any government is popular with the natives in proportion to its holidays.

That afternoon the flag of the Rising Sun was flying over the big parade ground above the village and the naval band played the Japanese national air.

The natives were there to watch the athletic games, just as they or their fathers and mothers had come on other national holidays when the Spanish or German colors flapped in the breeze over the same parade ground and they joined in singing other patriotic songs in other languages. Some remembered the even earlier years, when Fourth of July was the big holiday, and a few could recall two occasions when bloody revolutions started against the Spanish rulers as part of the celebration of the American natal day.

* See map supplement with this number of The Geographic.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

ON THE KITI RIVER, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Back of Ronkiti, the port of Ponape, there are practically uninhabited tracts of level country crossed by many streams with cascades suitable for conversion into water-power for industrial use and of sufficient volume to float rafts and large boats.

Between the finish of a coconut-husking contest for native men and the start of a half-mile race for Japanese residents, in which merchants, officers, and sailors puffed and strained like real democrats, the busy little civil governor, tiring of the quiet monotony of a wicker chair under an awning, started to investigate the origin of a squat building between the Spanish church and the German school.

THE STORY OF A "BATH-HOUSE"

Of solid stone and mortar, with iron-barred windows and heavy doors, it had withstood time and revolutions. The governor said it was a bath-house. Several dutiful Japanese subjects corroborated his verdict and exhibited in mute proof one of the combination casks and furnaces in which they delight to parboil themselves after every day's work.

However, the Spaniards did not build block-houses of stone and iron for baths. The massive stone wall cutting off the end of the island where the settlement is located, just like the crumbling walls in Mexico and South America, showed their ambitions and fears ran in other directions.

The wall in Ponape now is an ornament of the past. The Germans cut roads through it and vines cover its rough face.

"We'll ask this woman; her father was a German," said the governor.

A young woman, fatter than any of the others in the group, sat under the shade of a tree, nursing a husky baby. A few weeks earlier she had been noticed at a native dance, her light skin contrasting with the other women, bare from the waist up, as they swayed and sung to the strange harmony.

The governor spoke to her in German. She shook her head, unsmiling and uncommunicative. The language of her father was already forgotten. The question was repeated in choppy Nipponese to a young Japanese, who translated it into the native vernacular.

"She says the Germans used it as a chicken-house," he explained.

"And what was it before it was a chicken-house?" asked the governor, like a real antiquarian.

Nobody in that ladies' nursing circle knew. Why worry about the past or future when there is nothing to worry about in the present, is Ponape philosophy.

THE GERMANS MADE THE NEW GUINEA NATIVES POLICEMEN

By this time Governor Okuyama had his dander up. Something must be found out. Leaning against a tree was a study in black and white, an outsider among the straight-haired, brown-skinned natives. Shirt and trousers were white; feet, hands, and face were inky black, with a jaunty white cap on his woolly pompadour.

"He's from New Guinea," the governor explained. "The Germans used them as policemen, because they are so black the natives are afraid of them."

The former local terror, though he understood both German and English, could not remember farther than the chicken-coop era; but, true to his police training, he went to find out. He returned with a report that it had been built and used as a jail. He added that several of its inmates, hurried to an untimely end, were buried under its cement floor, promising disturbed dreams for those who doze in its modern bathtub.

INQUIRING FOR A BOY IN AMERICA

The foot-race was finished and the governor flitted to distribute the prizes to the winners. An old man approached timidly. A smile encouraged him.

"You American?" he asked in his little-used English.

It had been ten years since the last American missionary had left the island. Possibly there is some similarity among Americans.

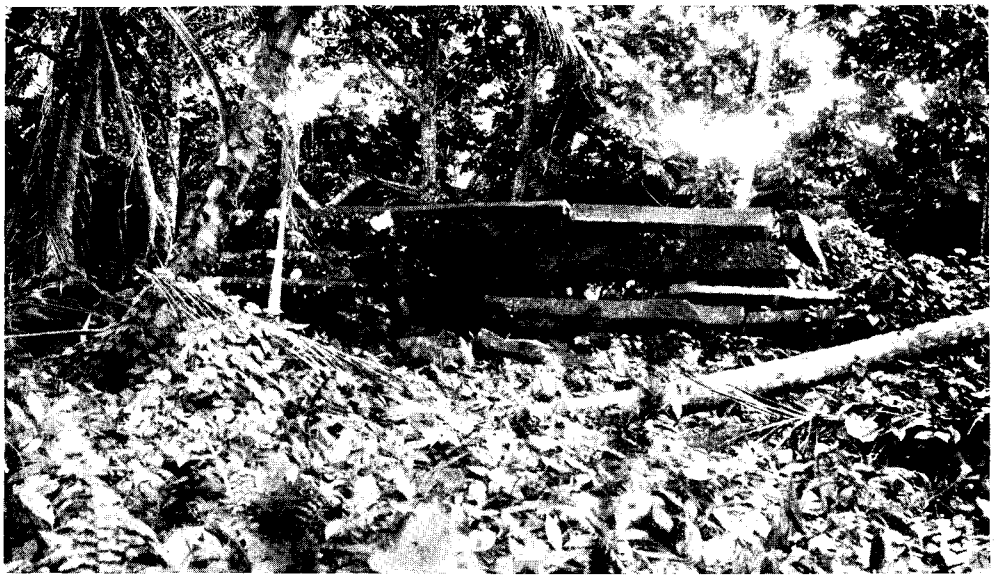
"A Ponape boy lives in United States," he said.

"Whereabouts in United States?" I asked.

He shook his head hopelessly.

"Just United States," he replied. "Perhaps you know him," he added, for in all of Ponape's continent—of 134 square miles—everybody knows everybody else, as well as some of the great men on the other islands, to them far away.

"Perhaps. What's his name?" I suggested, knowing a few hundred out of America's 110,000,000.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN ALTAR OR TOMB IN THE SUN TEMPLE OF NANMATAL, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Beneath this altar there was once a large room with an underground passageway leading outside the walls of the mysterious city (see text, page 607).

on a side path through an opening in the brush.

In a little cleared space stood the "men's hotel." It was a roof of thatch, open on all sides. Fastened to the poles supporting the roof, about four feet from the ground, was a braided hammock-like floor of fibers and leaves. Cracking the coconut on the fringe of rocks which protected the hotel from the crowding jungle, he climbed to the unsteady floor, squatted on his haunches, and started the evening feast, his day's work done.

Down at the foot of the path where the narrow bay separates the main island from the rocky head of Chokach (one of 33 islets surrounding Ponape), half a dozen outriggers were tied to the mangroves. Other bare feet were coming along. An athletic young man, a wreath of flowers on his head and a shirt of fiber strings covering his hips, untied one of the canoes. The little narrow hull, hollowed from a single tree trunk, was so narrow that his knees rubbed as he sat on the cross-bar.

"Want go Chokach?" he offered.

"I'm Pingelap man," he vouchsafed, as his narrow paddle drove the canoe across the quiet water.

Hospitable, good-natured, and easy-going, the Ponape natives have a temper which flames into wild revolt when pressed too hard. The first Fourth of July revolution against the Spaniards, in which the governor and four others were killed, a carpenter being the only one able to escape to the warship *Maria Molina*, was precipitated when a road boss forced the natives to pick up rubbish with their hands.

The next revolution, in 1891, started over the rivalry between an American mission church and a new one established by the Spaniards near Metalanim Harbor, on the east side of the island. The natives disposed of an officer and twenty-five soldiers who interfered in the religious competition, and when a larger force of two officers and fifty soldiers was sent from the garrison at Ponape their worldly worries ended with similar celerity.

A transport with 3,000 soldiers came from the Philippines. It went ashore on the reef outside of Metalanim, and in the ensuing mêlée, according to the widow of the American adventurer who later piloted the transport off the reef, three natives and 1,500 soldiers went to an-

other world to settle their religious differences.

That ended the local holy war until 1898, when the five tribes on the island were having a lively fight among themselves, which Spain, on account of its trouble with the United States, was too busy to meddle with.

After that Germany exercised the lien which it had held on the Carolines and Marianas since 1886 and bought them from Spain.

About noon, on October 18, 1910, the young German overseer of a gang of natives building roads, or rather footpaths, on Chokach struck one of the men with a whip. That was not the first occasion, but it was the last.

Governor Gustav Boeder, of Strassburg, a retired army officer, who heard of the riot and death of the overseer, hurried from his headquarters on the hill overlooking the settlement. He believed that his presence would awe and quiet the natives. He was paddled across the same narrow bay which I was crossing. As he stepped ashore, a bullet fired from the hillside struck him dead. The rifles captured in the Spanish days had been brought from the hiding places.

HEADSTONES TELL TRAGIC STORY

Four granite headstones, on which are neatly chiseled their names, ages, and the date—October 18, 1910—in the little foreign cemetery, tell the story of that day.

A month or so later a German warship happened to anchor in the harbor. The natives were as peaceful as ever, but there were no officials. "Joe of the Hills"—Joseph Creighton, a London gipsy, who lived with the natives, away from the settlement, and died in Ponape only last year—was the only foreigner alive to tell the story.

The force from the ship rounded up the inhabitants of Chokach. Half a dozen ringleaders were shot, others were imprisoned, and the remainder—about 200 men, women, and children—were deported to the barren phosphate island of Angaur, in the West Carolines. To repopulate Chokach, other natives were brought from Ngatik, Pingelap, Mokil, and Mortlock islands.

"Mrs. Anna lives Chokach," said the boatman as he lifted his canoe into a canoe-house, a thatch roof under which were a dozen outriggers, either on the ground or on cross-beams tied to the roof-poles.

Who "Mrs. Anna" was I did not know, but the affable young native said she spoke English and German, and we started along the well-built path which encircles the island. Evidently she was a local personage of importance.

THE WOMEN CARRY THEIR TOWN FROCKS AROUND THEIR NECKS

Stretches of the path hugged the shore and hillside. In other places the water would be hidden by the dense foliage.

The little houses were scattered on each side, none of them more than a hundred yards away. A few were of rough boards, one had a corrugated tin roof, but most of them were thatch roofs, woven palm-leaf walls, and roughly smoothed floors, worn shiny by many bare feet and slumbering backs. All were elevated on posts. When the weather is wet, it is very wet.

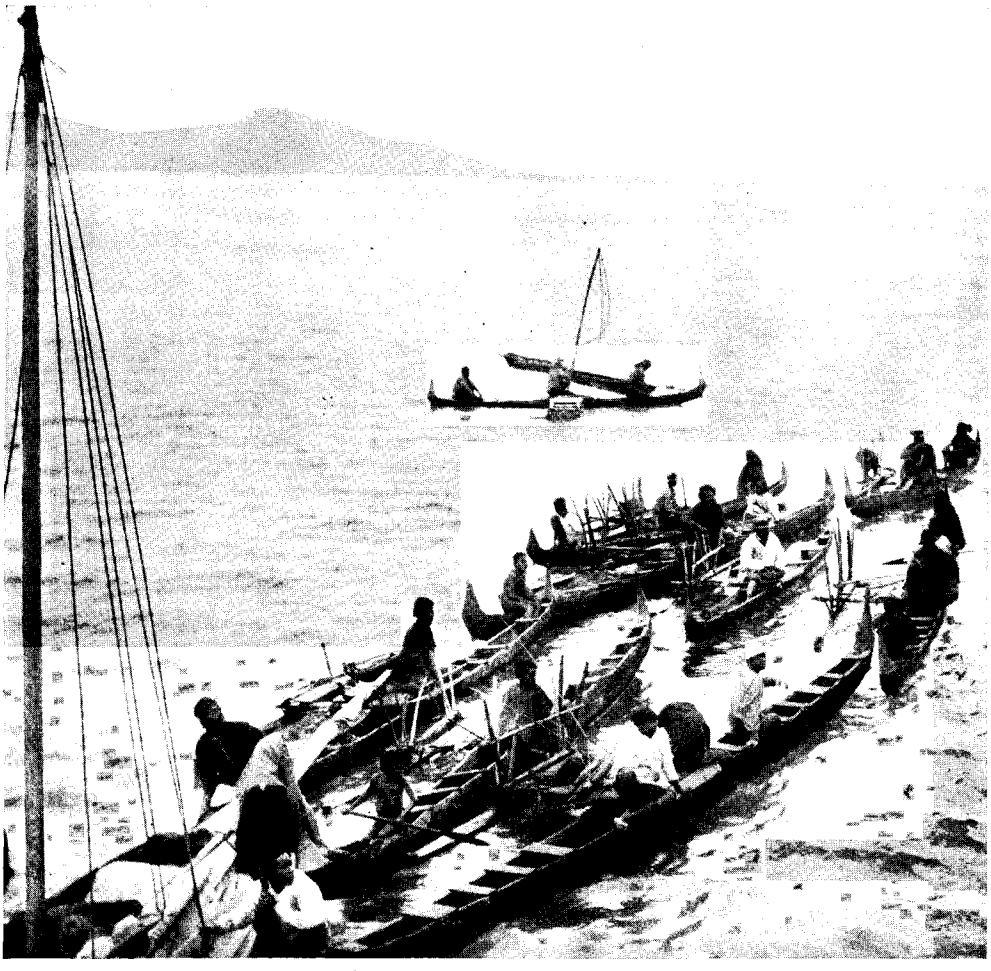
The rockiest spots also were selected for building sites. Let nature fight the battle with the jungle.

A little boy with no more clothes than when he was born and a girl with a few feet of calico for a skirt were driving a family of goats. Occasionally we met a barefoot man or woman. Some of the men wore trousers and undershirts; most of them had only the knee-length, artistic fiber skirt hiding their loin-cloth.

The women, like their sisters in lands where dress is more of a problem, had a town gown and a home costume which meant no dress at all, merely a cotton skirt reaching below the knees. Most of them walking toward the village carried the town wrapper comfortably looped around their necks, ready to be slipped over their shoulders when the settlement was reached.

MEETING THE WIDOW OF A FAMOUS SCIENTIST

"Mrs. Anna now," said the man. A tall, straight old lady was slowly approaching. She stopped at the sight of a stranger. Her thin gray hair was smoothly parted in the middle. Many years of



THE MERCHANT MARINE AND NAVY OF MOEN ISLAND ON REVIEW IN TRUK LAGOON: CAROLINE ISLANDS

About forty of the little islands of Truk are scattered about in this big lagoon, which could accommodate our largest transatlantic liners.

tropical suns had not browned her to the colors of the other natives. Tattoo-marks on the backs of her hands ran across the wrists and disappeared in the loose sleeves of the immaculately clean wrapper. Other designs showed on feet and ankles.

