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TYPEE

HERMAN MELVILLE



TYPEE

By Herman Melville
Illustrated by Ezra Whiteman
Adapted by Harry Miller



HERE IS A THRILLING TALE OF TWO ROVING SEAMEN WHO FIND THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF A PRIMITIVE TRIBE OF CANNIBALS, PRISONERS OF FATE AND THE SAVAGE TRIBE OF TYPEES IN THE ISLANDS OF THE MARQUESAS.

THE "DOLLY," A BATTERED OLD WHALER, BEARING THE AUTHOR AND ITS MOTLEY CREW, HAS BEEN POUNDING THE WIDE PACIFIC FOR SIX MONTHS WITHOUT SIGHT OF LAND...

SIX MONTHS AT SEA! SIX MONTHS OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND, CRUISING AFTER THE SPERM WHALE BENEATH THE SCORCHING SUN OF THE EQUATOR... THE SKY ABOVE, THE SEA AROUND, AND NOTHING ELSE...



WITH HOPE STILL BEATING IN MY HEART, I ADDRESSED MYSELF TO THE POOR, OLD SHIP...



Courage, old lass! I hope to see you soon within a biscuit's toss of the merry land, riding snugly at anchor in some green cove!

MY HOPES WERE BORNE OUT THAT EVENING AFTER MESS...



I've good news for you, m'lads! Next week we shape our course to the Marquesas Islands!

Hooray for the Marquesas!

THE GOOD NEWS WAS RECEIVED BY THE LAND-SICK MEN WITH UNCONFINED JOY...



AS WE SET OUR COURSE FOR THE MARQUESAS, I FELT AN IRRESISTIBLE CURIOSITY TO SEE THOSE ISLANDS, WHICH THE OLD VOYAGERS HAD SO GLOWINGLY DESCRIBED...



MARQUESS! WHAT STRANGE VISIONS OF OUTLANDISH THINGS DOES THE VERY NAME SPIRIT UP! CANNIBAL BANQUETS... GROVES OF COCOANUTS... TATTOOED CHIEFS AND BAMBOO TEMPLES... HEATHEN RITES AND HUMAN SACRIFICES!



SUDDENLY, A CRY FROM ALOFT BROUGHT THE NEWS WE WERE ALL WAITING FOR...



THE CAPTAIN, DARTING ON DECK, BAWLED LUSTILY FOR HIS SPY-GLASS...



THE MATE, IN STILL LOUDER ACCENTS, HAILED THE MASTHEAD...



THE COOK THRUST HIS HEAD OUT OF THE GALLEY...



EVEN BOATSWAIN, THE DOG, LEAPED UP AND BARKED MOST FURIOUSLY...

LAND HO! AY, THERE IT WAS! A HARDLY PERCEPTIBLE, BLUE, IRREGULAR OUTLINE INDICATING THE BOLD CONTOUR OF THE LOFTY HEIGHTS OF NUKAHIVA, THE PRINCIPAL ISLAND OF THE MARQUESAS...



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, NUKAHIVA LOOMED UP IN THE DISTANCE...

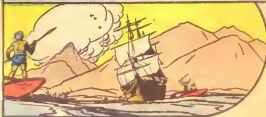


TOWARD NOON, WE SLOWLY ENTERED THE LOVELY HARBOR, AND WERE SURPRISED TO SEE FRENCH MEN-O-WAR RIDING AT ANCHOR...



AS WE ADVANCED UP THE BAY, NUMEROUS CANOES PUSHED OFF FROM THE SURROUNDING SHORES, THEIR SAVAGE OCCUPANTS STRUGGLING TO GET ABOARD OF US...

LATER WE LEARNED THAT THE ENTIRE GROUP OF ISLANDS HAD JUST BEEN TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY REAR ADMIRAL DU PETIT THOUARS OF THE FRENCH NAVY...



SUDDENLY, OUR ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO WHAT LOOKED LIKE A SHOAL OF FISH SPORTING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.



Whinies!
Whinies!

OUR SAVAGE FRIENDS ASSURED US THAT THE COMMOTION WAS CAUSED BY WHINIES* WHO WERE COMING OFF FROM THE SHORE TO WELCOME US . . .



*NATIVE GIRLS

AS THEY DREW NEARER, I ALMOST FANCIED THEY COULD BE NOTHING ELSE THAN SO MANY MERMAIDS . . . AND VERY LIKE MERMAIDS THEY BEHAVED TOO . . .



AS WE SAILED INTO THE MIDST OF THESE SWIMMING NYMPHS, THEY BOARDED US AT EVERY QUARTER . . .

MANY, SEIZING HOLD OF THE CHAIN PLATES, SPRANG INTO THE CHAINS . . . OTHERS, CATCHING AT THE BOB STAYS, WREATHED THEIR SLENDER FORMS ABOUT THE ROPE . . .



THE DOLLY WAS FAIRLY CAPTURED BY THE FAIR INVADERS, AND NEVER, I WILL SAY, WAS A VESSEL CARRIED BEFORE SUCH A PARTY OF DASHING AND IRRESISTIBLE BOARDERS . . .



OUR SHIP HAD NOT BEEN MANY DAYS IN THE HARBOR OF NUKAHIVA. BEFORE I CAME TO THE DETERMINATION OF LEAVING HER, I WAS READY TO RISK UNKNOWN HARDSHIPS AMONG THE NATIVES RATHER THAN CHANCE MANY MORE MONTHS ON THE OPEN SEA AT THE MERCY OF A CRUEL AND ABUSIVE CAPTAIN . . .

I PROCEEDED TO ACQUIRE ALL THE INFORMATION I COULD OBTAIN RELATING TO THE ISLANDS AND ITS INHABITANTS WITH A VIEW OF SHAPING PLANS TO ESCAPE . . .



I LEARNED THAT THE NATIVES OF HAPPAR CHERISHED THE MOST FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH THE INHABITANTS OF NUKAHIVA. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HAPPAR WAS THE MAGNIFICENT VALLEY OF THE DREADED TYPEES, FEARED BY BOTH TRIBES . . .



ONE NIGHT, I PERCEIVED ONE OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY LEANING OVER THE BULWARKS APPARENTLY PLUNGED IN A PROFOUND REVERIE I HESITATED A MOMENT, AND THEN APPROACHED HIM . . .



I say, Toby, you certainly look down in the mouth tonight!

Why wouldn't I be when I think we'll soon be shovin' off in this rat hole!



I LOST NO TIME IN CONFIDING MY PLANS TO TOBY AND INVITED HIM TO JOIN ME IN MY ESCAPE...

You know we would be risking our skins if we were to fall in with some of those mon-eating savoges!



A FEW WORDS SUFFICED FOR A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING AND TO ELUDE SUSPICION, EACH REPAIRED TO HIS HAMMOCK...



Here we are, imprisoned in this wormy old tub, surrounded on all sides by an untouchable garden of Eden!



Many of these natives are friendly, Toby! It's the Typees we have most to fear! If we can get into those hills for a week or two, the captain'd never find us, and we could hide in the ridges until the ship soils!



WE WERE TO BE SENT ASHORE THE NEXT MORNING WITH THE STARBOARD WATCH. OUR PLAN WAS TO SEPARATE FROM THE REST OF THE MEN AND STRIKE AT ONCE FOR THE MOUNTAINS...



EARLY NEXT MORNING

All right men, you're determined to have your liberty ashore and you'll get it! But mark you well keep out of the way of those accursed heathens if you don't want to spend your last day on earth in a bloody soup pot!



If what the captain says is true, we may be in for a lot of trouble ashore!

He can't bounce me out of my liberty! I'd go ashore if the cannibals stood ready to brail me on landing!



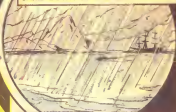
TORY AND I COMPLETED ARRANGEMENTS...

All set, Toby! The boat's leaving at two bells.

