

Festschrift to Harry Maude, University House, Canberra, 1 October 1976.

Rarely has a festschrift been timed so perfectly, to the very day -- even if a mock-up rather than the finished book. For this, thanks primarily to Niel Gunson. We have heard from absent friends but there's one we could not hear from who would have rejoiced on this occasion, and in our celebration, we should remember Jim Davidson whose birthday also fell on this day.

Seems at Cambridge that Harry realised what an insular life he was to lead: perhaps inspired by the sculpture on the Anthro School of our common Alma Mater, a remarkably robust & bosomy Renaissance Lady dispensing the milk of learning -- or is it kava? -- with positively Polynesian generosity ...

An insular, but far from a monoinsular life: Donne's 'No man is an island' seems to have so haunted the infant Maude that he turned himself into a very archipelago of versatility. For the many parts he has played, I am indebted mainly to Bob Langdon:

annexionist, anthropologist;
beachcomber, chronicler of beachcombers, bibliographer, bibliophile;
Census officer, community singer, Consul, constitution-monger, co-operatives
organiser;
deck tennis instructor, diplomat;
editor, emergency housekeeper in wartime Suva, expert witness;
father of one of our own PhDs, grandfather of those who may follow in
Alaric's footsteps;
Gilbertese guide, philosopher, & friend;
historian of Pacific pork, Pitcairners, Quiros;
journalist;
Lands Commissioner, lawyer, codifier of laws, liberator from laws;

medical officer, ad hoc;
 philatelic entrepreneur, Post Office Commissioner, Public Service Commission,
 publisher & publicist, phosphateer and Phoenix Islander;
 realtor for Rabi;
 supervisor of students;
 US Armed Forces indoctrinator;
 writer.

In fact, one might sum up his public life by saying that he was one of the last pioneers of British Empire, one of the first pioneers of British decolonisation.

Like most of the best British admin types,

His face it is trustful and child-like,

And he has the most innocent eye --

but when anything really tricky comes up, he can be relied on to cope with that inherent British Machiavellianism -- always of course in a good cause -- which rather infuriates say the French; but goes down well enough in the Pacific.

Only Harry could have achieved the difficult & so delicate feat of selling Oskar Spate as a model of political respectability, if not of actual conservatism, to so shrewd a customer as RW Robson of PIM, and that without any very positive untruths ...

Perhaps the most endearing thing about Harry is the way in which he combines the ingenuous delight of a boy meeting the wide and wonderful world, with the mature wisdom of a man who has knocked about & learnt the ways of that world.

In this Honor has played a great part indeed: in her own right world renowned for string fingers -- figures -- and at least ACT-renowned for green thumbs; but always a strong and staunch comrade in war and in peace, in atolls and in cities.

You will see from the contents of this book that its contributors are not confined to Pacific historians but, in keeping with your own versatility, include a few from the Rogues' Galleries of other disciplines. And we should not forget others from the Department who have worked hard to have it ready for your 70th birthday: Norah Forster, Caroline Ralston, Jenny Terrell, Robyn Walker; and Colin Cummins who has made the handsome slipcase. It comes, dear Harry & Honor, from all of us, with our respect and our love.

O.H.K. Spate

Emery

Bull. de la Soc. des

6KXP Ev. Oc. Nos 146-7, Tex

Newman JAR

T. Henry - 6KPT

S. G. reprints? fDU 150

Steven OBEF

Ellis
DU
510

Lines spoken in thanks at the presentation of
a festschrift
at a dinner party at University House, Canberra,
on the 1st October, 1976.

.....

When I was at school I had a French master who, on days when I couldn't make myself sufficiently inconspicuous in the back row of the form, used to point his finger at me and say: 'Mode, Mode, your turn 'as cum'.

That's rather how I'm feeling at the moment, especially after listening to Oskar's mellifluous eloquence. I do thank you for your kind remarks, Oskar, in all sincerity, even if some sounded a bit on the encomiastic side. Well, after all, it is a special occasion - none other, in fact, than my penultimate 'rite de passage' through a long life - and I would far rather hear Oskar's lapidary phrases now than have to take a chance of being able to read some of them in my obituary.

I am particularly glad that it was Oskar who spoke tonight, for he befriended me long before I ever came to Australia; he smoothed my early days here; and indeed he was the first person I ever fell over at the University. It was on my exploratory visit to the Library over in the Old Hospital Buildings and he happened to be lying prone on the floor in the main thoroughfare, engrossed in reading.

When we had picked each other up he was kind enough to explain that he had just finished writing a paper; that it contained footnotes in five different languages, including Russian; and that he was looking for one more in a language which nobody would be able to understand.

Obviously to him, and I guess to most of us who have been more than a decade in this august institution, here was a perfectly satisfying explanation as to why one should be

lying on the floor to be fallen over. But I feel sure that he has never realized till this day why this initiation into academic reasoning was so immensely satisfying to a mere neophyte: shivering, as it were, on the brink of the great world of learning.

Yes, Oskar has always been a great help and comfort to me, like my mentor Jim, who was in many ways the ideal director of one's research studies: for he never directed anybody, he never even enquired what one was doing. He simply assumed, in the good old Cambridge tradition, that one had signed up here because there was something that one wanted to do pretty badly; that with a spot of luck that something might develop into a modest accession to the world's store of knowledge; and that, in any case, one would do it best if interfered with least.

Somewhere, in a Blackwood's Magazine for 1832, I came across this passage:-

'Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the pleasure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of science, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable.'

This has been on my table for over 14 years: because it seems to me to spell out better than anything else I know why it is that once one gets bitten by the research bug one's whole lifestyle inevitably changes; and one finds oneself sitting up late at night reading illegible manuscripts on microfilm and sweating out the days writing papers that one hopes may end up eventually as a footnote in someone else's history.

What happens to our work is not, of course, the point. What really counts is that we have researched and recorded for posterity as best we possibly can: and for us is the joy, the excitement - yes, the ecstasy - of having discovered and made available for others something that no man has ever published before. What greater happiness can life offer?

And now, at the end of my allotted span, 'in second childishness, and mere oblivion - sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything', the kindness of many colleagues and friends has coalesced in the gift of a festschrift - and adequate words still fail me to express my thanks. What can I say except that I have never felt so honoured in the whole of my life; and that I can think of no other distinction that could conceivably be given in this world that one would value nearly so highly.

I feel, perhaps presumptuously, as if a committee of the silvertails in my chosen field of Pacific regional studies had met and said that this outsider, not born to the purple, who came late to the feast and without a wedding garment, may nevertheless be awarded the ultimate accolade of being ranked with us as one of our peers.

That is why this cachet must mean so much more to me than it can ever do to those who have never felt the insecurity, the sheer lack of knowledge and scholarly expertise, that I did when I first came to the ANU from the outside world at the relatively advanced age of 50. What other award could be more heart-warming and ego-boosting to an aged researcher put out to grass in the paddocks of Forrest?

Yet I am not so conceited as to be unaware that a festschrift, if one considers carefully all that goes into the making of one, is in reality a tribute to the disinterested kindness, the selfless labours, of the many people who combined to bring it to fruition.

Perhaps it would be invidious to mention names; and impossible too as I cannot pretend to know them all at this point of time; so I should like to propose, second, and carry unanimously, a very hearty and sincere vote of thanks to all the benevolent people who brought this kindly undertaking to a successful and, to me, a very happy conclusion, through so many hours and days of hard labour. I feel that I can safely mention one name, however, because I have seen it in print, and I do so with great pleasure and gratitude: and that is none other than the name of my old friend Niel Gunson, which spreads, as it were, a mantle of scholarly authenticity over everything.

As to the contributors who have written their erudite papers on such a fascinating range of subjects, covering the whole spectrum of culture change in the island world - the very core of Pacific historical studies - I see with delight and appreciation that many of them are the very scholars to whom I am already indebted for helping me through the years with their long experience of Pacific affairs; their freely provided knowledge, advice and support in times of need; and some of them indeed with assistance dating from long before I ever left my island home for Australia. If I owed them more than I can ever hope to repay before this day, how much more do I owe them now? It makes one feel very, very humble.

Jim once told me of a friend of his who was given a festschrift, stood up and said his few words of thanks, stepped down, and fell flat on his face - dead. I can well remember his eyes shining as he enlarged on the fact that no academic worthy of his salt could possibly wish for more: he had done his work; he had received his congé; and at the zenith, as it were, of his career - he left it.

I used to think this a perfectly superb finale, but mulling it over during the past few days I have come to feel that one can perhaps overdo one's expression of thanks. At

all events I don't propose to follow his example on this occasion because, through typical procrastination (it was not for nothing that I was known in the Government as 'last minute Harry'), I have not yet finished my life's work. In fact I am in the middle of writing a paper at the moment, and would find it most inconvenient.

To be absolutely accurate I have just five musts left on my desk tally before the girl can come to me, as I'm told she did to Raymond Firth, and say: 'we are grateful to you for your pioneering efforts; without them we should not be able to stand, as it were, on your shoulders, and see so much farther and so much clearer than you ever could'.

Again, many thanks to all who had a hand in this gracious act of consideration; and to everyone who has foregone, or at least postponed, the seductions and joys of the long weekend to support what perhaps may best be called a 'pour prendre conger' party - 'to take one's leave' - or, as we used to say more simply in the islands, a p.p.c. Let us then cease this 'Feast of Reason' and repair to feast ourselves on the 'vittals' which I see are ready for us in the next room.

.....
.....
.

Lines spoken in thanks at the presentation of
a festschrift
at a dinner party at University House, Canberra,
on the 1st October, 1976.

.....

When I was at school I had a French master who, on days when I couldn't make myself sufficiently inconspicuous in the back row of the form, used to point his finger at me and say: 'Mode, Mode, your turn 'as cum'.

That's rather how I'm feeling at the moment, especially after listening to Oskar's mellifluous eloquence. I do thank you for your kind remarks, Oskar, in all sincerity, even if some sounded a bit on the encomiastic side. Well, after all, it is a special occasion - none other, in fact, than my penultimate 'rite de passage' through a long life - and I would far rather hear Oskar's lapidary phrases now than have to take a chance of being able to read some of them in my obituary.

I am particularly glad that it was Oskar who spoke tonight, for he befriended me long before I ever came to Australia; he smoothed my early days here; and indeed he was the first person I ever fell over at the University. It was on my exploratory visit to the Library over in the Old Hospital Buildings and he happened to be lying prone on the floor in the main thoroughfare, engrossed in reading.

When we had picked each other up he was kind enough to explain that he had just finished writing a paper; that it contained footnotes in five different languages, including Russian; and that he was looking for one more in a language which nobody would be able to understand.

Obviously to him, and I guess to most of us who have been more than a decade in this august institution, here was a perfectly satisfying explanation as to why one should be

lying on the floor to be fallen over. But I feel sure that he has never realized till this day why this initiation into academic reasoning was so immensely satisfying to a mere neophyte: shivering, as it were, on the brink of the great world of learning.

Yes, Oskar has always been a great help and comfort to me, like my mentor Jim, who was in many ways the ideal director of one's research studies: for he never directed anybody, he never even enquired what one was doing. He simply assumed, in the good old Cambridge tradition, that one had signed up here because there was something that one wanted to do pretty badly; that with a spot of luck that something might develop into a modest accession to the world's store of knowledge; and that, in any case, one would do it best if interfered with least.

Somewhere, in a Blackwood's Magazine for 1832, I came across this passage:-

'Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the pleasure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of science, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable.'

This has been on my table for over 14 years: because it seems to me to spell out better than anything else I know why it is that once one gets bitten by the research bug one's whole lifestyle inevitably changes; and one finds oneself sitting up late at night reading illegible manuscripts on microfilm and sweating out the days writing papers that one hopes may end up eventually as a footnote in someone else's history.

What happens to our work is not, of course, the point. What really counts is that we have researched and recorded for posterity as best we possibly can: and for us is the joy, the excitement - yes, the ecstasy - of having discovered and made available for others something that no man has ever published before. What greater happiness can life offer?

And now, at the end of my allotted span, 'in second childishness, and mere oblivion - sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything', the kindness of many colleagues and friends has coalesced in the gift of a festschrift - and adequate words still fail me to express my thanks. What can I say except that I have never felt so honoured in the whole of my life; and that I can think of no other distinction that could conceivably be given in this world that one would value nearly so highly.

I feel, perhaps presumptuously, as if a committee of the silvertails in my chosen field of Pacific regional studies had met and said that this outsider, not born to the purple, who came late to the feast and without a wedding garment, may nevertheless be awarded the ultimate accolade of being ranked with us as one of our peers.

That is why this cachet must mean so much more to me than it can ever do to those who have never felt the insecurity, the sheer lack of knowledge and scholarly expertise, that I did when I first came to the ANU from the outside world at the relatively advanced age of 50. What other award could be more heart-warming and ego-boosting to an aged researcher put out to grass in the paddocks of Forrest?

Yet I am not so conceited as to be unaware that a festschrift, if one considers carefully all that goes into the making of one, is in reality a tribute to the disinterested kindness, the selfless labours, of the many people who combined to bring it to fruition.

