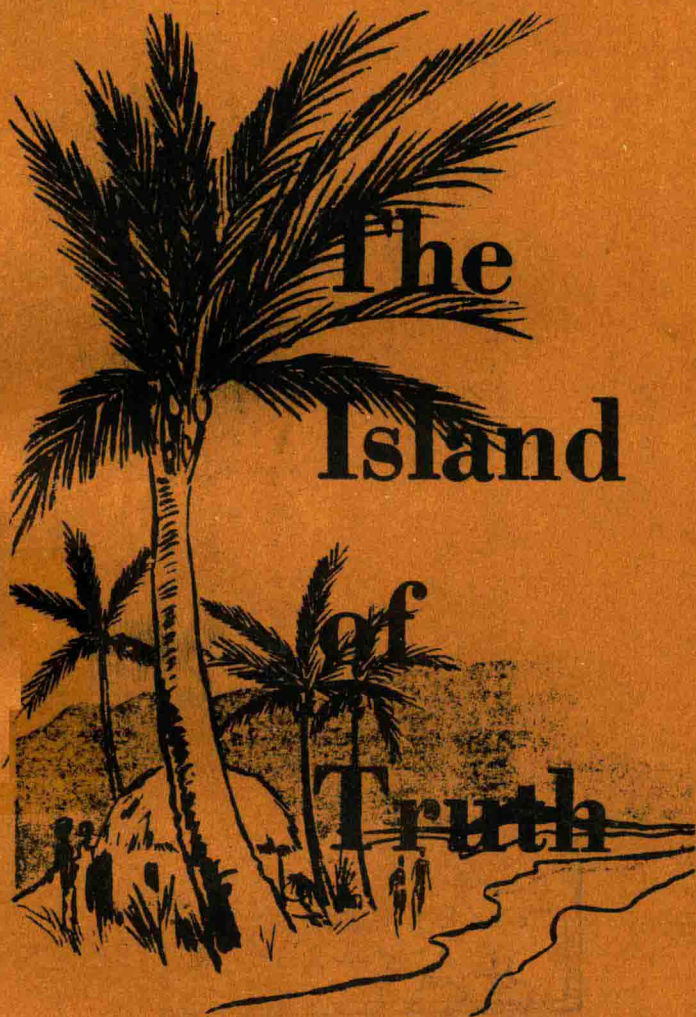
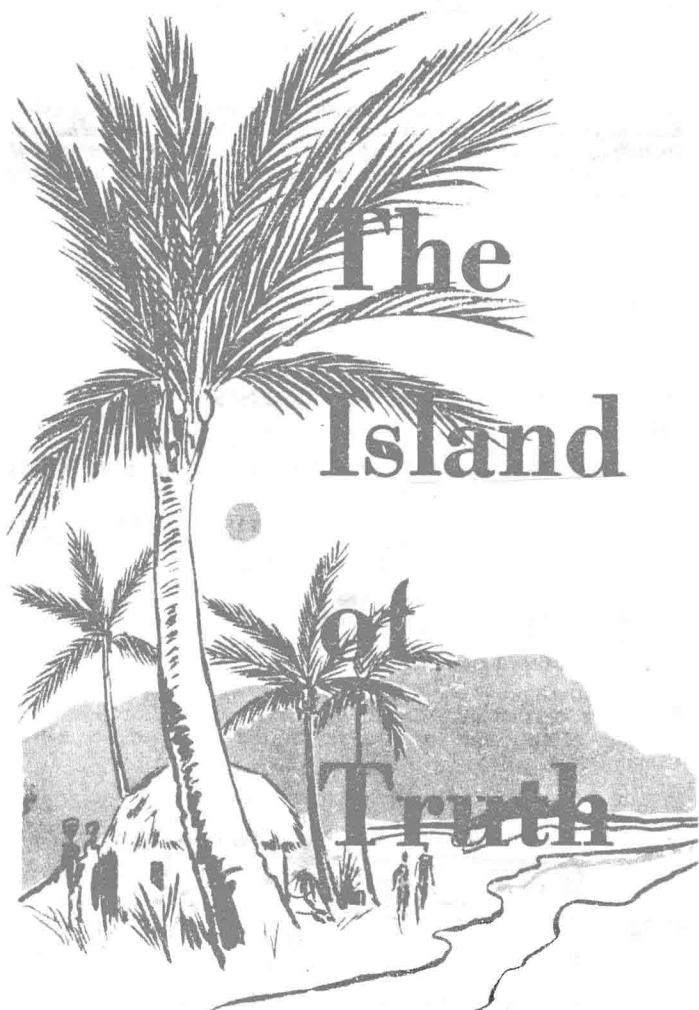


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PREFACE

The Island of Truth is in the series of COLLIER MACMILLAN ENGLISH READERS for students of English as a second language. The ten readings in the volume are on an adult interest level but use limited vocabulary items and a restricted choice of sentence patterns.

