

“The landscape with its violent, pure colors dazzled and blinded me”

PAUL GAUGUIN

Leaving his position as a stockbroker for a simple existence as a painter, Paul Gauguin abandoned Paris for Tahiti in 1891 and became known to the islanders as “the man who makes human beings.” Like a Tahitian, he lived in a thatched house, since torn down. Here, he wrote, “All the joys—animal and human—of a free life are mine. I have escaped everything that is artificial, conventional, customary. I am entering into the truth, into nature.”

Sold at auction after his death in the Marquesas, Gauguin’s paintings brought only a few dollars each. Today his masterpieces of Tahitian life are priceless.

One of the artist’s best-known works, “*Nafea faaiipoipo*”—“When are you going to be married?”—(above), might have been painted from the models at right.

Gauguin’s son, Émile Atai, whose mother was Tahitian, makes miniature fish cages for sale to tourists. Born in 1906, he was only three at the time of his father’s death.

The *chevette* fishermen had square gasoline tins of water strapped to their backs for carrying their catch. They carried long spears with diverging prongs at the tip, with which they speared the black crayfish revealed in the glare of their lights.

The porters had prudently made camp on a rise of ground beside the stream. During the wet season, heavy rain upstream may produce a roaring flood that comes down like a tidal bore, sweeping everything before it.

The porters made room for me in their snug lean-to and I stripped, wrapped myself in a wool blanket, and downed half a bottle of red Algerian wine to stop my shaking.

At dawn we resumed our climb and in three hours reached an escarpment. We climbed a narrow trail up the face of the wall, plunged over the top down through a forest of drip-



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ping trees, and at last saw the gleam of water.

Lake Vaihiria, when I saw it, was a somber disk of water, round and leaden, in the cup of an old crater. It lies at 1,552 feet above sea level, with mountains rising nearly sheer on all sides. Heavy rains had raised the water level almost to the entrance of the shelter for overnight climbers.

Free Divers Explore Murky Lake

A shipmate and I strapped on our Aqualungs and lowered ourselves into the cold water. Doubtless we were the first divers with air tanks ever to plunge into the somber lake.

When the water, stained by nearly continuous rain, closed over us, it was as if twilight had fallen. We could not see more than three feet in any direction. The bottom of black ooze, strewn with sunken trees and boulders, sloped gently into midnight. We cruised over the bottom at depths down to 60 feet; several times a crooked black branch gave me a start, but we saw not a sign of life.

Later I did see some eared eels which were

kept as a curiosity in a clear spring at the far end of the island. They were about four feet long and big around as a man's leg. The "ears" were actually overdeveloped pectoral fins, set close behind the small eyes and spoon shaped. They did indeed resemble ears as they fanned the water (page 32).

The circumferential road reaches the narrow waist of Tahiti at Kilometer 60—37 miles from Papeete. Here, at the junction of the two ancient volcanoes, the island constricts to a low isthmus less than two miles wide (map, page 7). The great bay formed by the inward curve of the island is Port Phaëton, Tahiti's biggest and best natural harbor.

European settlers gave some thought to establishing the principal port and town of the island here, but it rained so much that ships' standing rigging and sails rotted. When winds blow from the southeast, as they do here during much of the year, their warm, moisture-laden air strikes the mountains of the southeast corner of the island and moisture condenses as heavy rain.

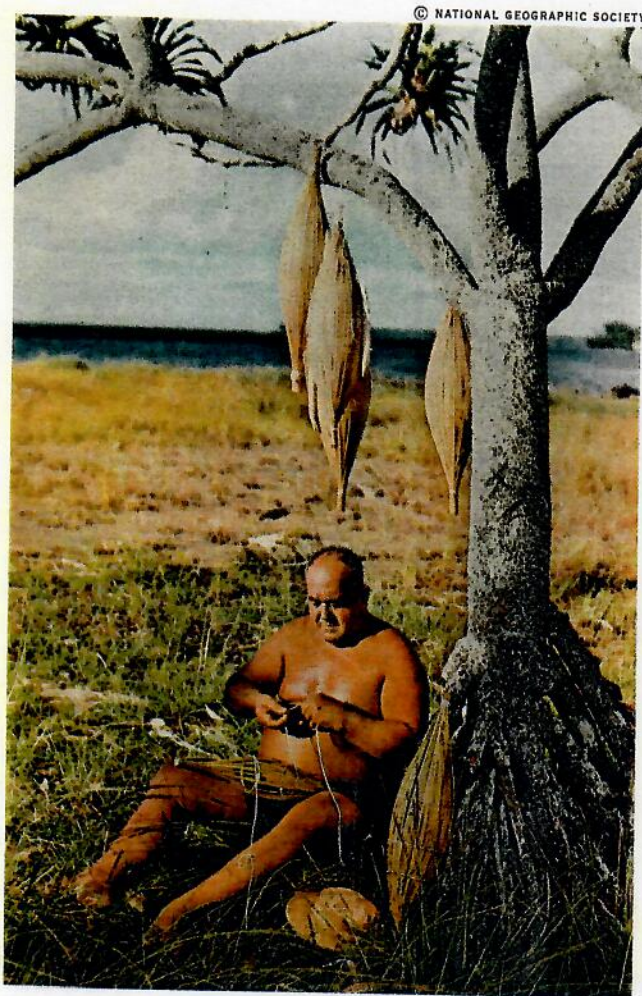
From Taravao, Tahiti's wasp waist, reach two arms of road that do not quite clasp the peninsula in their embrace. The main reason they do not is the Pari, a coast of steep cliffs at the tip of the peninsula that makes road building almost impossible.

Taravao is the half-way house for people making the tour of the island. Everyone stops for a lunch at a Chinese restaurant there, which is run by an old friend named W.K.S. Wong Hen, but called by everyone Atchoun. He specializes in crustaceans: fresh-water crayfish, crabs, spiny lobsters, and on red-letter days, *varo*, the squilla, or mantis shrimp, a hard-shelled creature with praying-mantis arms that looks like a small lobster but is even more delicious (page 24).

A Girl, Gauguin, and Yellow

At Atchoun's restaurant there waits on table a girl who walked straight out of a Gauguin canvas. Her name is Norine, or Tetuanui in Tahitian, and she has the oval face, large dark eyes, full upper lip, and petal-soft skin of the Polynesian. I photographed her so many times and talked of the painter so much, that the Chinese youth who managed the place always made out my chits for food and drink to "Monsieur Gauguin."

"Speaking of Gauguin," Atchoun said to me one afternoon, "I could never understand why he painted the ground under a tree bright



yellow, until one day, at about five or six in the evening, I saw the ground around a big tree covered with a solid carpet of yellow. When I went to see, I found they were flowers of the mape, the Tahitian chestnut. When they first fall they are white, but after a few days they turn vivid yellow. *Voilà*, I say, the yellow shadows of Gauguin!"

Since there are no villages, each district on Tahiti has its general store, always run by a Chinese. Atchoun's restaurant carries general merchandise, and on his shelves I saw tinned salmon, corned beef, Sloan's liniment, Terramycin and sulfanilamide tablets, tinned pears and bamboo shoots, cough syrup, paregoric, and outboard-motor oil.

Best Canoes Come From Tautira

The northern prong of the peninsular road runs from Taravao to end at the headland of Tautira. Robert Louis Stevenson lived at Tautira, and here the best canoe builders of Tahiti still practice their skill. In big outriggers excursionists run to the small islets near the Pari, the precipitous tip of the peninsula, to dive for *ihi*—red squirrelfish—which taste best when broiled over a bed of embers.

The sight of the nato in the mountain pools had made me want to cast a fly over them, and so I gladly accepted the invitation of M. Gallois, the best fly-fisherman in Tahiti, to fish a river in the District of Faaone. M. Gallois is a solidly built businessman of deliberate movements who, like most Frenchmen, seems made of spring steel. He led me a hard pace, wading for miles upstream.

The gnats and mosquitoes were a plague, singing round our heads in clouds, and getting in our eyes, nostrils, and mouth. I intoned Herman Melville's formula under my breath, but its efficacy seems to have waned with the passing of the years.

We fished the fast gravelly runs and the transparent green pools as one would for trout, using a split-bamboo rod and a No. 12

or 14 Olive Quill (page 35). The nato readily took a sunk fly, fished on a short line and retrieved in short jerks across the current. I managed to hook two or three on a floating fly, but they took it without enthusiasm.

Most of our fish were small, about six inches long, but we managed to catch fifty between us, most of them falling to M. Gallois's rod. Out of the water the sides of the perchlike nato shone like quicksilver. They



"Golden figures in the streams . . .
enchanted me" GAUGUIN

Tahitians are amphibious and live in the water as much as possible. After a swim in the sea, they like to wash off the salt in the clear, cold mountain rivers. This girl dives in a transparent pool of the Vaitepiha River.