Perhaps it would be invidious to mention names; and impossible too as I cannot pretend to know them all at this point of time; so I should like to propose, second, and carry unanimously, a very hearty and sincere vote of thanks to all the benevolent people who brought this kindly undertaking to a successful and, to me, a very happy conclusion, through so many hours and days of hard labour. I feel that I can safely mention one name, however, because I have seen it in print, and I do so with great pleasure and gratitude: and that is none other than the name of my old friend Niel Gunson, which spreads, as it were, a mantle of scholarly authenticity over everything.

As to the contributors who have written their erudite papers on such a fascinating range of subjects, covering the whole spectrum of culture change in the island world - the very core of Pacific historical studies - I see with delight and appreciation that many of them are the very scholars to whom I am already indebted for helping me through the years with their long experience of Pacific affairs; their freely provided knowledge, advice and support in times of need; and some of them indeed with assistance dating from long before I ever left my island home for Australia. If I owed them more than I can ever hope to repay before this day, how much more do I owe them now? It makes one feel very, very humble.

Jim once told me of a friend of his who was given a festschrift, stood up and said his few words of thanks, stepped down, and fell flat on his face - dead. I can well remember his eyes shining as he enlarged on the fact that no academic worthy of his salt could possibly wish for more: he had done his work; he had received his congé; and at the zenith, as it were, of his career - he left it.

I used to think this a perfectly superb finale, but mulling it over during the past few days I have come to feel that one can perhaps overdo one's expression of thanks. At

all events I don't propose to follow his example on this occasion because, through typical procrastination (it was not for nothing that I was known in the Government as 'last minute Harry'), I have not yet finished my life's work. In fact I am in the middle of writing a paper at the moment, and would find it most inconvenient.

To be absolutely accurate I have just five musts left on my desk tally before the girl can come to me, as I'm told she did to Raymond Firth, and say: 'we are grateful to you for your pioneering efforts; without them we should not be able to stand, as it were, on your shoulders, and see so much farther and so much clearer than you ever could'.

Again, many thanks to all who had a hand in this gracious act of consideration; and to everyone who has foregone, or at least postponed, the seductions and joys of the long weekend to support what perhaps may best be called a 'pour prendre conger' party - 'to take one's leave' - or, as we used to say more simply in the islands, a p.p.c. Let us then cease this 'Feast of Reason' and repair to feast ourselves on the 'vittals' which I see are ready for us in the next room.

.....
.....
.

FESTSCHRIFT DINNER - Apologies

Sir John and Lady Crawford

Professor and Mrs Low

Professor and Mrs Wang

Mr and Mrs Reid Cowell

Professor and Mrs Ken Inglis

Mr and Mrs I. Raymond

Mr and Mrs W. Forsyth

Professor and Mrs Greg Denning

Dr Dorothy Shineberg

Dr Barry Shineberg

Mr and Mrs Peter Grimshaw

Dr Marie Reay

Professor and Mrs Derek Freeman

Miss Ruth Davidson

Mr and Mrs Guy Powles

PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS 01970

Trustees

AUGUSTUS PEABODY LORING
President
RUSSELL WALLACE KNIGHT
Vice President
WALTER MUIR WHITEHILL
Secretary
LEVERETT SALTONSTALL
FRANCIS LEE HIGGINSON, JR.
HENRY SCHOFIELD STREETER
MARY WELD PINGREE
FRANCIS WHITING HATCH, JR.
RICHARD WHEATLAND, II



Honorary Trustees

FRANCIS BACON LOTHROP
RALPH LAWSON
ALFRED PORTER PUTNAM
STEPHEN WHEATLAND

LAWRENCE COOLIDGE
Treasurer
ERNEST STANLEY DODGE
Director

Founded by the East India Marine Society 1799

29 September 1976

Professor Niel Gunson
Research School of Pacific Studies
Box 4, P.O.
Canberra, A.C.T. 2600

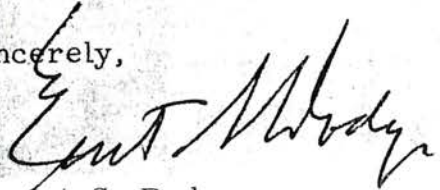
Dear Mr. Gunson:

Thank you very much for letting me know about the event honoring Harry Maude on October 1st. How I should love to be there but it is, of course, impossible.

I hope, however, that you will convey to him our sincere congratulations and best regards on this auspicious occasion. I know of no scholar concentrating on the Pacific area who deserves this honor more.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely,


Ernest S. Dodge
Director

ESD:jak

Philip A. Snow, M.A. F.R.A.I. J.P.

Tel: Rugby 3054

THE BURSARY,
RUGBY SCHOOL
RUGBY,
WARWICKSHIRE.

Gables,
Lonsdale Road
Bognor Regis,
SUSSEX,
England

27th September, 1976

Dear Professor Gurnson,

I have received today
your letter of 21st September letting me
know of the Dinner for Harry Maude on
1st October. I am replying
immediately to send my best wishes
for a most happy occasion in honour
of him. It is 36 years since we met I
met, as it were, as colleagues in the
Administrative field of the Fiji and the
Western Pacific which divided Sir Harry
Luce as Governor and High Commissioner.
Harry Maude has been encouraging
and kind to me ever since — and that

is quite some space of time by Pacific
standards Please add my name
to those conveying warmest wishes
and appreciation to him.

With kind regards and best
wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Philip Lewis

[P.S. I'm reading this in case
messages are being read
at the dinner. I shall love forward
to hearing about the Festschrift.
I hope that you will like to include
my name as a well-wisher in it. P.S.]
Thank you so much for letting me know.

+

CC 050= G63 SRC32 NKN2 = GTGS
ST PAULS NSW 19 9.20A

MSGR .. GUNSON

40

CARE PACIFIC HISTORY

NATUNIV CANBERRA ACT

REGRET UNABLE TO ATTEND FONDEST WISHES TO HARRY AND HONOR

. NORMAN DOUGLAS

(~~NATUNIV~~) 46



9-532
LB

+

CC 020= NCAB26 =

ZCZC SCA9514 UFS319 HAS119

AACA HL HRHU 022

HONOLULU 14 24 945A HST AL



LT

H E MAUDE

13

PACIFIC AND SOUTHEAST ASIAN HISTORY



FELICITATIONS

GAVAN DAWS

telegram

8/29/76
13

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE
TELEGRAM

+

CC 031= NCAB60 = OSEA

ZCZC SCA9561 FAA756 G5 PHG965

AACA HL FISU 031

SUVAPO 31 26 1025



AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE
TELEGRAM

LT

GUNSON PACIFIC HOSTORY

NATUNIV 25

CANBERRAUST

PLEASE CONVEY TO HARRY MAUDE THE WARMEST GOOD WISHES OF HIS MANY
FRIENDS AND ADMIREERS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTHPACIFI

RON AND MARJIE CROCOMBE

COL LT

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE
TELEGRAM

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE
TELEGRAM

GRAM

AUSTRAL
TEL

8-350
LB



RAM
TELEGRAM
TELEGRAM
TELEGRAM

+

CC 013= NCAB15 =

ZCZC SCA9513 UFS308 HAS117

AACA HL HRHU 025

HONOLULU 25 24 936A HST AL

LT

16.

NIEL GUNSON

PACIFIC HISTORY NATUNIV

CANBERRAAUSTRALIA

PLEASE CONVEY OUR AFFECTION AND BEST WISHES TO HARRY AND
HONOR ON OCTOBER 1ST

DOUGLAS AND MARGARET OLIVER

COL ~~LT~~ 1ST

8:30A
B

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE
TELEGRAM
TELEGRAM
TELEGRAM
TELEGRAM

The Former Colleagues
of Professor H.E. Maude in the Department of Pacific and
Southeast Asian History, the Australian National University,
take pleasure in informing

.....
that a Dinner by subscription has been arranged in the Scarth Room,
University House at 7.30 for 8 o'clock on Friday, 1st October 1976,
on the occasion of Professor Maude's seventieth birthday and
the presentation of a Festschrift in his honour.

Single \$ 16

R.S.V.P. by 27th September

Lounge suit

Cheques should be made payable to the Australian National University,
and forwarded to the Secretary,
Department of Pacific and Southeast Asian History.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

THE RESEARCH SCHOOL OF PACIFIC STUDIES

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE:

BOX 4, P.O., CANBERRA, A.C.T. 2600

TEL. 49-5111

Telegrams: "Natuniv" Canberra

Pacific & SEAsian History

7 October 1976

Dear Harry,

Thanks so very much for your lovely letter - I'll treasure it always. Thanks also for allowing me a copy of your speech - rather than get one of my typists to retype it, I just photocopied it - hope this meets with your approval. Its just that your typing is so good, it seemed a shame to waste itnow, if you should ever be in need of a job, you know where to come.....!

Everyone I've spoken to has commented on how good Friday night was - and it was. Caro Ralston rang me this morning to say so, and she has written to Niel also - which he will appreciate very much. I don't know who was more nervous in the end - Niel or myself - but all worked out very well. (Though we did have our own private post-mortem in the office on Tuesday, the results of which were good). Now all we have to wait for is the book to be published - exciting isn't it?

You may have been 'bombed' to the eyes on Friday night - but it certainly wasn't obvious, and you impressed everyone that's for sure. Never again will you be thought of as a 'shrinking violet' - your secret is out!

I was speaking to Honor this morning and she mentioned about Prof Spate's speech - I'll get him in a rigger tackle when he comes in and see what I can do about getting copies (if available)...OK?

And thank you very much for your kind words about Chris - he enjoyed himself more than I think he expected to, and thoroughly enjoyed the speeches as he told you.

We really will have to have more get-togethers like that one - it was so enjoyable - fancy another festschrift??

If you want any more copies of your speech, you only have to let me know and I'll organise it for you. And my offer of typing help to you still stands you know.

What else can I say? Just that I think Friday night was the perfect occasion to top off the work of the festschrift, and all the mental anguish we went through on account of the book and the dinner - we could not have wished for better.

Take care, and I'll be in touch when you win first prize in the lottery (for which purpose I'll keep everything crossed until then).

Love,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Carolyn', written in a cursive style.

Dear Robyn,

Having recovered without loss of life or limb from Friday's decision I must write to thank you for your kindness in helping me through the many rocks and shoals that beset my path.

I was so filled with Valium, Tofranil, Purple Hearts and a dozen other psychological props to succumb like myself, unaccustomed to the heady nightlife of Caribona, that I was in a bit of a maze. But I do recall clearly that whenever I was wondering what the heck I was supposed to do next you seemed to be there to guide me.

Anyway it was my sweet of you, and everybody was so kind, and as far as I know all went well, and none of us I hope committed any dreadful faux pas - also to tell you the truth I enjoyed it all very much indeed. So did Huan and Engh, though as far as we can recall we had not been out to dinner for 15 years.

I promised (or think I did) to give you a fair copy of what I said through a set of haze: it differs quite a bit from the one you looked at, but I think it is now accurate. Its the only one I have and as nice people asked Huan or me for copies would you please be an angel and ask one of your

What happens to our work is not, of course, the point. What really counts is that we have researched and recorded for posterity as best we possibly can: and for us is the joy, the excitement - yes, the ecstasy - of having discovered and made available for others something that no man has ever published before

offenders to please type them for me. I don't know if they want them - perhaps for blackmail.

And please don't think you looked for her but never to me - which I do rather, despite the general confusion in my mind. You certainly named the right person: just as I did. When we think of all the mistakes our friends seem to make, you and I are lucky.

Thanks again for your much-needed help and in a time of crisis.

Yours etc,

Dear Neil,

Harry and I would like to thank you very sincerely for all the trouble you took, not only over the preparation of what promises to be a magnificent festschrift, but also for the impeccable arrangement which you made for the dinner and p.p.c. party on Friday.

Harry acted as A.D.C. at Government House in Sierra Leone. I know a little about the trouble and worry which such a party entails as the organizer, so we are fully conscious of the hours of preparation which you must have put into ensuring that everything went without a hitch.

And it certainly did go with an éclat which spoke volumes for your organizing abilities. Harry and I had not been out to dinner for ~~about as long as I can recollect~~ ^{a very long time}, and were consequently a bit apprehensive, but everyone was so kind and friendly, and the atmosphere so informal and relaxed that we both thoroughly enjoyed it and shall remember ^{ourselves} the party with pleasure and gratitude for the rest of our lives.

I am enclosing a cheque for Eryla's sustenance which Harry had got ready for me to give you at the party, but which was forgotten in the ~~event~~ ^{excitement}. There was indeed an unexpected turn-out of

What happens to our work is not, of course, the point. What really counts is that we have researched and recorded for posterity as best we possibly can: and for us is the joy, the excitement - yes, the ecstasy - of having discovered and made available for others something that no man has ever known before. What greater happiness can life offer?

And now, at the end of my allotted span, 'in second childishness, and mere oblivion - sans teeth, sans eyes, sans everything', the kindness of many colleagues and friends has coalesced in the gift of a festschrift - and adequate words still fail me to express my thanks. What can I say except that I have never felt so honoured in the whole of my life; and that

people present that I'm afraid we probably did not get round to greeting everyone as we should have, but I'm sure they will understand that we were a bit overwhelmed and in a tizzy.