"I'm Mrs. Kubary," she said. This, then, was the relict of that striking character on whose studies much of the scientific knowledge and romantic lore of the Carolines is based, who came to Ponape when a youth of 19, full of enthusiasm and vigor, won a name for himself which reached to Europe, and wrested a wealth of coconut groves from the jungle, only to be conquered in the end, when age weakened strength and courage.

The day the fight relaxes, the jungle, always waiting, starts to reclaim its own. A monument in the little cemetery, with a bronze slab sent by his scientific colleagues in Europe, showing the profile of a strong face, with drooping moustache and eye-glasses, and the legend, "Johann Stanislaus Kubary, 1846-1896," epitomizes his hopeless life story.

The jungle has choked the botanical garden which Kubary started and closed the paths across the mountains which the warrior trod in the days when Ponape had a population of 60,000 instead of

"My father came from over the seas and my husband from another land. Our girl has gone, for she was of their race, but I have come back. The islands never change, and these are my people and my life."

She folded her tattooed hands over her knees, showing thin through the cotton wrapper, and silently gazed across the bay to where the Japanese transport was riding at anchor. For a few hours each month that reminder of the outside world breaks the monotony of Ponape; otherwise life flows along smoothly and contentedly, unthinking of the past or of tomorrow.

TATTOOING ADORNS THE BELLES OF OLDEN DAYS

Formerly the natives were walking pictorial histories. After the missionaries came, tattooing was discouraged, not caring to be tattooed themselves, and in recent years it has been prohibited. It was considered a sign of courage, without which a young man or young woman was not worthy to marry. This practice even went so far as systematic mutilation of the sexual organs. Scientists are divided whether this, an epidemic of smallpox brought by a whaler, or the frequent tribal wars are responsible for the diminished population.

The young people still practice an effete modification of the old tests of courage by pricking cicatrices, or little raised welts, on their flesh. Most of the girls prefer the right shoulder for the adornment, though some have them on their breasts. The boys adorn shoulders and chests.

The welts, which are formed by making a fairly deep cut in the flesh and keeping it open until the new skin grows into a ridge, are usually about an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. Sometimes they are arranged in straight lines, one for each admirer, like the bangles on a high-school girl's friendship bracelet; again they may make an asterisk or are scattered indiscriminately over shoulders, breast, and back.

The older people still show the old adornment, the lobes of the ears stretched into loops until they touch the shoulders, and bodies and limbs tattooed, the most distinctive effect being broad parallel stripes of solid black from ankles to

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

CORRECT "STREET" CLOTHES IN TRUK

This one-piece poncho-like garment is the prevailing style in the Caroline Archipelago. When the wearer is working or away from the settlement, he throws it aside, leaving his waist and shoulders bare. Both the men and women of the older generation are tattooed, but this practice is now prohibited.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE CHEFS OF TRUK PREPARING FOR A COMMUNAL FEAST

The breadfruit has been scraped and quartered and the shoots of the banana are being spread on the red-hot stones in preparation for the baking.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

"ALL MEN'S HOUSE," OR BACHELORS' CLUB, IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

The club is the common sleeping place for any man without a home, as well as the storage shed for disabled canoes and other rubbish. It usually has a roof of thatch and is open on all sides.

thighs. However, they follow modern conveniences and wear the long loops wrapped around the ears close to the head when they work, while skirts drape the gaily tattooed legs of the social leaders of former days.

That night there were open-air movies and Japanese sword dancing by sailors and a couple of proficient native boys on the lawn of the official residence. Visitors and dignitaries had chairs, while the others stood or squatted on the cool grass.

Movies were a novelty to the natives, but comparatively few had the energy to walk the quarter mile from the settlement to the grounds. An American comic of an indestructible man wrecking furniture, and pictures of Japanese warships, including a boat crew feverishly lowering a cutter, were the hits of the evening.

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF NANMATAL

Late that night, when the others were sipping the inevitable tea on the broad veranda, I slipped away down the long hill toward the settlement. In a pocket was a little map in India ink and water colors which Kubary had made in 1874 of the ruins of Nanmatal, the city of stone walls and canals off the east coast of Ponape which has outlived the facts of its origin (see illustrations on pages 597, 598, and 600).

Storms through countless generations have filled the broad, straight canals until the sands are dry at low tide, but the walls of heavy basaltic monoliths, in some places 30 feet high, have withstood typhoons and earthquakes, proof of a civilization forgotten when Quiros came, in 1595, and found the natives living then in flimsy houses of thatch and sticks.

Charles Darwin, F. W. Christian, the Rev. MacMillan Brown, Dr. Amberg, and others of greater or lesser fame have delved in the ruins near Metalanim harbor and evolved theories of their origin. They do not agree whether the patch of land, 1,200 yards long and half as wide, once was a tropical Venice or whether through the ages it has been gradually sinking, swallowed by the sea and smoth-

ered by vegetation. The waves still beat against its massive sea-wall, while hundreds of little shell rings, used for money and necklaces, can be found even today.

One incident chronicled by all the scientists, like the fragment of bone from which the archeologist reconstructs a dinosaur, is that a metal spear-head was once found in the ruins; and another, less generally known, comes from Capt. John J. Mahlmann, of Yokohama, that, 40 years ago, he copied two Chinese ideographs carved on one of the big stones. However, the whereabouts of the spear-head is unknown and the letter, which the English captain sent to Shanghai, was lost, and he never could locate the stone again.

Some say modern buccaneers built the city of stone without the natives knowing it; others trace it to the copper age, and the present Japanese claim it was the work of their ancestors, who built the uncemented fort in Osaka.

A similar deserted city stands in the hills on the mainland of Ponape, back of the port of Ronkiti, on the southwest corner of the island. Near this is the home of Henry Nanpei, a remarkable native chief, who has traveled extensively in Europe and America and is the bulwark of the Christian work on the island. He probably could tell more about the ruins than any other man; but the scientists have confined their researches to Nanmatal, which is more easily accessible.

Kubary first searched Nanmatal for Godefroy's museum, and when Governor Berg was in the islands he shipped so many specimens to the Leipzig Museum that the government sent an expedition to clear away the jungle and study the city and the slightly different ruins on the island of Kusaie.

The latter adjoin the settlement, and as soon as the expedition left, the natives, directed by an unawed American planter, supplemented the visitors' labors by using a good portion of the uncovered walls for building a breakwater and pier, greatly to the wrath of the Leipzig students of ancient history when they heard about it, a year later.

After his last visit to the Nanmatal ruins, Governor Berg died suddenly, justifying the native superstition that the gods punish intruders.

The present governor has a big white book in which visitors, either after exploring Nanmatal or discussing it in the cool of his residence, are requested to write their opinion of its origin.

The sight of the massive walls, silent and impressive, still surrounded by the narrow, straight canals and overgrown with jungle, is worth the blistered back, wet feet, and skinned shins necessary to reach the ruins. However, as each student has a different verdict, the present method, more reassuring for governors and less strenuous for visitors, may be equally conclusive.

NIGHT ON PONAPE

The broad road from the headquarters residence to the village below was a silvered path between black walls of trees. Only the stars were in the sky that night, and nowhere are they as bright as in the tropics.

Through the still air from a native settlement along the bay came the occasional thump of a drum and the echoes of laughter. The big parade ground was silent and deserted, the old Spanish wall and the new Japanese school-house ghostly in the starlight. No spooning couples were in the village park.

The local police turn in early in Ponape. The governor says he has arrested only twenty-two men, all for stealing. One took a bottle of sake from the Japanese store and the others eloped to short distances with their friends' wives. As the authorities discourage primitive methods of vengeance, local home-wreckers are put in jail.

The house where I was going was dark, but alive with the deep breathing of many sleepers. It was a pretentious dwelling, long and low, like a field barracks, with a narrow porch along the side, on which opened the rooms for different families. A "Hello!" brought an answering shout, and I stepped through an open door into darkness. Somebody appeared with a lantern.

My host and his family had been sleeping according to the custom of the tropics. The wife slipped on a skirt, and he with two stretches was fully clothed in shirt and trousers. He took the lantern and we went into the residential social hall,

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE FRONT YARD OF THE TOMIL CLUB-HOUSE: YAP

The ground around the building is covered with flat stones, and here many of the native conferences and dances are held. The man in the picture is leaning against one of the yellowish limestone discs that were formerly used as money on the island (see text, page 621).

"Here's where the canoe stopped," he mused, putting a finger on an unmarked spot on the south side of the ancient city.

"What canoe?" I asked.

"That's only a story," he said. "We're Christians now and don't believe those stories any more. It's only what the old natives tell."

NATIVE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS CITY

However, from his refusal to accompany me to the ruins and the reluctance of any natives to visit them, their superstitious belief in the dangers of the present world seem to outweigh their confidence in the safety of the future. He told the story, and it is probably as good a version of the rise and fall of the mysterious city as any which the scientists have concocted.

"Once two brothers, Oleosiba and Oleosoba, came to Ponape. They became chiefs and joined all the tribes in Ponape into one tribe. They wanted a great city and just asked for it, such was their power, and it came down from the sky just where it is at Nanmatal today. The other city, at Ronkiti, was built in the same way, and one brother lived in each city, ruling over the island. After them for hundreds of years there was only one king in Ponape. Soutolour was the last.

"When he was king, Ijokelekel, a warrior from Kusaie Island, which we call Kodou, came to attack the city. He had only one canoe and it carried 333 men. They reached Ponape in the night, and when day broke they saw the thousands of palms on the mountains and thought they were warriors, and were afraid to attack and went back to Kusaie.

PONAPE BETRAYED BY A WOMAN

"Ijokelekel came again in his canoe with 333 men and circled the island. Each day, from a distance, they saw the palms and were afraid to come closer, but went home a second time. When he came a third time he went only half way around the island and put the canoe into the harbor at Ronkiti. He sent some of his men ashore. Their instructions were:

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE GRASS SKIRT IS NOT PECULIAR TO THE "HULA HULA" GIRL

These ladies of Korror, in the Palao Islands, are wearing the typical skirts, consisting of a front and back piece, made from the stems of a native plant. The débutante announces that she is "out on the carpet" by assuming a narrow belt of plaited leaves or of colored yarn like the neck-cords worn by the women of Yap (see illustration on opposite page).

"Ijokelekel had learned what he wanted. He ran back to the canoe and they paddled around to Nanmatal. At daylight they attacked the city. Here is where they left the canoe.

"Jauteleur, a great warrior, led the men of Ponape. They fought for two days, and each night the warriors from Kusaie were beaten back to their canoe.

"On the third day Jauteleur was again pushing back the strangers when one of the warriors from Kusaie drove a spear through his own foot, fastening it to the ground. The other warriors, who were running away, saw that their comrade stayed to fight, and came back to help him. They captured the city."

NANPARATAK, THE PONAPE ARCHILLES

My host stopped, lost in reverie, dreaming the romance of those stirring days. Civilization, with its laws and conven-

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A MEETING OF THE "BIG CHIEFS" OF THE PALAO ISLANDS ON KORROR

He of the helmet is the Aybathul, a chief of first rank and practically king of the Palaos. He and one other member of the group are wearing bracelets of bone, symbols of dignity. The handbag of plaited leaves carried by each chief is the Palao equivalent of a cigarette case or tobacco-pouch, for it contains the "makings" for betel-nut chewing.

tionalities of distant lands, has substituted work and worry for that care-free life. This man, a native leader, was interpreter for the Japanese chief of police. He might have been an Ijokelekel or a Jauteleur in another age.

"I have forgotten the name of the soldier who won the fight," he said, lapsing again into silence.

The name wouldn't come. He called in the rough Ponape dialect. The light step of bare feet came along the narrow porch. Leaning over the low wall was a woman, bare from the waist up, straight-featured, with threads of gray in the smooth black hair, sharp-eyed and strong-muscled, as if a bronze Venus of fabled Nanmatal had been conjured into the dim light of the flickering lantern. Without raising his head, the man spoke in their native language.

"Nanparatak," she said. Homer would have picked a better name for the South Seas Achilles. I wrote it down while the jargon was fresh. When I looked again the dusky vision had disappeared as silently as the mythological Helen of Troy. The legend of Greece and that of Ponape have strange points of similarity.

"Jauteleur and Soutolour were killed, and Ijokelekel divided Ponape into five tribes, just as they are today," he resumed. "But they did not live in either of the cities, for the gods who had built them were angry. Nobody has lived in them since, and when people go to them it rains and thunders, for the gods do not want them to be disturbed. Nobody has disturbed them since the German governor died."

A DANCE ON PONAPE, CENTER OF THE JAPANESE MANDATORY ISLANDS

On another day the natives gave a dance. It was a good show, but, considering the elaborate preparations and number participating, sadly abridged and expurgated. Saddened by the march of events in America, somebody wrote, "You Cannot Shimmy on Tea," and probably the same applies to the South Seas. The League of Nations very wisely specifies

arrived and deported the foreigners, including the solitary policeman, the islander's chief source of income was gone.

The final blow came on December 7, 1920, when a typhoon leveled the vegetation on the islands, destroying most of the coconut palms, breadfruit trees, and other food supplies. The last previous typhoon had been on February 20, 1895.

About the time the new coconut trees were ready to bear, one of those strange plant sicknesses of the tropics spread over the island. The new groves, which had been patiently planted, were just coming into fruit when the last typhoon wiped out everything.

To everybody in the world except the islander himself, the location of Yap is of importance. It is about 250 miles east of Palao, the future Japanese naval headquarters of the mandate, which is some 500 miles east of the Philippines, about opposite Mindanao.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A SHRINE ON KORROR: PALAO ISLANDS

This structure, three feet wide and six feet high, is a miniature replica of the club-house shown on the opposite page. Though it is a place of worship, it contains no idol or image.

YAP ISLANDERS WERE LEADERS

Like the other forty-eight so-called islands in the Carolines, Yap is not a single island, but a cluster of small islands. There are ten islands in the group, four of which are fairly large and volcanic, all surrounded by a coral reef about 15 miles long and 4½ miles across at its widest point. Epp, the native name for Yap, is the largest of the four. North of it, and separated by narrow straits, are Torei, Map, and Rumong. Tomil is the name of the harbor and settlement, with a good anchorage, reached by a narrow passage and past dangerous rocks.

