CLIFFORD GESSLER

ROAD MY BODY GOES

a JOHN DAY book

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

CLIFFORD GESSLER

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.

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

FIGHTING ANGEL and THE EXILE

by Pearl S. Buck

THESE companion volumes are biographies of the author's father and mother. The extraordinary fact is that while these two lived together for forty years and had seven children, yet they lived utterly separate lives, so that the tale of what the man did and thought does not in the least duplicate the story of the woman. Most of the time he was far from home, a lonely adventurer ranging the turbulent interior of Old China through the hazards of famine, banditry and revolution, while his wife was making an American home for her children in the heart of a foreign land.

Critics have been unanimous in their opinion that "these twin biographies will occupy a place in American literature beside *The Good Earth*."

"*The Exile* is a record of high courage, of bounteous living for others . . . There are many who will feel that no matter how good *The Good Earth* was, *The Exile* is an even better book."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"To the American reader of every type and class, it seems that no book could be more poignantly and vitally interesting than *The Exile*. Merely as a story it is as absorbing as any novel . . . clear, incandescent, gripping in its interest, written in a style of beauty and unerring rightness, this is an epic of our country."—*New York Times*.

"*Fighting Angel*, miraculously, is just as good a book as *The Exile*."—*New York Sun*.

John Day books

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, INC.
386 Fourth Avenue, New York

V

"Tuamotu White Man"

39. *"Tahiti, Pearl of the Sea"*

THERE WAS MAIL for me at Papeete:

> ". . . I can now say definitely there will be no opening for you when you get back. If you want to talk the matter over with me on your return, OK, but it will be a waste of time. . . ."

How shall I write of Tahiti—of those weeks of poverty and suspense, of anxiety and waiting? I was an anomaly in that country, neither wealthy enough to be a "tourist" nor quite so poor as to be a beachcomber; a sojourner existing precariously on a tiny hoard of dwindling francs, sleeping on a ship in the harbor and subsisting frugally on the dubious offerings of dingy Chinese coffee-shops; wearing clothes soiled and tattered from weeks at sea and months on coral islands and, even when new, better suited to wave-drenched decks and mat-covered native floors than to the tropic formalities of the colonial capital.

Thus I saw with somewhat different eye that glamorous island named by voyagers of old "the new Cythera," and in its own songs of today "Pearl of the Pacific." The *Islander* was weeks overdue and there was no word of her save that a month or six weeks earlier she had sent a call from Mangareva for fuel. I had long overstayed my expected time away from home; I had not prepared for a sojourn in Tahiti, and with my accustomed employment taken from me, was more than ever anxious to get back to find new means of livelihood and rejoin Margaret, who was carrying on bravely in my absence.

So I fretted in the petty-colonial atmosphere of Papeete,

longing, if I must linger in Tahiti, to go to the "districts," in scenes of uncluttered mountain and shore, among natives of the same far-scattered race as the friends on the coral island I had left.

It could have been done, had I had any advance notice of the *Islander's* tardy arrival. Big open buses, crowded with natives, chickens, groceries, and pigs, rumbled each morning east and west. For a few francs they would have taken me to the cool cavern pool of Maraa; to Mataiea, by whose warm lagoon Rupert Brooke had idled away deep-flowering days of peace; to Papenoo of the great water, and Hitiaa, home of giants of old. I would have chosen, rather, to walk, resting by night in the houses of district chiefs or, in emergency, spreading my mat under the trees as in the Tuamotu. It would not often have been necessary thus to tempt the rain; the people of rural Tahiti are not yet so weaned from their traditional hospitality by contact with the white man's greed, as to refuse a wayfarer shelter, especially if he can stammer a few words of their language.

I might have climbed with them the somber mountains where wild oranges ripen on vine-tangled slopes, and swum in the green crater lake of haunted Vaihiria. There would have been wide sun-washed days and deep star-spattered nights—and always song and dancing and laughter; and, in the quiet gloom of some thatched, bamboo-walled house, old tales of magic and mystery, of love and of heroic deeds.

But I was fettered by uncertainty that oppressed me more and more from day to day. At any moment the tuba-tone of the sampan's whistle might sound, and the quick rhythm of her engine shatter the quiet of the bay. Any day a schooner might come in from Rapa or Tubuai, or a government message from Rikitea, bringing word that the ship was lost in those danger-strewn waters where so many schooners and cutters and the only steamship in French Oceania had gone down that very summer or were breaking to bits upon the

hungry reefs—in which case it would be necessary at once to set about finding some other way of getting home.

Hidden in some village miles from Papeete, with only uncertain communication with the port, or walking some distant road beneath the tamanu trees, I should be too far out of touch with my only means of return. The ship might come and go, and I not hear of it.

Nor was there any way of knowing over how many days or weeks or months I must, in either case, stretch the pitiful sheaf of broad, filthy, useless-looking but indispensable Banque d'Indo-Chine notes which, for a foreigner in a French Oceanic colony, there seldom is means of replenishing.

Looking back now, it seems ridiculous that I did not place more faith in the happy disposal of events. But it is one thing to sit at a desk and write calmly of a situation long past, and another to be immediately within that situation. My stake was in the sampan; I was stranded in the port until she appeared or until I had definite news of her whereabouts. So prudence prevailed over inclination, and my horizons in the Nouvelle Cythère were bounded by the black sand beach of Arué and the Pool of Loti on the east, and on the west by the breezy bungalow of Hinao Schenck at Punaauia and the roaring cobble beach beyond it—most of the time, indeed, by the Papeete waterfront with its ever-changing views of Moorea and the quaint streets and mingled Oriental and provincial-European architecture of the town.

Yet the scenes I thus forwent are but those that most sojourners for more than a day in Tahiti know; my enforced confinement and the circumstances in which I found myself became an adventure in a different Tahiti. It was a dreary enough existence—waiting, always waiting. But by means of it I came to know something of that other Papeete that the tourists on the Union Mail boats do not see, or touch but in passing: the Papeete that dwells in alleyways, too often with no food for the morrow, but with a surface contentment

born of a vast indolent fatalism or of an easy trust in tomorrow's fortune, and walks flower-crowned and singing by the moonlit sea.

On the gently sloping cabin roof of the *Tiare Tahiti*, at her anchorage at Fareute, shipmate Tupu and I spread our mats—a bit of Tepuka beneath us in a strange harbor. There we slept deeply to the lulling land breeze, beneath wide moons or solemnly whirling stars, while the water lapped lightly at the cutter's side and the bells of our own ship and of the ancient schooners that moldered alongside in a crumbling row tinkled the night's half hours. Sometimes rain driving down from the huge shadowy mountain-thrust of Aorai sent us leaping below to the bunks in the stuffy cabin—but my memories of Fareute in darkness hours are mainly of cool, quiet rest on deck, soothed by the caressing touch of the island night.

As morning lit colored fires in the harbor, we would bathe hastily on deck from the oil tin of fresh water that Tupu had carried the night before from the nearby shipyard. Looking overside into the clear shallows, we could watch the Moorish Idol fish waving fantastic barred tails.

We would walk carefully down the wabbling plank that connected the afterdeck with the low shore, and up between the machine sheds and scattered dwellings to the coffee-shop on the Broom Road. Breakfast was a loaf of the tough but nourishing Chinese-baked French bread and a cup apiece of the bitter, muddy fluid that passes, in these shops, for coffee. Battered wooden benches stood at grimy tables, where scrawny chickens picked crumbs from the floor at our feet and long, serpentine cats waited to lap up fallen drops of the evaporated milk with which the *Timito* diluted his evil brew.

We would sit a few minutes on the leaning veranda of the coffee-shop, watching morning broaden over the bay, natives paddling out to sea in their V-shaped canoes, bearing large

conical woven fish-traps, and city workers trundling by on their endless procession of bicycles.

Tupu would marvel: "There is no end to the wheels!"

Tupu would return to his mysterious occupations aboard, and I would sally townward to the agent's office to be disappointed each day anew with no word of the ship.

It seemed certain that the *Islander* must either be disabled or so near that it was not worthwhile to radio ahead; else Bill surely would have sent us a message. Long afterward I learned that Bill at that time had been more or less helpless. He has received instructions forbidding him to send messages except in emergency involving safety of ship or ship's company. As he explained, in writing his examination before leaving Honolulu, he had answered the questions correctly but in the wrong order, and hence had failed of his operator's license—after having served as a professional operator for years!

But I could not guess that then; I could only wait until word came.

The *Tiare Tahiti* was our only lodging; there, seated on a bunk in the steaming cabin, leaning over the typewriter on the engine-hatch cover, I would try to put together the confused notes of earlier wanderings. Much of the time this activity was interrupted: the hatch cover was removed and Tahitian-French mechanics were working on the decrepit motor whose parts lay strewn over the cabin floor. The deck was sticky with fresh paint; there was day-long hammering as carpenters caulked the hull or drove new nails to hold the bottom together where it had been strained and bulged outward by the solid concrete ballast.

The heavy, drowsy malaise of tropic noon stole on; the pounding ceased; men bicycled to their homes for food and sleep. Quiet descended, slow and ponderous, like a heavy hand. I would eat slimy, ill-prepared Tahitian fish and yams in the Chinese shops on the marketplace, or in the market it-

self buy a handful of fat yellow bananas and share them with Tupu at the ship. Or Tupu himself, if in funds, would bring from the coffee-shop by the sea a high-heaped plate of *maa Tinito*—a greasy mixture of rice, fat pork, beans and Chinese cabbage—which, true to Polynesian custom, he would insist was for us both.

"This," he would say, beaming, "is the food belonging to us two."

The sleep-hunger of tropic noonday would seize our heads and limbs; the mind of the white man, abandoning its pride, would cease to function; the whole town slept, hidden away beneath roofs and trees from the vertical sun. On the mat that had been plaited for me by the daughters of Tuata and Hei, sleep would draw a sudden curtain over the fretful anxiety of those waiting days.

Afternoon brought another trip to the agency, still blank of news. The life of Papeete went on about us: the fashioning of landing-boats in the shipyards, the slow trafficking in the shops, the bicycles, passing, passing to and fro.

Afternoon deepened over the drowsy town; shops and offices closed; the sky assumed pale tender hues; the rocky pinnacles of Moorea glowed opalescent in the mellow light. At the hour when those we had left at Tepuka were sitting around their fires of husks with the good food of the land, Tupu and I, in those first days, would share again the dubious nourishment of *maa Tinito*. Once he came proudly bearing an orange, which he divided scrupulously, and again a bit of dry Chinese-baked cake. Once I bought a loaf of stale bread, Tupu produced from somewhere a ripe coconut, and we squatted, Tuamotu fashion, with that humble meal upon the deck. Sunset spread incredible streams of color on the sky; Moorea flamed in jewel-like loveliness, an unearthly world like that floating island which the god Tané pursued in vain, or the Hidden Land of Kane in Hawaiian legend, where flow the eternal waters of life.

"Let's go for a walk," suggested Tupu, and we wandered into the cool evening, as Papeete awakened from the somnolent heat of day. The town is rather dark at night; dotted with little groups of men and girls standing about, or sitting in corners with arms around each other. In one house there is music; in a dark street a girl leans against a man, embracing him with silent intensity. Twice a week there are motion pictures—third-rate American films or long-winded French serials, or religious subjects. Tupu derived perpetual entertainment from standing in the street watching the crowd, more people than he had ever seen assembled together in his life. I too found it amusing, for it was a show in itself: Tahitian and part-Tahitian girls in their best dresses, sprigs of native gardenia fragrant in their hair; French and Tahitian sailors, soldiers and gendarmes; mysterious women trailing tropical scents; bicycles whose riders waved electric torches by way of headlights; skirl of accordions in the theater before the show opened; lighted carts of Chinese vendors with ice cream cones, spirally peeled oranges, coconuts and cakes.

The first Sunday brought two memorable experiences for Tupu: his first movie, opening a new world of wonder, and his first ice cream cone.

"It is hot," he exclaimed; "it burns!"

There was an insinuating charm about the harbor backwater where the cutter lay: old schooners awaiting buyer or charter, older ones rotting away; dismantled hulks propped on stilts, serving as homes for native families and patched with panels of coconut leaf and odd bits of canvas or lumber. A Rurutu family lived in the wreck nearest us; we used to see the husband and father each day sweeping the refuse from the crumbling deck, as he followed in this foreign land the custom of his country where the housework is done by men. Fish leaped and splashed in the darkness; a cool breeze flowed down from the mysterious dark bulk of mountain; moonlight

flooded the deck, and from afar down the curving shore sounded guitars and soft Tahitian voices singing.

The fish worried us—so near and tempting. We rigged lines and angled over the low sides, but they would swallow no bait we could procure, or would nibble it daintily all around the hook and slish away with a saucy flick of gaudy striped tails.

To Tupu, who had lived from earliest childhood by fishing, this was a new experience. In his leisure hours he fashioned spears from poles tipped with filed nails, and we cast them mightily, but even the atoll-reared Tupu was not quick enough to capture these agile creatures. As funds sank lower, he borrowed Matini's tiny one-man canoe and paddled forth in quest of that never-failing resort of the hungry of his own land, the wavy-mouthed tridacna clam, but returned at sunset with an empty basket.

"In this country," he mourned, "I don't know the fishing places."

Maru the son of Maru, returning from a cruise on the government gunboat, led Tupu on another excursion for the elusive shellfish. They did come back with a catch, but it was pitifully small to feed Maru and his younger brothers and sister, and his sick wife, besides Tupu. I forbore to burden their generosity, and accepted only a single clam to comply with Polynesian courtesy.

Maru was a likable lad, with the straight nose and slightly slanting eyes, the warm brown skin and black straight hair of his family, a quick friendly smile beneath high cheek bones, and easy grace of limbs. He seemed only mildly curious for news of his relatives and former neighbors at Tepuka, even of his stormy-mooded sister and his youngest brother, Punua, that oddly lovable nuisance, purloiner of cigarette butts and beggar of onions. A gleam of recognition flickered in his soft brown eyes as he examined the tall-crowned hat I still wore.

"Made by Tauhoa," he identified it, appraising its skillful workmanship.

Maa Tinito soon lost all savor for me, though Tupu continued to consume and apparently to thrive on the repulsive, indigestible mess. As my acquaintance with alleyway Papeete grew, I dined in downtown shops where alleged European food was obtainable by going into back-room kitchens, pointing out this or that tray, and indicating how much one was prepared to spend. Now and then I indulged in the luxury of a real five-franc meal at the neat checkered table on the veranda of "the Czech's"—not only for the best food, to American taste, in Tahiti, but for talk with Americans and other foreigners who frequented the place.

Thus I learned to live reasonably well in Papeete on seven francs a day—forty-six and two-thirds American cents distributed over three meals. It is possible to exist, as Tupu and I did in our early days there, on thirty cents daily—but I do not recommend it.

Perhaps oversensitive, I did not seek out the "substantial citizens" of Papeete or the foreigners whose incomes permit them to live there. There were exceptions: Alex Stergios' memorable Rainbow cocktails with Charles Nordhoff in casual meetings at the Yacht Club; delicious salad luncheons and pleasant conversations over rum punches in the apartment of that prince of ethnologists Dr. Peter Buck; a walk to Arué beach or Fautaua with the wife and daughter of Captain Bill—exiles like myself, waiting through the weeks for news of a craft that came to seem a phantom ship, a Flying Dutchman of the South—and meetings with a few other friends. But for the most part I shrank from accepting courtesies I could not return.

And there was an added complication—it rained! Now rain, at sea or on a coral island, is nothing. But in Papeete, where fashion decrees white clothes . . .

There are no sidewalks, or at best a few very narrow and sporadic ones along some shop fronts. The first day in Papeete, I sallied forth in the white suit brought along on the trip solely for state occasions when it might be necessary to call on officials. Rain catapulted down, spattering chunks of the street to my knees. A rain coat was no protection: it did not cover these most vulnerable parts, and after wearing it a few minutes in that steaming heat, I was as wet as from rain. One call was all I could make—then wait, in the ragged shorts or dungarees of shipboard use, for Matini's wife to beat the mud out of the whites, and the rain to cease long enough for her to dry them. Rain fell every day for weeks. As I have said, I had not contemplated more than a passing call in Tahiti.

This business of white clothes is quite serious. Even the school children one meets on the road look carefully to see what one is wearing before giving the salutation they have been taught: "*Bon jour, m'sieur!*" If a man is wearing white trousers, he's a *Popaa.* If not . . .

There was no light for working aboard the *Tiare* at night—only the feeble glimmer of the tiny cabin lamp and the glow of moon or stars on the deck. One could but sit alone, following the play of the night lights in the water, or move with the tide of Papeete citizenry that converges in the early evening to the little triangular park that looks out upon the waterfront; there to watch the flow of life that issues so astonishingly by night from the flower-hung inland streets—a life full of the scent of gardenia and jasmine and soft voices, of guitar notes and singing, yet sad, tainted with a melancholy flavor of corruption and decay.

Here too, on the low stone benches, sat the exiles, the beachcombers, the fugitives and wanderers; the impoverished, the merely idle—careless young men, lured by elusive tropical charms to this backwater of decadence and disintegration;

vain older ones, desperately, pathetically pursuing lost youth beneath the scented darkness. One by one they sat beside me, silent or garrulous, each with his gnawing worry, each with his sultry sorrow in his breast.

M— was a Hollywood script writer, so he said, seeking quiet from a nervous breakdown, seeking peace that forever eluded him; nursing an acid hatred of his father who, he asserted, had poisoned his youth and continued to frustrate his maturity. He would sit by the hour talking of the curative power of faith and recounting the numerous physical ills he had overcome by it—and all the while tormented by some obscure maladjustment, some secret canker that no faith and no medicine could heal. He was always on the point of taking some decisive step:

"I'll leave tomorrow morning for a bicycle tour around the island, to get away from Papeete into the country, where there is peace. I'll sail by the next schooner for the Tuamotu and find some savage atoll where I can forget both Papeete and Hollywood."

But these resolves never came to any action. He would be there in the park the next evening, gazing moodily out across the water, fretting over his wrongs and paralyzed by an inertia that no effort of his sickened will could break.

Q— had an unprofitable plantation on Raiatea, and he inveighed against the restrictions which made it almost impossible, he said, for a foreigner to do business. He was fond of discussing everything from the slump in copra to the worldwide collapse of the economic system.

A young man sat down beside me to wait for a girl.

"Without a girl," he confided, "a fellow goes screwy in this place. . . . You're an American? So'm I. From New York, and my name's Seszwnsky. I've been in Chicago and Milwaukee; here about a year, on a plantation. Fed up with Tahiti. I want to go to the Tuamotu and live on fish and

coconuts. I can fish as well as any native. That's a real life. . . .

"*Fefe*," he declared, "is caused by going up the mountain for bananas and then bathing in salt water."

My medical friends' opinion that the real cause of elephantiasis—from which foreigners, as well as natives, suffer in the damp districts—is a filaria transmitted by mosquitoes, did not impress him.

"They're all wet. All the natives say it's from getting overheated and then bathing in the sea."

"You're both wrong," said Karsten. "It's in the drinking water. Ever see a Chinaman with *fefe?* They don't drink water; only tea, and boil the water for that."

"They also sleep under mosquito nets," I reminded him.

Frank was one who liked Papeete. He picked strawberries in California each year until he had saved enough money for a few months in Tahiti. When the money was gone, he returned to California on his round trip ticket to pick more strawberries and earn another Tahitian visit.

Tom (which wasn't his name) went back and forth on some mysterious business, referred to only with tight-lipped evasion—possibly, we guessed, narcotic smuggling. Under his quiet, suave manner one could read, far back in his cold gray-blue eyes, the hard ferocity of a gangster.

Karl, a scarred young Austrian war veteran, lived in the country and slept on Bob's ship when he came to town to do his marketing, bringing a different girl each Saturday night to his mat on the deck forward of the galley. She would greet me merrily and without a trace of embarrassment as she passed me on her way to the precarious gangplank in the dawn.

Joe appeared one evening with a very pretty girl, who pressed against him affectionately and finally suggested they go home.

"I've been living with her two years," he said, in English.

"At first she was extravagant and flighty, but now she's calmed down and behaves very well. They're all wrong when they say there's no love in these native girls."

"Temoana has left Jerry," reported Fred. "It's a rare girl that stays with a man more than three days."

An elderly Dane in a sailor cap, whom I never heard called anything but "Ruau," that is, "Old Man," sat in the park every evening, surrounded by girls, who played upon his vanity or susceptibility and made sport of him in French and Tahitian among themselves.

A younger Dane, addressed by the girls as "Mama Po," was another waiter for a ship. He had, he said, operated a store in a Central American country; earthquake, fire and revolution had destroyed the business; he had shipped on a yacht and been left at the Marquesas; had managed to come as far as Papeete and had stowed away several times for American or European ports, but always had been discovered and shipped back.

He was subsisting frugally by repairing typewriters. Foreigners in Tahiti seldom obtain employment or are able to engage in business, but apparently he filled a need. It seemed he was the only typewriter repair man on the island.

His nickname had arisen from one of his misfortunes. In ill health and lacking money for hospital and medical care, he had consulted a Tahitian wise-woman who, aside from treating illnesses, also dealt, it was said, in love potions and other charms and spells. Her methods of therapy, as far as I could learn, consisted mainly of copious draughts of coconut water accompanied by incantations. This woman bore the appropriate name of Mama Po, literally Mother Night, and the name had been transferred, in jest, to her luckless "patient," the Dane.

"Could you make out the flag on the ship?" he inquired eagerly. "Is she a Danish ship?"

A long, rusty freighter had appeared off port in the late

afternoon and was anchored in the darkness awaiting daylight to enter.

"If a Danish ship would come, I could get home."

Passing the coal dock next morning, I could see that she was indeed a Danish ship, come down from Makatea, that upraised coral island where phosphate is dug from the sharp-clawed cliffs, where there is no harbor and ships moor to great steel buoys that plunge with the tossing seas.

"Mama Po" went aboard in high hope, and came away so cast down that I did not see him sober again for a week.

"It would have to be this ship, of all ships," he mourned. "My partner at Guadalupe Ruiz cheated them. He cheated me, too, but they blame me for it. Nothing I could say would convince them."

It wasn't so bad, I told him. After all, this ship was returning to Makatea and steaming thence to Australia; she would not go back to Denmark for two years. Meanwhile, another Danish ship was expected.

But Mama Po was a waif of misfortune. I have little doubt that he is still keeping the typewriters of Papeete oiled and adjusted, and sitting of evenings on a stone bench in the Place de la Mutualité, looking out to sea for some ship that may take him home.

All of them were discontented, in varying degree, without, I was convinced, being fully conscious of the underlying reasons for their discontent. Papeete is neither civilization nor the primitive, but near enough to both to aggravate maladjustments. They were critical mainly of local conditions and policies which hindered foreigners in doing business. Though I could sympathize with individual misfortunes, I could only reflect that there were too many foreigners and too much business already. But there it was: a triangle of mutual dislike and suspicion: French, non-French whites, and Chinese—and the aboriginals themselves carrying on their lives placidly, corrupted and enfeebled by the things that civilization had

brought them, but, on the whole, less dispossessed than in some Polynesian lands.

So they would sit in the park, gossiping and comparing grievances, and chatting with the street-girls who passed in singing twos and threes, and watch the life that blossomed in the cool evening.

Bob and Ida, with flowers in their hair, would stroll down the unpaved street, the young mother's sister leading their blond-haired son Coco; stopping at dimly lighted street-carts to chaffer with Chinese merchants for cakes or peeled oranges. With them might be their neighbors Carole and Miri, who would bait the Old Man, with derisive asides in Tahitian or French. A famous beauty was pointed out: a handsome young woman, but scarcely sufficiently so, I thought, to justify the legend.