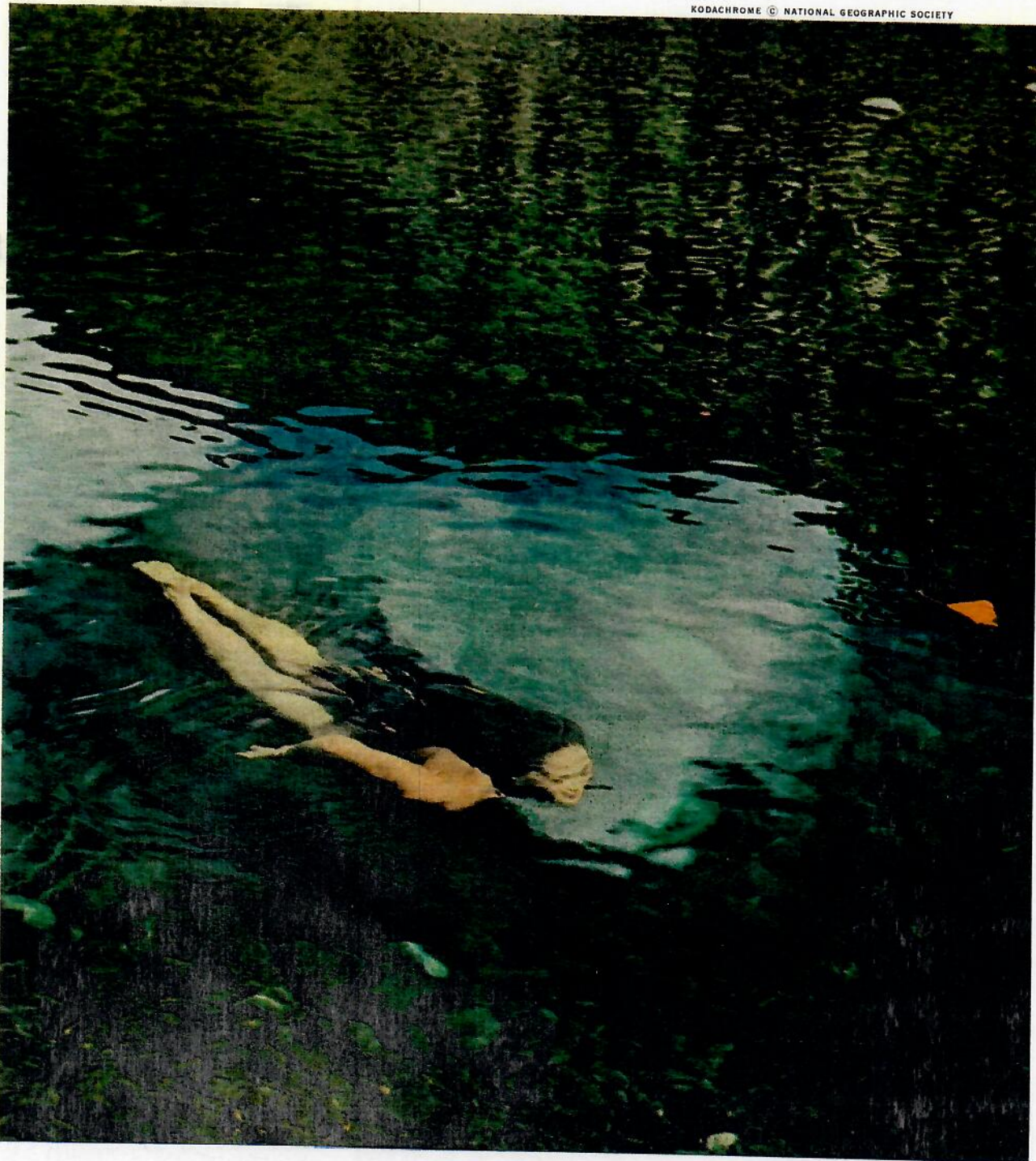
had a spiny-rayed dorsal fin, spines on the opercula, and a mottled back.

Once I hooked a fish that pulled hard, shaking its head like a bulldog in the draw of the current. When I netted him, I was astonished to see a small jack, an exact miniature of the big fast swimmers of the open sea. "We often take these *carangues* as much as three miles upstream," M. Gallois said, "particularly in times of low water."

As we worked higher up the valley, we passed through a wood of the biggest mape trees I had seen on Tahiti. Their buttress roots clutched stones so tightly in a gnarled embrace that I could not even lever them free with my ironwood wading staff.

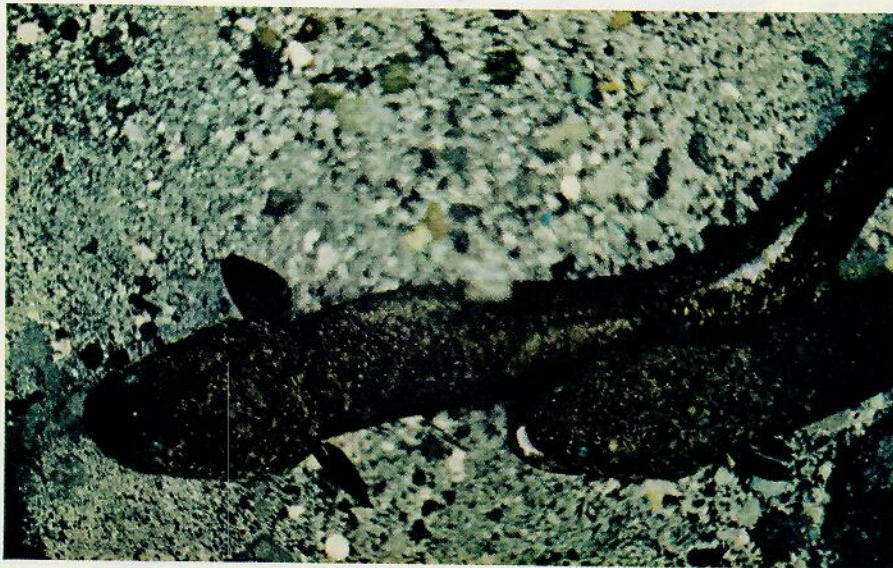
We passed lime trees laden with hundreds of yellow-green fruit. Scores more lay on the ground. No one—except us—bothered to gather them. Here nature is too prodigal, and

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"I set out on an excursion... to see the more interior parts of the Island," wrote Captain Bligh. The author's party here crosses the Vaihiria River on the way to Lake Vaihiria, where they searched in vain for an "eared" eel. The ones below, their "ears" formed by large pectoral fins, live as captives in a spring.





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"in this season . . . the rain falls in deluges, swelling the rivers" MORRISON

Using an elephant-ear leaf for an umbrella, a porter on the Lake Vaihiria excursion wades through a torrent fed by summer rains. To reach the lake, 1,552 feet above sea level, the party forded the Vaihiria River 67 times.

there is always a great plenty of everything. Morrison says:

"... evry part of the Island produces food without the help of Man, it may of this Country be said that the Curse of Eden has not reachd it, no man having his bread to get by the Sweat of his Brow..."

Island Coffee Delights the Tongue

Red *fei*, the mountain banana that sends its stem of fruit straight up in the air and was a symbol of courage and virility to the ancient Tahitians, flickered like flames in the mottled light under the trees. Glossy-leaved coffee bushes bent under the weight of ungathered berries. Someone would come along to pick them, perhaps; if not, there were other bushes and another crop.

Tahitian coffee is of superlative quality, but since little is systematically cultivated,

even less remains for export after local consumption. Of an annual production of about 60 tons, only a fourth is exported. The aromatic Tahitian coffee brings a high price in France, so it is mixed with cheaper African beans for the market.

On the slopes farther from the river grew thickets of vanilla, a climbing orchid that clings to stakes like beanstalks (page 44). Tahiti grows some 35 tons of the green vanilla beans annually, but after drying in the sun for many weeks to acquire the heavy scent and aroma used for flavoring, they shrink to about 25 percent of original weight.

When Tahitians fish for nato, they use hook and line, or a spear. They slice open their catch, squeeze lime juice on them, and eat them raw. M. Gallois was too much of a gourmet for that. We "broke the crust," as the French say, with Strasbourg pâté, excel-

lent Roquefort, fresh crusty bread (long French loaves baked by Chinese), and two wines, a rosé from Provence and a red Pommard.

The coast on the northeast side of Big Tahiti drops sharply into the sea, and there is barely room for the narrow road. It winds within reach of spray from the crashing surf that pounds a shore of coral rock or coarse black shingle. An occasional *fare*—native house—breaks the splendid solitude of reef, sea, and rocky headland. Almost at the middle of the north coast, the Papenoo, the biggest river in Tahiti, flows to the sea in two wide arms, and not far beyond, the long finger of Mahina—Cook's Point Venus—thrusts out to sea to form the eastern arm of Matavai Bay.