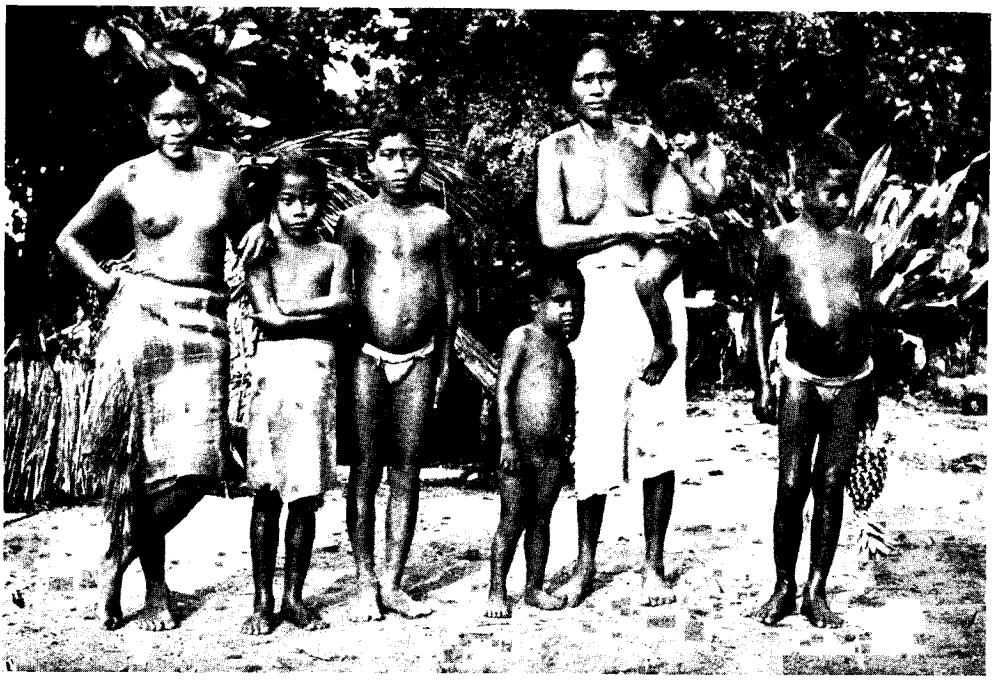
In native civilization, the islanders of Yap were the leaders and teachers for all the others. Most of the legends and customs of the old days can be traced back to Yap. Some islands improved on their lessons, others never advanced beyond crude imitations.

Stories are told of men from Yap coming in their canoes as far as the Marshalls, more than 2,000 miles away. They taught the others navigation. In the Marshalls, where the little low-lying patches of sand and coral are close together, they im-

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

"LET THE WOMEN DO THE WORK," IS THE SLOGAN IN ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

The little girls keep the street around the school-house clean by sweeping it during the recess period, while the boys go out to play.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A FAMILY GROUP IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

A sudden shower drove the photographer into a hut, where the family courteously received him, and to show their hospitality sent the oldest boy off to pick a pineapple for him. The mother was sitting upon the sleeping platform, using her spare moments in braiding a crude basket.

proved on the knowledge of the men of Yap until the seamanship of the old Marshall chiefs, sailing unerringly without compasses, reading the waves by day and the stars by night to lay their course, is a puzzle to modern navigators.

The story of the two brothers, the genesis of the legendary history of Ponape, is told with variations of names and incidents to suit the local dialects and events in the Marshalls and other islands. The brothers are supposed to have come from Yap. The Yap natives built houses, towering structures for that part of the world. In Palao, to the westward, they improved on the architecture of Yap, while as one travels eastward to the Marshalls the structures become of decreasing simplicity.

The natives of Yap knew how to make earthen bowls and cooking utensils, how to weave baskets and ornaments, and how to dye the fibers various colors. They had houses where only the chiefs met, club-houses where the unmarried men lived and which all the villagers could enter on certain occasions, and canoe-houses for the use of all. The same custom prevailed on the other islands.

In Yap the women cultivated the taro beds, and on the other islands they did the fishing. All agreed that the women should do the work and the men the fighting and loafing. With the advent of ships and trading, the men now work and the war canoes are leaking and decaying.

AN ISLAND OF STONE MONEY

Yap had a currency of its own—big circles of yellowish limestone which nobody could steal and smaller pieces of pearl shell with squared edges. They were brought from Palao, which gave them an intrinsic value. However, just as they discarded the fire-stick when matches were obtainable, the crude money is no longer used, except as ornaments or to sell to curio-collectors.

The big money resembled a flat grist-mill wheel with a hole in the center, so two men could carry it on a pole. Pieces four feet in diameter are numerous, and

and business methods to their native shrewdness. Many of them speak English, and, with their innate love of politics, deluge the visitor with questions on the outside world and international affairs, some of which are too complex for the ordinary traveler.

The years of missionary teaching in the islands have made the natives a peaceful, friendly, and hospitable people, and their even longer association with American and later Australian, German, and Japanese traders has given them a knowledge of values. It has been many years since a pink comb could be traded for a cask of coconut oil in the Marshalls.

"Yak we yuk" is the invariable greeting from man or woman. The salutation, "Love to you," may be taken to symbolize their daily spirit. They have seen much of Americans—rough sailors with pirate instincts, fighting and robbing; others who married their daughters and settled in the islands, and, finally, the gentle missionaries, who built schools and churches. America has taught them much, and they dream of America, far across the Pacific, as their adopted country.

"WHAT IS HAPPENING IN AMERICA?"

Possibly it is a chief, or a native preacher, or a man or woman who has studied in one of the mission schools, who always calls when an American visits one of the islands. A present of a gaily bordered mat, an assortment of artistically woven fans, a fish-hook made from shells, or some other native handicraft is always brought. And when the visitor leaves the baskets of fresh coconuts which are sent aboard his ship will quench his thirst for many days.

As clothes have become popular, tattooing has disappeared. Once a chief was tattooed from ears to waist, in fine lines of many designs, entirely different from the broad stripes of the Carolines. "Chief Moses" is the only survivor of that age, and though he now wears a high collar, his cheeks are lined as if they had been branded with an electric toaster.

Lebario, with nine atolls under his control, is another of the old chiefs, a grim, serious-minded man, whose life has registered all the changes in the Marshalls. My first sight of him was at Wotje. He was busily dictating a contract to his stenographer, a fat, middle-aged man with an ancient but effective typewriter. The captain of the Australian trading schooner was waiting to sign it, and Lebario was in a hurry, as the bimonthly ship sailed for Jaluit in a few hours and he must catch it. However, he had time to stop all work and ask the invariable question, "What is happening in America?"

EVENINGS AT THE "CLUB" IN THE MARSHALL GROUP

Dramatic stories are told of the early days, only half a century ago, before the Marshall islanders became pupils of the Western World. Then these low-lying islands—more than 300, grouped into 32 circular atolls, with a total land area of only 156 square miles—were a world of their own, each atoll having its chief and usually at war with all its neighbors.

More than one night, when the moonlight was silvering the beach and the rest of the settlers slept, we sat until morning in the cabin of Joachim De Brum while old men reminisced of their boyhood.

Legends which their fathers handed down to them, love romances of island Cleopatras, and daring deeds of bold chiefs, stories of the rough characters who had come in later days, whispered locations of still buried treasures of tortoise-shell and gold, arguments of crops and prices of today—all were mixed in an incongruous medley. And, much like clubdom the world over, a sleepy boy would appear with an armful of coconuts, the "eyes" deftly extracted, for story-tellers and audiences always are thirsty.

De Brum is a remarkable character. Born on the islands, son of a Portuguese trader and native mother, subscriber to an American daily newspaper and several magazines, he keeps in touch with the greater world thousands of miles away, though the mail steamer never comes oftener than once in two months.

VALUABLE COPRA CROP PRODUCED BY THE MARSHALL ISLANDS

Life in the Marshalls today is denaturized and commercialized. The transformation came quickly, once it started. Though they were discovered by de Saavedra in 1529 and explored by Captain Marshall in 1788, it was not until 1886

Photographs by Junius B. Wood

FISHING IN DEEP WATER IN A WRAPPER AND A LARGE CONICAL HAT MUST HAVE ITS COMPLICATIONS

Since being introduced to this passé garment of civilization, the native women make peculiar use of it. They can scarcely be persuaded to dispense with it when they go fishing. In some of the islands they keep it strictly as a town gown, which they don on the road when they get in sight of the houses of the settlement (see text, page 599).

Mariners' charts, compiled mostly from data of the American missionary schooner *Morning Star* or English surveys, are fairly impartial to all nations, but many other names are used by sojourners in the islands.

Though they show as yet only on official communications, the Japanese have renamed the eleven larger islands in Truk after the seven days of the week and the four seasons, those on the reef after signs in astrology and palmistry, and the small ones inside after flowers.

The three groups in prehistoric ages may have formed parts of two mountain ranges of which the peaks still are above the waves in the Carolines and Marianas, while only the encircling reef of the tireless coral remains in the Marshalls.

The natives of the Marianas differ physically from the natives in the Carolines and Marshalls. Many show traces of European blood and their language includes expressions from the Tagalog and Spanish of the Philippines, possibly traced to the days when Spain ruled the islands. Many of their homes in Saipan are large and comfortable, in European style, with pianos and other furniture which is not found farther south.

The Kanakas, as the natives of the Carolines and Marshalls are called, who also are in Saipan, retain their native customs — absence of clothes, chiefs' houses, dances to the full moon, and an entirely lower plane of existence.

Tribal wars, with victories measured in the number of warriors' heads and women captured, mixed the blood on the islands long before the white men came, and since that time migration has been easy and safe, until racial characteristics are blended and indistinct.

YAP AND OTHER PACIFIC ISLANDS UNDER JAPANESE MANDATE

By Junius B. Wood

With Illustrations from Photographs Taken by the Author in the Spring of 1921

LIFE is easy and time drifts slowly by on the little tufts of green in the warm blue of the Pacific which now are under Japanese mandate. The largest is less than 13 miles in diameter, while a half dozen coconut trees, surrounded by nature's breakwater of mangroves, tells the whole story of many of the smallest. Nobody knows how many or how large they are. One careful estimate is 1,000 islands, with a total area of 970 square miles.

Sown in the form of an inverted T, the islands stretch 2,462 miles east and west, just north of the Equator, from Lord North Island, the westernmost of the Carolines, to Mille Atoll, the easternmost of the Marshalls; and 1,170 miles north and south from Pajaros, the most northern of the Marianas, to Greenwich, in the Carolines. Small as they are, they stake out about 1,500,000 square miles in the North Pacific.*

Men of many nations — Portuguese, Spanish, English, American, French, Russian, German, and now Japanese— have wandered through the islands in the centuries since Columbus dared the unknown sea.

They came as explorers seeking El Dorados, soldiers to conquer new lands for their kings, pirates to recuperate in the balmy tropics, missionaries to teach and trade, "blackbirders" gathering laborers for the plantations of New Zealand and Australia, beach-combers drifting out their aimless existence, and all the strange medley of humanity that life's eddies cast into strange corners of the world.

Each has left a mark, a mere fleeting touch—the name of an island, a river, a mountain peak, or a family. But unconquerable nature is unchanged and the tropical jungle has covered the scars of their works, while the white skins darken with each generation of children and the family name is but a memory of an ancestor gone and forgotten.

They were but ripples on the surface. The old life runs along, deep and unchanged; the new is there for a generation, fading and disappearing in the next. At home amateur theatrical and movie companies don strange costumes to portray spectacles of departed ages. Here the past is masquerading as the present— whatever may be pleasing to the rulers of the day—and the costumes are as weird.

A GOVERNMENT IS POPULAR IN PROPORTION TO THE FREQUENCY OF HOLIDAYS

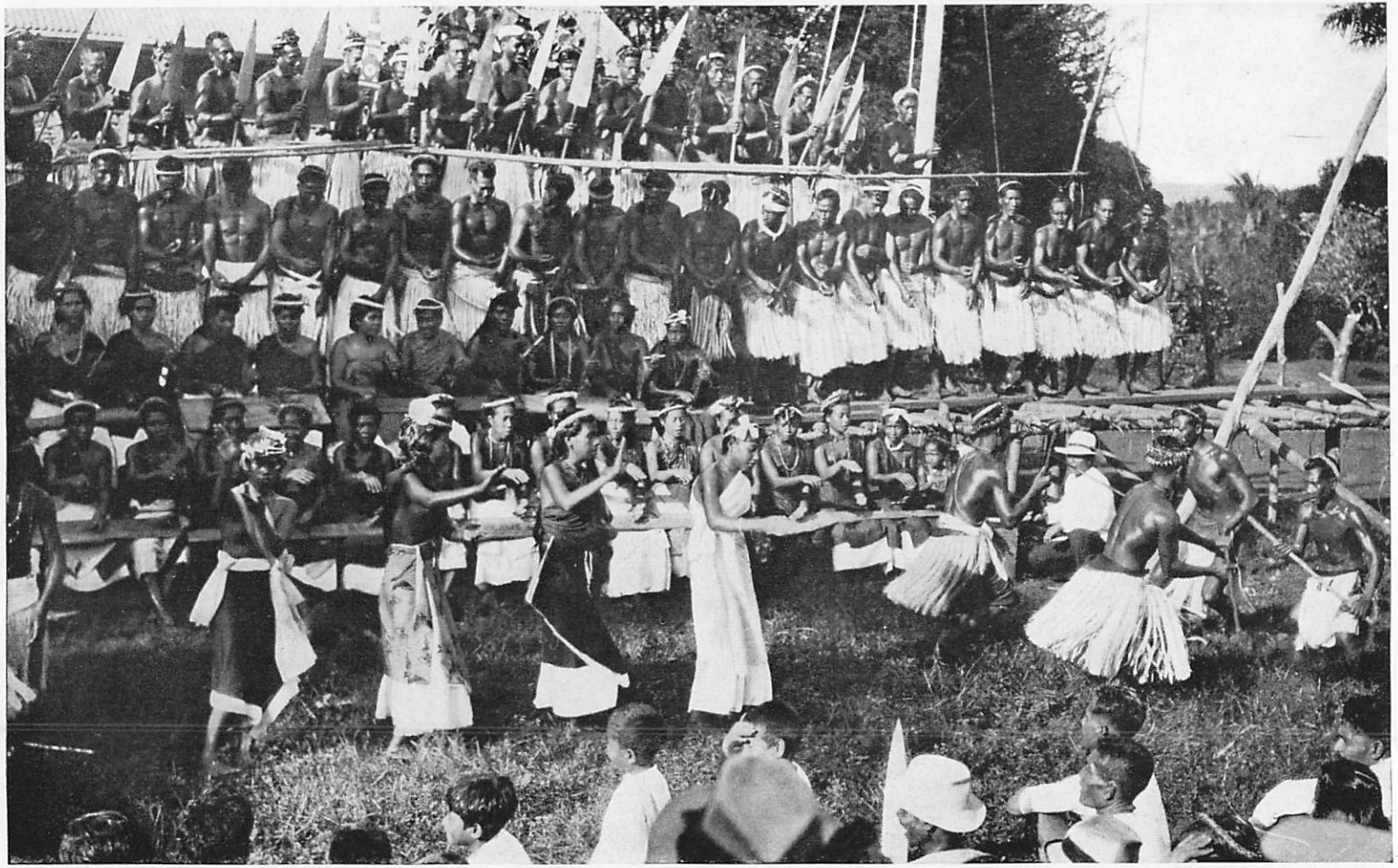
The last time our ship anchored in Ponape Harbor was on the Japanese national holiday celebrating the accession of the first mythological emperor. In 1921 it was the 2,581st anniversary.

