470 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.,
November 18th, 1931.

Dear Dr. Murphy,

In reply to your letter of yesterday, I should of course be very glad for the Museum to have a copy of my story of part of the Whitney Expedition. There is no great hurry about my getting the manuscript back, especially as I shall not try to place it until I have the photographs. Perhaps these will be ready by the time your stenographer has finished the copying.

"W---", in the story, is, as you guessed, Quayle. I changed his name at the start, as I was a little fearful of what I might say before I got through. On rereading the manuscript, however, I came to the conclusion that I had not been too unkind to him.

I realize that the manuscript needs pruning, but I seem to be singularly weak on recognizing uninteresting passages: perhaps because incidents one lives through oneself always seem more or less interesting. So I have decided to leave it to the editor. It can be cut by a quarter and still leave an ample amount for a three-instalment series. I had thought of trying it first on "Asia", but if you should have anything in mind that you think more likely to want it, I would be grateful for suggestions.

Sincerely yours,

Chas. R. Curtis

WHITNEY SOUTH SEA EXPEDITION

of

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Journal based upon the Letters

of

CHARLES CUTLER CURTIS

January 10--July 4, 1922

Sailor and Plant-Collector.

Being letters written to New York in the course of a five months schooner cruise in Eastern Polynesia.

By Charles Cutler Curtis.

(At the time of writing of the first three letters, the writer was working as overseer on a cocoanut plantation in Tahiti.)

Papeete, January 10th.

I arrived in town on the truck at three o'clock, or about the same moment the R.M.S."Tahiti", from Frisco, was gliding into the lagoon. The mail from home will be out in the morning.

One of the first persons I met on the street was Beck, the ornithologist from the American Museum of Natural History, whom I have known slightly since he first came last year. In passing the time of day with me, he told me that he was about to make a trip; he has chartered a schooner, and in about three weeks expects to set out on a several months' cruise, ornithologizing the outlying groups. His probable itinerary includes the Austral Islands, Paumotus, Gambiers, and possibly Pitcairn. Well, I "obeyed that impulse", and without dreaming he'd give it a minute's consideration, said, "Have you got an extra berth-- room for another in your party?-- I'll work my way." He asked what sort of work

Sailor and Plant-Collector.

Being letters written to New York in the [illegible] a five months schooner cruise in Western [illegible].

By Charles Butler Curtis.

(At the time of writing of this first letter, the writer was working as overseer on a coconut plantation in Tahiti.)

Papeete, January 10th.

I arrived in town on the train at three o'clock, or about the same moment the "Tahiti", from Friesco, was sliding into the lagoon. The mail from here will be out in the morning.

One of the first persons I met on the street was Beck, the ornithologist from the Chicago Museum of Natural History, whom I have known slightly since he first came last year. In [illegible] the day with me, he told me that he was about to make [illegible] the last another schooner, and in fact [illegible] expects to get out on a several months' cruise, ornithologizing the Dusky Islands. His specific itinerary includes the Austral Islands, Rarotonga, [illegible] Pitcairn. Well, I shouldn't [illegible] dreaming he's given it a little [illegible] "Have you got an extra berth?" [illegible] partly -- I'll work my way.

I thought I could do. I told him I was sorry I was neither a naturalist nor a cook, but would sign on as anything from ordinary seaman to private secretary. He finally suggested that I might work in as a combination of both, and in parting said he'd think it over.

I suppose this last move will seem the crowning pinnacle of all my follies. I can quite see how it would strike most people to throw up the kind of job I came down here expressly to get, and go off on a many months scientific expedition, thus slowing up by just that much time the final decision as to my ultimate career. You know how I feel, however, about the relative values of really worth-while experiences and of material success, and if Beck decides to include me in the party, I hope you can find it in your heart to rejoice with me. Besides, even from the most material point of view, there are some things in favour of this idea. I am not at all convinced that planting is either the only or the best work to be done in this country, and important among the other fields is that of marine transportation; this trip might prove an ideal way of surveying that field for possible openings in the way of out-islands which need communications with Tahiti. But the basic fact of the whole matter is, I own, that I cannot find anywhere in my being the slightest trace of the average respectable citizen's horror of becoming a rolling stone. What good did moss ever do a stone, anyway?

Papehue, Tahiti, Jan. 12th.

I came back to the plantation on the Voiture Publique this morning, and have been realizing most of the day how remarkably attached I have grown to this place. As if to try and stifle my desire to go cruising, the weather has been ideal: bright, clear, and rather cool for this time of year. Sunset this evening was unusually gorgeous, and then came the wonderful full moon of the tropics. I have been sitting on the beach by my lonesome for hours, enjoying at its loveliest, this lovely corner of the world.

My boss, who came out to the plantation over Sunday, returned to town early this morning, and we started off the week on Papehue by tackling more lantana. At noon, the Oil Company truck arrived to get last week's copra, and after seeing it loaded, I climbed aboard and rode up to Papeete on it. My first act on arriving here was, as you might guess, to hunt up Mr. Beck. I finally found him aboard "La France", the two-masted schooner he is equipping and fitting up for the trip, and within two minutes, arrangements were verbally completed for my membership in the party. I am to sign on as a sailor, but shall bunk aft with Beck, his assistant, the captain and the mate. In addition to standing watch and wheel, I shall do any of the odd jobs in connection with his work that Beck

cares to give me-- or as he puts it, I shall work at anything he thinks will help the Museum. In return for my services, and in addition to my keep, I shall receive the magnificent salary of Two Hundred Francs a month-- at the present exchange, about Seventeen Dollars!

After leaving Beck, I managed to keep my feet on earth long enough to do several errands for the plantation. Then I had dinner at the Diadem, which hotel being crowded, I shared a table with an elderly Californian who had arrived on the last steamer and will be glad enough to leave on the next. I came back to my room at the Annex, and am preparing to return to Papehue by the Voiture Publique in the morning. As we are due to sail a week from today, I forsee a busy seven days.

Papeete, Jan. 30th.

I have just been down to the harbour-master's office and signed on as "matelot" on the "goelette a deux mats, La France". I am about to go to the S----'s for a farewell luncheon, after which I shall run around buying oil-skins, dungarees, and so forth, and then join the ship and try to make myself useful.

Papeete, Jan. 31st.

Like most island sailings, ours did not come off this morning on schedule time, but it is now set for

nine o'clock tomorrow morning, and will really take place then, I think. I've been spending a large part of the day, as well as yesterday afternoon, reducing an enormous number of bills for stores for the trip, rendered in Francs to Mr. Beck, into American Dollars for his expense account. This entertainment has assured me that "La France" is starting out well equiped.

Perhaps you'd better address me until further notice c/o U. S. Consulate, Papeete.

Auxiliary Schooner "La France",
One hour out of Papeete,
February 1st.

After what bade fair to be another day of not getting away, we finally shoved off from the wharf at four o'clock, and are now opposite Punauia District, on the west coast of the island, and steering straight south. There were heavy showers around noon, but now--

Feb. 2nd.

That was interrupted by supper, after which I went on watch for the last two hours of the dog-watch, slept four, went on watch four, and have been repeating this alternation ever since. We have now finished supper again, and tonight I have the last two hours of the dog-watch below, having been on deck from four to six. It has been raining most of the day, and between watches, I

have had the intense joy of getting into dry pajamas and sleeping, or smoking in the cabin over a book. I hope you can read my writing; we're rolling like the devil.

Feb. 3rd.

It appears from the course we have been steering that we shall call at Raivavai, in the Australs, on the way to Rapa.

This morning we shot a Tropic Bird, of the yellow billed variety-- I am told that there are three varieties. Did I mention the fact that we expect to do considerable shooting from deck when at sea? I was on wheel at the time, so saw the whole performance: W---, Beck's assistant, missed him three times, but called him back with a bird-call each time. He is good at the call stuff, but weak with his gun. Each time he missed him, Beck cocked a weather eye at the marksman, but the fool bird would come back, and finally, when he almost lit on deck, W--- got him. He fell over our port bow, and we scooped him up with a gigantic sort of crab-net affair, made for the purpose. I hope there is nothing in this "Ancient Mariner" superstition about killing sea-birds from a ship.

Feb.5th.

Sunday, and a perfectly gorgeous tropical day at sea. The last two hours (2:00-4:00 P.M.) having been my trick at the wheel in the scorching sun, I should have preferred

it a little less gorgeous, but the rest of the time, when I could find a few feet of shady deck behind a sail, it was ideal.

This morning, on coming off watch at eight, after a salt water bath, a Sunday shave (the first since leaving Papeete), and the treat of an entirely clean set of clothes to celebrate the Sabbath, I launched into "The Story of Pitcairn and the Bounty Mutiny", by Rosalind Young, a native daughter. Incidentally, I have two letters from people in Taniti to Pitcairn Islanders, and both the addressees are of the Young clan. Edward Young was one of the original mutineers, and I suppose about one sixth of the population of the island are Young's. Well, I got thoroughly absorbed in the book, read it until lunch, and it being permitted to do so on Sundays, took it up with me again for the first two hours of my watch on deck, when it was not my wheel. This copy has quite a history, having been given to Ernest Darling by a McCoy of Pitcairn. Ernest Darling was a rather famous "nature man" in Tahiti a few years back: he used to prance around the hills in the "altogether", I believe, and frighten the good ladies of the French official circle and the natives alike, till the authorities made him quit. The original McCoy was another of the mutineers, and this McCoy, according to the inscription in the book, came to Tahiti on the "Snark", Jack London's yacht.

Feb. 7th.

It is 4:30 P.M., and Raivavai is beginning to loom up quite distinct over our bow. We first sighted her at about 8:30 A.M. from aloft, at which time I was slumbering in my bunk, having just gone below. When I came on deck at eleven, she was visible from deck, a speck on the horizon. At the present rate of speed, we should reach her during the morning watch.

One hour out of Raivavai, Austral Islands,
Feb. 11th.

The 8th, 9th, and 10th. were so completely filled with twelve hours work a day and nine hours sleep at night, unbroken by watches, that I had only time to scribble off a note to you yesterday and leave it on the island, whence it will probably never depart. I did get my diary ready for mailing, the first day of our call, but the more I saw and heard of the island and its communications, the more it seemed wise not to count on a letter reaching New York from there.

Well, having arrived within a few miles of Raivavai during the middle watch, when I was on deck, and laid to at a discrete distance until dawn, I found us anchored in the harbour when I got up for coffee at seven. I learned that I was to accompany W--- on his bird shooting trip up the mountain, and collect plants under his direction, that work being a side-line of the expedition. We landed about seven-thirty, Beck setting out to walk

around the shore, and W--- and I striking through the bush for the higher regions. We climbed for about a thousand feet, first through dense vegetation on a steep hillside, then up a grassy cliff. Arriving at the top we deposited our lunch, and pranced along the ridge for hours, blithely picking flowers, and W--- occasionally shooting at, and once in a while hitting a bird. I carried, strapped on me, a great book, which became ever heavier, as it filled with plants. We had a very nice view of practically the whole island, as we were following the central ridge. As far as the work went, I admit I was not thrilled; botany has always seemed to me the least interesting branch of the study of nature, but the trip itself was an interesting one, and if a botanist I must be to see these islands, a botanist I am. We got back to our lunch about three in the afternoon, and at five, as my plant press would hold no more, I started down to the shore. By this time I must have had some forty pounds of plants strapped to my person, which added to the natural difficulty of making the steep descent in anything but a sitting posture. Once, when I was still above the bush, on the grass-covered cliff, the strap to my press broke, and it went bounding and skipping down for a couple of hundred feet, my spirit exulting as I watched it and had visions of not having to carry it again until I reached sea-level. Unfortunately, it brought up with a bang against a mango tree, and my New England conscience

restrained me from picking it up and heaving it down the rest of the way to the beach. After supper I spent a couple of hours sorting out and labelling the plants I had collected, before turning in.

The next morning, three of us (W---, one of the native sailors, and I) started out in a rowboat and went around the "motus", or small, low, coral islets on the reef that surrounds the main island. There were eight of them, and we landed at five of these, making the entire circle of the island, within the reef. It made a good day's work, for we spent all the time from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon either at the oars, or walking around motus; and both lagoon and motus were hot. But getting back at four, I was able to sort out and label my plants before supper, and so turn in early.

Yesterday, Friday, was much less strenuous, although almost as thoroughly filled up as the preceding two. The morning,I spent in odd jobs, such as changing blotters between the plants already collected-- putting in dry ones, and laying the ones thus replaced out in the sun. We had intended to sail in the afternoon, but a dead calm made Beck decide to stay over and send W--- up the mountain for shearwaters. He stayed there alone, but I went up with him in the afternoon, to help him with his kit as far as the ridge. There I gave him my blessing and returned, collecting a few plants here and there, and putting them in my press. When I had come to where the bush began, I was wending my way calmly through it when

I felt a sharp sting on one ankle, followed immediately by one on the other, and looking down, I saw a swarm of yellow wasps rising around my legs. I cleared the next fifty yards in the shortest time that a jungle hillside has ever been covered. When next I viewed matters calmly, I found that all the plants had slipped out of my folio, which was not surprising in view of my headlong and zig-zag descent through the bush. I retraced my steps, but when I had found about half of my plants, the army came forth to meet me again and I retreated to a discreet distance, this time without getting stung. I repeated the performance several times, but never succeeded in getting the other half of the collection, and I finally returned to the ship without it.

Feb. 13th.

We had a session in the hold this morning, all hands except the captain and the man at the wheel going down to shift cargo. We have a few dozen cases of gasoline for the auxiliary motor, which had to be moved to the after end of the hold to make room for a lot of fire-wood we had taken on at Raivavai. The whole job only took until nine o'clock.

Feb. 14th.

It is six o'clock in the evening, and I have just come down from deck, where an occasional man is now going aloft to look for Rapa. No one has sighted it yet, but

from the four o'clock longitude observation we should do so during the night. We've had a fresh breeze for the past twenty-four hours, but it is letting up a bit now.

Having two hours off, with nothing demanding my attention, it might be well to give you a brief description of the company aboard the good ship "France". I have already mentioned Beck and his assistant. The former, head of the expedition, is one of the hardest workers I have met in some time. He is also a hard driver to those under him, but one does not mind this in a man who drives himself just as hard as his subordinates. I like him. In his own particular line, he stands very high. He does not pretend to be much of a scientist, but he is a marvellous bird-collector--a dead shot, and a wonder of speed and skill in skinning birds. W--- is just starting in at the game.

The captain, Marten Nagle, is a Rurutu half-caste, his father having come to the islands from America. He is reputed to be the best native skipper sailing out of Papeete, and with one or two exceptions, the best navigator of any race. He has sailed two-masted trading schooners all his life, and knows everything to be known about handling this particular type of craft. He is quiet, curteous, cheerful, and decent to his crew.

Next comes the mate, a Norwegian, of the good old seafaring name of Charley Olsson. With him I bunk, in a little room off the main cabin, furnished only with an upper and a lower berth; I belong to his watch, and

so in every way I see more of him than of anyone else on board. He is a real deep-sea sailor, in some ways extremely hard-boiled, but with an underlying wealth of human kindness which is not at first apparent, and with a strong sense of humor. His attitude towards me is a source of never ending amusement to me: at meals, in the cabin, and at other times off watch I am "Mr. Curtis", and am treated with a rough courtesy due to my being of the cabin party. During watch, however, the "Mr." is dropped along with the courtesy, and his manner becomes as a mate's traditionally should be to a sailor. But in the night watches, the sailor not on wheel has no particular jobs to do, and during these hours our acquaintance has ripened into real friendship. Charlie has sailed literally all over the world, and came to Tahiti two years ago from New York on the Vegetable Oil Company's schooner "Percival Parks". Before that he had spent nine years in New York, working at various jobs around the harbour, and living in Brooklyn. He is going back some day, but not in winter, and he says he really has no desire to settle down there again ever: "Tahiti is a pretty good place to live". He has been around the Horn several times, and sailed once from Valparaiso to Cape Town across the Pacific, a voyage of 105 days, when it snowed all the way. The first Saturday out I asked him if he was going to church the next morning. He said, "I guess not; Gee, I suppose if I went inside a church the darn thing would fall down!" We were polishing brass at the time

so in every way I see more of him than of anyone else on board. He is a real deep-sea sailor, in some ways extremely hard-boiled, but with an underlying warmth of human kindness which is not at first apparent, and with a strong sense of humor. His attitude towards me is a source of never ending amusement to me; in public, in the cabin, and at other times out which I am "Mr. Curtis", and he treated with a rough courtesy due to my being at the cabin party. During watch, however, the "Mr." is dropped along with the courtesy, and his manner becomes as a mate's traditionally should be to a sailor. But in the light watches, the sailor not on wheel has no particular job to do, and during these hours our acquaintance has ripened into real friendship. Charlie has sailed literally all over the world, and came to Tahiti two years ago from New York on the Vega-Tahiti Oil Company's schooner "Revolvel Dashe". Before that he had spent nine years in New York, working at various jobs around the harbor, and living in Brooklyn. He is going back some day, but not in winter, and he says he really has no desire to settle down there again over: "Tahiti is a pretty good place to live". He has been around this here several times, [illegible] from Valparaiso to Sydney [illegible] voyage of 105 days. After [illegible] third between me [illegible] column the next [illegible]. I suppose if I were [illegible] would fall down [illegible]

on the quarter deck, and the engineer said, "Do you think you'll go to Heaven when you die, Charlie?"