It can't leave too soon to suit me!

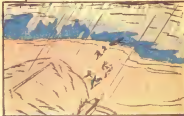


LATER, AS WE PULLED AWAY, THE HEAVENS OPENED UP AND THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN TORRENTS...



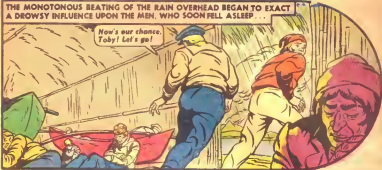
WE FLED FOR SHELTER UNDER COVER OF AN IMMENSE CANOE HOUSE WHICH STOOD HARD BY THE BEACH...

It might be a good idea to head for that canoe house till the storm lets up!



THE MONOTONOUS BEATING OF THE RAIN OVERHEAD BEGAN TO EXACT A DROWSY INFLUENCE UPON THE MEN, WHO SOON FELL ASLEEP...

Now's our chance, Toby! Let's go!



DRENCHED TO THE SKIN, WE MADE OUR WAY THROUGH SOME EXTENSIVE THICKETS TO AVOID MEETING THE NATIVES...

Now, Toby, not a word or a glance backward till we stand on the summit of yonder mountain! You are the nimble, so lead on and I will follow!



THE HEAVY RAIN FAVORED OUR ENTERPRISE, AS IT DROVE THE ISLANDERS INTO THEIR HOUSES, CLEARING THE WAY FOR OUR CLIMB TO THE RIDGES...

All right, brother! Quick's our play, only let's keep close together, that's all!

WE WERE SOON STOPPED BY A MASS OF TALL YELLOW REEDS, AS TOUGH AND STUBBORN AS SO MANY RODS OF STEEL...

We'll never make the ridge through that jungle of reeds!

I'll go first this time, Toby! I'll have a better chance of breaking through with my heavier weight!



AFTER TWENTY MINUTES OF DESPERATE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE IMPENETRABLE THICKET...

It's no use, I tell you! Might as well try to make our way through the teeth of a comb!

We can't give up now, Toby, or we're licked!

THE RAIN HAVING CEASED, THE ATMOSPHERE AROUND US BECAME CLOSE AND SULTRY BEYOND EXPRESSION. FANTING FOR BREATH, I ROLLED UP THE SLEEVE OF MY FROCK, AND SQUEEZED THE MOISTURE INTO MY PARCHED MOUTH...

SUDDENLY...

Look, Toby!

Daylight! Come on, maley, we're not licked yet!

FALLING TO WITH RENEWED SPIRIT, WE SOON OPENED A PASSAGE AND FOUND OURSELVES IN THE CLEAR.

How to make the top of that ridge!

We must guard against being seen by the natives down in the valley!

WE CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCED ON ONE SIDE, CRAWLING ON OUR HANDS AND KNEES, SCREENED FROM OBSERVATION BY THE TALL GRASS...

AN HOUR LATER, WE STARTED TO OUR FEET AGAIN, AND PURSUED OUR WAY BOLDLY TO THE CREST OF THE RIDGE...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE VALLEY BELOW, WE HEARD THE DISTANT CRY OF THE NATIVES, WHO HAD JUST DESCRIBED US...



They've seen us!

With our head start, we'll make the crest of the ridge before they can get close to us!

JUST BEFORE SUNSET, WE SURMOUNTED OUR LAST BARRIER...



STANDING THREE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA, WE GAZED WITH AWE AT THE GRANDEUR OF THE SCENE BELOW...



Did you ever see the likes of it?

Amazing! I don't expect to see anything like it again if I live a thousand years!

AT THE RISK OF BREAKING OUR NECKS, WE PROCEEDED TO LOWER OURSELVES BY THE TANGLED ROOTS WHICH CLUSTERED ABOUT ALL THE CREVICES OF THE ROCK...



WE LANDED SAFELY AT THE BOTTOM...



For once, our training before the mast brings its just rewards!

THE SIGHT THAT NOW GREETED US WAS ONE THAT WILL EVER BE VIVIDLY IMPRESSED UPON MY MIND...



Man alive, Toby! Did you ever see anything so magnificent?

I dare say, I'd appreciate it more if I could take a long draught out of one of those streams!



WE SPENT A NIGHT OF HORROR UNDER A CRUDE HUT WHICH WE BUILT WITH THE LIMBS OF TREES AND COVERED WITH A SPECIES OF BROAD-BLADED GRASS THAT GREW IN EVERY CRACK IN THE RAVINE...



NEXT MORNING, WE PARTOOK OF OUR MEAGRE RATIONS, AND CONTINUED ON OUR WEARY WAY. SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BESET BY A BURNING FEVER BROUGHT ON BY OUR DAMPENED CONDITION, WE FLUNG OURSELVES ON THE WET GROUND AND MY COMPANION WENT PROMPTLY TO SLEEP...

CHANCING TO PUSH ASIDE A BRANCH, MY EYE CAUGHT A SIGHT WHICH BROUGHT ME QUICKLY TO MY FEET.

*Toby! Toby! Look...
the valley...right
before our very feet!*



BEFORE OUR EYES, SWEEPING AWAY IN LONG WAVES, LAY THE VALLEY BELOW, BESET ON BOTH SIDES WITH GRASSY CLIFFS AND TALL PRECIPICES. HALF WAY DOWN, WE COULD SEE THE PALMETTO THATCHED HOUSES OF THE NATIVES



Comes now the burning question...is it the valley of the friendly Happers or the home of the man-eating Typees?



We have our choice between starving to death or making our descent and hoping for the best!



AFTER FIVE DAYS OF GREAT TOIL AND UNTOLD DANGERS, WE ARRIVED IN THE VALLEY AND PUSHED STEADILY ONWARD...

Look, Toby! Isn't that a fruit tree?

Great Scott! Manna from Heaven!



SUDDENLY ...

Come quick, brother! Look what we have here!

They've probably seen us and are hiding away!

Typee or Happar? Now's the time to find out, Toby!

QUICKLY, WE IMPROVISED TWO FLAGS OF TRUCE AND APPROACHED THE SHRINKING NATIVES ...

AS THEY SHOWED INCREASING ALARM AT OUR APPROACH, I STOPPED SHORT AND MOTIONED THEM TO ADVANCE AND RECEIVE THE GIFT I EXTENDED TOWARD THEM ...

That's telling 'em, Matey!

It's blessed to give, says I!

It'll be no blessing if they turn out to be Typees, old boy!

REASSURED BY OUR DISPLAY OF FRIENDSHIP, THEY MOTIONED TO US TO FOLLOW THEM ...

We'll find out soon enough now!

SUDDENLY, OUR GUIDES SET UP A STRANGE HALLOO, AND IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE WHOLE VALLEY RESOUNDED WITH SAVAGE OUTCRIES AND THE NATIVES CAME RUNNING FORWARD FROM ALL DIRECTIONS...



Oh, oh! Here comes our reception committee!

I'm hoping we've aroused their curiosity rather than their animosity!

WE WERE SOON COMPLETELY ENCIRCLED BY A DENSE THROG, STARING AT US WITH INQUIRING LOOKS AND ALMOST ARRESTING OUR PROGRESS.



Keep your fingers crossed, Toby!

Looks like we're headed for that hut!

Typees or Hoppers, I'm going to find a place in that hut to lay my weary carcass!

You plucked the words right out of my mouth, old boy!



WE THREW OUR WEARY FRAMES UPON THE FLOOR MATS, AND LOOKED AROUND AT THE STRANGE GATHERING...



Looks like judgement day has at last arrived, Toby!

Faith! I don't like the way those chiefs keep staring at us!

ONE OF THE CHIEFS, WHO APPEARED TO BE HIGHEST IN RANK, PLACED HIMSELF DIRECTLY FACING ME AND STARED FEROCIOUSLY AT ME ...



