

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
16 August, 1986.

Mr John Carter,
Editorial Adviser,
Pacific Islands Monthly,
GPO Box 3408,
SYDNEY, NSW 2001.

Dear John,

Some time ago you asked me to do a review of Rifled Sanctuaries, by Bill Pearson (an old friend of mine) and I promised to do it but could not guarantee when as I was writing another book and did not want to be disturbed.

Anyway here it is for what it is worth, and as usual you are free to amend or curtail it, or to put it with the waste paper for recycling. Here we no longer have waste paper baskets as everything is put in bins for recycling, if necessary after shredding; except for the leaks on the budget and such-like papers which are put on the backs of lorries, whence they fall off for publication.

I feel sorry for PIM now it is in the hands of Melbourne capitalists without, I suspect, any particular feel for the islands. And rumour has it that you, together with the rest of the Herald and WT publications, may be taken over by a Sydney mob.

If only Stuart Inder and a bunch of his rich journalist friends could buy it. I remember how badly Islands Business was doing before it was bought up by some very able journalists. Admittedly it has the advantage of being run from Suva: I'm afraid that the capital of the South Seas has shifted these days.

I hope that you are in good health and spirits. I feel a bit lonely these days as, except for Paddy Macdonald and Ronald Garvey (both living in England), the whole of my generation of island fans seem to have died off: most of them, I guess, through drinking too much.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Harry Maudslayi

Rifled Sanctuaries: some Views of the Pacific Islands in Western Literature. By Bill Pearson. Published 1984 by Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press, Auckland, New Zealand. ISBN 0 19 648029⁹. No price given.

Bill Pearson has long been the authority on relations between the European discoverers of Polynesia and the indigenous peoples. He has now given us the first published survey of the effects on European literature of western contacts with the Pacific Islands, from the discovery of Tahiti in 1767 to Stevenson and Louis Becke; in effect doing for literature, though in outline only, what Bernard Smith did for art in his study on European Vision and the South Seas.

Furnas once wrote that 'more thousands of words of swill have been written per square mile of dry land about the Islands than about any other geographical entity' and Pearson admits that much of what he had to read was of slight literary value.

But he is not writing a critique but tracing the development of European ideas about, and consequent attitudes towards, islanders and their societies after these had been transmuted by the contemporary cultural and intellectual preconceptions current in the western world.

To this end we are taken on a pleasant ramble through the shelves of Pacificana noting the main categories of Pacific authors and discussing the effects of their publications on European and American thinking. Starting with the discoverers Pearson moves on to consider the missionaries, the imposters who wrote part fictional part factual narratives, the writers of books for boys, the beachcombers and finally the novelists.

It is an interesting but not a comprehensive survey omitting, for example, the officials such as Pritchard, Trood and Romilly whose books followed those of the beachcombers; the women like Isabella Bird, Annie Brassey and C.F. Gordon Cummings, who had their own ideas on race relations; and the more than 25 books by naval commanders who, like Henry Byam Martin, often held racy

rather than racist views about the islanders they met.

In a study of 82 pages omissions are inevitable. Still one would have liked to have read Pearson's conclusions on the alleged imposters John Coulter and Melphelena y Rojas, whose veracity has only recently been questioned through the 'higher criticism' to which Pacific writers are now being subjected; and on the novelist Charles Warren Stoddard, whom Stevenson considered to be the only author apart from Melville to have touched the South Seas with genius.

Perhaps few of his readers will disagree at Pearson awarding the palm for literary merit as the most accomplished writer in a not very gifted field to Melville, or to his conclusion that the ~~only~~ categories of writers who showed the least bias in their books were the discoverers and the beachcombers.

Probably the most serious distortion is found in the popular boys books of the nineteenth century, where the racial 'myths of white supremacy' were inculcated in the immature minds of future imperialists. Pearson cites Bowman's The Island Home and Ballantyne's The Coral Island as good examples but he quotes from several others and tells us that no less than 58 books of 'imperialist fiction' had been published by 1923.

Pearson remembers many of these works being available in New Zealand school libraries when he was a boy. I certainly read several and later became convinced that some of the bizarre views on race relations which I heard in the islands between the two world wars could safely be blamed on their pernicious influence. Fortunately I was saved by an incurable streak of romanticism to form my teenage dreams of the South Seas from maybe as fallible but less harmful books such as Viaud's The Marriage of Loti and Stackpole's The Blue Lagoon.

Pearson's study is a timely epitaph appearing in a decade when our perceptions of the Pacific islanders are becoming less dependent on the writings of European observers than on the works emanating from the current literary renaissance among the Pacific islanders themselves, an event noted at the end of the book; their

ancestors had already produced a wealth of oral literature before the European intruded on the scene and, led by Wendt, Hau'ofa, Thuman, Nacola and many others, they now constitute the new generation of literary writers on the South Seas.

Refled Sanctuaries is for the devotee of Pacific Islands literature. It is short enough to be read at a sitting and written without the jargon affected by some more technical authors. Until the publication of a more detailed and definitive guide it will remain our standard work on an important and fascinating aspect of Pacific studies. - Harry Maude.

Pacific Publications

(AUST.) PTY. LTD.