"A young man in New York saw her picture in a newspaper, and came to Tahiti to meet her. When he learned that she was registered with the police and carried a *carte de sanitation*, like the rest of the girls, he was broken-hearted. . . ."

And went home, one story said; another, that he killed himself in despair.

A little Frenchman addressed as "Baldy" wandered from group to group of girls, meeting rebuffs—just why, nobody ever explained. A wild-haired, savage-looking woman whom they called "Ghost-girl," stalked dourly among us. She had a mania for stealing bicycles. She had even, they said, stolen one belonging to a gendarme. She had been deported to the Marquesas, but the Marquesas wouldn't have her, and here she was, back again, looking for more bicycles.

Simmons, the Negro pie-vendor, tapping his cane on the ground, discoursed weightily on world and local affairs, parried rallying queries as to his success in Chinese gambling games, and joked with the street-girls by whom, according to his own account, he was much sought.

"Don't let them overcharge you," he advised newcomers. "The standard rate is two francs, or five for all night."

The evening ends early in Tahiti. By nine o'clock or so the crowd would have thinned: householders, after taking the air in the park, to their homes and beds; the girls to their assignations or to the pool rooms and Tony's and Quin's; the beachcombers and tourists with them or following their own devices.

I would walk slowly through the dim street, past the little knots of girls and men, groups of red-topknotted sailors from the gunboat or soldiers from the militia barracks, toward Fareute. Tupu would appear mysteriously, like a dream ape conjured from the shadow of night, chattering in Tahitian and Tuamotuan and making tentative proposals to such unescorted girls as we passed or met, who never gave evidence of resentment.

It was peaceful on the deck of the cutter, with star or moonlight reflected from the water, ghostly shapes of schooners swinging at moorings left and right; and the night, fragrant with tropical flowers, covering the tawdry ugliness of the colonial town. Canoes passed, paddles splashing softly; women's voices sounded from them, in the island tongue. Bells of the churches counted the hours; lesser bells of the *Tiare Tahiti* and of the schooners, aboard which caretakers wound clocks and pumped bilges daily, tinkled their record of the passing night.

A huge truck drove up to Méré's door, between the head-high walls of flower-starred hedges. Hostess and guests piled in, and we clattered singing—some dancing on the swaying floor of the vehicle—over the dusty road to Fautaua and the Bain de Loti.

That valley-cradled pool, where Loti had met his Rarahu in scenes of untroubled natural beauty, had changed in the three months and more since I had first visited it. Civilization

had overtaken the green valley of Fautaua. Where a mountain stream had rippled over black lava boulders between banks deep in bush and fern, eddying in a small pool into which girls dived feet first from overhanging rocks—now a smooth concrete dam backed up the water between high lateral walls, from which steps led down to the augmented pool. Picnic tables stood beneath the trees; a line of rude dressing-rooms emitted a constant stream of bathers, and a policeman stood on guard, warning Sunday merrymakers that dancing was forbidden.

It is a civic improvement in which Papeete takes much pride. No doubt there is merit in thus enlarging the facilities of the pool so that more people can enjoy it at one time, rather than to keep it, for sentimental reasons, in its wild state; but what would Pierre Loti, whose sculptured features look down serenely on the scene, have thought of forbidding dancing!

We swam in the cool fresh water that sparkled clean and inviting in the sunlight, and afterward sat at the tables eating little cakes and drinking the good light wine of Tahiti, and singing—one may not dance at Loti's pool, but one may drink and sing.

Cassel and Delavan lived between Faaa and Punaauia, on a sand flat that looked almost like a low island as it curved into a shallow bay, its coconut palms leaning seaward over the tawny sand. They paid an insignificant rental for a tiny house, built partly of timber and partly of coconut fronds, and were living in the ideal way, for Tahiti—away from the town, near the sea, simply and as close to native style as is consistent with a white man's ideas of elementary comfort.

There was a sense of relaxation and peace in this seaside grove, after one had left the white dust of the Broom Road and corkscrewed down the uncertain path and wriggled through the barbed wire fences that barbarously enclosed an

enveloping estate. From the house the traveled road was not visible—only sand and trees, quiet water from which fish leaped with a gurgling swish and plunged back with a plop; a rude outrigger canoe drawn up on the beach.

A bunch of yellow-ripe bananas hung on the fronded veranda, opposite a net of sweet Tahitian oranges. Rows of books, sketches of Hawaiian and Tahitian scenes from Delavan's brush, American Indian basketwork, a flaming Navajo blanket, told of the interests of these sojourners. From a carved chest came heavy barbaric ornaments in silver and turquoise, a Navajo craft that one of my hosts had learned and on which he partly subsisted.

Squatting like a native over a fire of husks in the grove, Delavan cooked—not indeed native food, but a pan of rice fried in the Chinese manner.

"We lived mostly on fish at first," he said. "But lately we've been a bit tired of it. We'll have to go back to it soon, though, if one of us doesn't sell something."

Outwardly the place looked, in its tidiness, much like a native home. But Cassel and Delavan couldn't live like natives. Few white men can. The white man's restless mind and body demand activity; he has not the native's sense of repose. So they had laid out, on the trodden sand, a miniature golf course, and set up a board with scoring numbers chalked on it, at which to throw little darts. Thus does the feverish emptiness of the "civilized" mind seek relief in futile occupations from the boredom of an idyllic and easeful life.

We all went to the mail boat to see Cassel off for California. "I've got to get a job," he said.

In three months he was back in Tahiti, worn with futile job-seeking in the once-golden West, and glad to escape from the harassed atmosphere of a sick economic and political organism.

"It's useless," he reported. "Things going from bad to

worse. The islands are the only hope. Here at least one can live on fish."

One goes up the road from the sea, across a wooden bridge over a small stream, and through an obscure entrance between two Chinese coffee-shops, along a lane that bears prints of bare feet in dust or mud—a narrow path between humble houses half buried in tropical vegetation. Banana leaves hang broadly in fragrant air. A gardenia tree showers white bloom on the breeze. Guitars strum; soft voices sing in French and Tahitian. Here dwell simple people, living their lives more or less as all of us live them, asking only to be let alone.

A high faded red gate opens on a narrow walk leading to a house far back. Up a dark stairway, one comes out on a balcony overlooking the green dooryard and the slow stream. This was the home of Skipper Bob, my host on the *Tiare Tahiti.*

Ida put down the guitar to greet me with quiet Rarotongan courtesy. The shy, quiet girl whom they called, from her place of origin, Tautira, smiled slowly and continued sewing. Slender, vivacious Yvette, smoothing black straight hair with quick nervous fingers, talked rapidly in English, French and Tahitian, her husky, muffled voice breaking occasionally into song.

She was, she confided, of mixed blood, Polynesian from one of the farther islands, and Chinese, but had been brought up by a Tahitian family.

"My mother gave me away when I was a baby, because I was so white and looked more Chinese than Polynesian. I am not strong; I did not have good care when I was little, and I was not suited to that life as the natives are.

"I like very much the Americans. My sweetheart was American, from Meeseeseepi. He said he would come back in three months, but he has not come. Our baby was blond, like the baby of Bob and Ida, but he died.

"Now, I am finished with love. It is too hard for the heart. Sometimes I love; sometimes I hate. I am not like these Tahitians: when I love I love, and when I hate I hate!"

Yvette informed me that I looked like "Jean Barrymore," which doubtful compliment obviously was intended to bring out a statement of her own resemblance to some celebrity of the screen. As I did not rise to the bait at once, she asked me what cinema actress she looked like.

"Anna May Wong," I guessed, at a venture.

The fact was, Yvette fancied she looked like Dolores del Rio, and habitually arranged her hair and costume to heighten the supposed resemblance.

"Today is my birs'day," said Yvette. "You mus' *baiser la main.*"

Singing a song of broad humor with an innocent refrain about "*les fraises et les framboises,*" Yvette tripped away to renew her Dolores del Rio makeup. We overheard the old woman with whom she lived, grumbling in Tahitian:

"A no-good girl; she asks her men only to buy her clothes, and earrings, and ornaments for her hair, and eats our food, who have not enough for ourselves. Why doesn't she get food from the men?"

Yvette's voice rose a little higher in the irrelevant refrain of "the strawberries and the raspberries." Breaking off:

"An' w'en I love, I love; an' w'en I hate, I hate!"

The almost full moon was veiled with light cloud. Fareute and the schooners reflected in it were silvered with ghostly light. Mist hid Moorea; lights were bright along the Paré shore, and there was singing and laughter in the streets. I awoke, as the ship's clock chimed six bells, to hear guitars and singing near at hand. Here were Bob and Harry and Frank, with three girls and a guitar. Tupu came, grinning bashfully, from his lair below, where he had taken refuge from the unaccustomed chill of Papeete nights, and we

danced in the Tepuka manner on the moon-bathed deck, to the huge amusement of the visitors. Tetua, a brown, smiling young woman with a great walrus-tooth bracelet curved round her plump arm, danced opposite us, Tahitian fashion, with verve and abandon.

The guests left about midnight, and I returned to my mat, only to be awakened by angry voices and the thud and crash of breaking crockery from the house at the shore end of our gangplank where a shipbuilder lived with three young and pretty women, all sisters, whom I had seen often swimming in the harbor alongside or sunning their hair, singing "*Aime moi, comme on aime une rose*" in low, pleasant voices.

The moon at four o'clock was so bright that sleep was impossible, but it was worth a few more hours awake to see the sun rising and the moon setting over the harbor at the same time.

Two girls sat down beside me, in the Place de la Mutualité, and began talking, as people do the world over, about the weather.

"Who is your sweetheart?" inquired at length the plump one in red.

"I have no sweetheart in this country."

"Why not?" she inquired, simply.

How explain to these children of nature the conventions of the white men's civilization, which are so frequently ignored by the white men with whom they have come in contact? A few attempts convinced me that it was futile.

"*Aita moni,*" I finally replied, to end the conversation with an answer as simple as the question. "No money"—here at last was something they could understand.

So I came to know those waifs of the unequal struggle between civilization and the primitive—the street-girls of Papeete. As they grew accustomed to see me in the park, and to chat with me in my halting Tuamotuan-Tahitian and in

scraps of English that some of them knew, we became acquainted sufficiently so that they told me something of their life. Here was one who was neither a customer nor a potential exploiter; in some sense an exile, as were most of themselves, stranded and existing precariously in the city by the sea. Something of an enigma to them, too—a *Popaa* who had "no money," although all *Popaa* are fabulously rich, and who spoke in Tuamotuan, which they had been brought up to consider the barbarous dialect of a race of cannibals. So I became to them *te Popaa Paumotu*—the Tuamotu White Man.

They would sit on the benches, gaily gossiping and making gentle, if broad, jests; would give me fragrant sprays of gardenia or jasmine and offer to share with me their small treats of oranges, young coconuts and carefully divided little cakes. One, jestingly voicing a suspicion that my "poverty" was a more immediate one than that of money, handed me half of a hard-boiled egg bought from the ubiquitous Chinese wagon-peddler.

"Eat!" she commanded. "It will make you strong!"

When I contributed a bottle of the light, white wine that is so good in Papeete, and so cheap, confidence was firmly established.

Scarcely one of them was a native of Papeete; few of them even of the island of Tahiti. They came from the country districts, from neighboring islands, a few even from Rapa, Rurutu, Mangareva, one or two from the western Tuamotu. Most of them had, however, relatives in the city, poor like themselves. There was no employment, even if they had wanted to work or had known how. So they had drifted into that occupation, so casually and desultorily conducted in Papeete, which seems to be accepted there less critically than in America.

Even so, it was a puzzle how they lived. When a liner was in port—once a month each way—the girls, like their relatives the stevedores, were busy; in the weeks between, they apparently had little to do, unless taken to live with one or another of the unattached tourists who spend a month or so, between boats, on the island.

"Two francs," Simmons had said, "and five for all night"—at the then current exchange, thirteen cents and thirty-three, a pitiful wage for youth and sometimes beauty. The girls said, however, that there were no fixed rates, though these might represent a minimum. Men gave what they would, according to individual generosity. It was to some extent a survival of the old Polynesian custom of exchange of gifts. A girl got what she could—a dress, a pair of earrings, a bracelet, a few francs for food.

Between boats, they lived on relatives when they could, and on the proceeds of brief liaisons with residents or visitors.

Tetua, the dancer of the moonlit deck, said she rarely had affairs at these times.

"If a boat comes," she said, "all right. . . ."

One called The Quietness was one of the unloveliest of feature, if one of the kindest-hearted, Polynesians I had seen. Her broad, pockmarked face grew out of a shapeless body, and her breath tainted the flower-laden evening with the odor of decayed teeth. I made discreet inquiries to determine how this female Caliban met the formidable competition of her handsomer associates. It appeared that she, for one, had a job.

"I take care of the children of a French family," she explained. "I have stayed with many men in my lifetime, but—it's too much trouble!"

Some lived permanently with relatives, but most of them had rooms in those flowering lanes that dive inland from behind the Chinese coffee-shops; lanes of little houses with faded paint peeling from walls and crumbling, termite-eaten steps sloping dangerously from narrow broken-down verandas; each house with its cement-floored outdoor washroom, where the mountain water so abundant in Tahiti makes a

musical sound as it drips night and day from leaking pipes.

Not only they live there. It is no segregated district. In those lanes, men in faded dungarees and women in bright cotton dresses sit on crazy steps in gathering darkness and smoke; someone plays a guitar and sings, a little out of tune. It is a mournful song, about the sea and going away, and being "lost in the foaming sea"—a farewell song.

A group of men drinking wine in the street press passersby to drink with them. A child wails in one of the poor but somehow scarcely squalid houses; farther down the lane the melancholy singing drifts on:

> "This is the road my body goes:
> lost in the foaming sea.
> Alas! alas indeed!
> Beneath the burning heat of day
> I will remember you,
> Tahiti, pearl of the sea!"

There was no organized system, and no evidence of male "protectors," though the girls pointed out a foreigner who, they said, sometimes arranged matters for woman-hungry tourists. But there was government regulation. Every girl who is not living with parents or responsible relatives, nor regularly employed, is required, they said, regardless of her morals or lack of them, to carry the *carte de sanitation* and submit to weekly examination. We used to see them coming from the station Saturday mornings, happy that their record was good, assured of another week's freedom. Those whose examination failed to show health, did not return. They were kept in detention for treatment.

Taui was from Raiatea—a small, sunny-spirited girl of seventeen, who displayed with pride a card showing a perfect record of health week by week from the beginning a year or more before, and who chattered about her life without

a trace of embarrassment. She had lived with an Australian, whose picture she showed with evident pride, kissing it fondly, and folded in with her police card she carried some of his letters, extracts from which she read aloud. Her mother, she said, had approved of him, because he was "a good man" —meaning, no doubt, a generous one.

"He funny man," she commented. "He like to love me all the time; my goo'ness!"

Taui and Miriama-Tetua were in love, for the time, with two sailors of a ship in port, to whom they would bring pitiful little gifts of mangoes and oranges, and heavy-scented wreaths of Tahitian gardenias. Miriama-Tetua was tall and light-olive-skinned, with a sad smile, a gentle seriousness of demeanor, and a repertoire of songs in Tahitian and badly garbled French. When a barnacle gashed my foot as I climbed upon the pier from a swim in the harbor, it was Miriama-Tetua who pressed and bathed the wound to squeeze out and wash away any poison.

Rinia was dark and savage of countenance, with a lively taste for wine white or red, and, when she could get it, for "rhum punch." She always appeared with a big-eyed, noisy, yodeling singer who she said was her sister, and Rosa, whose features betrayed a Latin origin. The three, in shorts and improvised brassières of strips of pareu cloth, swam daily in the harbor, diving with whoops of merriment from a buoy beyond Fareute, and at night would sing, on the decks of ships at dock, newly devised Tahitian versions—usually unquotable without expurgation—of the latest Hawaiian songs to reach Papeete in recordings.

The song heard oftenest in Papeete at that time, however, was set to a familiar hymn tune, but with a text secularized out of all resemblance to the version known to my Sunday School days. The Tahitians had liked the tune so well they had made a love-song of it.

How shall one find the mean between literal and free translation of these frank *himene?*

"Come to me, my dear one," was its thought; "for here I am, to meet you in the night. When will you come to me? The moon has risen above our bed, to drive away our trouble. Alas, alas, the sorrow of this love!"

It was a favorite selection of the orchestra in Papeete's one cinema theater. I recall its once-sacred cadence being played through a Wild West film, to be broken off abruptly as the preview of the next Sunday's feature—a religious subject—was flashed on the dingy screen; whereupon the orchestra struck up brightly: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!"

Erena, the most interesting character of them all, was a Tuamotuan from the island of Fakarava. She was tall and very slender, with great glowing dark eyes and a bush of stiff night-black hair above drawn features not without remnants of a wild beauty. We would talk in Tuamotuan, which she seemed glad to hear, and she would sing in her low, husky voice, in which there was a note of doomed sadness. Looking at her, I knew that Erena had not many more nights of song and laughter under the stars. She was bleeding away inwardly with tuberculosis; already she breathed twelve times to the normal once of any of us; the broken lungs could barely sustain life. With a feverish gaiety against the somber background of impending death, she glowed fitfully in the tropic night—a Mimi of a South Seas "Bohème."

I thought of Rarahu's letter to Loti: "Alas, the arum flower that was once so pretty: alas, the flower is faded. . . ."

"Taui and Miriama wept last night," she was saying, in her hoarse Tuamotuan, "because their lovers are going away. I told them, 'You are silly to weep. Tomorrow another ship will come.'"

There spoke the philosophy of islands that know so many

partings, so many lovers who sail away to return no more, but islands to which always must come "another ship."

"Go back to the Tuamotu," I urged her, remembering the recovery of Pakiuma at Tepuka from a similar illness a few years before. "The dry air of the coral islands will heal your lungs."

"By the next sailing of the *Vaite*," she promised, "I will go to my uncle at Fakarava."

But Erena was not to see again the low palm-crowned shore of Fakarava or its iron-roofed houses gleaming under the sun. Within a few weeks after our departure, in a little port in the Isles Under the Wind, Wili the Rapa boy, on an inter-island schooner that lay alongside us, brought the news:

"*Aue!* the poor Erena—dead!"

The arum flower had withered.

Miriama-Tetua leaned over the guitar in her lap, and a tear splashed on my hand where I sat on the deck below her place on the low rail.

"I shall turn in my card when Tom goes," she said, in Tahitian, "and live with my relatives, to wait till he comes back."

Her hand struck a clanging chord; she lifted her sad dark head and sang the song that, more than any other, typifies the spirit of the Papeete waterfront:

> "Love me, as one loves a rose
> a sun-ray quickens to its brief unclosing;
> love me, as the jasmine grows,
> pouring its fragrance to the night's reposing.
> Pluck me, I am your rose, your flower,
> that blooms but for this little transient hour:
> Pluck me, your flower, for this night's joy to be—
> soon the flower closes, for your heart and me."

Rinia bent over me as she stepped away with a tall blond sailor.

"Let me stay with you," she whispered quickly in Tahitian. "I don't care for this man; you are my friend, a friend to us all, a good man."

I replied in the conventional idiom, which might be translated, "Run along; I'm staying here."

As she turned to accompany the sailor, Rinia bent again and sank strong teeth savagely into my shoulder.

"I could kaikai you!" she said fiercely in beach-English, and disappeared.

Porina held herself a little aloof from the others, conveying an obscure sense of mystery. She was warm earth-brown and generously curved, with wavy dark hair and luminous Polynesian eyes, and an engaging full-lipped smile. Her favorite song was "The Jasmine-Flower"—another lament of ships that sail away, leaving only "the dream within my heart."

Porina was not a professional, if a line may be drawn between professional and amateur in that land of blurred distinctions. She was a housekeeper or maid in the home of an official's family, yet apparently not averse to an occasional adventure. Rivalry had developed between a first mate and a cadet making his first voyage, for the affections of this somewhat reserved beauty, and it was evident that she was enjoying the situation.

"I'll give you twenty-five francs to get Jim drunk tonight," the young sailor offered his friends. As the first mate seldom drank, this scheme never came to anything. Then a tattered native came aboard with a pocketful of small pearls, which he offered for ten francs each. They may have been synthetic pearls manufactured in Japan or Europe and "planted" in some lagoon to be hauled out for gullible tourists, but they looked all right. Eddy bought three, and was seen in earnest conversation with Porina on the forward hatch. As she mounted her bicycle and rode away, he confided:

"I couldn't get her to break her date with Jim entirely, but she promised to send him home at eight o'clock."

And so she did, for the mate ambled dourly aboard shortly after that hour and retired to his quarters without a word, while young Eddy, they said, was missing from the ship all that night.

"That girl is no good," insisted Wili, who knew all the port gossip. "She has a child by a Chinaman, and just now her native lover is sick in the hospital, and the police have taken away her card."

"That's all nonsense," protested Eddy. "They're jealous because she's better than they are."

Porina herself seemed honest enough about it.

"It is true I have had a child by the *Tinito*. I told Eddy it was my sister's child, because he is a stranger to this country and wouldn't understand. Before I got the job at the officer's house, I had no way to buy food or clothes, and I lived with the Chinaman. What was wrong in that?

"As for my native lover, he caught the illness in Mangareva, on his last voyage. I haven't had anything to do with him since."

"She's different," the first mate maintained, spitting over the rail into the harbor as we watched a Tahitian diver go down for incredibly long periods to salvage lumps of coal.

And indeed Porina preserved to the end an aura of distinction. Perhaps it was because she avoided the sometimes rough manners, bold approaches and the more boisterous songs of her ruder companions. She was gracious, but a bit withdrawn, and always that wide rich smile and warm full voice flowed down the singing nights.

So passed evenings outwardly gay with laughter and wine and song, but tinged always with that underlying sadness that flowers darkly in all tropic lands. Around them the deep rose of night unfolded vast purple petals. And in the eternal

sky that had seen the fading of so many arum flowers, so many partings—far, high, above all laughter and all tears, glittered and wheeled the cold indifferent stars.

The northbound "Mail" ship came in, making a rare busy day in Papeete. Men hurried to answer a month's accumulation of letters that had arrived on the southbound boat one working day earlier. Girls of the town strolled in pairs or threes up and down the wharf or climbed furtively or boldly aboard. Citizens and visitors alike watched the unwonted activity.

A few tourists disembarked; there were a few leis. The young American who acts as chauffeur, adviser, guide and arranger of entertainment was busy with his huge second-hand car full of sightseers.

But there was an undertone of something unusual about the waterfront . . . men gathering in groups and talking in low tones; somebody shouting out something unintelligible in Tahitian and bad French; an unaccustomed tensity in the air.

"There may be a fight tonight," Manu reported with evident glee. "The agent has fired all the regular stevedores, who got four francs a day, and hired younger men at three francs. He thinks that's a smart trick: the younger men can work faster and get less pay."

It was disquieting, this intrusion of economic struggle into the peaceful island world where by all tradition and fiction it could not exist. The Mail boats call once a month in either direction; the Messageries Maritimes less often, and a few freighters make port between. Four francs was less than thirty cents in American money; even in Tahitian purchasing power it was less than a dollar. Now this pitiful wage had been cut to twenty cents, or the equivalent of about sixty cents' worth of food, clothing and shelter.

But even in labor disputes, the Polynesian mind works somewhat differently from the European. Resentment centered not so much against the reduction in pay as against the dismissal of the veteran stevedores.

All my waterfront acquaintances, save Porina's luckless suitor Jim, sympathized with the aggrieved laborers. The street girls inveighed in rapid French and Tahitian and stumbling English against the injustice of the agent; park loiterers abetted them or looked on in cynical amusement. Knots of men gathered in shadows or in pale pools of light as night deepened over the Quai de Commerce—but, as often is the case in those countries, though there was much talk and gesticulation, nothing happened.