During the hour's ride to shore in the little launch, winding between the sunken coral reefs showing white through the clear green water, the genial naval commander of the island explained that a holiday and big celebration had been arranged. Any government is popular with the natives in proportion to its holidays.

That afternoon the flag of the Rising Sun was flying over the big parade ground above the village and the naval band played the Japanese national air.

The natives were there to watch the athletic games, just as they or their fathers and mothers had come on other national holidays when the Spanish or German colors flapped in the breeze over the same parade ground and they joined in singing other patriotic songs in other languages. Some remembered the even earlier years, when Fourth of July was the big holiday, and a few could recall two occasions when bloody revolutions started against the Spanish rulers as part of the celebration of the American natal day.

* See map supplement with this number of The Geographic.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE GRAND FINALE OF PONAPE'S MUSICAL COMEDY AND GRAND SOIRÉE (SEE TEXT, PAGE 615)

The four girls and eight men in the center of the lawn, the stars of the performance, are going through the evolutions of a wand drill and an expurgated "hula," for which the "chorus" forms the customary background.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

ON THE KITI RIVER, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Back of Ronkiti, the port of Ponape, there are practically uninhabited tracts of level country crossed by many streams with cascades suitable for conversion into water-power for industrial use and of sufficient volume to float rafts and large boats.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A NATIVE MANSION IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

The dwellings, which are usually surrounded by a neatly swept clearing devoid of grass, are built upon platforms to keep the floor—the family bed—as dry as possible, for the ground is at times deluged with tropical rains.

Between the finish of a coconut-husking contest for native men and the start of a half-mile race for Japanese residents, in which merchants, officers, and sailors puffed and strained like real democrats, the busy little civil governor, tiring of the quiet monotony of a wicker chair under an awning, started to investigate the origin of a squat building between the Spanish church and the German school.

THE STORY OF A "BATH-HOUSE"

Of solid stone and mortar, with iron-barred windows and heavy doors, it had withstood time and revolutions. The governor said it was a bath-house. Several dutiful Japanese subjects corroborated his verdict and exhibited in mute proof one of the combination casks and furnaces in which they delight to parboil themselves after every day's work.

However, the Spaniards did not build block-houses of stone and iron for baths. The massive stone wall cutting off the end of the island where the settlement is located, just like the crumbling walls in Mexico and South America, showed their ambitions and fears ran in other directions.

The wall in Ponape now is an ornament of the past. The Germans cut roads through it and vines cover its rough face.

"We'll ask this woman; her father was a German," said the governor.

A young woman, fatter than any of the others in the group, sat under the shade of a tree, nursing a husky baby. A few weeks earlier she had been noticed at a native dance, her light skin contrasting with the other women, bare from the waist up, as they swayed and sung to the strange harmony.

The governor spoke to her in German. She shook her head, unsmiling and uncommunicative. The language of her father was already forgotten. The question was repeated in choppy Nipponese to a young Japanese, who translated it into the native vernacular.

"She says the Germans used it as a chicken-house," he explained.

"And what was it before it was a chicken-house?" asked the governor, like a real antiquarian.

Nobody in that ladies' nursing circle knew. Why worry about the past or future when there is nothing to worry about in the present, is Ponape philosophy.

THE GERMANS MADE THE NEW GUINEA NATIVES POLICEMEN

By this time Governor Okuyama had his dander up. Something must be found out. Leaning against a tree was a study in black and white, an outsider among the straight-haired, brown-skinned natives. Shirt and trousers were white; feet, hands, and face were inky black, with a jaunty white cap on his woolly pompadour.

"He's from New Guinea," the governor explained. "The Germans used them as policemen, because they are so black the natives are afraid of them."

The former local terror, though he understood both German and English, could not remember farther than the chicken-coop era; but, true to his police training, he went to find out. He returned with a report that it had been built and used as a jail. He added that several of its inmates, hurried to an untimely end, were buried under its cement floor, promising disturbed dreams for those who doze in its modern bathtub.

INQUIRING FOR A BOY IN AMERICA

The foot-race was finished and the governor flitted to distribute the prizes to the winners. An old man approached timidly. A smile encouraged him.

"You American?" he asked in his little-used English.

It had been ten years since the last American missionary had left the island. Possibly there is some similarity among Americans.

"A Ponape boy lives in United States," he said.

"Whereabouts in United States?" I asked.

He shook his head hopelessly.

"Just United States," he replied. "Perhaps you know him," he added, for in all of Ponape's continent—of 134 square miles—everybody knows everybody else, as well as some of the great men on the other islands, to them far away.

"Perhaps. What's his name?" I suggested, knowing a few hundred out of America's 110,000,000.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE LARGEST AND MOST PRETENTIOUS CHURCH IN PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

This edifice, originally built by Americans, was remodeled by the Spaniards, and services are now conducted in it by native leaders.

"Uriel Hadley. He's a Ponape boy," he repeated, a touch of pride in his quiet voice.

There was no Uriel among my memory of many Hadleys, and his face fell in disappointment. He could not understand that anybody could live in America and not know the "boy from Ponape." Something was wrong, but he did not know why.

I walked away from the noisy games through one of the gaps the Germans had made in the thick stone wall, past the silent church, and along a path rapidly growing narrower, as it passed from the little fields which the Japanese were cultivating into the ever-crowding jungle.

I stopped to look across the jungle-closed valley to where the late sun was tinting the palms on the mountain top, just as it had done in the dim, forgotten days when Ijokelekel came in his war canoe. The pit-a-pat of bare feet approached along the path. It was the old man, one of the coconuts salvaged from the husking bee in his hand.

"Are you a Ponape boy?" I asked as he stopped.

"I'm Ngatik boy; can't go home," he said, uncovering another of the tragic romances of the Carolines.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR'S COLONY ON NGATIK

He pattered along down the path, carrying his day's harvest, his exile and the story of Ngatik forgotten. In the early '60's an American whaler was wrecked on Ngatik, 75 miles southwest of Ponape. Visioning a choice assortment of white heads to hang from the eaves of their huts, the natives attacked the survivors.

But the sailormen were well armed, with the result that most of the ambitious warriors were killed, and the new arrivals settled down to a life of laziness and a plethora of wives until the next wandering whaler sighted the lonesome island and took them home. That accounted for the old man's familiarity with English.

"You like coconut?" he asked with native hospitality, proffering his entire meal.

"I live here, men's hotel," he explained, as the gift was declined. He trotted off

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN ALTAR OR TOMB IN THE SUN TEMPLE OF NANMATAL, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Beneath this altar there was once a large room with an underground passageway leading outside the walls of the mysterious city (see text, page 607).

on a side path through an opening in the brush.

In a little cleared space stood the "men's hotel." It was a roof of thatch, open on all sides. Fastened to the poles supporting the roof, about four feet from the ground, was a braided hammock-like floor of fibers and leaves. Cracking the coconut on the fringe of rocks which protected the hotel from the crowding jungle, he climbed to the unsteady floor, squatted on his haunches, and started the evening feast, his day's work done.

Down at the foot of the path where the narrow bay separates the main island from the rocky head of Chokach (one of 33 islets surrounding Ponape), half a dozen outriggers were tied to the mangroves. Other bare feet were coming along. An athletic young man, a wreath of flowers on his head and a shirt of fiber strings covering his hips, untied one of the canoes. The little narrow hull, hollowed from a single tree trunk, was so narrow that his knees rubbed as he sat on the cross-bar.

"Want go Chokach?" he offered.

"I'm Pingelap man," he vouchsafed, as his narrow paddle drove the canoe across the quiet water.

Hospitable, good-natured, and easy-going, the Ponape natives have a temper which flames into wild revolt when pressed too hard. The first Fourth of July revolution against the Spaniards, in which the governor and four others were killed, a carpenter being the only one able to escape to the warship *Maria Molina,* was precipitated when a road boss forced the natives to pick up rubbish with their hands.

The next revolution, in 1891, started over the rivalry between an American mission church and a new one established by the Spaniards near Metalanim Harbor, on the east side of the island. The natives disposed of an officer and twenty-five soldiers who interfered in the religious competition, and when a larger force of two officers and fifty soldiers was sent from the garrison at Ponape their worldly worries ended with similar celerity.

A transport with 3,000 soldiers came from the Philippines. It went ashore on the reef outside of Metalanim, and in the ensuing mêlée, according to the widow of the American adventurer who later piloted the transport off the reef, three natives and 1,500 soldiers went to an-

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

PORTION OF THE WALL SURROUNDING THE ANCIENT CITY OF NANMATAL, PONAPE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Numerous narrow, straight canals, now overgrown with jungle, encircle the walls. (See reference in "The Islands of the Pacific," page 553, and text, pages 607 to 615.)

other world to settle their religious differences.

That ended the local holy war until 1898, when the five tribes on the island were having a lively fight among themselves, which Spain, on account of its trouble with the United States, was too busy to meddle with.

After that Germany exercised the lien which it had held on the Carolines and Marianas since 1886 and bought them from Spain.

About noon, on October 18, 1910, the young German overseer of a gang of natives building roads, or rather footpaths, on Chokach struck one of the men with a whip. That was not the first occasion, but it was the last.

Governor Gustav Boeder, of Strassburg, a retired army officer, who heard of the riot and death of the overseer, hurried from his headquarters on the hill overlooking the settlement. He believed that his presence would awe and quiet the natives. He was paddled across the same narrow bay which I was crossing. As he stepped ashore, a bullet fired from the hillside struck him dead. The rifles captured in the Spanish days had been brought from the hiding places.

HEADSTONES TELL TRAGIC STORY

Four granite headstones, on which are neatly chiseled their names, ages, and the date—October 18, 1910—in the little foreign cemetery, tell the story of that day.

A month or so later a German warship happened to anchor in the harbor. The natives were as peaceful as ever, but there were no officials. "Joe of the Hills"—Joseph Creighton, a London gipsy, who lived with the natives, away from the settlement, and died in Ponape only last year—was the only foreigner alive to tell the story.

The force from the ship rounded up the inhabitants of Chokach. Half a dozen ringleaders were shot, others were imprisoned, and the remainder—about 200 men, women, and children—were deported to the barren phosphate island of Angaur, in the West Carolines. To repopulate Chokach, other natives were brought from Ngatik, Pingelap, Mokil, and Mortlock islands.

"Mrs. Anna lives Chokach," said the boatman as he lifted his canoe into a canoe-house, a thatch roof under which were a dozen outriggers, either on the ground or on cross-beams tied to the roof-poles.

Who "Mrs. Anna" was I did not know, but the affable young native said she spoke English and German, and we started along the well-built path which encircles the island. Evidently she was a local personage of importance.

THE WOMEN CARRY THEIR TOWN FROCKS AROUND THEIR NECKS

Stretches of the path hugged the shore and hillside. In other places the water would be hidden by the dense foliage.

The little houses were scattered on each side, none of them more than a hundred yards away. A few were of rough boards, one had a corrugated tin roof, but most of them were thatch roofs, woven palm-leaf walls, and roughly smoothed floors, worn shiny by many bare feet and slumbering backs. All were elevated on posts. When the weather is wet, it is very wet.

The rockiest spots also were selected for building sites. Let nature fight the battle with the jungle.

A little boy with no more clothes than when he was born and a girl with a few feet of calico for a skirt were driving a family of goats. Occasionally we met a barefoot man or woman. Some of the men wore trousers and undershirts; most of them had only the knee-length, artistic fiber skirt hiding their loin-cloth.

The women, like their sisters in lands where dress is more of a problem, had a town gown and a home costume which meant no dress at all, merely a cotton skirt reaching below the knees. Most of them walking toward the village carried the town wrapper comfortably looped around their necks, ready to be slipped over their shoulders when the settlement was reached.

MEETING THE WIDOW OF A FAMOUS SCIENTIST

"Mrs. Anna now," said the man. A tall, straight old lady was slowly approaching. She stopped at the sight of a stranger. Her thin gray hair was smoothly parted in the middle. Many years of

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A YOUNGSTER OF PONAPE STANDING ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE ISLAND'S MOST ANCIENT TEMPLE

Nanmatal, on the east coast of Ponape, was a prosperous city of stone walls and canals hundreds of years ago. Its origin is lost in the folklore of the islanders (see text, pages 553 and 607 to 615).

THE MERCHANT MARINE AND NAVY OF MOEN ISLAND ON REVIEW IN TRUK LAGOON: CAROLINE ISLANDS

About forty of the little islands of Truk are scattered about in this big lagoon, which could accommodate our largest transatlantic liners.

tropical suns had not browned her to the colors of the other natives. Tattoo-marks on the backs of her hands ran across the wrists and disappeared in the loose sleeves of the immaculately clean wrapper. Other designs showed on feet and ankles.

"I'm Mrs. Kubary," she said. This, then, was the relict of that striking character on whose studies much of the scientific knowledge and romantic lore of the Carolines is based, who came to Ponape when a youth of 19, full of enthusiasm and vigor, won a name for himself which reached to Europe, and wrested a wealth of coconut groves from the jungle, only to be conquered in the end, when age weakened strength and courage.