(INCORPORATED IN NSW)

76-78 Clarence Street, Sydney, NSW, 2000 (Box 3408, GPO, Sydney, 2001)

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Cables: PACPUB, Sydney

January 23rd.1986

Professor Harry Maude
Unit 42, 'Miringani'
11 Namatjira Drive
WESTON, ACT 2611

Dear Professor Harry

Please accept my apologies for this dilatory reply to your letter of December 3 which accompanied your excellent review of The Phosphateers, so very good, in my opinion, because of 'the waffle'. Publisher and editor Garry Barker is of the same opinion. Nothing was altered, he says, and it will appear in the February issue of P.I.M.

As I don't regard you as an 'outworn literary hack', or a hack of any age or condition, I was wondering if you would like to keep your hand in by doing a review every now and then. One I have in mind is Rifled Sanctuaries by Bill Pearson, who, his acknowledgements say, owes you a 'concealed debt'. You probably know the book. It's only slim, 92 pages.

I had just put the full stop above when your good lady telephoned about the review, which makes me now add 'please accept my humble and profound apologies'. As for asking you to do more reviews, Mrs Maude doesn't think that is a good idea. So, perish the thought.

I hope you both keep well and happy in what seems, by your letter, to be a very pleasant retirement home.

My very best wishes to your good selves.

Sincerely

John Barker



Unit 42, 'Miringani',
11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
3 December, 1985.

Mr John Carter,
Editorial Adviser,
Pacific Islands Monthly,
GPO Box 3408,
SYDNEY, NSW 2001.

Dear John,

Herewith the review of The Phosphateers which you asked me to do. The older I get the more I am apt to reminisce but I havn't cut out the waffle since you said that readers like a bit of the personal touch.

I went to the official book-launching on the 8th November. It was done by the Governor-General, who gave an excellent speech saying how much he had enjoyed reading it, and then proved, to my satisfaction at least, that he actually had by making a number of shrewd comments.

As always you have my entire authority to put the MS in the w.p.b. if n.b.g., or to cut it down, amend it or add to it. I regard myself as an outworn literary hack who should have shut up shop years ago; but probably won't until I get a reject to indicate 'enough'.

Its pretty good in this retirement home for us mentally and physically retarded folk. Acres of gardens and nobody worries one unless one worries them first. Fortunately they can see me writing and typing all day in my study, so the news has got around that I'm odd and had better be humoured.

Yours sincerely,

BOOKS

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Who could have foretold that the usually reticent and uncommunicative British Phosphate Commission would have bowed out from the Pacific stage so gracefully: with a magnificent obituary revealing all, or nearly all, that over the years they were at such pains to conceal.

One may conjecture that the old hands in the B.P.C. were by now dead and that their successors had little idea of the often very human stories that lay buried in their files. Even so they deserve our thanks for engaging Maslyn Williams to write the Commission's history to the end of World War II and Barrie Macdonald to carry it forward to its dissolution, giving them virtual carte blanche to see everything in their voluminous and meticulously preserved archives and tell us the story that emerged accurately and without fear or favour.

The Commission was wise to obtain the services of a professional author of the calibre of Williams, with a dozen or more successful books to his credit, including a more popular work on the same three islands; and when the sheer immensity of the work involved became apparent to let him share part of his burden with the younger Macdonald, who with his book Cinderellas of the Empire has become the recognized authority on the recent history of the Central Pacific. Thus we were spared the staid and eulogistic 'company history' favoured by too many commercial bodies.

Like Nordhoff and Hall their styles blend without any perceptible hiatus to produce a smoothly flowing narrative which commences in 1860 when the London shipping firm of Houlder Brothers sent their teen-age cadet John Arundel to prospect for development opportunities in the islands.

We follow the fortunes of John T. Arundel and Company, which he founded and which in 1897 became the Pacific Islands Company with Lord Stanmore, formerly Sir Arthur Gordon of Fiji fame, as Chairman, Arundel as Vice-Chairman and George Ellis, one of his mother's New Zealand connections, as Australian Representative.

When the firm was seemingly on its last legs Albert Ellis, George's younger brother, was providentially inspired to analyse a piece of 'petrified wood' from Nauru, used as a doorstop in the Sydney office. It was 78% phosphate of lime and the Company's future was assured.

There followed the discovery of similar deposits on neighbouring Ocean Island (or Banaba); the delicate negotiations with the Germans over Nauru rights, in which the latter appear to have been outwitted; the formation of the Pacific Phosphate Company, with German participation; and negotiations for mining rights with the Nauruans and Banabans (in which, to our post-colonial era minds, the landowners were also outwitted, though the deals seemed fair enough at the time).

The scene now shifts to detail the development of what became a large-scale and increasingly efficient enterprise for the extraction, shipping and sale of phosphate of lime on which the agricultural industries of Australia and New Zealand came to rely until, as a result of World War I, their Governments, with the United Kingdom, bought out the Company for £3½ million and in 1920 appointed a Commission to conduct what became known by everyone as the B.P.C.

Maslyn Williams has sketched the personalities of the key men in these pioneering and development stages with discernment tinged with humour. Arundel, the Pacific Cecil Rhodes who would rather have been a missionary; Lord Stanmore, the class-conscious aristocrat who distrusted Australians; the Ellis brothers, George and Albert (later Sir Albert), who like Arundel blended competency with piety; Sir Alwin Dickenson, the Managing Director who became the first U.K. Commissioner; and Alfred Gaze, the Australasian Representative, who managed the Nauru and Ocean Island operations with efficiency and paternal benevolence.