"We won't go aboard that ship," Tera'i announced.

Apparently the street-girls had called a sympathetic strike!

Next morning the ship was to sail. Wreathed tourists climbed the inclined plank; homegoing beachcombers withdrew lingeringly or hurriedly from the embraces of flower-crowned weeping girls; agents, ship's officers, gendarmes and port dignitaries strutted importantly to and fro.

And again nothing happened. The hour for sailing passed; the next hour, and the next. Passengers tripped back down the plank; the crowd scattered slowly as the heat of noon closed in.

"The engine room is on strike," Wili reported. "They won't move the ship until the old stevedores have been hired back at the old rate and have unloaded all the cargo and loaded it again."

The night was noisy with banging of empty oil drums, clatter of voices, creaking of winches, as cargo was lowered and rolled and dumped on the wharf and back into the hold.

The strike had won. Solidarity of labor had shown essential humanity: the "black gang" of white men in the engine room had rescued the brown men of the wharf from an attempt to encroach upon their meager livelihood.

"They ought to all be lined up and shot," was the reaction of Jim, the mate.

"A typical white folks' philosophy," I retorted, "that guns are the answer to all things. It is that philosophy that will destroy the white man's civilization."

With leis and tears and soft calls of "Life to you! Come back!" the ship sailed, and Papeete sank back into its tropical apathy for another month.

"Your ship will be here any day now," said Mama Po, as he said every night. "Look! Isn't that a ship's running-light out there at the harbor entrance now?"

It was only a star, appearing to move as clouds flowed past. I made my way down the long waterfront street and through the shipyards where the dogs now knew me and refrained from rending the night with savage growls, to where the *Tiare Tahiti* swayed at her moorings in the dark water, and lay on the mat on the cabin roof as I had done so many nights in this weary enchantment of waiting.

As I drifted to sleep, to the gurgle of water and creak of lines and plank, a sound aroused me. Had I been dreaming? No, there it was again, the *Islander's* whistle, followed by the rapid shuffling sound of her engine. I had fallen asleep too many times to that sound, in the fo'c'sle of that ship, to mistake it.

As I reached the wharf, Alec and Enoka were tying her up. It was a battered-looking ship and crew, bearing the scars of four months' voyaging since I had last seen them, in the seas where so many ships that summer had been lost.

"It is dirty, that ship!" commented the little monkey-faced West Indian from Martinique—for the girls had already gathered to look over the new arrivals.

Indeed, the sampan looked none too tidy: her cabin roof piled high with old gear and moldering provisions; her paint

scarred and faded and worn away; the iron wrenched off her bow and the great cross-timber over which the anchor is hauled broken off short with the buffeting of seas; the drying-house, aft, scorched with fire. Her crew was almost as scarred and soiled: bulging bandages and splotches of poison-pink mercurochrome and fever-red permanganate marked the wounds, boils and sores of months at sea and many an encounter with lava or coral; legs limped; beards spread over familiar Honolulu faces the aspect of the tropical jungles through which they had fought; clothes were in even more tattered shreds than mine, and my shipmates were devoured by every kind of vermin known to the southern isles.

"Welcome aboard: we have fleas from Rapa, lice from Rurutu and bedbugs from Mangareva. Ray has boils; Mac is full of coral cuts; Tané's sores are worse than ever; Kahiu has the same running nose he had when we left Papeete. The skipper has eczema in his throat; Dr. Cooke got his leg caught between the boat and a landing; Ernest has a finger as big as two thumbs.

"We almost lost the ship three times: caught in the tide rip in the lagoon of Hao; stood on end in storm between Pitcairn and Henderson; on fire at Rapa.

"But we're here . . . *Ia ora na! Aloha! Wela ka hao!*"

She looked good to me, that long, low, sharp-nosed, flat-bottomed, reeling craft and her hard, sun-darkened company. No more *maa Tinito*, no more wondering whether the last few francs would hold out until my ship arrived. No more anxiety lest they all had been lost on some fanged reef or sunk in the lonely spaces of the South Pacific.

"Beer! Beer! Beer!" chanted my refound shipmates, after the round of backslapping and handshakes. We trooped, a ruffian horde of tatterdemalions, across the street to Bohler's bar. From the waterfront came the strum of guitars and the sound of gold-brown voices singing:

"This is the road my body goes,
lost in the foaming sea. . . ."

The *Tiare Tahiti* was off to the Tuamotu again to join Keneti and Te Rangi Hiroa—for the latter, growing impatient with the slow progress of repairs on the cutter, had sailed by a copra schooner.

Boarding her for the last time, I looked again at the ship that had been my home in these lonely days and nights, and the last link with the Tuamotu. Her keel had parted those waters; the bare brown feet of my friends had trodden her decks. I scattered on the harbor the last gray and white plumes of the feather wreath little Maroma had given me, and another bit of my island floated away with the morning tide.

The *Tiare* sailed out through the pass, the last sight of her the flag fluttering from her stern; I thought how Paunu and his people had stood thus and watched us out of sight, waving bravely in the noon sunlight.

We were saying good-by to Tahiti the next day, too. Here was another period in the strange mysterious flow of time and human life. The decks had been scrubbed, the hull repainted and repaired; the festering Tané banished; the fo'c'sle purged of its insect life with cyanide. New lands again were before us under the notched horizon of the sea, and after them—home! For us now the parting songs:

"This is the road my body goes . . .
Beneath the burning heat of day
I will remember you,
Tahiti, pearl of the sea!"

And so we sailed, eager for home, yet with an aching consciousness of the approaching end of peace. We were coming back to shoes, underwear and the battering of pavements; to

definite times and seasons; to occupations involved with the manipulation of intangibles; to the caprices of those who wield power of life and death by the giving or withholding of employment. Coming back also to fresh milk, ice cream, cold beer—or to the lack, amid plenty, of these things—back to home and dear ones and to all the intricate mesh of blessings and curses, of conveniences and burdens, that our race has woven for itself. Back to the pavements—but none of us, perhaps, wholly back; something of us would remain on the straight clean sea roads and among the straight clean roads of primitive minds; the feel of coral reefs and of high untrampled places would not wholly leave our feet, nor our eyes forget the look of wide waters and of red-fringed coral islands in the dawn.

A letter comes. It has been months on the way. It is written, by a kind and considerate hand, in the simplest Tuamotuan phrases, adapted to the limited understanding of the foreigner:

"Life to you! I, Maono Maetiu Arai, chief of Tepuka and Tepoto, greet you. There is no news at Tepuka Maruia. We are all well. It is being done according to your thought: the children are learning the ancient dances. We see well that this is a good work.

"Great is our regard for you two. This is my desire: that you send me pictures of yourselves and of your wives and your children, that we may look upon your faces though you are far away.

"This also is my desire: that you two come again to Tepuka Maruia, and bring me a phonograph and some records, and a fishline and some hooks, a pair of strong trousers and a glass-bottom box for fishing; a flashlight and some batteries, and many pictures.

"This is the desire of all of us, that you two come back to

Tepuka Maruia. For the love of all of us for you two is great.

"Life to you two, and to your wives and children.

"Written at Tepuka Maruia by Maono Maetiu Arai."

Two years—and there is no news at Tepuka Maruia. What a place for a newspaper man to rest!

tirara te parau

APPENDIX I

That Celebrated Lure

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN ASKED more in detail about our life on the more remote islands, and sometimes what preparations one should make who wants to go there.

In the first place, I do not advise anybody to go. People accustomed to the convenience, sanitation and ease of communication of civilized life can have no idea of the difficulties and hazards that such an undertaking involves. Emory is probably right in saying that in descriptions of the islands, which have dwelt on their pleasant and picturesque features, I have painted too attractive a picture. And except for an interest in the study of native life and culture, there is little to draw anybody to visit them.

It may therefore be well to note here the difficulties.

First, the difficulty of getting there and of getting away again: this was solved for us by our connection with the Bishop Museum expedition, which had its own boats. Even so, it was found impossible to adhere to schedule. The *Tiare Tahiti* was nearly two months late in picking us up for return to Tahiti, and the *Islander* was three months longer in making the entire expedition than had been contemplated. Without such transportation, one would have to depend on copra schooners and native cutters, which make irregular and infrequent calls at the various islands.

One must, furthermore, obtain permission from the government authorities at Papeete to visit the outlying islands, and in this we were greatly aided by the influence of the Museum. Authorities there, as elsewhere, are likely to be suspicious of strangers who want to go to unusual places or do unusual things. We had a plausible reason, and the name of the Museum smoothed the

Tepuka Maruia. For the love of all of us for you two is great.
"Life to you two, and to your wives and children.
"Written at Tepuka Maruia by Maono Maetiu Arai."

Two years—and there is no news at Tepuka Maruia. What a place for a newspaper man to rest!

tirara te parau

APPENDIX I

That Celebrated Lure

I Have Often Been Asked more in detail about our life on the more remote islands, and sometimes what preparations one should make who wants to go there.

In the first place, I do not advise anybody to go. People accustomed to the convenience, sanitation and ease of communication of civilized life can have no idea of the difficulties and hazards that such an undertaking involves. Emory is probably right in saying that in descriptions of the islands, which have dwelt on their pleasant and picturesque features, I have painted too attractive a picture. And except for an interest in the study of native life and culture, there is little to draw anybody to visit them.

It may therefore be well to note here the difficulties.

First, the difficulty of getting there and of getting away again: this was solved for us by our connection with the Bishop Museum expedition, which had its own boats. Even so, it was found impossible to adhere to schedule. The *Tiare Tahiti* was nearly two months late in picking us up for return to Tahiti, and the *Islander* was three months longer in making the entire expedition than had been contemplated. Without such transportation, one would have to depend on copra schooners and native cutters, which make irregular and infrequent calls at the various islands.

One must, furthermore, obtain permission from the government authorities at Papeete to visit the outlying islands, and in this we were greatly aided by the influence of the Museum. Authorities there, as elsewhere, are likely to be suspicious of strangers who want to go to unusual places or do unusual things. We had a plausible reason, and the name of the Museum smoothed the

way. We even had a letter from the governor, enjoining all district chiefs and other officers to help us in every way possible, in the interest of science. The circumstance that this letter was written in French, which few Tuamotuans can read, was not as serious a disadvantage as it might seem. The official seals were impressive enough.

There is the language difficulty. Few Tuamotuans speak any European language, and the Polynesian language is virtually unknown in the United States outside the Territory of Hawaii. We were fortunate in this respect, for Emory already spoke Tahitian, and I had a useful, though slight, acquaintance with Hawaiian. Using as a basis a small Hawaiian vocabulary and some knowledge of the structure of the Polynesian language, obtained from thirteen years' residence in the islands, I was able, with the help of Emory and the natives, to acquire a vocabulary—amounting before I left to about one thousand words—which enabled me to converse to some extent with those who spoke simply and plainly and who were sufficiently patient with a foreigner's halting efforts to speak their language. Without this, life in the Tuamotu would have been lonely, and our difficulties would have been almost insurmountable.

There is the problem of subsistence. Romantic tales of Polynesian hospitality are founded largely upon mistaken notions of Polynesian exchange of gifts. Nowadays, at least, the Tuamotuan, through contact with traders, has become a shrewd bargainer, and I have a notion that even in more primitive times he expected something in exchange for what he gave. These are a poor people, living a hard and hazardous life, and they cannot afford to support strangers indefinitely.

We had, therefore, our own supplies: cases of tinned food, bags of potatoes, yams, etc., from Tahiti, and everything whose vital need we could foresee. These supplies were supplemented to some extent by local food, for gifts of which we were careful to make adequate return.

We had a small gasoline stove, to save the time and trouble of cooking in native fashion, and an assortment of kitchen utensils and dishes. Emory even had a gasoline lamp, which functioned but a night or two before its mechanism failed, leaving

us to depend on my kerosene lantern and a sparse afterthought-supply of candles.

Our life on the island was thus a compromise between native life and civilization—a primitive sort of camping. Contrary to native custom, we cooked and ate in the house. We slept, however, on mats, but with blankets for covering. For drinking water we depended largely on the natives' gifts of young coconuts, though we had a few cases of canned pineapple juice for emergencies, as drinking water on low islands may be scarce or unwholesome. At Tatakoto, for instance, the well water is believed to cause eruptions on the skin. Tepuka has a fairly good water supply, which we used in cooking and in washing dishes, and for bathing—the latter rite performed in our landlord's bathing enclosure or, at night, in the dooryard, with a small pan of water.

Writing materials, such tools as we might need, and all such oddments as needles and thread had to be brought with us. They are scarce in the islands.

Some food supplies could have been bought at the Chinese store, but they are scanty and irregular, and the prices high. And we could not take time from our studies for daily fishing, which is the natives' main subsistence, even had we had their skill. A native man spends the greater share of his day in that occupation.

Foreigners are prohibited from trading with natives, except, in case of necessity, for food. The principle of exchange of gifts, however, is recognized, and in our case at least no objection was made to our carrying a modest supply of ten-cent store scented soap, bandanna handkerchiefs, cheap jewelry, pocket-knives, and the like; marbles and hard candy for the children, and even a few very small bottles of perfumery, though we learned later that this article is forbidden in the islands because of its alcoholic content.

We could have increased our popularity greatly if we had had extra supplies of rough clothing to give our friends, who were particularly envious of our strong dungarees and palaka jackets from Honolulu. The easy Honolulu work-shoes, with soft

tops and automobile-tire soles, would also have been popular if we had had any large enough.

Money, too, contrary to romantic notions, is necessary in the South Seas of today. Natives will barter, but they know the uses of the Bank of Indo-China note and more particularly of the bronze Papeete Chamber of Commerce tokens that pass for "small change." It is well to carry a fairly large supply of that base coinage, for there are places where it is almost impossible to get a paper note changed.

A medical kit is necessary, and particularly a plentiful supply of alcohol, which is the only remedy, I was told, for "salt water sores" which are prevalent in those seas. The principal danger is from infections, which thrive in tropical countries. Every cut or scratch should be washed at once with alcohol, and watched for signs of poisoning. It was a combination of care, luck, strong constitutions and conditioning through years of life in Hawaii that enabled us to escape as far as we did; and even so, both Emory and I suffered once from infection—in my case, a highly dangerous one. More serious mishaps—acute appendicitis, or a broken bone, such as one might easily get while trying to land on an unprotected reef—would be impossible to treat. That is just one of the hazards.

We were prepared against elephantiasis by being supplied with mosquito nets—which, however, we did not use because nobody on the island was afflicted with that disfiguring form of filariasis. I afterward saw plenty of it in the high islands, but as we usually slept aboard the ship, well off shore, the nets did not come into use even then.

We were fortunate that Tepuka and Tepoto were free from serious diseases, for the conditions of life there are such as to guarantee the spread of any that once got a foothold. Habits are extremely gregarious, and sanitary arrangements do not exist. Living in the community, conditions being what they were, we should have been exposed constantly to whatever germs might have existed.

There are minor annoyances. For instance, practically all the children, and some of their elders, have head-lice. As the children particularly crowded around us at all times, it is surprising

that we never acquired these pests. There are fewer mosquitoes at these islands than in some others we visited, but innumerable flies, with the usual filthy habits of their kind. I never became accustomed to their crawling on my face when I tried to sleep in the afternoon.

Then, too, it is somewhat wearing to be under constant observation, like an exhibit in a human zoo. That is one of the disadvantages of a sojourn in a country where white people are so rare as to be objects of curiosity. One becomes accustomed to it, but it remains something of a strain.

So does the necessity for concentrated attention in conversation, to pick up every available word that is recognizable, so as to seize the meaning of the context. And likewise the converse: the effort to communicate even the simplest things, and more so, to shape thoughts foreign to the native mind into expressions intelligible to that mind. For the white man and the *maohi* remain to some extent a mutual mystery to each other. There is constant necessity for care in avoiding offense through unwittingly violating local custom. We were somewhat prepared for this by a knowledge of Polynesian customs in general, but the reader of the foregoing pages knows that we were not always successful in avoiding embarrassment.

Some cautions commonly given to travelers in tropical climates we found less necessary than had been expected. For instance, the near-equatorial sun proved less murderous than it is said to be. Though out of respect to insistent warnings we both wore hats for the first time in years, I spent many hours under the full sun in or on the lagoon, bareheaded and with no clothing but a scanty pair of bathing trunks, without even acquiring a deep tan. The glare of coral islands is said to be hard on the eyes, and I heard of persons whose sight had been seriously affected by it. Both of us were provided with black glasses, which we discarded after the first few days; however, both of us had been exposed for years to the sun in Hawaii, and I wore lightly tinted lenses throughout the expedition.

The light differs, in some way I do not understand, from light elsewhere, and the difference is likely to interfere with photography. One can't go by the rules, but has to work out,

by sad experience, one's own schedule of shutter-openings and exposures. Films spoil in tropical climates; Emory developed his miniature negatives in a small portable tank, at night, under the most primitive conditions, and obtained fair results; my larger kodak negatives were preserved in a tight can, with a matchbox filled with anhydrous salt, until I returned to Tahiti, where I learned that lack of adjustment to the light conditions, and mechanical imperfections in the kodak under the stress of sea wind and island dust, had ruined most of the pictures.

The authorities inspect closely every camera, typewriter or similar piece of equipment brought into the country, as there is a high tariff on these things. In our case, the influence of the Museum facilitated our entry, but we still had to account to the port officers, on leaving, for every camera, typewriter and roll of film we had brought in.

Specimens of native arts and crafts are also subject to inspection, as there seems to be some regulation against taking the more rare and genuine articles out of the country. This difficulty was also adjusted by the Museum, in the interest of science.

An item of equipment that inexperienced persons would be likely to neglect is an assortment of "parlor tricks" with which to entertain and gain the confidence of the natives. Emory's guitar was a great advantage in this respect, and my small repertoire of Hawaiian songs enabled me to make my way. For the natives crave entertainment, and a visitor who cannot contribute his share to an evening's *arearea* is deemed a dull fellow. Hawaiian dancing, and some simple acrobatic or juggling feats, would be valuable accomplishments.

A visitor should also have a liberal collection of pictures, including views of his home and portraits of members of his family. Emory's album of this nature was a universal favorite on the island. For Polynesians, with their emphasis on genealogy, take a keen interest in one's family relations, and ask all manner of questions: What is your wife's name? How old is she? How many children have you, and what are their names and ages? Is your marriage "completed"? (*i.e.*, solemnized by a ceremony). Are your parents living, and what are their names and ages? How many brothers and sisters? and so on.

A collection of illustrated magazines also proved a great attraction. A man on one of the more prosperous islands, questioning Emory as to how these had been obtained, was surprised to learn that for fifty or seventy-five francs it was possible to have a magazine sent to him for a year; having recently received some money for copra, he announced his intention of subscribing to the publication in question, though he could not read a word of its text. Geographical views proved the most fascinating to these people, and they never tired of turning over the pages and asking questions about this or that illustration.

Emory's portable phonograph, with a collection of Hawaiian records, enormously increased our popularity, and had a further use in keeping the young people occupied while he questioned a few of the better-informed elders, comparatively free from interruption. Classical and jazz numbers were not favored; nor were the slow tempo Hawaiian tunes; to be entertaining to these people, the music must be fast and spirited, with text that they can, at least in part, comprehend. Fast hula tunes with Hawaiian words were our most popular selections.

One really should make one trip to find out how to proceed; then come back again over the same ground to make use of that knowledge.

Most supplies, particularly food, can be obtained in Papeete, and it is an advantage to do so, even though some things cost more, to avoid the restrictions on bringing in foreign articles. If one bought, so far as possible, local or French goods, one might even, in times of favorable monetary exchange, get off cheaper by doing so.

I have been asked whether it would be possible for one weary of civilization to retire to such a country. The answer is that it would be possible, though difficult, and that if one did so, he probably would not remain contented there indefinitely. Unless one is able to enjoy native art expression to an extent to compensate him for what he is giving up, the restricted scope of life on a coral island or even a high island would become in time oppressive.

Still, it has been done, though most people who have done it enjoy it only so long as they are able to get away when they

want to. Exceptional characters, who appreciate native life and culture and are able to enter into it, might find it satisfying.

The material difficulties are somewhat formidable. In most islands, land is unobtainable, though by marriage or adoption one might obtain the use of it. In time perhaps one could acquire the native art of fishing. There is a tax on foreigners, collected for the first year after sixty days' residence, and payable at Papeete. For the first year, this amounts to five hundred francs; thereafter it is smaller.

There is an American couple at Rapa who, after a hard struggle, are maintaining themselves by agriculture. An American at Mangareva subsists in the same way, though he has long since given up any intensive application to industry, because the relatives of his native wife consume any surplus. I know of none in the Tuamotu. There are several in the Society Islands, some of whom do fairly well in ranching, and others who have retired on small incomes which go farther there than in their own countries. At the time of our visit, an American dollar was worth, in purchasing power, about three dollars in Tahiti.

And yet, for the exceptional person who is prepared to appreciate it, there is peace in some of those countries.

APPENDIX II

For Those Who Crave Facts

Readers interested in the ethnological study of Tuamotuan life will find an authoritative and comprehensive account in a forthcoming scientific publication prepared by Kenneth P. Emory of the Bishop Museum staff, to be published by the Museum.

THE TUAMOTU:

THE TUAMOTU ARCHIPELAGO, formerly called Paumotu and still so called by most natives, comprises about eighty low coral islands, extending more than six hundred miles from northwest

to southeast, between the Society Islands on the west, the Marquesas on the north, and the Mangareva or Gambier Islands on the south. About half of them are inhabited by, it is estimated, a total of perhaps five thousand people. The natives are of the Polynesian race, as are those of the surrounding high or volcanic islands, and speak a dialect of the Polynesian language. They are a part of French Oceania, with a French administrator at the island of Fakarava and under the larger jurisdiction of the French Oceanic government in Tahiti. The district officials of individual islands are, however, commonly native chiefs.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

Each island has its native name, or names, which the designations given by Spanish, English and American explorers have failed in most cases to supplant. As a group, the archipelago came to be called Paumotu, which has been interpreted poetically Cloud of Islands, but which present-day Tahitians derive from the wars that ravaged the western Tuamotu in the savage old days before they were annexed to Tahiti by King Pomare I (1788-1803). So many islands had been conquered by the fierce warriors of Anaa, and so many inhabitants of those islands had fled to Tahiti, that the islands whence they came became known as Paumotu, the Conquered or Destroyed Islands. In later years this name became irksome to some Tuamotuans, who asked that a more dignified name be given them. As a result, the islands became officially Tuamotu, usually translated the Far or Deep-Sea Islands. (Note: *itua*, in Polynesian, means toward the sea. The root seems to be *tua*, meaning the back. The seashore of a Tuamotuan island is referred to as the "back" of the island, which is thought of as facing the inner lagoon. It is possible that this sense of "back" may be involved in the name of the archipelago, which is largely to windward, or "at the back of the wind" from Tahiti.)

Seamen and whalers in sailing-ship days commonly called these the Low Archipelago or the Dangerous Islands, because from their low altitude, imperfect charting and their currents and reefs, they were dangerous to ships.

Most of the islands are of the typical atoll shape, which has

been described as an elongated doughnut. A few are nearly circular, but more of them are oval, often with the long axis pointing in the same direction as the archipelago as a whole, from northwest to southeast. The enclosed lagoons within the broken ovals of surrounding islets were famous pearling grounds, but the pearling industry had been suspended when the author visited the islands. The only remaining industry at this writing was the making and shipment of copra, the dried meat of the coconut. The inhabitants derive some income from this source, but live largely by fishing.