"Don't want to go to Heaven-- there's too many stars to shine up there. Give me the other place, where there's no polishing to be done," he replied.

The engineer is Louis Juventin, island-born, of Italian ancestry, but with a smattering of native blood. It does not show in his appearance, but comes out strongly in his character, giving him an unfailingly cheery temperament, and the combined personal charm of both races. His job is the softest snap on the ship, as we are only using our motor to get in and out of harbours and passes, not even having started it in a couple of dead calms; but he is alert to make himself useful around the ship, and has even learned to skin birds.

The other sailor of my watch is a half-caste named Matahiapo. He is good-natured, knows his job, but lazy. He is, however, a giant, physically, and has therefore been given the job of steersman of the surf-boat; while we three others row, he wields the big stern oar. So far, this has been a simple matter, as our landings have been in Raivavai harbour, where the water is still along the shore, but we will have plenty of opportunity to observe his skill when we get among the Paumotus and have to land through a smashing surf on the coral reef.

The two sailors of the captain's watch are Bijou and Teihau. Bijou is very much of a character. He is the scion of a rather prominent and fairly wealthy French-

on the quarter deck, and the engineer said, "Do you think you'll go to Heaven when you die, Ohmsfior?"

"Don't want to go to Heaven-- there's too many stars to shine up there. Give me the other place, where there's no polishing to be done," he replied.

The engineer is Louis Zavarelli, inland-born, of Italian ancestry, but with a mixture of native blood. It does not show in his appearance, but comes out strongly in his character, giving him an artistically cheery temperament, and too conscious personal charm of both races. His job is the welcome lump on the ship, as we are only using our motor to get in and out of harbours and passes, not even having started it in a couple of dead calms; but he is alert to make himself useful around the ship, and has from location to obtain birds.

The other sailor of my watch is a half-caste named Matsingao. He is good-natured, knows his job, but lazy. He is, however, a giant, physically, and has therefore been given the job of [illegible] while we three others rest. He might [illegible] far, this has been a simple matter, as our lumbering [illegible] been in Malayan harbour, [illegible] the shore. But we will [illegible] observe his exit [illegible] have to land through [illegible]

The two [illegible] and Tainan. Sijon [illegible] the salon of a rather [illegible]

Tahitian family of Papeete. He himself is probably about a quarter Tahitian. At the age of fouteen, he ran away to sea, and for the past ten years has been sailing the seven seas. I think he is the hardest looking and softest hearted man I ever knew. He talks English pretty well, and incessantly; he plays the ukelele and sings a good deal when off watch; and he is a mighty liar; his anecdotes of his exploits in San Francisco, Singapore, or any other place you care to mention are priceless, but most of them are not fit for print. Withal, he is a ball of energy, always looks for the hardest job that could by any stretch of the imagination need to be done, and is never so happy as when working.

Teihau is a full-blooded Rapaman. He is very dark, very handsome, and an excellent seaman. The men of Rapa have long had the reputation of being among the finest sailors in the South Seas, and ours is no exception.

The only remaining members of the Company are the cook, a Tahitian, with whom I hardly ever come in contact, and Ralph, the cabin-boy. The latter is about fourteen, and making his first sea-voyage. He tries to do his work as best he can in fair weather, but when it is rough he is not much use, for he gets frightfully seasick. He should never have gone to sea, and I imagine never will again.

Rapa Iti, Feb. 19th.

We have been in Rapa four days, but it has been im-

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possible for me to write about it until now. My days have been very busy, and in the evenings, Mr. Beck has retired to his work-bench in the hold with the only available lamp;and in the hold there is no place to sit and write. But today is Sunday, so I shall try to make up for lost time.

Rapa was in sight Wednesday morning at daybreak, and we reached the island at noon, but had to sail half way around to get to the harbour. It is a picturesque bit of land. Unlike many of these islands, it has no protecting reef, and the breakers smash, in a white line, along the beaches, which are never more than a few rods wide. Behind them, precipices rear up hundreds of feet sheer. Here and there, however, the forbidding aspect of the shoreline is broken by a deeply-cut bay, with friendly valleys rolling back from it, divided by mild, grassy ridges. These look like ideal grazing grounds, but there is not a cow on the island, and only a handful of wild horses and goats. The gentle slopes of the valleys become steeper as they sweep back, until finally they are almost verticle walls, surmounted by knife-edged ridges. We are anchored in Ahurei, the largest of these bays, which forms a right angle: it starts to run in perpendicular to the shore line, goes half of its length in that direction, and then turns and runs parallel to the coast. It is in the angle that we are riding, a quarter of a mile from the little village, and directly in front of me, as I

possible for me to write about it until now. My eyes have been very busy, and in the evenings, Mr. Scott has retired to his work-house in the hole with the only available lamp; and in the hold there is no place to sit and write. But today is sunday, so I shall try to make up for lost time.

Hope was in sight Wednesday morning, at daybreak, and we reached the island at noon, but had to sail half way around to get to the harbour. It is a picturesque bit of land. Unlike many of those islands, it has no protruding rock, and the beaches shine, in a white line, along the foreshore, which are never more than a few rods wide. Behind them, precipices rear up hundreds of feet clear. There are three, however, the forbidding aspect of the mountains is broken by a deeply-cut bay, with relatively valleys rolling back from it, divided by rocky ridges. These look like ideal grazing grounds, but there is not a cow on the island, and only a handful of mild horses and goats. The gentle slopes of the valleys seems cheaper as they sweep back, until finally they [illegible] vertical walls surmounted by knife-edged ridges. [illegible] in Alnwick, the layout of [illegible] single: it starts [illegible] line, [illegible] then turns [illegible] the angle [illegible] the little village, [illegible]

sit on deck, the big white church stands out, the only European note about the otherwise native village.

We dropped anchor about two o'clock, and Beck and W--- went ashore immediately, leaving me on board to change the blotters of the Raivavai plant collection, put the ones that had been in it out to dry on deck, and have them ready for new plants. After supper, however, I went ashore, and found a little native settlement that made me feel like Captain Cook, stumbling on his first Polynesian island. The entire population of the place, numbering several hundred, lives in one village, and this village has an idyllic location in a delightful, shady grove which fringes the shore of the bay for a few hundred yards, and stretches back from it about the same distance. A little thoroughfare runs through this village parallel to the beach, joining at each end with the trail that runs out around the island, and on each side is an irregular scattering of houses. A couple of barely perceptible paths at right angles to the main one complete the street system. In Raivavai all the houses were in imitation of the European style. Here, every dwelling is a thatched hut. As we are south of Capricorn, and the nights are cool, the bamboo strips for sides are cut smaller and fitted closer together than in Tahiti, and as Rapa is out of the cocoanut belt, the roofs are thatched grass instead of thatched palm-fronds.

Strolling slowly up the street with Louis Juventin and Bijou, we were greeted seemingly by every inmate of

sit on deck, the big white church stands out, [illegible]
Dunoyean note above the otherwise native village.

We dropped anchor about two o'clock. [illegible]
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each end with the small [illegible] that [illegible] around the island,
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the main one complete the [illegible]. [illegible]
all the houses were [illegible] of native style.
Here, every dwelling is [illegible] hut. As we [illegible]
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for sides are cut [illegible] and [illegible]
than in [illegible], [illegible]
the roofs are thatched [illegible]
fronds.

Strolling slowly [illegible]
and Dijon, we were [illegible]

every house in the village. Men, women, and children piled out in front of their huts to shake hands and beam upon us, and many were the invitations to "Haere mai" ("Come in"). A little brook runs right through the heart of the village, and following this up a few rods from the main street, we treated ourselves to the luxury of a fresh water bath. During this process, we were the big curiousity of the year, for every small child, male or female, in the island, stood around open-mouthed on the bank, watching our ablutions. Fortunately, I had forseen something of the sort, and had brought along a pareu, a garment which, handed properly, can be made to serve first as a bath-house, then as a bathing-suit.

When we were through, Teihau, who hails originally from Rapa, turned up and conducted us to the house of his grandfather. The latter is a minister of the gospel, a white-bearded old patriarch, surprisingly light of skin, with a few words of English at his command, of which he is very proud. He came here from the Samoan Islands in the dark ages, with a colony of fifty compatriots, who migrated to Rapa.

After being treated to raw-fish, miti haari, and, rarest of delicacies here, chicken, and passing an hour chatting with the old man and his family, we sauntered on through the now dark street and were soon told to "Haere Mai" from another house. We haere'd. Like the minister's, and all the other huts, for that matter,

the illumination was supplied by a torch made of the "Tia Iri", the small native candle-nut, containing a large amount of oil, which burns slowly, and which, when several are strung together, gives a very fair light, about two nuts burning at a time. Some person in the family circle sits and holds the torch for hour after hour, keeping the end over an iron receptacle, and occasionally knocking off a burnt nut. Generally the torch-bearer is a woman or girl, but in the minister's house, the old boy hung on to it himself, whether as a badge of dignity or an object lesson of Christian service I don't know.

There was a goodly gathering of natives in this second house, and the poi-poi was going around the circle. Poi-poi is not quite the same as poi in Tahiti, being stickier, sourer, and to my mind not nearly so good. It is eaten also in the Marquesas, I believe, and in the old days was quite the thing in the Hawaiian Islands. In all places where it is used it is deeply relished, and passed around at all entertainments, soirees, and gatherings. Here they served it in a wrapping of the large, heavy leaves of the Ti plant. It seems to be the custom where there are strangers or new guests in the house for them to be served by the young girls, and the feeding partakes of the nature of a frolic, the girl trying to pile the food into his mouth faster than the man can take care of it. I didn't care particularly for the stuff, but of course had to do my share in the game. Once the girl gets her arm going rhythmically,

the eater has to open his mouth, swallow, and open his mouth again, or get poi-poi smeared all over his face. I managed to get down in quick succession about ten mouthfuls the size of my fist, and as the girl wouldn't stop when I reached my limit and held up my hands, caught the eleventh handful on my chin, to the great hilarity of all present.

Thursday morning I went mountaineering with W--- to a ridge about 800 feet above sea-level. Here we separated, I working the ridge and then back to the beach for plants, he going on further for shearwater. I got back to the ship for lunch, and in the afternoon worked on the material I had brought in, cataloguing it, putting blotters between the plants, and changing the blotters in the old ones. We work in the hold, but as the work-bench is right under the hatch, it is light and airy.

After supper I went ashore and found the population of the village divided between the two himine houses at the opposite ends of the village. Seeing them all together, or rather all in two places, I was impressed by the predominence of women in the population. Rapa is an island in which about four-fifths of the men habitually become sailors and go to sea, and the difference in numbers of the two sexes is striking.

Friday I climbed a somewhat higher ridge to collect, and found a "marae" which had been cleared

of underbrush and long grass by an archaeologist named Stokes who was down here last year. These "maraes", of which there are many in the island, consist of a series of terraces, roughly levelled off, each terrace about fifteen or twenty feet above the next one below, the whole forming a great square. They are usually built on the highest point of a ridge, are relics of the past, and their purpose is the cause of some dissension among archaeologists. In Tahiti, the same word is used to designate the flat places of worship built of loose rocks, which were used in the old pagan religion of the land, some of which are still to be found. Some claim that the Maraes of Rapa were also altars, but it seems more likely, judging from their size and their locations, that they were a sort of fort, inasmuch as the island used to be populated by several warring tribes.

Work in the field here is much pleasanter than in Raivavai, not only because it is a prettier island, but because the inhabitants are more in view. One meets groups of girls, boys, and women trooping gaily over the mountains, collecting the leaves of the Ti plant, going to and from the Taro beds to work, and moving about on countless errands. From the higher ridges, one can generally look down on two or three fertile valleys to the sea, and still, above one, tower rocky peaks of startling perpendicularity. All along the coast are Taro beds-- low ground, damned up into

rectangular ponds, with the broad-leafed taro looking very pretty, its head above the surface. Some coffee is grown in the interior. It is excellent, but is not extensively cultivated. Where the valleys are grown over with bush, it is much less dense than in Tahiti, but the vast majority of land stretching back between the ridges is covered with grass and looks as if it ought to make splendid pasturage.

This morning (Sunday) I have been sitting luxuriously on the quarter-deck in freshly-laundered clothes, basking in the sensation of cleanliness-- a sensation which, in my present mode of life, I am not able to enjoy at all times. It is nearly lunch time, and this afternoon I shall go ashore and take in the Sunday activities of the village.

I went, and found the village much the same, but a little bit dressed up-- not very much,to be sure, for even today a large number of the inhabitants were going about their affairs clad in pareus. After wandering rather aimlessly a bit, chatting here and there with a family group in front of its house, I came across Beck, with his large camera and tripod, photographing various groups and individuals. I accompanied him a little way, carrying part of the paraphernalia. We stumbled upon the gendarme's house, which is situated close by the brook. The gendarme, M. Goffic, is, of course, a Frenchman, and the only white man permanently on the island. He came forth to greet us effusively, and tell us Rapa was ours. I interpreted cordial nothings between him

[illegible] young [illegible], with the broad-leafed tea [illegible] very pretty. Its road above the [illegible]. [illegible] is grown in the interior. It is a [illegible], but is extensively cultivated. [illegible] over with bush. It is much less [illegible] than [illegible], but the vast majority of [illegible] overhanging bush [illegible] the ridges is covered with grass [illegible] to make [illegible].

This morning (Jan. 17) I have been visiting [illegible] usually on the quarter-deck in [illegible] clothes, basking in the sensation of [illegible] -- a sensation which, in my present mood of life, I am not able to enjoy at all times. It is [illegible] hot. And while afternoon I shall go ashore [illegible] in the energy activities of the village.

I meant, [illegible] tour the village [illegible], but a little bit longer up -- [illegible] to be [illegible]. For even today a large number of the [illegible] were going about their [illegible] [illegible] rather similarly [illegible] family group in front of [illegible] woman [illegible] with his large [illegible] [illegible] strong and lightly [illegible] carrying [illegible] the [illegible] broom. The [illegible] man, and the only [illegible] He came forth to meet [illegible]

and Beck, who speaks no French. Then his daughter came out, and as she is the best-looking girl in the island, Beck was seized with the desire to take her picture in a pareu, dipping water from the stream with a gourd, against the background of a little wooden bridge. This was arranged, and after the photography was over, with further professions of esteem for each other and each other's countries, we parted company with M. Goffic. By this time the bell was ringing for the afternoon service, and I wandered into the big, white church to hear it. Here, of course, everyone was dressed, and every last woman was covered with one of those straw hats introduced in the islands sometime in the Dark Ages, which bring out all the unlovely features and obscure the attractive traits of the Polynesian woman. The hat is shaped roughly like the ordinary man's straw hat in America, but with the crown higher, and the brim narrower. This, perched on the extreme top of hair piled high, instead of hanging down the back, as all Polynesian hair should do, completes the disfigurement begun by the sack-like dresses the women wear-- they look frights, every one of them.

When I left church, I met my old man minister of the first night ashore, who, by the way, did not officiate. He invited me to his house for poipoi-- it was then three-thirty, one of the twenty-four conventional poipoi eating hours per day in Rapa.

and Book, who speaks no French. Then his daughter came out, and as she is the best-looking girl in the island, Book was seized with the desire to take her picture in a pareu, dipping water from the stream with a gourd, against the background of a little wooden bridge. This was arranged, and after the photography was over, with further protestations of esteem for each other and each other's countries, we parted company with M. Gaston. By this time the bell was ringing for the afternoon service, and I wandered into the big, white church to hear it.

Here, of course, everyone was dressed, and every last woman was covered with one of those straw hats introduced in the islands sometime in the last 1890s, which bring out all the unlovely features and obscure the attractive traits of the Polynesian woman. The hat is shaped roughly like the ordinary man's straw hat in America, but with the crown higher, and the brim narrower. This, perched on the extreme top of hair piled high, instead of hanging down the back, as all Polynesian hair should do, completes the disfigurement begun by the dress-like tresses the women wear-- they look like [illegible] every one of them.

When I left church, I met [illegible] of the first [illegible] officiate. He invited me to his [illegible] It was then three-[illegible] conventional point [illegible]

I got there and found a large gathering of family and friends, among them the gendarme's daughter, beside whom I promptly sat down. She was all dressed up for church, but had on a white dress of more shape than the average, had taken off her hat, and really looked fetched. She is not a Polynesian type at all. Of course she shows plenty of color, but has very delicate features, and a distinctly dainty, fastidious expression, in contrast to the warm voluptuousness of the type commonly seen in these parts. She is a perfect little "doll in a tea-cup", and quite fascinating looking. Later in the afternoon I paraded up and down "Main Street" with her and decided she was thoroughly enchanting, but I still expect to sail with the ship at the end of the week. Her name is Tuaana-- rather curious for a proper noun, as it means, in Polynesian "the elder sister of a sister".

At Sea, February 28th.

The last week has been too busy to allow any time for writing, but I shall try to give a rough account, now, of what went on. On Monday, the twentieth, W--- and I had ourselves taken about half-way around the island in the surf-boat, to a cave where we pitched camp for the night. The party which went consisted of Bijou and Teihau, Louis Juventin, and myself at the oars, and W--- and Charlie. We landed the latter in a bay on the way, for the ostensible purpose of

trying to shoot one of a herd of wild goats that were up on a ridge above. When we pulled out around the point, our last view showed him standing on the beach looking disconsolately up at the ridge. When we later learned that he had not succeeded in getting anything, we were not overcome with surprise, and he has since confided to me that although he never had any objection to climbing the rigging, he doesn't like "them mountains".