Unlike the Pacific Phosphate Company the B.P.C. operated from Melbourne from the beginning and interest changes to inter-government ploys and the contentions of Commissioners, notably the famous Pope affair which led to a Royal Commission; to trouble over lands and royalties with the Nauruans and Banabans, including the unfortunate 1928 acquisition of Banaban lands; and the disastrous results of World War II, during which both islands were occupied by the Japanese.

Barrie Macdonald concludes the history with a chronicle of post-war events: the 1948 acquisition of Christmas Island; re-settlement of the Banabans on Rabi Island; Nauruan independence and the formation of the Nauru Phosphate Corporation; Banaban court actions against the Commission and U.K. Government; the end of the connection with Christmas; the last shipment from Ocean Island in 1979; and finally the winding up of the Commission itself.

It was a unique organization, efficiently run on behalf of the three Governments by a staff of devoted technical experts who for the most part spent their working lives in the Company and Commission, whose paramount aims were to provide Australian and New Zealand farmers with phosphate at well under world prices regardless of all other considerations. But both were essentially part of a colonial era in which Europeans employed low paid coloured indentured labour to export mineral resources from land belonging to native owners who were inadequately compensated,

at least by modern standards. Christmas presents a slightly better picture in that the island was unoccupied.

With the post-World War II views on native rights which inevitably led to decolonization the Commission could not hope to survive. Independent Nauru preferred to manage its own phosphate industry; and had the Ocean Island deposits not run out the new Republic of Kiribati would surely have required the Commission to sell on a cost-plus basis at world prices, the profit being shared between the Gilbertese and Banabans; while on Christmas Island trades unions, strikes and European wage rates for all soon made the industry uncompetitive, like so much of the Australian economy. And so, like the dinosaur, the once mighty Commission died: an anachronism in the modern world.

This book is its epitaph: that it is a worthy one I can vouch for from my own knowledge of the Commission's operations, having been connected with it directly or indirectly for most of my life. In the 20s and 30s I had many conversations with members of the original pioneer staff of the Pacific Phosphate Company and with old hands of the Pacific Islands Company such as George Cousins and Captain Theet, who first landed on Banaba in 1880 when trading for them.

Sir Albert Ellis was a great friend and a mine of information on old Banaba during early vacations in New Zealand and two voyages with him on phosphate-loading ships; and I stayed with Arthur Grimble for many months at the Residency on Ocean Island when engaged on the Banaban lands settlement which followed the compulsory lands resumptions of 1931. My earliest recollection of Rotan, the formidable but inscrutable Banaban leader, was in that year when he handed me a bag containing 700 golden sovereigns to obtain the services of a legal expert to defend his people's rights.

Last June the Banaban community with Tebuke, Rotan's son, as their spokesman gave my wife and me a thanksgiving dinner for having bought Rabi Island for their new home, which was at last recognized to have been a great bargain. It brought back memories of how nearly they had lost it, for in 1942 they had asked the Western Pacific High Commission to buy Wakaya for them. The price immediately soared while an agricultural survey showed it to be unsuitable for a large settlement, due to insufficient water and arable land.

Meanwhile I had acquired an option from Lever Brothers to acquire Rabi for the low price of £25,000 but the Banabans, who had never seen either island, declined to consider it. Sir Harry Luke, the High Commissioner, thereupon directed that no further action should be taken to buy either island.

Days later, acting on a sudden impulse, I bearded the H.C. in his private room after he had enjoyed a good dinner and a comforting glass of grog. 'What momentous news brings you here at this hour', said Sir Harry. 'The Banaban funds', I replied, 'which are now invested in Sydney at a ridiculously low 4%. May I please buy Rabi as an investment to sell again after the war at, our financial adviser guarantees, a very considerable profit?' He gave me one of his superb cigars and pronounced judgement: 'Rabi may be bought as a pure investment, but not as a future home for the Banabans, for on that matter we can but respect their wishes'.

And so when the war ended we were able to collect the Banabans from the Carolines and Gilberts, where the Japanese had dumped the community, and suggest to them that they should settle on their own island of Rabi until Ocean Island could be rehabilitated ready for reoccupation. They decided to go - as a temporary measure - and entirely of their own free will have never left since. I felt that, through a lucky hunch, I had earned my dinner.

A reviewer must criticise something to maintain his morale, and I did regret that, despite the illustrations on the jacket, so little is said about Commission relations with the islanders and the non-European labour force. This, however, is not really the authors' fault but rather an indication that the Commission, like the Company, never had a defined policy on such matters.

From early days reliance was placed on the practical knowledge of native peoples acquired by Albert Ellis, who certainly knew and loved the Banabans and Gilbertese but whose advice was based on increasingly outworn paternalistic views formed when he pioneered in the field at the turn of the century. This sufficed until World War II, after which the Commission was content to adopt ad hoc measures whenever they were faced with circumstances beyond control by precedent.

The Phosphateers is a book which admittedly calls for concentration from the reader and is perhaps too comprehensive for the general public, except as a reference work. But it is, and always will be, essential reading for those concerned with the development of the Pacific, whether as scholars, politicians, administrators or business executives.

