

In Retrospect.

I would conclude this collection of stories on a different note to that on which they were begun.

As the shadows of life start to lengthen, I remember, the crude with amusement, the disdain held for the monthly tourists, "Les sales touristes bananes", who had flowers of the toilet tree behind their ears, and so many other oddities to be met with on the island. These however do not constitute the Spirit of Tahiti engraved on my heart.

To me the Tahitians and their ladies, living as they did so close to nature, constituted the perfect and most ideal form of human life that the Most High has seen pleased to create.

If I had to return to the world again, I would wish to come as a Tahitian, with his nobility of character and prowess in all his manly undertakings.

God did indeed bless the Tahiti that was.

May God preserve the Tahiti that is to be.

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