We made another stop of about an hour at a small island we passed. The islets around Rapa are all high affairs-- rocks sticking out of the water sharply, instead of the flat coral formations found near most big islands in these parts. We found practically no plant life here, but quite a few birds. When we finally reached our cave, at about three, I for one was almost famished, and quite ready to dive into our lunch before the surf-boat had even shoved off from shore to return to the schooner. Afterward, we made a trip a little way up the mountain, where I got a few plants, and W--- several terns, before we returned for supper just at dark.

We rose at dawn and again went up the mountain just above our cave, but this time I collected and W--- shot at a higher altitude. We got back to camp for lunch about eleven, and at one set out over the mountain for Ahurei. We left most of our equipment in the cave for the boat to get when it came in the afternoon, but W--- took his shot-gun and basket and I the plant press, and

we collected on the way. The route led over two mountain ridges, one of over a thousand feet, and the other about six hundred, diving down to almost sea-level in between, and when we reached our own bay, somewhat after five, we were both fairly tired. As soon as I had finished supper and taken care of the new plants, I turned in.

Wednesday, in company with W--- and Charlie, I made a trip to another islet, on the same side of Rapa as our anchorage, and we unanimously voted to christen the place "Wasp Rock". It was about an hour's sail from the schooner, and we went in the "Fan Fan", our skiff, which is considerably lighter than the surf-boat, and which is rigged with mast and sail. We took along the cabin boy and put him ashore on a point, armed with a glass jar of alcohol, to catch lizards. When we came by for him three hours later, we saw him from a distance, comfortably curled up under a protruding rock, sound asleep. He had no lizards. "Wasp Rock" was a precipitous affair, sticking up to a height of some three hundred feet, rather thickly covered with vegetation, considering its rugged outline, and inhabited solely, as the name indicates, by hostile, yellow wasps. They were thick all over the place, and in the course of the morning's work W--- got stung five times, Charlie three, and I got off lightly with only two stings. Aside from this, the only excitement the place afforded was a point in the

we collected on the way. The route led over two mountain ridges, one of over a thousand feet, and the other about six hundred, dividing down to almost sea-level in between. Late when we reached our bay, somewhat after five, we were both fairly tired. As soon as I had finished supper and washed dishes on the new planet, I turned in.

Wednesday. In company with [illegible] and Charlie, I made a trip to another island. On the same side of Hogan's one anchorage, [illegible] voted to christen the place "Hobo Rock". It was about an hour's sail from the usual [illegible] in the "Ben Ken", our skiff. [illegible] fairly than the sand-bank, and [illegible] and sail. We sure [illegible] but him ashore on a [illegible] to eaten [illegible]. [illegible] later, we saw him [illegible] up under a [illegible] tree. We had [illegible] fizzede. [illegible] ing up to a height of [illegible] thickly covered [illegible] outline. [illegible] by [illegible] place, and in [illegible] not [illegible] five [illegible] lightly with only [illegible] only exclaiment [illegible]

central ridge we worked along, where the flat top of the ridge was entirely blocked by a jagged rock, around which we had to climb on a narrow ledge, with a steep drop below: it wasn't really a particularly dangerous place, but on such occasions I agree with Charlie that the rigging, where there is something to hang on to, feels far more comfortable. We got back to the ship by lunch time.

March 1st.

To resume the tale of our days at Rapa, Thursday the twenty-third, I went to the upper portion of a woody valley, which I had already worked the mouth of, the previous Saturday. This higher bush gave me the first good assortment of new plants I had come across in several days, and I returned for lunch with a heavy press. It was a pleasant morning for several reasons: there is no denying the fact that it is a welcome change to get out by one's lonesome now and then. For one thing, when with W--- I have to go behind so that he can shoot if any birds start up ahead, and as he climbs too slowly, I get more tired at his gait than I should going considerably faster, which would be my natural pace. Then his rests, on the way up, although of a desirable distance apart, are too long when they do come, and arriving on the ground to be worked, one has little time to collect and almost none to admire the view, which on Rapa is frequently delightful. To make up for the length of

time he takes getting up hill, he comes down too fast. He is shorter, lighter, and in every way smaller than me, and can descend a cliff which is almost a precipice at a speed which is liable to break my neck. Frequently, following him, I proceed some little distance with great rapidity on a part of my anatomy intended to be used only when siting down, and these performances inspire me with unreasonable rage. In short, I would much rather go hiking around pretty country all alone than with someone whose gait does not harmonize with mine.

(I must go on watch shortly, and will continue the narrative tomorrow.) News item of the day: while washing off the rail of the quarter-deck during the morning watch, my hat blew off, and as I was at the lee rail myself, it was soon in the ocean. As we were moving very slowly, my first impulse was to leap in after it, but remembering that it was the cheapest straw hat to be had at the Tautira Chinaman's, cost 7 francs, and that I had a couple of others on board, I refrained.

March 2nd.

Friday, W--- and I made an excursion to the "wet zone", as he calls the mountain ridges and peaks which are habitually in the clouds; here the plant life, getting a great deal of moisture, differs materially from that of the lower mountains, valleys, and coast. We started early in the morning, took our luncheon along, and did not get back to the ship until after six, and at that only got to a peak about 1600 feet above sea-level. It was laborious, painful climbing, and once or twice rather

dizzying, but we were rewarded for our pains by a whole raft of new stuff, which to W--- was a precious treasure.

Saturday, we went up the ridge we had climbed the first day ashore, but instead of stopping where we had then, went on down the other side of it to a little vale tucked in the mountain-side, where W--- thought he could get birds, and that there might be some new plants. There were none to speak of, and I came back with an almost empty press, but I was glad to see this grassey plateau, one of the prettiest spots on the island, with a thickly-wooded valley stretching away to the sea below.

March 3rd.

Sunday, we sailed, with the entire population of Rapa standing on the beach waving us off-- all of it, that is, that was not being towed out of the harbour behind the "France" in the chief's long-boat, the chief himself being on board as pilot. The sailing hour was set for nine, but at eight we went ashore in the surf boat with water barrels, the filling of which took an hour, and then in the process of rolling them back to the beach, or rather watching them rolled back by many willing boys, a large portion of the crew vanished into thin air to drift about town and have a last bit of gossip with their friends of the village. Whereupon Charlie sallied up the main street to round up the missing members, and most of the rest of the crew took advantage of this to slip away on the same important

diaying, but we were rewarded for our pains by [illegible]
sect of new stuff, which to [illegible] was a [illegible]

Saturday, we went up the [illegible] as far [illegible]
first day ashore, but in [illegible]
then, went on down the other side of [illegible]
tucked in the mountain-side, where [illegible]
get lunch, and then [illegible] to [illegible]
There were more [illegible]
almost empty pools, [illegible] the grassy
plateau, and at the [illegible] the horizon, with
a thickly-wooded valley [illegible] away to the sea below.

[illegible]

Sunday, we sailed, [illegible]
Rapa standing in the [illegible] or other it,
that is. [illegible]
behind the "[illegible]" [illegible], the other
himself being on [illegible]
not for mine, but [illegible]
boat with water [illegible]
hour, and then [illegible]
the beach, or [illegible]
sailing boat.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Charlie sailing [illegible]
[illegible] market [illegible]
advantage [illegible]

errand that had taken their shipmates. As at least half the population of the island were already on the beach, and one half was as interesting as the other to me, I saved considerable energy by parking there beside the surf-boat till Charlie had shooed back all the absent members. Louis Juventin, being of the same mind, stayed with me, and to the last acted as interpreter when anything complicated was said.

Aound ten came the awful moment of parting, when men, women, and children flung their arms around our necks, embraced us (at least the women), threw garlands of flowers over our shoulders, and created a tremendous hubbub. You see we had been here ten days, just long enough to become almost a habit with these people who see so very little of the outside world, and it was not likely that there would be another ship-load of visitors for them to shower hospitality, generosity, and kindness upon before July. Then, too, in an island where four-fifths of the population go to sea, leaving the women in such ascendancy, it is probable that we made even more of a stir than the same number of strange women might have done, and while the men were patently sorry to see us leave, I've no doubt the women were sorrier. Strange to say, however, even in this sorrow of leave-taking, there was a sort of hilarity in the air, and much laughter and shouting.

It was an exciting occasion, and they got the most they could out of it in the way of enjoyment. Thus the bulk of the population. There was more than woman, on the other hand, who had real sobs to stifle, and whose sobs could be stifled only on the shoulder of the right man. But the great majority of them gleefully dashed around, scattering caresses broad-cast with shrieks of laughter. In the general melee, I took care not to miss Tuaana, went down a gantlet of half-a-dozen or so more, and escaped into the surf-boat. We finally shoved off, and reached the ship at about eleven, all hands now being aboard except Beck himself, who had gone ashore alone in the little row-boat. He too, turned up in the course of another hour, and then we decided we might as well have lunch before leaving, now that we had all hands aboard, and could weigh anchor at a moment's notice. We finally did so at one o'clock, and then found that the cook's girl was aboard. He is undeniably a handsome young Polynesian, and she had paddled out in an outrigger canoe, either to say good-bye again, or to come along. I don't know which. Anyhow, she had sent the canoe back by some one else, and was found in front of the forecastle house, sobbing in the cook's arms. We were now well under way, with a fresh breeze speeding us out to the open sea, but as I mentioned before, there was a whole boat-load going back in the chief's long-boat, and one girl, more or less, made little difference. Finally the boat was pulled alongside, the girl put in

It was an exciting occasion, and they got the most out of it in the way of enjoyment. Thus the girls of the population. There was more than woman, on the other hand, who had real cause to scream. The whole room could be stirred only on the shoulder of the right man. But the great majority of them cheerfully demand manual assistance carrying broad-cast with dwellers or inquiries. In the General melee, I took care not to miss Tucker. went down a ladder of half-dozen or so more, and escaped into the cart-boat. We finally shoved off, and reached the ship at about eleven, all hands now going aboard except Tom himself, who had gone ashore alone in the jiggle row-boat. He too, turned up in the course of another hour, and then we decided we might as well have lunch before leaving, now that we had all hands aboard, and could weigh anchor at a moment's notice. We finally did so at one o'clock, and then found that the cook's girl was absent. He is undeniably a handsome young Polynesian, and she had paddled out in an outrigger canoe, either to say good-bye again, or to come along. I don't know which. Anyhow, she had left the canoe tied by some one else, and we found in front of the forecastle door, with [illegible] in the cook's care. We were now well under way, [illegible] up out to the open sea. [illegible] was a whole lot-load of [illegible] boat, and one girl, [illegible] Finally the boat was [illegible]

it; the chief shook hands good-bye with every living soul on board, stepped over the side, and we waved him farewell as he dropped astern.

March 4th.

Monday, the twenty-seventh, was one of the hardest days I have had since leaving Papeete, but one of the most interesting. After turning in at four at the end of the middle watch on deck, I was routed out at five-thirty for coffee before joining the Bass Rocks expedition. Bass Rocks are a cluster of four or five rocky islands sticking up out of the ocean, about fifty miles from Rapa, and we had been hove to near them most of the night. They are great, austere, rugged looking things, around which a tremendous swell was playing that day, and as they have no sign of a beach, this swell heaves up and down the sheer sides of the rocks. As they are charted as having dangerous under-water shelves near them, the "France" stood by at least a half mile away, and the surf-boat put off with Beck and W--- armed with shot-guns, and the three native sailors and myself at the oars. The long roll made rowing difficult and tiresome, but when we finally got among the islands, and into their lee, it was not so bad.

These rocks are the nesting place of a large colony of shearwaters, and it is birds of this family that we have especial orders to get. They were thick, and Beck and W--- were in clover. It was the first

time I had had a chance to watch Beck work out with a gun, and he is certainly a wonder. He winged nearly everything he shot at, and he was shooting all the time. We soon found that if we wanted to get our bird, we had to be on the jump to reach him soon after he lit on the water, for otherwise a shark would beat us to him, especially if he was still alive and flapping. We had noticed, as we drew near the islets, the prevalence of sharks around the boat, and when we got among them, the sharks seemed almost as thick as the birds. I have never seen so many at one time before, and I hope I'll never see such a number again hanging hungrily around my boat. More than once a casual glance around us revealed twenty or twenty-five of them, and they even had the cheek to come so close that we could poke them with our oars. We lost three four birds due to the voraciousness of these rivals, but when we finally headed back to the "France", we still had over sixty shearwaters.

March 5th.

Since leaving Rapa, we have been poking along at about fifty miles a day. Not a dead calm, but just enough wind most of the time to give us steerage. It is against Beck's policy to use the auxiliary except when absolutely necessary (which makes for much pleasanter travel) and we have not had it running at any time since we left Papeete, except when negotiating the passes. Today, however, we had several squalls,

time I had had a chance to watch Pepe work out with
gun, and he is certainly a wonder. He aimed nearly
everything he shot at, and he was shooting all the time.
We soon found that if we wanted to [illegible], we had
to be on the jump to reach him soon after [illegible] the
water, for otherwise a shark would beat us to it. Im-
peadily if he was still alive and thrashing, we had
noticed, as we drew near it, before, the prevalence of
sharks around the boat. [illegible] among them, the
sharks seemed almost as thick as the birds. I have
never seen so many at one time before, and I hope I'll
never see them a number again lounging lazily around
my boat. There then were [illegible] sharks around us re-
vealed twenty or twenty-five at [illegible], and they even had
the cheek to come so close that we could poke them with
our oars. We lost three "one shots" due to the vexatious-
ness of these sharks, but soon we finally landed back
to the "France", we still had over thirty miles.

Next day.

Since leaving Suva, we have been [illegible] along at
about fifty miles a day. [illegible] good [illegible], but that
enough when [illegible] the [illegible]
is against [illegible]
when absolutely [illegible]
pleasanter travel [illegible]
any time since we left [illegible]
the passes. Today, however [illegible]

and one about noon left in its wake a good, strong wind out of the south, with the result that for the past six hours we have been humming along at seven knots or more. The ocean is covered with white-caps, good sized hills of waves are batting us around, and merely being on deck gives one a feeling of exhilaration.

March 6th.

We have been below 28 South for four or five days, and the sun is of course steadily going away from us, but in the extremely calm weather, there has been nothing to indicate we were out of the tropics. Last night, however, in the breeze that pushed us along at eight knots, we felt the change of latitude quite sharply, and when I came on watch at 4 A.M. I was glad to put on a flannel shirt, the sweater you gave me just before I left New York, and outside of all, a medium weight, long, oil-skin coat. With all this I was just comfortably warm. It is not cold by northern standards, but seems so to us, fresh from the really hot latitudes.

One of the unpleasant developments of the trip, at least from the point of view of the sailors, is the addition to the ship's company of an assorted flock of live stock. When we sailed from Papeete, we already had one large porker and W---'s dog at large on the main deck. These two animals caused comparatively little dirt, but at Raivavai some kindly but misguided friend of the captain's presented him with a half dozen

little pigs, and to cap the climax, at Rapa, we shipped six wild goats, one of whom immediately unloaded a seventh on board. The result is that the ship, from the cabin-house forward, is a perpetual mess, requires strenuous washing down twice a day, and is uninviting to go forward into at night. It does not make very much difference in my life, as we would have to wash down deck once a day anyhow, and I am only in danger when I have to shift head-sails at night, which is not often. The people who really suffer are the other three sailors, who bunk in the forecastle: they risk slipping and falling overboard every time they come on watch or go below in the dark.

March 8th.

For the last twenty-four hours the wind has been light and getting lighter, and for the last twelve, we have had all but a dead calm. This afternoon we were moving so slowly that one could easily swim faster, and when I came off watch at four, hot and sweaty from washing down deck, I stripped down to a pareu, dropped the wooden steps over the side, took a good look around for sharks, and hopped in. I'll admit I did not dare stay more than a minute, but even that minute was cool and refreshing.

March 11th.

Last night, during the middle watch, which was ours on deck, we passed close by a large steamer. And though this was no more than to be expected, now that we are in the Panama- Sydney lane of ocean traffic, she was the cause

little pigs, and so say the climax, at Hope, we [illegible]
six wild goats, one of whom immediately [illegible]
seventh on board. The result is that the [illegible]
the cabin-house forward, is a permanent [illegible]
abscomous washing down [illegible]
to go forward into at night. [illegible]
much difference in my life, as we would have [illegible]
down deck once a day anyway, and I am only in danger
when I have to shift [illegible] at it, which is not
often. The people who really suffer are the other
three sailors, who sank in the forecastle they risk
slipping and falling overboard every time they come on
watch or go below in the dark.

Week 6th.

For the last two-or-three days the wind has been
light and getting lighter, and for the last twelve, we
have had all but a dead calm. This afternoon we were
moving so slowly that we [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible], and
when I came on watch at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
down dark. I swipped down to a [illegible], [illegible] the wooden
slope over the side, took a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
and hopped in. It's [illegible]
a minute, but [illegible]

Dead night. [illegible]
on deck, we passed [illegible]
this was no more than [illegible]

of much excitement aboard the "France", even the watch below sacrificing part of their precious four hours sleep to get up and look at her. You may put this down to the fact that she is the first vessel of any sort we have seen since leaving Papeete, thirty-eight days ago, and that we ourselves have been two weeks at sea since we left our last port. It was about one o'clock when we first sighted her white mast-head light, on the North East horizon, and in a few minutes we could make out her red and green. By two o'clock, she was within a half-mile of us, over our port bow, and, plainly visible in the light of the almost full moon, she looked enormous from our sixty-ton schooner. She had been steering a course that would have brought her past us well to leeward, or on our port beam, but now she suddenly swung off, made a complete right angle in towards us, and came to a stop, her nose pointing across our bow. We were puzzled, but as sailing vessels have the right of way, we held our course. Now she lay idle for so long that we thought she might be preparing to send us a boat for some reason, but after about five minutes she began to steam slowly forward, crossed our bow at a generous distance, swung west again (we were steering east) and came to another stop. She probably first noticed us when she swung off her original course, got the idea in some way that we might need help, and turned and crossed our bow in order to get us full in the moonlight and look us over. This accomplished, she did not waste much more time on us; after steaming slowly past, on reaching our

starboard quarter, she suddenly opened up, shot forward, swung back to her original course, and raced away to the southwest. By 3:30 A.M. she had completely disappeared over the horizon.