Harry Maude.

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The scene now shifts to detail the development of what became a large-scale and increasingly efficient enterprise for the extraction, shipping and sale of phosphate of lime on which the agricultural industries of Australia and New Zealand came to rely until, as a result of World War I, their Governments, with the United Kingdom, bought out the Company for £3½ million ~~pounds~~ and in 1920 appointed a Commission to conduct what came to be called the B.P.C.

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Unlike the Pacific Phosphate Company the B.P.C. ~~was managed~~ ^{operated} from Melbourne from the beginning and interest changes to inter-government ploys and the contentions of Commissioners, notably the famous Pope affair which led to a Royal Commission; to trouble over lands and royalties with the Nauruans and Banabans, including the unfortunate 1928 acquisition of Banaban ^{(a)l}ands; and the disastrous results of World War II, ^{during} ~~in~~ which both islands were occupied by the Japanese.

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It was a unique organization, efficiently run on behalf of the three Governments by a staff of devoted ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXX~~ technical experts who for the most part spent their lives working ^{for} the ^{Company and} Commission, whose paramount aims ^{were} ~~was~~ ^{always} to provide Australian and New Zealand farmers with phosphate at well under world prices ^{regardless} ~~at the expense~~ of all other considerations. But ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{were} ~~was~~ essentially part of a colonial era in which Europeans employed low paid coloured ~~XXXXXX~~ indentured labour to export mineral resources on land belonging to native owners ~~(or on Christmas~~

from?

① Christmas points a slightly better future in that the island was unoccupied.

unoccupied land) who were inadequately compensated, at least by modern standards. ①

With the ^{post-World War II} new views on native rights which inevitably led to decolonization the Commission could not hope to survive ~~in~~ the ~~post-war~~ ^{post-war} age. Independent Nauru preferred ^E to manage its own phosphate industry; and had the Ocean Island deposits not run out the new Republic of Kiribati would surely have required the Commission to sell on a cost-plus basis at world prices, the profit being shared between the Gilbertese and Banabans; while on Christmas ^{Island?} trades unions, strikes and European wage rates for all soon made the industry uncompetitive, like so much of the Australian economy. And ^{or} like the dinosaur, the once mighty Commission died: an anachronism in the modern world.

This book is its epitaph: that it is a worthy one I can vouch for from my own knowledge of the Commission's operations, having been connected with it directly or indirectly for most of my life. In the 20s and 30s I had many conversations with members of the original pioneer staff of the Pacific Phosphate Company and ~~even~~ ^{of the Pacific Islands Company and as} with old hands ^{like} George Cousins and Captain Theet, ~~of the Pacific Islands Company~~, who ~~had actually~~ first landed on Banaba in 1880 when trading for them.

Sir Albert Ellis was a great friend and a mine of information on old Banaba during early vacations ~~at Amsterdamm~~ in New Zealand and two voyages with him on phosphate-loading vessels; and I stayed with Arthur Grimble for many months at the Residency on Ocean Island when engaged on the Banaban lands settlement which followed the compulsory land resumptions ^a of 1931. My earliest recollection of Rotan, the formidable but inscrutable Banaban leader, ^{in that year} was ~~when~~ he handed me a bag containing 700 golden sovereigns to obtain the services of a legal expert ^{to defend} ~~for~~ his people.

Last June the Banaban community with Tebuke, Rotan's son, as their spokesman gave my wife and me a thanksgiving dinner for having bought Rabi Island for ~~them~~ their new home, which was at last recognized to have been a great bargain. It brought back memories of how nearly they had lost it, for in 1942 they had asked the Western Pacific High Commission to buy Wakaya for them. The price immediately soared while an agricultural survey showed it to be unsuitable for a large settlement, due to ~~its~~ insufficient arable land ~~and water supplies.~~

water and
Meanwhile I had acquired an option from Lever Brothers to acquire Rabi for the low price of £25,000 but the Banabans, who had never seen either island, declined to consider it. Sir Harry Luke, the High Commissioner, ^{therefor} ~~they~~ directed that no further action should be taken to acquire either island.

Days later, acting on a sudden impulse, I bearded the H.C. in his private room after he had enjoyed a good dinner and a comforting glass of grog. 'What momentous news brings you here at this hour', said Sir Harry. 'The Banaban funds', I replied, 'which are now invested in Sydney at a ridiculously low 4%. May I please buy Rabi as an investment to sell again after the war at, our financial adviser guarantees, a very considerable profit?' He gave me one of his superb cigars and pronounced judgement: 'Rabi may be bought as a pure investment, but not as a future home for the Banabans, for on that matter we ^{can} ~~must~~ ^{but} respect their wishes'.