Visitors Besiege Writer's Widow

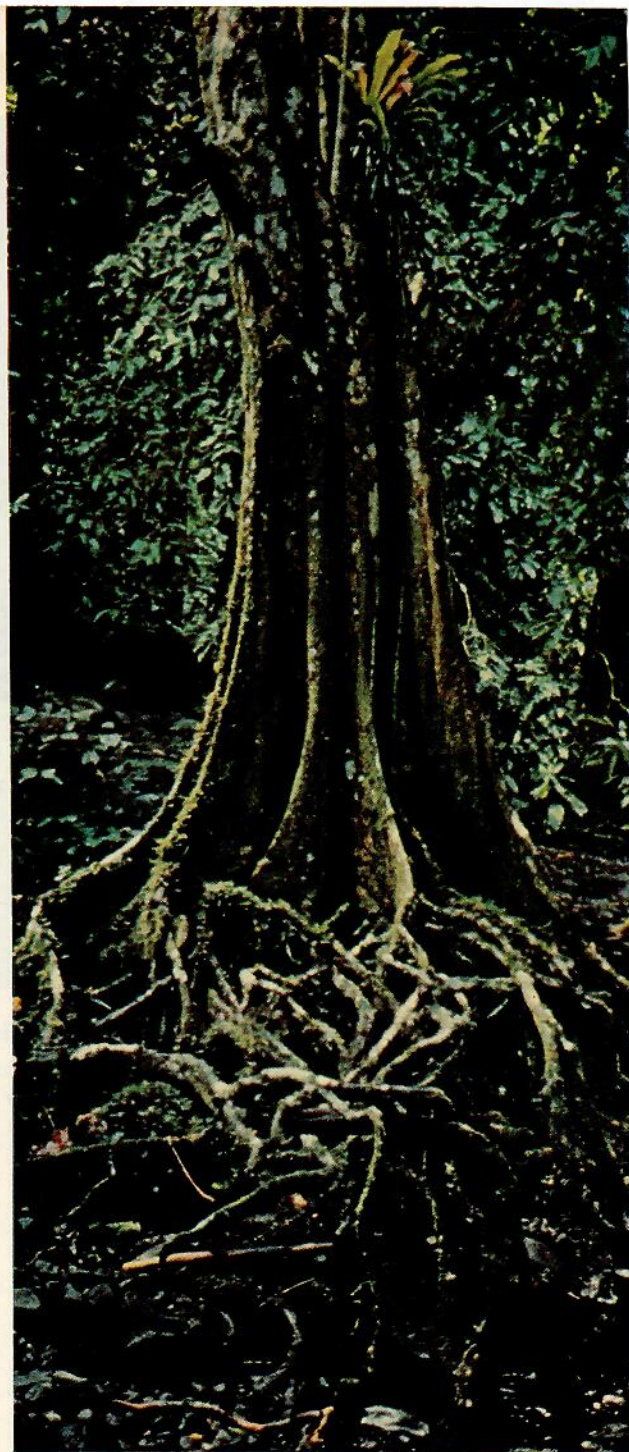
Matavai itself lies in the present District of Arue. Here lived James Norman Hall, who with his collaborator Charles Nordhoff wrote a trilogy on the *Bounty* mutiny, the books which really brought the Bligh story to the attention of the world. In their cool book-lined house, surrounded by flowers and bread-fruit trees, lives Sarah Hall, the vivacious gray-eyed widow of the writer.

Mrs. Hall's cross is the fame of her husband. Not a traveler comes to Tahiti who does not want to see her. Lala—as her friends call her—has implored the taxi drivers of Papeete to leave her in peace, but still they come.

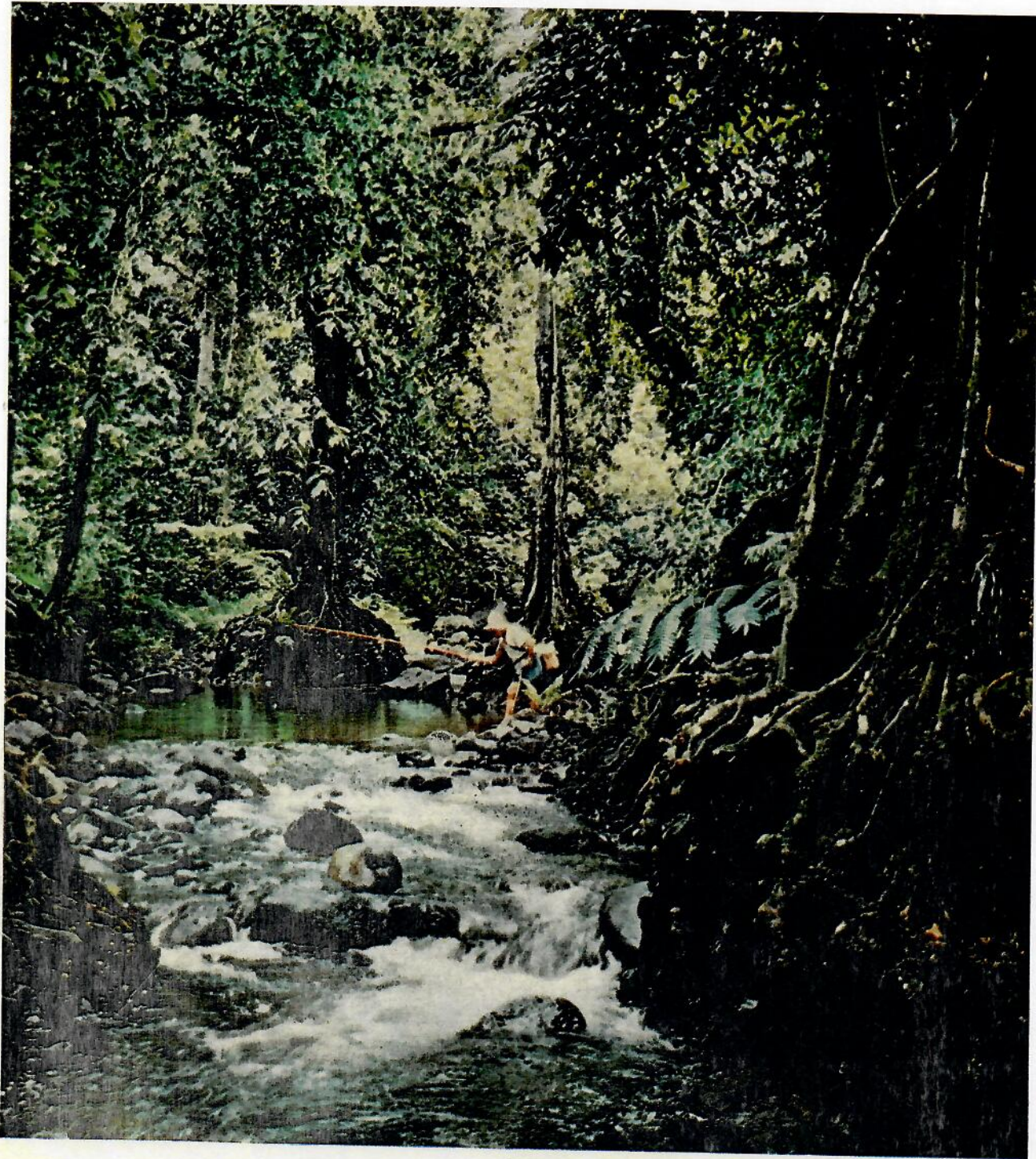
"They drive up and point to my house, then the tourists walk right in. Once an American publisher and his wife drove in. I was hot, tired, and doing housework. I said, 'I'm getting enough of this, people dropping in without warning and without invitation. I know why you came; you simply wanted to see what kind of a woman Jimmie Hall married. Well, what do you think? Not bad, eh?' Replied the publisher, 'Mrs. Hall, you are charming.'"

Hall had two children, Conrad Lafcadio Hall, who is a motion-picture cameraman in California, and Nancy, now married to Nicholas Rutgers, Jr. The Rutgerses live in a magnificent house, high on a hill behind the old Hall homestead, overlooking Matavai Bay and Moorea. I call it "the most beautiful house, in the most beautiful situation, on the finest island in the world."

The roof is pandanus thatch, and the house rambles along a ridge on several levels. Cool breezes sweep through from the sea during the day and down from the mountains at night. From a terrace on the seaward side I looked down a slope planted with pink and



"It is a mad vegetation," said Gauguin. Buttress roots of *mape*, the Tahitian chestnut, hold the banks of a mountain stream in a gnarled embrace. Bromeliads and orchids cling to the branches. Bamboo, hibiscus, and wild banana thrive in the luxuriant forest. A fly-fisherman casts an Olive Quill for *nato*, a perchlike fish.