Individual islands vary in physical type of inhabitants, to some degree in customs and dialect, and to a greater extent in degree of civilization. In general, civilization decreases as one moves eastward, farther from the center of French Oceanic life in Tahiti.

Napuka, as it has come to be called officially, and its neighbor Tepoto, the two together constituting the "Disappointment Islands" of John Byron, are the northernmost of the Tuamotu, and in the eastern part of that long archipelago. They are relatively isolated, being more than a hundred miles from the nearest land and in a quarter to which passage from Tahiti is not favored by the prevailing winds. They are to some degree typical of the eastern Tuamotu, and because of this relative isolation and the comparative poverty of their people, with less foreign contact, they remain closer to the original primitive life of the Tuamotu than other islands in the archipelago.

Napuka was therefore chosen by Kenneth P. Emory, Bishop Museum ethnologist with the Mangarevan Expedition of the Museum, as a field for intensive study, and at his invitation I remained with him there from May 15 to July 29, 1934. The island, with Tepoto, offered an interesting exhibit of native Polynesian life, at a minimum, so far as French Oceania is concerned, of foreign civilization. The remainder of this appendix of factual information will deal largely with these two islands.

Napuka

(Latitude 14:09 south; longitude 141:14 west.)

Napuka (native name Tepuka, or, in full, Tepuka á Maruia) is a coral atoll, about four and a half miles long by two miles wide. Its maximum length is roughly from east to west, bearing slightly to the north. The mean width of the land enclosing the interior lagoon is estimated at one-fourth of a mile, and the maximum width of that broken oval of land rim at about half a mile. The lagoon, which thus occupies the center and most of the area of the island, is dotted, especially near the village, with small "islets" built up in the course of centuries by depositing the shells of the tridacna clam on shoals. These shellfish (local name *ngaiere*, elsewhere more generally called *pahua*) are an important item in native diet. They are obtained by prying them up from sand or coral, and are shelled on the spot, the meat being taken ashore in containers. The landscape resulting from this practice is a strange sight to one unaccustomed to it.

The village of Tepuka Maruia is situated at the west end of the atoll, and extends from the sea to the lagoon, occupying part of a *motu* or islet-section of the reef enclosing the lagoon. It has two main streets intersecting at right angles and two diagonal streets, one branching off diagonally from each of the two main thoroughfares.

As in most Polynesian communities, there is a multitude of local place-names, each *henua* or small land section having its name. There are also names for the various directions of the compass, the winds, etc.

Tepoto

Tepoto (native name Tepoto á Maruia or Tepukararo) lies about twelve miles west of Napuka. It is an old atoll whose lagoon apparently has dried up or been destroyed by a slight rising of the island. There is a shallow depression in the center, in which there is a water hole. The "overhanging shores" mentioned by a missionary observer whose account of the island got into the American official pilot book, are merely blocks of coral

and of solidified beach sand, which have been torn up and tossed on end by the sea. Tepoto is nearly circular in shape, about a mile in diameter. The village is, like that of Tepuka á Maruia, on the west or leeward side.

The two islands are referred to in native chants as "Pukarua," the two lands of the pisonia trees, and distinguished as Tepukarunga, that is, the pisonia trees "above" or to the east (Napuka) and Tepukararo, the pisonias "below," that is, down wind or to the west (Tepoto).

History

The two islands were discovered by Commodore John Byron on June 7, 1765, and named by him "Isles of Disappointment" because he was unable to land there on account of rough weather and the apparent hostility of the natives. They were visited by Lieutenant Wilkes of the United States Exploring Expedition on August 23, 1839. They came nominally under French control with the rest of the Tuamotu but that control was exercised only in fairly recent times. The grandson of the last independent "king" was still living at Tepuka á Maruia at the time of my visit.

According to native accounts, these two islands were ruled in ancient times by a chiefess named Maruia, whence the name. Maruia came from an island called Pukapuka, the easternmost of three or more islands of that name, on the maps as Honden or Dog Island, and at late report uninhabited. The ancient name of this Pukapuka was Mahina-te-tahora.

The islands probably were peopled, as other outlying lands have been, by fugitives defeated in war or by younger sons ambitious to carve out chiefdoms for themselves in new lands. Probably they came from the surrounding high islands, since the low islands, being less fertile and more limited in natural resources, are considered inferior homes. The genealogies of the people residing there today mention some ancestors as having come from Tahiti, one from "Nukuhiva" in the Marquesas, and others from lands now unknown.

The islands were avoided by sailing ships, because of their relative poverty of resources, the hostility of their inhabitants, and the dangers of navigation, long after the high archipelagoes

were well known. Whalers sometimes called at the western Tuamotu for the green herb known as "scurvy-grass" and for fresh coconuts, but these more remote islands of the east remained very little known. Since the advent of steam, they were seldom visited until the copra trade flourished. They have, however, been touched by Roman Catholic missionary influence since about sixty years ago.

Approach

Landing at Napuka is made usually at the village end, just north of the west point of the island, and southwest of the main entrance to the lagoon. This entrance is too shallow for anything but canoes; it is possible to wade across it. Apparently it is not used by the natives; they carry their seagoing canoes overland between the sea and the lagoon.

Landing on Tepoto is near the village, on the west side of the island.

Both islands can be approached fairly near and landing made in small boats. There is no harbor, in the European sense of the word. The natives have an *ava* or harbor for canoes, which is simply a place on the reef where landing can be made easily in favorable weather. At Napuka, there is a small depression in the reef, into which canoes are run and drawn up on the shore. Schooners make landings in large surfboats, choosing a favorable spot and timing the approach so as to run up on the smooth reef with a wave.

The shore line is little if at all indented. There are several shallow passes into the Napuka lagoon, but the general contour of both islands is fairly regular.

Contact with the outside world has been more frequent in the last twenty or thirty years than formerly. A copra schooner calls at intervals of nominally a month, but actually less often. Two or three months may go by without sight of a sail. A government vessel gets around to the islands perhaps once a year. There is no other communication with other parts of the world. Natives travel between the two islands by canoe, and in cases of emergency communicate between Napuka and Tepoto by smoke signals.

Weather

No meteorological records have been kept, but the climate is of course oceanic, and thus, despite comparative nearness to the equator, not excessively hot. Temperature of water in the house occupied by Emory and the writer was taken at 79 to 80 degrees. Nights were cool, usually with a breeze, and about three o'clock in the morning it was often comfortable to draw up a blanket. The days were warm, but not oppressive. There was little rain. The prevailing wind is the southeast trade.

Use of Wild Plants

Use of wild plants has been reduced somewhat by destruction of much of the native forest to make room for coconut trees, and by the introduction of a few foreign articles which have replaced those formerly made from native plants.

Cordage, however, is still made from fiber of the coconut husk and from the green root of the pandanus; or, for rougher and more temporary use, from the twisted leaf-sheath of the coconut palm. The best cord, however, is made from the fibers of *ngeongeo*, a plant of the nettle family.

Coconut fronds are used in construction of houses; pandanus is also used, but to less extent than formerly; there are fewer pandanus trees now and the work of making a pandanus-leaf house is greater than that of making a coconut-leaf house, though the resulting structure is more durable.

Small dugout canoes are made from local trees, and there remains at least one old style Tuamotuan canoe of pieces of local wood (probably *tou*, cordia), sewn together with coconut-fiber cord. There are also wooden food bowls, coconut-shell water-dippers, scrapers made of bone and shell, spades of turtle bone, pearl shell and similar materials. The old style cutting tools, adzes of tridacna shell, knives of eels' jawbones, etc., exist now largely as relics, having been supplanted by foreign steel.

Baskets, mats and hats are made of pandanus leaf, and temporary and permanent containers of coconut leaves. These articles do not enter into commerce, being manufactured for local use only.

There is some question as to whether the coconut may be

regarded as a "wild" plant. It was relatively rare in ancient times and, in its present quantity, has been introduced and planted in rows, though it needs little if any cultivation. It is an important item of food supply and is used in many ways: the young nuts for drinking; very small budding nuts for eating, husk and all, like fruit, and for juggling; mature nuts as a sweet or grated; the sprouted haustoria are eaten as a confection. The dried meat of the coconut, copra, is the sole export.

The fruit of Morinda citrifolia (native name *horahora*, known in Hawaii as *noni*) is eaten by children, and we were told that it sometimes was cooked as food. It also has medicinal properties, effective in reduction of fractures and sprains and in treatment of infections. We were told that *pokea*, a species of portulaca, was eaten as a green, but more frequently used as fodder for pigs.

The fleshy phalange of the pandanus drupe, which in these islands is large and sweet, is eaten. It is probable that in ancient times, before coconuts became plentiful, these were a "pandanus people," baking the fruit underground, or extracting the kernel from the dried drupe, as is still done at Vahitahi. They also made a bread, in former times, from the scraped starch of the pandanus.

The clearing away of the native forest (pandanus, pisonia, cordia, etc.) to make place for coconuts has brought about, in a way, an economic revolution. An economy based on fish and pandanus has given way to one founded on fish and coconuts. Loss of the original forest also has hastened decline of old customs, through disuse of old materials and their replacement by foreign or new ones. The most serious result of the copra industry has been the introduction of the profit motive, which, however, operates to a limited extent.

Animal Life

Most of the animal life, aside from fish, birds, and a few insects, has been introduced. The natives keep pigs, chickens and ducks as an emergency food supply, but rely mainly upon fish, shellfish and coconuts. We were told on Tepoto that the eggs of fowls were not eaten; on Napuka, that they were.

Dogs and cats are kept as pets, but we were told that they were not eaten. It was explained that the dog was a new animal in the islands, not having been known in ancient times, and thus the natives had never acquired a taste for dog meat. This is at variance with a statement in the U. S. Pilot Book, and I observed a cat being prepared for eating after it had been killed accidentally, at Tepoto.

A few pigskin belts and hatbands were the only animal products we saw used as clothing. Feathers of ducks and chickens were sometimes made into ornamental hatbands, but were not used for stuffing pillows. Most natives use a log of pandanus wood for a pillow; a few of the younger ones make a very hard pillow stuffed with tree-cotton (kapok) shipped from the Society Islands. Chicken feathers, carefully trimmed, are used for cleaning wax from the ears; the natives enjoy the tickling sensation.

Wild birds are caught at night with nets or, we were told, with a cord attached to a stone, somewhat after the fashion of the South American bolas, and eaten. Eggs of sea birds such as the sooty tern (*kaveka*), now rather scarce on the inhabited islands, are preferred to those of domestic fowl.

Turtle shells are used as containers; turtle bones for spades; other shells for various purposes, such as scrapers.

Earning a Living

The natives have no need to "earn" a living by engaging in trades or occupations, as a living is supplied by natural resources. Life is still in a primitive fishing and crudely agricultural stage, in which each family provides for itself. A native can make, from materials at hand, almost any article he needs. With the copra trade, however, some foreign articles have been introduced, for which it is necessary to have money. The islands have this one industry, copra, and a little money is earned by it; this earning, however, is collective rather than individual.

The copra "depression," though it has reduced income, has not caused suffering, since the things that could be bought with the proceeds of copra were mostly things that were not really needed, or that could be replaced by native articles.

Coconuts fall when ripe, are collected by hand in piles,

on the ground, and chopped in half with a large knife—one foreign tool that has become practically indispensable. The nuts are then left on the ground, in the open, to dry, and after natural shrinkage separates them from the shells, the meat is dried further in the sun, being taken indoors or covered with coconut fronds in the rare case of rain.

It appears that the depression affected the natives but little, since they have practically no investment and their time is not otherwise very valuable.

No other sources of income appear, except occasional sale of a chicken or a pig to a visiting schooner.

When pearl diving was still profitable, some of the young men went to other islands to engage in the industry. As far as I was able to learn, pearl diving never had been conducted at Napuka, though a few pearl oysters exist in the lagoon. Probably the quantity is not sufficient. A small shellfish (*pipi*), resembling an oyster, yields small black pearls which, however, are not very valuable.

A number of young men have gone to sea, and other young people have moved to the island of Fakahina, presumably for greater economic opportunities.

Dwellings

We observed four or five types of house constructed of local materials or largely so.

(a) The old type of Tuamotuan house, made of woven pandanus leaves, low, with rounded ends; not so much a house as a shelter from rain and sun, with an opening at the end away from the wind, and without flooring, resting on the bare ground. There was still one such house at Napuka, and several on Tepoto. We were told that a house of this type would withstand a hurricane.

(b) A transitional type of house was most common at the time of our visit. It is rectangular, larger and higher than the pandanus-leaf house, built of woven panels of coconut leaves bound or nailed to a frame of poles, the panels running horizontally instead of vertically as in the Hawaiian *halau*. This type of house usually has a door at each end and often a third

door at one side. These doors, like the door of the pandanus house, may be closed by leaning an old canoe board against the house, or with a panel of coconut leaves.

(c) The "modern" type of coconut-leaf house is larger and higher than the transitional type, of the same shape and with the same arrangement of doors, but often raised from the ground on a stone platform of the same size as the house, and floored with small pebbles. The house in which we lived was so constructed, with walls of woven coconut fronds and roof of the more durable pandanus, with an over-thatch of coconut leaves. This house could be closed with doors made of bits of boxes nailed together, and locked with a padlock. The older houses had no way of locking.

The frame of these houses is of roughly hewn timbers and poles, notched at the ends to fit together, with supporting posts sunk into the ground and lighter poles laid between, to which the leaf-panels are fastened. Nails are now coming into use in place of the ancient lashings of coconut-husk fiber.

(d) A large new house was being built for the chief while we were on the island. This structure was rather elaborate, with strips of coconut midrib (*niau*) nailed transversely in contrasting directions on frames divided into squares, making diagonal or "herringbone" patterns. This house was thatched like the others, but was much larger and higher, with window-openings, and a stone platform in front on which, when it was completed, the chief would hold court.

(e) One house, different from any we had seen elsewhere on the island, was built of midribs of the coconut leaf, laid vertically and bound together, with a thatch roof. This house somewhat resembled the bamboo houses of Tahiti, and perhaps indicated foreign influence, as the man who owned it had been at sea in his youth and visited many islands.

A house approximating to the "modern" coconut-leaf house was built for the missionary while we were on the island. The construction work took a little more than a week. Timbers from an old house were used for the frame. Fresh coconut fronds were plaited and nailed on the frame for the walls, and a thatch of coconut leaves applied. Foreign tools were used—not without

several injuries to the users. This house was inferior in workmanship to those built without foreign tools and to those in which lashings of cord were used instead of nails.

Landscaping

There is no garden around a house at Napuka or Tepoto, as in some of the western Tuamotu. The arrangement varies, but one often seen consists of the house, a pigpen built of loose stones, perhaps a chicken house (though the chickens may roost on the roof), a stone platform to keep food out of reach of dogs and pigs, and a low semicircular stone enclosure for bathing, high enough to conceal a crouching occupant. Implements are few, and require no special shed. The older houses have a cleared space around them, swept clean of pebbles and rubbish, on which the occupants may lay their mats for sleeping out of doors in fine weather, or rest during the day. Where sand is available, these dooryards are sanded, the material being hauled by hand, in turtle shells, from the beach. This chaste bareness likely enough is an ancient Tuamotuan trait, for the sacred enclosures (*marae*) of pagan days were kept swept and picked bare in like manner.

Interior Decoration

Furnishing is simple: a few mats—coarse ones of pandanus or coconut leaves on the floor and finer ones of pandanus leaf on which to sleep; usually a small pandanus log under one end of the mat for a pillow; sometimes an auxiliary log to be placed under the feet or knees. There is a chest in one corner, with a lock, to hold the family genealogy and the few family possessions. A pole or cord across a corner supports articles of clothing, sleeping covers, etc. Fishing spears, paddles, etc., may be stacked in a corner or laid over rafters, and fishhooks stuck into the thatch. Coils of cured pandanus leaf, for making mats or hats, hang on nails or pegs; there is usually a round block, made of a piece of coconut trunk, for shaping hats. One house had a somewhat decrepit sewing machine; others had charcoal irons. There may be, in some houses, a granite-ware plate or two stuck into the thatch, and perhaps a bowl or two sitting

about; most people now have either five-gallon square oil tins or galvanized iron pails for carrying water.

Lying somewhere in the yard is a long pole with a hook on the end, for bringing down young coconuts for drinking. There is a long, heavy knife for opening coconuts, and perhaps a very few smaller utensils. One of the most common of these is an iron scraper, shaped like the rowel of an old-fashioned spur, mounted on a stick, for shaving coconut.

One house contained a bed—apparently solely by way of ornament, for a native would not think of sleeping on it. There were also two tables; the only one we saw in use was in the premises of a half-Chilean from Easter Island.

Public Utilities

WATER SUPPLY: Fresh water is obtained from the village well, a square excavation about six feet deep, walled with roughly dressed stones. The water in it was ten to twelve inches deep, on a sandy bottom, and was of good quality and apparently germ-free. Use of this well is governed by certain elementary sanitary regulations, which are strictly enforced. Water is dipped from it in coconut-shell bottles lowered by a cord, or in small tins such as salad oil comes in, and decanted from these small containers into larger ones, usually five-gallon oil or gasoline cans, though a few trough-like bowls hollowed out of wood still remain. There is also a "private" well on land belonging to the chief, and we saw a few other old wells, apparently disused. An old resident told us these wells had been abandoned because they had been fouled by crabs.

Young coconuts are used for drinking, and Emory and I drank little else while we were on the island. Well water is used mainly for bathing and washing clothes, although some families prefer to drink well water, saying coconut water fails to quench their thirst. This taste may be a vestige of ancestral experience on a high island, such as Tahiti, where water is obtained from streams.

FUEL SUPPLY: Coconut husks, of which there is a virtually unlimited quantity, are the fuel supply of the islands. When dry they make a hot fire, with little smoke. A little charcoal is made

by burning coconut shells, for home use. It is used to heat the large old-fashioned irons with which the women press clothes to wear on Sunday.

Matches are now used largely for ignition, being obtainable at the Chinese store. Sometimes a coconut husk is lighted to serve as tinder, and one old woman had a burning-glass. The natives still know, however, the art of making fire by friction, and use it in emergency.

LIGHT: Kerosene lanterns are used for lighting—an important matter in a Tuamotuan household, in view of the almost universal fear of nocturnally wandering spirits. Oil, however, is not always available; in such cases, a wedge of copra is propped against a stone and lit. (NOTE: At the island of Vahitahi I saw a wick run into a bottle which contained, I was told, coconut oil, making a crude lamp.)

Home Life

A household may consist of several persons not necessarily of the immediate blood family; children are usually brought up by their grandparents, and there may be one or more adopted children and relatives of varying degrees of relationship, real property being held not by individuals but by families, so that all kinfolk have a claim upon it. A person may sleep fairly regularly in one house and eat customarily at another. Several people divided their time among several houses in which they had a family interest.

DIVISION OF LABOR: The division of labor is the natural one: the women remain around the house, taking care of the children and doing such work as can be done at home; the men fish and prepare copra. There is no hard and fast division: women sometimes help in drying and sacking copra, and those who have no near male relatives at home do their own fishing—usually in the inner lagoon, and not at sea.

Men set up the frames for houses; women weave the panels and men attach the panels to the frame and apply the thatching. Men also did the stone work at the well. Women clean up the yards and, with the aid of elder children, sweep the streets. Women weave mats and hats, carry water, wash and iron clothes.

Large cooking, such as communal baking of bread, the cooking of turtle or large fish in earth ovens, etc., is done by men; smaller cooking may be done by either men or women.

Food is cooked and eaten in the open. There are no kitchens or detached cookhouses, as in some other islands. Fish are eaten raw or broiled on hot stones, or baked underground; octopus are beaten with a stick on a flat rock and baked in shallow earth ovens; tridacna clams are eaten raw, boiled in an iron pot over an open fire, or dried and preserved on strings as an emergency ration. Chicken, pig and turtle are baked underground.

Two foreign foods have entered to some extent, when funds permit. These are wheat flour and rice. Rice is boiled in an iron pot or a square oil tin over an open fire and eaten with the fingers. Flour is mixed with water (without yeast) and the resulting paste rolled up in a container of coconut leaves and baked communally in an earth oven with a protective covering of guettarda and tournefortia leaves, whose fragrance removes the somewhat offensive odor or flavor of the coral with which the ovens are covered.

Another and more palatable use of this flour is to make a flat cake, adding shredded coconut and shredded papaya, and roast it, wrapped in leaves, on a hot stone. Sometimes *pia*, the flour of manioc or tapioca, is similarly used, as well as for starching Sunday shirts.

The menu varies with the nature and quantity of the day's catch at sea. Probably the most frequent staple is tridacna clam, which is eaten in great quantities. Sample meals on which notes were taken were:

(a) Rice, papaya, mature coconut, drinking-coconut.

(b) Tridacna, papaya, drinking-nut.

(c) Tridacna, mature coconut, drinking-nut.

(d) Raw fish, roast octopus, broiled fish, papaya, mature coconut, drinking-nut.

(e) Broiled fish, drinking-nut.

(f) Tridacna, roasted bread, drinking-nut, mature coconut, pandanus fruit.

Two meals a day seem to be the average, depending on availability of food. In early morning—for people get up at

dawn—there is usually a breakfast of whatever is available, most commonly little but coconuts and perhaps papaya. During the day, a little coconut may be nibbled, or anything that is handy, but there is little food until the men return from fishing, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. Supper follows as soon as it can be prepared, and in any case before dark. People may eat again later in the evening, or get up at night for a snack, if food is available. When we asked what time was mealtime, an old native replied: "Whenever there is food." As no fishing is done on Sunday, an attempt is made to get enough food on Saturday to last over Sunday. Otherwise there is little reserve supply.

Turtle is eaten, in season, communally, probably with vestiges of ancient religious ceremonies connected with placating the ancestral spirits.

Mealtime in a Tuamotuan household is quite different from the "family board" of an American home. Eating is rather an individual affair: each takes his piece of raw or cooked fish, his drinking-nut and papaya or coconut, and sits on a dry coconut in the dooryard, somewhere near the cooking-fire. There is little conversation at these times, and a person eating often turns his back on the others. It is possible that these manners are survivals from ancient tabus. I gathered the impression that it was tabu to eat under a roof, and there seemed to be a rule against watching others eat. We did not learn whether men and women on this island formerly had been forbidden by custom to eat together, but such is a widespread Polynesian custom, now largely abrogated, which may account for the absence of "family spirit" in a Tuamotuan meal.

Eating is with the fingers. A few plates are used, but usually food is held in the hands or laid on fresh green leaves. Large pieces, such as whole fish, are laid on turtle shells for carving.

Salt is not used.

After eating, it is customary to pour fresh water over the hands.

Clothing, except for hats, is now of foreign materials. The *pareu* (local word *kareu*), a two-yard strip of cotton cloth, is worn wrapped around the loins, with the end tucked in like a bath-towel, or, by the men, the ends brought up (*hume*) between the legs so as to approximate a pair of trunks. The pareu, however, is a foreign-made substitute for the ancient *reu* which was woven of pandanus leaves. A small loincloth (*tibere*), shorter and scantier than the Hawaiian *malo*, is worn by children and older men; this, too, is nowadays of foreign material.

Most adults, however, have foreign clothes and commonly wear them, especially on Sunday.

Men wear short or long dungarees and white cotton singlets. Some have white shirts for Sunday, which are carefully washed, ironed and starched, and worn with the collar open and the sleeves unbuttoned and flaring.