For the last twenty-four hours we have made little progress. We ran up a fair mileage, but with a head-wind, we are almost as far from Pitcairn as we were yesterday--one hundred-twenty miles, to be exact, and as the head-wind is still blowing, we have just taken in most of our canvas and started the engine. It is the first time since leaving Papeete that we have used it for anything but working harbours, but we are now to keep it running, I believe, until we reach Pitcairn, which should be sometime tomorrow.

March 12th.

Still at sea, but within sight of Pitcairn. We did not raise it until noon, and by three o'clock it was evident that we could not make it before dark, so we stopped our engine, set our sails again, and are now beating slowly up to the island, against a strong but directly adverse wind. We are not close enough to be able to make out much of the island yet, but can see that it is fairly high. It now looks as if we should reach it tomorrow, either within an hour or so of sunrise, or during the morning watch.

starboard quarter, she suddenly opened up, shot forward, swung back to her original course, and raced away to the southwest. By 3:30 A.M. she had completely disappeared over the horizon.

For the last twenty-four hours we have made little progress. We ran up a few miles, but with the land, we are almost so far from civilization as we were yesterday--one hundred-twenty miles, to be exact, and as the head-wind is still blowing, we have just taken in sail or our canvas and started the engine. It is the first time since leaving Tacoma that we have used it for anything but working purposes, but we are not to keep it running. I believe, until we reach Honolulu, which should be some-time tomorrow.

Level 7th.

Still at sea, but within sight of Honolulu. We did not raise it until noon, and by three o'clock it was evident that we could not make it before dark, so we stopped our engine, and put a drift-anchor out, and are beating slowly to the east, against a fresh but directly adverse breeze. [illegible] not [illegible] enough to be able to make [illegible] that it is [illegible] reach it tomorrow [illegible] tion, or during the [illegible].

March 15th.

Monday morning, the 13th., I arose at a quarter to six, although I had only turned in at four from the middle watch, for we were sailing up to Pitcairn, already within half a mile of her. At the same time, approaching her from the east, was a steamer flying the British flag, a White Star liner, we later found, from London to Auckland via the canal. Before I had finished my coffee, Beck came in with the breathless information that the "Dorset", as she was named, was only making an hour's call, and that he was about to dispatch the dingy to her with mail: did I have any ready to go? I did not, but it did not take me long to put all my diary up to date into three envelopes, address them to you, and slap French Oceanian stamps on them. We had no other stamps on board, and we decided these would probably get them through. As Charlie reported on his return from the "Dorset" that the purser accepted the mail, we feel sure it will reach its destination.

As soon as the steamer had sailed on, and while we were lowering our surf-boat to go ashore, three long-boats full of Pitcairners, who had been out to the "Dorset", came alongside, and the occupants were soon swarming over our schooner. A curious race they were, talking a curious tongue they called English: when they spoke to us, it was fairly easy to understand them, although their accent was weird and wonderful. But when they talked to each other, it was all I could do to get one word out of ten. You see, not only has their speech become frightfully colloquial

Monday morning, the 16th. I arose at a quarter to six, although I had only turned in [illegible] from the [illegible] watch, for we were sailing up to [illegible] only within half a mile of her. At [illegible] came [illegible] from the east, was a steamer flying the British flag, a white star liner, as later found, from Montreal via the canal. Before I had finished my breakfast, her came in with the observation [illegible] the "Corsair", as she was named, was only [illegible] half's mile, and that he was about to dispatch one dinghy to her with mail: did I have any ready to go? I did not, but it did not take me long to put all my [illegible] in one large [illegible] envelopes, address them to you, and [illegible] exchange on them. We had no other [illegible], so we decided these would probably get [illegible]. [illegible] reported on his return from the [illegible] the [illegible] the mail, we [illegible] the [illegible].

As soon as the [illegible] left, [illegible] we were lonesome and [illegible] full of [illegible] same [illegible] our [illegible] tongue they [illegible] fairly [illegible] water [illegible] it was [illegible] not only [illegible]

during their hundred and thirty years of isolation, but they have retained some Polynesian words, inherited from the Tahitian wives of the Bounty mutineers, which they scatter through their conversation, and these spoken in the same curious, singsong drawl as the English words, completely throw off the listener.

They had the manner of simple rustics of the most exaggerated stage representation, but otherwise, one cannot describe them as being all of one mold. One hears that most of them are mentally degenerate, because of their generations of inbreeding, but I could see no reason for believing this. Physically, they are magnificent specimens, and to a man they have the same friendliness, hospitality, and joie de vivre famous among the full Polynesians. Perhaps the most curious thing about them is the wide degree of colour variation they run. Some are quite as dark as any Tahitian half-caste, but many others, both in colour and features, look pure Anglo-Saxon. On the whole, the white blood seems to have gone far towards stamping out the Polynesian traits, which is not what one would expect, considering the tropical climate they have lived in.

After about an hour of handshaking, the first boat of Pitcairners started back for shore, and as I was ready to go, but neither Beck nor W--- had collected their things, and our boat was to wait some time for them yet, I got permission to go with the natives, and thus see more of them. I was at once taken charge of by a Mr.

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they have retained some Polynesian words. Likewise [illegible]
the Tahitian wives of the South Pacificers, [illegible]
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They had the manner of people [illegible]
exaggerated [illegible] tion, but otherwise, one can
not describe them as [illegible]. The [illegible]
that most of them are [illegible] because of
their generations of [illegible]. But I could see no reason
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specimens, and [illegible] have the same friendliness,
hospitality, and [illegible] among the [illegible]
Polynesians. [illegible] of [illegible] things, but them
is the wide degree of [illegible] than they can. Some
are quite so [illegible] Tahitian [illegible], but many
others, both in [illegible], look pure Polyne-
sian. On the whole, the [illegible] seem to have come
far towards [illegible] [illegible]
not what one would [illegible]
they have lived in.

[illegible]
of Pitcairners [illegible]
to do, but [illegible]
things, and [illegible]
I got permission to [illegible]
more of them. I [illegible]

Warren, who informed me that he too was a Yankee! It seems that his father had been an American, born and brought up in Providence, R.I., who had settled in Pitcairn in the early days of the community. Before we reached shore, I had received and accepted an invitation to lunch at his house.

The landing on the island is a bad one: there is only a narrow strip of shore-line, behind which a very steep but well beaten path runs up some three hundred feet to the little village, perched on the edge of a cliff on a small plateau. The shore is for the most part rocky, with a huge surf, and approaching it in the island-built boat, I could not see any feasable landing place until we were almost on the rocks. At this point the helmsman gave a quick twist of his steering oar, we made a turn around a large, outstanding rock, shot into a narrow, deep inlet, and, riding a breaker, washed up on a nice, flat, sandy beach, hardly thirty feet long. It was nicely done, and the other two native boats did as well. The third was closeely followed by our surf-boat, which it guided. No one in the surf-boat had ever seen this landing before, and it is not surprising that they made a sorry mess of it, getting caught sideways by their breaker, and nearly upsetting. But it emphasized how expertly the Pitcairners had done the thing, and one could not help thinking that no community of half-wits, such as some claim the islanders to be, would have been as skillful at their own job.

[illegible] who informed me that he too was a [illegible] some that his father had been an American, born [illegible] brought up in Providence, R.I., who was a [illegible] Pilcairn in the early days of the [illegible]. Before we reached shore, I had received [illegible] invitation to lunch at his house.

The landing on the island is [illegible] only a narrow strip of shore-line, behind which [illegible] steep but well beaten path runs up some three hundred feet to the little village, perched on the edge of a cliff on a small plateau. The shore is for the most part rocky, with a huge surf, and approaching it in the island-built boat, I could not see any reasonable landing place until we were almost on top of it. At this point the Polynesian gave a [illegible] of his steering oar, we made a turn around a large, overhanging rock, shot into a narrow, deep inlet, and, [illegible] a breaker, hauled up on a ledge. This, hardly be ch, hardly thirty feet long. It was [illegible] alone, and the other two native boats did on well. [illegible] followed by our [illegible]-boat, which [illegible]. As one in the surf-boat had over [illegible] it is not [illegible] getting caught underneath [illegible] upsetting. [illegible] had done [illegible] no community [illegible] are to be, [illegible]

When we reached shore, that part of the population which had not come aboard was waiting on the beach to greet us, and I was introduced, among others, to Mr. Warren's two daughters. I was then about to start out in search of plants, but my self-appointed protector insisted that I first come home, meet "the Missus", and have something to eat. We climbed the hill, and I found the village site a perfectly lovely little spot-- cool, breezy, and high above the ocean, over which it looks through an army of cocoanut palms which shoot up from the cliff-side. The houses are all of wood, and of course rather primitive, although after Rapa, it seemed the height of civilization to find tables, chairs, and houses a few feet above the ground, with steps leading up to the doors.

It is time to go on watch, so I shall continue the account of Pitcairn tomorrow.

March 16th.

To return to Pitcairn, on reaching the village, I was immediately led to Mr. Warren's house, and met the "Missus", a simple, motherly soul, whose English, although more strangely accented than her husband's, was yet more grammatical, and who spent most of her time correcting Mr. Warren, the girls, and a son of about twenty,-- after the manner, I suppose, of mothers the world over.

It was barely nine-thirty, but husband and wife insisted that we should have some "lunch" before I started up the mountain to collect, and as I had only had coffee and crackers three hours before, I did not oppose the idea

very strongly. We had a good meal, with several native vegetables, and a Pitcairn watermelon, which was delicious. Then I set out to collect the highest ridge, accompanied by Daisy, the younger daughter, whom Mr. Warren generously sent along to help me. Daisy was about fifteen, I guess, and still in school, but the arrival of the "Dorset" and the "France" on the same morning had been too much for the morale of the island, and school did not keep on March 13th. My young guide was rather a nice looking little thing, in a very unembellished way, and was quite a useful helper, being full of information about plants, eager to help, and intelligent.

Just Above Mr. Warren's house, in a field, we came upon a horse, which Daisy said belonged to her father, and on further inquiry, I learned that I had been entertained by the only horseman on the island, for the animals have never been imported, as they have in most of the islands, and this, the only specimen of the race, was brought from Mangareva but a short time ago. And very useful he had turned out to be, as I was to learn before the day was over. For on our way back, in the afternoon, we met him, driven by the Warren boy, drawing a heavy, island built wheelbarrow, in which were two large casks. It seems that Pitcairn has had a long period of drought, and the spring situated conveniently near "town" has dried up, so that the inhabitants have to go to the very top of the mountain and half-way down the other side, to get to a spring that is still wet. And all but Mr. Warren, the

horseman, have to carry their water in Standard Oil cans, hung from a pole on their shoulders.

I had a good day's collecting, and on our way down the mountain in the afternoon, we met Herbert Arthur Young, husband of Adela Young, to whom Sophie Carlson, in Papeete, had given me a letter of introduction. On learning his identity from Daisy, I presented the letter, and he at once invited me to dine and spend the night at his house. But first it was necessary to get my plants aboard, so we walked down to the beach, where we found Warren, several other Pitcairners, and the crew of our surf-boat, about to return to the schooner. As both Warren and Young wanted to go aboard, and I wanted to come ashore again for the night, we let the surf-boat go on ahead, and took a boat belonging to one of them--a sturdy, seaworthy craft, but much lighter and faster than any ordinary surf-boat:[1] it had three seats, two

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[1] Judging from your description this boat is a New Bedford whale-boat. Beck's photograph shows one such. R.C.W. Murphy

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for oarsmen, and one in the stern. They put me in the stern, and then those two Anglo-Polynesians rowed me through that difficult landing at a speed and with a skill that left me breathless. We reached the "France" way ahead of the schooner's boat, which, with four oarsmen, had left the beach before we did.

I left my plants in the hold, and sought out Mr. Beck to get his permission to stay ashore all night.

When I returned to deck, my friend Mr. Warren had discovered that Captain Marten Nagle, skipper of the "France", was the brother of an old friend and shipmate of his, and was trying to give him the island. We finally dragged him away from Nagle and returned to shore, where Warren withdrew, leaving me in the hands of my new host-- Mr. Young. We started for the Young house, but passing the church, where a number of the populace were gathering for a service, I became curious to witness such a performance. Young claimed he was too dirty to go in, but said for me to go, and to come on to his home afterward, which I did.

As you may or may not know, the population of Pitcairn is unanimously Seventh Day Adventist in religion, and this was the first time I had ever been in a church of this denomination. The service was really rather in the nature of a lecture, opening with a prayer and a hymn, and then being given over to the reading of a paper on Seventh Day Adventism. Different parts of it were read by different "brethren", and it was occasionally interrupted by another hymn or prayer. The fundamental idea of the religion is that the second coming of the Lord (and apparently the end of the world) will take place when all the people of this earth have embraced Christianity: ergo, the big idea seems to be to convert everyone, and thus bring about the end as soon as possible. In other words, it is a one hundred per cent foreign mission

church, and all the hymns sung during this service were on the "They are calling us to show them the light" idea. They performed one quaint antic that I should like to know the origin of-- whether it is universal in this church, or merely a local game played on this island: when they prayed, about half the congregation did the usual thing, that it, either knelt or crouched forward, according to the length of time since they had had their pants pressed; the other half arose, faced about and knelt looking towards the rear, with their forearms resting on the bench on which they had been sitting. Not having anyone to tell me which to do, I performed the motion which required the least exertion; that is, the usual, forward one. I could detect no classification as to sex, age, or anything else to determine which did which, but noticed that each individual was consistent, doing one thing or the other every time. They were all definitely rear-facers or forward-crouchers, and I saw no one who seemed to want to compromise by doing sometimes one thing and sometimes the other. During the first prayer, I awaited the end expectantly, wondering if those facing the rear would make a rush for the door on the "Amen", but they merely arose and resumed their seats, not without a good deal of inevitable crashing around, to be sure. The paper that was read, outlined not only the advance that Seventh Day Adventism was making throughout the world, but even more important,

the strides that have been made in Christianizing the heathen. It seems that the only countries where it is now illegal to preach the gospel are "Afghanistan, Thibet, and certain portions of Portuguese East Africa", so you can see for yourself that the end is much nearer than any of us realize!

After church I was taken to Mr. Young's house by a young giant to whom I had been entrusted, and I met the family, consisting of a wife, a son, and a daughter, both of the latter in the early twenties. It turned out that Mrs. Adela Young was a sister of Sophie Carlson, and like Sophie, she was a very handsome woman. I should like to know the history of the family. Carlson was, I believe, a Dane, and both these women give every evidence of coming from unusually fine half-caste stock. Sophie once told me that she was born in Easter Island, but had left it in early infancy, and I now learned that Mrs. Young had been born in Mangareva (of the Gambiers, at the lower end of Paumotu Archipelago) and had grown up there. But more curious is the fact that there is a third sister, born I know not where, but now living in France.

The hospitality of the Young family was unbounded, but perhaps the kindest thing they did for me was to offer me a bath, considering both the labor of getting water at the time, and the comfort it brought a wanderer who had had only salt water to bathe in since leaving Rapa, fifteen days before. The bath-room was a little outhouse with a board floor, the tub and faucet a pail,

but the pail was full of fresh water which had even been heated, and I did not waste a drop. Supper was an excellent meal, with fresh chicken, several vegetables, corn, jam from one of the passing English steamers, another huge slice of watermelon, and a curious island drink made out of a sort of lemon syrup and water served hot. They referred to it indiscriminately as either "lemon" or "tea", and said that their religion forbade them to have either real tea or coffee, or to use tobacco or alcohol.

After supper we sat around in canvas steamer chairs, which are the most common chairs on the island, in the yard outside the house; we talked a little of what we had each heard last about the affairs of the outside world, and we felt clean and comfortable. The moon came up, and it was full that night, and we watched it through the cocoanut-palms, whose fronds glistened brightly in the light. Beautiful as it all was, I went to bed at about nine o'clock, and slept straight through till six, happy at not being called to go on watch.

March 17th.

The next morning, the 14th., I went up the mountain again after plants, and collected until noon, returning to the Young's house for lunch. I was about to start out again for the afternoon's work, when W--- arrived from the ship, with the news that as there was favourable wind for Elizabeth and Ducie, Beck had decided to sail within the hour, instead of staying over two or three days as originally planned. We hurried back to the schooner, and

after the usual hubbub that marks the farewell to any island (this time seventy-five percent of the natives came aboard to shake everyone by the hand for the last time) we set sail, and are now nearing Elizabeth.

Off Ducie, March 21st.

We spent twenty-four hours at Elizabeth, a couple of days ago, and then, a strong breeze springing up from the southwest, decided to avail ourselves of it to reach Ducie, the easternmost island we shall visit. We shall call again at Elizabeth on the way back, to complete our work there, and I shall try then to give you a description of the place. For the last four days, there has not been a second I could have snatched for writing. I can, however, remember all that has gone on in the last two days, and this is what it has been.