The Island of Truth, the title story, is an original story by George P. McCallum. The other selections are adapted for students of English.

William Sydney Porter (1862-1910), the author of *The Cop and the Anthem*, became famous under the pen name of O. Henry. He was extremely popular during his lifetime, and his short stories are still enjoyed by readers today. Porter had a talent for finding romance and excitement in commonplace situations, and most of his heroes are ordinary people. He was a master of the short story with a surprise ending—a feature that has come to be referred to as the “O. Henry ending.”

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930), the author of *The Adventure of the Dancing Men*, is the most famous writer of detective stories in literature. His hero, Sherlock Holmes, has become so life-like to readers that societies have been formed to study the “facts” of his life and adventures, his habits, his appearance, and his personal characteristics. The name of Sherlock Holmes is synonymous with the art of intuition and with logical deduction.

Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) is a well-known American novelist and humorist. *The Lady or the Tiger*, written in 1882, is his most famous short story and is generally regarded as a classic in American literature.

Saki (1870-1911) is the pen name of Hector Hugh Munro, a Scottish writer of short stories and novels that display macabre humor and unusual situations. *The Open Window* shows that Saki, like O. Henry, was adept at creating a surprise ending.

At the end of the book there are questions and exercises on each reading to test comprehension. In addition, there are word-study exercises to reinforce the students' mastery of new vocabulary items. To assist them in expanding their vocabulary, practice is given in selecting synonyms and antonyms, using prefixes and suffixes, deriving adjectives, nouns, etc., from other parts of speech, forming compounds, and using two-word verbs. A key to the exercises is provided at the end of the book.

The vocabulary and grammatical structures used in *The Island of Truth* are taken from lesson material introduced in two basic courses in the Collier Macmillan English Program. When used as supplementary reading material with Book Five of *English 900*[®] or with Workbook 5 of *Audio-Lingual English*, this reader will review and reinforce the corresponding text or workbook material in a new and interesting context. Those expressions in the exercise sections that have not occurred in the corresponding lessons of *English 900*[®] or *Audio-Lingual English* are marked with an asterisk (*); the dagger (†) indicates vocabulary items introduced in earlier readers in this series. The asterisk or dagger designates the first occurrence of the item in this reader and refers the student to the Glossary for definition or explanation. If a word occurs later with a different meaning, it is asterisked again and glossed. Derivatives of basic vocabulary items, using prefixes or suffixes previously introduced in the word-study sections, are not glossed.

This volume can be profitably used as supplementary reading material in any course of instruction, both for classroom presentation and for outside reading assignments, since there is a high correlation between the vocabulary and structures used in *The Island Of Truth* and those found in standard intermediate textbooks. This reader has been successfully tested with students using a variety of basic text materials.

A wide range of material has been created for the Collier Macmillan English Program by the Materials Development Staff of English Language Services, Inc., under the co-direction of Edwin T. Cornelios, Jr., and Willard D. Sheeler. This book, *The Island of Truth*, was adapted and the exercises and glossary were added by Joyce R. Manes.

The illustrations are by Al Fiorentino.

If this reader is used with the basic series: *English 900®* or *Audio-Lingual English*, the selections should be assigned upon completion of the following study units or lessons:

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The Island of Truth, Part II	2	4
The Island of Truth, Part III	3	6
Heat Spell	4	8
The Cop and the Anthem	5	10
The Open Window	6	12
The Lady or the Tiger	7	14
The Adventure of the Dancing Men, Part I	8	16
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THE ISLAND OF TRUTH

PART I

George P. McCallum

The *waterfront *café was crowded with sailors waiting for the weather to clear up. At a corner table in the noisy smoke-filled room, three young men looked out the window at the thick fog moving in over the busy San Francisco *harbor. Their ship wouldn't sail until the fog lifted. They prepared themselves for a long wait.

"You're all going to sea for the first time, aren't you?" the older man asked as he sat down in the empty chair at the corner table.

"Yes. How did you know?"

The gray-haired man laughed at the surprised look on the faces of the three young men. "You look exactly as I did when I made my first trip over thirty years ago."

"You mean you've been a sailor for thirty years?" asked another of the young men.

"I've been sailing on the Pacific *Ocean ever since I was eighteen. I don't think there's a country on this side of the world I haven't visited."