And so when the war ended we were able to collect the Banabans from the Carolines and Gilberts, ^{where the Japanese had disrupted the community,} and suggest to them that they should settle on their own island of Rabi until Ocean Island could be rehabilitated ready for reoccupation. They decided to go - as a temporary measure - and ^{entirely} of their own free will have never left since. I felt that I had earned my dinner.

to maintain his morale,

A reviewer must, ~~however,~~ criticise something, and ~~after~~
~~reading~~ The Phosphateers I did regret that, despite the illus-
trations on the jacket, ^{so} little is said about Commission relations
with the islanders and the non-European labour force. This,
however, is not, ^{really} the authors' fault but rather an indication that
the Commission, ^{like the Company,} never had a defined policy on such matters. From
early days reliance was placed on the ^{practical} knowledge of native peoples
acquired by Albert Ellis, who certainly knew and loved the Banabans
and Gilbertese but whose advice was based on increasingly outworn
paternalistic views acquired when he pioneered in the field at the
turn of the century. This sufficed until World War II, after
which the Commission was content with adopting ~~pragmatic~~ ad hoc ~~XXXXXX~~
measures whenever ^{they were} faced by circumstances beyond ^{by precedent.} their control.
^{The Phosphateers} ~~This~~ is a book which ^{admittedly} calls for concentration from the reader
and is perhaps too ^{comprehensive} ~~diffuse~~ ~~XX~~ for the general public, ^{except as a reference work} but it is,
and always will be, essential reading for ^{those} ~~all~~ concerned with the
development of the Pacific, whether as scholars, politicians,
administrators or business ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ executives.

'Company Histories' do not possess a high reputation among historians for their impartiality or veracity.

The British Phosphate Commission, that seemingly inflexible

who could have foretold that the last act of the intemperately reticent British Phosphate Commission would have been to

This is a refreshing change from the staid and eulogistic 'company histories'

The British Phosphate Commission is to be

We must congratulate the British Phosphate Commission for being out of the Pacific scene

who could have foretold that the usually reticent and uncommunicative British Phosphate Commission would have bowed out from the Pacific stage so gracefully: with a respectful obituary recording all, or nearly all, that over the years they were at such pains to conceal.

①

of the other very human stories that lay buried in their files

②

we may perhaps conjecture

in the B.P.C.

The ~~ignorance~~ ^{ignorance} ~~was~~ that the 'old hands' were by now dead and that their successors had little idea ~~what their archives contained~~; even so they deserve our thanks for engaging the experienced Mackay Williams to write the Commission's history to the end of World War II and Bonnie Macdonald to carry it forward to their dissolution, giving them virtual carte blanche to see everything in their voluminous and meticulously preserved archives and tell us the story that emerged accurately and without fear or favour.

future

They see ~~it~~ ^{it} to obtain the services of a experienced professional author of the calibre of Mackay, with a dozen or so successful books to his credit, including a nice popular work on the same three islands; and also the sheer ~~immensity~~ ^{immensity} of the ~~work~~ ^{work} ~~he~~ ^{they see more} became apparent to let him share part of his burden with the younger Bonnie, who with his book Corderellas of the Empire has become the recognized authority on the recent history of the Central Pacific.

~~to be written and still their styles blend so that without any~~

~~friction between them~~

Director, Institute of Pacific Studies
Professor J. M. Macdonald

23 OCTOBER 1980
LIBRARY USE ONLY
11 NEWCASTLE DRIVE
DUNEDIN, N.Z.

~~It is impossible to outline the contents of this~~

~~To outline the contents of this definitive work would take many pages~~

The Lake and Hall their styles blend in a perceptible
degrees to produce a smoothly flowing narrative which commences in 1860
when the London shipping firm of Houlder Brothers sent ^{their} teen-age
cadet John T. Ansdel, a Pacific Coast Rhodes who would rather have been
a missionary, to perfect and develop opportunities in the islands.

We follow the fortunes of John T. Ansdel and Company which
resulted and in turn became in 1897 the Pacific Islands Company with Lord
Stansel, formerly Sir Arthur Gordon as Chairman, Ansdel as Vice-Chairman and
George Ellis, one of his mother's New Zealand connections, as Australian
Representative.

(2)

and work for me I am doing this no claim of ownership on part of (3)

in 1860,

The same time ⁱⁿ 1860, 60 years before the Commission was formed, with the London shipping firm of Harnden Brothers ^{their ten-year voyage, John T. Arundel, a} ~~and~~ ^{the} Carl Rhodes of the Central Pacific, who would rather have been a missionary, to prospect for development opportunities in the islands.

By 1871 Arundel had seen enough to continue his own business career with the potentialities of the region and he founded the company, with Harnden blessing, the firm of John T. Arundel and Company to collect and ship guano, shark-fins, pearl shell, tula and urus to where they could be sold.

It was a modestly successful enterprise which in 1897 became the Pacific Islands Company with Lord Stansfeld, formerly Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Fiji, as Chairman, Arundel as Vice-Chairman and George Elliot, one of his mother's New Zealand connections, as Australian Representative.

When the Company was seemingly in its last legs Albert Elliot, George's younger brother, was asked to analyse a piece of 'petrified wood' for Nauru, used as a despatch in the Company's Sydney office. It was 78% phosphate of lime and the Company's future was made.

There followed the drawing out of ~~every~~ similar deposits on neighbouring Ocean Island (a Banaba), the delicate negotiations with the Germans over Nauru rights, in which they were clearly outwitted, ^{and} ~~and~~ the further of the Pacific Phosphate Company ~~and the~~ (with German participation) and negotiations for mining rights with the Nansans and Banabans (in which, to our post-war eyes, they were also outwitted, though the deal ~~it~~ needed fair enough to all parties at the time).