Day before yesterday we sighted Ducie, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and at dark we hove to, to lie, pointed up into the wind, until daylight. I had the eight to twelve watch on deck, and from twelve to four got my only sleep in twenty-four hours. At four, of course, I went on watch again, and at day-break we threw away the fore-staysail and headed for the island, coming into her lee after an hour or so. At seven-thirty we dropped the surf-boat over, and the usual landing-party-- Beck, W---, myself, and the three native sailors went ashore. There had been a miserable drizzle all night, and as it was still raining, I did not attempt

to collect plants, but went along to help with the boat, and later to carry Beck's pack. We found an easy pass through the reef, and a fine landing place on the flat beach of coral sand. As soon as we had landed our equipment, I grabbed an old empty copra sack and followed Beck, to carry his birds.

Ducie is one of those rare islands where the bird-hunter does not need a gun at all, if he has two good hands. Stuck all alone out in the South Pacific, about three hundred miles to the east of Pitcairn, and with nothing else between it and Easter Island, it is almost never visited by man. There is nothing except birds to invite anyone to go there, and as Beck is the first ornithologist to work the island, it seems probable that we were the first landing-party in fifty years, or since a ship was wrecked there somewhere back in the Sixties. At any rate, not even the increasing swarms of birds in the sky as we approached the island had prepared me for the sight that greeted us on landing. There were sea-birds everywhere: terns, tropic-birds, frigates, boobies, and above all, shearwaters of every variety, almost darkening the sky, and actually littering the ground.

Ducie forms a rough triangle around a lagoon, and is really two islands, connected by a submerged reef, like this:

It is formed entirely of coral gravel, of good size in the interior, and thinning down to sand as the beach slopes out

to collect plants, but went along to help with the work, and later to carry Boole's pack. We found an easy path through the reef, and a fine landing place on the first beach of coral sand. We made as much of our equipment, I grabbed an old empty tobacco tin and collected beach to carry his birds.

Uncle is one of those men on islands where [illegible] hunter does not need a gun at all. If he has two good hands. Alone all alone and in the [illegible] Pacific, some three hundred miles to the east of Tarawa, and with nothing else between it and Easter Island, it is almost never visited by man. There is nothing except birds to invite anyone to go there, and as far as the ancient ornithologist to work the island, it seems probable that we were the first landing-party in many years, or since a ship was wrecked there or sailors went ashore in the island. At any rate, not even the terrifying coming of birds in the sky as we approached the island had prepared us for the sight that greeted us on landing. There were sea-birds everywhere, terns, [illegible], frigate, booby, and above all, shearwaters in every [illegible] darkening the sky, so [illegible] the sun.

Uncle found [illegible] really two islands, [illegible] that:

It is formed [illegible] harbor, and [illegible]

to the water. The beach itself is perhaps twenty yards wide, and all the rest of the island is overgrown with one variety of low bush, which has a rambling trunk and branches, obliging one to stoop and twist incessantly as one goes along. Beck's work was chiefly in the nature of a preliminary survey, covering both parts of the island. We forded the lagoon, which came about to our knees, and later crossed back to where our surf-boat waited. We collected quite a few birds, too, it being my first attempt at such work. As there is only the one variety of plant to be collected, I guess it won't be my last. One had only to stoop and grab the shearwaters off the ground, and Beck showed me how to squeeze the life out of them by taking them behind the wings, under the back-bone. I felt like a murderous brute, especially with the young ones, but orders is orders. There was one bird, however, a booby, which it required a little skill, or rather speed to catch, making it a sporting proposition, and great fun. It is a white creature, about the size of a goose, and lets one get within perhaps ten feet of it before flying away. The system of hunting it is to arm yourself with a long branch, stalk your booby (you can sometimes get to within eight feet of it if you go quietly enough) and the moment it starts to fly, dart forward and whack it over the neck. If you are quick enough you can hit it before it really gets off, knocking it over, after which you run and grab it. If it gets started, by running fast, you can still gain on it for a few seconds. When it is finally

under full flight, however, it can outfly a man. Its weakness lies in its being slow at getting under way. I enjoyed booby hunting tremendously.

We came aboard at noon, and from twelve to four it was my watch on deck again. The cursed thing about these islands like Elizabeth and Ducie (and it will be the same way in the Paumotus) is that there is no anchorage, and the usual order of things is to work all day, and then to stand watch and watch during the night, while we are sailing about. Yesterday, we got enough birds in the morning to keep Beck and W--- busy skinning all afternoon. But, there was a high sea, and as they work in the hold, and are neither of them very good sailors, it was desirable to keep in the lee of the island, and get the benefit of the smooth water. As this lee only stretched a few hundred yards, it meant tacking every few minutes, and it was a strenuous watch.

I grabbed one hour's sleep yesterday afternoon between four and supper time, and at eight, after my dog-watch on deck, turned in for four hours below, in a high sea, a strong wind, and rain. At ten, I was awakened by the noise of one Hell of a squall, and was not at all surprised when the captain stuck his head down our hatch-way, and yelled, "All hands on deck!" I could tell by the sound that there was a downpour which would soak through my oil-skins, and wishing to have dry clothes to go on watch at midnight, I peeled off my pajamas, and started for deck in nothing but a pareu. When I got there, it was blowing

under dull skies, however, it can satisfy a man. Its weakness lies in its being slow at getting under way. I enjoyed boody hunting tremendously.

We came aboard at noon, and from twelve to four it was my watch on deck again. We called [illegible] those islands like Elizabeth and Anne (and it will be the same way in the Tuamotus) is that there is no anchorage, and the usual order of things is to work all day, and then to stand watch and watch during the night, while we are sailing about. Yesterday, we got enough birds in the morning to keep Hook and Ken busy skinning all afternoon. But, there was a high sea, and as they work in the hold, and are neither of them very good sailors, it was desirable to keep in the lee of the island, and get the benefit of the smooth water. In this lee only stretched a few hundred yards, it seemed tumbling every few minutes, and it was a strenuous watch.

I grabbed one hour's sleep yesterday afternoon between four and supper time, and at eight, after my second watch on deck, turned in for four hours more sleep. In a high sea, a strong wind, and [illegible]. At last, I was awakened by the noise of one Hall at [illegible], and [illegible] at all surprised when the [illegible] and yelled, "All hands on deck!" [illegible] that there was a [illegible] [illegible] alone, and [illegible] midnight. I [illegible] in nothing but a [illegible]

so that I expected to hear our rigging go at any moment; we were rolling in great lurches, and there was a cold driving, drenching downpour. We started to take in canvass, first the jib, where better men than me beat me to the downhaul, and left me to hold the halyard. This simply amounted to holding a rope and letting it slip through my hands as they hauled down the sail, which in this wind took nearly ten minutes. And by that time, what with the cold wind and the cold rain and being clad only in a pareu, I was shivering so I nearly shook myself overboard. So when we then went aft to the spanker, I took care to reach it in time to get a hand on the downhaul, and warm myself up pulling.

Before long the squall had spent itself, and the port watch went below, but before we could get to sleep, it was midnight, and our turn on deck again, where it rained for four hours steadily. The wind was gradually moderating, however, and by the end of our watch, orders came to hoist the spanker, which kept us on deck another half hour, helping the other watch.

When I got up for breakfast at seven-thirty, it was bright and clear, and during the morning watch we shook out the reefs we had had in the sails for days. Meanwhile, during the night, we had been blown far out of sight of Ducie, and have been beating back towards the island all day. This is really the best

so that I expected to hear one sighing as at that moment; we were rolling in gross fashion, and there was a cold drizzle, drenching everyone. We started to take in canvass, after the jib, [illegible] then we beat me to the down [illegible] the halyard. This simply meant to [illegible] and letting it slip through my hands as they hauled down the sail, which in this wise took nearly ten minutes. And by that time, what with the cold wind and the cold rain and being alone only in a person, I was shivering so I nearly almost myself overboard. So when we then went aft to the quarter, I took care to reach it in time to get a hold on the downhaul, and warm myself up pulling.

Before long the squall had passed clearly, and the port watch went below, but before we could get to sleep, it was midnight, and we were on deck again, where it rained for four hours steady. The wind was gradually moderating, however, and by the end of our watch, [illegible] came to [illegible], which kept us on deck another half hour, relieving the other watch.

When I got to the [illegible], it was bright and clear, and [illegible] we shook out the reefs [illegible] deck. Meanwhile, [illegible] far out of sight of [illegible] towards the island [illegible]

part of the whole story to my mind, for if we were there, I should of course have to take my place in the landing party, but at sea one has one's watch below to oneself, and I spent from noon to four P.M. getting in some very solid sleep.

Off Ducie, March 23rd.

We continue our program of working the island days and sailing out and heaving to nights, but we have found a fair place to anchor during the daytime; the bottom does not seem sure enough for us to dare stay there at night, however. My work for the last two days has been on the old plants, in the hold, changeing blotters.

Yesterday we ate a lot of fish caught here, and last night and today almost everyone on board has been more or less laid up. I have heard of these poison fish, which are said to thrive around some of the Paumotus, but we did not know there were any of them here. The symptoms are a head-ache, aching muscles, and an upset stomach. Charlie also complains that he itches all over, and that his whiskers hurt when he touches them. My trouble was chiefly that my legs ached, especially in the calves. This morning I took some Epsom Salts from the ships medicine chest, and tonight I am pretty well cured except for a slight head-ache, and a rather washed-out feeling.

Off Ducie, March 29th.

Last Sunday I used every minute of my watches below

part of the whole story to my [illegible]
I should of course have to [illegible]
party, but I don't see how [illegible]
and I object like hell to [illegible]
solid story.

in sleeping, and thus got entirely over my attack of fish poisoning, and since then my days have been spent either on board, changing blotters in the Pitcairn and Elizabeth collections of plants, or going ashore with Beck or W--- to lend a hand where possible. We never did find a place where we could ride at anchor nights, and even the anchorage we used in the daytime proved unsatisfactory, and had to be abandoned.

March 30th.

Well, we finally got away from Ducie at 4 P.M. today, to no one's particular regret. Three days bad weather, three days of fish poisoning, and a three days cold spell had pretty well sickened everyone of the place, fascinating though it was from the point of view of bird life.

We used our motors to get a few miles away from the island, and having now shut them off, are almost becalmed. As it is a fine, clear, night, with a million stars, I should worry.

April 1st.

We are running free with a fair wind, of moderate freshness, and are probably within thirty miles of Elizabeth, where we are going to call again, having left it in a hurry on the way to Ducie, when a favouring breeze sprang up. We shall probably heave to at dark, and wait till we can see something to sail up to the island.

in sleeping, and then got entirely over my aversion of fish poisoning, and since then my days have been spent either on board, changing blotters in the Linnaeus and Fitzroy collections of plants, or going ashore with book or gun to land a hand where possible. We never had time a place where we could title at another anchor, and even the anchorage we used in the daytime proved unsatisfactory, and had to be abandoned.

March 30th.

Well, we finally got away from Lucas at 4 p.m. today, to no one's particular regret. Three days bad weather, three days of fish poisoning, and a three days gale had spell had pretty well alienated everyone on the place, tussleatime though it was from the point of view of bird life.

We used our motors to get a few miles away from the island, and having now shut them off, are almost becalmed. As it is a fine, clear, night, with a million stars, I should worry.

April 1st.

Darwin running free with a fair wind, on account freshness, and are probably within [illegible] where we are going to sail again, [illegible] on the way to Lucas, [illegible] small probably have to [illegible] something to sail up to [illegible]

Off Elizabeth, April 2nd.

Last night was stormy, and a rising sea made us roll and pitch and buck, as we lay hove to. Just before we went below at 4 A.M. there came a squall with a deluge of rain, and a block ripped out of the jib sheet. This left the jib flapping so violently that we hauled it down,-- just enough exercise to warm us up in the squall. Then we went below and got dry, while the other watch went on deck for four hours of squalls in quick succession. When we turned out at eight, it was raining again, and we were still dancing in a high sea, but we were rapidly approaching the lee of Elizabeth, where we found an anchorage which we fondly hope is safe. We missed this on our previous call. By ten o'clock we were riding comfortable at anchor, and now, having been here all day, and being apparently fast with two anchors out, we should be due for a quiet night of it, unless the wind shifts and strengthens, in which case we shall, of course, start dragging anchor, and it will be a case of "All hands on deck".

Off Elizabeth, April 5th.

Monday there was considerable work to be done around the ship, in the way of overhauling the rigging, changing the position of our anchors, etc. I spent the day on board, lending a hand.

Yesterday I went over all the plants collected on our previous call here, making sure they were drying properly, and labelling several, the marking of which had slipped up in the rush. In the afternoon, I went ashore to resume

collecting. We are on a different side of the island from before, but I did not find a startling number of new plants. Nevertheless, I hadmy work cut out for me, just getting around. For Elizabeth, or Henderson, as it is more often called on the large charts, is a howling wilderness. It is surrounded by a sandy beach, lined with a few cocoanut-palms and heavy underbrush on the inner edge. This stretches at a little above sea-level for perhaps 50 yards, and then comes a cliff of coral rock, with huge ferns growing over its face. In places its slope is moderate enough for human ascent, and where the rise is precipitous, one can sometimes climb up by the foot and hand-holes offered by the jagged ledges in the rock itself. Opposite where we are anchored, the cliff rises to about a hundred feet above sea-level, the highest part of the island. Arriving at the top, one finds a plateau of this same coral rock, so jagged and sharp that one shudders at the thought of tripping and falling on it. From the crevasses between the razor edges of coral one walks upon, grows a thick, stubborn forest of underbrush, about waist-high, and there are occasional trees of pandanus and the like. The underbrush is nowhere heavy enough to cover the blade-like edges of coral one walks upon, but everywhere wirey enough to offer a strong resistance. Except for the narrow strip of sandy beach, the entire island (about five miles by two, I believe) is made up of this sort of formation. It would take a year to cover the whole

place. Like Ducie and Oeno, our next island, it is uninhabited. It doesn't sound attractive, and it isn't, and yet it has a certain wild, indescribable fascination.

Off Elizabeth, April 9th.

It is a lovely, bright, sunny day, and as it is Sunday, we are lying around off the island, doing mostly nothing. The last few days I have spent working ashore, and it is strenuous work, the nature of the country being what it is. There is one strip of ground, about a quarter of a mile from this end of the plateau, which presents a really remarkable aspect. Here the coral rock is so pointed and jagged that vegetation stops entirely for perhaps fifty yards, and the cracks and crevices between the rock, sometimes a foot or so in width, often go to a depth of six feet. One never steps on a flat surface, but on a series of sharp edges and points, close enough together for the foot to stretch across several of them. As they don't all come to exactly the same height, balancing across this bad lands is a painstaking process; and as a slip would mean disaster, I cross it at an average speed of one mile an hour, and heave a sigh of relief on reaching the other side. But I think I have now finished with it, as I have covered pretty well all the plants, and we stay here only another day for a few more birds. If I don't get another hack at it, my heart won't be broken.

At Sea, April 10th.

We said good-bye to Elizabeth at five o'clock this afternoon, and used our engine to get us a couple of miles out to sea, as the breeze was, and still is almost perceptible. Just as we were getting off, an old tramp steamer hove into sight from around the island, steering due west. She passed us a couple of miles to the northward. We could not make out her nationality, but guessed from her course that she might be Chilean, or at least out of Chile. She was an unprepossessing-looking little tub.

April 11th.

We are creeping westward in an almost dead calm, and in the last twenty-four hours have not made over twenty-five miles-- about one-fifth of our distance to Oeno. The only thing of note today was a bit of smoke on the horizon astern, during the afternoon watch. The steamer never came within sight.

April 13th.

We sighted Oeno about an hour ago, and hove to, as it is getting dark, and we don't want to be too near her during the night. She is low, and from here, looks not unlike a Paumotu atoll.

Off Oeno, April 15th.

I spent yesterday and today ashore, collecting

At Sea, April 10th.

We said good-bye to Hillsboro at five o'clock this afternoon, and used our engine to get us a couple of miles out to sea, as the breeze was [illegible] almost perceptible. Just as we were getting [illegible] steamer drove into sight from behind the island, steering due west. She passed us a couple of miles to the northward. We could not make out her nationality, but guessed from her course that she might be Chilean, or at least out of Chile. She was an unprepossessing-looking little tub.

April 11th.

We are creeping northward in an almost dead calm, and in the last twenty-four hours have not made over twenty-five miles -- about one-fifth of our distance to Oano. The only thing of note today was a bit of smoke on the horizon eastern, during the afternoon watch. The steamer never came within sight.

April 12th.

We sighted Oano about [illegible] hour ago, but [illegible] it is getting dark, and we [illegible] during the night. [illegible] unlike a Pacific atoll.

[illegible]

I spent yesterday [illegible]

plants. The Oeno reef is far from the shore, separated from it by a wide lagoon, and from the pass to the beach is a good half hour's row. Then, the island is very hot, so the day's work is rather tiring. But I got most of the plants yesterday, and yesterday the other sailors dug a well and found some fresh water. So today, after collecting what I believed to be the remaining plants, I treated myself to a fresh-water bath, and washed some clothes I had brought ashore. It was the first time since Pitcairn that I had had fresh water to bathe in.

At Sea, April 20th.