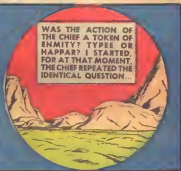
HOPING TO WIN HIM OVER TO MY GOOD GRACES, I OFFERED HIM A HANDFUL OF MY TOBACCO ...



HE QUIETLY REJECTED THE PROFFERED GIFT AND MOTIONED ME TO RETURN IT TO ITS PLACE ...



WAS THE ACTION OF THE CHIEF A TOKEN OF ENMITY? TYPEE OR HAPPAR? I STARTED, FOR AT THAT MOMENT, THE CHIEF REPEATED THE IDENTICAL QUESTION...



I PAUSED FOR A MOMENT AND I KNOW NOT BY WHAT IMPULSE I ANSWERED



"TYPEE GOOD"

WHAT A TRANSITION! THE DARK FIGURES AROUND US LEAPED TO THEIR FEET, CLAPPING THEIR HANDS WITH GLEE, AND SHOUTING AGAIN AND AGAIN...



THE COMMOTION HAVING SUBSIDED, THE CHIEF LAID HIS HAND ON HIS BREAST AND INTRODUCED HIMSELF



SUSPECTING THAT MY OWN NAME WOULD BE TOO UNPRONOUNCEABLE FOR HIM, I INTRODUCED MYSELF AS TOM AND MY COMPANION, TOBY...



Tomma, Toby
hungry!



AT THE CHIEF'S SIGNAL, ONE OF THE NATIVES BROUGHT IN A DISH OF POEE-POEE, AND TWO OPENED COCOANUTS...



WE DRAINED THE GOBLETS OF THEIR REFRESHING DRAUGHTS ...



THE DISHES OF POEE-POEE WERE THEN PLACED BEFORE US. THIS IS A FAVORITE FOOD OF MARQUESANS AND IS MANUFACTURED FROM THE PRODUCT OF THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE. IT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES, IN ITS PLASTIC NATURE, A THICK PASTE, AND IS SOMEWHAT TART TO THE TASTE ...



CONFRONTED WITH THE POEE-POEE, WE PAUSED TO CONSIDER IN WHAT MANNER WE WERE TO BRING THE FOOD TO OUR MOUTHS ...

Fine Typeean hospitality, I calls it! They serve us a pot of glue and not even a spoon to eat it with!



Just watch me, Toby! It's as easy as ...



Oh, oh! Looks like I still have to learn the technique of eating poee-poee!

You've sure made a mess of things, old man!



REPEATED ATTEMPTS BY THE CHIEF TO SHOW US THE CORRECT WAY OF EATING THE DISH WERE OF NO AVAIL...

It doesn't taste so bad at that, Toby!

What I object to is the pastiferous way it has of clinging to my eyebrows!



OUR APPETITES APPEARED, MOST OF THE NATIVES DISPERSED, WHILE TOBY SLEPT A BADLY SWOLLEN LEG, WHICH I HAD SUFFERED DURING MY CLIMB UP THE RIDGE, KEPT ME AWAKE...

So we're in the hands of the Typees! Can it be that their friendliness only conceals some horrible catastrophe that confronts us?



NEXT MORNING, WE FOUND OURSELVES SURROUNDED BY MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD WHICH WAS TO BE OUR ABODE. AMONG THEM, WERE SOME LIVELY YOUNG LADIES, WHO PERSISTED IN SHOWERING US WITH ATTENTIONS AND SHOWING CONCERN OVER MY INJURY.



SUDDENLY, AN IMPOSING LOOKING WARRIOR APPEARED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HUT...



THE NATIVES FELL AWAY AS HE ENTERED...



BEHIND HIS MAGNIFICENT WAR DRESS, I RECOGNIZED THE CHIEF WHO HAD QUESTIONED US THE NIGHT BEFORE...



NOTICING MY SWOLLEN LIMB, HE EXAMINED IT WITH THE UTMOST ATTENTION...



IN A FEW MOMENTS, AN AGED ISLANDER ENTERED...



GREEK "FATHER OF MEDICINE"

APPROACHING US, HE ENDEAVORED TO MAKE US UNDERSTAND THAT HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD US WAS FRIENDLY...



THEN, CLAPPING HIS HANDS...



MEHEVI UNCOVERED THE INJURED MEMBER AND SHOWED IT TO THE NEW-COMER...



HE IMMEDIATELY WENT TO WORK ON IT, PINCHING AND HAMMERING IT, TILL I ROARED WITH PAIN...



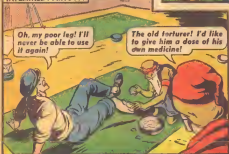
TOBY PLEADED IN VAIN WITH THE CHIEF...



WAVING TOBY ASIDE, MEHEVI HELD ME IN HIS POWERFUL GRIP, WHILE HE ACTUALLY ENCOURAGED THE WRETCH...



WORN OUT WITH HIS EXERTIONS, MY TORTUROR NOW APPLIED SOME MOISTENED HERBS TO THE INFLAMED PARTS...



AFTER A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT WITH SOME IMAGINARY DEMONS, MY PHYSICIAN TOOK HIS DEPARTURE...



MEHEVI SPOKE TO ONE OF THE NATIVES WHOM HE
ADDRESSED AS KORY-KORY...



FROM THE LITTLE I COULD
GATHER, KORY-KORY
WAS TO BE MY PERSONAL
BODY-GUARD, THE OTHER
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE-
HOLD WERE...



KORY-KORY'S AGED FATHER, MARHEYO, WHO SPENT
THE GREATER PART OF HIS TIME THROWING UP A
LITTLE SHED JUST OUTSIDE THE HOUSE...



HIS MOTHER, TINOR, HOUSEWIFE AND
AN INDUSTRIOUS OLD LADY...



AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, FAYAWAY,
A MOST BEAUTEOUS NYMPH AND MY
PARTICULAR FAVORITE...



SUCH WAS THE HOUSEHOLD
WHICH WAS TO BE MY HOME
DURING MY STAY AMONG
THE TYPEES. WHEN MEHEVI
LEFT, KORY-KORY TOOK
OVER THE FUNCTIONS AS-
SIGNED TO HIM. HIS AT-
TENTIONS WERE CONFINED
ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY TO
MYSELF...



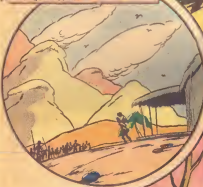
WHILE TOBY WAS LEFT TO HIS OWN RESOURCES, KORY-KORY INSISTED ON FEEDING ME, DESPITE MY STRONG OBJECTIONS...



No, no, Kory-Kory! Tommo feed self!

I wouldn't carry on so, old boy! At least you won't have to wash it out of your hair when the meal's over!

OUR APPEARANCE ON THE VERANDA DREW QUITE A CROWD...



NEXT MORNING, I WAS LIFTED ON THE BROAD BACK OF MY FAITHFUL VALET, WHO EXPLAINED THAT I WAS ABOUT TO RECEIVE MY MORNING BATH...



Why couldn't I have broken a leg?

Patience, Toby!

THAT AFTERNOON, WE RECEIVED ANOTHER VISIT FROM MEHEVI...

Here comes his highness again!

Whatever the purpose of his visit, he seems in a most cordial mood!



HE BID US FOLLOW HIM OUT OF THE HUT...

I wish I knew where the old codger is taking us to!

Really, Toby, your curiosity is most amazing!



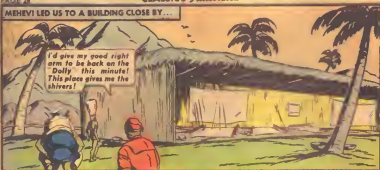
OUR JOURNEY WAS SOON AT AN END, AND TO MY HORROR, I REALIZED WE WERE IN THE TABOO GROVES OF THE VALLEY...



A PLACE WHERE RELIGIOUS RITES ARE HELD.

MEHEVI LED US TO A BUILDING CLOSE BY...

