

PAC

ROAD MY BODY GOES

by Clifford Gessler

THIS BOOK comes out of the fo'c'sle of a sampan in the wide-spaced waters beneath the Line, and from the coral-ringed lagoons of atolls that lie like wreaths upon the sea.

Clifford Gessler left a telegraph news desk on a Honolulu newspaper to accompany an expedition for the Bishop Museum on a cruise to some of the most remote and primitive islands in the southeastern Pacific, aboard one of the strangest ships that ever carried scientific men. He and K. P. Emory, the Museum ethnologist, lived for three months on the atoll of Tepuka, in the Tuamotu archipelago, where the natives follow their ancient customs and primitive life, and where white men are virtually unknown. Cut off from the outside world, the two Americans had to meet injury, illness or any emergency with only their meager resources and the magic incantations and traditional herb practice of the native medicine-men. "I Walked Too Near a Grave" is the title of one chapter which rises to a climax of danger softened by the friendly aid of a Tuamotuan sorcerer.

On a forty-foot sailing cutter, Gessler voyaged to other of the Dangerous Islands, and to Tahiti, where, almost penniless, he waited through weeks of hardship for the belated and unreported sampan to arrive to take him home.

This bare sketch of his experiences can do no more than suggest the richness of the material in *Road My Body Goes*. The feel of the real South Seas is in this book, written not by a professional world-tramp but by an amateur with an informed approach to native life and the sympathy and insight to record it in its simple beauty.

a John Day book

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, INC.

386 Fourth Avenue, New York

Illustrated \$3.50

"You can
thought
But in
edged. T

"Y

"Read P
delight t
will be as
ing of th
will disc
for what
and glori

"Queens
skirts, pr
as money
god of k
native de
his politi
gay cleve

48 Phot

a JOHN

**CLIFFORD
GESSLER**

**CLIFFORD
GESSLER**



**ROAD
MY
BODY
GOES**

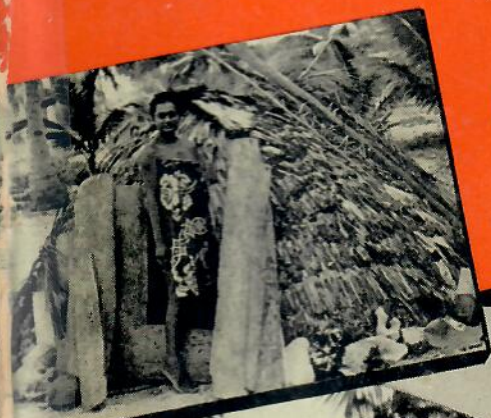
**ROAD
MY BODY
GOES**



TO ALL who long to know what life really is on a South Sea island, this book will come like a fresh breeze across a lagoon. It is the honest, vivid account of months spent among an unspoiled people who had never known white men before, written by one who has both the newspaper reporter's passion for facts and the poet's perception of beauty.

a
JOHN DAY
book

REYNAL &
HITCHCOCK



ROAD
MY BODY
GOES



CA6

PAC
MAR 2018

Parts re-read 2018 home
 WAMAECH 2018 home
 Te. Puka-Chong's home
 Te. Remy street - Puka-Chong's
 Visiting the - Puka-Chong's
 across Churchev Puka-Chong
 Catholic Church
 George Henry
 Puka-Chong

6 - MARCH 2018

1984 Marvid

Parts Re-Read Telexa
 Visit Remy Against 5 Nov 2018
 Visit Remy Wednesday George Henry

George H. H. H.

George H. H. H.

FIRST READ 12/09 - 01/2010

PARTS RE-READ 9/27-9/ (2013 about)

"RHAPSODY OF THE SEAS"

George H. H. H.

8 GRAINS OF COARSE CORAL
SAND COLLECTED AT TEPUKA MARUVA BY

George Balazs

NOVEMBER

2019



ROAD MY BODY GOES

CLIFFORD GESSLER

Illustrated



A JOHN DAY BOOK

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK: NEW YORK



B. P. Bishop Museum Photo by K. P. Emory
In the shade of tall palms stands the village well of Tepuka Maruia.

COPYRIGHT, 1937, BY CLIFFORD GESSLER

*All rights reserved, including the right
to reproduce this book or portions
thereof in any form*

This is the road my body goes:

lost in the foaming sea.

Alas, alas, alas indeed!

Beneath the burning heat of day,

alas indeed!

—Tahitian Song.

Published by
JOHN DAY
in association with
REYNAL & HUTCHCOCK

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY QUINN & BODEN COMPANY, INC., RAHWAY, N. J.

Te Uru

ABOUT 1964
PAAEA
TAKITI

Te Uru, take me back
To the land of your birth.

Countless miles a century ago,
A few mere hours today.

Te Uru, why are you cast here in hell
Where your sisters grow so far away?

The valleys, they are green
And the mountains, they are tall.

The sea, ~~is~~ a beautiful color.

But still we know that

This place be not your true mother.

Your form here is slender,

Your leaves do not shine.

Small fruit your sad arms bear

For that home left far behind.

Te Uru, take me back

To the land of your birth.