The day the fight relaxes, the jungle, always waiting, starts to reclaim its own. A monument in the little cemetery, with a bronze slab sent by his scientific colleagues in Europe, showing the profile of a strong face, with drooping moustache and eye-glasses, and the legend, "Johann Stanislaus Kubary, 1846-1896," epitomizes his hopeless life story.

The jungle has choked the botanical garden which Kubary started and closed the paths across the mountains which the warrior trod in the days when Ponape had a population of 60,000 instead of

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE FINEST TYPE OF NATIVE MISSIONARY

Though the American missionaries abandoned their work on the island of Truk years ago, the Reverend Ham Aettu still preaches the gospel to his people. He knows an American named Louis and would like to hear from him.

3,000. Some say that the rifles captured from the Spaniards are hidden in that jungle.

A new path around the edge of the island, built under Japanese supervision, past the houses of its remaining fringe of population, is the only route of communication by land. Lieutenant Yamanaka, the present naval commander, treats the natives with gentleness and consideration.

Seated on a rough rock at the side of the Chokach footpath, the woman, who is said to have been received at court in Berlin, and in Hamburg society in the early '90's, when she was a tropical belle, patiently told her story. Then she was 25 and handsome; now she was 56 and faded. The tropics had reclaimed her, quick and sure.

"My name is not Kubary now," she added, as if following the thought. That was another miniature of the changing life of the Carolines. When the struggle seemed never to be won, Kubary committed suicide.

The widow, still a young woman, married a young native. He was one of the leaders who killed the German governor and was executed. The widow and her daughter—she has flown from the jungle—were among the 200 deported to Angaur. The older has returned to take another young native husband. The young man in that little world who has the Kubary widow for a wife has social standing if not domestic contentment.

HER FATHER WAS A BALTIMOREAN

"My father was Alec Yeliot, of Baltimore," she continued. "He was buried here by Dr. Doane (one of the early American missionaries). I was 14 years old when I married Mr. Kubary. We traveled through all the islands while he made his studies for the Godefroy Company, and then we went to Europe.

"We went everywhere — England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia—but so much has happened to me since and nobody here understands it that I have forgotten. Only a year after we were back Mr. Kubary died, leaving me and our daughter. She is now a teacher in the French convent (naming a British city). All of the past is gone, but life goes on just the same.

"My father came from over the seas and my husband from another land. Our girl has gone, for she was of their race, but I have come back. The islands never change, and these are my people and my life."

She folded her tattooed hands over her knees, showing thin through the cotton wrapper, and silently gazed across the bay to where the Japanese transport was riding at anchor. For a few hours each month that reminder of the outside world breaks the monotony of Ponape; otherwise life flows along smoothly and contentedly, unthinking of the past or of tomorrow.

TATTOOING ADORNS THE BELLES OF OLDEN DAYS

Formerly the natives were walking pictorial histories. After the missionaries came, tattooing was discouraged, not caring to be tattooed themselves, and in recent years it has been prohibited. It was considered a sign of courage, without which a young man or young woman was not worthy to marry. This practice even went so far as systematic mutilation of the sexual organs. Scientists are divided whether this, an epidemic of smallpox brought by a whaler, or the frequent tribal wars are responsible for the diminished population.

The young people still practice an effete modification of the old tests of courage by pricking cicatrices, or little raised welts, on their flesh. Most of the girls prefer the right shoulder for the adornment, though some have them on their breasts. The boys adorn shoulders and chests.

The welts, which are formed by making a fairly deep cut in the flesh and keeping it open until the new skin grows into a ridge, are usually about an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. Sometimes they are arranged in straight lines, one for each admirer, like the bangles on a high-school girl's friendship bracelet; again they may make an asterisk or are scattered indiscriminately over shoulders, breast, and back.

The older people still show the old adornment, the lobes of the ears stretched into loops until they touch the shoulders, and bodies and limbs tattooed, the most distinctive effect being broad parallel stripes of solid black from ankles to

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

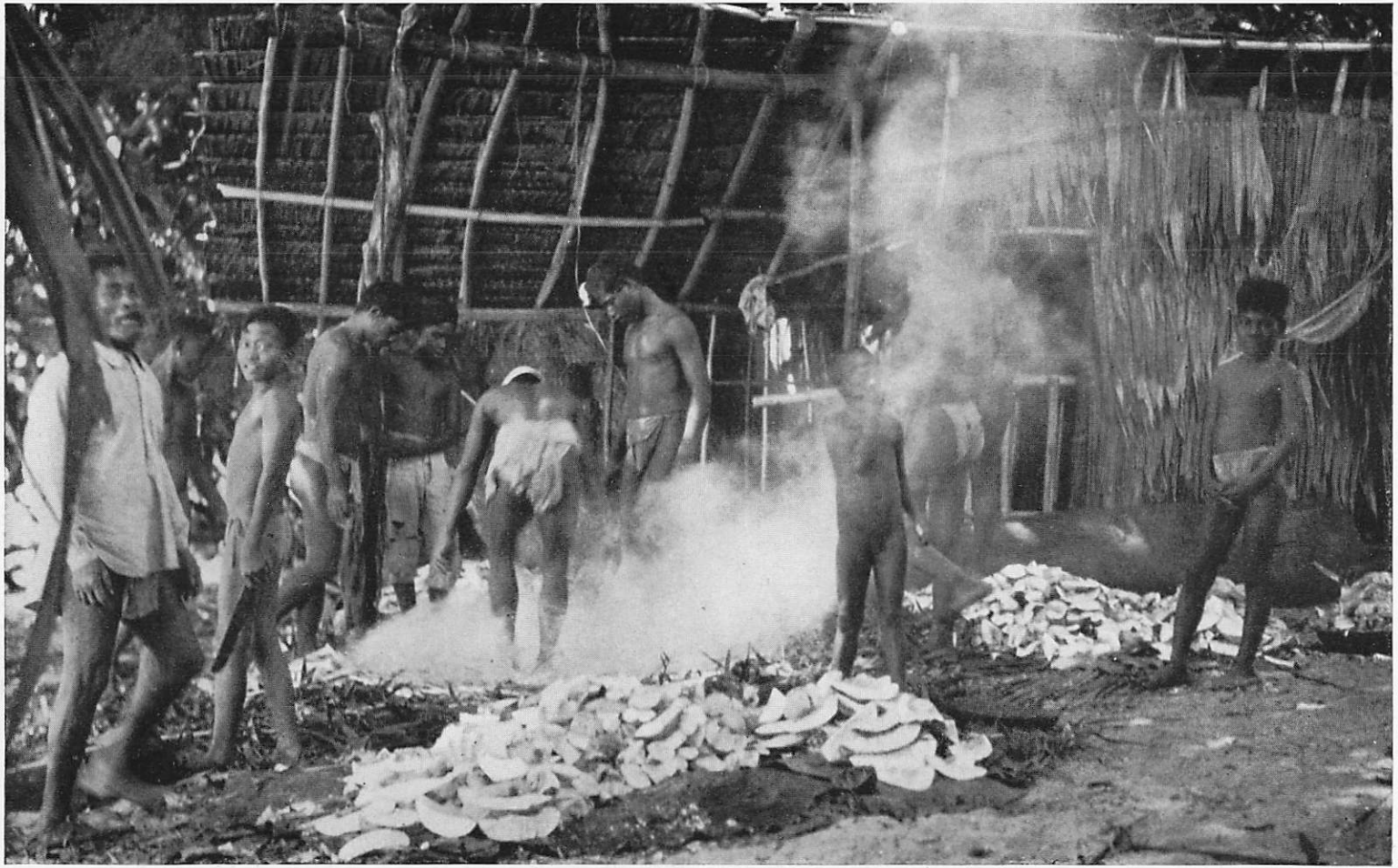
CORRECT "STREET" CLOTHES IN TRUK

This one-piece poncho-like garment is the prevailing style in the Caroline Archipelago. When the wearer is working or away from the settlement, he throws it aside, leaving his waist and shoulders bare. Both the men and women of the older generation are tattooed, but this practice is now prohibited.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE BEST HOTEL IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

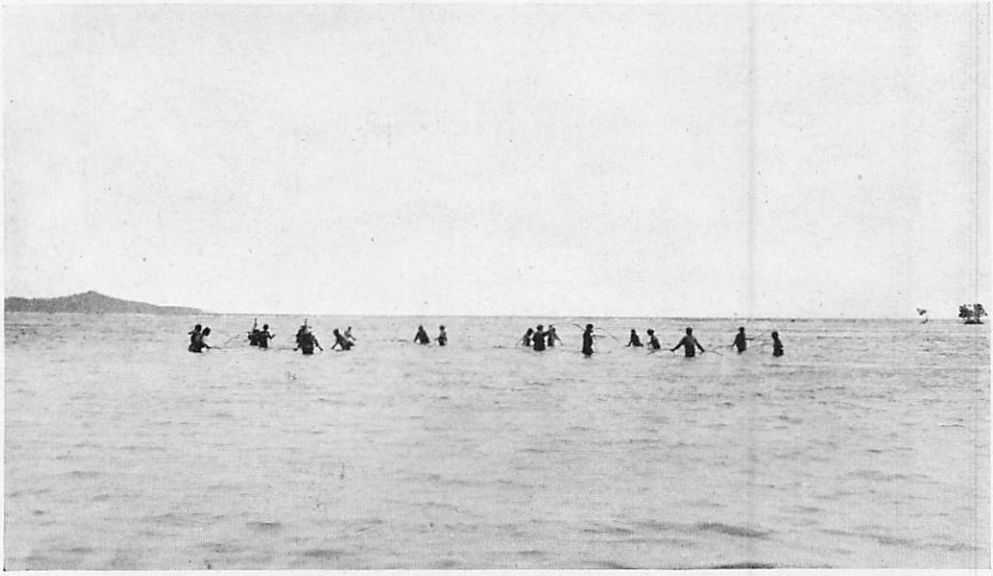
The guests sleep on especially prepared platforms, and an individual may surround his particular corner with nets or leaves for privacy and protection from mosquitoes. There is always plenty of fresh air, as the house is open on all sides.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE CHEFS OF TRUK PREPARING FOR A COMMUNAL FEAST

The breadfruit has been scraped and quartered and the shoots of the banana are being spread on the red-hot stones in preparation for the baking.



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

FISHERWOMEN HAUL THE SEINE IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

They advance in a long line, holding the big nets in each hand, and thus form a wall as they drive the fish into shallow water. Daily practice has taught them the proper moment to wheel into a circle and land their catch.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A GROUP OF NATIVE MEN OF WOLA, A SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND OF TRUK

The natives pierce the lobes of their ears and load them with such heavy weights that they expand to enormous proportions. The hill tribes of Truk are darker in color than the people of the coast, who are of light reddish-brown hue.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

"ALL MEN'S HOUSE," OR BACHELORS' CLUB, IN TRUK: CAROLINE ISLANDS

The club is the common sleeping place for any man without a home, as well as the storage shed for disabled canoes and other rubbish. It usually has a roof of thatch and is open on all sides.

thighs. However, they follow modern conveniences and wear the long loops wrapped around the ears close to the head when they work, while skirts drape the gaily tattooed legs of the social leaders of former days.

That night there were open-air movies and Japanese sword dancing by sailors and a couple of proficient native boys on the lawn of the official residence. Visitors and dignitaries had chairs, while the others stood or squatted on the cool grass.

Movies were a novelty to the natives, but comparatively few had the energy to walk the quarter mile from the settlement to the grounds. An American comic of an indestructible man wrecking furniture, and pictures of Japanese warships, including a boat crew feverishly lowering a cutter, were the hits of the evening.

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF NANMATAL

Late that night, when the others were sipping the inevitable tea on the broad veranda, I slipped away down the long hill toward the settlement. In a pocket was a little map in India ink and water colors which Kubary had made in 1874 of the ruins of Nanmatal, the city of stone walls and canals off the east coast of Ponape which has outlived the facts of its origin (see illustrations on pages 597, 598, and 600).

Storms through countless generations have filled the broad, straight canals until the sands are dry at low tide, but the walls of heavy basaltic monoliths, in some places 30 feet high, have withstood typhoons and earthquakes, proof of a civilization forgotten when Quiros came, in 1595, and found the natives living then in flimsy houses of thatch and sticks.

Charles Darwin, F. W. Christian, the Rev. MacMillan Brown, Dr. Amberg, and others of greater or lesser fame have delved in the ruins near Metalanim harbor and evolved theories of their origin. They do not agree whether the patch of land, 1,200 yards long and half as wide, once was a tropical Venice or whether through the ages it has been gradually sinking, swallowed by the sea and smoth-

Photograph from Hugh M. Smith

FENGAL VILLAGE, PORT LOTTIN, KUSAIE: CAROLINE ISLANDS

Kusaie well deserves its soubriquet of "Garden of Micronesia." On Lele, an islet of Kusaie, it is said that there grows a species of wood admirably suited to shipbuilding, being tall, perfectly straight, and of great durability.

ered by vegetation. The waves still beat against its massive sea-wall, while hundreds of little shell rings, used for money and necklaces, can be found even today.

One incident chronicled by all the scientists, like the fragment of bone from which the archeologist reconstructs a dinosaur, is that a metal spear-head was once found in the ruins; and another, less generally known, comes from Capt. John J. Mahlmann, of Yokohama, that, 40 years ago, he copied two Chinese ideographs carved on one of the big stones. However, the whereabouts of the spear-head is unknown and the letter, which the English captain sent to Shanghai, was lost, and he never could locate the stone again.

Some say modern buccaneers built the city of stone without the natives knowing it; others trace it to the copper age, and the present Japanese claim it was the work of their ancestors, who built the uncemented fort in Osaka.

A similar deserted city stands in the hills on the mainland of Ponape, back of the port of Ronkiti, on the southwest corner of the island. Near this is the home of Henry Nanpei, a remarkable native chief, who has traveled extensively in Europe and America and is the bulwark of the Christian work on the island. He probably could tell more about the ruins than any other man; but the scientists have confined their researches to Nanmatal, which is more easily accessible.

Kubary first searched Nanmatal for Godefroy's museum, and when Governor Berg was in the islands he shipped so many specimens to the Leipzig Museum that the government sent an expedition to clear away the jungle and study the city and the slightly different ruins on the island of Kusaie.

The latter adjoin the settlement, and as soon as the expedition left, the natives, directed by an unawed American planter, supplemented the visitors' labors by using a good portion of the uncovered walls for building a breakwater and pier, greatly to the wrath of the Leipzig students of ancient history when they heard about it, a year later.