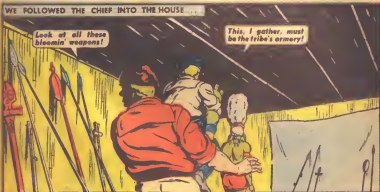
I'd give my good right arm to be back on the Dolly this minute! This place gives me the shivers!



WE FOLLOWED THE CHIEF INTO THE HOUSE...

Look at all these bloomin' weapons!

This, I gather, must be the tribe's armory!



NEXT MORNING, AFTER BEING ABUNDANTLY FEASTED, TOBY AND I ROSE TO DEPART, WHEN MEHEVI MOTIONED US TO REMAIN...

Abe! Abe!

Don't tell me they're going to stuff us again!



'WAIT! WAIT!'

I wonder what they're up to now?

Whatever it is, if vitally concerns us, you can bet on that!



WE SOON PERCEIVED THAT MEHEVI WAS MARSHALLING A GUARD OF HONOR TO ESCORT US BACK TO THE HOUSE OF MARHEYO

Great Caesar's ghost! Look of all that food, will you?

Looks like the chief is going to keep old Marheyo's cupboard well stocked for his guests of honor!



AS THE PROCESSION MOVED ON

Well Taby what say you now to your blood-thirsty cannibals?

I say they're still playing cat and mouse with us! There's no other way of accounting for this outlandish display of hospitality!



AS WE APPROACHED OUR HOUSE ITS INMATES RUSHED OUT TO RECEIVE US

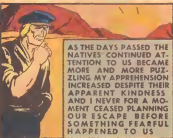
Tommo! Taby!



ABOUT A WEEK LATER.

How's the old leg coming along, mate?

Worse than ever! I'm afraid I'm a goner unless I get some medical attention soon!



AS THE DAYS PASSED THE NATIVES' CONTINUED ATTENTION TO US BECAME MORE AND MORE PUZZLING MY APPREHENSION INCREASED DESPITE THEIR APPARENT KINDNESS AND I NEVER FOR A MOMENT CEASED PLANNING OUR ESCAPE BEFORE SOMETHING FEARFUL HAPPENED TO US



SUDDENLY, A THOUGHT
STRUCK ME...

A surgeon from
the French fleet!
Toby, you must
get down to one
of the boats in
the squadron!

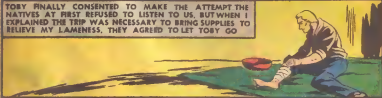
If you do not succeed in
returning with a rescue
squad, you could at least
return overland with
some proper medicines!

MY COMPANION LISTENED TO
ME IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT,
AND THEN SPOKE UP...

Faith men! Even if I managed
to return with a boat's crew,
it would only produce a commo-
tion in the valley, and we
would both be sacrificed by
the savages!



TOBY FINALLY CONSENTED TO MAKE THE ATTEMPT. THE
NATIVES AT FIRST REFUSED TO LISTEN TO US, BUT WHEN I
EXPLAINED THE TRIP WAS NECESSARY TO BRING SUPPLIES TO
RELIEVE MY LAMENESS, THEY AGREED TO LET TOBY GO



AT EARLY DAWN, THE NEXT DAY...

Good old Marheya!
He thinks of every-
thing!

Toby
ki-ki!

WITH NO LITTLE EMOTION, I BID
MY COMPANION ADIEU...

Keep your spirits
up, old boy! I'll
return in three
days at the latest!

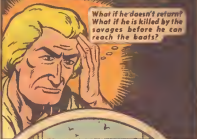
Good luck,
Toby!



IN TWO HOURS, MARHEYO RETURNED AND GAVE ME TO UNDERSTAND HE HAD LEFT MY COMPANION TO JOURNEY ON ALONE, AFTER SHOWING HIM THE ROUTE...



AS HE FINISHED, A FEARFUL THOUGHT STRUCK ME...



ABOUT NOON, I WAS AROUSED BY A FAINT SHOUTING FROM WITHOUT.



AS THE SHOUTS GREW LOUDER, KORY-KORY SPRANG UP AND BOLTED THROUGH THE DOOR...



HE SOON RETURNED, PANTING BREATHLESSLY...



SEIZING A SPEAR FOR SUPPORT, I STUMBLERED THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR...



'ALASI ALASI TOBY HAS BEEN KILLED'

MY WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED....!



TOBY'S APPARENTLY LIFELESS BODY WAS BORNE INTO THE HUT...



CUTTING AWAY THE HEAVY LOCKS FROM A DEEP SCALP WOUND. I BATHED IT REPEATEDLY WITH WATER...



AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF REST MY COMPANION WAS SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED TO TELL ME HIS STORY...



SOON...

Where am I?

Take it easy, Toby! You've got a pretty bad scalp wound!

Tell me what happened, old boy!

Well, after leaving the house with Marheyo, we struck out across the valley and ascended the opposite heights!

"JUST BEYOND, MY GUIDE INFORMED ME, LAY THE VALLEY OF HAPPAR, WHILE ALONG THE SUMMIT WAS MY ROUTE TO NUKUHIVA..."



AFRAID TO APPROACH ANY NEARER TO THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNFRIENDLY HAPPARS, MARHEYO TOOK HIS LEAVE AND DESCENDED THE MOUNTAIN



"IN A LITTLE WHILE I WAS CONFRONTED BY THREE ISLANDERS, WHOM I TOOK TO BE STRANGERS FROM THE HAPPARVALLEY"



"THEY SANG OUT SOMETHING I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND AND BECKONED ME TO COME ON..."



"SUDDENLY, THE FOREMOST SAVAGE WHEELED AROUND AND STRUCK ME TO THE GROUND..."



"RECOVERING QUICKLY, I SAW THE SAVAGES A LITTLE DISTANCE OFF, ENGAGED IN SOME ARGUMENT REGARDING ME..."

Steady, old boy! Now's the time to give them the slip, before they decide what to do about me!



"WITH MY LAST STRENGTH, I SPRANG TO MY FEET AND HEADED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN..."



"AND STRUCK, QUIVERING, IN A TREE CLOSE BY..."



"SUDDENLY, A TERRIFIC HOWL BURST UPON MY EAR, AND A HEAVY JAVELIN DARTED PAST ME..."



Wow! That was close!

"AS THE SAVAGES TOOK UP THEIR PURSUIT, TWO MORE JAVELINS PIERCED THE GROUND DIRECTLY IN MY PATH..."



"ROARING WITH RAGE AND DISAPPOINTMENT, MY PURSUERS SUDDENLY STOPPED, AFRAID TO VENTURE FORTH INTO THE VALLEY OF THE TYPEES..."

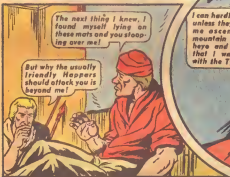


"REACHING THE VALLEY BY SHEER WILL POWER, I SANK UNCONSCIOUS TO THE GROUND..."



The next thing I knew, I found myself lying on these mats and you stooping over me!

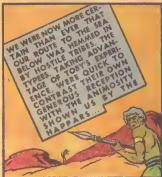
But why the usually friendly Happers should attack you is beyond me!



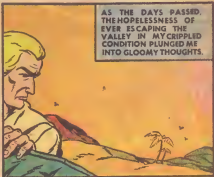
I can hardly imagine, unless they had seen me ascending the mountain with Morheyo and concluded that I was friendly with the Typees!



WE WERE NOW MORE CERTAIN THAN EVER THAT OUR ROUTE TO THE SEA BELOW WAS HEMMED IN BY HOSTILE TRIBES THE TYPEES, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF TOBY'S EXPERIENCE, WERE QUICK TO CONTRAST THEIR OWN GENEROUS RECEPTION WITH THE ANIMOSITY SHOWN US BY THE HAPPERS...