Anyway it was all a very happy and venerable send-off for us and we want you to know that we do appreciate the unselfish kindness which has motivated you to bring ^{us} so much ~~and~~ happiness ~~into our declining~~

Yours

Yours etc,

Dr Mel Gerson,

Department of Pacific History

Res

Dear Aokun,

Have given me in sending our nice thanks for your kindness in opening the Ball on Friday with your special invitation of my rather irregular passage through the seven ages, interspersed with that flavoured of Altie salt which I first savoured in a speech which you gave at a party in the Portogor at Tonsa.

It was, as indeed we would expect of a polished raconteur like yourself, exactly what was needed to get the proceedings off to a flying start; and I tried to follow by steering a course between too much strict (and I felt the honour due to me see that you say have suspected) and too much flippancy.

We both thoroughly enjoyed the party, thanks to the kindness of our friends than we thought we possessed, and hope to live to make it with pleasure for many years to come.

I am about a third through a paper on the Pennine labour trade and find it absolutely absorbing; it seems extraordinary that so we has ever worked on the subject before since it had a traumatic effect on the Northern Leaks, Todelows, Southern Ellice, Dine and Rofa, and less potent effects on the Transatus and Margueras.

With our best wishes to Bryony and you yourself,

Vy sincerely,

What happens to our work is not, of course, the point. What really counts is that we have researched and recorded for posterity as best we possibly can: and for us is the joy, the excitement - yes, the ecstasy - of having discovered and made available for others something that no man has ever known before. What greater happiness can life offer?

And now, at the end of my allotted span, 'in second childishness, and mere oblivion - sans teeth, sans eyes, sans everything', the kindness of many colleagues and friends has coalesced in the gift of a festschrift - and adequate words still fail me to express my thanks. What can I say except that I have never felt so honoured in the whole of my life; and that

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
12th October, 1976.

Mr I. Raymond,
Librarian, The Barr Smith Library,
The University of Adelaide,
ADELAIDE, South Australia 5001.

Dear Mr Raymond,

Many thanks for your kind felicitations on my reaching the prescribed allotment of years. We were sorry that you could not be at the bun feast but, to be truthful, the organizers did not expect you, although in view of our long and happy association over the Pacific Islands collection everyone felt that you should be on the list of invitees.

It was a very relaxed and happy party - I suppose about 30 or 40 from Canberra, various parts of Australia, and indeed New Zealand. I can't see how they could have got any more seated at the dinner table. People were very kind and Honor and I really enjoyed ourselves, especially as thoughtfully they had ordained that the speeches should be got over before dinner.

I enclose a copy of my 'thank you' to everyone as, although it was delivered extempore (but I will not pretend unrehearsed), I had it typed and typed afterwards. I was deeply moved at so much kindness and trouble taken over one so long out of the rat-race: there must still be some Christians left in the world. I heard a cable read saying that American colleagues were having a simultaneous party in Honolulu.

This reminds me that we have another four cases of books, pamphlets and serials carded and, unless I hear from you to the contrary, I'll send them off before long (there are still a few items to be done) by Ipec, who seem to be in the business again, and will tell them to collect the freight your end.

The actual festschrift won't be out till March, I hear, so they presented me with a green leather case to put it into. From the enclosed contents sheet they sound a superb selection of papers by the big-shots in Pacific studies and I'm delighted that you've ordered two copies for the library.

I'm flat out these days finishing my last book on 'The Island World of Yesterday' to an ever-approaching date line.

With our very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

John

*Copy of Spote & Naudé &
Festschrift set*

THE UNIVERSITY



OF ADELAIDE

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 5001

Please address
correspondence to
The Librarian and quote

BARR SMITH LIBRARY

Our Reference IR/EGP
Your Reference

24th September 1976.

Professor H.E. Maude,
77 Arthur Circle,
FORREST, A.C.T. 2603.

Dear Professor Maude,

I hear that your seventieth birthday is to be celebrated on 1st October at a dinner at University House. My wife and I are honoured to have an invitation, and are sorry that we shall not be able to be present. I have sent an apology to the organizers, but we wished you and Mrs Maude to know that we shall be thinking of you and would very much like to be present to help you celebrate. It will be a great occasion. We congratulate you warmly and wish you every happiness.

I am looking forward to seeing the Festschrift, copies of which are being ordered for the Maude Collection and the general collection. It must be quite a pleasing experience to have a Festschrift in one's honour.

We haven't seen you over this way for quite a while, and look forward to your next visit. It was very kind of you to 'phone on your way back to Canberra after your trip. I hope the worry and strain of the Banaban business are over now, and you, with Mrs Maude, are well and enjoying life.

Warmest regards to you both.

Yours sincerely,

I. Raymond.

My absence since leaving the South Pacific Commission. —

9.9.54 dep for U.K.

(3) June 1958 dep for Fiji and Hainan: 18 Sept 1958 ret Sydney

Dear Dorothy,

Many thanks for your kind felicitations on my reaching the prescribed allotment of years. I saw myself very apprehensive at the thought of a bonnifant to celebrate my final voyage into de ferrage but, as it turned out, it was a happy and relaxed party.

Ashar gave me of his inimitable addresses and I managed somehow to reply, having returned at Belfast; they then presented me with a beautiful green leather case to put the festacraft in when it is fulfilled, and we all settled down to eat, drink and be merry.

It was good of you to say that I had been able to help you for time to time. My recollection is that the boat was usually on the other foot and that during the many years of my virtual absence from the Department you see one of the few people I could speak to and, best of all, obtain sane and objective advice from. Believe me I owe far more to you than you have ever owed to me.

And now I am looking forward keenly to reading
the paper which, I see from the catalog sheet in the green leather
case, you have generously written for my pocketbook. I am not
to see it until the book arrives, but the title is most
titillating. Goodness knows how you managed to produce an
original calculation to read in the middle of all your lecturing
and tutoring, but they say that those who are busiest can
always find room for one more task. Anyway I'm most
grateful to you; and as I said in my little speech in
reply to Cohen so much kindness in one's declining years
never we feel very humble.

What fun the Peruvian slaves are - under, rape,
torture, genocide: you saw it and they did it. I wish I
had the pen to record it in the form it deserves but must
be content with putting the facts on record. They tell me ^{that} a fair
copy is being a mess on Pacific bookshelves and has just
finished being burned in Tokyo: so somebody evidently reads what
one writes.

I see from your dictionary that a note de passage 'separates
a person from previous associations', but I trust that it will not
separate us and that you will add to our indebtedness by
visiting us in our residence.

Yours etc,



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

BOX 4, P.O., CANBERRA, A.C.T. 2600

History.

23 September 1976

Dear Harry,

I am very very sorry to say

that I can't come to ~~your~~ the party
in your honour on the 1st October. I
will be giving a lecture in Melbourne on
that very day. It's too much to ask, I
suppose, after seventy years, that you
should shift your birthday to a later date?

Perhaps, since I shall now
have no eloquent speaker to do it on
my behalf, I may be allowed to
privately express my great gratitude
to you for your inspiration as

well as practical help) to me over
the years. That department would have
been a barren desert without you. And
who else would have ~~been~~ understood
the repulsion to politics, administration,
foreign relations and armies that sent
me to the Pacific in the first place?

Here's to many more fine
books and papers from you, to shake up
the dusty scholars. I'm sorry I can't
toast it in champagne.

From one beachcomber to
another, my very warmest wishes,
Sincerely,
Dorothy Shieberg.

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
14th October, 1976.

Dear Ross,

Many thanks for your kind letter on my reaching the prescribed allotment of years. We were sorry that you could not be at the bun feast, but to be truthful the organizers did not really expect you to be able to come: but in view of our association over the years they felt that you should be on the list of invitees.

It was a very relaxed and happy party - I suppose about 30 or 40 from Canberra, various parts of Australia, and indeed New Zealand. I can't see how they could have got any more seated at the dinner table. People were very kind and Honor and I really enjoyed ourselves, especially as thoughtfully they had ordained that the speeches should be got over before dinner.

The object of the exercise was to present me with a festschrift written by colleagues in my particular line of ethnohistorical research; but apparently the book is still with the printers and not due to be published until March. So they gave me a beautiful green leather case to put it in when it does arrive.

Yes I had gathered that you were having trouble in being given time off for research and writing. I suppose that the argument is that you have tenure and the University does not require you to possess a higher degree for promotion. One could surmise that it is O.K. so long as one stays put but it could prove a handicap in moving elsewhere, where either a doctorate or a book (or better still both) are apt to give anyone possessing them the edge over those who don't, regardless of teaching ability.

I sometimes wonder that you do not come here as a Research Scholar or a Research Fellow, as the *raison d'etre* of the Research Schools is to provide hard-pressed lecturers with a three to five years break needed to produce that Ph.D. or book, and then move elsewhere one notch on the rat-race ladder higher than before. But in these hard times one admittedly takes a risk in relinquishing a steady job, as one or two have found recently.

Having reached my threescore and ten I must reluctantly ask to be relieved of all extraneous distractions to enable me to conserve such energy as I have left in an effort to finish the six or seven research papers I have still on my plate, and which I'm afraid no one else will do if I don't.

This includes my nominal supervision of your doctoral thesis, if indeed it was ever an officially sanctioned arrangement. But of course if there is ever any information that I can provide I shall be glad to do so.

finish it
Right now I'm half-way through my work on the Peruvian Labour Trade and hope to ~~continue~~ finish it within a month or two. I was working through the references yesterday which you so kindly sent me several years ago; and I now seem to have all the data required for a straight run-through. As always I am writing more for the Pacific Islanders of tomorrow than for the European of today.

Hoping that all will come out well with you and yours in the end,

Yours ever,

Leem

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE
REF.



TELEPHONE: ARMIDALE 72 2911
AREA CODE 067
TELEX NUMBER 66050
POST CODE 2351

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW ENGLAND
ARMIDALE, N.S.W.

History
28 September, 1976

Dear Harry,

I fear that, much as I should wish to be present, I am unable to attend the dinner in your honour on Friday. It is something I regret very much. I hope it will be a memorable occasion; it should not be otherwise.

We have not been in correspondence for a long time and now there is time only for a few lines. You will know well enough why research languishes in our universities and I have not found a way round this problem. I put in a huge amount of work in England in 1974 and I have not touched it since! It is as bad as that. Too many of my colleagues seem to believe that the essence of University scholarship and learning lies in creating as much instability as possible, so that every year there have to be changes in courses, in procedures and so on. "Consolidation" is an unknown word. Fortunately this may soon come to an end, though doubtless some other disturbance will surface. We have also had an excessive number of family problems and health is one of them.

I hope that both Mrs Mause and yourself are well and enjoying life. A beautiful day here to-day. Very best wishes then both for Friday and the days that follow.

Very sincerely

Ross.

Dear Wendy,

Thank you for your very kind note. I
reached the promised allotment of years. In my opinion you couldn't
care but he's also glad that you didn't; the lunch feast was
too expensive and a cup of tea with a biscuit was all that
was necessary. He was the only person who received a present
buddy; and she was tall 4' 2" she was looked at the back
of the hands.

How it all seemed to go fine, so far as I could
tell through a sort of haze. And after 24 hours I was able
to start on the Pennine again. As I said at the time on
Thank goodness Jimmy said she had to go home before the dinner
in case of her leg and could not be the speaker before dinner.
Both of us and I were delighted and it bubbled up to let, dash
and be very well the thought that it was behind me.

I had met a copy of the ^{book} *Friendship* to Frank to
give it if he was to and the book as to you. As I
said in my reply so much business in one's dealing years makes
we feel very little.

All yours with the Pennine,

Yours,

26 Philipson Street
Albert Park 3206
28 September 1976

Dear Harry,

This little note brings my very best wishes for a wonderful birthday on Friday and may you have many more of them.

I should have liked to come to Carberna for your dinner at University House, but family commitments this weekend prevented it. I shall be with you in spirit, though, and hope all goes well.

My kind regards to Honor and, of course, to you for a very happy birthday.

Sincerely
Wendy.

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
17th October, 1976.

Dear Frank,

It was very kind of you indeed to come up for the bun feast on my 70th. I argued with the organizers that the party should be confined to Oskar, Niel and Caroline, on account of the expense, but they had other ideas; and Niel seemed to be making such a good show of the administrative arrangements that it would have been heartless to have put one's foot down. Curious what a lousy organizer he used to be and now the Department seems to run better with him acting than it has for years.

It seemed to be a very relaxed and happy party. People were most kind to Honor and myself and we really enjoyed it all, despite our apprehensions. Admittedly I was kept so full of Tofranil and Valium by the doctor that I had no very clear idea of what was going on; but Robyn proved a tower of strength and led me by the hand most of the time.

I enclose a copy of what we rescued from Oskar, as Wendy may like to peruse at least the notes of what he said. Also my reply, and that card which you wanted to see with the shopping list on the back. I found it in the beautiful green case which they gave me and was about to throw it in the waste-paper basket when I remembered you.

Someone told me afterwards that it sounded natural; if so its a wonder as I did four drafts before it was approved by Honor and Eryl and then practised it 10 times a day for 10 days (also when waking in the night) until I could have delivered it backwards as easily as forwards. Come to think of it that might have been an original idea. The trouble was that I had always read from a rostrum before, which is easy, and as I know that I can't say seven coherent words extempore the only recourse was to learn every word by heart.