The more one shifts to detail the development of what became
 an ^{and mainly, effort} ~~business~~ enterprise for the extraction, shipping and sale of phosphate in what
 the agricultural industries of Australia and New Zealand are to rely on, as
 a result of World War I, their Governments, with the United Kingdom, brought
 out the Company for $3\frac{1}{2}$ million Pounds ^{in 1920} and each appointed a Commissioner
 to conduct what now became the B.P.C.

~~Barry Williams has merely commented on giving us~~

~~Barry Williams gives no one fascinating~~

Barry Williams has delineated the personalities of the key men in these
 financing and development ^{stages} with discernment tinged with good humor. Arundel, the Pacific
 leech Rhodes who would rather have been a missionary; Lord Sarnock, the class-conscious
 aristocrat who distrusted Australians; the Ellis brothers, George and Albert (later Sir Albert),
 who like Arundel, blended capriciousness with piety; Sir Alwin Dickson, the Managing Director
 of the Company who became the first U.K. Commissioner; and Alfred H Gaze, the
 Australian Representative, who managed the New Guinea and Ocean Island operations with
 efficiency and paternal benevolence from his Melbourne office.

Unlike the Pacific Phosphate Company the British Phosphate Commission was
 managed from Melbourne from the ~~at~~ beginning and interest changes to
 inter-Governmental plays and the activities of Commissioners, notably the ^{Prime} ~~the~~ Pope affair ^①;
 trouble over lands and royalties with the New Guinea and Baramba; and the disastrous
 results of World War II on both islands. ^③

① which led to a Royal Commission;

including the unfortunate 1928 acquisition of the
 Baramba land

The Phosphate : a History of the British Phosphate Commissioners and the Christmas
Island Phosphate Commission. By Marilyn Williams and Banne Macdonald.

Published 1985 by Melbourne University Press, Carlton, Victoria 3053, Australia.

ISBN 0 522 84302 6. No price provided.

①

Commission, whose ^{primary} ~~sole~~ ^{aim} ~~was~~ ^{always} ~~to~~ ~~produce~~ ~~provide~~ Australian and New Zealand farmers with phosphate at well below world prices.

⑥

Commission came and went but there always seemed to be one who dominated the others, but one indisputably the real power behind them there was always ^{for 24 years} Harold Gaze, who followed his father as Chief Representative and later General Manager ~~for 24 years~~: for ^{most} ~~many~~ of us he was the Commission.

Bonnie Macdonald concludes with the post-war chronicle; the 1948 acquisition of Christmas Island; resettlement of the Banabans on Rabi Island; Noumean independence and the fracture of the Noumea Phosphate Corporation; Banaban court actions against the Commission and U.K. Government; the ^{beginning and} end of the Commission's connection with Christmas; and the last shipment from Ocean Island in 1979; and finally the last winding up of the Commission itself.

It was a unique organization, efficiently run on behalf of three Governments by a staff of devoted technical experts who for the most part spent their lives working for the Commission. ^① But it was essentially part of a colonial era in which Europeans employed ^{low paid} ^{industrial} ~~coloured~~ ~~labour~~ to exploit mineral resources on land belonging to ^{others} ~~retirees~~ (in on Christmas unoccupied land) who were inadequately compensated at least by modern standards.

With the new ^{rights} ~~rights~~ which ^{ultimately} ~~led~~ to the decolonization of ~~the~~ the Commission could not hope to survive in the post-war age. Independent Noumea preferred to manage its own phosphate industry; and had the Ocean Island deposits not run out the new Republic of Kiribati would surely have required the Commission to ^{sell} ~~work~~ on a cost-plus basis; ^{at the world prices} while on Christmas trade winds, strikes and European wage rates soon made the industry uncompetitive, like so much of the Australian economy. ^{like the dinosaurs} ^{the one night} And so ~~the~~ Commission died: an anachronism in the modern world.

at it is

This book is its epitaph ^{at it is} & I can vouch for from
 my own knowledge of the Commission's operations, having been connected with it
 directly or indirectly for most of my life. In the 20s and 30s I had
 many conversations with various of the original pioneer staff of the Pacific
 Phosphate Company and even with old hands like George Lawson and Captain
 Theet ^{of the Pacific Islands Company,} who had actually ^{first} landed on Baula in 1880 when trading for them.

Sir Albert Ellis was my great friend and a source of information
 on old Baula during early vacations in Auckland and I stayed with
 Grindle for many months at the old Ocean Island Residency when engaged
 in the Baula lands settlement which followed the compulsory land resumption
 of 1931. My earliest recollection of Reton, the formidable but unscrupulous
 Baula leader, was when he lured me a bag containing 700 golden
 sovereigns to obtain the services of a legal expert for his people.

Last June the Baula community gave my wife and me a
 thronging dinner for having bought Rabi Island for their new home, now
 recognized to have been a great bargain. It brought back memories of how
 nearly they had lost it for in 1942 they asked the Western Pacific High
 Commission to buy Wabaga for them. The price immediately soared when an
 agricultural survey showed it to be quite suitable for a large settlement due
 to insufficient available land and water supplies.