I have long since finished the Oeno collection of plants, but until yesterday, when we left the island, I went ashore pretty regularly, to help row the surf-boat, and to take instructions to W---, who was camping there, from Beck, who was staying aboard to skin the birds sent out to him every day. Yesterday we had an adventure.

We set out from the ship, as usual, at a point she had sailed to just a little outside the reef, and started the long, monotonous row in what seemed like an unusually calm sea. There was a long, slow swell, to be sure, but on top of it, there was hardly a ripple, and this is what prompted Matahiapo, astern, at the steering oar, to get funny. I must explain that Oeno reef is an unusual one: it is very deep-- some ten feet below the surface-- but due to its curious formation,

it builds up a tremendous surf. Even the pass which we had been using until today has a light surf breaking across it, but here the breakers are so small that it is a simple matter to ride them across. Not so the rest of the reef. But this time the ship set us down quite a bit south of the pass; and instead of making us row north to it, outside, Matahiapo, to shorten the distance, headed straight for the spot on the beach where we usually landed, a course which crossed the reef at its worst. All this I realized later. At the time, I was seated backward at one of the oars, and the first intimation I had of what was going on was when I looked up and saw a perfectly enormous breaker, behind, curling towards us. It caught the stern of the surf-boat and slewed it off to starboard, carrying us along for a bit sideways, but not quite upsetting us. It was closely followed by an even larger breaker, which slewed us off again to the same side, and we tipped far over. Matahiapo, using all his Herculean strength on the stern oar, managed to straighten us out again for a second, but we were still on top of the wave, shooting along at a great rate, and a moment later the stern slewed off to the other side, and over we went. The next half-dozen breakers were the most tremendous I ever found myself swimming in, and as they swept over us, I was thankful for what training I had had as a kid in surf-swimming. We stayed near the boat, but while we were still in the worst of it, dared not stay too near, for fear of getting hit by her. Before

it builds up a tremendous surf. When the seas which we had been using until today had a light surf breaking across it, but here the breakers are so small that it is a simple matter to ride them across. For so the rest of the week. But this time the ship was so down quite a bit aft on the [illegible] and instead of making us row round to it, [illegible] side. Meanwhile, to shorten the distance, [illegible] for the spot on the beach where we usually landed, [illegible] course which crossed the reef [illegible] line. All this I realized later. At this [illegible] one of the oars, and the first intimation I had of what was going on was when I looked up and saw a [illegible] enormous breaker, behind, [illegible] the stern of the surf-boat was [illegible] board, carrying us along [illegible] quite upsetting us. [illegible] larger breaker, which [illegible] side, and we tipped for [illegible] Hawaiian [illegible] us out [illegible] the [illegible] later the [illegible] we went. [illegible] tremendous [illegible] away over us, [illegible] and as a [illegible] but while [illegible] very too [illegible]

long, however, we were washed in to where the surf began to spend its strength in the lagoon. As luck would have it, we had a boat-load of junk: a water-barrel, which we were to fill, five empty kerosene tins, a wooden box full of food for W--- (mostly canned stuff), and a huge bunch of dirty socks, which he had asked me to bring ashore that he might wash them. All these things were now dancing around in the surf among us and the boat. Above all else, I have a picture stamped on my mind of five rolls, bobbing about on the surface, looking somehow, more ludicrous than any of the rest.

We lost the rolls and the socks and the tin things, but when we reached calmer water, managed to collect the oars and the barrel, and tied them to the boat-- fortunately we had a long painter at both bow and stern. Then we started to try and swim the boat ashore. As I have mentioned before, this lagoon is a broad one, and we were still well beyond our depth. Furthermore, we were in a strong north current, with a heavy boat, and when we found that, despite our every effort we were being carried towards that same pass we should have come in through, we stopped wasting our strength.

We now turned our eyes towards the ship, and she was a good mile away. She stands well out from the reef when the boat is ashore, and comes in at an appointed hour to pick us up, but I had always fondly imagined that

long, however, we were wedged in to where the [illegible] began to spend the strength in the lagoon. [illegible] would have it, we had a boat-load of [illegible] water-barrel, which we were to fill, five empty kerosene tins, a wooden box full of food for [illegible] canned stuff), and a huge lunch [illegible] which he had asked us to bring before [illegible] the light were then. All these things were now [illegible] around in the cart among us and the [illegible]. [illegible] I have a picture stamped on my mind of five [illegible] bobbing about on the surface, looking [illegible], more indifferent than any of the rest.

We lost the rails and the [illegible] and the rim things, but when we reached [illegible] water, managed to collect the oars and the barrel. [illegible] to the boat -- fortunately [illegible] and stern. Then we [illegible] ashore. As I have mentioned [illegible] a broad one, and we were [illegible] furthermore, we were in [illegible] a heavy boat, and [illegible] every effort we were [illegible] pass we should have [illegible] our strength.

We [illegible] was a good mile [illegible] road when the boat [illegible] hour to pick us up, [illegible]

those on board watched us through glasses until they waw us safely across the reef. It was now evident that they did no such thing, and remembering that we had left the "France" just at noon, with instructions that they would be back for us between three-thirty and four, I waxed wroth. There was nothing to do but wait, and we amused ourselves trying to make the water-barrel fast to a gun-shale of the boat in such a way that it would at least hold her right side up. The old tub weighs a ton, and floating full of water, she was sometimes almost on the surface, sometimes three feet under, with just her bow or stern sticking up. Then, each swell of that long Pacific roll would roll her over, so that if she was right side up she would turn turtle, and vice versa; and each time she rolled over, the four of us would climb inside or up on the keel, as the case might be. We finally got the barrel so tied that she only rolled over about every twenty minutes, which was a great improvement.

After an hour or so I began to feel chilly, although the water had felt warm when we first upset. Partly to try and warm myself up, partly to pass the time, I began to sing, which seemed to delight the rest, and it was a great comfort to find that for once my voice brought joy. Bijou has picked up a lot of American songs in the course of his wanderings of the world, and he joined me in several we both knew. "I wonder who's kissing her now", and "In San

those on board watched us through glasses until they saw us safely across the reef. It was now evident that they did no such thing, and relaunched [illegible] to her last [illegible] Tiranoe' just at noon, with instructions that they would be back for us before three-thirty [illegible] work. There was nothing to [illegible] ourselves trying to make the [illegible] shale of the bank in some way that by would [illegible] hold her right [illegible]. The old [illegible] a ton, the floating hull of water. The new [illegible] floats on the surface, sometimes three feet under, with just her bow or stern sticking up. Then, one [illegible] of that long Pacific coil would fall [illegible] that if one was right side up the [illegible] the other; and soon this [illegible] coils landed on [illegible] the [illegible] We finally got the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] over about every [illegible] improvements.

After [illegible] hours on [illegible] although the [illegible] partly to [illegible] time, I [illegible] reef. And it [illegible] once my [illegible] list of [illegible] of the world, [illegible] know. "I [illegible]

Domingo" seemed to go best. All this time the darned old schooner was in plain sight, not over two miles away at the outside, but no amount of waving brought her about, and we were gradually drifting away from the reef, having long since been carried out through the pass by the current. Fortunately we were drifting towards the schooner. With a vivid picture in mind of the sharks of Bass Rocks, I began to watch for fins on the surface of the ocean, from the moment we drifted through the pass into the open sea. But we had picked the right island to upset at, for in the total three hours and more that we spent in the water, we saw not a shark. Finally, when we were ourselves a couple of miles out at sea, we saw the "France" come about, and head for the island. She came under sail as usual, but after a few minutes we saw the puff of her exhaust, knew the engine had been started, and surmised they had seen our plight. A little later she was alongside; we pulled the davits tackle down to the water, made it fast to the surf-boat, and when those on board had hoisted her gunwhales clear of the surface, we bailed her out. At just three-thirty by the ship's clock, we four clambered aboard the schooner.

As soon as we had changed into dry clothes, we had to start for shore again, as W--- was there with his birds, and without food. But Beck, who had been getting out some more food for us to take, to last W--- another twenty-four hours, suddenly decided that the surf was getting higher around the entire reef, that if this con-

tinued he wouldn't want to send us ashore in the morning, and that if W--- had been on the job we ought to have enough birds from Oeno anyhow. In short, instead of giving us more provisions to take in, he told us to bring W--- aboard. And as we shoved off for the reef, I was glad to see Beck himself climb the rigging and watch us across it. This time Matahiapo conservatively steered for the pass, and we got in and out without mishap. By six we were heading towards Mangareva, under a light breeze, which has not yet materially increased.

April 23rd.

Tomorrow we are due to sight the Gambiers, and if there is a big swell playing, such as we have today, we will steer directly for them. If it is calm, we shall call in at a little uninhabited island called Timoe, thirty miles this side, and make a landing there.

The Gambier Islands, of which Mangareva is the largest, are a group of some half dozen high islands, off the southeast end of the Paumotus. They are all within sight of each other, and partially protected by a long reef, which does not however, completely surround them. Rikkatea, on Mangareva, is not only the capital of this group, but the administrative center for some of the eastern Paumotus.

Off Timoe, April 24th.

We are hove to, in the lee of Timoe, a crescent-

[illegible] he wouldn't want to send me ashore in the [illegible]
and that if W--- had been on the job we might [illegible]
enough birds from Oeno anyway. In short, instead of
giving us more provisions to take in, he told us to
build more shacks. [illegible]
I was glad to see Jack Driscoll [illegible]
watch us across in. This time [illegible]
stored for the [illegible]
night. By six we were [illegible] towards Gravely, under
a light breeze, which has not yet [illegible] increased.

Gravely.

Concerning [illegible] the conditions, and if
there is a big local [illegible] we
will steer directly for them. [illegible]
call in at a little [illegible]
thirty miles this [illegible]

The Gambier Islands, of which Taravanu is the
largest, are a group of [illegible]
off the southern end of the [illegible]
within sight of each [illegible]
by a large [illegible]
surround them. [illegible]
capital of [illegible]
for some of the [illegible]

[illegible]

shaped atoll with a landlocked lagoon inside. It is uninhabited, but a large part of the island is planted in cocoanuts by the Mangarevans, who come over frequently to work the plantation, and have built a couple of houses to live in when here. The Gambiers, themselves, are plainly visible to the north. We got here at noon, and after lunch W--- and I went ashore. I got a good collection of plants, but there seem to be very few birds, so we probably shan't hang around long.

Mangareva, April 26th.

We sailed up here from Timoe this morning, and after lunch all collectors went ashore till dark. We are now riding snugly in our first real anchorage since Rapa, two months ago, and no one on board is sorry. The Gambiers are an exceedingly pleasant place: four or five mountainous islands of good size, four or five small, uninhabited islets, and in Mangareva itself, the harbour of Rikkatea, cut deep into the island, lovely and safe. The village is a charming little place, with a main thoroughfare flanked on both sides by wooden houses, and nicely kept yards and gardens, all very neat and tidy. Of course it is quite civilized, especially compared to Rapa, and not the place to go if one thirsts for thatched huts, but after the last strenuous few weeks, I find it ideal. Two of the big island trading houses have branches here, and it has been a place of some importance for perhaps a century. In the old days there was much trade with Chile,

shaped atoll with a landlocked lagoon inside. It is uninhabited, but a large part of the island is already in occupation by the Ilengarovans. We come over frequently to work the plantation, and have built a couple of houses to live in when here. The Ghublanian Government, are plainly visible to the north. We got here at noon, and after lunch --- and I went ashore. I got a good collection of plants, but these seem to be very few birds. We probably shall's hang around long.

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and considerable Spanish blood is mingled with the native stock. The present population are as fine a looking lot as I have seen anywhere in Polynesia.

Mangareva, April 29th.

Thursday I spent collecting in the mountains on this island, and yesterday, W---, Charlie, and I set out in the "Fan Fan", the small skiff which we have rigged with a sail. We visited four small islets strung along the inside of the reef, at a distance of five or six miles from the anchorage, where I collected a few plants, and W--- got a dozen white terns. It is a grand country for small-boat sailing, the partially protected lagoon studded with high islands as it is.

Today W--- and I went as passengers to Taira Vai, and inhabited island on the other side of Mangareva, in a sloop belonging to S. R. Maxwell & Co. It was being sailed over by two natives to collect copra, and the local manager, who knew that we have to take in all the islands in the lagoon while we are here, asked Beck if he would like to send us along. Thus we had the unusual treat of sitting back and watching other people sail us around all day. When we reached Taira Vai we landed on the beach by the chief's house and were immediately introduced to his daughter and her husband, by our boatmen. Before we started out collecting, they invited us to return to the house for lunch. The chief, himself had gone out for a day's fishing. After collecting all morning in the rain, we were glad to get back to a nice, dry house at noon.

Our host and hostess were quite as charming as any Polynesians out of Stevenson or O'Brien. Under thirty, they were both extraordinarily handsome, and had the most winning sort of simple courtesy and friendliness. The girl was a perfect bronze goddess: tall, with a classically chiselled face, lithe figure, and striking grace in all her movements, she combined the graciousness and dignity of the born aristocrat. Her husband was quite as fine looking, and of a good deal the same type. They each spoke a little French, although they had never been out of the Gambiers, and we learned a good deal about the birds around here from them. We also learned that she bore the melodious name of Rota, which means rose, while his was the very European sounding one of Simeon.

After lunch, Simeon went into another room and returned with a fine-looking Elgin watch, which he handed me with the remark, "Il est mort". We looked "him" over, wound "him" up, shook "him", and examined "him" to the best of our ability, but dead "he" surely was, and neither of us knew enough about watches to find the trouble. I learned that "he" had been dead for three years, and as "he" was a very handsome watch, and it seemed too bad for "him" to lie idle all this time, I advised Simeon to give "him" to the first person he knew who was going to Papeete, and let the jeweller have a chance at "him".

Then a splendid looking, elderly gentleman, clad in a pareu, like the rest, walked in carrying several

Our host and hostess were quite [illegible]

Polynesians our or Stevenson or [illegible]. They [illegible]

they were both extraordinarily [illegible], and has some

most winning pair of simple [illegible].

The girl was a perfect [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] beautiful face, [illegible] [illegible]

in all her movements, her [illegible] [illegible]

dignity of the [illegible]. [illegible]

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each [illegible] a little [illegible]. Although they had [illegible]

out of the [illegible] [illegible]

the high [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] also learned that

she bore the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

walk [illegible] the very [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

After lunch [illegible] [illegible]

returned with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

handed us with [illegible] [illegible]

"him" over, [illegible] [illegible]

"him" to [illegible] [illegible]

was, and [illegible]

find the [illegible]

for [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

strings of fish, and we were introduced to Rota's father, Maaga Tapai, the chief of the island. It was drawing near time for us to leave, and he insisted on our taking a string of fish with us. Simeon then said he knew a little island the other side of Taira Vai where there were plenty of shearwater, and if we would come back next week, he would take us to it. W--- was interested, and I think we shall return; I certainly hope so, for I have rarely met a more thoroughly delightful family anywhere.

When we had gone back to Rikkatea, and had had supper aboard the schooner, I went ashore with Charlie, taking some laundry to the house of the school-teacher, whom I had met the first day, and who had volunteered to take charge of any I wished to have done. Then we strolled up the main street, and arriving at a house from which came music and sounds of revelry, we paused to look in from the street. As we had hoped, there were shouts of "Haere mai", and on entering we found Bijou, Teihau, Matahiapo, and half the population of Mangareva packed into one little room. The house belonged to a young Hawaiian, who had lived in Mangareva several years, and he was doing the honours for our crew. A fat old lady was playing rather well on the one accordion of the village, everyone was singing, and occasionally some man or girl would volunteer a Hula. When the Hawaiian danced, he used his arms and shoulders more, and his hips less than the rest, and

stories of them, and we were introduced to the
father, Mesa Tepoi, the chief of the island. He
was drawing near time for us to leave, and he insisted
on our taking a string of fish with us. Nimson then
said he knew a little island one other side of Nuku
Va where there were plenty of cocoanuts, and if we
would come back next week, he would take us to it.
M--- was interested, and I think we shall return; I
certainly hope so. For I have rarely met a more thoroughly
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When we had gone back to Nukuoro, and had had
supper aboard the schooner, I went ashore with Orville,
taking some laundry to the house of the school-teacher,
whom I had met the first day. He was half delighted
to take charge of any I wished to have done. I was
strolled up the main street, and as living in a house
from which some music and voices of revelry, we paused
to look in from the street. We saw big bowl, there
were shouts of "Kaoa mai!", and on wondering as found
Nikon, Tafiam, Tuaehiapi, and the [illegible] of
Mangrove perched into one little [illegible]. [illegible]
belonged to a young [illegible]
several years, [illegible]
over. I felt [illegible]
one occasion [illegible]
and occasionally [illegible]
Nuku. When the [illegible]
shoulders were, [illegible]

he was really the most graceful. But some of the girls danced prettily. There were others who would hardly have gotten by at a Methodist Church concert, and these invariably brought forth roars of frank amusement from the entire crowd.

Mangareva, April 30th.

It is Sunday and we are at anchor, which gives us a complete day off, but I got up early from force of habit. At breakfast, Louis Juventin said he thought he'd take in the eight o'clock mass at the Catholic church. All but a handful of the natives here are Catholics, and their church is the biggest in Eastern Polynesia, and has considerable claim to beauty. I decided to go with him. The building is of coral cement, white both inside and out. It has some remarkably good pictures, and every square foot of wall which would otherwise be bare, is inlaid with mother-of-pearl shells, arranged in symmetrical designs. The effect is very pretty. The accoustics are good, and some of the singing was excellent.