Anglers' lunch: Fish and limes serve as a streamside repast for native fishermen. They eat silvery nato raw, adding lime juice to sharpen flavor. Jacks dwell in the ocean, but occasionally miniature specimens (upper two fish) run up the rivers. The nato, of the genus *Kuhlia*, rises to a fly like a trout. It prefers a sunken lure.



KODACHROME (UPPER) AND HS EKTACHROME © N.G.S.



"When night fell . . . the fast beat of the drum summoned them to the dance. . . ." wrote novelist Pierre Loti. Born dancers, Tahitians need only the thump of a drum, clapping, and chanting to start a wild bacchanal. Islanders undulate and vibrate as though boneless. This couple dances the tamure by the light of bamboo torches.

"Paddle! Paddle the canoe Porua through the Pass of Avaroa!" chant dancers of Moorea as they enact an old Polynesian migration. Seated, they go through the motions of paddling a double canoe. Man standing in the rear steers with a sweep.



white frangipani, pandanus, mango, and breadfruit to the blue sweep of Matavai Bay and the curved arm of Point Venus, with the white lighthouse at its green tip. On the left, beyond the reef, the scalloped outline of Moorea rests on a cobalt sea.

On the slope below the house, overlooking the view he loved best, lies James Norman Hall. A bronze plaque bears this adaptation of verses he wrote as a boy of 12 in Iowa:

*Look to the Northward, stranger,
Just over the hillside there,
Have you in your travels seen
A land more passing fair?*

Nick Rutgers and I took his motor launch one day to examine the anchorages of Bligh and his contemporaries. As we drove along the coast west from Point Venus, a squall darkened the horizon. Against the blue-black sky a swelling lenticular green wave, fringed with livid white, curled in slow motion along the reef, hung motionless for a fraction, then

shattered itself to death on the coral wall.

Using the navigators' logs, Captain Donald MacIntyre of the Royal Navy had plotted on my chart of Matavai the anchorages of Wallis, Cook, and Bligh (chart, page 5). When the squall passed, we raced in Nick's white Glasspar boat past the headland of Taharaa, the One Tree Hill of Cook, and toward Point Venus. A peculiar recurrent hump in the smooth water of the bay marked Dolphin Bank, where Wallis had run aground in 1767.

I dived with an Aqua-Lung on the bank and near the shore, but found nothing. Anything that fell or was jettisoned from the ships, if it is still there, must be buried under a thick layer of sand and silt.

What had brought the 18th-century explorers here principally was the search for *Terra Australis Incognita*, the Unknown Southern Land. As far back as the time of the ancient Greeks, some thinkers, at least, knew that the world was round; they had even measured its diameter. Down through the

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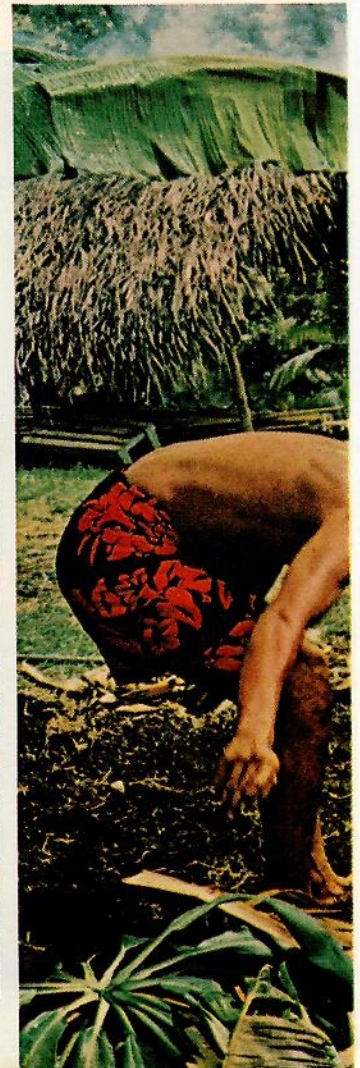


"When they Make an Oven they Make a hole in the Earth" MORRISON

Tahitian feast day begins with a fire in the pit. As it burns, men pile stones on it. When "the wood is all burnt to Coals and the stones red hot," the oven is ready. Here ingredients of the feast go into a bamboo rack: whole pig, pieces of tuna, red mountain bananas, taro, breadfruit, and sweet puddings wrapped in leaves. In the fish's mouth: a banana.

Two hours later, the food is cooked. Men pull off the oven's cover and serve the banquet. Preparation takes so long that Tahitian-style cooking today usually is reserved for Sundays.

Coconut and banana fronds cover the rack in the pit. Next a layer of earth shoveled over the fronds will seal in the heat like the door of an oven.



Middle Ages scholars preserved the concept of a globular world, but no one could agree, even in speculation, on what lay beneath them: a waste of water or a vast continent, or a combination of both.

A natural desire, particularly on the part of the philosophical mind, for symmetry, led most thinkers to imagine the existence of a vast southern continent. Such an equivalent of the great land mass of the Northern Hemisphere had to exist, the cosmographers argued, to "balance" the spinning globe.

The belief in this great continent preoccupied the minds of geographers and cartographers for centuries. Sir John Mandeville, that writer of travelers' marvels, even asserted with confidence born of his own logic "... we and they that dwell under us be feet against feet"—the original meaning of the word antipodes.

King George the Third sent Capt. Samuel Wallis to "... obtain a complete knowledge of the Land or Islands supposed to be situ-

ated in the Southern Hemisphere. . . ." When, on the 19th of June, 1767, Captain Wallis discovered Tahiti, his master wrote: "... we now supposed we saw the long wishd for Southern Continent, which has been often talkd of, but neaver before seen by any Europeans."

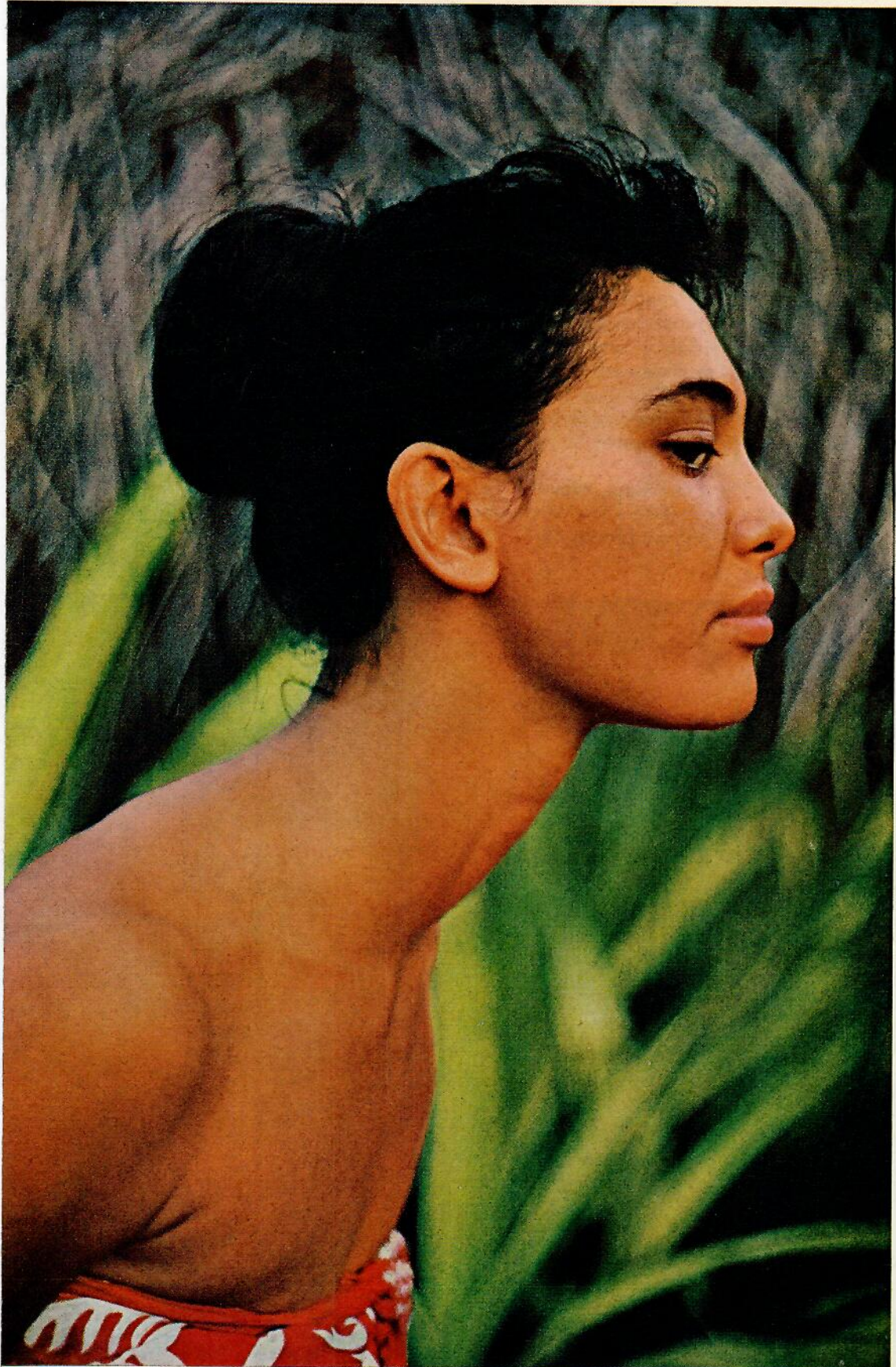
The discoverers soon learned from the "Indians" that Tahiti was an island. When Wallis asked its name, they replied "*O Tahiti*"—"It is Tahiti," and Otaheite it became to the English for the next hundred years.