Women wear dresses made by themselves of goods purchased at the Chinese store or aboard visiting schooners. These are of knee length, usually with short sleeves and high in front (due to missionary influence), but counteracted by the tendency of the upper part of the dress to tear or to sag open at strategic points. Sometimes these garments are made of flour sacks. Some women wear a one-piece undergarment, either with or without an over-skirt. Most of them wear a pareu either over or under the dress, or thrown over the shoulders like a cape. Around the house in the morning, or on Saturday afternoons while washing clothes, many women wear only the pareu. This garment may be tucked around the waist, leaving the upper part of the body bare, or worn high and drawn tight over the bosom, the lower edge of the cloth reaching about to mid-thigh.

When the bosom is covered, it is so, apparently, not from ideas of "modesty" approximating European notions, but rather because it is thought fashionable to do as Europeans do. The breasts are not considered a tabu portion of the anatomy. Polynesian women, however, are extremely "modest" in other respects, never appearing nude—to the great grief of artists in Tahiti, whose only recourse is to engage prostitutes, furnish

plenty of wine, and drive to secluded places where, even then, the lady is likely to refuse to pose. When bathing, Tuamotuan women commonly keep themselves partly covered with a pareu, crouching behind the stone wall of the bathing-enclosure.

Children commonly wear the pareu. Some boys wear a tiny loincloth, and some of the younger children wear no clothes at all.

The islanders are ambitious to possess white shoes, but they had none of any kind. They are accustomed to walk on their coral island and dance on it barefooted, and have a crust on the soles of their feet that can be pared like a horse's hoof. In three months' experimentation, it was found that the feet of white men become toughened by going barefoot, but not to an extent to enable them to keep up with the natives who have been walking in that manner all their years.

Such clothes as they possess are usually ragged and somewhat dingy. They are washed frequently, by lathering the garments in strong laundry soap, and wringing them out repeatedly in cold fresh water. They are dried flat on the coral ground, weighted down with bits of stone, and ironed on a mat, with a charcoal iron. Most of them show rusty spots, which at the time we understood to be from the iron, but on another island we were told that it was a stain from the dead coral on which they are laid to dry.

The tendency, illogically enough, is to keep clothes on in the warm part of the day and to take them off in the cool night. A few sleep in day clothes, most people in a pareu. For bed covering, a light mat of pandanus leaves is thrown over, or a *tapoipoi*, which is a light coverlet of cloth, often embroidered in simple floral designs.

Women wear straight or curved combs in their hair, which commonly is combed up straight back from the forehead and worn in an erect tuft supported by the comb. Finger rings and earrings have replaced the old feather ornaments and fragrant fern ear-drops. There are a few pins and necklaces, obtained from visiting ships, and handkerchiefs and safety pins are used as ornaments. As the natives have colds only when contagion is brought by a ship, they have few handkerchiefs. They also have few

towels. Dishes, which are few, are rinsed in cold water, scraped with a bit of coconut shell if sticky, and dried in the air.

The Village

The village of Tepuka Maruia is laid out along straight streets about eight to ten paces wide, curbed with coral stone, and swept with coconut-flower stalks, leaving a flooring of sand and small pebbles, hence called *purumu* or "broom"—that which is swept. Houses are laid out more or less regularly along the streets but not at a uniform distance from them.

The general appearance is neat; yards as well as streets are swept (though there are no lawns) and rubbish from copra work is gathered up and burned.

For a week during our stay the entire village turned out on a cleanup campaign. Another week all the men worked on repairing and improving the village well.

Agriculture

Agriculture consists mainly of coconut plantations, which require little or no care. Tin cans, when available, are buried around the roots of coconut trees, on the theory that the iron will strengthen the tree. Otherwise no care was observed, except pruning of dead fronds, in the interest of neatness.

In the more fertile soil on the windward side of the island, papaya and squash have been planted, and we saw one very sickly looking pineapple. These have been introduced within the last few years. These plantations are communal, and the produce, harvested weekly, is distributed communally.

The soil of the island is largely decomposed coral and sand, with a little vegetable matter. The island is a broken ring of narrow land, all flat and low, around the central lagoon. As is common in Polynesian countries, parcels of land belonging to a family group are often far apart. A family may hold land at both ends of the island, and most of them do. At certain seasons, most of the village moves over to the windward side of the island to harvest copra.

The land utilization seems to work out fairly well, but the

people would be better off if they had planted fewer coconut palms and conserved more of the natural forest.

Seasonal variations, as far as I know, are slight, but there probably is some variation in rainfall which affects the copra plantations, as copra does not keep well when wet by fresh water.

Papaya and squashes are merely allowed to grow, without attention. Papaya are harvested weekly, men being chosen or volunteering for the canoe trip. The distribution has been explained elsewhere in the text.

The day's work varies: it may be cutting, drying, or sacking copra; it may be fishing; it may be carpentry. When community work is under way, such as rebuilding of the well, the men are divided into groups, one to do the work, one to procure food.

Transportation

Transportation is by hand and by canoe. Papaya are brought from the windward side in canoes, sailing or paddling according to the wind. Tridacna clams are carried in baskets. Copra near the village is sacked and carried on the shoulders, two hundred to three hundred pounds to the man. From the other end of the island, it is brought in canoes. Most land transportation, such as stones for the well, timbers for houses, etc., is on the shoulders, usually with a carrying-pole. Large stones are suspended by ropes from a log and the log carried on the shoulders of several men. Canoes are carried overland on the shoulders—not at arms' length as are Hawaiian canoes. Rubbish is dragged away in turtle shells, drawn by ropes of the twisted leaf-sheath of the coconut palm. Sand is brought from the beach for the streets and dooryards in the same manner. Water is carried in buckets or in oil cans, one at each end of a pole. There is not a wheel on the island.

Fishing

Fishing is the principal source of food. It is done both in the lagoon and in the open sea, but in the latter case seldom far from shore. Most fishing is with hook and line or with spears. Near the lagoon entrance there are fish traps or weirs, constructed of stone. I was told that small throw-nets also were used,

but no large nets and not the *hukilau* method of Hawaii, which is not necessary here, because of the abundance of fish. Octopus are speared; tridacna and other shellfish gathered from the reef in the manner explained elsewhere in the text. Turtles, in season, are grappled hand to hand and maneuvered ashore; sometimes a short line with a large hook is used.

Organization

There is a co-operative society for the handling of copra, which is a relatively recent development in the islands' economic life. The proceeds of copra are divided according to the amount of land formerly held by the four clans.

Social organization was formerly on a clan basis. The four clans have combined into a commune. The result is a mixed economy: fruits of the land and sea, such as papaya, turtle and fish in large quantity, are communal property and are distributed equally. Individual small catches of fish are consumed by the family of the man who catches them, or, if there is a surplus, given to relatives.

Land ownership is on a family basis. A native will speak of a certain section as "my" land, but more often as "land belonging to us;" in either case, group ownership, rather than individual ownership, apparently is meant.

The Catholic church has largely taken the place of such social organizations as may have existed. Services are held not only Sunday but each morning, and three nights a week; "*haapiiraa*," or evening school is three nights a week. The community also gathers at the principal street intersection Sunday morning after church, and at other times when called by the chief, for public discussion of community questions, settlement of disputes, etc.

Recreation

Recreation for adults consists mainly of community singing. The "evening school" may be considered recreation, being more social than educative. It consists of reading of Bible lessons, singing and some rudimentary miscellaneous information. Church services also probably do their part toward satisfying social recreational needs.

Men play a game resembling checkers, with stones on a marked-out place in the street. Young men play a game resembling a form of football, kicking a ball between two goals. They say they formerly had a game resembling hockey, but it has fallen into disuse.

Children have many pastimes: body-surfing on the outer reef, swimming in the lagoon, skipping rope, sailing ingenious toy boats, pinwheels, stilts, tug-of-war, a game of running and throwing suggesting "one old cat," a game of tossing stones at a stake, somewhat resembling "duck on the rock," throwing at each other balls made of seaweed, etc.

Children and adults make string-figures, and juggle small coconuts, both to the accompaniment of chants.

Some of the young men played a kind of leapfrog, holding the head up instead of down. They also held a bar of coconut midrib between two men, at shoulder height, but instead of jumping over, ran under it.

Young men said they sometimes had cockfights, but we did not see this sport.

Young people dance native dances on moonlight nights, chanting or playing harmonicas and blowing across the mouth of a bottle. There is one guitar (lacking strings till we supplied them), and a phonograph, disabled, the property of a Chinese merchant.

There seemed to be no regular festivals, but ceremonial feasts are held in connection with the manhood rite of boys, and certain rites accompany the eating of turtle. The fourteenth of July, Bastille Day, is nominally observed, but the observance the year we were there consisted only of running up the French flag and beating on a tin can. The return of the chief, which occurred after our departure, was the occasion for a formal march of the young and middle-aged men and women, with special songs.

Foreign Influence

Foreign influence has been confined mainly to missionary work by Roman Catholics, and to the contact afforded by brief visits of copra schooners. A few residents have visited more "advanced" islands and brought back some knowledge of

foreign ways. Aside from ourselves, no white people were living on the island, and we were told that none ever had done so, except the Catholic missionary. There are two Chinese, who keep the only store on Napuka, who live with native women but have no children by them—though a child of another native woman is popularly attributed to one of the Chinese. There are about half a dozen other foreigners: one woman half Tahitian and half Chinese, married to a native; and a few other Tahitians and natives of other Tuamotu islands; one man of Chilean and Easter Island ancestry.

None of these people speak English or French. The language of the island is solely Polynesian: the Tahitian and Tuamotuan dialects of that language.

Foreigners, after six months' residence, are regarded as members of the community and must share in the communal work, but are not permitted to acquire land. They have, however, in practice, the use of land in which their native wives have family rights.

We were told that there never had been any children of white blood on the two islands. There are two part-Chinese children.

There is evidence that seems to indicate a mixture of racial strains at some remote period. The Caucasian (*ehu*) type of Polynesian is strongly represented (about ten per cent of the population shows traces of it) in reddish or yellow hair and Caucasian features. There is also a type resembling the East Indian, and a type resembling the Hawaiian but less inclined to obesity; there are a few with traces of other possible ancestry. It has been conjectured that the latter represent contacts of the Polynesians with other peoples in the course of their migrations, or an aboriginal Tuamotuan race, or a former slave population obtained from some conquered people. Certain etymological data tend to bear out these conjectures.

FOREIGN INFLUENCES OBSERVED: Foreign influences comprise mainly use of foreign clothing and tools, use of nails, eating of rice and wheat flour; the Catholic religion, the copra industry; Tahitian influence on language and to some extent on construction of houses.

There is no census, but the population of Napuka was estimated, locally, for purposes of communal distribution of food, at 192, excluding infants in arms, and that of Tepoto at 45. The chief said the population had been increasing.

At the time of our visit the people showed a high average of health, which we attributed to relative infrequency of contact with the outside world and the small degree to which foreign habits had been introduced.

There were few old people, however, and we were told that epidemics in the past had reduced the population and taken off the elderly. The nature of these epidemics was possibly dysentery introduced by ships from Tahiti, but it might have been any disease such as chicken pox, mumps, measles, to which the natives have not built up an immunity.

We were told that there was no foreign disease in the two islands at the time (other than colds brought by a ship); but we were unable to confirm this conclusively, in the absence of a medical survey. Our impression was that there was danger to community health in the drift of young people to the island of Fakahina (thirty in recent years). Aside from direct depopulation, some of them, returning, may introduce diseases which will reduce Napuka and Tepoto to the condition of some other Tuamotu islands. It is possible that this process has already begun.

The relatively large number of children and the excellent dentition seem to indicate a high degree of community health.

In the three months we were there, one death occurred on Tepoto (attributed to tuberculosis) and none on Napuka. Two births occurred.

We were told of a young woman who five years earlier was near death from what was believed to be tuberculosis. She had recovered and was apparently in good health, though not quite as strong as others. Her recovery was attributed to a foreign medicine, but may have been the result of rest in an outdoor climate.

Missionary Influence

The two islands had been under missionary influence about sixty years. There were still living, at the time of our visit, people who remembered the heathen time. A Catholic priest had resided on the island, but was absent when we were there. An elaborate stone church of foreign style had been erected but was not in use, not having been dedicated.

Missionary influence has substituted the church for the old pagan organization centering around the marae, and thus has brought about a partial revolution in social life. Other results, such as use of foreign clothing (which would have come about without the church but which has no doubt been encouraged by missionaries), use of foreign tools, etc., may be attributed only partly to clerical influence. It is probable, however, that the church is responsible largely for the extent of use of the Tahitian instead of the Tuamotuan dialect, Tahitian being the language used in church. The church also favors high-necked dresses, with sleeves, and it is possible that the improved style of coconut-leaf house on a flooring of pebbles may have been suggested by missionaries as more sanitary than the old.

The church apparently has made little impression on some fundamental Polynesian customs—notably little on the sex customs of the young people—but has destroyed others, mainly the actual marae ceremonies.

Language

No one living on the island at the time we were there—except the two Chinese, who spoke a Cantonese dialect—could speak, read or write any language but Polynesian. The language situation was very interesting, inasmuch as many common objects are represented by three different words of identical meaning—suggesting the remnants of three separate languages or dialects.

Of three words signifying the same thing, one commonly is the Tahitian form; one is a general Polynesian form resembling the Hawaiian or the Maori; the third we were unable to relate, in most cases, to any known language. This third language, if language it be, is known by the natives as "the root speech" (*te reko tumu*), a designation which may indicate its greater antiquity.

Thus, for "water," the Tahitian word *pape* is understood; as is the general Polynesian word *vai*, also used in Tahiti until it became a tabu word; but the word in common use is *komo*, which occurs, as far as I know, in no other Polynesian dialect. I am told it does occur, with the same meaning, in an American Indian language, which may be merely a coincidence. The noun "food" is denoted by the Tahitian *maa* (Tuamotuan form *manga*); and more commonly by *katinga*, probably a fairly general Polynesian word, derived from *kakati*, to chew or bite; but we were told that there exists also a "root word" *ngira*. The verb "to eat" is *amu*, as in Tahitian, and *kai* as in most Polynesian dialects (Hawaiian *'ai*), but certain old people spoke of a root word *noe*.

The water of the young coconut is commonly *komo viavia*, though the Tahitian *pape ha(k)ari* is understood. A young man or a husband or lover is *tané*, as in other Polynesian dialects, but also, in the root speech, *kaifa*. The root word *morire*, for woman, seems on these islands to have passed out of common use, having been supplanted by the general Polynesian word *vahine*.

To bathe is *hopu i te pape*, as in Tahiti, or *(k)apu(k)apu i te komo*, in the root speech.

Strangest of all were the numerals, which the writer was required to learn as his first lesson in the "root language." A comparison with two other Polynesian dialects may be of interest: numbers from one to ten:

Hawaiian	*Tahitian*	*Reko tumu*
ekahi	hoe, tahi	a rari
elua	a piti, rua	aiti
etoru	atoru	angeti
eha	aha	aope
elima	apae, arima	amihe
eono	aono	ahene
ehiku	ahitu	atika
ewalu	avau	ahava
eiwa	aiva	ngohuru
umi	ahuru	tapahi reka

Of the ten *reko tumu* numerals, only two resemble at all any numerals in the other dialects compared. *Aiti* for "two" is suf-

ficiently like Tahitian *a piti;* and *ngohuru* is close enough to Tahitian *ahuru* (from the general Polynesian *angahuru*, Hawaiian *anahulu*, ten days) except that in Napukan it has been shifted to mean nine instead of ten. When the count reaches twenty, the general Polynesian word *takau* is brought into use, with the qualifying prefixes from the root-speech: thus twenty is *arari takau;* forty is *aiti takau*, and so on. Evidently counting is by twenties, instead of by forties as in Hawaii. The foreign terms *hanere*, one hundred, and *tauatini*, a thousand, have been introduced.

In common speech, the *reko tumu* numerals have been supplanted by the Tahitian, save in the compound, *arari huru*, (literally "one kind") meaning "the same as."

Several possibilities are suggested by this triple language. The Tahitian is easy enough to account for, and the Old Polynesian likewise, but whence the *reko tumu?* The natives had no explanation. My companion Emory suggested that it might represent remnants of the speech of a former slave group, since amalgamated into the general population. In such Melanesian and Micronesian vocabularies as were available during preparation of these notes, I was unable to find convincing clues. Perhaps some student of Pacific languages can enlighten us. I did find, however, the same word used for "shark" at Napuka and in some West Pacific dialects: *pako*. The word, again, exists side by side with *mangó* (Hawaiian *manó*). The influence, however, may have been either way: the Micronesians and Melanesians may have picked it up from a Polynesian dialect, or vice versa.

Some other interesting words were *hakapoki*, synonym *taio*, to read or count; *toiti*, synonym *ua*, rain; *ngaiere*, for the tridacna clam, generally called in most Polynesian countries where it occurs *pahua; kanoe*, for the edible octopus, called elsewhere *heke* or *hee; ngaeke*, for dog, called in Hawaiian *ilio* and in Tahitian *uri*, and in most Polynesian dialects *kuri; ninganinga*, for the fine white sediment at the border of lagoons; *ngaieti*, for sand, elsewhere called *one*. The list might be prolonged indefinitely, but enough has been cited to indicate the interest of this branch of the Polynesian language.

The inhabitants of these islands are a clean, healthy people, of about medium height or slightly under it, but very strongly built; inclined to be hard and more slender than Hawaiians. In color they vary from a pale tawny white to a cinnamon brown. The hair is black or reddish-brown, with a few heads of yellow. It is commonly wavy, but both straight and curly hair occur. There is less hair on face or body than is usual among Europeans, but the men raise long black mustaches.

They are rather a merry people; friendly and with a sense of humor. Some of them do not yet understand the European custom of smiling, misinterpreting a smile as an expression of derision. For this reason earlier visitors have described them as sullen and suspicious. Many of the younger people, however, have learned to smile. Once their confidence is gained, they are hospitable and generous, within the Polynesian understanding of generosity, which is an exchange of gifts.

It is customary, when taking leave, to say: "I go now, you stay." Etiquette requires the guest to remain until the host replies: "Go, you, I remain."

It is also customary to greet passersby with "Come and eat." This is not necessarily an invitation, and the proper reply is, "I am full." If the invitation is repeated, however, the host usually means it, and it is proper to accept. A guest in the house nearly always is offered something to eat, if only a bit of coconut.

It is considered bad manners to flash a light on people in the street at night.

It is a breach, not so much of etiquette, as of a serious tabu, to mention fishing when a person is going fishing. One never says, "I am going fishing." One says, "I am going to the sea." The inference is that the spirits might overhear and warn the fish.

Marriage and related customs have been discussed in the chapter, "Island Love-Dance." In general it may be added that these people, like most Polynesians, take sex less seriously than do peoples of the white race. It is regarded as a natural function, having little or nothing to do with morality, especially in the period of life between the ages of about fourteen and eighteen

or twenty. Jealousy apparently exists, however, tempered somewhat by the traditional demands of hospitality and friendship. A song of the islands runs:

"O friend, take for yourself our mutual *vahine;* there shall be no trouble over it."

A few of the more interesting popular beliefs may be mentioned. If a wife is intimate with a man other than her husband, during pregnancy, it is believed the child will not resemble the husband. There were suggestions that the converse is also held. On some islands in the Tuamotu, it is believed that if a man and his wife quarrel, he will get no fish, because the fish will be eaten by sharks. If the father of a child is not known, the expression used is that the child was "picked up in the street." It is believed that a girl who is continent in youth will grow up without breasts.

Habits of Life

On arising and before retiring, natives usually rinse out their mouths with well water or coconut juice.

Bathing is frequent, in water carried from the well to the bathing-enclosure near each house. Bathing may be at any time, but few go to bed without an evening bath, and on a warm evening they may get up and bathe again.

Soap is used freely: toilet soap, the more highly scented the better, when obtainable, but this is so costly that rather little of it is used. Most people content themselves with the harsh yellow laundry soap that comes from Tahiti. It is probable that in ancient times they used a bit of porous coral as pumice: the word for soap, *pu-a,* (from *punga,* coral) suggests that use.

Women use perfume when they can get it. This, too, is costly and rare; the government has forbidden the storekeeper to carry it, because men drank it. Some use the native *monongi,* which is coconut oil extracted crudely by exposing copra to the sun, and scented with the petals of certain flowers. Coconut oil, fresh or scented, is applied to the hair, and probably occasionally to the body. Foreign perfume, when used, is mixed with one part sea water and one part fresh; this, it is said, heightens the fragrance and makes the perfume last longer.

Flowers are worn, but not to such an extent as in Tahiti or Hawaii. We saw not a single flower wreath. Probably this is because flowers are relatively few. Occasionally a red *kofai,* the bloom of a flowering tree (Erythrina), was thrust into the hair or behind the ear. Some people made wreaths of *kainonga,* a climbing vine.

Napuka and Tepoto people prefer to sit on a low seat—a stone, a coconut, or a small bench a few inches high—rather than on the ground or squatting on the heels as some peoples do. The typical sitting posture is erect, with the feet close to the body and the knees drawn up.

They sleep on mats laid on the floor or the ground, with a log, usually of pandanus wood, for a pillow, or sometimes a stone. The sleeping posture is mainly on the side. A family will stretch out side by side across a room, all with their heads on the wooden pillow, and, if the night is chilly, with a large mat drawn over them. They like to elevate (*tirungarunga*) the feet, and often a log is provided for that purpose. On moonlight nights they are often wakeful, and will get up and smoke, talk, sometimes go fishing. If the moonlight is too bright and they want to sleep, they draw a mat over the face.

Particles of dust lodging in the eyes are removed by another person blowing into the eye.

Natives are fond of "cracking" their finger joints by pulling the fingers.

Education

Most residents of the two islands can read and write Tahitian. There is no regular system of education, but we were told that the older children taught the younger ones to read, write and count. They read from any angle, with equal ease—probably the result of having had one book or printed page for a large number of students. As there are no real schools, this rudimentary education probably proceeded, in the first instance, from missionaries.

An "evening school" is held three times a week in the same building where church services are conducted. As there is no teacher, there can be little instruction, but the better-informed natives share their knowledge with others, and there may be

some discussion and reading aloud of Bible lessons, etc. When a priest was in residence, there probably was more systematic instruction. The "evening school" at the time of our visit consisted mostly of community singing.

Natives do not read or write fluently, but slowly and laboriously. In writing, they do not connect or separate syllables to define where one word stops or another begins, but break them up arbitrarily. They also have no notion of punctuation.

As there is practically nothing to read, and nobody to write to, these accomplishments are not of great practical value.

A curious sidelight on the effect of the acquisition of the art of writing was contributed by Fariua, the sage of Fangatau. He said that after he had written down the ancient chants, which had been handed down orally for many generations, he was unable longer to remember them. He had put them on paper, and they had gone from his mind.

The principal practical use of writing is in preserving genealogies, by which land rights are determined. Formerly these were chanted, but under an approximation to the white man's court procedure, the written genealogies may be introduced, in cases of disputed ownership, as evidence.

Mathematics remains in an elementary stage; even Fariua, the fount of wisdom at the comparatively advanced island of Fangatau, had difficulty in calculating what he ought to get for his copra. The practice at Napuka, when numbers of men were told off for community work, was for each to lay down a stone; then the stones were divided into heaps according to the assignment of groups of men to various phases of the task. As mentioned in the text, the communal fruit harvest was divided in a similar way.

Of other branches of civilized knowledge, there is relatively little notion. There is interest in geography, but only a vague idea of it. Tahiti, Hawaii, New Zealand, America, China, France, England, Germany, "the country of the white men," meaning Europe, and "the cold country," meaning the polar regions, were mentioned, but I believe the natives had but little notion of their location. They know, however, considerable about all the southeast Polynesian islands.

Automobiles, airplanes and radio are known to them by hearsay, though not by experience, and they showed surprising perception when we answered their questions about these things.