AS THE DAYS PASSED, THE HOPELESSNESS OF EVER ESCAPING THE VALLEY IN MY CRIPPLED CONDITION PLUNGED ME INTO GLOOMY THOUGHTS.



ONE MORNING...

Be of good heart, old boy! I've got good news!

What is it, Toby?

BOATS! As near as I can gather, there are boats approaching the bay! The whole valley's gone wild with preparations to meet them!

Troaders, Toby! This may be our only chance for freedom! You must go down to the sea with the natives and try to effect a plan for our deliverance!

AT FIRST, TOBY WAS RELUCTANT TO GO WITHOUT ME, BUT I FINALLY PREVAILED UPON HIM, AND BIDDING ME BE OF GOOD CHEER, HE LEFT WITH THE NATIVES...

You have my solemn promise that I'll return just as soon as the boats leave the shore!

I know you will, old man! Good luck!

TOWARDS SUNSET, THE ISLANDERS BEGAN TO RETURN FROM THE BEACH, AND AS THEY DREW NEAR THE HUT, I SEARCHED ANXIOUSLY FOR MY COMPANION...



TO MY HORROR, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF TOBY...



Toby!
Where's
Toby?

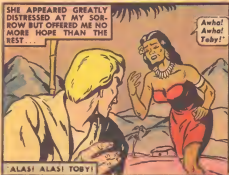
GETTING NOTHING BUT CONFLICTING REPLIES, I DESPERATELY SOUGHT THE HELP OF THE BEAUTIFUL FAYAWAY AND BESEECHED HER TO TELL ME THE TRUTH...



THAT NIGHT, CONFLICTING THOUGHTS RACKED MY WEARY BRAIN...

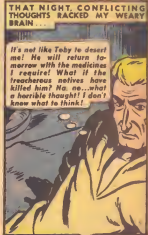
It's not like Toby to desert me! He will return tomorrow with the medicines I require! What if the treacherous natives have killed him? No, no... what a horrible thought! I don't know what to think!

SHE APPEARED GREATLY DISTRESSED AT MY SORROW BUT OFFERED ME NO MORE HOPE THAN THE REST...



Awha!
Awha!
Toby!

ALAS! ALAS! TOBY!



CONVINCED THAT MY COMPANION HAD MET WITH SOME TERRIBLE FATE, I RESIGNED MYSELF TO A LONG STAY AMONG THE UNPREDICTABLE SAVAGES. IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED SEVERAL AMUSING INCIDENTS OCCURRED WHICH I CANNOT HELP BUT RELATE...



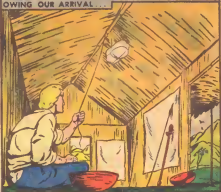
WISHING TO DO SOME NECESSARY MENDING, I LOWERED THE BUNDLE AND TOOK OUT MY SEWING KIT...



Ah!
Tamma!

This is a new one on the curious old codger!

THE BUNDLE CONTAINING MY POSSESSIONS HAD BEEN INGENUOUSLY SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING BY THE NATIVES THE MORNING FOLLOWING OUR ARRIVAL...



SUDDENLY, MARHEYO CLAPPED HIS HANDS TO HIS HEAD...



Ah!
Ah!

RUSHING TO A CORNER OF THE HOUSE, HE CAME BACK WITH A TORN STRIP OF FADED CALICO AND MOTIONED ME TO MEND IT...



Hmm! Looks like I'm to be the village seamstress!

THE JOB COMPLETED, MARHEYO GAVE ME A PATERNAL MUG...

AND GRASPING HIS SPEAR, SALLIED OUT OF THE HOUSE LIKE A VALIANT KNIGHT, ARRAYED IN A NEW AND COSTLY SUIT OF ARMOR...



ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE RECLINING ON MY MAT, MARNYO RUSHED INTO MY PRESENCE, SHOUTING EXCITEDLY...



AS HE ENTERED, I INVOLUNTARILY ROSE AND OFFERED HIM A SEAT ON THE MAT BESIDE ME...



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE NEWCOMER ENTERED THE HOUSE FOLLOWED BY AN EXCITED MOB...



FOR AN HOUR, THE NATIVES WAITED ON HIM HAND AND FOOT, AND LISTENED, ENTHRALLED, TO HIS TALES OF ADVENTURE...



How you do? How long you be in this bay? You like this bay?

SUDDENLY, HE AROSE AND SEATED HIMSELF WITHIN LESS THAN A YARD OF ME...



Zounds! Where did you learn to speak my language? Where are you from?





Me from
Nukuhiva!

Nukuhiva! And
you're here
among the
Types?



Ah! Me taboo! Me go
Nukuhiva...me go Typee...
me go everywhere! Nobody
harm me...taboo!

HIS EXPLANATION RECALLED TO MY MIND THE SACRED CUSTOM OF THE TABOO, COMMON AMONG THE ISLANDERS. A PERSON CONSIDERED TABOO IS RESPECTED AND RENDERED SAFE FROM HARM, NO MATTER WHERE HE TRAVELS.



I TOLD HIM OF MY ARRIVAL ON THE ISLANDS AND QUESTIONED HIM ABOUT TOBY...

Toby? No, no! Me know
nothing! Me no see
white man long time!



But tell me, Marnoe,
where did you learn
to speak English?

Me carried away to
see by captain of
trading vessel...
spend three years in
Sidney, Australia!
Learn to speak like
white man!

ACTING ON THE IMPULSE, I APPEALED TO HIM TO HELP ME TO ESCAPE TO NUKUHIVA...



No, no! You must stay
here in Typee! Good
here! Plenty food...
plenty everything! Na-
tives no like you go to
Nukuhiva!

DESPERATELY, I PLEADED WITH HIM ...



You must help me, Mornoe! I fear for my life among these people! I beg of you, my friend; they respect you and will listen to you!

FINALLY, YIELDING TO MY PLEAS, HE SPOKE TO SOME OF THE CHIEFS WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING US INTENTLY, BUT HIS PETITION WAS AT ONCE MET WITH THE MOST VIOLENT DISAPPROVAL ...



MEHEVI, WHO WAS PRESENT, ANGRILY INTERRUPTED HIM, COMMANDING HIM TO CEASE SPEAKING TO ME AND GO TO ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE ...



Chief no like you leave! You no speak to me or you make much trouble!



EVEN MEHEVI'S STERN EXPRESSION SHOWED HIS DISPLEASURE AND RESENTMENT AT THE VERY THOUGHT OF MY LEAVING THE VALLEY ...

TO MY GREAT DISTRESS, I PERCEIVED A SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE ATTITUDE OF THE NATIVES TOWARDS ME ...



MY LEG, WHICH HAD BEEN ON THE MEND, SOON TURNED FOR THE WORSE AGAIN AND I DESPAIRED OF EVER GETTING OUT OF THE VALLEY. AN OCCURRENCE, SOME TIME LATER, AFFECTED ME MOST POWERFULLY ...

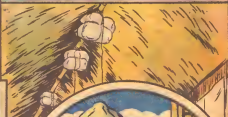


ONE DAY, MY UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL IN THE HOUSE SEEMED TO THROW ITS INMATES INTO GREAT CONFUSION ...

I wonder what makes them so ... uh huh, it must be something they've got in those packages!



BESIDE MY BUNDLE OF BELONGINGS, THERE WERE SUSPENDED IN THE HUT A NUMBER OF PACKAGES WHICH HAD OFTEN EXCITED MY CURIOSITY ...



THE ALARM OF THE SAVAGES FILLED ME WITH A FOREBODING OF EVIL ...

Now what can they be up to with those bundles that makes them so jittery?



DETERMINED TO SEE FOR MYSELF, I PUSHED ON, DISREGARDING THE RESTRAINING HANDS OF MY HOSTS ...



A MOMENT LATER, A HORRIBLE SIGHT MET MY EYES ...

GOOD HEAVENS! SHRUNKEN HEADS!