Returning to the beach, we passed the Protestant church, where the service was still going on, and feeling we ought to be impartial, we went in there too, so I am more than pious today. With a congregation that only numbers a handful, this church was as small and modest as the other was grand, and really looked more like a little, wooden schoolhouse than anything else. The

he was really the most graceful. But some of the [illegible] danced prettily. There were others who would [illegible] have gotten by at a Methodist church concert, but these invariably brought forth roars of [illegible] amusement from the entire crowd.

[illegible]

It is Sunday and we are at another, which gives us a complete day off. But I get up early [illegible] force of habit. At breakfast, Louis Duvauchin said he thought he'd take in the eight o'clock mass at the Catholic church. All but a handful of the natives here are Catholics, and their church is the Pageant in Heaven Polynesia, and has consider[illegible] sight to behold. I decided to go with him. The building is of coral cement, while both [illegible] are not. It has some remarkably good pictures, but every [illegible] foot of wall which would otherwise be bare. In [illegible] with rather-to-great skill, arranged in [illegible] the effect is very pretty. The [illegible] are [illegible], and one of the singing was excellent.

Returning to the house, we passed the Protestant church, where the [illegible] we [illegible] to be [illegible] more than place [illegible] nowhere a [illegible] as the other was [illegible] little, modern [illegible]

service, too, was the height of simplicity.

Mangareva, May 6th.

For the past six days we have had Maxwell's sloop under charter, and W--- and I have been covering the different smaller islands of the group in it. Monday we went to Akamaru, inhabited, and of good size, but since then we have not landed on any where there were inhabitants. Twice we camped out over night, two of the islets being too far from the anchorage to reach, work, and return from on the same day. One day has been very much like another in this way, but they are all pleasant, and I am falling more and more in love with the Gambier group.

This evening Charlie went ashore to try and scare up a couple of horses around Rikkatea. Tomorrow is again Sunday, and we hope to take a ride.

Mangareva, May 8th.

Charlie managed to get hold of a couple of very nice horses that were for hire (there is a better strain of them here than in Tahiti) and yesterday we had a six hour ride, covering a good part of Mangareva, which we both enjoyed very much.

Today, having discarded Maxwell's boat, W---, Charlie, and I set out in the "Fan Fan" for another of the rugged little islets. We had expected a good deal of trouble landing on it, as its shore is a precipitous coral shelf,

service, too, was the height of simplicity.

Nevertheless, my dear,

For the past six days we have had Kensington's place under observation, and [illegible] and I have been covering the different smaller islands of the group in it. Nothing we went to Kensington, Lindsdown, and of good size, but since then we have not landed on any where there were inhabitants. Twice we sighted one, over N'Lev, two of the islets being too far from the anchorage to reach, work, and return from on the same day. One day [illegible] been very much like another in this way, but they are all pleasant, and I am [illegible] more in love with the [illegible].

While evening Charlie [illegible] to try and [illegible] up a couple of horses [illegible] tomorrow is again Sunday, and we hope to [illegible].

Charlie [illegible] horses that were [illegible] them have [illegible] side, [illegible] enjoyed very much.

Today, [illegible] and I got out in [illegible] little [illegible] landing on it, [illegible]

across which quite a swell washes. It turned out only W--- could make the landing, as it took both of us to work the boat up to the shelf, and then pull away as soon as he got off, and before a swell should smash up the light skiff. It didn't really matter, as the place was too rugged for much plant life. We lay a hundred yards off the island, waiting for W---, the better part of the day. When he got back we learned that he had found a rail, and then stayed on a couple of hours longer than he otherwise would have, looking for more of them. As he did not see a second, we shall probably have to revisit the place, to give him another chance.

Mangareva, May 11th.

Day before yesterday, I started out again with Charlie, and W---, for the rail island. We were again in the "Fan Fan", and as the lagoon was considerably rougher than on the preceding day, we found it out of the question to try and land even one of our number. But it was still early in the day, and we were only a couple of hours sail from Taira Vai, and W--- wanted to go back there and get Simeon to take him to the little island he had spoken of, which was supposed to be full of shearwater. So we pointed her up towards Taira Vai, got there a little after noon, and have been there until this afternoon. And it is undoubtedly the most charming spot in the world, and the chief's family, whose hospitality we enjoyed, among the world's most charming people.

across which quite a small wagon. It taxied out [illegible]
H--- could make the landing, as it took both of us [illegible]
work the boat up to the shelf, and then pull away [illegible]
as he got off, and before a swell could smash [illegible]
light skiff. It didn't really [illegible]
too rugged for such plain life. [illegible]
off the island, waiting for H--- the better part of
the day. When he got back [illegible] and
a rail, and then edged on a [illegible] hunger than
he otherwise would have, looking for more of them. As
he did not see a second, he [illegible] probably have to relight
the place, to give him another chance.

From Avowal, July 11th.

Day before yesterday, [illegible] with Dwerth
and H---, for the first [illegible]
Pan", and as the lagoon was [illegible] than on
the preceding day, we [illegible] to try
and land over one of our [illegible]
in the day. [illegible]
Tairo Vai. [illegible]
to take him to the little [illegible]
was supposed to be [illegible]
up towards Tairo Vai. [illegible]
more been there [illegible]
by the most [illegible]
family, those [illegible]
most alarming [illegible]

We saw Simeon out fishing in his canoe, about a quarter of a mile from the beach, and he immediately pulled in his line and started for the shore, arriving as we were pulling the "Fan Fan" out of water. You would have thought from his welcome that he had expected us by appointment for that day and hour, and that we were his oldest friends. He led us up to the chief's house, where Maaga Tapai greeted us no less cordially. A few minutes later, Rota arrived on the scene, and with her, Katarina, the younger daughter, who was perhaps eighteen years old. She had been spending the day in the coffee plantation the last time we were here, so we had missed her-- and she was some miss. For if Rota was bronze goddess of the Junoesque type, Katarina, was no less a bronze Venus. Her actual colouring was quite coppery, but in all other respects, her face was remarkably European. Her features were quite as fine as Rota's, but her face was round where her sister's was oval. And while Rota's whole expression suggested dignity and pride (not without a great deal of kindness) Katarina's beauty was full of mischievous seductiveness.

After getting the "Fan Fan" unloaded, and W--- and I stowing our things in the chief's guest-room, he set out with Simeon to hunt the other side of Taira Vai, while I went up the mountain to collect plants above the village. I got quite an assortment, but W---'s afternoon was rather unsuccessful. Not so his evening. On our previous visit, as you may remember, Maaga Tapai

had been away all day fishing, so that we had only a glimpse of him. Tuesday evening, W--- made up for lost time pumping him about the birds, past and present, of Taira Vai, Mangareva, the Gambier group, and even Timoe, forty miles south of here. As he is over sixty, W--- was able to get a pretty good line on the bird-life of the islands for a half century past. For two hours they were wrapped in the subject, and it would be difficult to say which of them found it of more absorbing interest. The only one of the family with a real knowledge of French was Rota, and to be sure of accurate understanding, the questions went from W--- to me to Rota to the chief, and the answers vice versa. Her French was not fluent, but she spoke very carefully, and it was apparent that she was glad to find a chance to practice it, so my task, although sometimes a bit painstaking, was always pleasant.

The bird lesson lasted from seven till nine, and we were then invited up the street to see a hula. This was in preparation for the Fourteenth of July, it being already May 9th! On the national holiday, every group of islands in French Oceania has a tremendous celebration, and among other things, each district sends a dance troupe to the capital of the group to compete against troupes from the other districts. Here in the Gambiers, every inhabited island would send its dancers to Rikkatea, and in Taira Vai, the second week in May was not too early for a half dozen boys and a half dozen girls to get together and practice every evening.

had been away all day fishing, so that we had only glimpses of him. Tuesday evening, however, he was last time pumping him about the cities, past and present, of Tolra Vati, Mangrayu, the Golden Ground, and even Timoo, forty miles south of Hoda. As he is very lively, H--- was able to get a pretty good idea on the difficulties of the islands for a half century past. For two hours they were engrossed in the subject, and it would be difficult to say which of them found it of more absorbing interest. The only one of the family with a real knowledge of French was Hoda, and to be sure of accurate understanding, the questions went from H--- to Hoda to the chief, and the answers vice versa. Her French was not fluent, but she spoke very carefully, and it was apparent that she was glad to find a chance to practice it, so my task, although occasioning a big pointsmanship, was always pleasant.

The bird lesson - which from another will also, and we were then invited by the chief to see a dance. This was in preparation for the ceremonies of Hoda, if some already May wish. On the [illegible] of [illegible], every group of islands in Torres Straits has a [illegible] dance [illegible] tion, and among [illegible] dance troupe to [illegible] against [illegible] tambions, every [illegible] to Hikuta, and [illegible] was not too [illegible]

They lined two by two in the moonlight, and the spectators sat along the grass at the edge of the street, but the popaas (white men) and the chief had to have a bench. While Maaga Tapai called occasional orders, a youth of amazing agility led the entire dance, and Katarina led the girls-- and how she danced! I have seen a good deal of Polynesian dancing, and I thought I knew all types, but Katarina showed me something new. In Tahiti, one frequently sees pretty dancing, by girls who have learned to tone down their hip movements. In the out-islands these are almost always exaggerated and rather unlovely. There is a third type, which involves using the arms as well as the hips. This tends to balance the movement of the latter, so that it doesn't have to be toned down. One generally sees it done by men who have been to the Hawaiian Islands, and almost never by girls. But Katarina went this last type of dancing better: without suppressing her hip movements a bit, she balanced them with her arms, with her shoulders, with her hands, with her wrists, with her whole body, and even with an occasional toss of her head. And every motion was the acme of grace. But, more striking even than her gracefulness, was the vitality with which she danced. There seemed to be a sort of smoldering fire in her entire body, which was magnificent.

Wednesday morning, W---, Charlie, and Simeon set out in the "Fan Fan" for the islet on the other side of Taira Vai where Simeon had promised there were many

They danced two by two in the moonlight,

spectators sat along the [illegible] the sides

street, but the [illegible] (white [illegible]

to have a bonfire. While [illegible]

orders, a youth or [illegible]

dance, and [illegible] for the [illegible]

I have seen a [illegible] dance [illegible]

though I knew all [illegible]

thing such. In [illegible]

dancing, by girls who [illegible] their

old movements. In [illegible]

always [illegible]

white type, which involves [illegible]

the hips. This [illegible]

latter, so that [illegible]

generally seen at [illegible]

Hawaiian Islands, [illegible]

Katarina was this last [illegible]

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fullness, was [illegible]

seemed to [illegible]

body, which [illegible]

[illegible]

out in the [illegible]

[illegible]

shearwater, while I took my plant press and wandered along the beach beyond the village, collecting sea-level plants. There were a good many. Returning to the village an hour or two before lunch time, I was not in the least displeased to run into Katarina, who was wandering around among the breadfruit trees with a long pole, poking down the fruit. She had a little girl with her, and they ranged up and down the street, attacking the trees of the different families of the community with charming impartiality. They were taking over-ripe breadfruit, as they wanted it for poi, and the little girl was trying to catch the fruits as Katarina knocked them down. When she missed them, which was often, they hit the ground with a plop and flattened out in a sticky white paste, which settled them as far as any possibility of using them, and caused great mirth to all hands. I joined them, and passed the time very pleasantly until W--- and Charlie returned for a late lunch. A high wind had blown up, and as it was a head-wind to their return trip, they had rowed against it instead of sailing, and were pretty well tired out.. As it was also a head-wind to our return to Rikkatea, W--- decided to wait till the following day, in hopes of its shifting. This suited me: I didn't want to leave Taira Vai.

The afternoon we spent sitting around the chief's yard, where he and his two daughters were engaged in grinding coffee-- Simeon had contracted a toothache in the course of the morning, and had retired to the house,

his head bound up in an old sweater. The method of grinding was primitive, the coffee berries being placed in two big wooden troughs, and pounded with heavy stone pestles. This pounding split the berries, and they were then gone over by hand, the beans extracted and laid out to dry. A couple of other women, hangers on of the household, helped in the work, and I lent a hand too, spelling Katarina for an hour.

In the evening, after supper, we were called on at the chief's by about half the population of the village, most of whom we knew by now. When conversation lagged, W--- and I decided we ought to entertain them, and struck up a few songs, mostly of Civil War vintage. To introduce a more modern note, we sang, after a while, Yaaka Hula Hickey Doola, and at this, Simeon, who was prostrate in the next room with his toothache, called for an encore, probably because it was familiar to him. Originally an Al Jolson parody of Hawaiian music, it has spread, as songs do, throughout eastern Polynesia, and in any island where it is sung, is greeted by signs of recognition from the natives. Everything we gave was politely applauded, but the only other request for any encore, made this time by Rota, was inspired by "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". We entertained, after a fashion, for about half an hour, and then the natives returned with half an hour of himines and utes, which was much better. Finally we all went up the street again for the evening's rehearsal of dancing.

This morning the wind was still high, and the lagoon, which is in parts unsheltered, was very rough. But as we had been away from the schooner quite as long as W--- thought we ought to be, he decided to set out for Rikkatia immediately after lunch. It had already been decided that when we did return, Simeon was to come with us, to get some provisions which we had found out the family needed; it is two or three months since there has been a trading-schooner in from Papeete, and everyone in the group is running short of sugar, butter, and the like. Now it transpired that Rota and Katarina wanted to come too, to see the ship, and pay a visit to Rikkitea. Four people, in addition to our traps, was all the "Fan Fan" would hold, so we took Katarina; Simeon and Rota got out a canoe, pressed a couple of kids, fourteen and fifteen years old into service to help them paddle, and the two boats set out for Mangareva. We had a pretty rough crossing, but made the main island in two hours. But we were still two hours, and around a sheltering point from Rikkatea, and rather than risk the remaining, rougher part of the voyage in the canoe, Simeon and Rota decided to land on the nearest beach, leave their canoe, and walk over the mountain to Rikkitea. We beached the "Fan Fan" too, and let Katarina join them. Not that we did not like her company-- we loved it. But with a load of four, we had already shipped a good deal of water, and it seemed likely that unless we lightened the boat somehow, we should

While mooring the wind was quite high, and the lagoon, which is in parts unsheltered, was very rough. But as we had been away from the schooner quite as long as W--- thought we ought to do, he decided to set out for Hikatea immediately after lunch. It had already been decided that when we did return, Simeon was to come with us, to get some provisions which we had found out the family needed; it is two or three months since there has been a trading-schooner in from Rapaota, and everyone is up to running short of sugar, butter, and the like. Now it happened that Rota and Katarina wanted to come too, to see the ship, and pay a visit to Hikatea. Four people, in addition to our crew, was all the "Ran Kan" would hold, so we took Katarina, Simeon, and Rota, got out a canoe, pressed a couple of kids, fourteen and fifteen years old into service to help them paddle, and the two boats set out for Hikatea. We had a pretty rough crossing, but made the island in two hours. But we were still in time, and found a sheltering point from Hikatea, and anchor from the remaining rougher part of the way in the canoe. Simeon and Rota decided to land on the nearest beach, leave their canoe, [illegible] to Hikatea. We paddled the "Ran Kan" [illegible] join them. Not in a [illegible] loved it. But with a load [illegible] shipped a good deal of water.

sink, rounding the point.

The rest of the trip was hard work. To clear the point that lay between us and Rikkatea, we had to beat into a head-wind, and with the sea against us too, it was necessary to put out an oar to leeward to help her along. Charlie was at the helm, and W--- and I took turns rowing, which we did with all our might, as the skiff has a strong tendency to fall off to leeward. In an hour we had rounded the point, and shifting our course further off the wind, we were able to ship the oar. But now, getting the full force of wind and waves, we took a lot of water, and until we were safe in the harbour, bailed frantically. We reached the "France" drenched to the skin, and ate everything in sight at supper.

And now Beck has announced our departure for tomorrow, and most of the crew has gone ashore to say goodbye to their friends. So, tired though I am, I am off to the village to say good-bye to mine.

At Sea, May 12th.

Last night in Rikkatea, most of the population of the village was gathered in the school-teacher's house, as were also most of the crew of the "France". As were also Katarina and Rota and Simeon. They had reached the village on foot long before the "Fan Fan" had reached the schooner.

There were himines, and hulas, and some accordion and guitar playing, and after a while the villagers

sink, rounding the point.

The rest of the trip was hard work. [illegible] point that lay between us and Wakkigan, we had to beat into a head-wind, and with the sun against us too, it was necessary we put out an oar to keep us fully [illegible] along. Charlie was at the helm, [illegible] turns rowing, which we did with [illegible] oars dipping, as the skiff has a strong tendency to fall off to leeward. [illegible] an hour we had rounded the point, [illegible] our course further off the wind, we were able to [illegible] the oar, but now, getting the full force of wind and waves, we took a lot of water, and really we were safe in this harbour, [illegible] Fortunately. We rescued the "[illegible]" drenched to the skin, and ate everything in sight at a gulp.

And now Beck has announced she is [illegible] for tomorrow, and most of the new [illegible] to be [illegible] to their friends. So, [illegible] to the villages to say good-bye to mine.

[illegible]

Last night in Wakkigan, [illegible] the population of the village was gathered in [illegible] to [illegible] as were also [illegible] also Kanaline [illegible] the village on [illegible] the welcomer.

There were Mathias, [illegible] and Grating Jaqlyn, [illegible]

began to take their leave, singly, in couples and in little groups. When the rest of our sailors had gone, too, I went out and sat on the little verandah with Katarina, and looked at the cocoanut palms in the moonlight, with the lagoon beyond, and wondered why white men, when they have found a perfect paradise on earth, are unable to stay there.