They have, of course, a great deal of weather lore and other native wisdom suitable to their environment, and a practical knowledge of primitive medicine exists among the tahunga or learned men and women of the islands.

APPENDIX III

Note on Tuamotuan Literature

Ancient Chants, transmitted orally, formerly embodied the learning and literature of the Tuamotuans. These chants were their textbooks in history, in geography, in every science they knew. The Chant of the Road of the Winds, which we heard at Fangatau, was, for example, their pilot book, their chart of the Pacific. Other compositions enumerated the birds, the known islands and their ruling chiefs, and a vast fund of other information.

Much of this lore is retained now only by a few elders, as are the sacred chants that embody the native cosmogony: how the universe was created and governed by the gods. As the individual human being is conceived and developed in the darkness of the womb, so the universe and all within it were conceived and evolved in the vast darkness of space. The Root or Source, sleeping upon his face at the center of the Darkness, turned and arose, chanting a chant through which, by effort of will, he created all things and set the various subordinate gods in command of the several spheres or planes.

Another class of chants, also sacred, remains somewhat better known, especially at such isolated places as Napuka, where it still performs a practical function. These are compositions addressed to the spirits of the ancestors, by whose aid alone the turtle, highly esteemed food animal, is obtained.

Other chants are believed to console the spirits of departed relatives, or of living dear ones in distant lands, and actually serve the purpose of comforting those who chant them. One of these chants, heard in Kararo's house at Napuka, revealed a curious belief in the existence of a "ghost-bird," a fabulous invisible creature out of the Great Darkness, whose voice, heard at night, is a harbinger of good or ill: if heard from the south, it may mean either; if from the north, the omen is an unfavorable one, generally death.

The particular chant was described by our native friends as "*na te makui i heva i te tamariki*," that is, the mourning of a parent for a child. Its text, as taken down from the slow, monotonous intonation of Kararo and his relatives, follows.

Opening:

E ringoringo ki tonga ra te ringoringo.

Refrain:

E ringoringo mate,
e ringoringo ora hoki,
ho mai aro ia e!

I

E ringoringo mate e,
koa ka hare mai,
koa ka hare mai tonga.
Kua puni te ata motu henua
i te kimihanga i taku nei tama hoi
i te ringoringo.

(Repeat refrain.)

II

E ringoringo mate, e naki,
nakinaki ra o a tangata,
ka i he (iho?) koe ki to te atua ra tonga hoki
te ringoringo.

(Repeat refrain.)

The language is archaic, and difficult of translation. Questioned as to specific words in some of these chants, the elders replied: "The chants are not for us; they are for the spirits. It does not matter whether we know what they mean. The spirits know." My scientific companion Emory, to whom I am indebted for much aid in the study of the language, will not wish to be held responsible for the tentative rendering which I have evolved less as a literal translation than as an attempt to convey something of the spirit of the chant:

Ghost-bird of the south, the ghost-bird!
Is it the bird of death,
or the bird of life indeed?
Give courage (in this hour of wondering)!

O bird of death,
let joy come!
let joy come from the south!
The island is hidden in cloud
in the search for my child,
by the ghost-bird.

The remainder is more obscure. The sense seems to be that the ghost-bird, embodying the essence of a god, brings close to the living the shadowy, spirit-haunted world of the Darkness. In another chant of this class, (called *fangu*) the ghost-bird is called upon to fly to a distant land whither a friend of the chanter has gone—presumably to carry a message of love and consolation and bring back a similar comfort.

Another kind of chant, called *koivi*, revealed an approach to a definite rhythmic pattern. The best example in my notes is one enumerating pastimes:

Tera, tera hoki, i te taetae rekareka,
ta Rangatiti ko te pei, ko te hoperepere.

Tera, tera hoki i te taetae rekareka,
ta Ngane-te-huru hoki, ko te huka.

Tera tera hoki i te taetae rekareka,
ta Tероro-ma, ko te uru ia mauono.

Taku arofa.

Approximate translation:

There, go there, to the pleasant sport,
belonging to Rangatiti, the juggling, the game of throwing.

There, there indeed, to the pleasant sport
belonging to Ngane-te-huru, the sport of surfing.

There, there indeed, to the pleasant pastime
belonging to Teroro and her associates, the twining of ear-
wreaths of fragrant fern—

My love!

An interesting class of compositions is the *fakatara* (apparently literally "sharpener"), a patriotic eulogy. One of the finest of these has been quoted in the text. Another delves back into mythological history, referring to Hina, who discovered the islands of the known world, and to the white terns (*taketake*) which occur in many of these poems. The reference may mean that the discoverers found the islands by following the white terns, as mariners to this day locate land by observing the flight of sea birds returning from fishing:

Tei fakatara atu ra vau i te ingoa o taku henua ra,
Tepuka-runga, Tepuka-raro,
titau ki te nuku o Hina.
Ka taka huri hanga taketake
e katau kirunga o Pukarua.

Approximate translation:

I chant the praise of the name of my country:
Tepuka of the east, Tepuka of the west [Tepuka and Tepoto]
sought by the fleet of Hina.
Let the white terns wheel
and alight upon the two lands of the puka trees!

The young people have evolved, or adapted from Tahiti, a popular song literature, the *ute*. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these could be collected. One of those heard at Napuka was:

Haere 'tu na vau i te pae pape,
e haru rii au i te vahine.
Hibiu ae nei te vahine iaku,
ua horo i te utu a fare.
Matau to oe i taku rima tamau,
tei rave iaku a taku vahine.

Approximate translation:

I go to the side of the water
and seize upon a girl.
She slips out of my grasp
and hides beneath the thatch of a house.
When she becomes accustomed to my hand,
I shall take my sweetheart.

Another Napuka favorite (rendered from memory):

Ahuru ma piti i te po e
patoutou a vau ki te opani to fare.
Kiriti, a kiriti i te opani to fare!

Ahuru ma piti i te po e
ia patoutou oe i te opani o taku fare,
kiriti, kiriti vau i te opani o taku fare.

Approximate translation:

At midnight
I knock at the door of your house:
open, open the door of your house!

At midnight,
if you knocked at the door of my house,
I would open it!

A further musical development is the *himene*, from English "hymn," of which the musical style, like the word, probably derives in part at least from European music. The *himene*, commonly sung in what appear to be parts, has a rudimentary melody, sometimes vaguely recognizable as to its source, but colored and modified by native influences. An example, composed by

Tuata and Hei while we were there, was a *himene* to be sung at the return of Chief Maono:

E Maono tavana e, te reva ana koe;
hopere mai koe, to hanga tamariki e;
kaore makui e, kirunga i te henua e!

Engere hopere ai, no tetahi tumu ke atu e,
kia tae koe, ki Tahiti,
kia haavahia e korua e!

I ko nei matou e, heva tika atu ae,
akore ravea e, kua ta tatou e.

Kia hoki mai koe kirunga i te henua e,
kia kite atu matou, koa iho nei matou:
tei koa hoki, kua tae mai koe!

Approximate translation (which fails to capture the deep feeling and filial spirit of the original):

Maono, (our) chief, you go,
casting aside your children [*i.e.*, the people of the island].
There is no father on the land.
You will not cast us off, for any reason,
when you have arrived at Tahiti
and when you two have been judged.
Here we stand weeping;
nothing avails us.
When you return upon the land,
when we see you, there shall be joy for us—
joy, in your return.

Scholars have named and described many more classes of native music, but these were the principal ones that we heard. The more inquiring reader is recommended to E. G. Burrows' study of *Native Music of the Tuamotu*, a publication of the Bishop Museum; and for the ancient sacred chants, to other publications of the same institution, notably *Maui and Tahaki*, by J. Frank Stimson.

APPENDIX IV

Whence the Polynesians?

When the Question was asked of the Hawaiians, "Whence do you come?" they replied: "*Mai ka Po mai, mai lewa mai, makou*—from the Darkness we come, from the moving space." That appears to have been a cosmological, rather than a historical answer—predicated upon belief in creation of the visible world out of the Cosmic Night.

But among many of the Polynesian peoples there is a more specific notion of the origin—as the Hawaiians had, too, in their ancestral chants, in which the geographical names can be identified only vaguely now. In many Polynesian countries, the place of that origin is called, in one form or another of the name, Havaiki. It is a name that survives confusingly in application to a score or more of present geographical places: Hawaii in the north, Savaii in the west, the old name of Raiatea in the Society archipelago, of Fakarava in the Tuamotu, and many others. For the Polynesians, in their migrations, carried their place-names with them, as the English colonists in America carried Plymouth, Bedford, York with them to their New World.

In the course of centuries the memory has become blurred. My Tuamotuan friends confuse the ancestral geographical Havaiki, which in all probability was an actual terrestrial place, with the Po, the primeval darkness from which the world was born.

But the historical tradition has not been everywhere lost, even in the Tuamotu. A very ancient chant survives, which is evidently a record of voyages, a primitive geography:

"The land Havaiki grew up, with its chief Rongo-nui; then Vavau, with its chief Toiane. Then appeared the land Hitinui, its king Tangaroa-manahune. . . ."

And so on, till the record begins to name islands definitely known today: Tahiti, Meetia, and the islands of the Tuamotu, from west to east.

Other Polynesian peoples have longer chants, naming more

countries, and more chiefs, beginning, like this one, with lands not now known by those names, and proceeding to islands that can be more readily identified.

The clue is in the names of the chiefs who ruled when the lands named, in their succession, were occupied, or, as the chants say, "grew up" or were "fished up" from the Pacific—a poetic figure for the apparent rising of a land as it is sighted and approached by sea.

For the most numerous and inviolate chants are genealogies—records kept orally, by which descent is still traced and land rights confirmed. If the kinship of all the Polynesian peoples were not definitely obvious from the mass of other evidence, it would still appear in the coincidence of the early sequences of these genealogies from widely separated countries. Far enough back, most of them name the same ancestors.

Hence it is possible, by counting a given number of years to a generation, to arrive at the approximate date when the chiefs named in the chants ruled, and therefore the approximate date when the Polynesians were in occupation of the lands named in the chants. In other words, it is possible from this evidence to construct a rough history of Polynesia.

This still does not tell us where "Havaiki" was. But there is at least one native tradition that comes very near to placing it geographically in the world we know today. And it is highly significant that that tradition agrees with the weight of modern scientific opinion based on a great deal of other evidence. Scientists naturally are not in universal agreement. But most of them say the evidence points to the origin of the Polynesians in southeastern Asia, or more specifically, somewhere in what is known today as India.

Many corpulent volumes have been written on this subject, heavily sprinkled with scientific terminology and long native names. Such scholars as S. Percy Smith, William Churchill, Judge Abraham Fornander and others spent the greater share of their lives tracing the story.

And it was the indefatigable Percy Smith who obtained from a Maori chief in New Zealand the fullest account of that mysterious ancestral country whence came the many peoples classed as Polynesian—including my friends in the Cloud of Islands.

A good deal of other evidence, gathered by more students than can be named in this brief sketch, supports his theory. By a patient study and comparison of genealogies from different islands, Smith and others, allowing generally twenty-five years to a generation, have constructed a Polynesian chronology in terms of the calendar of today's world.

About 475 B.C., then, the ancestors of the Polynesians were living in a large country (*tua-whenua*, the Maori chief describes it), a "backbone of land," far to the west of all the present Polynesian habitations. The name of this land was Hawaiki (Maori form of my Tuamotuan friends' Havaiki), and another name for it, or for the larger country of which it was a part, was Atia, which is also the Maori pronunciation of "Asia." Havaiki was a broad, level country, bounded inland by snow-topped mountains, and through it flowed a great river called Tohinga, a name which is translated as "Cleansing by Immersion."

The description certainly suggests India; the mountains the Himalaya, and the river the Ganges, where Hindus still bathe to cleanse themselves of sins.

In that country a chief named Tu-te-rangi-marama (He Who Stands, the Illumined Sky) built a temple twelve fathoms high, surrounded by a stone wall, as a meeting place for gods and men. This temple, called Korotuatini, Place of Many Enclosures, was *ngai tapu kaka*, a sacred, glorious place, where dances, games and music originated. This temple was also called Hawaiki-nui, Great Hawaiki. From the description, it seems to have resembled the *heiau* of the Hawaiians and the *marae* of the Tahitians, an enclosure containing several ceremonial courts.

One of the most interesting details supplied by Maori lore is that the full name of the country was Atia-nui-te-varinga, which, from evidence too intricate and voluminous to be quoted here, has been interpreted as "Great Asia Supplied with Rice." This is confirmed further by a Rarotongan account of the food of their ancestral country as "*vari*," the name still applied in the related dialect of the Malagasy (a people of Malayan and Poly-

nesian connections who migrated to the African island of Madagascar). Another name of the country was Irihia, possibly a variant of Vrihia, used in the Rig-Veda to designate a part of India.

It should be mentioned here that Judge Fornander identifies Havaiki with Saba, in southeastern Arabia, that an ancient name for India is Sind-Hava, the Moon-Land, that Hina or Sina is a Polynesian moon-goddess and Hava the apparent root-form of Havaiki (Hava-iki, Little Hava, or possibly Hava-ariki, Royal Hava).

Bordering Havaiki or Irihia on the northwest was a country called Uru, which some scholars identify tentatively as "Ur of the Chaldees." It was a country of five tribes, two of whom were slender, "like branches of trees," and the three others "black." A "blond" people of uncertain origin is also mentioned.

The peoples of Uru pressed in upon Havaiki, and there were wars for a century or more, doubtless a series of border raids, with intervals of comparative peace, in which marriages took place between chiefs of the Havaiki and Uru peoples.

Probably the Uru tribes themselves were being driven on by pressure of other peoples from behind. At any rate, the Havaiki tribes were gradually driven out—probably not all at once, but clan by clan, as their chiefs, wearied with harrying, sought lands where they might have peace.

Their way was eastward. Eventually we find them at Kuranui, the Great Red Land, which bordered on the sea. The pressure continued; the tales are of battles: "fifty chiefs fell." At least one group of Havaiki people, pressed down to the limit of the land, committed themselves to the sea, taking with them enslaved captives from the enemy tribes. Seven canoes were built, in which they sailed to Tawhiti-roa (Long Tahiti, or the Long Land of the Rising Sun), which has been identified tentatively as Sumatra in the East Indies. Naming their settlement there Irihia, after the homeland in the west, they remained many generations. But they still had not found peace.

For the Rising Sun Land was already inhabited by a people described as "lean, lanky, and black." They quarreled over the

fishing rights; in one war five hundred chiefs perished. From study of the genealogies, this war occurred about 65 B.C.

The black people were too many. Explorers went forth, in sewn ships like the great fast-sailing *pahi* of the Tuamotuans. New lands were found, always to the east. "Following the direction of The One Who Came Back from There," seven canoes colonized a country these people called Tawhiti-nui, the Great Rising-Sun Land. It is an odd, warming sort of pleasure to recognize, in the name of one of these canoes, the same name as the canoe of Chief Maono, in which I voyaged across the lagoon of Tepuka Maruia—the canoe called Marama, the Light!

Tawhiti-roa (Sumatra) was a hot country. So they sailed northeast with the wind and to escape the heat. Arriving at Tawhiti-nui (identified tentatively as Borneo), they entered a river on the southwest coast (probably the Kapoeas) and followed it far inland, where they made cave dwellings for defense. Later, as they became more numerous, they built fortified towns in the open, like the *pa* of the New Zealand Maori.

This Tawhiti-nui is described as eleven days' sailing from "Irihia."

At about the same time as the fighting in Sumatra, the chief Te Kura-a-moo and his people migrated to a country called in the legends (H)Avaiki-te-varinga, identified tentatively as Java. A chief of this period discovered the breadfruit, and his wife the Polynesian chestnut. Another voyager found and introduced another new food, described as "a fragrant white yam," and these foods took the place of rice.

Wars and explorations continued. Group by group the ancestors of the Polynesians drifted eastward, carrying with them groups of enslaved captives, whose blood in course of time became mingled with theirs. By 450 A.D. they were in Fiji,[1] and at about that time seems to have been made one of the longest migratory voyages in their history. For the tale relates that Irapanga (probably the same known to Hawaiians as Hawaii-loa) sailed northeast from Tawhiti-nui (Borneo?) to (O)Ahu, in the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of some six thousand miles, which, according to Hawaiian accounts, he covered in

[1] See NOTE on p. 353.

"seven changes of the moon." This is of course quite possible, in the swift-sailing ships of the Polynesian voyagers; one of the canoes in the later migration from the Society Islands to New Zealand averaged 145 miles a day. The trip undoubtedly was broken by intervening islands; the longest jump would have been from the Ralik chain to Oahu, about 2,100 miles. At this time also is the first mention in the chants of Samoa.

It is supposed that this voyager, after discovering the Hawaiian Islands, went back and brought his people to settle them. Meanwhile his related clans spread through Fiji and Tonga, not without warfare among themselves, and occupied Samoa.

This was a period of voyaging and discovering. About 650 A.D., Ui-te-rangiora sailed from Fiji into the cold sea beyond Rapa, *i.e.*, the Antarctic, and brought back marvelous tales of the sea that was like scraped arrowroot (with ice); of mermaids whose hair (kelp?) waved in the waters, "the deceitful animal of that sea who dives to great depths" (walrus or sea lion?) and icebergs "like rocks piercing the sky, and there is no thing growing upon them."

More than a hundred lands are listed in the chants as having been visited by the navigators of that period, many of which cannot be identified today, but in general including probably most of the central Pacific and some outlying islands. Some doubled back; Tonga and Fiji chiefs invaded New Caledonia, where some chiefs still claim descent from them, and probably colonized temporarily many islands such as the New Hebrides. There are references to a country in the west—possibly New Guinea—whither expeditions went for the precious feathers of a crimson bird. They also maintained communication with their earlier homelands in the East Indies (where doubtless some of their people had remained) up to about the middle of the thirteenth century, when the piratical, warlike Malays, after some centuries of crowding in, had made those seas too unsafe and had overwhelmed the remaining Polynesian colonies in those countries, vestiges of which here and there remain.

As the causes of the original migration were war and pressure from invaders, so the later migrations often arose from similar causes. In the East Indies, as we have seen, they found tribes

already in possession; farther east it is not certain whether the lands were empty when they arrived, but scientific opinion leans to the hypothesis that they were. However, as population grew, some of these islands became crowded; disputes arose; there was tribal warfare, and defeated clans took up the trek again over the sea. Dr. Peter Te Rangi Hiroa Buck, the distinguished Maori who heads the Bishop Museum, has explained these and other reasons for the continued voyaging. In part it seems to have proceeded from an adventurous curiosity, in part from economic causes, and in part from the jealousies of chiefs. As Dr. Buck explains, sometimes a priest would report a vision given him by the gods, of a fruitful land to the east or north or south. A defeated chief, or an ambitious younger son, would gather his warriors and kinsfolk together and embark. The canoes, according to old accounts, deployed in a wide crescent formation, each one just within sight of the next (about five miles apart) and thus they combed the sea. Bruce Cartwright says there were usually four double canoes in a fleet; thus they traced a track fifteen miles wide. They navigated by the stars, known winds and sea currents, and detected the presence of land by the flight of sea birds, the color and drift of water, and other signs known to their descendants today. Some even had charts of sticks, strings and shells. Their provisions were long-keeping yams, breadfruit paste, coconuts and the like, with water in bamboo tubes. Over shoals and in the vicinity of islands they replenished these supplies with fresh fish, and caught rainwater in ocean squalls. Cartwright and others believe they were led to Hawaii, for example, by the golden plover, a migratory bird which flies in the fall from Alaska to Hawaii and thence to islands south and returns in the spring.

So, for one reason or another, the Polynesians kept moving. They probably occupied the Marquesas about 675 A.D.; genealogies indicate that the island now known as Tahiti was occupied by them, though probably not for the first time, in 850; Rarotonga a generation later. In 925 the voyager Kupe discovered New Zealand; fifty years later the first Polynesian colonists occupied part of that country. About 1000 A.D. our voyagers were

driving into the Tuamotu, probably progressing gradually eastward. At about the middle of that century there was a Samoan movement into Tonga, and various voyages are mentioned. The colonization of the Tuamotu probably proceeded slowly, largely from west to east, and relatively late, since the low islands are regarded as less desirable than the high, being in general smaller, less fertile and subject to disastrous hurricanes. They must have been at first refuges, rather than homes. Some scientists think the high islands surrounding the Tuamotu were occupied first, and that these bits of coral and sand received mainly fugitives and strays, losers in war or survivors from shipwrecks and canoe parties driven out of their courses. M. Herve, administrator of the Tuamotu, says the islands received their population largely during the wars in Tahiti in the twelfth century A.D.

These theories seem to be borne out by the statements of the Tepuka people as to the origin of the ancestors of their four clans: one from Tahiti, one from the Marquesas, one from the eastern Pukapuka before mentioned, and one from a land no longer identified.

Rapa, in the south, was colonized, according to native tradition which unfortunately lacks corroboration at the other end of the purported voyage, from New Zealand. Easter Island, anciently called Te Pito Henua, Navel of the Earth, and now known in those seas as Rapa-nui, Great Rapa, is said to have been colonized from Rapa. It is possible that there was more than one migration to each of these places, for there are accounts of battles between invaders and earlier occupants. On Easter Island the "long-eared" and the "short-eared" people fought.

Among other places, the Polynesians colonized Pitcairn Island long before its discovery or its occupation by the mutineers of the *Bounty*, though these Polynesian pioneers had by that time left it untenanted. The ancient name of the island is said to have been Hiti-au-rereva, rendered by Teuira Henry "Border of Passing Clouds." The same authority tells of an island that once stood north-northeast of Pitcairn, roughly in the vicinity of the five Minerva islets marked on old charts of the Tuamotu, but not

now to be found. The Tahitian and Tuamotuan legends of the voyages of Rata give a graphic description of the submergence of this land, which was called Hiti-marama, Border or Rising of the Light, or of the Moon.

Hiti-marama is described as a high island surrounded by a reef within which was a broad lagoon. In the center of the island was a single conical mountain, white with blossoms of the aeho grass which was such a vexation to members of our party in the Isles-Under-the-Wind. Below was a cavern extending downward to the Great Darkness. The Tahitian hero Rata voyaged to Hiti-marama to rescue his mother, who was a prisoner in that demon-guarded land. Putting the inhabitants to sleep by magic spells, Rata carried her off, and as they left the harbor, "wind and sea rose fiercely over that island, which soon sank forever, even the mountain, into unknown depths."

The trouble with this story is that Rata occupies a place in the genealogies earlier than the Tuamotu are supposed to have been inhabited, being of the period when the ancestors of the peoples of several countries merge. In Hawaii, for instance, he is definitely mentioned (Hawaiian form of the name, Laka) as having been born at Haili, Island of Hawaii, died at Kualoa, Oahu, and been buried in Iao valley, Maui. His identity is unmistakable, for the names of his father and grandfather coincide in the several genealogies. Evidently he lived before the last major dispersion. Smith places him in the eighth century A.D., provisionally in Fiji or Samoa, as a champion in wars against the Melanesians and one whose exploits have been localized by his descendants in the various islands.

This hypothesis suggests that Hiti-marama may not have been in the Tuamotu at all, but perhaps some such place as Falcon Island, in the Tonga archipelago, which even yet is rising and sinking with volcanic activity.

These circumstances, however, do not necessarily invalidate all the story. The Polynesian settlement of Pitcairn at an early date, for instance, was confirmed by relics found there by the *Bounty* mutineers. The discrepancies merely illustrate the difficulty of reconstructing Polynesian history in European terms of time. It may be remarked in passing that a high and com-

paratively fruitful island such as Pitcairn or the fabled Hitimarama may well have been colonized earlier than the less hospitable low islands.