Anyway its all over, and at the next rite de passage I shall not be expected to speak. Once again many thanks for coming up and gracing the show with that touch of Melbournian urbanity.

Yours,

John

Dear Caroline,

Thank you for your kind felicitations on my
reaching the prescribed allotment of years. It was sweet
of you, two, to come up to Carlsbad and hold my hand
for me, as I was so full of Tabraclan and Valium,
coupled with the alcohol that we is not supposed to take
with either, that the result is that I am in fact still
alive.

But it all seemed a very relaxed and happy
party and, despite our afflictions, Ham and I enjoyed it very
much. A great help was Terry's request to get the
speakers over life drama so that she could go home and
nurse her leg (which in the event she never did).

I am most grateful to you for all you did to
get the festschrift off the ground and to the printers. Mel
tells me that you were his prop and constant thought.
It's lacking found my such to actually seeing and reading
the papers, for from the titles they seem to be an odd
odd out of history.

I'm glad that Pacific history still attracts you and that you have succeeded in finding your niche in the hierarchy of professional positions. I still remember the car-riding you got when you first came to Carbona to see about spending on India: those that do always seem to me melancholic, not least among them Gilman.

I live daily in the midst of murder, rape and treachery; yesterday I recounted how the Prasa y Lamer finally carried off 76 out of 95 men, women and children on Nukunono ^(all of whom don't seem dead) and carried the few left to drift south in two canoes till they actually rode Redfall in Savaii. Relat says that as an historian I must be ^{stuffy} ~~sentimental~~ and avoid praise or blame; but it is difficult not to say 'tut-tut' sometimes.

Again my thanks for all your help over my faulted *note de passage*; as I said so much kindness in my declining years, etc I can no longer repay anyone, unless we feel ~~both~~ ^{my} ~~hills~~ ^{hills} ~~ed~~ ^{ed} ~~my~~ ^{my} grateful.

Yours ever,



History,
MACQUARIE
UNIVERSITY

27th September.

Dear Harry,

I know I shall be seeing you on Friday, but I would like to send greetings to reach you at home to wish you a very happy birthday and many more to come. I imagine the tributes will be many and I must add my thanks for all that you have done for me. Pacific history still keeps me thoroughly absorbed and I look back on my Canberra days and association with you with great pleasure. It has proved a stimulating and solid foundation to what is now a very satisfying career. Thank you for all your help and encouragement to me and to the numerous other people who have called on you for advice and been treated so generously.

All of which I shall not be able to say casually over the dinner table or drinks on Friday night, but I feel strongly that it must be said, so thank you and warmest best wishes for a very Happy Birthday.

Yours affectionately,

Caroline

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
31st October, 1976.

Dear Bill,

Thank you so much for your cordial note explaining what befell you on the 1st. I noticed a vacant place next to my nieceeryl from New Zealand but had no idea who was the intended incumbent.

I can well understand your falling asleep after the day's work for it happens to me with the greatest of ease. In fact the only time I have difficulty in sleeping is during the night, when I can lie awake for hours and hours.

But what Honor and I did appreciate very sincerely was your kind note telling us what had happened: few would have bothered to do as much these days.

It was a very relaxed and happy party and we thoroughly enjoyed it all, despite our apprehensions. The organizers helped no end by having the speech-making first, so that one could eat, drink and be merry at peace with the world.

We hope that you enjoy your septuagenarian years as much as we do, and that our paths may cross once again before we cease to be mobile.

With kindest regards from us both,

Yours ever,

John

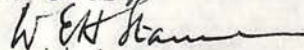
75 Empire Circuit,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603
5 October 1977

Dear Maude,

I would like you to know that I had every intention of coming to the party at which your old colleagues intended to honour themselves in your name last Friday. Indeed, I had let the department know my intention. But I am sorry to have to say that I came home in mid-afternoon, worn out by what I had been doing, lay down to rest and went to sleep until well after it would have been possible to beg admission at the door. I am afraid that I keep on repeating this performance (Jack Crawford and Nugget Coombs have both been exposed to it). May I make my full apologies, and hope that you will understand what is so apt to happen after one is 70.

Kindest regards to you both,

Yours ever,



W.E.H. Stanner

Professor H.E. Maude.

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
26th November, 1976.

Mr Frank Eyre,
Regional Consultant,
Oxford University Press,
26 Philipson Street,
ALBERT PARK, Victoria 3206.

Dear Frank,

The Changing Pacific

Thanks for your letter of the 18th. We were greatly intrigued, and needless to say delighted, to hear that the hot potato has landed on your lap again.

I hesitated to discuss the cover with Niel lest he should bring the College of Heraldry into the act once again. But Honor and I have talked it over at some length and we both like your idea of a montage illustrating change in the Pacific.

You could, for example, have illustrations featuring:-

- (1) Changing Islanders: (a) a group in pre-contact island dress; (b) Dr Guise in his wig and regalia as Speaker of the New Guinea Parliament.
- (2) Changing Education: (a) a class in native attire sitting on the floor in a thatched-roof village school; (b) a University of the South Pacific academic graduation procession.
- (3) Changing Buildings: (a) a Gilbertese traditional maneaba; an Intercontinental Hotel.
- (4) Changing Transportation: (a) a canoe; (b) an island schooner; (c) an aeroplane with 'Polynesian Airlines' or 'Air Pacific' emblazoned on it.
- (5) Changing Industries: (a) a group pressing coconut oil; (b) a modern copra processing plant.
- (6) Changing Technology: (a) a native operating a primitive pump-drill; (b) a native operating a power lathe in a factory.
- (7) Changing Handicrafts: (a) beating tapa; (b) silk-screen printing.

And so on: the contrasts between the old and the new in the Pacific are innumerable. I expect that we could find illustrations in books, brochures, tourist literature and magazines for most of these, or substitutes of a similar character.

The only objection that we see is that the montage would have little, if any, relation to the contents of the book. As you know, I haven't seen any of the papers myself but from the list of titles they appear to represent a series of studies in cultural dynamics, by which I mean studies of changes in particular aspects of the culture of specific communities over a period of time. Most of them, I should judge, are not concerned with the Pacific of today, and all seem to be on rather specialized ethnohistorical themes.

This being so, would not anyone buying the book on the strength of the cover feel that he had been deceived? I know the book is called The Changing Pacific but I suppose that is because the studies are essentially diachronic; and all diachronic, as opposed to synchronic, studies necessarily involve change over time. But the sort of change the papers are about might be rather difficult to illustrate, being cultural change, and certainly I couldn't even begin to suggest appropriate illustrations without reading through each of them.

Your original idea was, I think, a portrait in the centre with illustrations of the various parts of the Pacific where I had worked and which featured in my writings. That is why we sent you those pictures of the Gilberts, Phoenix, Fiji, Tonga and Pitcairn. The Gilberts, if I remember rightly, featured the Colony schooner Nimanoa, on which I spent over a year of my life; the Pitcairn one was of me at the opening of the first post office cum government office; Fiji was of me writing at my desk in the Western Pacific High Commission office with a map of the W.P.H.C. behind me (I particularly liked it as it symbolized the running of the old Empire); Tonga was at the opening of Parliament (in the Western style, in contrast to Pitcairn).

The Phoenix photo was one of me holding an umbrella against the sun while raising the Union Jack on McKean Island, and will be found at the top left of the page of photos facing p.64 in the original J.P.S. version of 'The Colonization of the Phoenix Islands'. The others were all unpublished.

These (except the Phoenix one) Honor tells me you still possess as the only original items sent back were some photos of me. The best photos of me, I'm told, are the two framed ones from her dressing table which she sent for Of Islands and Men; she still hankers after them, as they were the only ones she still possessed of me from the past.

We have thought and thought but can come up with no really good ideas for a cover, other than a montage of little maps (or little pictures) of the areas featured in the papers. One could easily find a good photo of Tahiti, one of the Marquesas, a diagram of Tarawa, and so on. Cover presentation is such a highly specialized and technical business that my thoughts never get beyond a brown paper wrapper or else pictures of island belles in local dress.

Things are a bit hectic this end as I have been asked rather pressingly - 'implore' was the word used in the cable - to leave for Suva, and possibly from there to Tarawa in connexion with a workshop for island historians, under the auspices of the University of the South Pacific. Its all part of the picture of being the sort of grandfather figure in the Pacific historical world (you started it by putting me on the map). If I don't get out of it I may be leaving tomorrow.

Yours,

John

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

REGIONAL CONSULTANT

Telephone: 699 1419

18 November 1976



26 PHILIPSON STREET

ALBERT PARK

Melbourne 3206

Dear Harry,

The Changing Pacific

I don't know whether you will be amused - relieved? - or simply cynical to learn that we have now suddenly be asked, after all, to take a hand in the design of this, and in particular to produce a jacket!

Muriel, after a number of disconcerting experiences, was not too enthusiastic in general, but has been persuaded to have a go at this one, since it is yours and we all feel committed to the book.

That being so, what would you like us to use? I know that we have written, and talked, about this before, but we didn't follow that up because the book was taken away from us as a printing job - though Wendy, as you know, has always been the editor. I did ask Niel, at one time, for his ideas and all he could produce was that dreadful suggestion of the flags of all nations - or was it their crests? Or their stamps?

If you have any pet ideas yourself we'd ^{love} look to use them. So do, please have a good hard thing about it with Honor, for we'd like this book to be as near as you would wish it to be as possible. If you haven't any ideas (and only if you haven't) how would you react to the idea of a montage, consisting of a head and shoulders of ^{HERM}HEM, smallish either in the top right hand corner or centred, with either round it, or radiating off from it, a number of separate photographs illustrating 'Change in the Pacific'? They would have to be fairly obvious, I suppose, and you may not like that, but it could look very attractive. If the idea appeals to you have you any photographs of that sort of thing? Or could you suggest anywhere we could find some?

Yours,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'John'.

Professor Sir John Crawford,
Chancellor, Australian National University,
CANBERRA, A.C.T.

Dear Sir John,

It was most kind of you indeed to send me
your good wishes on the occasion of the presentation of my
festschrift on my seventieth birthday. We realized that you were
away at the time; and it gave me a very warm feeling of
gratitude that you should have written on your return. Bill Stanner
also wrote, as he had fallen asleep after a hard day's work and
only woke up after the dinner was over.

The dinner and festschrift were both admirably organized
by Neil Gammon: a relaxed and happy party of some 30 to 40
old friends which my wife and I will treasure for the remainder
of our days. I must confess that I had never realized that such
unaffected kindness existed, especially as shown to me who had
come so late to the academic feast and without a proper wedding
gift.

Indeed I have cause to realize now than ever how lucky
academic are, not only in their colleagues, but in being able to
carry on their work after retirement as happily as before. Of
what other profession can we say so much. As I write I am
deep in the Pennsylvanian Slave Trade which defoliated 19 Polynesian
islands; ^{this was} originally intended to be a paper, then a monograph, and now
a book, which the A.N.U. Press have asked to publish.
Yours sincerely,

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Chancellor

12th November 1976

Professor H.E. Maude
77 Arthur Circle
Forrest, ACT, 2603

Dear Harry,

I was most disappointed to discover on my return from overseas recently that I had missed an opportunity to join with others in celebrating your seventieth birthday and your vast achievement in the field of Pacific history.

Please do accept my regrets and my belated but none-the-less warm good wishes for that occasion.

Yours sincerely,



(J.G. Crawford)

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
29th November, 1976.

Professor Noel Rutherford,
Department of History,
The University of Newcastle,
NEWCASTLE, New South Wales 2308.

Dear Noel,

We were delighted to hear the good news that you had made it to the padded chair, on which may you long sit enthroned while you declaim in oracular phrases to awed groups of disciples sitting in rows on the verdant pile of your new carpet.

I suppose this means that you are reconciled to living in Newcastle: at least no one can say now that the prophet is without honour in his own country. I have often meant to ask you what became of your bosom pal, John Bach. Can it be that you have outpaced him, or perhaps as a notable exponent of the 'Yo, Ho, Ho' School he has joined the local shipbuilding industry?

Yes, it was indeed a happy and relaxed party on my seventieth birthday, and one which Honor and I will treasure for the remainder of our days. When I left the Department before my time owing to the Byzantine intrigues which seemed to permeate the very air in the corridors I wrote off the academic world as bastards.

I now realize that I was quite wrong; and the final proof was the festschrift written by twenty good companions in sweat, blood and tears (at least that's how my papers get written) and the thirty odd who spent an inordinate sum each of them to say good-bye to an old has-been. I honestly didn't know such disinterested kindness existed.

And not least by any means I must thank you for coming all the way from Newcastle to lend that aura of nascent professorial distinction to the proceedings.

Wishing you and your family all the best in your new sphere,

Yours ever,

John



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEWCASTLE
NEW SOUTH WALES, 2308

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

TELEPHONE 68 0401

EXT. 260

24/11/76

Dear Harry,
I thought you might be pleased to know that the powers that be have ordained that as from 1/1/77 I shall have carpet on my office floor (choice of bilious green or vomitous yellow), have a small salary increment, and be called in all official correspondence Associate Professor Ruthford.

Thank you very much for your efforts in this direction over several years. I trust you were not forced into extreme forms of pejury.

It was good to see you on your birthday, and what a wonderful night it was.