After his last visit to the Nanmatal ruins, Governor Berg died suddenly, justifying the native superstition that the gods punish intruders.

The present governor has a big white book in which visitors, either after exploring Nanmatal or discussing it in the cool of his residence, are requested to write their opinion of its origin.

The sight of the massive walls, silent and impressive, still surrounded by the narrow, straight canals and overgrown with jungle, is worth the blistered back, wet feet, and skinned shins necessary to reach the ruins. However, as each student has a different verdict, the present method, more reassuring for governors and less strenuous for visitors, may be equally conclusive.

NIGHT ON PONAPE

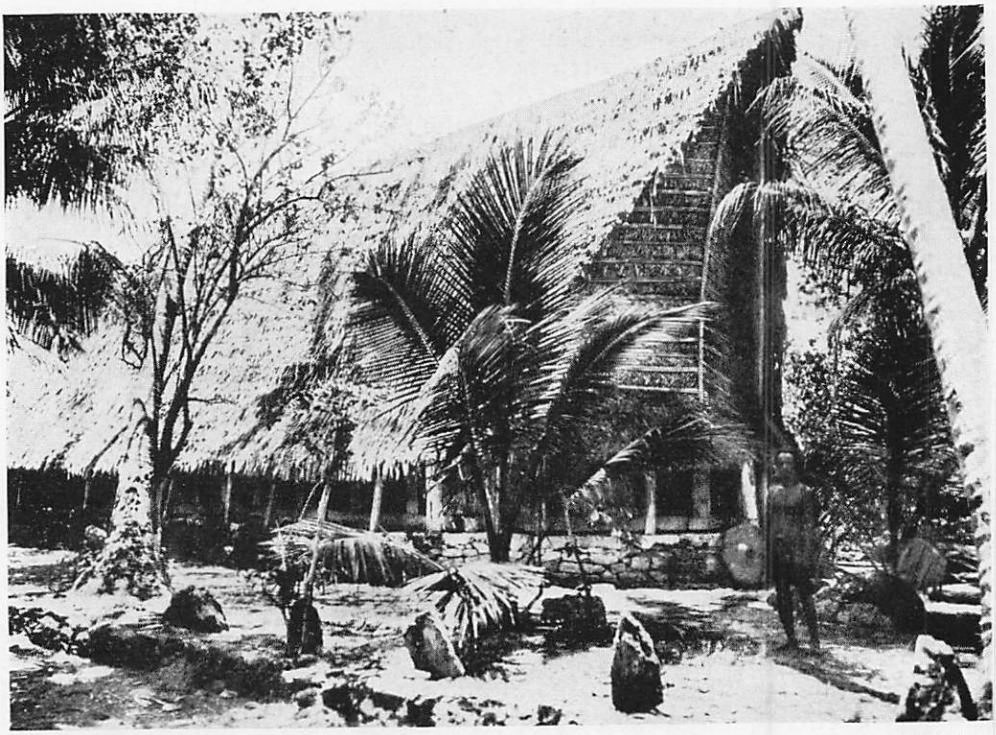
The broad road from the headquarters residence to the village below was a silvered path between black walls of trees. Only the stars were in the sky that night, and nowhere are they as bright as in the tropics.

Through the still air from a native settlement along the bay came the occasional thump of a drum and the echoes of laughter. The big parade ground was silent and deserted, the old Spanish wall and the new Japanese school-house ghostly in the starlight. No spooning couples were in the village park.

The local police turn in early in Ponape. The governor says he has arrested only twenty-two men, all for stealing. One took a bottle of sake from the Japanese store and the others eloped to short distances with their friends' wives. As the authorities discourage primitive methods of vengeance, local home-wreckers are put in jail.

The house where I was going was dark, but alive with the deep breathing of many sleepers. It was a pretentious dwelling, long and low, like a field barracks, with a narrow porch along the side, on which opened the rooms for different families. A "Hello!" brought an answering shout, and I stepped through an open door into darkness. Somebody appeared with a lantern.

My host and his family had been sleeping according to the custom of the tropics. The wife slipped on a skirt, and he with two stretches was fully clothed in shirt and trousers. He took the lantern and we went into the residential social hall,



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

ONE OF THE UBIQUITOUS CLUB-HOUSES OF THE CAROLINES, NEAR TOMIL: YAP

This is where the traveler, if he be a man, meets the men of the islands to discuss politics, crops, and the high cost of living, and to hear stories of the daring deeds of bold chiefs, love intrigues, and the gossip of the Pacific.

a room with a table and two chairs and a waist-high wall on three sides. The men and boys, who had been sleeping on the floor, pulled their mats outside and continued to snore.

KUBARY'S MAP OF NANMATAL

The map which Kubary had made nearly half a century ago, with its water colors showing land and water, and each ruined building drawn to scale, was spread on the rough table under the smoking lantern. Each site had been numbered, corresponding to a list of names in native dialect down the side, like a city visitor's guide, showing the theaters, railroad stations, and leading hotel.

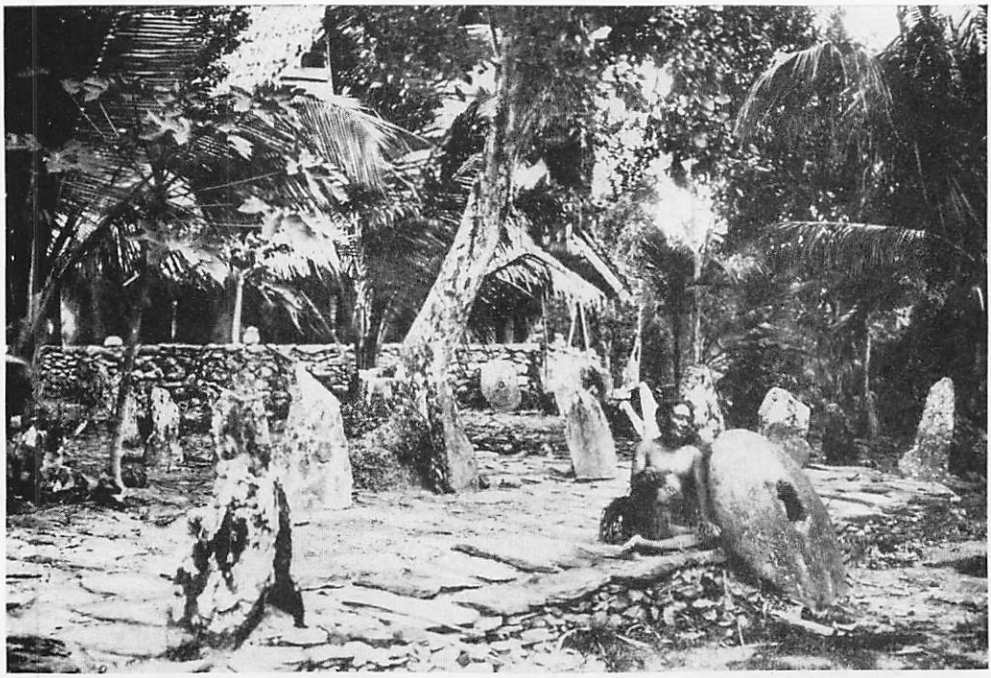
"Those are our names for the city," he said.

There were thirty-three which Kubary had identified and nearly as many more about each one of which this man told some story. One was the king's castle; others were the prince's castle, temples, forts, sepulchers, and holy places which common people must not enter.

Nanmatal means "in many openings," and the other native names were translated on the map into such crude descriptions as "great castle," "on the corner," "in the largest breakers," "coconut castle," "shadow of a tree," "under the chasm," "in the sepulcher," and so on for half a hundred buildings.

"My grandfather was an American, but it is hard to translate the names," he said. "My father was a native, but I have an American name. I want to go to America some time."

He pointed out the burial temple, where Governor Berg did his last excavating; the broad inclosed stretch of water, now filled with sand, which had been the inner harbor, and the wide entrance used for an anchorage when storms did not lash the sea-wall. His spirit seemed to go back to the past glories of that distant age.



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE FRONT YARD OF THE TOMIL CLUB-HOUSE: YAP

The ground around the building is covered with flat stones, and here many of the native conferences and dances are held. The man in the picture is leaning against one of the yellowish limestone discs that were formerly used as money on the island (see text, page 621).

"Here's where the canoe stopped," he mused, putting a finger on an unmarked spot on the south side of the ancient city.

"What canoe?" I asked.

"That's only a story," he said. "We're Christians now and don't believe those stories any more. It's only what the old natives tell."

NATIVE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS CITY

However, from his refusal to accompany me to the ruins and the reluctance of any natives to visit them, their superstitious belief in the dangers of the present world seem to outweigh their confidence in the safety of the future. He told the story, and it is probably as good a version of the rise and fall of the mysterious city as any which the scientists have concocted.

"Once two brothers, Oleosiba and Oleosoba, came to Ponape. They became chiefs and joined all the tribes in Ponape into one tribe. They wanted a great city and just asked for it, such was their power, and it came down from the sky just where it is at Nanmatal today. The other city, at Ronkiti, was built in the same way, and one brother lived in each city, ruling over the island. After them for hundreds of years there was only one king in Ponape. Soutolour was the last.

"When he was king, Ijokelekel, a warrior from Kusaie Island, which we call Kodou, came to attack the city. He had only one canoe and it carried 333 men. They reached Ponape in the night, and when day broke they saw the thousands of palms on the mountains and thought they were warriors, and were afraid to attack and went back to Kusaie.

PONAPE BETRAYED BY A WOMAN

"Ijokelekel came again in his canoe with 333 men and circled the island. Each day, from a distance, they saw the palms and were afraid to come closer, but went home a second time. When he came a third time he went only half way around the island and put the canoe into the harbor at Ronkiti. He sent some of his men ashore. Their instructions were:

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

WOMEN OF TOMIL, YAP, WEARING THE NECK ORNAMENT MADE FROM THE HIBISCUS

Every woman and marriageable girl wears this ornament, which is dyed black, and to appear without it would be immodest. The wide, full skirts, made of the leaves of the coconut tree, prove quite convenient go-carts for the babies.

"'If you see any people ashore and there is an old woman among them, run back to the canoe, for I will go ashore and stay with her tonight.'

"Soon the men came running back, saying they had seen an old woman. Ijokelekel went ashore and found her. That night, as they talked, he said:

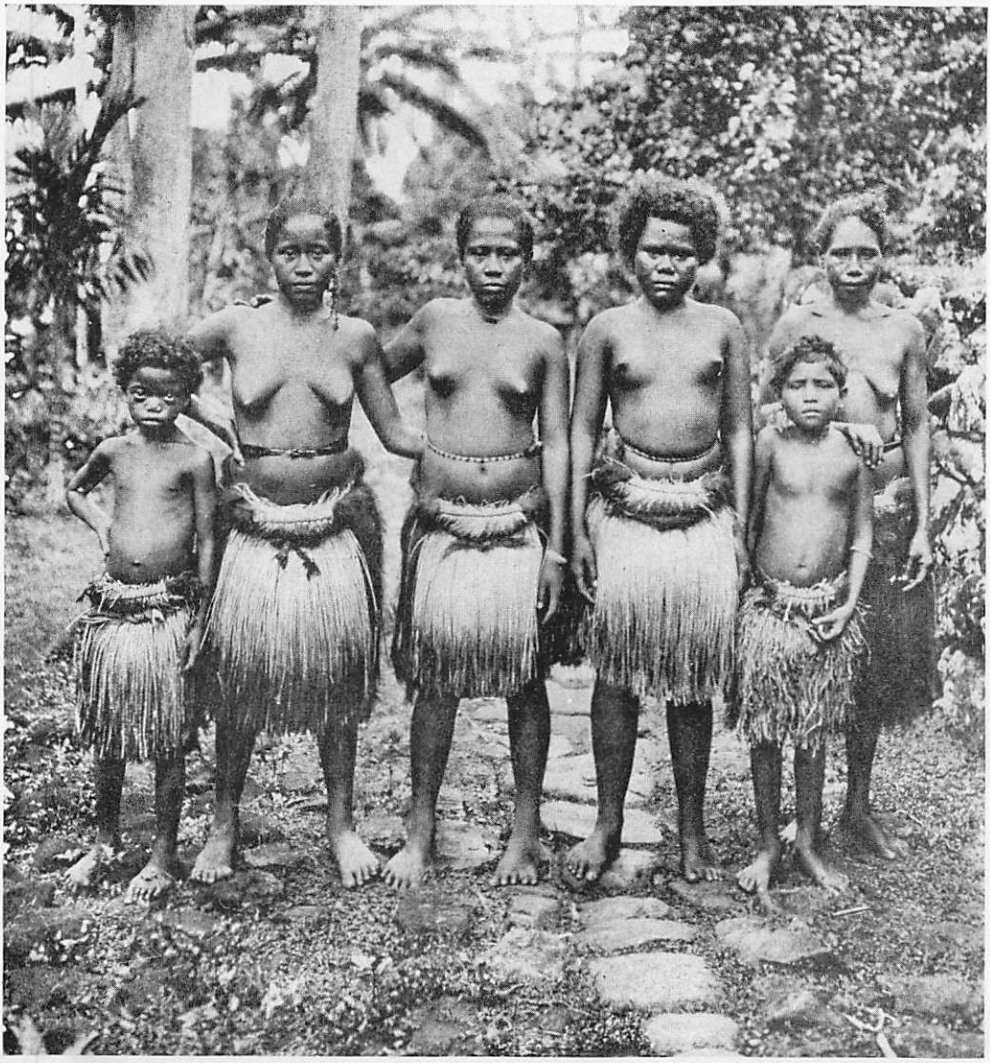
"'There are many warriors in Ponape.'

"The old woman replied that there were few men, but many women on the islands, and that the warriors from Kusaie should stay and make their homes there.

"'But I have seen your warriors standing by the thousands on the mountain tops,' said Ijokelekel.

"Then the old woman, proud to show her knowledge, as all women are, laughed at him and answered:

"'They are only palms, and what you think are the waving spears of the war dance are only their branches blowing in the breeze.'



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE GRASS SKIRT IS NOT PECULIAR TO THE "HULA HULA" GIRL

These ladies of Korror, in the Palao Islands, are wearing the typical skirts, consisting of a front and back piece, made from the stems of a native plant. The débutante announces that she is "out on the carpet" by assuming a narrow belt of plaited leaves or of colored yarn like the neck-cords worn by the women of Yap (see illustration on opposite page).