At that moment, another sailor came by the table. "Well, Billy David! I haven't seen you for a long time. Still looking for the *Island of *Truth?" He laughed, then turned and left the café without waiting for an answer.

The sound of a *foghorn from the harbor filled the air for a minute or two. When it stopped, one of the young sailors continued the conversation with their older companion. "You were saying that you sailed only on the Pacific Ocean. Didn't you want to visit other parts of the world?"

"You heard what that *fool said just now, didn't you?" asked the older man.

"Yes, but I don't understand. What is the Island of Truth?"

"Listen, young sailor, and I'll tell you the whole story." The older sailor began his amazing account.

I spent my childhood near the sea watching the ships, large and small, go in and out of the harbor. At the age of eighteen I left home to take a job on a passenger ship that sailed between San Francisco and Yokohama. I was excited about my new adventure and a little afraid, too.

For over a year, I sailed the Pacific on the *Rosa Lee* from Seattle to Rangoon, Manila to Sydney, Bangkok to Guayaquil. The brilliant blue waters were beautiful in the sunlight; under stormy *skies the angry waters became dark, dangerous, and exciting. I loved the sea in all its glorious *beauty—both when it was quiet and when it was *violent. From the beginning, I knew it was the life for me.

That second year, during a trip from Melbourne to Honolulu, I had a very strange experience. I've never forgotten it. We couldn't get out of the way in time and were hit by a violent storm. The wind grew stronger and stronger—up to fifty miles an hour, and mountains of water *pushed the *Rosa Lee* over on its side. The ship *rolled back only to be †attacked again by the next *wave. All during the rain-filled night, we worked in a *frantic attempt to *save the ship, but there was a breakdown in the engine room and the motors stopped. We knew that there was nothing more we could do.

At dawn the Captain gave the order to leave the ship. A few minutes later the *Rosa Lee* went down beneath the angry sea. All that could be seen were a few lifeboats here and there among the waves.

I †shared one of the lifeboats with the chief engineer, Tom Fenton. I don't remember the exact circumstances, but the storm †continued into the second night. In some way, we were able to avoid being thrown into the sea.

Then, as quickly as it had come, the storm passed. The wind died down and the stormy sea became quiet; the clouds *drifted away, and the †stars came out in the clear sky above. We didn't know where we were or what would happen to us—but it was a marvelous feeling, just being *alive.

All night the little boat drifted in the open sea while Tom and I slept soundly. We were both exhausted. The next morning, I was awakened by brilliant sunshine. At first the bright sun made it impossible to see, but as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I was able to look around. There was nothing but the deep blue water of the Pacific in all directions. The other lifeboats were gone.

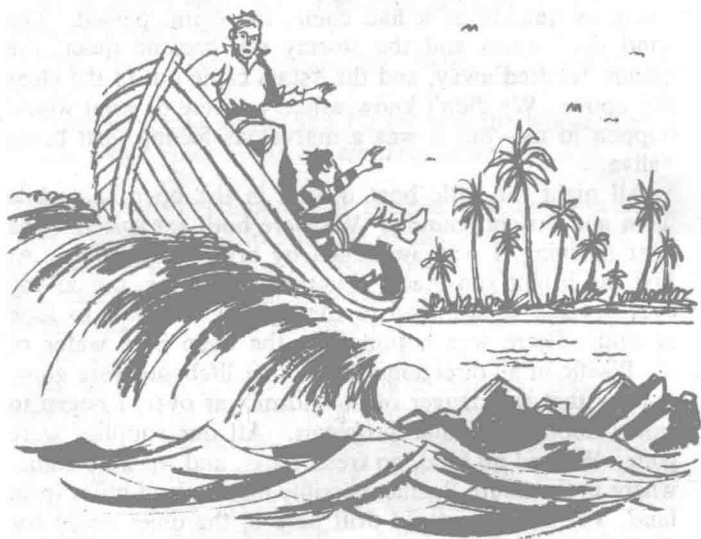
Now that the danger of the storm was over, I began to worry about our other problems. All our supplies were gone. We had no food, no fresh water, and we were somewhere in the South Pacific, possibly hundreds of miles from land. Perhaps we would drift here in the quiet ocean for weeks. It was a †frightening thought.

My companion was still sleeping. I was about to wake him up when I saw something in the distance. Looking away from the sun toward the west, I thought I saw the blue shape of land in the distance. "Fenton!" I called. "Wake up!"

Fenton jumped up, wide-awake. Years of experience as a sailor had taught him to sleep soundly under any circumstances, but to wake up immediately at the sound of his name.

"That's an island, Billy," he said as he looked toward the west. "I can't believe it! I never imagined we'd find land so quickly."