Late 1960s By George H. Balaz
When GAZING UPON BREADFRUIT TREES AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII AT MAHO
CAMPUS

FOR TURTLES SEE:

P. 11, 13, 21, FACING 21, 63, 87, 95, 96, 106, 117,
118, 119, 123, 124, 128, 175, 196, 229, 304,
306, 309, 312, 313, 317, 318, 319, 329,

P. 87 "I AM NOT OF THIS AGE"

P. 191 TEPOTO

P. 63 Turtle shells

11 MARCH 2018

Arai Tepeka 11 ans.

KAMAKE Julia 22 ans

KAMAKE Leticia 18 ans

ARAI Patricia 54 ans.

KAMAKE Pahoā 48 ans.

KAMAKE Manuītea 5 ans.

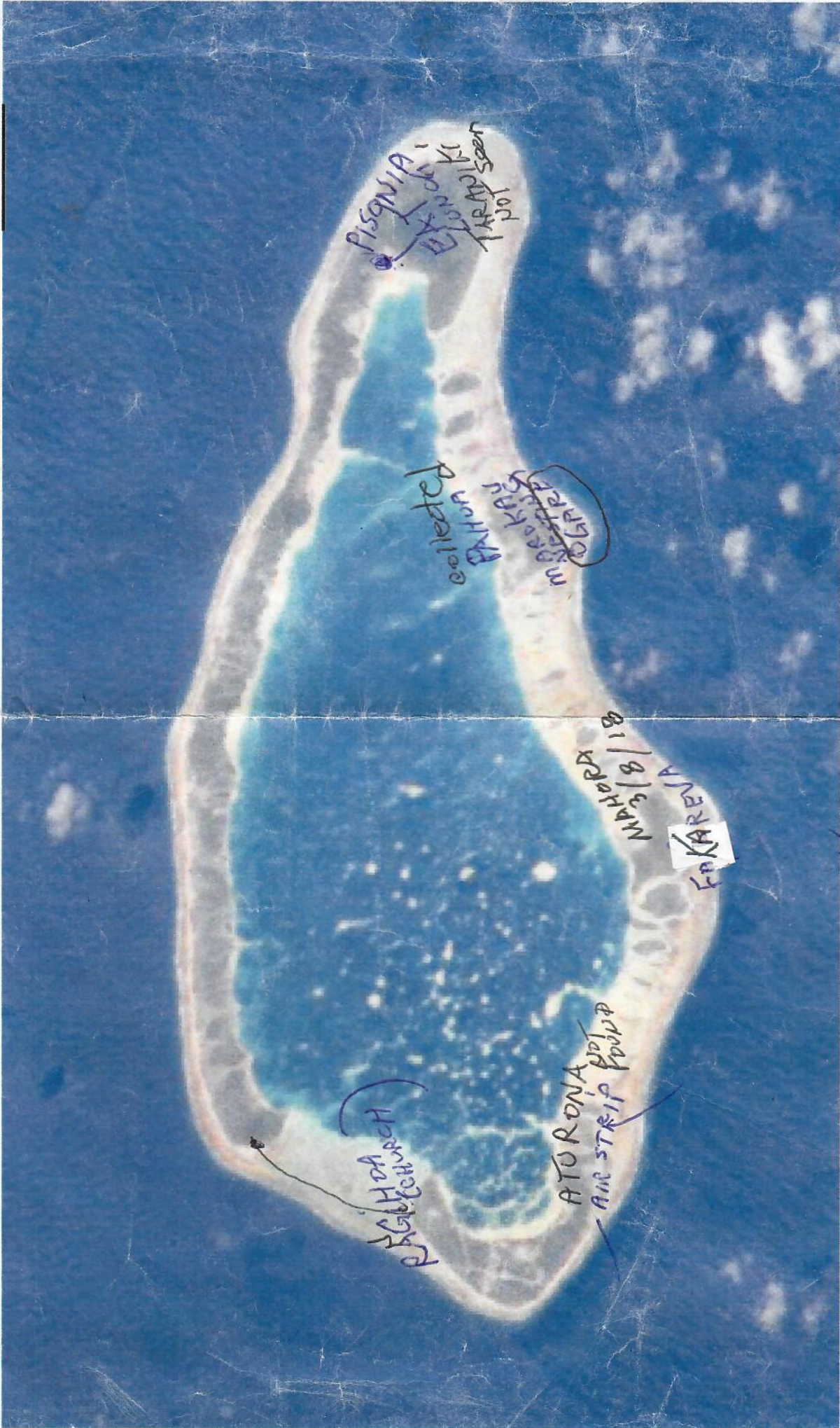
TEAKA Hanihei 4 ans.

NEED - MEMORY

- CATALOG OF TEPUKA MAHUIA BIRDMUSEUM

- NECKER MEN

- THE REASON FOR LIFE - FOR JENNA KAPE
- TEAKA FLOWER



Pisgania
TAKAKI
THE MOUNTAIN

collected
BATHING
~~MORNING~~

ATURONA
NANARA
3/8/18

EKARERE

HARACH

ATURONA
HOT STRIP

SORINWELLEN
REMYGHB
CAPTAIN
KAMARAI
MARCH 8, 2018

NAME OF
SHIP TO NAPUKA

Xavier Mangtella 3

3/6/2018 Remy's home

14.16421° S

141.27137 W

15 FT ELEVATION

FATA KAIGA - Bone pile