Instead of Land, Cook Finds Ice Field

James Cook, shortly after Wallis's return to England, sailed for Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus on the 3rd of June, 1769, but he also carried secret instructions to search for the continent which Wallis "had actually in view." Cook in his *Resolution* ranged farther to the southward than anyone had before him. He came to the edge of an "immence Icefield," then turned north and sailed

(Continued on page 45)





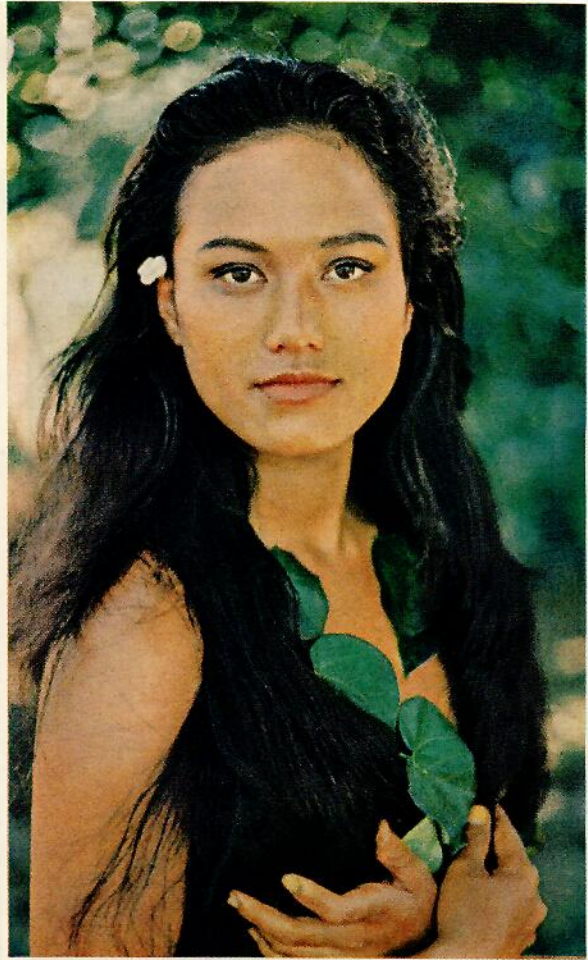
"Their physical beauty and amiable dispositions harmonized completely with the softness of their clime" MELVILLE

Arriving at Tahiti, Wallis's men "swore they never saw handsomer made women in their lives." Generations of navigators and travelers have agreed with them.

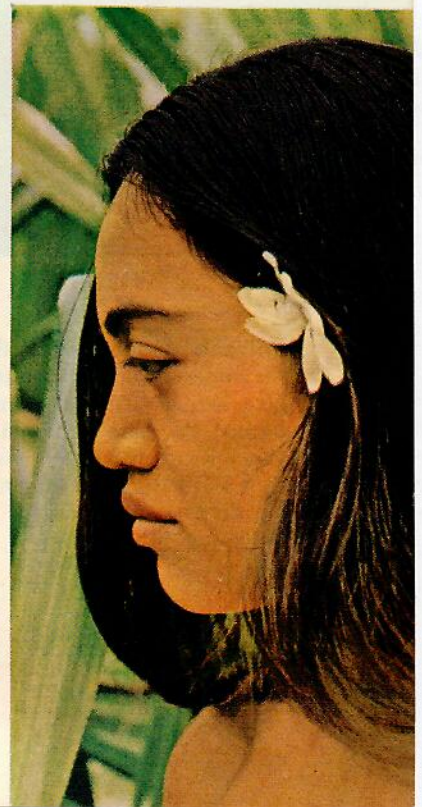
Of the girls pictured here, Vairea (opposite), with her swan neck, finely penciled eyebrows, and lustrous eyes, resembles the Egyptian queen Nefertiti.

Tarita (right), a native of Bora Bora, won the leading part in the film *Mutiny on the Bounty*, playing opposite Marlon Brando.

Tetuanui at lower right displays classic Polynesian features. Girl at lower center is pure Chinese. Ine (below) wears a crown of *tiare Tahiti*, a species of gardenia.