Many thanks and all best wishes

Neil Ruthford

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
3rd December, 1976.

Dear Alex,

Thank you so much for your kind felicitations on my reaching the prescribed allotment of years. It was a very happy and relaxed party of old friends from various parts of Australia, and even as far afield as New Zealand, and despite our apprehensions, Honor and I enjoyed it very much.

So far I have not been allowed to see the contributions to the festschrift but am told to possess my soul in patience until the book is published. But the list of contributors is awesome and the titles of their papers sound fascinating.

I look forward especially to reading the paper which you so generously contributed. I can think of no more interesting period in Pacific history than that of the Spanish in the Marianas, nor one on which so little is known 'down under'.

I too am engaged with the Spanish at the moment, albeit in a small way, as I am writing a monograph on the Peruvian Labour Trade of 1862-1863 and the worst slaver of an infamous fleet was the 400-ton Rosa y Carmen, sailing under the Spanish flag and with a villainous one-eyed Spanish captain. A pity she was rescued by two Spanish warships off Callao when she was about to be seized by a French squadron.

Wishing Anne and you a Happy Christmas and a peaceful and productive 1977; academics are so lucky, for there is a reasonable chance of their dying pen in hand. Of what other profession can one say as much?

Yours ever,



H.E. Maude.



University of Pittsburgh

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
Department of Anthropology

October 9, 1976

Dear Harry

This note is to extend my very best wishes and congratulations to you on the occasion of your birthday and the presentation of your festschrift, even though the latter has not yet been delivered by the printer. Niel Gunson kindly informed me of the dinner in your honor, and I am indeed regretful that distance precluded my attending. You have a great many contributions to be honored for, not the least being the Journal of Pacific History, whose thriving state must be a source of satisfaction to you.

Anne joins me in best regards to you and to Honor, and I trust that all goes well with you both.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Alex".

Alexander Spoehr

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
3rd December, 1976.

Dear Raymond,

Thank you for your Christmas good wishes and your kind felicitations on Harry having reached his prescribed allotment of years.

We had a very happy and relaxed party of old friends from various parts of Australia, and even as far afield as New Zealand (including our niece Eryl), and despite our apprehensions we enjoyed it all very much.

It was all superbly organized by Niel Gunson and fortunately speeches were got over first. Oskar Spate gave his usual mellifluous oration and Harry replied, though one cannot easily compete with Oskar when he gets going.

We have not even seen the festschrift as yet, only a beautiful green leather case to put it into, as strikes and the like have delayed its publication until March. But the list of contributors is a bit awesome and the titles cover a fascinating range of studies in cultural dynamics from New Guinea to the Marquesas.

Harry is halfway through a paper or monograph on the Peruvian-Polynesian Slave Trade of 1862-1863 and is consequently dead to the world. When he comes to Honor hopes to have her turn on completing the Solomon String Figures.

Hoping that all goes well with you and with best wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

Yours ever,

H.C.M.

H.E.M.



DAVID PLAYING THE HARP

The Oscott Psalter

(Size of original $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.)

Add. MS. 50000, f. 15b

English, about A.D. 1270

Harry & Honor

With Best Wishes
for Christmas and the
New Year

from Raymond.

and congratulations for Harry
on the 70th celebration.

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
27th April, 1978.

Dear Norma,

Honor joins me in thanking you ever so much for your kindness in giving such a superb party for us on Sunday.

As you know we are scarcely regular party fans and have almost given up going out these days, but everyone and everything was so nice and friendly and informal that we felt quite at home and enjoyed ourselves tremendously meeting, in several cases for the first time in years, so many old friends from the University.

We do realize and appreciate what a lot of trouble you took (especially as you were still crook from flu), to make everything go with such éclat; and we especially appreciated the delectable smoked salmon, which as the pièce de résistance could not have been bettered.

Having now had time to digest The Changing Pacific in peace and quiet we are quite overcome not only by the overly-generous prefaces of Niel and Robert but by the superlative standard of the papers. I suppose that I am a biased reader since they are all on my kind of history, but I must say that I have never read a more interesting symposium written round a common theme. It makes one feel humble indeed to be associated with the venture.

Your own excellent article is especially welcome for its bearing on the epidemics, both in Peru and on shipboard, which decimated the Polynesians taken there. The crowding in the holds, particularly on the Rosa y Carmen and the two repatriation vessels, would have beaten that in Inglis's church when full, so I am not surprised that both droplet and bacterial infections were rife.

Incidentally, it seems clear that we must migrate from St Johns, where they pack so many to the square metre that one can see the droplets crowding the air, to St Pauls, where one has several metres all to oneself and the droplets would in any case be frozen en route.

Again many thanks for a wonderful congé and vale party,

Yours,



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

REGIONAL CONSULTANT

Telephone: 699 1419

14 September 1976



26 PHILIPSON STREET

ALBERT PARK

Melbourne 3206

Dear Harry,

The Changing Pacific

Wendy finally got the last bits and pieces of this from Niel on Friday (10 September). We had had everything else for the book ready waiting for a long time, so we were able to pass this to DCC immediately, so that he could get the book to press.

But there isn't, of course, any chance at all of our now being able to get anything at all for you in time for the party. So is a relief that you said, when we last met, that this wouldn't worry you at all.

Wendy and I would both have liked to come to your party, but unhappily that is one of the week-ends when Wendy has her children, and so she can't. I'm coming along, however, and will look forward to seeing you both.

DCC passed me a copy of his letter to you about the second collection of papers. I shall be interested to read your reply! He seems to have quite a thing about royalties, because he has written in the same vein to Niel, but at least it is good that he has no doubt at all about the book itself.

With this I am returning five of the photographs of you that Honor sent to Wendy. The other two DCC has. I don't think which should continue to keep these others because they may get lost and I'm sure Honor wouldn't want that to happen to them.

Regards,

Y
1976

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
26th April, 1978.

Dear Niel,

I have now had time to look at, admire and meditate on The Changing Pacific in peace and quiet, and I want to say unreservedly what a grand work it is and how much I appreciate the immense effort you must have put into its production.

It would be a captious critic indeed who could fault any part of this book, from its attractive jacket and end-paper maps to its model bibliography and index. In brief, you have successfully laboured to make a fitting repository for a symposium of the most scholarly and yet fascinating articles, at least in my opinion, that have ever been brought together on the theme of Pacific ethnohistory.

Many, probably most, of the papers (though I have not as yet read them all), represent in subject and treatment just the genre of research studies that I should have wished to write myself, had I possessed the ability and time. That they clearly share a common theme in their emphasis on the dynamics of culture contact and change, the very backbone of Pacific social studies, constitutes a major feat in editorial acumen and persistence.

But what I really wanted to say was how deeply Honor and I were touched by your discerning and sensitive Introduction. It is, I fear, far too complimentary, but I take the very kind things you have said as coming from a generous heart and as relating not so much my accomplishments as the things I should have wished to have done and the influence I should have liked to possess. What astonishes me is that you should know so accurately my inner yearnings and fears, for I had hardly articulated some of them even to myself.

I want you to know, Niel, how much I appreciate your warm-heartedness in making our lives appear to have been somehow worth while; and what more satisfaction could anyone ask for as they approach the end of their days.

This is a matter of importance mainly to ourselves, but far more important to others is the fact that you have succeeded in bringing out a book which I firmly believe will come to be recognized as a signpost in the progress of our sub-discipline, pointing it towards a fruitful future in which archaeology and prehistory, oral tradition, anthropology, geography, documentary history and the other social sciences will combine to produce a more credible synthesis of the history of the Pacific Islands peoples than the historian can hope to do alone.

I feel sure that this book is an important milestone in that it proves what we have been saying for many years: that only through island-orientated, multi-disciplinary research will Pacific history cease to be a minor and relatively insignificant regional branch of European colonial studies. Though I may have been an unwitting excuse for this much-needed demonstration, I rejoice that it will be your name that will come to be recognized as the instigator and organizer of the work that for the first time establishes Pacific ethnohistory as a pre-eminently regarding study in its own right.

Again my heartfelt thanks,

Yours ever,

SLM

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
14th June, 1978.

Dear Oskar,

Not being orally loquacious or even coherent I have been meaning to write and thank you most sincerely for your kindness in producing such a superb introductory paper for The Changing Pacific.

The book itself is a sheer delight, at least to me, since it brings together a quite remarkable series of research papers by a cross-section of scholars from a variety of disciplines, united in their interest in the study of the Pacific in time-depth.

I feel, however, that except to the eye of a devotee the book would have appeared a series of discrete particularities without the essential coalescence which your contribution provides. It was exactly what was wanted to bring a unity to the whole.

Who was it that sub-titled his book on the Pacific, 'The Biography of an Ocean', for this I take it is the essence of your oceanic history and what, one hopes, your magnum opus is to be? I remember as yesterday the first time I read Melville's golden words: 'This serene Pacific once beheld, must ever be the sea of his adoption. It rolls the midmost waters of the world, the Indian ocean and the Atlantic being but its arms.'; and though I have accomplished too few works in its honour, at least I have never gone a-whoring after any other God.

And I am grateful for your timely words to those leading the present backlash against expatriate writers of Pacific history; it feels odd after a decade of urging the claims of island-oriented historiography to find oneself excluded by virtue of skin colour from participating in what one has helped to bring about - for example by Robert Rex in the latest issue of Pacific Perspective, where he calls on the South Pacific Conference to institute 'a research project aimed at the collection and production of a history of the Pacific people' and then adds almost as a matter of course that 'such a project should be undertaken entirely by indigenous Pacific people'. Surely this is 'tribal solipsism', to use your delicious phrase.

But I could go on commenting on each paragraph you have written, so much do I agree with what you say. It is indeed a paper which evokes the response: 'if only I could have written that myself'.

But I must return to the antics of my beloved slavers, but not before saying a special thank you for the overly kind words with which you associated my name in several passages; and for your commendation of Willowdean's Thunder from the Sea. Let us hope that it may enable the book to take off; for once it does it will become required reading for every island aficionado.

Yours ever,



P.S. I suppose that you wouldn't care to go to the University of Guam as a Professor Emeritus for 4½ months to help with two others to get their Pacific Studies programme drafted out; I gather that its only to serve on a committee, not to teach? Lovely climate, nice people, \$12,270 + fares for both of you + relocation expenses \$1,400. If you think that you might be prepared to consider it, as a paid holiday, I would be delighted to give more details.

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
21st May, 1978.

Dear Norah,

Thanks for the Island Heritage catalogue which I am returning herewith. I see that no less a person than the President 'would appreciate your thoughts': how nice it sounds, I can't remember anyone ever wanting to solicit my thoughts, which are usually pretty scatty.

But I'm afraid you'll have to get your thought processes working overtime before you'll be able to work a plan for selling Island Heritage books to 'Australian educational customers' for with one or two exceptions they don't seem to me to be that sort of book; but rather easy to read, well-illustrated introductions to subjects - well designed for school libraries in Hawaii and the West Coast as well as for the general reader.

Apart from pure Hawaiiana the possible exceptions are Unless Haste is Made and Captain Cook in Hawaii, both of which might (or might not) be worth buying by someone working on Pacific history.

Dear Norah I was more than pleased and most grateful for all the trouble you took over by bibliography in The Changing Pacific. As a candid friend remarked last week it was so well set out that it almost looked as if I'd done some work in my life.

You have only to compare it with the pedestrian way Leonard Mason did Katharine Luomala's bibliography in her festschrift, Directions in Pacific Traditional Literature. Actually I felt quite relieved when I scanned through Katharine's because I had feared lest people might say mine was phoney - including introductions and such like. But with her they've included every three-line review that took perhaps half an hour to spin off.

I see that you've included one or two in mine, but only the ones I sweated over and not the minor notices in odd newspapers and periodicals. I reckon that's the right procedure. Yes, I think your bibliography was tops - not only impeccable in its format and consistency, but genuine in its criteria for inclusion.

I'd be grateful if you'd enquire tactfully among your wide circle of academic friends whether they wrote thanking each person who contributed papers towards their festschriften. I'm so socially gauche that I just don't know what Dorothy Dix lays down for such occasions.

Admittedly I've thanked all to whom I happen to be writing anyway, but should I send a letter to all 22 - like when I was young we used to be taught to write after going to a party (if I remember rightly it was called a Collins).

But then we had to call with 2 engraved (not printed) visiting cards after settling into a new place; and everyone had to return the call within a fortnight. And sometimes the top left hand corner had to be turned down; and sometimes not. And calls were 15 minutes if married and 10 if not. And after-dinner calls had also to be made within 14 days.

Heavens, what a lot my mother taught me; but then she had a 'Not at Home' box at the bottom of the garden, and the cards went into them except on Wednesday afternoons, which was her 'At Home' day. We've still got a silver plate for all the visiting cards to be put on on a table in the hall; but it must be 40 years since the poor thing saw the last one. Tempora mutantur.

Yours,

John M.



The Australian National University

The Research School of Pacific Studies

reference

Post Office Box 4 Canberra ACT 2600
Telegrams & cables NATUNIV Canberra
Telex AA62694 SOPAC Telephone 062-49 5111

Dept of Pacific & SE Asian History
27 April.