Meanwhile I had acquired an option for Leru Brothers to acquire Rabi for
 the low price of £25,000 but the Baulas, who had never seen either island,
 decline to consider it. Sir Henry Luke, the High Commissioner, ^{then} directed that
 no further action should be taken to acquire either island. Days later acting on
 a sudden inspiration I bearded the H.C. in his private room after he had enjoyed a
 good dinner and a comforting glass of grog.

at this late hour,

'What matters now buys you here, ~~offshore~~', said Sir Harry. 'The Bankers funds'; I replied, 'what are now immersed in Sydney at a ridiculously low 4 1/2. May I please buy Rabi as an investment to sell again after the war at, on financial advisers at home state, a very considerable profit?' He gave me one of his superb eyes and pronounced judgement: 'Rabi may be bought as a pure investment; but as a future base for the Bandaras, definitely not - we must respect their decision'.

And so when the war ended we were able to ~~so~~ collect the Bandaras from the Carolines and Gilberts and ~~so~~ suggest to them that they should settle on their own island of Rabi until Ocean Island could be rehabilitated ready for reoccupation by them. They ~~so~~ decided to go to Rabi as a temporary measure; and of their own free will have never left since. I felt that I had earned my dinner.

A reviewer ~~not~~, however, intimated something but after reading ~~the~~ The Phosphotero he came to ~~conclude~~ only regret is that, despite the illustrations in the jacket; relatively little is said about Commission relations with the islanders and the non-European labour force. This, however, is not the author's fault but rather an indication that the Commission ~~never~~ had a defined policy in such matters. From the early days reliance was placed in the knowledge of ~~native~~ ~~people~~ ~~from~~ acquired by Albert Ellis who certainly knew and loved the Bandaras and Gilbertese but ~~whose~~ ~~advice~~ ~~was~~ ~~based~~ ~~on~~ ~~unwisely~~ ~~outward~~ paternalistic news acquired ~~from~~ when he pioneered in the field at the turn of the century. This ~~persisted~~ until World War II after which the Commission was content with adopting pragmatic ad hoc measures ~~when~~ ^{only} forced by circumstances beyond their control.

This is a book which calls for concentration from the reader and is perhaps too diffuse for the general public; but it is and always will be essential reference ^{material} for all concerned with the development of the Pacific, whether as scholars, politicians, administrators or business executives.

There are not a few of the staid and eulogistic 'company histories' beloved by less enlightened ~~organizations~~ commercial associations.

beloved by too many commercial bodies.

please universally known as the B.P.C.

please known by everyone as the B.P.C.

138515
80000

218515

Unit 42, 'Miringani',
11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
14 June, 1985.

Ms Lee Main,
Editorial Assistant, Pacific Islands Monthly,
Pacific Publications (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
Box 3408, SYDNEY, NSW 2001.

Dear Ms Main,

Tuvalu has been duly returned under separate cover. Sorry to have kept it but I thought that it was my copy, as I get all the University of the South Pacific publications. Now I've found mine on another shelf.

I also return the stamp because my conscience tells me that I should pay the postage back of a book which I said that I'd review and then didn't.

If Barrie's nominee can't do the job better try:-

Dr Doug Munro,
Darling Downs Institute of Advanced Education,
Post Office Darling Heights,
Toowoomba, Queensland 4350.

Doug has recently done an excellent Ph.D. thesis on Tuvalu and is married to a Tuvaluan from Niutao, where Louis Becke used to be a trader.

If no one will do the review I guess I could manage it on my return from Suva on or about 9 July. I have to give an address at the USP to the Pacific History Conference on 'The Writing of Island History'. Thank goodness its written now so I only have to read it.

Yes, this is a beaut place and we are both much better, mainly due to being relieved from the never-ending chore of having to look after a large property. Here we have a cosy flat and others look after the place, including 3½ acres of gardens.

Yours sincerely,

Lee



PACIFIC ISLANDS

MONTHLY

Published by Pacific Publications (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. (Incorporated in NSW)

76-78 Clarence Street, Sydney, 2000. Box 3408 GPO, Sydney, 2001. Telex: 21242. Telephone: 2 0231. Cables: PACPUB, Sydney
Melbourne Office: 61 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, 3000. Telephone: 63 0211

7th June, 1985

Prof. Harry Maude
Unit 42, Mirinjani,
11 Namatjira Drive
WESTON ACT 2611

Dear Prof. Maude,

I'm very sorry I haven't replied to your letter sooner. I have contacted Barrie McDonald re the Tuvalu book review, but he has already written one for that book, so he has suggested someone else.

Could you post the book back to us please? Enclosed is a stamp, I hope this will cover the postage (I don't know how big the book is).

I hope you're well, and that your wife is feeling better.

Regards,

Lee Main.

Lee Main

Unit 42, Mirinjani,
11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
11th March, 1985.

Ms Lee Main,
Editorial Assistant, Pacific Islands Monthly,
Pacific Publications (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
Box 3408, SYDNEY, NSW 2001.

Dear Ms Main,

Sorry not to have replied to your letter of 5 February before this but I have not had any time to deal with correspondence until today.

Owing to the serious illness of my wife in August last, followed by the removal of part of her spine and a subsequent prolonged period of convalescence, I have been acting as cook, housekeeper and nurse for several months.