Another fact to be borne in mind constantly in interpreting Polynesian legendry is that place names may refer to islands in the early history of the race which no longer bear these names, and that the islands which now bear them derive the names from their forgotten predecessors in the long march of the generations.

But in the course of time all these islands were taken over, save some of the less inhabitable of the Tuamotu which are still vacant today.

The twelfth century saw another active period of voyaging, in which the Society Islands seem to have been the center of dispersion. Probably the main cause was the growth of population which sent the dispossessed or the venturously ambitious forth to seek new lands. Early in that century contact seems to have been re-established with Hawaii, in the north, and about 1150 began a series of voyages back and forth between the Society Islands and the Hawaiian Islands, in which a race of chiefs from Tahiti and neighboring islands became the ruling families of most of the islands of Hawaii.

Tradition does not say much of battles in this invasion, but whether peacefully or otherwise, the chiefs from the south took over the land so thoroughly that their predecessors, the progeny of Irapanga-Hawaiiloa, became in the later Hawaiian mind a semi-mythical people, like the "Little People" of Ireland —unless indeed, this fabled race of *menehune* were a pre-Polynesian people who occupied the land even before Hawaii-loa. My own scientific friends believe the *menehune* were Hawaii-loa's tribe, the original migrants from the East Indies to Hawaii.

By that time, practically all of the Polynesian countries had been settled, at least by their pioneer inhabitants. About 1175 A.D., the Moriori, probably under pressure of related tribes or perhaps of invaders from the north, fled from New Zealand to the Chatham Islands. About 1250 there was a second settlement of Rarotonga, and about 1300 a back-track thither from New Zealand. Between 1250 and 1325 there was a series of voyages to New Zealand, probably from the center of dispersal in the

Society Islands, which seem to have been crowded at that time. In the first half of the fourteenth century came the great descent on New Zealand, "Land of the Long White Cloud," by the "fleet" of canoes whose names, and the names of their captains and crews, even the names of their paddles, are preserved in chanted tradition.

The impression in some quarters that the New Zealand Maori came from the islands now known as Hawaii, probably arose from a confusion of names. Though such a voyage is by no means impossible, it seems more likely that they came from the island of Raiatea in the Society archipelago, the ancient name of which was Havaiki or Havaii.

About this time, the voyages between the present Hawaiian Islands and the southern groups ceased, and the dispersal point was gradually forgotten by the people who had come from there, so that Tahiti (in Hawaiian "Kahiki") came to mean in the Hawaiian language, vaguely, any foreign country.

Doubtless the pressure of population had been relieved by the outward flow from the Society Islands north, south and east. For we hear no more of extensive migrations or long voyages. The Hawaiians remained in their islands, building up the complicated feudal and religious system which was characteristic of them when Captain Cook's ships burst through the curving curtain of the sky in 1778. The Maori remained in New Zealand, adapting their ways of life to the cooler climate and different natural resources of that country, developing weaving from flax in place of the bark-cloth of the other Polynesians, and elaborately carved wooden house-frames in place of the comparatively frail thatched habitations of grass, coconut leaves, bamboo, etc., which sufficed for the more tropical islanders.

Naturally enough, in the great eastward trek over the centuries the Polynesians left remnants of their number behind them on the island stepping-stones from India. It is believed the people of Bali are part Polynesian, and there are tales of obscure forgotten hill tribes in India itself and in the Malayan countries, who may represent Polynesian colonies somewhat overlaid with other racial elements. There is a series of low islands, not unlike the Tuamotu, off the larger, higher Melanesian

island groups, where Polynesian languages are spoken and where the people keep the same customs and preserve much the same physical appearance as their Polynesian kindred farther east. Ongtong-Java, Rennell, Bellona, Tikopia, Sikaiana, are a few of these islands. There are tribes, ostensibly Melanesian, who speak Polynesian dialects, showing perhaps an overwhelming of small Polynesian colonies by Melanesian hordes and the handing down of the Polynesian language by captive mothers to their mixed offspring. There are Melanesian and Papuan tales of red-haired chiefs who landed on their shores, introducing fragments of higher culture, and whose ghosts are revered among them today as gods. The Micronesian archipelagoes to the north of the equator in the western Pacific retain many Polynesian words and customs, mingled with those of Malay, Japanese and more obscure racial elements.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Polynesians, like most so-called races, are a mixed people, and that probably they were a mixed people even before they left India, or Arabia, or, as Macmillan Brown thinks, a more northerly place in Asia.

In the fifth century B.C., when He-who-stands-in-the-lighted-sky was building his temple in the Great Land of Rice, and fighting and marrying with the Uru people from the northwest, it seems they were already a rather dark people, for the traditions speak of neighboring races both darker and lighter than they, with whom they undoubtedly mingled. Whether it entered at that time or later, or was there from the beginning, it appears that there has been from a very early period a "blond" strain in the Polynesians, characterized by ruddy hair, an olive complexion and features described, for want of a better term, as "Caucasian." This strain survives in practically all the Polynesian countries, and is particularly evident in our own island Tepuka Maruia, which has had less contact with foreigners than most. The earliest known European voyagers in the Pacific were impressed by it: Wallis in Tahiti, the Spaniards in the Marquesas and western Tuamotu and at Gente Hermosa, now known as Swain's Island, in Samoa.

It is believed that African and Arabian traders were in India before the Aryan invasion, and that pre-Aryan India was partly

Egyptian. Phoenicians or Greeks are thought to have visited Sumatra about the time the Polynesians were there, and Maori tradition records the learning of the making of nets from a white people. Hawaii-loa, in one of his early voyages, visited a large country inhabited by a light-colored, slant-eyed people, and brought two of them to his own country, probably in the East Indies.

At least one scholar, Dr. E. S. C. Handy of the Bishop Museum, has attempted to show a more considerable Chinese strain in the Polynesian people, derived from a relatively late incursion of a South China river people.

There are evidences also of some contact with the Malay sea-rovers who seem to have begun penetrating the East Indies in about the first century.

It has been mentioned that the Polynesians, as they moved, took with them enslaved captives taken from the various peoples with whom they fought, and in the course of generations of residence in various islands occupied in part by non-Polynesian races, considerable intermarriage and woman-stealing must have gone on. Polynesian hospitality being what it is, such distinguished visitors as the Greek or Phoenician "white gods who lived on the sea," must have had their part in the making of the race as it is today.

So we have a combination of ancient Indic, southeast Asiatic, historic Hindu, Chinese, Melanesian and Papuan elements, all of which seem to have contributed to the culture of the island people. Nor was the mixture, according to some authorities, complete even with this. Handy traces an American influence, derived from putative contact established by Polynesian voyagers in Mexico and Peru, with possibly, according to other students, some stray drifts of American canoes into Polynesia.

The proportion of these various elements varied in different migratory groups; hence the physical and linguistic differences from island to island. The settlers at Reao, in the easternmost Tuamotu, for instance, seem to have had in their number an unusually large element of the supposed slave population, accounting for their rather marked physical differences from other

Polynesians. Many of them resemble, to the casual non-scientific eye, the Malayan tribes of the Philippines; others show possible Melanesian or Papuan traits. We noted at Fangatau, in the mid-east Tuamotu, a tall, rangy type with features suggesting certain tribes of American Indians.

Our own immediate Two Lands of the Puka Trees, in the northernmost eastern Tuamotu, seem to have been among the latest occupied. The Tahitian hero Hono(k)ura, ascribed by Smith to about 1100 A.D., visited these islands, according to Tahitian tradition preserved by J. M. Orsmond and recorded by Teuira Henry. The tale distinctly relates that Honokura found Tepuka and Tepoto unoccupied, when he landed there to rest his warriors and replenish his supplies after a raid of vengeance on the western Tuamotu. It was there that a battle was fought, in which by stratagem Honokura overcame the west-Tuamotuan war parties.

So it must have been after 1100 A.D. when the "first ancestor" of the Tepukans, the daughter of the gods, Maruia, arrived there and, as the chant says, "established the foundations of the settlement." Nothing seems to be known of Maruia's origin save that she was "born of the Sea-that-Moans and of the Bones of Chiefs," and that she came from Mahina-te-Tahora, an island east of Tepuka some hundreds of miles, now uninhabited and known variously as Honden, Heruake, Dog Island, and Pukapuka—but not to be confused with any of the other islands also named Pukapuka, farther west.

As that island also is a low coral atoll, small and limited in resources, it is likely that Maruia or her ancestors came there from a larger, higher island, probably one of the Marquesas, whence they were driven by war.

We know a little more about some of Maruia's immediate descendants. One of them, Huarei, is said to have been born of Maruia and the gods of the Darkness, and to have been the most beautiful woman in the known world. As related hitherto, she became the wife of the warrior chief and voyager Moeava (about 1400 A.D.) from the islands farther south and west, Takaroa and Hao, and ruled over Pukapuka, Tepuka and Tepoto. Their son Kehauri became a famous chief.

Probably Maruia represents a family group driven out of the Marquesas or Tahiti in the overcrowding that caused the period of voyaging that began in the twelfth century. There is nothing in the tradition to indicate why she left Pukapuka; if the tale is correct in saying that her descendants continued to rule that island, she could hardly have been expelled by invaders. Perhaps a lean season caused the migration; perhaps mere adventurousness.

At any rate, Maruia's people occupied the island that bears her name, and still do. At slightly later periods others arrived, and as there is no record of conflict, it would seem none of the clans were very numerous and there was room for all. Possibly the numbers were so nearly equal that neither side cared to risk a battle. Or perhaps they did fight at first, and then made peace. All we could learn from the oldest living inhabitant was that "the people were not warlike. The spears were for fish."

Fish and shellfish being abundant, and the pandanus tree fruitful, they thrived there, if not as luxuriously as in the more fertile and varied environment of the high islands, at least tolerably well.

In the genealogy given me by Tehau and Teroro-tu on the occasion of my "adoption," the first name is that of Tanu-ariki, who came from Tahiti. Native history again is silent as to why he came, again probably because he was defeated in war, or found for other reasons that there was no room for him there. From Tanu-ariki to Teroro-tu, living today, there are recorded thirteen generations. Allowing twenty-five years to a generation, Tanu-ariki apparently did not arrive at Tepuka until early in the seventeenth century, or about the time of the Spanish voyages.

The great-grandson of Tanu-ariki, presumably living in the early eighteenth century, was Mokio-ariki, as far as we could learn the last ancestor who is particularly noted for heroic exploits. As related hitherto, he descended into the Great Darkness to rescue his wife Fangu-taku-ariki, and there learned dances and chants which he taught to the people. Stripping this tale of its supernatural elements and rationalizing from them, it appears that Mokio-ariki, in addition to being a chief, was a

bard and composer who put into form the art expression of his people. As to his journey into the spirit-world, probably Fangu was unconscious for some time—exaggerated in the legend—and her eventual recovery under his care was interpreted in those mythological-poetic terms.

The story, it may be added, is obviously one much older than the human history of the island. It is found in more elaborate form in Hawaii and elsewhere in Polynesia, as well as in classic Greece. So it may well be that, as often happens, an ancient myth became associated with a more recent historical character.

Mokio-ariki's grandchildren must have been living when John Byron, repulsed by spears, sailed away from the two islands, naming them "Isles of Disappointment." This is the first recorded contact with Europeans (1765), though it is possible, as some writers point out, that pirates had visited and terrified some of the Tuamotu with acts of ignorant barbarism before this time.

Korokoa, whom Wilkes, the next recorded white visitor, names as the chief of Tepuka in 1839, is not mentioned in any genealogy I saw or heard. Doubtless Wilkes' Maori interpreter bungled this job as he did the names of the islands.

The French colonial government, according to the administrator at the time of our visit, took over the Tuamotu about the middle of the nineteenth century, probably extending active control rather gradually from west to east. The granddaughter of the last independent chief of Tepuka was living near us on the island—an ordinary enough young woman, and our friend Paunu is the son of the first local "governor" under the French administration.

The people of Tepuka and Tepoto appear to have descended from the earlier wave of Polynesian migration. The evidence of this is in their physical appearance, language and customs: the structure of their sacred places and the simplicity of their social organization. Their culture evidently stems from the same period in Polynesian history as that which Hawaii-loa's supposed fifth century migration took to Hawaii. Probably their ancestors were people of that migration, driven out of the more westerly countries by the later immigrants.

As we were discussing, in our house on the island, the fabled *menehune*, identified with the early inhabitants of Hawaii, Emory, glancing around the room at our Tepuka neighbors, remarked: "These are the *menehune*."

Indeed, their lower stature, compared with many other Polynesians, and their compact though powerful build, suggest the physical differences exaggerated by Hawaiian legend into tales of a race of "dwarfs." Their language, too, as noted in the section on that subject, contains elements that may be referred to an earlier period than the present Tahitian, besides a number of puzzling words that may be non-Polynesian. Some of these may be merely localisms; others may have been derived from the slave element of early migratory times, or from one or another of the influences with which they came into contact.

Emory has pointed out that their marae or sacred enclosures are practically identical with those on the small islands Necker and Nihoa of the Hawaiian archipelago, which are attributed to the Hawaiians of the fifth century migration. They also seem to have been free from the excessively complicated system of tabu and the sharply defined class system which prevailed in Tahiti and in Hawaii after the twelfth century Tahitian invasion. Hence the Tepuka people may be regarded as representing to some extent the Ur-Polynesian, the already somewhat mixed people that moved eastward from the East Indies in the fifth century, before later contacts had modified and complicated the remainder of their tribes who were to follow. Likely enough their ancestors were driven out of Tahiti or other dispersal centers by later coming migrants, also Polynesians, but of a slightly different stock.

Though the migrations are not to be thought of as single mass movements of large bodies of people, but rather as scattered flights of a family or a few families or groups at a time, two or more major migrations are distinguished by students of the problem. Smith postulates three: one of which is represented by the Samoans, Tongans and scattered lesser groups; another by Rarotongans, Tahitians, Tuamotuans, Marquesans, Mangarevans

and most of the New Zealand Maori, and a third including the East Coast Maori and many Hawaiians.

Churchill postulates two great migrations, which he calls the Proto-Samoan and the Tongafiti, the latter ending about 1200 A.D. These two branches of the race fought in some central dispersal point, Samoa, Tonga or Fiji, and the Tongafiti people were expelled to Hawaii and New Zealand.

Macmillan Brown sets the migrations farther back in time and farther apart, and attempts to derive one element of the Polynesians from a northern source. He believes an old-stone-age "Aryan" people, crowded out of Asia by the ice age, entered the Pacific, in a time when the land masses were greater than now (the ice cap having imprisoned moisture and lowered the sea level), through Japan and Micronesia into Polynesia as far as Easter Island. He places this drift from the north at about one hundred thousand years ago, and supports it by the widespread references to the ancestral homeland as a "cold" country of "long darkness," and by much cultural data too complicated to be summarized here.

Brown holds that these pioneers were followed by two movements of new-stone-age people, one a fair "Mediterranean" race and the other a South Asiatic tribe, both voyaging by canoe, by way of the East Indies and the Melanesian and Papuan countries, and both before the Christian era.

In any case, the Polynesians seem most likely to have originated in Asia, and to have migrated in two or more waves, over a period of centuries, into the Pacific islands, spreading out from one or more long-occupied places in the Pacific to the various islands where they now dwell.

Hence our Tuamotuan friends have a long though uncertain history behind them. Many fascinating surmises are possible: perhaps Maono, present chief of Tepuka, derives his name and ancestry from that Maono who was the elder brother of Tangiia and a chief in Tahiti in the twelfth century. That Maono was driven out by his rebellious younger brother, who was later killed at Takume in the Tuamotu by a chief from the Marquesas. The old name, Tepuka-maru, of the island of Takume, farther west, suggests Tepuka Maruia, and the ancestral name

Tangiia, with an "h" inserted between the two i's, survives today at Tepuka.

NOTE: In the foregoing, the early Polynesian occupants of Fiji are not to be confused with the present inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, who are predominantly Melanesian with some Polynesian mixture and traces of Polynesian influence. The name "Fiji," however, is Polynesian, and can be traced back to the East Indian period, in "Siti," an old name for Java, interpreted as "the rising," *i.e.*, the east. It is probably the root form of the name Tahiti, which survives in several places; one of the Tuamotu islands is called Hiti, and we visited a district of Fiti or Fitii in the Isles-under-the-Wind. F and H, S and H are interchangeable from dialect to dialect of Polynesian, and some Polynesian dialects, including that of Tepuka, pronounce "t" when followed by "i," often as "tch" or "j." Thus Hiti, Fiti, Fiji, Siti, may be regarded as all the same name.

The findings regarding the origin and general movement of the Polynesians, though perhaps not completely established, may be regarded at least as highly probable. As my scientific acquaintances put it, the evidence bearing on these problems is still being collected. The expedition of 1934, in which the experiences related in the main text of this book occurred, was one of a score or more of such surveys made by the Bishop Museum in the gradual collection of that evidence. When the evidence, as far as it remains available, has been gathered, then patient study and scientific comparison of data from various areas may point more conclusively to the answers. There will be gaps in the evidence, and some matters probably will always remain speculative. But further research continues to modify earlier tentative conclusions. For instance, I gathered the impression that the Society Islands are now looming larger than they once did, as the dispersal area, especially for the later migrations. Until quite recently, it was commonly stated in historical works of Hawaii that the famous priest and voyager Paao came to Hawaii from Samoa, because the chant relates that his home country was "Upolu." It has been learned, however, that Uporu, of which the Hawaiian form is Upolu, is an old name for a district in the northern part of Tahiti, and this checks with other evidence that Paao was of Tahitian origin.

Similarly, some of my scientific friends are inclined at present to doubt the story of Hawaii-loa, but evidence may yet be obtained to confirm it, though that evidence may place him in a

later period and bring the scope of his voyage into more reasonable limits by locating him in the more easterly (Ta)hiti-nui (Great Sunrise Land) that is known today as Fiji—perhaps even in the Tahiti of today. There can be no doubt, however, that some very long voyages were made, though some of them may have been exaggerated in heroic legendary accounts. We find islands throughout a large part of the Pacific inhabited by people of the same race, speaking dialects of the same language, and with much the same customs. They must have got there somehow, and we know they had the boats.

And so, driving venturously eastward, these sea gypsies out of India came to the last scattering handfuls of the land, and gave them names that ring like warriors' songs: Raroia, Fakarava and Raraka, and all the hundred names of the Drowned Islands —and, lone in the north, Tepuka and Tepoto. Their hard earth rings like metal underfoot; the sea claws at the red fringe of the land and falls back, purring—and, snarling, claws again. Yet the children of the gods of Darkness and the Sun have made these wreaths of land their home, subsisting on the sparse fruits of those lands and the richer yields of the sea that are not to be harvested without toil; and here they have made beauty blossom in dance and poetry and song. This fevered world of ours could learn something from the peace of theirs.

APPENDIX V

The Future of the Islands

Such Innovations as the use of nails, replacing the superior native construction; the beginning of introduction of boards and corrugated iron; the beginning of use of foreign cordage and foreign tools, use of foreign clothing and articles of diet such as rice and flour; and the introduction of commerce through the copra industry, indicate that the old life may eventually be lost,

in greater or less degree, as these changes create new wants which the simple native economy cannot supply.

Influx of strangers seems, at this period, unlikely. In fact, the reverse seems to be taking place—an exodus of natives to other islands which have been depopulated by disease. The most serious danger in this is that returning members may bring back disease which will depopulate these islands in turn.

It is probable that the use of foreign articles will gradually increase, unless something happens to cut the islands off from the rest of the world or the market for copra is completely destroyed. It is possible that new crops will be introduced, as papaya and squash have been introduced in recent years.

On the whole, I believe the people will not be happier for such changes. There is a value in new crops, if used directly for community subsistence and not in commerce. They could do very well without foreign tools, with the possible exception of knives. They would be much better off without the foreign foods, which are unsuited to the climate and which may, by upsetting the present balance, undermine the sturdy health of the people.

The principal deficiency, if any, in their present diet is green vegetables. We were told that they did not eat seaweed, as the Hawaiians do. They also have no root crops, such as taro, which would be more wholesome than the rice and flour they will consume if they become sufficiently prosperous. Taro could be grown, on the windward side of Tepuka, in trenches such as formerly existed in some of the Tuamotu and still exist at Reao. We were told they had tried to grow onions, without success, because the children pulled the shoots up as fast as they sprouted. It might be worth while, however, to grow onions for the children. They also lack citrus fruits, such as limes, which they eat eagerly when they can get them from a ship.

Some such changes as these might be beneficial, though their present restricted and somewhat monotonous diet seems to produce good results. Perhaps its apparent deficiencies are counteracted by their consumption of raw fish, particularly fish livers, as well as coconuts and papayas.

For the most part, their life, even corrupted to the extent it is,

is better for them than attempts to imitate foreign life. The best thing that could happen to these islands would be for them to be cut off completely from the outside world, forcing them to revert to the old ways while people are still living who know some of the old processes by which the natural products were used—provided this severance happened before serious foreign disease had been introduced.

When we were there, it looked as if some such saving separation might be possible. The civilized world was tottering; its economic system seemed to be falling apart from its own rottenness; and we envisioned the day when the advance guards of commerce would be withdrawn from all the outposts, as the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain; when the last copra schooner would be tied up for good at Fareute, and the puka trees might grow again in the place of useless surplus coconuts on the islands that bear their name.

But the white man's world appears to be tougher than we thought it was. The final collapse may not come, after all, or at least be long delayed. Civilization, instead of retreating, is advancing into hitherto little known corners of the Pacific. Air transportation is mapping its roads over the ocean that Magellan and Cook, Quiros and Mendana, Rata and Ui-te-rangiora sailed. At present the iron bird of the white man alights only in the west: from Oahu to Moku Papapa, which the white men call Midway; from there to Wake and to Guam of the Chamorro people, and thence to Manila and the Orient. A Japanese line soars down into the Mandated Islands whose peoples bear traces of an even more mixed heritage than the Polynesians. Soon the flying boats will follow the golden plover's flight south from Honolulu: Kingman's Reef, Pago Pago, Suva will know them, down to New Zealand of the Maori. But the Polynesian southeast remains unflown save by the sea birds whose flight guided the brown canoemen to the wreath-shaped lands.

It may not be so for long. Almost any of these coral atolls, with large enclosed lagoons, such as Tepuka, is a potential seaplane port. They are far better fitted to the ships of the air than to those of the sea. Accurate charting, a little blasting of coral heads, and erection of signals—and you could have a

chain of airports all the way from the Marquesas to Tahiti and from there south or west.

Some of these islands are almost certain to be used, sooner or later, for that purpose, as man takes more and more to the air. Most of them are far more suitable for the purpose than the sun-baked lagoonless islands of Baker, Howland and Jarvis, which the United States is taking so much trouble to develop, farther west. The Tuamotu are practically on the route from the Panama Canal to Tahiti, and they and the Marquesas to some extent command, from a viewpoint of air strategy, the western approach to the canal.

France may discover some day that she has, in these neglected, all but forgotten spots of coral, treasure greater than the pearls that used to be raised from Tuamotuan lagoons, or the fabled gold-laden galleon sunk in the lagoon of Hiti, or the pirate hoard for which men have dug the coralline soil of Pinaki in vain. For the world's ocean highways are increasingly skyways.

Hence it is not impossible that some of these islands may become sites, in time, of resorts such as has recently been built on comparatively bleak Midway, with hotels to house wealthy air tourists, and exploitation of the fishing and bathing in the lagoons.

I should be sorry to see that happen. It would mean the end of the Tepuka and Tepoto we have known, and probably the end of that simple, friendly people.

