

Mapa.

One day an Australian arrived at Papeete and intimated that he wanted to get to the island of Mapa. Some years ago he had read a book about this far away ^{place} ~~island~~ in the Pacific, and was more than interested to find that the native population consisted of an overwhelming proportion of women.

A barman by trade, he had at once begun to save up the necessary finance to equip himself for a journey to this Garden of Eden. When was the next boat? Not for eight months and a special permit would be required to sail, together with a deposit of Frs 1000 as a ^{the} guarantee that he would not put foot on shore.

The months passed slowly and eventually he set sail on the schooner which went to Mapa annually to fetch what copra was available.

According to the schooner captain's report on his return, the vessel was met by the usual mob of females. The love sick barman cast all warning to the winds, jumped ashore and was carried bodily away into the bush. Missed the boat, lost his deposit, and was never seen again.

The following year a garbelled ~~return~~ report was returned that he had been very well for a time, but later had become very thin and died.