"Ijokelekel had learned what he wanted. He ran back to the canoe and they paddled around to Nanmatal. At daylight they attacked the city. Here is where they left the canoe.

"Jauteleur, a great warrior, led the men of Ponape. They fought for two days, and each night the warriors from Kusaie were beaten back to their canoe.

"On the third day Jauteleur was again pushing back the strangers when one of the warriors from Kusaie drove a spear through his own foot, fastening it to the ground. The other warriors, who were running away, saw that their comrade stayed to fight, and came back to help him. They captured the city."

NANPARATAK, THE PONAPE ARCHILLES

My host stopped, lost in reverie, dreaming the romance of those stirring days. Civilization, with its laws and conven-

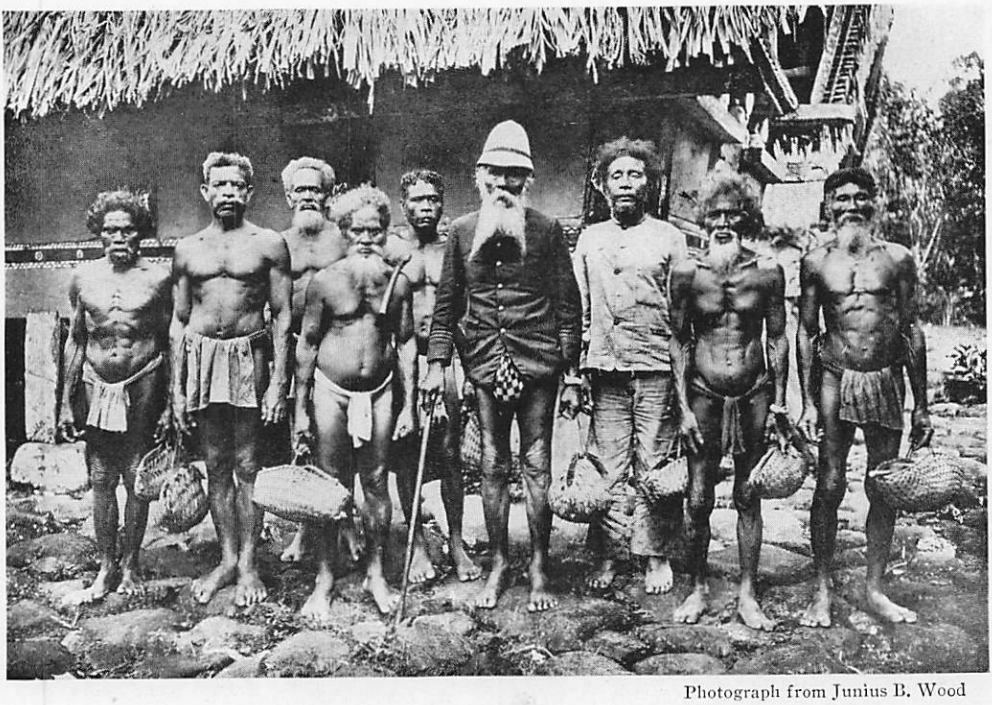
A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE AT KORROR: PALAO ISLANDS

Inside the stone platform in front of the dwelling the family dead are buried. Each household has its own cemetery.

Photographs from Junius B. Wood

THE CLUB-HOUSE AT KORROR, SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PALAO ISLANDS

This house was at one time a village, but the German governor had it moved opposite his office, where it stands today. Its remarkable appearance, both the inside and outside being extensively carved, has remained unaltered.



Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A MEETING OF THE "BIG CHIEFS" OF THE PALAO ISLANDS ON KORROR

He of the helmet is the Aybathul, a chief of first rank and practically king of the Palaos. He and one other member of the group are wearing bracelets of bone, symbols of dignity. The handbag of plaited leaves carried by each chief is the Palao equivalent of a cigarette case or tobacco-pouch, for it contains the "makings" for betel-nut chewing.

tionalities of distant lands, has substituted work and worry for that care-free life. This man, a native leader, was interpreter for the Japanese chief of police. He might have been an Ijokelekel or a Jauteleur in another age.

"I have forgotten the name of the soldier who won the fight," he said, lapsing again into silence.

The name wouldn't come. He called in the rough Ponape dialect. The light step of bare feet came along the narrow porch. Leaning over the low wall was a woman, bare from the waist up, straight-featured, with threads of gray in the smooth black hair, sharp-eyed and strong-muscled, as if a bronze Venus of fabled Nanmatal had been conjured into the dim light of the flickering lantern. Without raising his head, the man spoke in their native language.

"Nanparatak," she said. Homer would have picked a better name for the South Seas Achilles. I wrote it down while the jargon was fresh. When I looked again the dusky vision had disappeared as silently as the mythological Helen of Troy. The legend of Greece and that of Ponape have strange points of similarity.

"Jauteleur and Soutolour were killed, and Ijokelekel divided Ponape into five tribes, just as they are today," he resumed. "But they did not live in either of the cities, for the gods who had built them were angry. Nobody has lived in them since, and when people go to them it rains and thunders, for the gods do not want them to be disturbed. Nobody has disturbed them since the German governor died."

A DANCE ON PONAPE, CENTER OF THE JAPANESE MANDATORY ISLANDS

On another day the natives gave a dance. It was a good show, but, considering the elaborate preparations and number participating, sadly abridged and expurgated. Saddened by the march of events in America, somebody wrote, "You Cannot Shimmy on Tea," and probably the same applies to the South Seas. The League of Nations very wisely specifies

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

THE COUNCIL-HOUSE OF KORROR CHIEFS: PALAO ISLANDS

The building, which is placed on a structure of stones about four feet above ground level, is ornamented inside and out with pictorial carvings painted white, red, black, and yellow. The ordinary villagers, and especially the women and girls, are strictly forbidden to darken its doors.

prohibition for all the natives in its mandated possessions, but a reasonable ration on dancing days would undoubtedly put more "pep" into the performances. Nobody became overheated on this afternoon. At that, it was the best dance seen on any of the islands (see pp. 590-592).

Ponape is about the center of the Japanese mandatory islands. Its life and customs may be taken as a standard for all the others. Those who have passed their lives along this border of the Equator say it is the cleanest, healthiest, and happiest. Conditions and habits vary in the others; some are better and some are worse, according to the individual tastes.

Each group of islands has a language of its own. The years are not long past when each was a petty kingdom, and the stranger cast up on its shores was hailed as a gift from the gods, whose head quickly adorned the door post of the first islander to greet him.

The extent of American missionary activity can be gauged by the length of the women's skirts. In Yap, which missionary influence has hardly touched, the fluffy fiber upholstering clings precariously on the fat hips. In the Marianas and middle Carolines, skirts start above the waist-line. In Kusaie, the easternmost of the Carolines, they reach to the shoulders in one-piece wrappers. In the Marshalls, where the missionary work has flourished without interruption, the long-trained wrappers, sweeping up the dust, are further ornamented with high ruffle collars and wrist-length sleeves.

YAP VISITED BY A SERIES OF DISASTERS

The native of Yap is little concerned over the controversy which is waging in other parts of the world as to who shall rule his rocky home. Just now, his chief worry is to get enough to eat. War and the elements have completed the blight which has cursed the islands for a decade. When the English cruiser sailed past and shelled the wireless station out of existence, and a few weeks later a Japanese transport

arrived and deported the foreigners, including the solitary policeman, the islander's chief source of income was gone.

The final blow came on December 7, 1920, when a typhoon leveled the vegetation on the islands, destroying most of the coconut palms, breadfruit trees, and other food supplies. The last previous typhoon had been on February 20, 1895.

About the time the new coconut trees were ready to bear, one of those strange plant sicknesses of the tropics spread over the island. The new groves, which had been patiently planted, were just coming into fruit when the last typhoon wiped out everything.

To everybody in the world except the islander himself, the location of Yap is of importance. It is about 250 miles east of Palao, the future Japanese naval headquarters of the mandate, which is some 500 miles east of the Philippines, about opposite Mindanao.

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

A SHRINE ON KORROR: PALAO ISLANDS

This structure, three feet wide and six feet high, is a miniature replica of the club-house shown on the opposite page. Though it is a place of worship, it contains no idol or image.

YAP ISLANDERS WERE LEADERS

Like the other forty-eight so-called islands in the Carolines, Yap is not a single island, but a cluster of small islands. There are ten islands in the group, four of which are fairly large and volcanic, all surrounded by a coral reef about 15 miles long and 4½ miles across at its widest point. Epp, the native name for Yap, is the largest of the four. North of it, and separated by narrow straits, are Torei, Map, and Rumong. Tomil is the name of the harbor and settlement, with a good anchorage, reached by a narrow passage and past dangerous rocks.

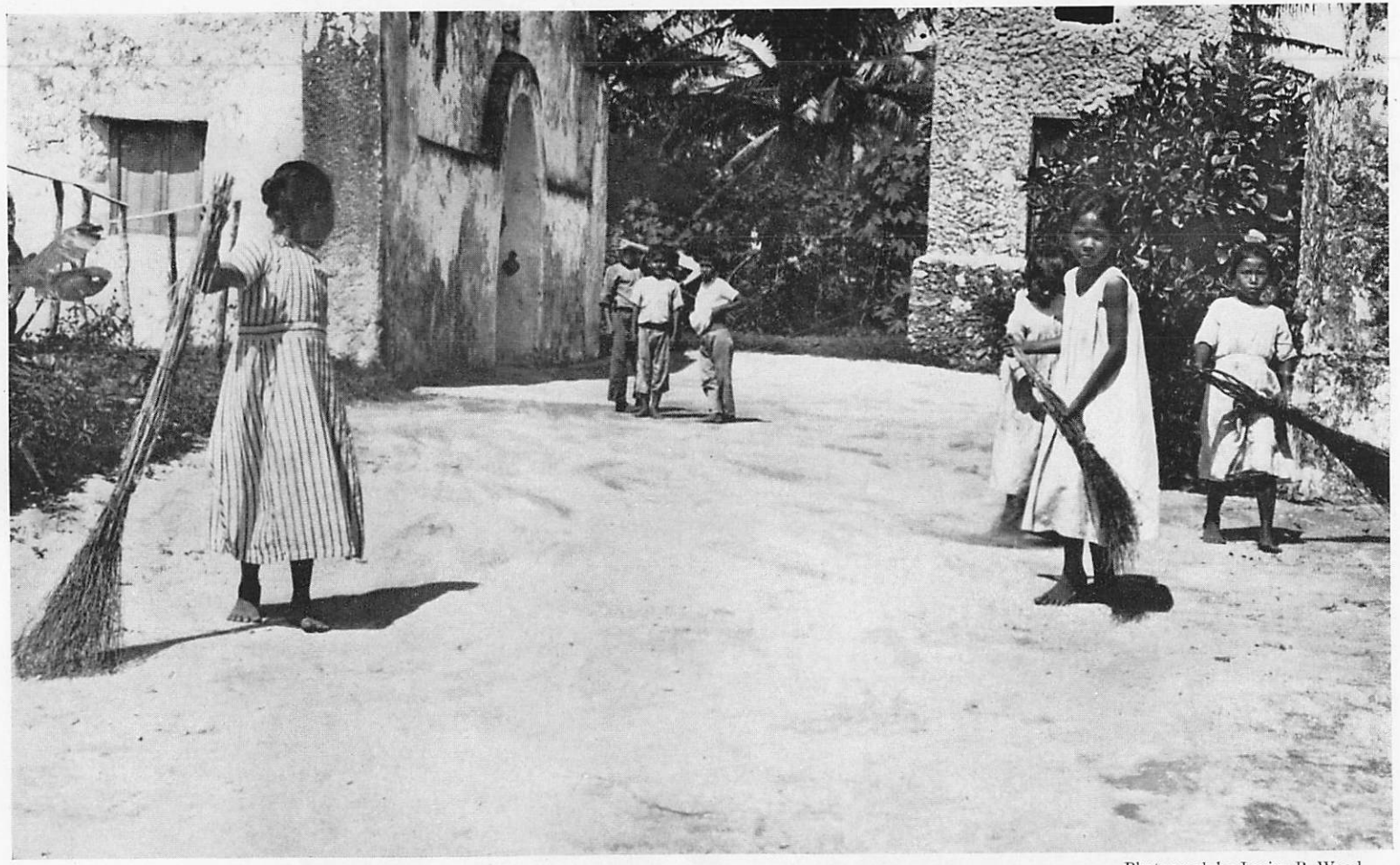
In native civilization, the islanders of Yap were the leaders and teachers for all the others. Most of the legends and customs of the old days can be traced back to Yap. Some islands improved on their lessons, others never advanced beyond crude imitations.

Stories are told of men from Yap coming in their canoes as far as the Marshalls, more than 2,000 miles away. They taught the others navigation. In the Marshalls, where the little low-lying patches of sand and coral are close together, they im-

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

TRAVELING A LA MODE IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

Taking an afternoon drive on some of the South Sea Islands combines all the leisurely and luxuriant features of an airing for some people in some portions of the United States.



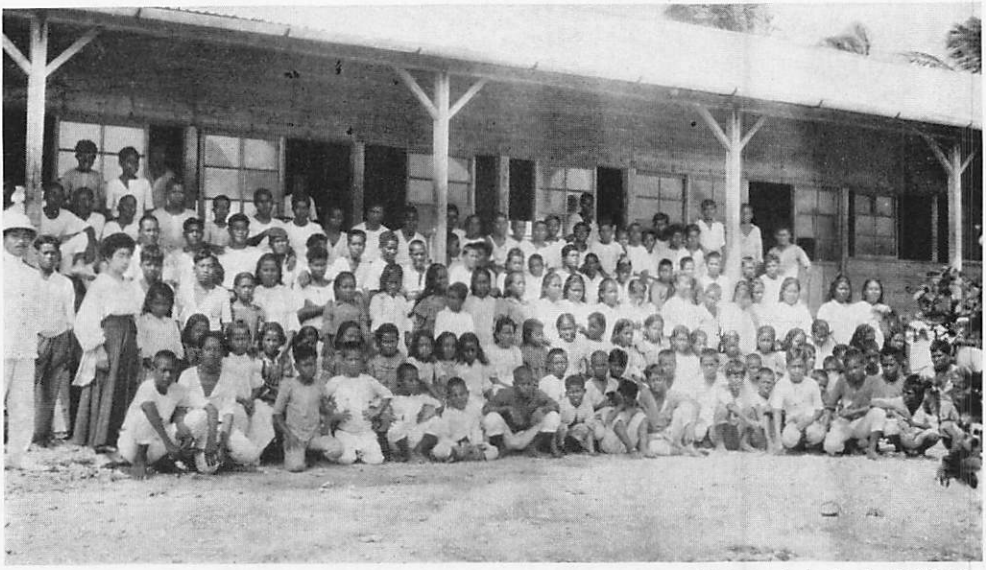
Photograph by Junius B. Wood

"LET THE WOMEN DO THE WORK," IS THE SLOGAN IN ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

The little girls keep the street around the school-house clean by sweeping it during the recess period, while the boys go out to play.