Dear Harry,

Thank you for your letter, with the enclosed publishers' material. There was no hurry to send the latter back, so I certainly wasn't watching the mail for it. To show my faith in your returning ability, I enclose the Island Heritage Books catalogue, which I mentioned to you on Sunday. There just might be something in it to interest you, though I don't think their stuff is exactly academic (despite Gavan's inclusion in their list as a best-selling author - see p. 12). Again, there is absolutely no need to send this catalogue back quickly - I will eventually get round to asking Menzies to track down some of the forthcoming books (Captain Cook in Hawaii, Kamehameha and Press Pacifica's Unless haste is made, for example), if they don't turn up in the National Library, and I will need to produce the catalogue when I do that.

I do hope very much that you were happy with your bibliography in The Changing Pacific. I was extremely disappointed that an apparent breakdown in communication with OUP's sub-editor resulted in a bit of a muddle at the end, where the Sabatier book appeared in 1976, and there



The Australian National University

The Research School of Pacific Studies

reference

Post Office Box 4 Canberra ACT 2600
Telegrams & cables NATUNIV Canberra
Telex AA62694 SOPAC Telephone 062-49 5111

there was no indication made that the year 1977 was supplementary to the main list. I don't suppose it's all that important, but just wish it hadn't happened.

Please tell Honor that Neal was very pleased with the stamps, particularly the 1/6d mint (I think that's right) which he didn't have. He now seems to have a complete set of the bird stamps. Incidentally I saw your name as a speaker at the Canberra Philatelic Society's meeting in August, I think, outside the clubrooms at the Griffin Centre. Your subject sounds much more interesting than the others .

Best wishes,

Norm

PS Did you receive the Maritime History of Australia brochure? I enclose a photocopy, in case you didn't

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
7th May, 1978.

Dear Margaret,

I get worse and worse as a correspondent as time flies on. Somehow the finishing of ones last books and papers seem to take on an urgency which transcends everything else. And I find that as I wind down it takes twice as long to do anything; or is it that the days are shorter.

Honor has despaired of getting her string figure monographs on the Tuamotus (with Kenneth) and the Solomons (with Raymond Firth and Christa de Coppet) published, so she is founding the Homa Press (after her name) and doing it herself, with the help of the University Printing Section.

Kenneth doesn't answer her questions about the Bishop Museum publishing the Tuamotu monograph and ORSTOM say that their Paris headquarters doesn't answer their queries about getting it published, so we guess the only thing is a do it yourself operation; and the University have been kind in giving her a small grant from the Nauru Publications Fund. We also hope to publish ~~Earl~~ Beaglehole's Pukapuka figures if she and the Bishop Museum agree.


I'm now deep in reconstructing and in places rewriting 'The Peruvian slavers in Polynesia'. Its all typed, or most of it, but needs to flow better from chapter to chapter and the style of my English requires improving.

We hope that you will like The Changing Pacific. Niel Gunson has done a really splendid job on its production and the articles are of a high standard - but then they are all written on subjects that interest me, so I expect that I'm not an impartial judge.

They gave us the book at a lunch party last week and so I have not had time to read through as yet. Niel has been a bit too kind on me, for he tries in his introduction to make out that I succeeded in doing the things that I tried to do; few of us ever do that, and certainly not me. But he certainly makes one feel that life was after all worth while; and I'm glad that Honor keeps coming up in the book, for we always did things together as a team. Here we feel a bit conspicuous, for our academic friends are mostly divorced; except for the young, who no longer bother to get married.

Hoping all goes well with you, and with love from us both,

Yours ever,



77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
7th May, 1978.

Dear Mary,

I hope that you will forgive my sending this rather exhibitionist piece of personal advertisement, but at least I have the excuse that I did not write any of it myself. It was meant kindly by some of our oldest friends in the world of Pacific studies as a sort of valedictory present: most probably a polite indication that the time had come for me to shut up, put on my carpet slippers and sit by the fire.

Robert Langdon's biographical essay may amuse you - its written in his best journalistic style, as befits a former newspaper reporter. But Niel Gunson's Introduction is a more serious piece of work, for as an academic colleague he has a sensitive approach to what one was trying to achieve and certainly sees it clearer than I ever did myself.

The articles are many of them superb, but a bit heavy going for anyone but a dedicated Pacific ethnologist, and I cannot recommend them for bedtime reading except possibly to induce sleep. They were written by anthropologists, historians, a geographer and a demographer, who share a common interest in the study of the evolution of Pacific Islands societies from the time the islands were first inhabited to the present day.

I suppose that my main hope is that the book will help to earn forgiveness for my being such a shocking correspondent. As Honor knows to her cost I have long lived in cloud cuckoo land and am at present in the middle of a book on Peruvian slavers in Polynesia; I guess that is why in defence she writes away at her own even more esoteric study of string figures, which I am delighted to see are included in Norah Forster's bibliographical listing..

I hope all goes well at Haslemere and that you have a really good summer. With us autumn is well advanced and the leaves are falling apace. It used to take me hours of gathering them up but now we have invested in an autovac - a sort of motor-driven outside vacuum cleaner which picks up half an acre of leaves in half an hour; pulverizes and compresses them in hessian bags for compost or leaf-mould. It makes all the difference to life since the fall lasts for about four months from Maples to the Pin Oaks.

With love from us both,

Harry

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
7th May, 1978.

Dear Maudie,

It does seem a bit exhibitionist to be sending you this but I remember that you were interested in 'Of Islands and Men' when you were here and also Eryl, I believe, wrote to you about the beautiful green case they gave me on my 70th birthday to house it in at a dinner party which nearly killed me off with fright - she didn't turn a hair herself.

Anyway the book to go in the case was apparently held over by the Oxford University Press until last week so that it could appear on their own 500th birthday and therefore have a special device on the title page. No doubt very important to them but hardly to the authors of the articles who were waiting to see them in print.

As the book was my farewell present from friends and colleagues in my line of business in various parts of the world I am not responsible for any of the contents: actually the first time I read anything in the book was last week when they shouted us a lunch and handed it over. Its a good production and the photo facing the title page is mercifully blacked out, while the biographical details are reasonably apocryphal. But the Introduction in particular does give one a sort of warm feeling that life may have been worthwhile after all.

In fact we felt so good that what with the garden being knee-deep in autumn leaves we went and bought an autovac - a sort of motor-driven outside vacuum cleaner which does in half an hour what used to take two days, sucking up every leaf and pulverizing and compressing them in hessian bags for making compost or leaf-mould. It should fill our bins of oak leaves full to the brim for the first time in years.

I do realize and am ashamed that I am such a terrible correspondent. Not that I don't write most of the day, but its always on work and I never can think of anything else to talk about. Right now I'm finishing a book on Peruvian slavers in Polynesia, and Honor is correcting the proofs of her latest monograph on the string figures of the Tuamotu Islands. The University have given her a grant and she is forming The Homa Press to produce it and others by offset photography, like she did her book on the Nauru figures.

I wish you could see the garden these days for it has gone ahead since you were here - full of lovely colourful king parrots this week eating the apples and the crataegus seeds. Stupid animals really but they look so nice.

With love from us both,

Harry

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
30th April, 1978.

Dear Robert,

I have more or less recovered from the shock of finding my festschrift such a superb production; somehow it had never seemed likely to become a reality until I actually saw it in the flesh at Norma's. At least I didn't expect to be alive to read it.

Perhaps wrongly, I had never considered myself, despite innumerable kindnesses from individuals, as more than a tolerated outsider at the University; a non-academic who had slipped in through the back entrance pro tem through Jim being a bit of an iconoclast.

So the quality of my valedictory present has come as a distinct shock now that I have begun to peruse the erudite contributions to a symposium on the sort of history I have always hoped would develop, and which emerges quite clearly from a study of the essays as a whole.

However, none of this would have happened but for the protracted labours of a few very kind friends: Niel and you, Caroline, Jenny, Norah and Robyn, for it is idle to suppose that a book of such substance just happens. I remember telling you once that I had never had a friend in the world and never expected to; I now begin to suspect that I must have a few exceptional ones in my old age, despite a congenital reclusivity.

Anyway I wanted to say how much I appreciate your very kind and ably written biographical sketch. I read it with no little trepidation lest you had repeated in your text some of the appalling canards which I must have perpetrated when reminiscing to you, but you have succeeded admirably in separating the reasonably truthful from the shaggy dog stories of a mis-spent life.

Many thanks indeed for making it all sound credible and interesting. I'm quite sure that no one could have done it so well and I am grateful that you were willing to undertake it when already engaged on the far more exciting work of vindicating, supplementing and extending the thesis advanced in The Last Caravel.

Here's wishing you all success in convincing at least your less ossified objectors,

Yours,

John

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
7th May, 1978.

Dear Paddy,

Well, you asked for it (or did you, I can't remember now) so I'm sending you a copy of The Changing Pacific, with my respectful good wishes, though I'm not sending them to anyone else bar my sisters, who always called me the 'loon' anyway and are not likely to change.

Somehow, even to a paranoid egocentric like myself it seems laid on a bit thick, but it was all meant kindly; and the articles (or those I've read so far) are really good stuff.

As for the rest, they have mercifully blacked out most of the face in my photo and I know you'll get a good laugh at Robert Langdon's apocryphal story of a mis-spent life, especially as I saw your name in it somewhere.

Oscar Spate, the only geographer in the team of writers, is at his usual best; how I wish I could write like him and, believe it or not, it just flows out straight to his typewriter without a draft and with very little need for correction.

Enough of this - I hear that Deryck Scarr and his lady friend are in Suva now so you'll be able to get a daily ear-bashing on what a swine I am, and always was, not to get him made Professor instead of Gavan Daws; not that I had anything to do with it, not being on the Selection Committee, bar writing him a reference far better than he deserved.

Bengt Danielsson and his wife, from Tahiti, have just been in to see us. They are very good value, but how long he'll be able to stay out of gaol with the French gunning for him goodness knows. You should read his book on Mururoa, now out in paperback.

Honor has been given a grant by the University and is founding The Homa Press (bet you can't think how she got the name) to publish the rest of her string figure monographs and those by other worthies in the esoteric fraternity of Oceanic string figure makers.

With our joint salutations,

Yours,
J.S.M.

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
7th May, 1978.

Dear Muriel,

The festschrift, that Eryl made a song and dance about, has been published at last. I had quite given it away as the Oxford University Press had held it up for their quingentenary celebrations - that must be the right word for I have just looked it up in the dictionary, though I never heard it before. You'll see the special 'Device' to indicate their 500th year of publishing just above the imprint on the title page; not that it really matters to anyone but them.

The biographical sketch by Robert Langdon is, I think, as reasonably accurate as one could expect considering it was compiled from bits and pieces he collected when listening to my garrulous reminiscences. Robert used to be the top Pacific journalist and had the sense to omit or discount my less credible stories; on the other hand he was hostile to suggested amendments by Honor, who read what he had written.

Niel Gunson's Introduction is a sensitive and perceptive essay which I rather like because he has been able to articulate what I was trying to do even when I was hardly conscious of having any coherent aspirations. But these may show up clearer in the papers by old colleagues and friends, for this is the first time that anthropologists, historians and other social scientists have got together to write a symposium on Pacific ethnohistory: the concerns of everyday islanders instead of the European V.I.Ps beloved by the orthodox historians.

It seems terrible to be talking about oneself but I had to try and explain about the book. The people who deserve credit for its appearance are of course Niel and his collaborators, who spent months working on preparing it; not really so much for me, though I like to kid myself that it was, but for a cause in which I am only a convenient symbol happening to pass out of currency at a time when what we were aiming at was beginning to emerge. However I feel very grateful to one and all for making it appear that what were in fact a series of happenstances were deliberately contrived; and that all was worth while.

Things are as quiet as we can make them here and I am beginning to feel that we have really retired - the autumn in particular gives one that feeling with the garden deep in tinted leaves and flocks of birds gorging on the berries: the parrots making themselves sick on the

crataegus and the kurrawongs on the sophora outside the window, and just about everybody on the fallen apples.

The first draft of the Peruvian slavers in Polynesia is done and I am now trying to reconstruct it in some sort of order of events that makes sense and also to rewrite passages in hopefully literary English. Honor has just got a grant from the University for her 'String Figures of the Tuamotu Islands' and is forming a Press of her own - the Homa Press - to produce it and the Solomon Islands monograph; and maybe some others by her esoteric fraternity.

With love from us both,

Harry

Statement 2

Financial Year 1.7.75 - 30.6.76

B. Supplementary Pension Overseas Service

(1) Source of Pension received: Great Britain.

(2) Amount received = \$2535.25.

(3) Amount of tax deducted = £801.30.

(4) Documentary evidence to support that the tax has been paid: Crown Agents' Payment counterfoils.

Notes: The actual pension

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
7th May, 1978.

Dear Eryl,

I'm sorry that I'm such a wretched correspondent; and I get worse and worse as time flies on. Somehow the finishing of the final books and papers seem to take on an urgency which transcends everything else. And I find that as I wind down it takes twice as long to do anything; or is it that the days are really shorter?

Still more to the point I can never think of anything to say for as we don't go out and everyone who comes here talks only about the island world and its doings life is just about as boring as can be; except for us.

However this is to send you a copy of The Changing Pacific, for which you'll remember they gave us a beautiful green leather case to house it in when you were over here - at a dinner which nearly killed me off with sheer terror.