A gusty breeze helped us guide the little boat in the right direction. The island grew larger and larger as we moved quickly through the water. In a few hours, we could see a dark green mountain against the sky ahead of us. By noon we could see the tall *palm trees along the white beach and hear the noise of the ocean waves crashing against the *rocks in the waters around the island.



Fenton realized the danger immediately. "We're in trouble," he said to me. "It's impossible to avoid that *reef." The little boat was pulled in and out by the ocean waves which grew higher and more violent as it got closer to the gray-green rocks.

"Here we go!"

The boat was breaking into pieces as it hit the rocks, drifted back, and then crashed again. But finally a large wave lifted us high out of the water and threw us over the reef into the quiet waters of the *lagoon on the other side. The danger was over! Once inside the lagoon, Fenton and I had no difficulty getting to the shore of the island. We jumped out of the broken lifeboat and ran across the beach to a shady place beneath a group of palm trees. It had been a terrible experience, but we were safe. Too exhausted to talk, we both fell asleep.

Just a few minutes later I awakened with the peculiar feeling that I was being watched. I was almost afraid to open my eyes.

A moment later, I sat up and looked around. The beach was no longer empty. "Fenton," I called. "Fenton, we have visitors!"

THE ISLAND OF TRUTH

PART II

George P. McCallum

"Visitors!" repeated Fenton, wide-awake at once. He sat up and looked around. A short distance away, a group of natives stood quietly watching us. One of them began walking toward us. We both jumped to our feet not knowing what to expect.

"There is no need to be afraid," the tall young man said. "You will find our people friendly and kind. We want to welcome you to our island."

I was too astonished to say a word. But not Fenton. So many strange things had happened to him during his travels around the world that nothing surprised him.

"We're very happy to see you," Fenton said to the strange young man, "but we have no idea where we are. What is the name of your island? Do many ships stop here? When can we leave?"

"Just a moment," the young man said, laughing. "You've just arrived and you already want to leave! All your questions will be answered in a little while, but first let's go to the village where you can get food and fresh water and clean clothes. Come! It's not very far."

I was still a little nervous, but Fenton didn't hesitate for a moment. He didn't seem worried about our situation, and since he was older and more experienced, I decided not to worry, either.

We followed the natives through the trees to their village, a group of small grass *huts. The roofs were made of the large green *leaves from the palm trees which grew all around the island. We could see little vegetable gardens behind the huts.

The village was crowded with curious natives waiting to see the two shipwrecked strangers which the ocean had deposited on their beach. One of the grass huts was larger than the others and the young man who had guided us to the village went inside. He came out again with an older man at his side.

"Welcome, friends, to the Island of *Oiaio*,"¹ the old man said to us. "My name is Pao. I am *Chief of these people," he said, *introducing himself.

"We are very happy to be here," Fenton said.

"And to find you friendly," I added, finally able to †join the conversation.

"Of course we are friendly, and we are generous, too, to all who come to our island. So now let us have food and drink. Later we'll talk about our wonderful island. And you must tell us about your land, your life there, and how you happen to be here now. We have very few visitors."

Fenton and I went with the old man into his house. The interior looked clean and comfortable, but there were very few pieces of furniture. A small table in the middle of the room was filled with food. We sat down on the grass carpet which covered the floor and were given a delicious meal. We had fish *baked in *coconut milk, *sweet potatoes, native vegetables served in coconut *shells, and a variety of fresh fruit: oranges, bananas, pineapples, and the white fruit of the coconut.

"That was the best meal I ever ate," Tom Fenton said an hour later.

A look of surprise crossed the Chief's face as he spoke.

¹ *Oiaio* (pronounced *oh-ee-eye'-oh*) is the word for 'truth' in Hawaiian and other native languages of the islands in the Pacific.



"Pardon me, Mr. Fenton, but I don't agree with you. Surely, somewhere, at some other time in your life, you have eaten a better meal."

"No, Chief Pao," Tom insisted. "That was the best. I can remember no other time when food *tasted so good to me."

"Ah! That is quite different."

"Different?"

"Of course. Today you were saved from the sea after two long, hard nights in the storm. You were extremely hungry. Anything you ate would taste good to you now. But in your country, where you have almost anything you want to eat, I am sure you have had food that was better than this. Our food is very *simple, as you can see."

"That's *true, but . . ."

"On the Island of Oiaio it is traditional to speak only the truth. For centuries, this has been our way of life. Our people have become accustomed to this way of thinking and speaking. They would not be able to understand

how you could decide so quickly and easily that this was 'the best meal you ever ate in your life'. First, you would have to recall all the details about every meal you ever had. Then you would have to remember the exact *taste of each dish and finally after considering every meal you ever ate—one by one—you would be able to decide which one was the best. It would take a long time."