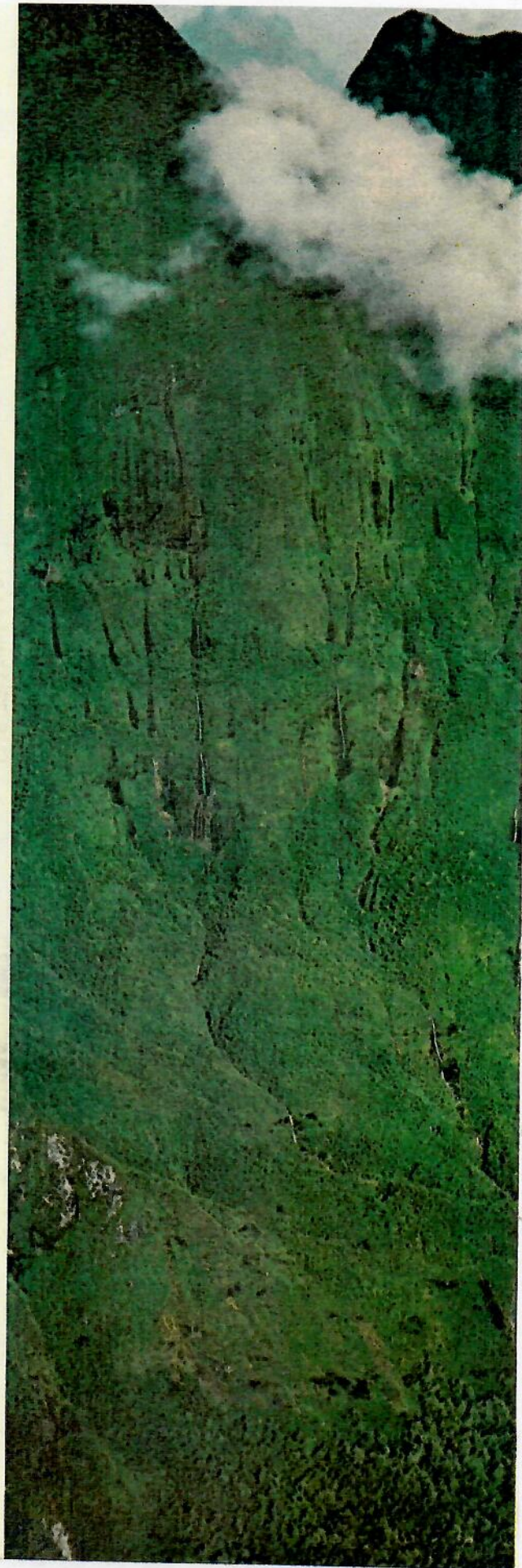


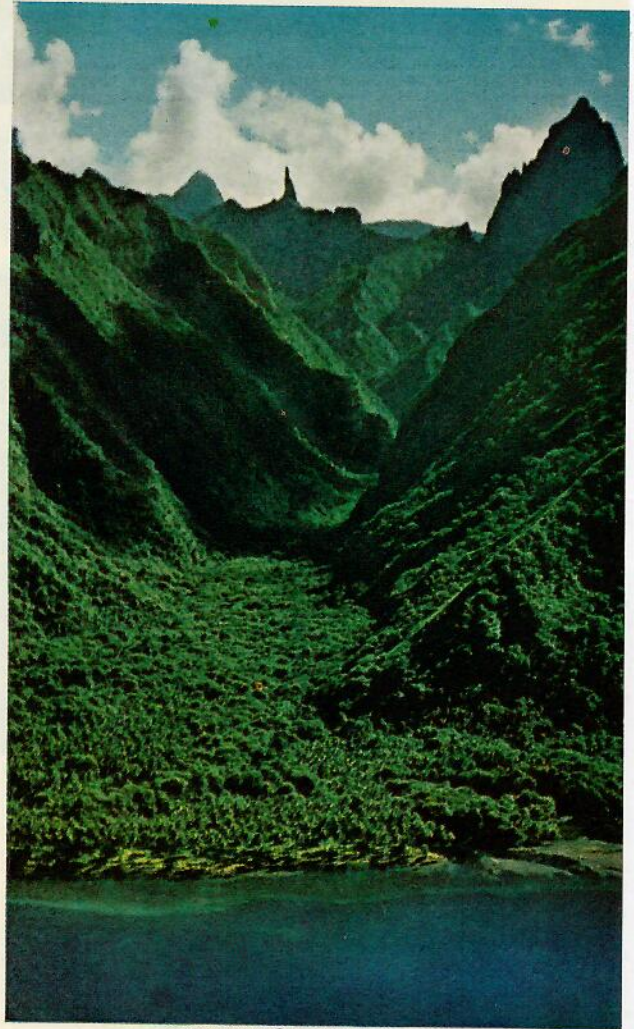
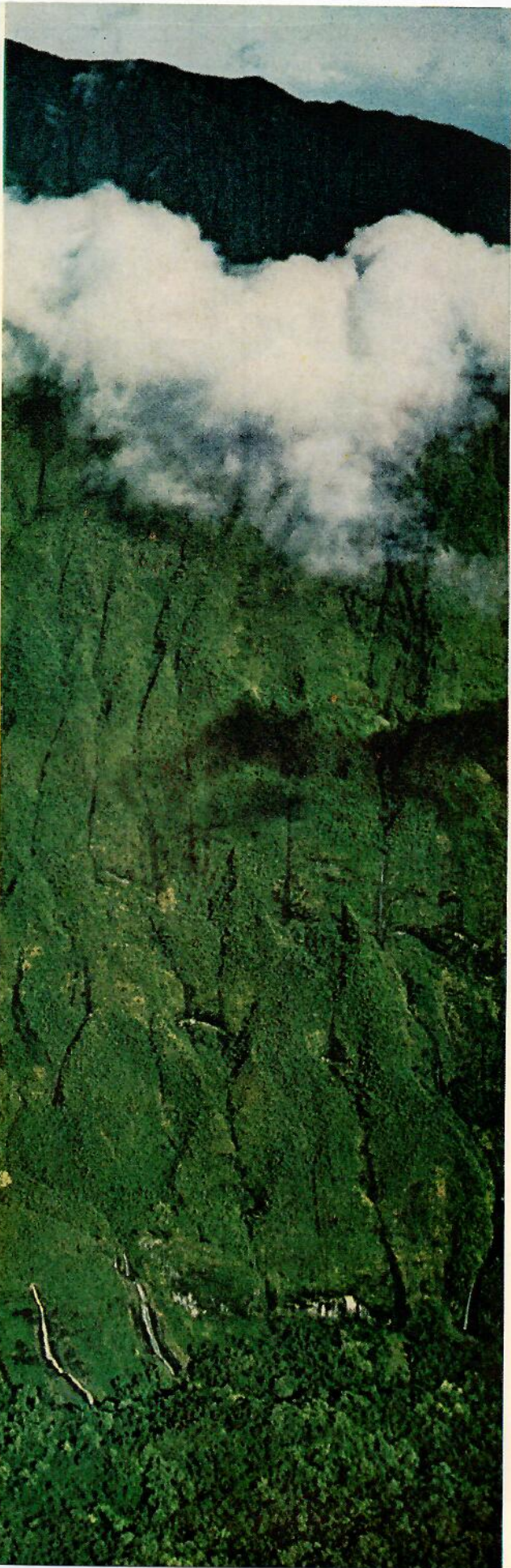
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Volcanic needle pierces the clouds in the wilderness of Tahiti's interior. Molten lava, hardening in the mountain's throat, formed the basalt column. Wind and water weathered away loose ash of the cone and left the stark pinnacle. Dozens like it poke weird shapes skyward on Tahiti and Moorea.





KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

“Formidable walls of basalt descended from the central crater and fanned out to lose themselves on the beaches,” wrote Pierre Loti. Although Tahitians prefer to live on the coast, they penetrate lush river valleys to fish for nato, spear crayfish, and gather bananas, limes, breadfruit, and firewood.

This valley runs to the sea on the north coast of the Tairapu Peninsula.

“Lofty precipices festooned with the silvery smoke of waterfalls” HALL

Morrison counted 30 cascades pouring from Mount Orohena, Tahiti's highest peak (map, page 7). About 10 are visible in this aerial view.



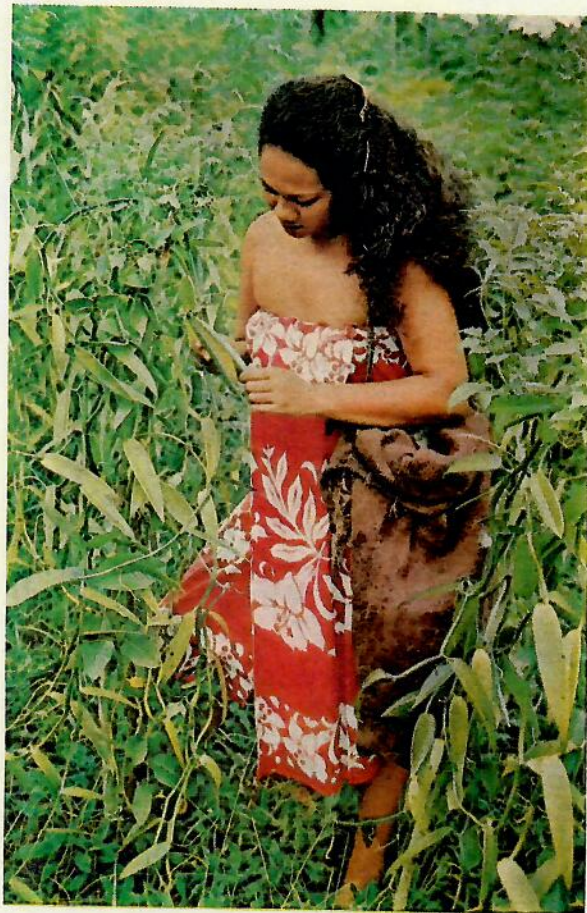
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**Beans of Vanilla, a Type of Orchid,
Pile Up at a Weighing Station**

Wallis and his men found no flavorings growing on Tahiti despite "a fine agreeable smell, which made . . . us suppose their was spicerys . . ." In 1848 a Frenchman introduced the vanilla orchid. Green pods have no scent or flavor until they have been processed.

"Marrying the vanilla," a field worker pollinates each flower by hand.

Orchid flowers adorn vanilla plants which cling to poles like beanstalks.



over what had been thought to be solid land, and so in time came to Tahiti.

On Cook's first voyage, the crew had been divided into two camps, the "continents" and the "no continents." Joseph Banks, one of the "Experimental Gentlemen" aboard, was a "continent," yet he preserved the properly skeptical scientific approach. He said: "Until we know how the globe was fixed in the position assigned to it since creation, we need not be overanxious about its balance."

Cook exploded for all time the myth of a southern continent that would compare in size with the Euro-Asian and North American land masses. He made three voyages round the world, discovering and charting as he went, and fixing with a theretofore unknown accuracy the position of islands, coasts, and harbors. In the shining light of Cook there grew up a whole school of scientific navigators, who swept the seas for England, not with guns and boarding cutlasses, but with ebony octants, accurate chronometers, and searching telescopes.

Love Makes No Omelettes

Quickening every man's dream of Tahiti are the island's women. As I watched the twittering and laughing girls pass, I tried to pin down their celebrated charm.

They are handsome rather than pretty, but their appeal, it seems to me, lies largely in the fact that they seem utterly incapable of making an awkward movement or of singing an off-pitch note. When they move they flow, and when they sing their voices blend in natural and effortless harmony.

The long black hair of the Tahitian *vahine* falls almost to her waist in a cascade so intensely black that little glints of blue light are thrown off like sparks. Usually she tops her cloud of hair with an encircling crown of white tiare that looks like a ring of stars surrounding a dark nebula. It comes as a shock to read that when Tahiti was discovered, the women wore their hair cropped short about their ears. The men let their hair grow long, or tied it in a knot on top of the head.

The Tahitian girl is eager to please her man. I was talking one day with a Frenchman whom I had known from my previous voyage. His bride joined us, and after kissing us each on both cheeks, she banteringly reproached my friend.

"Today I cooked your eggs so carefully, but you shouted, 'Do you call these eggs?' And I

had cooked them for you with so much love."

"My dear," replied my friend, a Frenchman to the end, "eggs are to be cooked with talent, not love."

Tahitian girls wear the sophistication of innocence. They may be country girls who have come to Papeete only a few times in *le truck*, the jitney built on an old truck chassis. Yet no *grande dame* could have more poise or elegance of manner than this little country girl seated at a restaurant table, using a knife and fork as if she ate with them every day of her life (she does not; she uses her fingers), and sipping wine with a knowledgeable and critical air.