I'd long given it away but apparently the O.U.P. wanted to hold it up for their quingentenary celebrations (I bet you don't know what that means, but I just found it in the dictionary) so that it could have a special 'Device' above the imprint on the title page. No doubt it pleased them but it made the contributors properly rovable for they were waiting to see their efforts in print.

The papers are first-class and I can understand some of them if I spell out the longer words and keep a glossary handy. Its the first time that the Pacific ethnohistorians have got together on a symposium, and the result shows quite clearly a common interest in cultural dynamics and a distinctive methodology. I suppose that what I used to call the 'constipated school' of orthodox documentary historians would wonder what its all about.

As for the rest of it they have mercifully backed out most of my face in the photo, a great improvement on the one Honor sent them. And Niel in his introduction has been altogether too kind in relating not so much accomplishments as the things I should have wished to have done and the influence I should have liked to have possessed. Robert has been more objective, as befits a journalist but even he has omitted the more conspicuous failures; or maybe I forgot to tell him about them.

I'm glad that Honor has come into the picture in so many places, for as you know she is the family motivator and activator. She's been given a grant by the University in aid of the publication of her string figure monographs and

is founding the Homa Press (from her name - she thought of it in the middle of the night and woke me up) and the A.N.U. Printing Office is producing the first work - on the Solomon Islands - by offset photography from Anvida's superb typescript, which we are now proof-reading.

Meanwhile with all this brouhaha the garden was getting knee-deep in leaves - its autumn over here - and we were eventually forced to get an autovac: a sort of outsize vacuum cleaner which clears an acre of leaves in an hour, pulverizes and compresses them into hessian bags for making compost or leaf-mould. What used to take me two days is now over in half an hour.

The older one gets the kinder people seem to be: I suppose they reckon one is no longer competing with them in the rat race. We feel quite upset to think of the amount of sheer kindness that went into the preparation of the festschrift, and now the angel Marney Dunn, the wife of the Ambassador to the Argentine, has spent months of her spare time translating all the Peruvian Department of Foreign Affairs correspondence on the Peruvian slave trade in Polynesia for the book I'm on.

The first draft is done and typed but it needs to be restructured so that it flows easily from chapter to chapter; and rewritten in English. Probably there is too much detail, the besetting sin of historiographers, and it all requires tightening up. Would that you were here to do all this for I cannot see the wood owing to the plenitude of trees.

I do hope that you are enjoying life once more, what with married bliss and a surfeit of sons to fetch and carry and keep the place clean and tidy. Muriel seems from her last letter to have quite come round on the subject of your scholastic pursuits and speaks of them in commendatory phraseology. I fancy that her views changed when, as she would see it in terms of Edwardian mores, you were provided with a proper breadwinner and could now afford to luxuriate a bit and indulge intellectual whims.

At all events the change seems to have dated rather significantly from your announcement. I doubt if she was ever really anti-erudite interests per se but rather that her own experience of life has led her to put bread before caviare. My own experience has fortunately been rather different: that if one concentrates on obtaining as much caviare as possible the bread somehow always turns up too.

After that exhausting exercise in applied philosophy I shall say au revoir with love from us both,

Yours etc,

Harry

and the
of both a
vulnera-
writes so

tail. (The symbol stings ra-
ciously through the book any-
way!) He gauges Heard's mood
as he sees him "carefully, dan-
gerously . . . levelling perfectly
the layer of marmalade on his

looking at the page.
next production, Heard jokingly
offers a musical version of
King Lear, and they call his
bluff. The play is to be a parodic
splicing of Shakespeare and the

ing of all the preceding comedy,
in the manner of the epilogue to
American Graffiti, and relatively
minor lapses such as this are
almost forgotten.

Historian of the Pacific

IN THE PAST 10 years or so an increasing number of very good books about the Pacific has appeared, more than one with an introduction or preface by H. E. Maude.

Others give grateful thanks to him for advice or information, or permission to quote from his writings; others again bristle with Maude footnotes.

The Changing Pacific is a more substantial acknowledgement and tribute to one who, despite his self-effacing ways and dislike of personal publicity, is now recognised as "the pre-eminent historian of the Pacific," terms which I'm sure would give him much amusement.

Originally, this elegant, impeccably produced book was planned as a collection of essays by Maude's friends and colleagues, to be presented to him on his retirement from the Department of Pacific History at the Australian National University and from his position as co-editor of the *Journal of Pacific History*.

The chosen theme was change in the Pacific, one of Maude's great interests, and contributions were invited from distinguished scholars all over the world. The authors included here, too numerous to list by name, are working in Australia, Hawaii, Canada, the Pacific Islands and the United States mainland, studying and recording aspects of Pacific history and culture before they are lost for ever.

Though the contributors are perhaps more concerned with the pursuit and preservation of knowledge than with entertaining the layman, I don't suppose they will object if I suggest that the book should appeal to many general readers as well as to specialists.

THE CHANGING PACIFIC: Essays in Honour of H. E. Maude. Edited by Niel Gunson (Oxford University Press, \$25)

Reviewed by NANCY PHELAN

In the first essay, on Harry Maude, "shy proconsul", Robert Langdon tells how Maude, with an honours degree in anthropology, went straight from Cambridge to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony, working there for Arthur Grimble. Many years later, after serving all over the Pacific and ending as resident commissioner of the Gilberts, he left the Colonial Service and joined the South Pacific Commission as executive officer for social development. His first concern there was, as always, the welfare of the islanders.

For five years I was one of his staff. We were a very small, almost family group working harmoniously under his guidance, with various specialists ("outside egg-boys") called in to do different projects.

Being shy and sensitive himself, "Maudie" was a perceptive, intuitive boss with a tremendous and subtle sense of humour. All direction was done by suggestion, almost diffidently, with discussion always invited, but since he had a genius for knowing our capabilities better than we did, we constantly found ourselves undertaking jobs we would never have thought possible. (No doubt his students and colleagues at the ANU will recognise the form.)

Good ideas were always encouraged and backed up against official apathy or timorousness, and our mistakes were pointed out as tactfully as if we were his beloved Gilbertese, likely to kill ourselves if we lost face. A great deal was also accomplished with gales of laughter. The result was a happy and devoted staff which, infected by his love of the Pacific and following his own example,

cheerfully worked quite phenomenal hours.

Many well-known Pacific specialists came to our section during those years, including some of the contributors to this book. A favourite visitor was the late, much-loved J. W. Davidson, Professor of Pacific History at the ANU, even then angling, in his gentle way, for Maude to join him. Eventually, when bureaucracy had beaten us and writing reports had taken priority over real work, "Maudie" accepted his offer.

At the ANU his unique combination of experience as colonial administrator, intimate first-hand knowledge of the islands, love and understanding of Pacific peoples and dedication to Pacific ethno-history, fitted happily into the sort of department Davidson was developing.

With Davidson, he founded and edited the *Journal of Pacific History*. He started and promoted the series of monographs on Pacific history, created the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau and built up a valuable collection, working ceaselessly to lay foundations for future historians.

Apart from his own students, there was always his hope that one day, Pacific Islanders would write their own histories, for as he says in the introduction to his book *Of Islands and Men*, "as a result of many years spent among the islanders I have become convinced that it is through a proper sense of pride in their history that they will once again find themselves."

It is said he is threatening to really stop work. Perhaps. Maude giving up the Pacific would be like Ulysses settling down in suburbia.

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
31st March, 1979.

Father Francis X. Hezel, S.J.,
Micronesian Seminar,
TRUK, Caroline Islands,
Trust Territory, Pacific 96942.

Dear Father Hezel,

I have indeed done those things which I ought not to have done, and as a consequence left undone those things which I ought to have done, as we learn at Matins on Sunday.

For at my age I should not have embarked on a major research project on a subject few Pacific historians have ever heard of, and as a result I found myself locked into a bind (if I've got the current trendy phrase right) and eventually had to be taken over by Honor who took away all my letters (which had been taking three days a week to answer), cut off the telephone, banned visitors and put me incommunicado and in purdah until I had finished the job.

It was a salutary, mind clarifying experience such as I imagine only Catholics in retreat are accustomed to; for the tumult of the world receded and I found myself living for 24 hours a day in the mid-nineteenth century in Eastern Polynesia and Peru. It is curious that the University system is designed to prevent one from doing just that: with its everlasting committees, seminars, supervisions, and above all its sterile but endemic in-fighting.

As a result I lost the few friends I had, but the book is completed and gone to a professional for final typing - there are sure to be some revisions, but I hope not too many. I've called it 'Slavers in Paradise. The Peruvian Slave Trade in Polynesia, 1862-1864', but academic publishers may well ban the first three words with a shudder.

Man seems to possess an innate desire to perpetuate some part of himself: some procreate, some create works of art or elaborate tombstones. I have an urge to write something which, in my conceit, I like to think may be referred to by somebody even a hundred years hence, and I sometimes picture him turning over the pages and wondering what that old ass was like who wrote in the incredibly primitive conditions of the 1970s.

For we live in the dying age of personal composition, and I find my younger colleagues collecting data and 'processing input', and servicing their computers, translating machines and word processors without having to put pen to paper themselves.

I have been reading through a number of your papers and articles on education in Micronesia, as they are being accessioned for my Pacific Islands Library in Adelaide, and it made me smile to find you worrying about so many of the same problems that we had in the Gilberts (indeed still have, and probably will continue to have).

Our trouble has been for years that the people demand an education for their children that unfits them for atoll life; and for every white-collar job in the islands there must be a hundred applicants, which means ninety-nine disgruntled misfits. I feel very happy about independence for the Gilberts this year, for surely they cannot make a worse mess than we did, and if there is less money to make it with that will not be such a bad thing.

There were six Europeans in the Gilberts Government when I joined the Service; now there are 130 odd, I believe, with hundreds more Gilbertese, all for the population of a small town; with an infrastructure which can only be maintained by the continual injection of millions of dollars from the developed world. One would have no objection to the colonial powers assuaging their guilt feelings by parting with superfluous cash so long as it doesn't turn the once proud and self-reliant islanders into a race of mendicants content to live on the dole in perpetuity. Like the Banabans, who have never, in the 50 years I've known them, done a stroke of work.

Which reminds me that the Government of the Gilbert Islands have kindly invited us both as official guests to attend the Independence Celebrations of the new State of Kiribati from July 5-14, with all expenses paid. We feel very flattered but a bit nervous to find that out of 34 official guests Governor Ariyoshi of Hawaii and ourselves are the only ones invited by name; the others are all countries or international organizations. We thought of returning via Micronesia but believe that it is the most expensive place left in the world for travellers, and the air fares the highest, so hope to go to Hawaii instead.

I am very conscious of the fact that I have never thanked you for that superb article which you so kindly wrote for my festschrift. It was the first chapter that I turned to after I was eventually presented with a copy of the book (for it was, as you no doubt know, delayed by strikes and other mishaps); and I was delighted with it for it epitomizes the rise and fall of beachcombing in the Carolines in your usual felicitous phraseology and embodies a wealth of research. There is much there that I never appreciated, such as the successful role of the beachcombers on Ponape as monopolistic middlemen. I wonder if you've read Martin Zelenietz and David Kravitz, 'Absorption, trade and warfare: beachcombers on Ponape, 1830-1854' in Ethnohistory, 21:3 (1974), pp.223-49; not as good as your paper even though they were more limited in their scope.

I feel that there is a real dramatic story somewhere on the beachcombers of Kusaie: that cannon booming out from the Kusaie shore has haunted me for years. I seem to remember something about them in a sort of embryo history of Kusaie by a Hawaiian missionary, in the ABCFM papers, but have never been able to find it again.

A girl working for me on the Peruvians mentioned that she had seen a swag of material on the Carolines in the early Hong Kong records (I imagine CO 129) and also in the Admiralty records relating to the China Station (presumably Adm.1, but as you know these are not classified by geographical area and so have to be searched by date, though I believe that there is a sort of index in Adm.12). Also I have two letters on the wreck of the Norma from FO 72 (Spain), written from Manila.

*actually from
FO 72/1017*

I don't know whether you searched these records when here, or even if the library had them on microfilm then, but if you would like them searched now it would probably be possible to find a good searcher (Robert Langdon has a number of casualties from time to time).

I was glad to see that you are flat out producing historical readings on American Micronesia for the Education Department and lists of ship contacts; and above all that your contact history is coming along steadily - I look forward to reading it with keen anticipation. You are really the main contact between the American and the Australian Pacific historians and I am hopeful that you will always keep one foot in each camp. You mention having a helper from Palau and wonder if it is the M.L. Berg who has been so helpful to me. If so please let me have his present address as I have much to thank him for and he is yet another of the casualties caused by my book preoccupation.

Honor has had a new lease of life with her string figures, now that she has founded the Homa Press to publish monographs on the esoteric art. We have just packed up an order for 60 copies of monographs by her on the Gilberts, Nauru, Tikopia and the Solomons, from the String Figures Association of Japan, which is a very live body founded by Professor Hiroshi Noguchi and issues its own quarterly Bulletin.