TWO OF THE THREE WERE HEADS OF THE ISLANDERS, BUT THE THIRD, TO MY HORROR, WAS THE HEAD OF A WHITE MAN.



A white man! TOBY! No, no, it couldn't be! I'm letting my imagination run away with me!



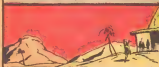
BEFORE I COULD RECOVER FROM THE TERROR WHICH HAD GRIPPED ME THE FATAL PACKAGES WERE AGAIN HOISTED ALOFT.



THE NATIVES NOW GATHERED AROUND ME AND TRIED TO CONVINCE ME THAT WHAT I HAD SEEN WERE THE HEADS OF THREE HAPPAR WARRIORS, SLAIN IN BATTLE.



I WAS NOW MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO MAKE MY ESCAPE FROM THESE SAVAGE HEATHENS. THREE WEEKS AFTER THESE EVENTS, I WAS ASTOUNDED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE IN THE HUT BY THE ONE-EYED CHIEF, MOW-MOW...



Toby pemi one!

What? Toby?



'TOBY HAS ARRIVED HERE'

I LEAPED WILDLY TO MY FEET, INSENSIBLE TO THE PAIN IN MY LIMB AND CALLED OUT TO MY VALET...



THE NEXT MOMENT, I WAS ON KORY-KORY'S BACK MAKING MY WAY TO THE TI. CHIEF MEHEVI'S RESIDENCE, FOLLOWED BY THE SHOUTING NATIVES...



AT THE TI, I TRIED TO MAKE THE CHIEF UNDERSTAND I WAS GOING DOWN TO THE SEA...



TO THIS, THE CHIEF OBJECTED AND MOTIONED KORY-KORY TO BRING ME INTO THE HOUSE...



MY PROTESTS WERE IN VAIN, AND IN A FEW MOMENTS, I FOUND MYSELF IN THE TI, SURROUNDED BY A NOISY GROUP...



I HAD A WEIRD FEELING THAT MY OWN FATE WAS ABOUT TO BE DECIDED. I RENEWED MY PLEAS TO MEHEVI, WHO FINALLY YIELDED AND RELUCTANTLY GRANTED MY REQUEST.



URGING KORY-KORY TO HURRY, WE LEFT THE TL FOLLOWED BY ABOUT FIFTY NATIVES...



AS WE PROCEEDED, THE NATIVES TOOK TURNS IN CARRYING ME.

Come on, you heathen! This time I'm getting away if I have to die in the attempt!



SUDDENLY, WE WERE MET BY A PARTY OF SOME TWENTY ISLANDERS...



AS THE TWO GROUPS STOPPED TO CONFER, I BESECHED THE MAN WHO CARRIED ME TO PROCEED WITHOUT HIS COMPANIONS...



AS I PLEADED WITH THE SAVAGE, KORY-KORY CAME RUNNING TO MY SIDE ...

Tommo!
Tommo!

What is it,
Kory-Kory?

Toby owlee
pemi!

HOW I SUSTAINED THE SHOCK CAUSED BY THIS NEWS, I SHALL NEVER KNOW. THE NATIVES HAVING LEARNED THE TRUTH ABOUT TOBY, I WAS OBSESSED WITH THE FEAR THAT I WOULD NOW BE TAKEN BACK ...

TOBY HAS NOT ARRIVED

MY FEARS WERE SOON REALIZED ...

I might have known it was a false alarm! But there must be some boats down there even if Toby is not with them!

AS I RENEWED MY PLEA, THE NATIVES ALLOWED ME TO GO OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, BUT THEY ANGRILY REFUSED TO CARRY ME ANY FURTHER ...

SEIZING A SPEAR IN DESPERATION, I RESUMED THE PATH TO THE SEA

GLANCING BACK, I PERCEIVED THE NATIVES WERE ENGAGED IN SOME CONTROVERSY, AS THOUGH SOME DIFFERENCE OF OPINION HAD ARISEN ABOUT ME ...

I've got to make
those boats
before they leave!

Good! While they
argue, I'll keep
going if I have to
make it on one leg!

I WAS SOON AGAIN SURROUNDED BY THE SAVAGES WHO SEEMED ABOUT TO COME TO BLOWS...



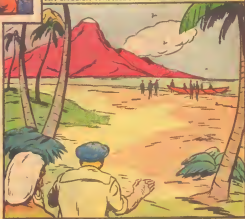
PLACING HIS ARM ON MY SHOULDER, MARHEYO PRONOUNCED THE ONE EXPRESSIVE ENGLISH WORD I HAD TAUGHT HIM...



FOLLOWED BY MARHEYO, KORY-KORY AND FAYAWAY, I SOON HEARD THE ROAR OF THE SURF BREAKING UPON THE BEACH...



AS WE DREW NEAR THE BEACH, I PERCEIVED AN ENGLISH WHALEBOAT CLOSE INTO THE SHORE...



I RECOGNIZED A NATIVE FROM OAHU WHO HAD OFTEN BEEN ABOARD THE "DOLLY" WHILE SHE LAY IN NUKUHIVA...



It's Karakoee!
AHOY KARA-
KOE! I'M COM-
ING!

"HAWAIIAN ISLAND"

I REMEMBERED KARAKOEI HAD TOLD ME HIS PERSON WAS TABOO IN ALL THE VALLEYS OF THE ISLAND AND THE SIGHT OF HIM FILLED MY HEART WITH DELIGHT...



MY JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED AS I SAW THE SAVAGES ANGRILY WAVE HIM BACK TO THE BOAT...



He is bargaining
with the savages
for my release!

WHILE THE NATIVES ENGAGED IN ANOTHER CONFLICT CONCERNING ME, I GATHERED MY LAST STRENGTH AND RUSHED TOWARDS THE BOAT...



Quick! Types much
mad! They will fol-
low us in water!



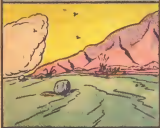
AS WE PULLED AWAY, MOW-MOW AND SOME OF THE WARRIORS RUSHED INTO THE SEA, HURLING THEIR JAVELINS AT US ...

Do you think they'll follow us, Korakooe?

They no give up! They swim in water, and catch us when we get to headland!



AS WE APPROACHED THE HEADLAND, OUR PURSUERS WERE ALREADY SWIMMING TOWARDS US ...



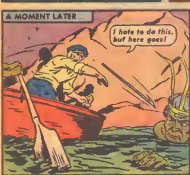
If they come close to boat, we all lost!

They'll never get close enough to capsize us; I'll see to that!



A MOMENT LATER ...

I hate to do this, but here goes!



THE OTHER SAVAGES WERE TAKEN CARE OF BY OUR ROWERS...

There goes my last barrier to freedom!



SOON, A LARGE WHALER LOOMED UP IN THE BAY...

What ship is that, Karakooe?

The Julia! I tell them white man is captured by Typeses and they send me in boat to get you.



One more thing, Karakooe. How did you know I was being held by the Typeses?



Marmoo. He taboo like me. He tell me; I tell captain at Julia; you know rest!



You did a good job, my friend! You saved my life, and I shall never forget you for it!



I JOINED UP WITH THE CREW OF THE JULIA, AND SPENT TWO EVENTFUL YEARS ROAMING THE SOUTH SEAS BEFORE I RETURNED HOME. IT WAS SOME TIME LATER THAT I RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE BY RUNNING INTO TOBY, WHOM I HAD GIVEN UP FOR LOST...



Tabby, old boy! I can hardly believe it's you!

It's me all right, matey. I hardly expected to see you again!



I PRESSED HIM TO TELL ME THE STORY OF HIS MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE...

The morning I left you, I was accompanied by a large party of natives, bearing fruit and bread for trading with the boats that had been sighted in the bay!



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE SOUND CAME THROUGH THE GROVE BEYOND...

What was that?