Breadfruit Tree Becomes a Monument

There is in Papeete a Wallis Street and a Cook Street, and on the *quais* there stands a shaft bearing a bust of the Sieur de Bougainville. But in all this lovely island I found no memorial to William Bligh.

I had brought with me to Tahiti on the new *Bounty* a young breadfruit plant which had been grown from rootstock of one of the original trees planted by Bligh in Jamaica. It had thrived in the humid warm climate of its native land, and one rainy afternoon in March we planted it in the soil of Arue, the district from which the parent tree had come more than 168 years before.

His Excellency, M. Aimé Grimald, Governor of Tahiti and of French Polynesia, kindly consented to accept and plant the breadfruit in the name of the Tahitian people. Madame Rosa Raoulx, Chiefess of Arue and the only female chief on the island, rallied her people by sending a crier abroad to blow blasts on the *pu*, the triton shell trumpet (page 24).

In the courtyard of the district schoolhouse a troupe of young girls in bright pareus printed with a breadfruit design gathered with the guests around a square trench.

A tall Tahitian in a red *maro*, or loincloth, placed the plant in the ground. The Governor tossed a spadeful of black earth around the roots. The Chiefess took the spade next, then Madame Hall, and myself. The girls clapped their hands in rhythm and danced round the plant, chanting the Song of the Uru (breadfruit). Before I left Tahiti, the plant was, like the ones Bligh had taken away, in a state of "charming forwardness."

A few days ago I received a photograph of the tree (page 27). It is already seven feet tall, and with luck, it will reach forty feet, to form

a living green memorial to William Bligh. A bronze plaque to be placed at the tree's base bears the inscription:

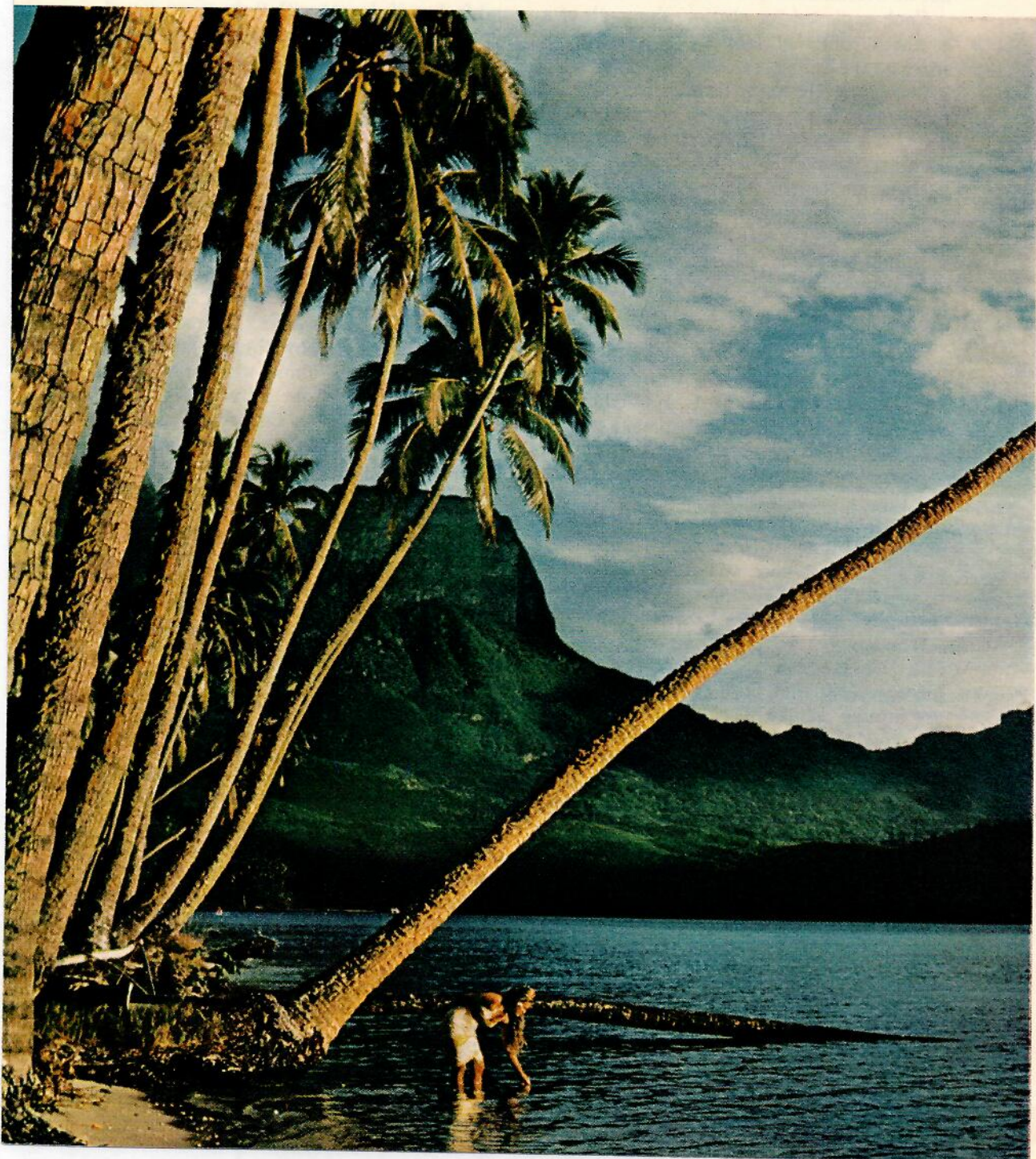
CAPTAIN BLIGH'S BREADFRUIT TREE

In the year 1792 Captain William Bligh of England's Royal Navy came to Tahiti to take on a cargo of breadfruit plants for transplanting to the West Indies. His previous voyage of 1787 had ended in disaster when mutiny broke out in his ship *Bounty*. The second voyage was successful, and in

1793 Bligh landed his plants in the West Indies.

This tree was grown from rootstock of one of three trees surviving in Jamaica from Bligh's original importation. From these trees sprang all the breadfruit which now flourishes throughout tropical America.

After an absence of 168 years, a replica of the original *Bounty* brought back this tree to its native land. It was planted in this District of Arue, from which Bligh obtained most of his plants, by the National Geograph-



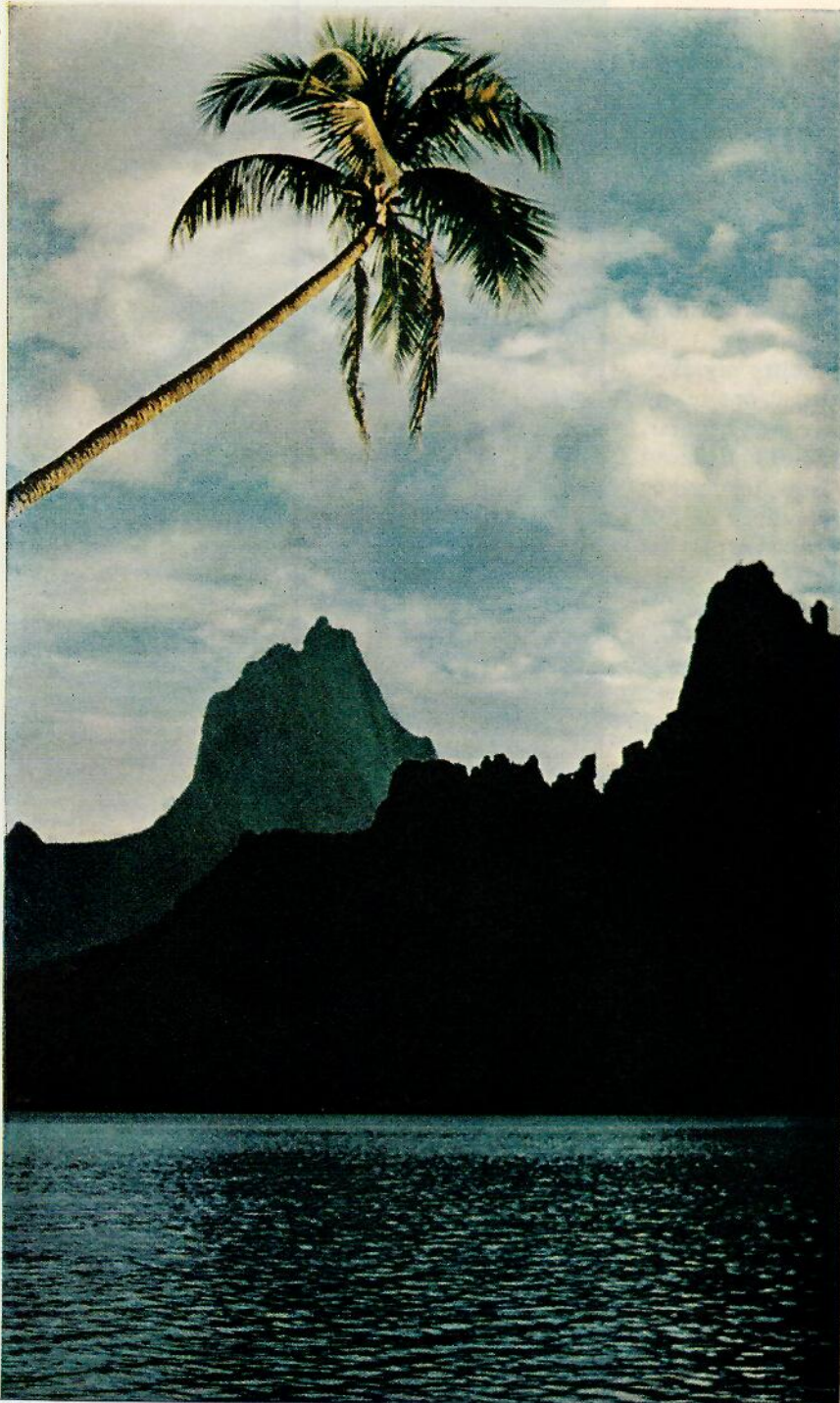
ic Society of the United States of America.
In Memorial to
a Great Discoverer and Navigator
4 March 1961