This morning, as we were getting ready to sail, our three friends from Taira Vai came aboard to pay us a visit, bringing along the two kids who had come over with them. We introduced them to Beck, who gave them some provisions and doped Simeon's tooth for him; then he took them down into the hold and showed them a lot of skinned birds, in which they were much interested. As our channel out to sea led right past Taira Vai, we asked them to sail over with us. They borrowed a canoe from friends in Rikkatea, made it fast astern, and we hove anchor. At our closest point to Taira Vai, only half a mile from their home beach, we shut off the motor a minute, the five of them went over the side into the canoe, and cast off. As we steamed forward again, they sat in the canoe, waving to us, in the exact spot we had left them, and not for a good five minutes did they pick up their paddles and start for the beach.

Just as we were losing sight of them, we hit a piece of the bottom of the Gambier lagoon with an omenous scrape. I was at the wheel, and Nagle was standing on the deck-house, directing my course with

began to take their leave, namely, in conjunction with a little grouse. When the rest of our religious [illegible] too, I went out and sat on the little veranda [illegible] Kaberima, and looked at the coconut palms in the moonlight, with the lagoon beyond. The women and my wives soon, when they have found a [illegible] are unable to stay there.

This morning, as we were getting ready to call, our three friends from Tuiaka Vui came aboard to pay us a visit, bringing along the two lads we had come over with them. We introduced them to Beau, who gave them some provisions and loaned Kimmon's boots for him; then he took them down into the hold and showed them a lot of shining birds. In return they were much interested in our channel out to [illegible] reef [illegible] Vui. We asked them to call over with us. They [illegible] from Kaiaida in Kikaiana, [illegible] moment, [illegible] have another. At our channel [illegible] Tuiaka Vui, only half a mile from [illegible] the motor a minute, the [illegible] canoe. [illegible] sat in the canoe, waiting to [illegible] had left them, and [illegible] play on their [illegible]

Just as we were leaving [illegible] place of the bottom of [illegible] omenoos among. I [illegible] standing on the [illegible]

his arms. On all sides the water looked the same, a little bit pale for real comfort, but no paler in one place than another. When we scraped, the expression on the captain's face was the most comical thing I have seen in the course of the entire voyage, but he gave me no signal, so I held the wheel fast, expecting every second to hear another, louder scrape, when we should hit and stick. Meanwhile I was thinking, "If we land high and dry on a rock, we shall have to stay here till the next trading-schooner arrives from Papeete, and that won't be for a couple of months-- how heavenly that would be. But after two months in this paradise, I should never be able to tear myself away, that's certain." But we did not hit again, and in a half minute Nagle signalled me to throw her over to port. He had the harbour chart in front of him, and his only comment was the remark, in a calm but reproachful voice, "It is all charted as deep water here." We made the pass and cleared the reef without further excitement.

Off S. Marutea, May 14th.

This morning we sailed up to Maria, took a look at it, and sailed scornfully away again. It looked like any other Paumotu (they are as alike as peas in a pod) although perhaps smaller than the usual run. We shall, of course, have to work it in time, but today's wind made the only possible landing place on the island impossible. So we turned south-west and came over here to Marutea, which we reached at about

four. We are now lying in her lee, and shall land in the morning. She is a good-sized atoll, privately owned, rather extensively planted in cocoanuts, and peopled by the manager and his labour-gang. Half a dozen people have come out on the beach and waved at us since we have been here.

At Sea, May 28th.

For the last two weeks we have been at Marutea, working pretty hard. We left last night.

During our first three days there, the wind was from the one quarter that made the usual landing place, a pretty good beach for a surf-boat, impossible. The landing we had to make was over a sharp coral shelf, with a very narrow cut in it, and a big surf piling up. For three days we made two trips a day across this, taking W--- in, in the morning, bringing him and his birds off at night. As we needed the full crew to work the reef-- three men rowing and one at the steering oar, I did not stay ashore to collect; but we had to spend so much time jockeying around outside the reef, waiting for the psychological moment to row in, and doing the same before getting out again, that these landings alone pretty well filled the days.

The grand climax of our work here was when we almost drowned one of the Marutea plantation boys, or rather when he almost drowned himself. It was the afternoon of our third day on the island, and we were ashore, trying to get off to the schooner. Although the tide

was about half-way out, the surf was piling up on the reef in huge rollers, washing on over it, and in to the beach with considerable power. But between breakers, the reef, from its outer ledge to the beach, was in such shallow water that we could just barely lift and move the heavy surf-boat seaward, with the help of a couple of the plantation hands. And each time we got to the outside edge, while we were waiting for a safe moment to shove off and jump in, an unusually large roller would come along and wash the boat back most of the fifty yards toward dry land, all hands clinging to the gunwhale, but unable to hold her against the power of the wave. We played this game for about an hour, and the heaviest breakers were always far enough apart so that we could just haul the boat out to the launching point, before another one came along and carried back. Finally we got sick of the business and decided that the next time we reached the outer edge of the reef, we would shove off whether the moment was safe or not. This we did, the four of us jumping into the boat as we shoved off, and the two plantation boys nobly kept on pushing to get us clear before a coming breaker got us. They pushed until they walked right off the reef into deep water, whereupon the more intelligent of the two pulled himself up on our gunwhale. We were rowing for all we were worth, and when we got clear of the breakers, we looked back and found that the other boy was floundering

around just outside the reef. We stopped and yelled to him to swim out to us, which he could easily have done then. He had the poor judgment, however, to try and get back to land. After each breaker he would strike out for the coral ledge, which the undertow kept him from reaching, and in a minute another big breaker would come curling in, and he would have to face out and dive under it to keep from being smashed to bits on the reef. He kept this up for five minutes, while we lay just beyond him, yelling to him to forget the beach and swim out to the boat. Then he got exhausted, filled up with water, and , floating over on his back, lost consciousness. We backed water till we were almost in the breakers again, his partner jumped over and towed him out to us, and we hauled him over the gunwhale, where we let him lie, head down, while the water trickled out of him. In a minute he came to. He was probably more frightened than harmed, for on being taken aboard the France to spend the night, he got so interested in looking over the ship that he quite forgot about his mishap.

The next morning the wind shifted, and we began using the usual landing on Marutea, which was just around a near-by point. It was an easy one, and we had no more trouble. As three men could now work the surf-boat, I got orders to stay ashore day and night, and accompany W--- on his collecting trips. The reef was so easy to land on here, that we even rowed the "Fan Fan" ashore, and using one

around just outside the reef. We stopped [illegible]
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then. He had the poor judgment, however, to try and
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and dive under it so [illegible] to hold
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the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] to understand in
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[illegible] the [illegible]
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As there was [illegible]
to stay [illegible] day and [illegible]
collecting [illegible]
that we [illegible]

of the plantation's large, two-wheeled push carts, transported it across the half-mile of atoll to the inside lagoon. This was a body of water about six miles by four in size, surrounded by the island proper. But the latter was in several places submerged, so that it amounted to a dozen small islets around the lagoon, and to each of these we sailed in the "Fan Fan". We spent the night on several of them, and every third day we put back to the surf-boat landing for supplies, and to send out birds and plants. The plantation headquarters were near here, and on these occasions we would spend the night in the house of the manager, and as it rained most of the time we were at Marutea, it was a pleasant change to sleep in a warm, dry bed, after a fresh water bath. The manager, who was the soul of hospitality, is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, and has been in the islands about four years, but only out here on Marutea for a year.

Yesterday afternoon we brought the "Fan Fan" back across the atoll to the ocean side, got her through the surf without any trouble, brought our traps off in the surf-boat, and sailed for Maria.

At Sea, June 11th.

When we left Marutea, two weeks ago, my legs were a mess, and since then I have been confined to the ship. The cause dates back to our first three

days at Marutea- while we were working that first, bad landing, I had cut my legs and ankles in several places, helping launch the surf-boat from the coral ledge. Then, in the following two weeks of sailing around the lagoon in the "Fan Fan", they were continually getting soaked in the salt water. In the north, this would probably have done no harm, but in these coral-filled seas, it is an almost sure way to get a wound infected. When I finally returned to the schooner, I had one of the finest cases of coral poisoning imaginable, and I have had to give up landing through the surf, for the present, in order to keep my legs out of the salt water. This and dressings, twice daily, of potassium permanganate, have by now almost completed my cure.

Charlie has taken my place in the surf-boat, and W--- has done what plant-collecting was needed, during my confinement aboard. The latter has not anounted to much, as when you have all the flora of one Paumotu island, you have it of all the others: they are as like in plant life, as they are in general appearance. While they have been working the islands of Maria and Maturei-Vavao, I have been sorting out all the plants collected during the voyage, and helping around the ship.

June 18th.

Last Monday, my legs being again normal, I resumed my place in the landing party, and in the course

days at Marrowbone while we were working that short
but landing, I had out my logs and sighted [illegible]
places, helping launch the [illegible] from the [illegible]
lodge. Then, in the following two weeks of [illegible]
around the lagoon in the "Ken-Mar", [illegible]
tranquilly getting towards us the [illegible]
north, which would generally [illegible] us home, but
in these doubl-[illegible] [illegible] to
to get a wound healed. [illegible] confined to
the bungalow, I had one of the [illegible] [illegible]
potsoning treatments, and I have [illegible] to give up
landing through the week, for the present, in order
to keep my legs out of the [illegible]. This and
dressings, twice daily, of [illegible]
have by now almost completed [illegible].

Charlie has taken my place in the [illegible],
and W--- has done most plant-collecting [illegible] needed,
during my continuement absent. [illegible]
announced to-night, as when you [illegible] of
one Fawcett [illegible], you [illegible]
they are as like as [illegible]
of apple-[illegible]. [illegible]
islands of [illegible]
ing out all the [illegible]
and helping [illegible].

Last Monday, [illegible]

of the week have been ashore on the islands of Vahanga, Tenu Runga, and Tenararo. They are all uninhabited, they all have comparatively easy landings, and the plant-life of all three is exactly alike.

June 25th.

Most of these southern Paumotus are uninhabited, or if privately owned like Marutea, inhabited only by plantation labour. Tureia, at which we have just spent three days, has, on the other hand, its own community, which really belongs to it: a village of two or three hundred people, stretching from the ocean to the inside lagoon. The thatched huts are built between the palms of a good-sized cocoanut plantation, without upsetting the proper alignment in which they are planted. The plantation, however, continues far beyond the village. Different parts of it are owned by different natives, two hundred palms belonging to this family, a couple of hundred to that, and perhaps fifty to still a third, but there are no visible divisions, so that the planted land gives the impression of one big unit. The Tureians live chiefly on cocoanut, fish, and the pigs and poultry they raise, although when a trading-schooner arrives, they sell their copra and buy a few canned things. There had been a schooner from Papeete within two months before our arrival, and almost everyone, alas, wore pants or dresses rather than pareus.

The only white man on the island was a French priest, a man of such magnetic personality and rare

charm, that I, who have little use for missionaries and missionarying, grew to look forward to meeting and talking with him. Every time we came ashore, and every time we returned to the landing from the interior of the island, he was there, eager for a chat; one could see that there must be times, between schooners, when he found life pretty lonely.

On our last day at Tureia, we sold the "Fan Fan" to a native who wanted it for use in the inside lagoon. We delivered it to the purchaser at the schooner, certainly the safest thing to do, for it is anything but a surf-boat, and the breakers on the reef were pretty high that day. Having to get it ashore himself, the new owner embarked alone from the "France", with the idea of rowing it through the surf unaided. At the same time, we were making our last trip ashore in the surf-boat, and with us were several Paumotans who had been aboard the schooner. So when the "Fan Fan"'s owner reached the reef and saw what a sea there was, he called for volunteers to help him, and we transferred two of his fellow islanders to the skiff. Then we made the beach, and waited, watching for them to follow. They did at the first opportunity, came up onto the reef on a large breaker very nicely, and then, for some mysterious reason, failed to jump out and hold the boat, so that when the wave receded, it sucked the "Fan Fan" back with it. Twice they repeated this performance. They took in a large part of the Pacific, they banged violently on the edge of the reef,

and it was hard to see why they did not smash the skiff to pieces. After they had been sucked back a third time, and when they were just outside the coral ledge, broadside to the surf, they decided to pull out beyond the breakers and bail out the boat. This they succeeded in doing, and it was the first sensible thing they had done in some time.

While they were still outside, we put out in the big boat, having gathered up W---. When we got to them, we found them pretty well rattled. So Matahiapo volunteered to try and take them in, an offer which they gladly accepted. We transferred him to the "Fan Fan", and he forthwith did the finest landing job of his entire career, got them safely over the reef, and swam back through the surf to us, covered with glory. As we resumed pulling for the schooner, we saw the "Fan Fan" disappear up the beach, lugged by a half dozen Paumotans.

July 2nd.

We have landed at three more islands in the past week, of which Paraoa was the only inhabited one, and that only by a handful of Tahitians working a plantation. The other two were Ahunui and Nengo Nengo, and Nengo Nengo was the last call of the voyage. This had, of course, become general knowledge, while we were hove to all day off the island, and when Nagle gave the order to set the boom-tackle, and throw away the fore-staysail, preparatory to sailing for Papeete, a mighty roar of joy went up from

all hands.

We are within a day's sail of Tahiti, and would be there now if we had not had a dead calm for the last twenty-four hours. We are beginning to get a few puffs of wind from dead ahead, and Nagle has been trying to persuade Beck to use the engine and run for Papeete before we get a real, man-sized head-wind to beat against. I think he has almost succeeded.

Papeete, July 4th.

We started our engines Sunday evening, and all day yesterday the mountains of Tahiti were looming up larger and plainer, first on our port bow, and later abeam. When I went below from the second half of the dog-watch, we were well past the peninsular of Taiarapu, and abreast the main island. I turned in for a couple of hours, and at ten-thirty W--- awakened me to say that I ought to go up and look at the island. He was right: we were just off Point Venus, and the light-house shone out brightly. Above and behind it, plainly visible in the light of a moon nearing the full, towered the twin peaks of Orofena, and above the line of mountains, the sky was full of stars. The last hour, steaming along the coast, was really lovely. Finally the lights of Papeete twinkled out on the shore-line, and about thirty seconds after eight bells had sounded midnight, we chugged through the pass into the harbour. We moored to one of the buoys in the lagoon, till morning, and two or three of

oil heads.

We are within a day's sail of Tahiti. We would be there now if we had not had a dead calm for the last twenty-four hours. We are begining to get a few puffs of wind from dead ahead, and Merle has been trying to persuade Book to use the engine and run [illegible] before we get a real, [illegible] head-wind to beat against. I think he has almost succeeded.

Papeete, July eighth.

We started our engine Sunday evening, and all day yesterday the mountains of Tahiti were looming up larger and plainer, first on our port bow, and later abeam. When I went below from the second half of the dog-watch, we were well past the peninsular of Taiarapu, and abreast the main island. I turned in for a couple of hours, and at ten-thirty M--- awakened me to say that I ought to go up and look at the island. [illegible] off Point Venus, and the [illegible] across our bulwarks. Above and behind us, plainly [illegible] in the full moon moonlight, towering [illegible] and above the line of [illegible] trees. The last hour, [illegible] really lovely. Finally [illegible] out on the shore-line [illegible] night bells had sounded [illegible] the pass into the harbor [illegible] buoys in the lagoon, [illegible]

the more eager hands rowed ashore immediately. For myself, I was quite contented to sit on deck for an hour or two and gaze at the line of lights that sparkled along the water-front, with Mt. Aorai looming up behind. Papeete harbour is tiny, unknown to the world, and of little importance to it, but there are those of us to whom it is lovlier than Sydney or the Golden Gate. And in the early hours of the morning, when the town, nestling at the foot of the mountains, is sound asleep, it is at its loveliest. Heretofore I had entered it newly arrived from the roar of the busy outside world, and had been captured by its peace and tranquility. Now, coming from the wilder parts of its own world-- the world that it dominates-- from islands where there are no harbours, where every landing means a battle with the coral reef, from an ocean which is the perpetual home of treacherous currents and sudden squalls, I found it no less captivating.

Shortly after sunrise, we steamed to the quai, and moored directly in front of the U.S. Consulate. When the schooner had been made fast and everything was snug, the other sailors and I got out our discharge certificates and five months pay. I put on a clean suit of white ducks for the first time in many a day and walked to the Annex. My old friend Johnney, the host, fell on my neck, dragged me into the most famous kitchen in the South Seas, and proceeded to mix the inevitable rum punch. For no "old-timer", as he calls all who have been in Papeete before,

has ever returned to the Annex after an absence, without being so regaled by its hospitable proprietor. The punch, as he mixes it, is like nectar, and the ceremony, on the return of a wanderer, partakes of the nature of a religious rite. After an hour of being posted on all the latest gossip of the island, I managed to bring the conversation around to such a mundane subject as hotel rooms. I was immediately ushered up to his best one, on the sea side of the house, with a verandah looking over the lagoon, and here I am. I have had two good meals which I could eat as slowly as I wanted to; a fresh water bath with all the water I needed and more to slop around and waste if I felt like it; I have a real bed to sleep in, and I am sure no one is going to yell "All hands on deck!" in the middle of the night. I can even sleep eight whole hours, or twelve, if I feel like it, without getting up to go on watch. And believe me, I appreciate these things. But not for any money would I give up the experience of the last few months when I did not have them.