Maw-Maw



UP AHEAD, MOW-MOW, WHO HAD PRECEDED US, WAS STRIKING HIS LANCE AGAINST THE HOLLOW BOUGH OF A TREE...

Hopper! Hopper!



It looks like we're in for some trouble!



AS THE DIN INCREASED, I ASKED ONE OF THE YOUNG NATIVES FOR THE LOAN OF HIS SPEAR...

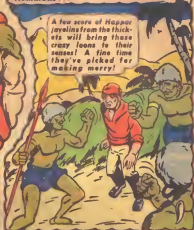


"THE YOUNG ROGUE REFUSED, TELLING ME THAT THE WEAPON WAS GOOD FOR THE TYPES, BUT THAT A WHITE MAN COULD FIGHT BETTER WITH HIS FISTS..."



Very funny, you bleary-eyed son of a heathen!

"THE HUMOR OF THE WAG SEEMED TO BE SHARED BY THE REST OF THE WARRIORS..."



A few score of Hopper javelins from the thickets will bring these crazy loons to their senses! A fine time they've picked for making merry!

"SOON, SOME OF THE NATIVES RAN OFF INTO THE GROVE ON ONE SIDE..."



"AFTER AWHILE, MOW-MOW MOTIONED FOR THE BEST TO COME ON CAUTIOUSLY..."



"SUDDENLY, TERRIFIC HOWLS BURST FROM ALL SIDES, AND THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH FLYING DARTS AND STONES..."



"BURSTING OUT INTO THE CLEAR, I MADE A GRAB FOR A SPEAR HELD BY ONE OF THE YOUNG CHIEFS..."



"THE NEXT MOMENT, THE PARTY THAT HAD HIDDEN IN THE GROVE CAME RUSHING OUT WITH SHRIEKS OF MERRIMENT"



It was all a sham and for my benefit! Blast their ugly hides! We could have been half way down to the sea but for their childish pranks!



"AS WE CONTINUED ON OUR WAY, THE NATIVES STALLED REPEATEDLY, PAUSING NOW AND THEN TO PARTAKE OF SOME NOURISHMENT. AS WE DREW NEAR THE SEA, I RECOGNIZED A FAMILIAR FIGURE SPEAKING TO SOME OF THE NATIVES..."



"I REMEMBERED JIMMY AS AN OLD ROVER WHO WAS LIVING WITH THE NUKUHIVAS, A ROYAL FAVORITE IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF KING MOWANNA..."

Jimmy! Jimmy! It's me... Toby!



It's Jimmy! I haven't seen the old coddger since the last time he visited the Dolly!



Jimmy! It's good to see you again!

The natives have been tellin' me about a certain Tamma. Is he with you?

He couldn't come along because of an infected leg! You must help me to rescue him from those savages, Jimmy!



But how is he to cross the mountains with us? Better let him stay till to-morrow and I'll bring him round to Nukuhiva in the boats.

No, Jimmy! It won't do! Come along with me now and let's get him down here, at least!



"YIELDING TO THE IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT, I STARTED BACK BUT WAS IMMEDIATELY STOPPED BY THE WATCHFUL NATIVES..."

You see, Toby, it's no use. There's a whaler in the bay waitin' to pick you up! I'll go after Tamma in the morning!

No, no! I will not leave him that way. We must escape together!



"IN DESPERATION, I AGAIN STRUGGLED WITH THE NATIVES BLOCKING MY PATH..."

Let go of me, you blasted fools! I've got to get through, I tell you!

You're tryin' their tempers, m'boy. I'd let well enough alone if I were you.

Jimmy, I can't leave my comrade there alone, at the mercy of these blood-thirsty heathens!

The trouble, Toby, is you just can't reason with 'em. tritatin' 'em will just make matters worse for both of us!

They don't seem to bother you any! Why don't you go up alone and get him?

Hardly a chance, knowin' the natives as I do! You wait here while I speak to 'em.

"HE SOON RETURNED, SHAKING HIS HEAD..."

"I SEATED MYSELF ON A PILE OF STONES WHILE JIMMY WENT BACK TO CONFER WITH THE NATIVES..."

They won't let either of us go back, Toby. Come now, why don't you listen to reason?

I gave my companion my solemn promise to come back for him and I'm not breaking it!

Then there's no hope for either of you! As soon as I leave you on the beach alone, you will be carried back into the valley and neither of you will ever see the ocean again!



"STUBBORNLY REFUSING TO BUDGE AT FIRST, I WAS SOON WON OVER TO THE HOPELESSNESS OF THE SITUATION..."



"NEXT MORNING I WATCHED JIMMY PADDLE AWAY TOWARD THE SHORE..."



"WITH A HEAVY HEART, I ACCOMPANIED JIMMY TO THE BEACH..."

Bein' taboo, the natives won't molest you while you're with me!

Remember, Jimmy, I'm counting on you to keep your promise and go after my companion in the morning!



A MOMENT LATER

We're sailin' out o' here! Set the sails'n weigh anchor!



Ah! What sleepless nights were mine! I could never forgive myself for having left you alone on the island!

You did your best, Toby! Knowing you're still alive makes up for everything!



THE END

HERMAN MELVILLE

HERMAN MELVILLE was born on August 1, 1819, in New York City, the son of Allan Melville, a merchant, and Maria Gansevoort, daughter of General Peter Gansevoort of Albany. His ancestry was distinguished on both sides, for his paternal grandfather was Major Thomas Melville of Boston. Both of Melville's grandfathers served with distinction in the Revolutionary War and both families were among the earliest and most aristocratic settlers of the country.

In 1837, at the age of seventeen, Melville decided to go to sea and shipped as a cabin boy on the "Highlander", bound for Liverpool. After a month on the sea, which left him with experiences and characters he was never to forget, he spent six months in Liverpool, returning to New York with a taste for the sea that was never to leave him.

After engaging in various activities, he took ship again on his famous voyage on the whaler, "Acushnet", sailing on Jan. 3, 1841 for the South Seas. This was the beginning of the greatest adventure of his life. On the "Acushnet", he spent the eighteen months which he retold imaginatively and dramatically years later in "Moby Dick". He finally deserted on July 9, 1842, tiring of the hardships of a whaler's existence.

Together with a shipmate, Toby (Tobias Greene), he escaped at the Marquesan Islands, where he experienced the adventures he described in "Typee". Later, he sailed for Tahiti, where he hired himself out as a field laborer, and studied the island life with all the charmed and amused interest that is



reflected in the pages of "Omoo".

He came home a romantic figure indeed—"the man who had lived among the cannibals"—and immediately set to work writing out his experiences. "Typee" was finished in 1846 and "Omoo" followed a year later.

Undoubtedly, "Moby Dick" will continue to be regarded as Melville's masterpiece, but all his books published before his thirty-third year were a sterling contribution to literature. "Typee" and "Omoo" are models of romantic narrative, written with all the exuberance of the young man who could have contrived such unusual adventures. Melville was among the first white men to explore certain parts of the South Sea Islands and the very first literary artist to do so.

These two books will probably always remain the most popular that Melville wrote, aside from "Moby Dick." Others were "White Jacket", "Mardi", "Pierre", and "Israel Potter".

In 1863, he moved with his family to New York, and in 1866, received an appointment as an outdoor Custom's Inspector, which post he held for nineteen years. His later life was marked by a complete withdrawal from society. He devoted his leisure hours to reading and studying and continued to write poetry at intervals, returning in memory to his early experience on the sea. On September 28, 1891, he died at his home in New York and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.



American Indians

THE TLINGIT



You won't find any account of it in the history books but there was war between Russia and the earliest Americans back in the middle of the 18th century. It was a Russo-Alaskan Indian War and the tribe was the ferocious Tlingit, meaning 'people' the usual name for those Indians making up the Kuluschan family.