But there are many islands in the Tuamotu, and most of them have lagoons. Two or three airports in all the group would be enough. So perhaps the airway builders will overlook the Puka Tree islands, and those people can go on in their own way for a long time yet. I hope so.

PAU

INDEX

Adoption, 156-162
Agriculture, 316-317, 355
Akiaki Island, 236, 238
Amanu Island, 129, 178
Americans in South Seas, 298
Anaa Island, 3, 55-59, 84, 185, 299
Ancestor cult, 116, 119, 329
Animals, 305
Apataki Island, 129
Aviation, 35, 356-357

Bathing, 326
Birds, 21, 22, 93, 306
Bishop Museum, 19, 21, 291, 300, 334, 341, 353
Blondes, Polynesian, 7, 8, 13, 161, 192, 320, 338
Borabora Island, 43, 44
Building, 133-134, 311
Byron, Commodore John, 63-64, 300, 302, 350

Cannibalism, 58, 66, 67, 96, 127-129, 239
Canoes, 130-131, 304
Chain Island, another name of Anaa, 55
Chants, 112-116, 124-126, 127-129, 137-139, 156, 160, 162, 172, 213, 217, 228, 231-234, 242, 329-331, 335
Charcoal, 147, 148, 214, 217, 310, 311
Children, 76-77, 114, 126, 127, 140, 168, 169, 178, 180
Chinese, 43, 84, 90, 100, 101, 131, 170-172, 228, 242, 245, 258 259, 320, 321, 322, 347
Christmas Island, 24, 33
Circumcision, 135-136
Climate, 304
Clothing, 4, 37, 76, 83, 104, 121, 122, 129, 136, 137, 146, 162, 167, 179, 248, 263, 264, 293, 305, 314-315
Communal division, 98-99, 108, 110; of labor, 133 ff.
Community life, 98-99, 108, 110, 133
Consanguinity, 144, 159, 177
Cook, Capt. James, R.N., 345
Cooking, 95, 107-108, 110, 183, 247, 292, 293, 312
Copra, 9, 34, 93, 100, 130, 131, 133, 146, 300, 303, 304, 306, 318; preparation of, 307
Cordage, making of, 118, 175, 304
Creation myth, 233, 329
Crime, 101
Customs, social, 15, 106, 135-137, 138-145, 291, 313, 325-327

Dancing, 15, 36, 70, 71, 113-114, 121, 138-145, 158, 162, 174, 199, 200, 219, 241, 275, 319
Dangerous Islands, name for Tuamotu, 47, 55
Depopulation, 226, 228, 230, 235, 236, 239, 321
Diving, 218
Dog Island, name for Pukapuka, 302
Doldrums, 29

Ear-piercing, 136
Easter Island, 342
Education, 70-74, 172, 318, 327-329, 329-331
Elephantiasis, 201, 266, 294
Equator, 39
Etiquette, Polynesian, 14, 170, 177, 262, 325-326
Expedition, of Bishop Museum: personnel, 22 ff.; purposes, 96
Explorers, early, 9, 55, 63-66, 345-346

Fakahina Island, 8, 144, 159, 209, 307
Fakarava Island, 209, 299
Fangatau Island, 164, 225-236, 329

Fanning Island, 30-38, 175
Feasts, 136, 319
Fishing, 4, 28, 29, 68, 69, 93, 107, 117, 146, 147, 175, 179, 180, 249, 262, 293, 298, 317, 318
Flowers, 327
Food, 46, 55, 93, 95, 96, 107, 110, 122-23, 133, 136, 146, 151, 164, 170, 185, 189, 192-193, 198, 219, 235, 247, 258, 260, 263, 292, 297, 305, 312-313, 355
Foreign influence, 319-320
Fruit, 45, 47, 91-99
Fuel, 310

Games, 12, 121, 126, 132, 147, 164, 179, 296, 319
Genealogy, 120, 156, 161, 336, 349
Ghosts, 66-69, 116, 132, 204, 231, 346
Ghost-bird, 115-116, 330
Ghost-head (name of an illness), 203, 207
Gilbert Islanders, 30 ff., 37
God-boxes (or god-houses), 118-119
Gossip, 176, 187, 193
Government, 101-103, 108-109, 110-112, 299, 302, 350

Habits of Tuamotuans, 326-327
Hao Island, 128-129, 178
Hats, 148, 163-166
Havaiki, ancient home of Polynesians, 234, 335-338, 345
Hawaii-loa, Polynesian navigator, 339, 344, 347, 353
Health, 7, 45, 53, 75-81, 122, 144, 153-156, 164, 179, 201, 202, 207, 278, 280, 293, 294, 321, 355
Herbs, 120
Hikueru Island, 158
Hina, goddess, 169, 210, 322
Hiti-marama Island, 343
Home life, 311
Honden Island (another name of Pukapuka), 302
Housing, 6, 31, 70, 97, 104, 118, 120, 133-134, 183, 192, 226, 239, 240, 277; types of, 307, 309
Humor, Polynesian, 8, 65, 71, 72, 76, 84, 127, 150, 165, 182, 197

Hunting, 306
Hurricane, 57, 120, 183-185, 307

Infection, 155, 190, 197, 198, 200-217, 294
Islander, sampan, 19, 21, 37, 47, 54, 256, 259, 286, 291
Island life (by visitors): difficulties of, 291-296, 298; preparations for, 291 ff.; restrictions upon, 291, 293, 296, 298; subsistence, 292-294
Islands of Disappointment, Byron's name for Tepuka and Tepoto, 64, 300

Katiu Island, 58
Kauehi Island, 187

Lagoon, 12, 31, 126, 149-155, 178, 303
Land, tenure of, 120, 123, 161, 318, 328
Landing, on low islands, 4, 5, 201, 303
Landscaping, 309
Language, 10, 11, 72, 75, 81, 87, 92, 159, 172, 203, 204, 205, 235, 275, 276, 292, 295, 299, 320, 331; comparison of dialects, 322-324; numerals, 323; "root-speech," 322-324
Legends, 43-46, 50, 127-129, 161-162, 169, 210-211, 231-234, 349-350
Lighting, 311
Line Islands, 3, 30-32
Loti's Pool, 41, 42, 270-271

Mahina-te-tahora, ancient name of Pukapuka, 302
Makatea Island, 268
Makemo Island, 128, 187
Mana (or spiritual power), 102, 162, 198
Manhood rites, 135-136
Manihiki Island, 32, 36
Maori, 345
Marae, 31, 32, 42, 43, 49-50, 87, 90, 118-119, 120, 121, 123, 124, 128, 196, 229; ceremony, 118-119, 123-124, 161, 196, 231, 309, 351
Marquesas Islands, 302, 348, 349
Marriage, 138-145

Marupua, ancient name of Fangatau Island, 231
Mathematics, 323, 328
Maui, Polynesian hero, 210, 233
Medicine, 75-81, 153-156, 200-217, 294
Meetia Island, 48-51, 249, 250
Menehune, 344, 351
Migrations, 9, 22, 43-46, 139, 302, 335-354; causes of, 340-341; theories of, 351-352
Missionaries, 8, 53, 81-87, 122, 133-135, 145, 146, 180, 303, 308, 319, 320, 322
Money, 294, 297, 298
Music, 15, 71, 116, 124-126, 168, 172, 177, 194, 239-242, 243, 296, 297, 319
Myojin Maru, old name of sampan *Islander*, 19, 20

Napuka Island, 53, 300; not true name of island, 73; approach, 303; discovery of, 63-66, 302, 348; climate of, 304; history, 302-303, 348-350; population, 321
Navigation, 22-23, 39-40, 128, 152, 238-239, 332, 339-340
Nengonengo Island, 248-249
Nohu fish, 201
Nukuhiva Island, 302
Nukutavake Island, 152, 238

Pandanus tree, 88-93, 163, 243
Papaya fruit, 50, 80, 91, 94, 98-99
Papeete, 40-47, 158, 216, 251-289
Paumotu, old name for Tuamotu, 299; origin of name, 299
Pearls, 158, 282, 300, 307
Perfume, 326
Photography, 168, 295-296
Physique of Islanders, 325
Pitcairn Island, 342, 343
Polynesians: a mixed race, 345-348; origin and migrations, 9, 22, 43-46, 139, 302, 335-354; remnants of, 345-346; types of, 9, 192, 226, 300, 320, 346-348
Pomare, King, 58, 299
Prophecies, 134, 178, 185, 186-188, 230

Puka tree, 94, 118, 123, 151
Pukapuka Island, 152, 189, 302, 348
Pukarua, name for Tepuka and Tepoto, 302

Rapa Island, 287, 342
Reading, 328
Reao Island, 53, 202, 348
Recreation, 318-319
Religion, 81-87, 134-135, 209, 211, 220, 232, 235, 239, 318
Road My Body Goes, Tahitian song, 278, 288
Ruins, 31, 32
Rurutu Island, 164, 261, 287

Sampan, 19-20, 27
Sex customs, 135-145, 176, 195, 213, 325
Sharks, 37, 132
Shellfish, 13, 33, 148-155, 163-166, 178, 301, 307
Ships, Polynesian, 95, 152, 238, 239
Sleeping accommodations, 326
Smoke signals, 303
Soap, 326
Songs, 36, 124-126, 167-168, 172, 197, 219, 240, 278, 280, 281, 332, 334
Sorcery, 79, 203-205, 209, 213, 216-217, 220-221
Spear throwing 57-58
Storms, 36-38, 57, 120, 183, 307
Street girls, 267, 269-270, 275-284, 286
Streets, of Tepuka Marui, 11, 301, 316; of Vahitahi, 238
String figures, 28, 74, 319

Tabu, 65, 67, 139, 144, 177, 313
Tahunga, 69, 81, 103, 135, 203
Tahiti, 40-47, 164, 251-289, 302, 345, 349
Takaroa Island, 128-129
Takume Island, 352
Tama, Polynesian god, 210-211
Tane, Polynesian god, 210, 233
Tapuaerangi, old name of Fanning Island, 3, 32
Tatakoto Island, 164, 244, 246
Taxes, 298
Tepoto Island, 185, 189, 190-199,

INDEX

Adoption, 156-162
Agriculture, 316-317, 355
Akiaki Island, 236, 238
Amanu Island, 129, 178
Americans in South Seas, 298
Anaa Island, 3, 55-59, 84, 185, 299
Ancestor cult, 116, 119, 329
Animals, 305
Apataki Island, 129
Aviation, 35, 356-357

Bathing, 326
Birds, 21, 22, 93, 306
Bishop Museum, 19, 21, 291, 300, 334, 341, 353
Blondes, Polynesian, 7, 8, 13, 161, 192, 320, 338
Borabora Island, 43, 44
Building, 133-134, 311
Byron, Commodore John, 63-64, 300, 302, 350

Cannibalism, 58, 66, 67, 96, 127-129, 239
Canoes, 130-131, 304
Chain Island, another name of Anaa, 55
Chants, 112-116, 124-126, 127-129, 137-139, 156, 160, 162, 172, 213, 217, 228, 231-234, 242, 329-331, 335
Charcoal, 147, 148, 214, 217, 310, 311
Children, 76-77, 114, 126, 127, 140, 168, 169, 178, 180
Chinese, 43, 84, 90, 100, 101, 131, 170-172, 228, 242, 245, 258 259, 320, 321, 322, 347
Christmas Island, 24, 33
Circumcision, 135-136
Climate, 304
Clothing, 4, 37, 76, 83, 104, 121, 122, 129, 136, 137, 146, 162, 167, 179, 248, 263, 264, 293, 305, 314-315

Communal division, 98-99, 108, 110; of labor, 133 ff.
Community life, 98-99, 108, 110, 133
Consanguinity, 144, 159, 177
Cook, Capt. James, R.N., 345
Cooking, 95, 107-108, 110, 183, 247, 292, 293, 312
Copra, 9, 34, 93, 100, 130, 131, 133, 146, 300, 303, 304, 306, 318; preparation of, 307
Cordage, making of, 118, 175, 304
Creation myth, 233, 329
Crime, 101
Customs, social, 15, 106, 135-137, 138-145, 291, 313, 325-327

Dancing, 15, 36, 70, 71, 113-114, 121, 138-145, 158, 162, 174, 199, 200, 219, 241, 275, 319
Dangerous Islands, name for Tuamotu, 47, 55
Depopulation, 226, 228, 230, 235, 236, 239, 321
Diving, 218
Dog Island, name for Pukapuka, 302
Doldrums, 29

Ear-piercing, 136
Easter Island, 342
Education, 70-74, 172, 318, 327-329, 329-331
Elephantiasis, 201, 266, 294
Equator, 39
Etiquette, Polynesian, 14, 170, 177, 262, 325-326
Expedition, of Bishop Museum: personnel, 22 ff.; purposes, 96
Explorers, early, 9, 55, 63-66, 345-346

Fakahina Island, 8, 144, 159, 209, 307
Fakarava Island, 209, 299
Fangatau Island, 164, 225-236, 329

300-302; description, 191, 195, 301; discovery, 63-66; other names for, 302; population, 321; situation, 301
Tepuka Maruia Island: approach, 303; arrival at, 3, 59; climate, 304; discovery of, 63-66, 302, 348; history, 95, 302-303, 348-350; origin of name, 9, 151; population, 321; situation, 301; size, 301
Thrum Cap Island (discoverer's name for Akiaki), 237
Tiare Tahiti, cutter, 53-54, 186-191, 193, 199, 202, 207, 209-210, 236-238, 244-251, 258-259, 264, 270, 273, 286, 288, 291
Tiki, first man, 210
Tobacco, 87-91, 119, 203
Tombs, 31-32, 69, 204
Tools, 133, 175, 304
Transportation, in Tuamotu, 291, 303, 317
Treasure, 357
Tridacna clam, 13, 33, 148-155, 178, 301
Tuamotu Islands, 55, 56; colonization, probable date, 341; geography of, 298-300; government, 299; history of, 58; origin of name, 299; population, 299
Turtle, 63, 87, 106, 117-118, 305, 313, 318; ceremony, 118-119, 128; cult, 116, 118, 313

Utensils, 309
Utilities, public, 310-311

Vahitahi Island, 152, 162, 185, 187, 215, 237-244
Vairaatea Islands, 152
Vanishing Islands, 234, 342
Vostok Island, 40
Village, 316

Washing, 147, 230, 315
Washington Island, 32, 34
Water supply, 11-12, 109-110, 196, 226, 277, 293, 310
Weaving, 147-148, 180
Wilkes, Charles, 64-65, 191, 302, 350
Witchcraft, 203-204, 212
Womanhood rites, 136-137
Writing, 328

Te Uru

ABOUT 1964
PAEA
TAHITI

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
While your sisters grow so far away?

The valleys, they are green
And the mountains, they are tall.
The sea, 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 1960's By George H. Balazs
When gazing upon bread fruit trees at
The University of Hawaii at Manoa
Campus

FOR TURTLES SEE:

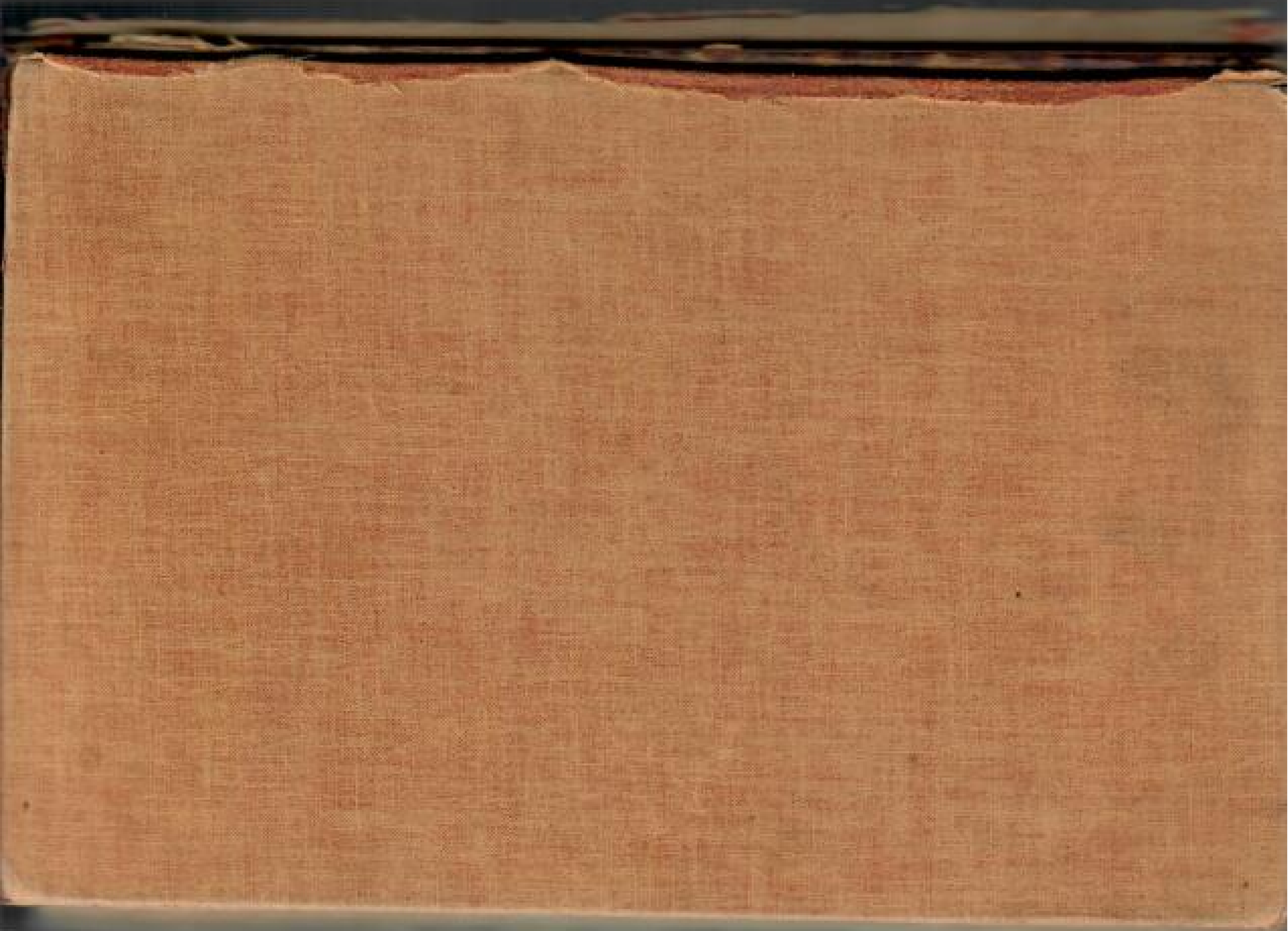
P. 11, 13, 21, FACING 21, 63, 87, 95, 96, 106, 117,
118, 119, 123, 124, 128, 175, 196, 229, 304,
306, 309, 312, 313, 317, 318, 319, 329,

P. 87 "I AM NOT OF THIS AGE"
P. 191 TEPOTO
P. 63 Turtle shells

11 MARCH 2018

Arai Repuka 11 ans.
KAMAKE JULIA 22 ans
KAMAKE Laeticia 18 ans
ARAI PATRICIA 54 ans.
KAMAKE PAHOA 48 ans.
KAMAKE MANUTEA 5 ans.
TEAKA HANIHEI 7 ans.

NEED - EMORY
- CATALOG of TEPUKA MARUIA BP MUSEUM
- NECKER MEN
- THE REASONABLE LIFE - for JEAN KAPE
- TEFANO FLOWER



NAME OF
ship to NAPUKA

Xavier Marigtella 3

3/6/2018 Remy's home

14.16421° S
141.27137 W
15 FT ELEVATION

FATA KAIGA - BONE PILE

CLIFFORD GESSLER

ROAD MY BODY GOES

a JOHN DAY book

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

CLIFFORD GESSLER

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.

FIGHTING ANGEL
and
THE EXILE

by Pearl S. Buck

THESE companion volumes are biographies of the author's father and mother. The extraordinary fact is that while these two lived together for forty years and had seven children, yet they lived utterly separate lives, so that the tale of what the man did and thought does not in the least duplicate the story of the woman. Most of the time he was far from home, a lonely adventurer ranging the turbulent interior of Old China through the hazards of famine, banditry and revolution, while his wife was making an American home for her children in the heart of a foreign land.

Critics have been unanimous in their opinion that "these twin biographies will occupy a place in American literature beside *The Good Earth*."

"*The Exile* is a record of high courage, of bounteous living for others . . . There are many who will feel that no matter how good *The Good Earth* was, *The Exile* is an even better book."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"To the American reader of every type and class, it seems that no book could be more poignantly and vitally interesting than *The Exile*. Merely as a story it is as absorbing as any novel . . . clear, incandescent, gripping in its interest, written in a style of beauty and unerring rightness, this is an epic of our country."—*New York Times.*

"*Fighting Angel*, miraculously, is just as good a book as *The Exile*."—*New York Sun.*

John Day books

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, INC.
386 Fourth Avenue, New York

Each $2.50. *Boxed* $5.00

PACIFIC ADVENTURE

By WILLARD PRICE

"ARRESTING, DISTURBING,
UTTERLY ABSORBING!"

says the N. Y. Times Book Review

"You can read this book as the adventure of two gallant and thoughtful travelers, and as such you are sure to enjoy it heartily. But in sober and far-reaching truth, this author's title is two-edged. The real 'Pacific Adventure' is not his: it is Japan's."

"YOU ARE GUARANTEED A GRAND
AND GLORIOUS EVENING."

says the N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Read 'Pacific Adventure' as escape literature, and you will find delight therein; read it as a sophisticated travel book and there will be an ample education offered you; read it as a solemn warning of the future grim struggle for the mastery of Asia, and you will discover many a message that will require thought. But, for whatever reason you may open it, you are guaranteed a grand and glorious evening."

"Queens with flowers in their hair and centipedes in their grass skirts, princesses with pink pigs for pets, stone wheels that serve as money, gods who have grown tired and lazy—all but Pof, the god of love, and Teretheth, the deity of rum—magicians and native detectives stud his story . . . making his economics and his politics fascinating reading, writing his adventures with a gay cleverness."

48 Photographic Illustrations and a Map *$3.00*

a JOHN DAY book · REYNAL & HITCHCOCK
386 Fourth Avenue, New York

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.
380 Fourth Avenue, New York

Illustrated $3.50

FIGHTING ANGEL
and
THE EXILE

by Pearl S. Buck

THESE companion volumes are biographies of the author's father and mother. The extraordinary fact is that while these two lived together for forty years and had seven children, yet they lived utterly separate lives, so that the tale of what the man did and thought does not in the least duplicate the story of the woman. Most of the time he was far from home, a lonely adventurer ranging the turbulent interior of Old China through the hazards of famine, banditry and revolution, while his wife was making an American home for her children in the heart of a foreign land.

Critics have been unanimous in their opinion that "these twin biographies will occupy a place in American literature beside *The Good Earth.*"

"*The Exile* is a record of high courage, of bounteous living for others . . . There are many who will feel that no matter how good *The Good Earth* was, *The Exile* is an even better book."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"To the American reader of every type and class, it seems that no book could be more poignantly and vitally interesting than *The Exile.* Merely as a story it is as absorbing as any novel . . . clear, incandescent, gripping in its interest, written in a style of beauty and unerring rightness, this is an epic of our country."—*New York Times.*

"*Fighting Angel,* miraculously, is just as good a book as *The Exile.*"—*New York Sun.*

John Day books

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, INC.
380 Fourth Avenue, New York

Each $2.50. Boxed $5.00

FLORIDA CENTENNIAL
3¢ UNITED STATES POSTAGE
32 USA
33 USA
CATS