STUDENTS OF READIN', 'RITIN', AND 'RITHMETIC IN ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

The slate is the private property of the pupil, while the text-books belong to the school.



Photographs by Junius B. Wood

THE SCHOOL AT JALUIT CONDUCTED BY THE JAPANESE AUTHORITIES

The pupils are obliged to remain for at least three years of instruction. Jaluit is the chief island and administrative center of the Marshall group.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A FAMILY GROUP IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

A sudden shower drove the photographer into a hut, where the family courteously received him, and to show their hospitality sent the oldest boy off to pick a pineapple for him. The mother was sitting upon the sleeping platform, using her spare moments in braiding a crude basket.

proved on the knowledge of the men of Yap until the seamanship of the old Marshall chiefs, sailing unerringly without compasses, reading the waves by day and the stars by night to lay their course, is a puzzle to modern navigators.

The story of the two brothers, the genesis of the legendary history of Ponape, is told with variations of names and incidents to suit the local dialects and events in the Marshalls and other islands. The brothers are supposed to have come from Yap. The Yap natives built houses, towering structures for that part of the world. In Palao, to the westward, they improved on the architecture of Yap, while as one travels eastward to the Marshalls the structures become of decreasing simplicity.

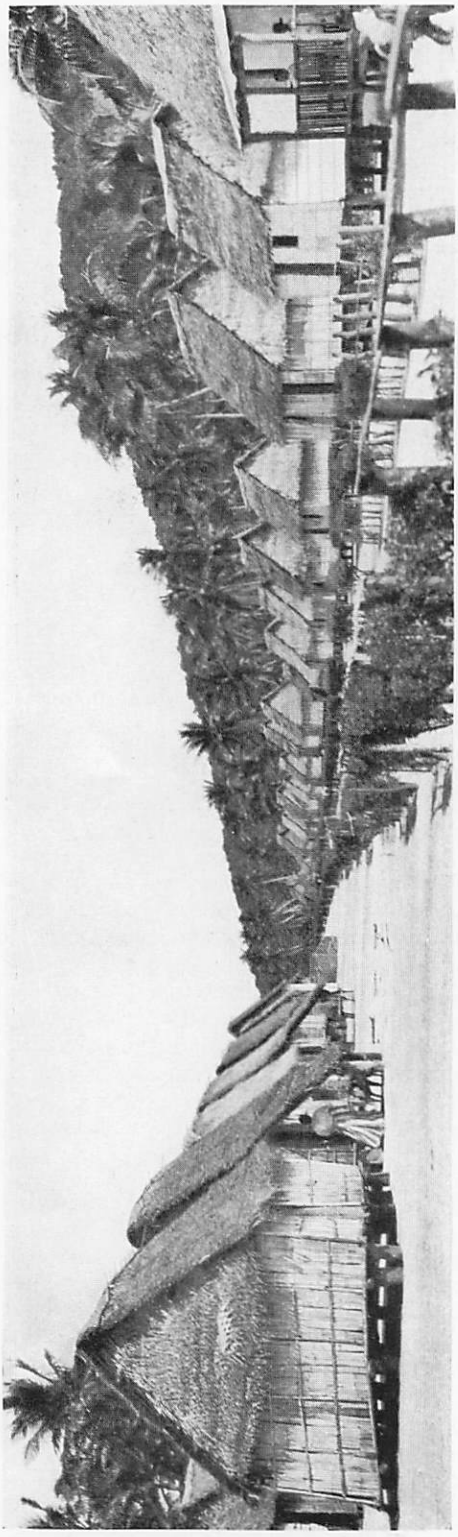
The natives of Yap knew how to make earthen bowls and cooking utensils, how to weave baskets and ornaments, and how to dye the fibers various colors. They had houses where only the chiefs met, club-houses where the unmarried men lived and which all the villagers could enter on certain occasions, and canoe-houses for the use of all. The same custom prevailed on the other islands.

In Yap the women cultivated the taro beds, and on the other islands they did the fishing. All agreed that the women should do the work and the men the fighting and loafing. With the advent of ships and trading, the men now work and the war canoes are leaking and decaying.

AN ISLAND OF STONE MONEY

Yap had a currency of its own—big circles of yellowish limestone which nobody could steal and smaller pieces of pearl shell with squared edges. They were brought from Palao, which gave them an intrinsic value. However, just as they discarded the fire-stick when matches were obtainable, the crude money is no longer used, except as ornaments or to sell to curio-collectors.

The big money resembled a flat grist-mill wheel with a hole in the center, so two men could carry it on a pole. Pieces four feet in diameter are numerous, and



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

MAIN STREET IN A VILLAGE OF ROTA: MARIANA ISLANDS

All the houses are elevated above the ground and have small windows under the overhanging thatch roofs, some of which extend out beyond the house to form a sort of porch. The woman in the foreground has spread mats on the sidewalk and is drying cocoa beans.

I was told that one wealthy and exclusive club had an 11-foot coin, but I could not find it. About two feet is the usual size. A three-foot coin could purchase a young pig; so the fortune-hunter could take his choice of paddling to Palao to quarry a piece of loose change and risk drowning while returning home, or of carefully raising a shoat.

The money, leaning against the elevated stone platforms of the clubs or homes of leading citizens, is practical as well as ornamental. The number and size of the piece mark the building's financial standing, and when visitors come they sit on the stone pavement, resting their backs against the stone cart-wheels, as they leisurely discuss club politics or the latest escapades of the village slave girls. The smaller shell money is now used for necklaces (see page 611).

Some of the club-houses in Yap are more than 100 feet long and 30 feet wide, built on platforms of rough stone paving. The roofs are striking—high and narrow, with the gable longer than the eaves, so that it projects several feet on each end. A similar type of architecture is followed in the more pretentious homes.

Posts and beams of the club-houses are carved and painted, usually in red, black, and white, with scenes historical of events on the island. In Palao, the club-houses are even more elaborate, the favorite ornamentation being a rude figure of a profusely tattooed woman straddling the door, as a warning to the village maidens to be circumspect. The natives' houses also are partitioned in a way, at variance with the usual one-room publicity.

THE WOMEN WEAR SMALL "HAYSTACKS"

The natives have built good roads in Yap, in most places well paved with stones. The women do all the work around the homes, but the men are sturdy workers and more

and business methods to their native shrewdness. Many of them speak English, and, with their innate love of politics, deluge the visitor with questions on the outside world and international affairs, some of which are too complex for the ordinary traveler.

The years of missionary teaching in the islands have made the natives a peaceful, friendly, and hospitable people, and their even longer association with American and later Australian, German, and Japanese traders has given them a knowledge of values. It has been many years since a pink comb could be traded for a cask of coconut oil in the Marshalls.

"Yak we yuk" is the invariable greeting from man or woman. The salutation, "Love to you," may be taken to symbolize their daily spirit. They have seen much of Americans—rough sailors with pirate instincts, fighting and robbing; others who married their daughters and settled in the islands, and, finally, the gentle missionaries, who built schools and churches. America has taught them much, and they dream of America, far across the Pacific, as their adopted country.

"WHAT IS HAPPENING IN AMERICA?"

Possibly it is a chief, or a native preacher, or a man or woman who has studied in one of the mission schools, who always calls when an American visits one of the islands. A present of a gaily bordered mat, an assortment of artistically woven fans, a fish-hook made from shells, or some other native handicraft is always brought. And when the visitor leaves the baskets of fresh coconuts which are sent aboard his ship will quench his thirst for many days.

As clothes have become popular, tattooing has disappeared. Once a chief was tattooed from ears to waist, in fine lines of many designs, entirely different from the broad stripes of the Carolines. "Chief Moses" is the only survivor of that age, and though he now wears a high collar, his cheeks are lined as if they had been branded with an electric toaster.

Lebario, with nine atolls under his control, is another of the old chiefs, a grim, serious-minded man, whose life has registered all the changes in the Marshalls. My first sight of him was at Wotje. He was busily dictating a contract to his stenographer, a fat, middle-aged man with an ancient but effective typewriter. The captain of the Australian trading schooner was waiting to sign it, and Lebario was in a hurry, as the bimonthly ship sailed for Jaluit in a few hours and he must catch it. However, he had time to stop all work and ask the invariable question, "What is happening in America?"

EVENINGS AT THE "CLUB" IN THE MARSHALL GROUP

Dramatic stories are told of the early days, only half a century ago, before the Marshall islanders became pupils of the Western World. Then these low-lying islands—more than 300, grouped into 32 circular atolls, with a total land area of only 156 square miles—were a world of their own, each atoll having its chief and usually at war with all its neighbors.

More than one night, when the moonlight was silvering the beach and the rest of the settlers slept, we sat until morning in the cabin of Joachim De Brum while old men reminisced of their boyhood.

Legends which their fathers handed down to them, love romances of island Cleopatras, and daring deeds of bold chiefs, stories of the rough characters who had come in later days, whispered locations of still buried treasures of tortoise-shell and gold, arguments of crops and prices of today—all were mixed in an incongruous medley. And, much like clubdom the world over, a sleepy boy would appear with an armful of coconuts, the "eyes" deftly extracted, for story-tellers and audiences always are thirsty.

De Brum is a remarkable character. Born on the islands, son of a Portuguese trader and native mother, subscriber to an American daily newspaper and several magazines, he keeps in touch with the greater world thousands of miles away, though the mail steamer never comes oftener than once in two months.

VALUABLE COPRA CROP PRODUCED BY THE MARSHALL ISLANDS

Life in the Marshalls today is denaturized and commercialized. The transformation came quickly, once it started. Though they were discovered by de Saavedra in 1529 and explored by Captain Marshall in 1788, it was not until 1886

Photograph from Junius B. Wood

GIRLS OF THE CHAMORRO TRIBE IN SAIPAN: MARIANA ISLANDS

The Chamorros are not of the same stock as the natives of the Carolines, but are probably allied with some of the Philippine tribes. They dress in European style and show a preference for white clothes. They also wear leather sandals, a style not common to any other South Sea islanders under Japanese control.

that Germany took possession of them as a colony.

In a part of the world where men's wealth is measured by coconut trees, the Marshalls are a valuable asset to any country. They produce more than half the copra from the Japanese mandatory. Each island is a waving crown of palms. Periodically the fierce typoons strike this or that atoll, leveling the trees, decimating the inhabitants, or even lifting an entire island from its shallow bed on the coral reef, but the total producing power of the group is hardly affected. In five or six years new trees have grown, and those of the inhabitants who temporarily migrated in search of food and shelter return to their home island.

While the Marshalls are entirely low coral islands, the Carolines are both volcanic and coral and the Marianas are entirely basaltic, five of the Marianas—fifteen in number when Guam is included—having active volcanoes. One diligent statistician has located 680 islands in the Carolines, divided into forty-eight clusters. These latter are what show on maps as individual islands.

PLETHORA OF NAMES FOR EACH ISLAND

Truk or Ruk, meaning "mountain" in the native language, where the Japanese naval headquarters administering the mandatory is located for the present, is the largest of the clusters. It consists of eleven volcanic islands, one of which is four miles across, and some 80 coral islands, most of them extremely small, all surrounded by a roughly circular reef 35 miles in diameter. About half the little islands are on this reef, and the remainder are scattered in the big lagoon, which can be navigated by the largest ships (see map, page 648).

The Japanese have followed the practice of the men of other nations, who ruled for a day or a year over the islands, and have given Truk a new crop of names. Nearly every island in the Carolines has a Portuguese, Spanish, Russian, French, English, American, or German name in addition to its assortment of native titles.

Photographs by Junius B. Wood

FISHING IN DEEP WATER IN A WRAPPER AND A LARGE CONICAL HAT MUST HAVE ITS COMPLICATIONS

Since being introduced to this passé garment of civilization, the native women make peculiar use of it. They can scarcely be persuaded to dispense with it when they go fishing. In some of the islands they keep it strictly as a town gown, which they don on the road when they get in sight of the houses of the settlement (see text, page 599).

Mariners' charts, compiled mostly from data of the American missionary schooner *Morning Star* or English surveys, are fairly impartial to all nations, but many other names are used by sojourners in the islands.

Though they show as yet only on official communications, the Japanese have renamed the eleven larger islands in Truk after the seven days of the week and the four seasons, those on the reef after signs in astrology and palmistry, and the small ones inside after flowers.

The three groups in prehistoric ages may have formed parts of two mountain ranges of which the peaks still are above the waves in the Carolines and Marianas, while only the encircling reef of the tireless coral remains in the Marshalls.

The natives of the Marianas differ physically from the natives in the Carolines and Marshalls. Many show traces of European blood and their language includes expressions from the Tagalog and Spanish of the Philippines, possibly traced to the days when Spain ruled the islands. Many of their homes in Saipan are large and comfortable, in European style, with pianos and other furniture which is not found farther south.

The Kanakas, as the natives of the Carolines and Marshalls are called, who also are in Saipan, retain their native customs — absence of clothes, chiefs' houses, dances to the full moon, and an entirely lower plane of existence.

Tribal wars, with victories measured in the number of warriors' heads and women captured, mixed the blood on the islands long before the white men came, and since that time migration has been easy and safe, until racial characteristics are blended and indistinct.

Photograph Courtesy of U. S. National Museum

ONE OF THE STONE IMAGES FROM EASTER ISLAND

The Easter Island images are the most interesting of archeological enigmas. There are more than 600 on the island. Formerly many of them stood in groups of from 6 to 12 on platforms of hewn stone facing the sea. They were hewn out of volcanic tufa and transported, sometimes three or four miles, to their destination. The island is almost treeless, and the wonder is how the image-makers could remove objects so fragile as these, weighing from three to thirty tons each, over ground so rugged. The images exhibited in the U. S. National Museum were secured during a 12-day visit to the island in 1886 by the U. S. Ship *Mohican*, under Commander B. S. Day, U. S. N.