I have a query from you to answer (belatedly). The Dale Papers which you refer to are merely a collection of naval correspondence on the Pacific Islands bound up by Capt A.T. Dale of HMS Diamond for his own use. I think that none of them were ever published but merely printed for departmental circulation within the Australian Station (whenever say more than 12 copies of any letter were required they used to print it in the days before duplicating processes came in, but that did not constitute publishing).

Hence Captain Bridge's report was presumably only sent as a letter (or under cover of a letter) to Commodore Erskine, who was then in command of the Australian Station. Your searcher probably could not find it in the PRO, London, records simply because Erskine never forwarded it on to the Admiralty. Most of the ships' captains letters never got sent on, unless there was some special reason for doing so.

In that case (in fact in any case) the original should be in the records of the Royal Navy - Australia Station, probably somewhere in vols 13-19, but if on the labour trade then possibly in vol.22 (see the Journal of Pacific History, vol.I (1966), pp.183-4). These records are on microfilm here if you want them searched, but I doubt if there would be any copies of the film in England.

Adelaide,
But if you have the letter in your possession you can fairly safely cite it as being in the 'British Navy - Australia Station Records. Wellington, National Archives of New Zealand', unless they've lost it. Or if you want to play safe cite it as from the 'Dale Papers. Pacific Islands Collection, Barr Smith Library'.

Again my sincere apologies for such a tardy reply to your cordial letter and very many thanks for your article in The Changing Pacific,

With our best wishes,

Yours,

JRM



MICRONESIAN SEMINAR

TRUK, CAROLINE ISLANDS TRUST TERRITORY, PACIFIC 96942

May 21, 1978

Mr. H. E. Maude
77 Arthur Circle
Ferrest, ACT 2603
Australia

Dear Mr. Maude:

On my desk right now are two reminders of you: a lovely photo of you and Honore that Robyn sent the other day and a copy of the Festschrift that arrived at last from Canberra. It's a quiet Sunday morning and I thought that it would be a good time to drop you a note to let you know what I've been doing these past months and to assure you that your kindness to me on my visit to Canberra two years ago has not been forgotten.

Please tell Honore that my promise to do some investigative work on string figures has not been forgotten either. Several times I've asked people about them, but the response has been poor. People here say that they know of the string figures, but apparently very few can actually make them. At least not the people I am in contact with. But I will keep trying!

I've thought of you often these past months as I've worked and reworked through the material that you so kindly gave me. Things like the material on whaleships that you did in New England and the listing of articles in THE FRIEND has been invaluable as I finish the list of foreign ship contacts with the Caroline and Marshall Islands down to 1885. Recently the Historic Preservation Commission of the TT agreed to put up the funds for the publication of this list in the form of a volume, and I am now working mightily to finish the editing of the cards prior to the typing of the manuscript this summer. You will, of course, receive a copy as soon as it is off the press (and it will be an inexpensive production, according to present plans). This summer on my furlough to the US, I will be spending some time in Honolulu to finish work on the ABCFM Letters there and the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society archives. In addition, I expect to spend a little time in New England at various whaling museums to do a final check on odds and ends relating to the bibliography of sources, and about a week with Saul Riesenbergr in Washington.

The TT Education Department has expressed interest in a book of historical readings on the Carolines, Marshalls and Marianas up through the end of the Second World War, so a young man who was been working on local history in Palau and I will be collaborating on this project next year. We expect the project will be finished by the end of the summer of '79 and into the schools for the following academic year. It should demand more editing and selection of materials than actual writing (to my great relief!).

At odd moments during the past year -- and these are becoming rather few and far between -- I have been trying to complete chapters for a volume on the contact history of the Carolines and Marshalls, again up to the establishment of the first colonial government in 1886. Three of ten are finished, but sadly in need of revision, I fear. This may take a while to complete since it will require the digestion of great globs of missionary material that I am only beginning to examine.

There are other grand plans besides, most of them related to the Micronesian Seminar programs for the next two years. All of this is rewarding work, of course, but it would be better if it were done elsewhere than a boys' boarding school. On the other hand, the school has the merit of keeping me young in spirit, I suppose, and active in body.

Is your garden still thriving? I remember with real fondness the afternoon tea at your place and the lively conversations that we had at those times. Any number of others like myself, I know, owe a great deal to your warmth and encouragement and inspiration, and I would like to offer another installment of personal gratitude for all of that. I hope that I can do something of the same for my own students.

I had promised myself that I would avoid making any requests of you in this letter since I had no such motives in mind when I began it. But.... there is always something that comes up, it seems. So here it comes! One of the documents that I photocopied from your collection was a collection of British naval reports (including that of Cyprian Bridge after his cruise in the Espiegle in 1883). It was marked as follows: "Capt. A. T. Dale of HMS Diamond, WESTERN PACIFIC PAPERS". Would you happen to have full publishing information on that, if it was ever published? Of, if it was not, would you know the archival source from which it was gotten? I had a man doing research for me in London look for it in the PRO, but he has had no luck in finding it thus far.

I believe Robyn has made another request of you on my behalf for a bit of information on another of the papers I got from you, but I won't bother with that here. As I said, the purpose of the letter was to resume personal contact with you, not to bother you with all kinds of demands on your time.

My warmest greetings to Honore and my prayers for both of you.

Sincerely yours,



Francis X. Hezel, S.J.



MICRONESIAN SEMINAR

TRUK, CAROLINE ISLANDS TRUST TERRITORY, PACIFIC 96942

6. Oct 1975

Dear Professor Maude,

It wasn't until after I phoned you on the day of my departure from Sydney that I learned your birthday was coming up soon. Let me offer a belated happy birthday, then, along with my deepest gratitude for all your assistance during the most pleasant weeks I spent in Canberra. I have been working my way through a copy of your notes on whaling logs in Providence, you see, and I'm impressed by the amount of information that you got down on paper which I apparently missed.

The week in Sydney at the Mitchell was just enough time to look through the sources I had already noted down and to whet my appetite for more work there. Time didn't allow any more, however, since I had to be in Manila by October 5th to begin our religious training program. I'm now in monastic seclusion at the top of a mountain about to put aside history notes and begin an 8-day workshop on oriental prayer. The change in life-style is a bit unsettling at the moment, but I suppose that I'll get used to it all.

Before I left Canberra, Robyn Walker kindly offered to copy and mail to me any material from your collection that you might judge helpful for my contact history project. Perhaps she will ring you up about this sometime in the near future.

You might want to tell your wife that I will be on the lookout for string figures for her when I finally return to Tute. I can't guarantee any results on this, but I'll do what I can.

My best wishes to both of you.

Sincerely,
Fran Hugel, Jr

FESTSCHRIFT

The final item is a speech thanking those present at the dinner for the presentation of the Festschrift on the occasion of my 70th birthday; I think the first festschrift presented at the A.N.U.

On page 2 I give a passage from Blackwoods magazine in 1832 which typed on a card stood on my work desk facing me for the whole of my life at the A.N.U. I regarded it as the most fitting expression of the motivation which activated my life more than any other piece of writing I knew, from the time I first arrived in the Islands in 1929.

Incidentally, on opening the festschrift, which was beautifully bound and housed in a leather box entitled 'The Changing Pacific', I found it to be full of sheets of completely blank paper; as Alaric said later it was the best non-book that he had ever seen. The reason for this was the printed copy hadn't arrived in time so they had no option but to present me with the original mock-up copy.

Lines spoken in thanks at the presentation of
a festschrift
at a dinner party at University House, Canberra,
on the 1st October, 1976.

.....

When I was at school I had a French master who, on days when I couldn't make myself sufficiently inconspicuous in the back row of the form, used to point his finger at me and say: 'Mode, Mode, your turn 'as cum'.

That's rather how I'm feeling at the moment, especially after listening to Oskar's mellifluous eloquence. I do thank you for your kind remarks, Oskar, in all sincerity, even if some sounded a bit on the encomiastic side. Well, after all, it is a special occasion - none other, in fact, than my penultimate 'rite de passage' through a long life - and I would far rather hear Oskar's lapidary phrases now than have to take a chance of being able to read some of them in my obituary.

I am particularly glad that it was Oskar who spoke tonight, for he befriended me long before I ever came to Australia; he smoothed my early days here; and indeed he was the first person I ever fell over at the University. It was on my exploratory visit to the Library over in the Old Hospital Buildings and he happened to be lying prone on the floor in the main thoroughfare, engrossed in reading.

When we had picked each other up he was kind enough to explain that he had just finished writing a paper; that it contained footnotes in five different languages, including Russian; and that he was looking for one more in a language which nobody would be able to understand.

Obviously to him, and I guess to most of us who have been more than a decade in this august institution, here was a perfectly satisfying explanation as to why one should be

lying on the floor to be fallen over. But I feel sure that he has never realized till this day why this initiation into academic reasoning was so immensely satisfying to a mere neophyte: shivering, as it were, on the brink of the great world of learning.

Yes, Oskar has always been a great help and comfort to me, like my mentor Jim, who was in many ways the ideal director of one's research studies: for he never directed anybody, he never even enquired what one was doing. He simply assumed, in the good old Cambridge tradition, that one had signed up here because there was something that one wanted to do pretty badly; that with a spot of luck that something might develop into a modest accession to the world's store of knowledge; and that, in any case, one would do it best if interfered with least.

Somewhere, in a Blackwood's Magazine for 1832, I came across this passage:-

'Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the pleasure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of science, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable.'

This has been on my table for over 14 years: because it seems to me to spell out better than anything else I know why it is that once one gets bitten by the research bug one's whole lifestyle inevitably changes; and one finds oneself sitting up late at night reading illegible manuscripts on microfilm and sweating out the days writing papers that one hopes may end up eventually as a footnote in someone else's history.

What happens to our work is not, of course, the point. What really counts is that we have researched and recorded for posterity as best we possibly can: and for us is the joy, the excitement - yes, the ecstasy - of having discovered and made available for others something that no man has ever published before. What greater happiness can life offer?

And now, at the end of my allotted span, 'in second childishness, and mere oblivion - sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything', the kindness of many colleagues and friends has coalesced in the gift of a festschrift - and adequate words still fail me to express my thanks. What can I say except that I have never felt so honoured in the whole of my life; and that I can think of no other distinction that could conceivably be given in this world that one would value nearly so highly.

I feel, perhaps presumptuously, as if a committee of the silvertails in my chosen field of Pacific regional studies had met and said that this outsider, not born to the purple, who came late to the feast and without a wedding garment, may nevertheless be awarded the ultimate accolade of being ranked with us as one of our peers.

That is why this cachet must mean so much more to me than it can ever do to those who have never felt the insecurity, the sheer lack of knowledge and scholarly expertise, that I did when I first came to the ANU from the outside world at the relatively advanced age of 50. What other award could be more heart-warming and ego-boosting to an aged researcher put out to grass in the paddocks of Forrest?

Yet I am not so conceited as to be unaware that a festschrift, if one considers carefully all that goes into the making of one, is in reality a tribute to the disinterested kindness, the selfless labours, of the many people who combined to bring it to fruition.

Perhaps it would be invidious to mention names; and impossible too as I cannot pretend to know them all at this point of time; so I should like to propose, second, and carry unanimously, a very hearty and sincere vote of thanks to all the benevolent people who brought this kindly undertaking to a successful and, to me, a very happy conclusion, through so many hours and days of hard labour. I feel that I can safely mention one name, however, because I have seen it in print, and I do so with great pleasure and gratitude: and that is none other than the name of my old friend Niel Gunson, which spreads, as it were, a mantle of scholarly authenticity over everything.

As to the contributors who have written their erudite papers on such a fascinating range of subjects, covering the whole spectrum of culture change in the island world - the very core of Pacific historical studies - I see with delight and appreciation that many of them are the very scholars to whom I am already indebted for helping me through the years with their long experience of Pacific affairs; their freely provided knowledge, advice and support in times of need; and some of them indeed with assistance dating from long before I ever left my island home for Australia. If I owed them more than I can ever hope to repay before this day, how much more do I owe them now? It makes one feel very, very humble.

Jim once told me of a friend of his who was given a festschrift, stood up and said his few words of thanks, stepped down, and fell flat on his face - dead. I can well remember his eyes shining as he enlarged on the fact that no academic worthy of his salt could possibly wish for more: he had done his work; he had received his congé; and at the zenith, as it were, of his career - he left it.

I used to think this a perfectly superb finale, but mulling it over during the past few days I have come to feel that one can perhaps overdo one's expression of thanks. At

all events I don't propose to follow his example on this occasion because, through typical procrastination (it was not for nothing that I was known in the Government as 'last minute Harry'), I have not yet finished my life's work. In fact I am in the middle of writing a paper at the moment, and would find it most inconvenient.

To be absolutely accurate I have just five musts left on my desk tally before the girl can come to me, as I'm told she did to Raymond Firth, and say: 'we are grateful to you for your pioneering efforts; without them we should not be able to stand, as it were, on your shoulders, and see so much farther and so much clearer than you ever could'.

Again, many thanks to all who had a hand in this gracious act of consideration; and to everyone who has foregone, or at least postponed, the seductions and joys of the long weekend to support what perhaps may best be called a 'pour prendre conger' party - 'to take one's leave' - or, as we used to say more simply in the islands, a p.p.c. Let us then cease this 'Feast of Reason' and repair to feast ourselves on the 'vittals' which I see are ready for us in the next room.

.....
.....
.