The Tlingit were coast dwellers, a seafaring people. Their idea of a village was a row of houses all facing the water. If you will look at a map of southern Alaska you will see a group of islands flanking inlets into the coast. This was Tlingit territory which extended from these islands northward to Cook Inlet. At the time of the first Russian invasion, the Tlingit lived in fifty or more of these villages, grouped under some fourteen tribal divisions. They numbered about twenty thousand.

Master craftsmen, as well as expert sea hunters, the Tlingit knew how to cut down and carve the giant cedar trees which lined their shores. They cut the great trees into logs and split out planks with crude tools of bone and stone. They made their houses of planks and carved the great beams, the house posts and the totem pole which was placed before each home to describe the household's history and identify its clan. Such poles were used by most of the Indians from Vancouver Island northward through the country of the Tlingit in southern Alaska.

The Tlingit were artists in carving their totem poles which may be compared with a family coat-of-arms. They were equally skillful in managing the huge dugout canoes which often meas-

ured sixty feet in length. Such large boats were usually reserved for war. Smaller boats were always at hand for fishing and short journeys. Even the large boats, however, were paddled like canoes; oarlocks were not a part of their equipment. The Tlingit seem to have used sails for the large boats as did the Eskimos. The chief industry of this tribe was fishing and hunting sea otters and seals. Sometimes they would try to capture a whale, but mostly they were content for one of the great sea beasts to strand itself on their shore, and then they would fall on it with a vengeance.

The social system of the Tlingit included slaves, common people and aristocrats. Frequently, the tribe organized distant expeditions for the purpose of capturing slaves. These victims enjoyed few privileges. Upon occasion, to show how wealthy he was, the owner of a slave would club him to death in public. This was supposed to show he was rich enough to destroy property. Strangely enough, there was a special weapon used for such purposes as slave-killing. Sometimes, this dreadful weapon was put to use when a rich member of the tribe was building a new house. Then, he would knock one of his slaves on the head and cast him into the post hole before the post was set in. It was believed this human sacrifice would increase the good fortunes of the slave's owner.

Russian influence on the natives of North America began with the voyage of Bering. In 1741, Chirikoff and Bering reached the Tlingit coast, and during the next half century, Russian, Spanish, English, French and American explorers were frequent visitors.

From the beginning, the Tlingit were hostile to the Russians and would not trade with them, so the Russians brought Aleut sea-otter hunters from the north to hunt on the otter



grounds of the Alexander archipelago and the California coast. This action did not improve the relations between the subjects of the Czar and the fiercely independent Tlingit. Numerous battles occurred between them.

The art of distilling whiskey was introduced among the Tlingit by Russian convicts about 1796, and although this was forbidden under severe penalties, flourished nevertheless.

To offset the growing hostilities of the Tlingit, Russia began construction of a fort in 1799. It was built where Sitka now stands. Three years later, in 1802, the Indians staged an uprising, killing most of the fort's defenders and driving away the remainder. It was one year later before the Russians, under the leadership of a General Baranoff, successfully mounted a counter attack driving the Tlingit from the fort, with the use of greatly superior forces and more modern weapons. Baranoff then established a post which grew into Sitka, the capital of Russian-America.

Russian rule, established under Baranoff, was of the harshest character and there was constant trouble between the warlike Tlingit and their Russian masters.

In general, the Russians sought to maintain the status quo among the Eskimos and Indian tribes under their rule, all except the Aleuts and the fierce Tlingit. The Russians, as did other white settlers and traders, regarded the Tlingit as superior to other tribes for two reasons; because of their greater adaptability to civilization and also because they were superior in the arts. Therefore, the Russians were not



averse to fraternization with the Tlingit. Temporary marriages with Tlingit maidens were permitted. There could have been no permanent marriages under Russian law.

The Russian law of that period attached the individual to the soil, or zemlia, of his commune. This prevented legal marriage between native Americans, or Tlingit, whose soil, or zemlia, was American, and Russian servants of the company whose zemlia was Russian. Once the servant finished his term of service, and was not in debt to the company, he was obliged to pack up and go back to his original domicile in Russia. He could not take his native wife away from her legal domicile or zemlia. The children of these marriages gave many officials and at least one governor to Russian-America. His name was Etolin. It was he who established the first school for Tlingit Indians at Sitka in 1844.

Later on, in 1867, at the sale of Alaska to America, many of the Tlingit-Russian marriages were legalized by the authority of the Czar in compliance with the terms of the treaty. The treaty permitted Russians who were residents of Alaska to remain there and become American citizens if they so desired. There were a great many who took advantage of the opportunity offered them. Today, many of the descendants of the Russian-Tlingit marriages occupy positions of importance in the modern life of America's northern frontier. Other sturdy sons of the Tlingit tribe still find their living in the sea. Many changes have taken place in the territory of the totem pole makers. Unchanged, however, are the carved poles with their grotesque figures which point skyward, relics of another era. These are the signs of the Tlingit.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

"MARIE SKLODOWSKA CURIE"

Discoverer of Radium

MARIE SKLODOWSKA CURIE was born in Poland in 1867, the daughter of a cultured but obscure scientist. As a student, she revolted against Poland's oppression by the Czar and was exiled to France. In 1891, she registered for the science course at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Living in extreme poverty, this beautiful, shy, young student applied herself diligently to her work, with particular emphasis on physics. Because of her starvation diet, Marie rapidly grew anemic and became subject to fainting spells. But, gifted with an unconquerable spirit and a tremendous love of science, Marie forced herself to go on.

In 1894, she met Pierre Curie, who, at 35, was professor of physics at the Sorbonne. Pierre was almost as poor as Marie, but the two scientists were married in 1895.

In 1897, Marie, already the mother of a child, possessed two university degrees and a fellowship. She was looking for a subject for her thesis for her doctor's degree when she read a publication by the French scientist, Henri Becquerel.

Becquerel had written that he had noticed some Uranium ore, which he had left on a photographic plate in a dark room, had caused a spot, such as might be produced by exposure to light, to remain on the plate. To Marie and Pierre (when she had told her husband of Becquerel's discovery), this new substance meant something wonderful and mysterious, for it indicated a new radiating element which had never before been isolated.

Uranium salts, left in the dark, spontaneously gave off rays of brilliant, abnormal radiation of an unknown nature. The subject of Marie's thesis was to find out what these rays were; and Pierre gave up his own experiments to come to Marie's aid.

Obtaining pitchblende from Bohemia, for in pitchblende, Uranium salts were found, the two Curies worked in a damp shack for



more than two years, attempting to extract the ray-giving substance (radium) from the Uranium.

Working under constant hardships, Pierre became discouraged, but Marie forced him and herself to go on. Finally, in 1902, forty-five months after they had begun their experiment, a decigram of pure radium was prepared, and its atomic weight determined.

Marie, in 1903, told of her discoveries in her doctor's thesis. Uranium gives off alpha particles and becomes the element Uranium X1. This in turn breaks down into Uranium X2. Then follow Uranium II, ionium and radium. The Curies did not patent their discovery but gave their tiny crystals of radium to hospitals. It was soon put to work to attack cancerous skin, goiters, ulcers, hemorrhages and rheumatics.

The Curies, in 1903, shared the Nobel Prize in physics with Becquerel. But Madame Curie's happiness was short lived; in 1905, her husband was killed in an accident.

Continuing to experiment alone with radium, Marie again won a Nobel Prize in 1911; this time in chemistry for isolating pure radium. Further honors were heaped upon her, books written about her; but her greatest glory came while touring the United States. In 1921, President Harding, on behalf of the women of the United States who had raised \$10,000,000, presented Madame Curie with a gramme of pure radium.

Besides its use in medicine, radium has found its way into industry. It is used to examine steel welds and castings on battleships, bridges and buildings. It is also used in the manufacture of luminous paints and constant new uses are being found for this remarkable element that will give off rays for thousands of years.

Madame Marie Curie died in 1934 and lies peacefully alongside her husband in Sceaux, France, while her discovery, radium, is becoming a more vital factor in modern medicinal progress day by day.