If Bligh were alive, he probably would have something to say, and he would say it tartly. But I like to think he would be pleased.

Tahiti i te vai urirau ua rau te oto o te manu—Tahiti of the Many Colored Waters and the Sweetly Singing Birds—the finest island in the world, is still there, somewhere

beyond the horizon. But the horizon, to a man standing on the deck of a sailing vessel, was only five miles away. Now the passenger in a jet aircraft can see 250 miles over the shoulder of the earth, and the book of matches which I have just used to light my pipe bears the legend "Be in Tahiti tomorrow."

Traveler, go to Tahiti, but remember Melville, and Pierre Loti, and Gauguin, and Stevenson, and treat her gently. Now she belongs to all of us. THE END



**"Great black pinnacles
fantastic in aspect . . .
coconut palms that lean
over the tranquil water"**

LOTI

Cook, on his third voyage in 1777, visited this deeply indented bay of Paopao on Moorea; some charts still call it by his name.

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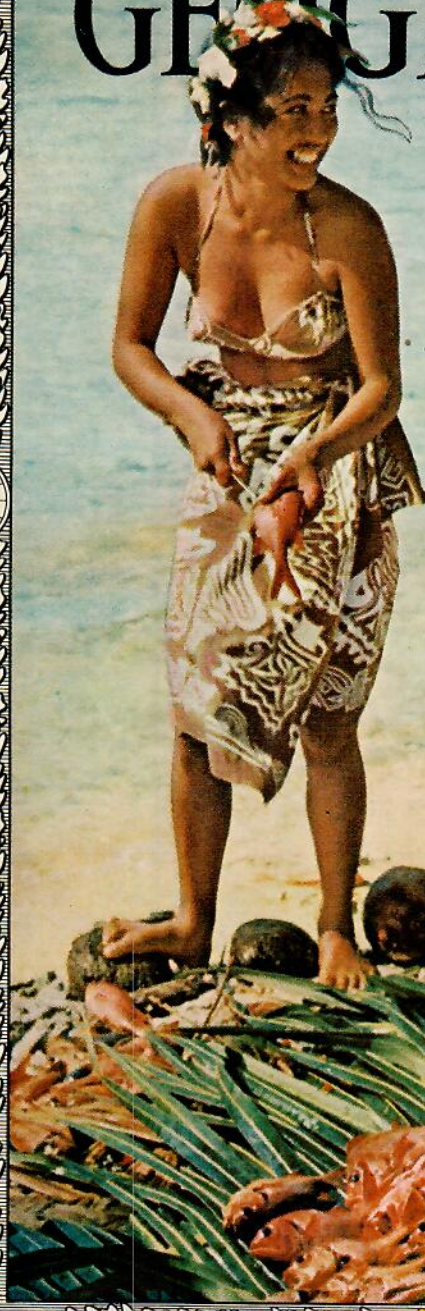
**"Such is the best
account that I have
been able to Collect
of these Islands and
their Inhabitants who
are without doubt
the Happiest on the
Face of the Globe. . . ."**

JAMES MORRISON, THE MUTINEER

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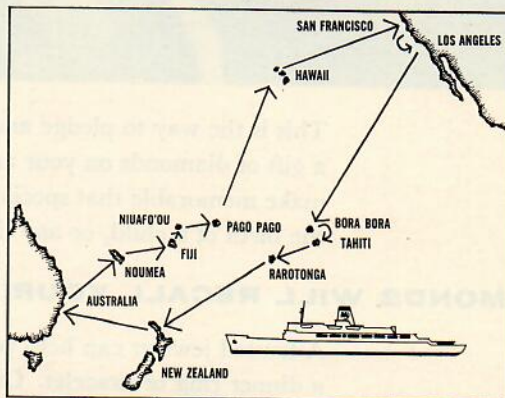
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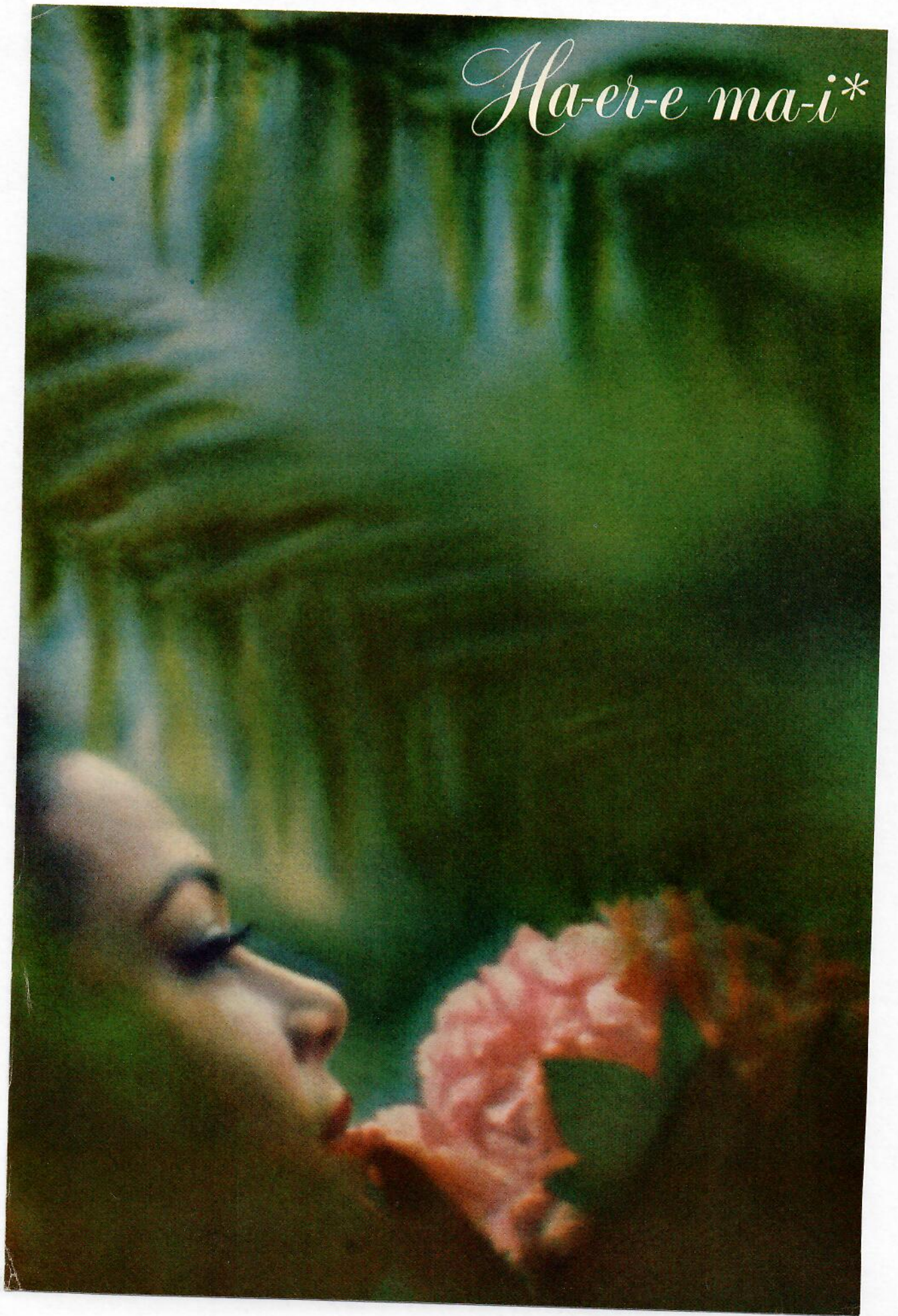
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