Tom was upset, "I . . . I only wanted to be *polite."

"In your country, Mr. Fenton, is it polite to say things which are not true?"

"Well, no, of course it isn't." He couldn't find the words to explain what he wanted to say. "I mean, well, sometimes we *exaggerate a little when we are pleased with something. I didn't really mean it was the best meal I ever ate in my whole life, but just a very, very good meal, and that *is* the truth!"

"Well, then you should say so. That is quite good enough. I would be happy to know that you think so. I'm sorry we had to argue about this, but you must understand that the exact truth, nothing more, nothing less, is the most important *tradition of the Island of Oiaio." Chief Pao turned to me. "Do you understand what I'm trying to explain, Mr. David?"

"Yes, I think so," I answered.

"In the beginning it may be difficult," the chief explained, "but after a while you will find that the truth comes quite easily."

"But I'm fifty years old," Fenton argued. "I can't change my way of life now. Look what happened. I wanted to be polite and say something nice, and so I said something that to you is not true. In my country anyone would know that I was exaggerating just to be polite."

"And that's the difference, Mr. Fenton. The people of Oiaio would understand only that you meant exactly what you said."

"What can I do, then?"

"When you start to speak, think first about what you intend to say. No one will mind waiting."

At that moment the young native returned to the house and our conversation was interrupted.

The elderly Chief stood up. "But I'm sure you have had enough talk by now. This is my son, Tamu," he said, introducing us to the young man who had found us on the beach.

"Tamu," he said to his son, "our guests are tired. Take them to the house which has been prepared for them. Good afternoon, my friends," he said to us. "I hope you will find your house comfortable."

We followed the young native to a hut which was almost as large as that of Chief Pao. Inside on the grass carpet were two beds made of leaves. We were amazed at how comfortable they were. Too tired to talk about our strange experiences, we fell asleep immediately.

It was dawn when I woke up. In the other bed, Fenton continued to sleep. We had slept since mid-afternoon the day before! I couldn't remember when I had slept such a long time. But then I couldn't remember ever experiencing anything like these last two days. This would certainly be something to tell the other sailors when I returned to a ship.

I looked over at Fenton. Telling the exact truth would not be easy for him. He had traveled around the world for so many years, and had experienced all kinds of adventures. He enjoyed telling stories about the sea and the many places he had visited, but like so many sailors he made the stories of his adventures more exciting than they had actually been. If, while in the Mediterranean, he was attacked by a *shark, Fenton made it two sharks and a *whale, not letting it bother him that there are no whales in the Mediterranean Sea. Yes, it was going to be difficult for him here on the Island of Truth!

"Good morning," Fenton said, when he awoke a few minutes later. "I suppose it's all right to say 'good morning' on Oiaio, isn't it?"

"Not if it's raining," I argued, and we both laughed.

Our conversation was interrupted by Tamu, the Chief's

son. "Good morning," he said, and we looked at each other and smiled as we answered, "Good morning."

"My father has asked you to join him for breakfast. You will meet my brothers and sister. Come with me, please."

"Good morning, gentlemen," called Chief Pao as we came in his hut. "Come in and enjoy the morning meal with my family and me. I hope you slept well."

Fenton opened his mouth to say that he had never slept better in his life, then, remembering yesterday's conversation, he said simply, "Yes, thank you."

The Chief introduced his family next. He had six sons, and an 18-year-old daughter, Lita. Her beauty was extraordinary. I couldn't stop looking at her.

We were served a delicious breakfast of island fruit of all kinds, as well as coconut milk, bread and honey. But I wasn't interested in the food, and I didn't listen to the conversation. I just watched Lita. When the meal was over, Lita cleared the table while the men went out of the house to sit beneath the shade of the palm trees in front.

"I hope you enjoy your stay here, my friends," the Chief said. "Our life is very quiet and very simple. Our island is away from the main waters of the Pacific and few ships come here. You are the first visitors in eleven years."

"What happened to the other visitors?" Fenton asked, almost afraid of the answer.

"I don't know. I am sorry to say they became tired of the quiet life on Oiaio and left for the nearest island, about fifty miles away. They made a sailboat and the last we know of them they were sailing west. I hope they made it. The waters between here and the other island are dangerous."

"It wasn't just the quiet life, Father," Tamu said.

"You're right, Tamu," the old man said. "There was something else . . ."

"What was that?" Fenton and I asked at the same time.

"The truth," answered Chief Pao in a quiet voice.