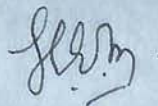
We are now engaged in sorting and disposing of the accumulated impedimenta of a lifetime spent mostly in the islands with several thousand files of correspondence and other manuscript material going to the archives for posterity and what is left of our specialized library to the Pacific Islands Collection at the University of Adelaide.

We ourselves move to the Mirinjani Retirement Village this week so please note our new address, as above. When established there I have to prepare a research paper for the Pacific History Conference at the USP during June, the first to be held in the islands.

Owing to the unexpected curtailment of my working life by some six months I am in a hopeless state of arrears and see no prospect of even reading the Tuvalu book until August at the earliest, let alone reviewing it or undertaking new work, so I recommend that you should get someone well qualified and younger, such as Barrie Macdonald at Massey, to undertake the work. I wrote to John Carter long ago to this effect. As regards the Coppel Bibliography I recommend Mrs Norah Forster at the ANU Department of Pacific and SEAsian History, who is a well-qualified Pacific Islands bibliographical specialist.

You will understand (or probably won't, being young) that at the age of 80 one can no longer burn the candle at both ends, as I consistently did until 10 years ago. In brief, my accrued commitments seems to grow steadily longer, but I cannot, to my regret, do as much as I used to and, on doctor's orders, my working week has had to be cut from 90 to 60.

Yours sincerely,





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Melbourne Office: 61 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, 3000. Telephone: 63 0211

5th February, 1985

Prof. H.G. Maude
77 Arthur Circle
FOREST ACT 2603

Dear Prof. Maude,

I am writing to enquire if you would be interested in writing a book review for us. The book is called A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PACIFIC ISLAND THESES AND DISSERTATIONS by W.G. Coppel and S. Stratigos. The length of the review would be left up to your judgement.

Also, would you be able to let me know how the review of TUVALU: A HISTORY is going?

Regards,
Yours sincerely,

Lee Main

(Ms) Lee Main
Editorial Assistant



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TELEX: 21242

CABLES: PACPUB, Sydney

March 7, 1984

Professor H. Maude
77 Arthur Circle
FORREST, ACT 2603

Dear Professor,

Don't apologise for your book review. I enjoyed it and the Associate Editor, Malcolm Salmon, who rarely gets excited about anything, thought it was the most entertaining review to come our way for a long time. We liked the tale of the rats' tails. Good reviews are valuable to a magazine like P.I.M. I used to get the Sunday Observer back in UK for the many pages of book reviews.

I'm sorry about the matter of payment- the book or the money! If the letter was signed by someone named Fay somebody or other, ignore it. She made a hurried departure and apologies are still being made to recipients of her letters. Please keep the book. Payment will be made when the review is published, which could mean, but not in this case I think, that a reviewer waits for months for his reward. I believe that the custom has been, with most newspapers or magazines, that the reviewer keeps the book as part-payment.

I sympathise with you over the business of moving into a Retirement Village. I'm facing that possibility and shrinking from it, though I've only a small unit to move out of. A few years ago, Archdeacon Whonsbon Aston, a friend for a good number of years, put my name on the list for a place at Castle Hill where he was. There was no-one there with whom he could discuss life in the Pacific Islands. He died before I was ready to move in, so my name has been transferred to the place they've got in King's Cross. I was offered a place months ago and was able to postpone the move because I was producing a new edition of the Pacific Islands Year Book. That's finished but I still feel I'll stay where I am for as long as possible. In fact, I'm hoping to spend a month or so in Fiji and if I've a chance of taking a job there for a couple of years I will.

I hope you make the move without trouble and I look forward to hearing from you when you can punch the keys again.

My best wishes,

Sincerely

John Carter

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, ACT 2603,
24th February, 1984.

Mr John Carter,
Editorial Adviser,
Pacific Islands Monthly,
GPO Box 3408,
SYDNEY, NSW 2001.

Dear John,

I'm afraid I wrote the attached effusion and then put it aside to think over at leisure - with the inevitable result that I forgot all about it.

However, it has turned up again and I send it to you for what it is worth; I have never reviewed a book of this kind before, so am unsure of my touch. But you can always burn it if its n.b.g.

The book was very good, I thought. Epeli is wasting his time writing all that anthropologise if he can write like this - genuine humorists are always in short supply, and if they can keep it up they make a good living.

A letter from one of your off-siders, which I cannot locate at the moment, suggests, if I read her rightly, that one can either keep the book after reviewing it or send it back and get paid (but not both).

If so I'll send the work back, for a labourer is worthy of his hire in my view. Probably its one of the pleasantries from your Melbourne head-office.

It may be some time before I can write about that Tuvalu history as we are at last moving into a Retirement Village and the process of changing from a fairly large house in a very large garden to a shoebox of a flat will absorb all my energies for some time to come, involving as it does the discarding of three-quarters of the accumulations of a lifetime - very traumatic.

Old man Robson is lucky in this regard, for he has Judy to look after him and in any case can afford a day nurse, a night nurse and a housekeeper without feeling the pinch.

Yours sincerely,

John M.

Book Review

Tales of the Tikongs. By Epeli Hau'ofa. Published by Longman Paul, Auckland, in their Pacific Paperbacks Series. 93p. ISBN 0 582 71789 2. Price (?).

.....

A country is generally considered to have reached maturity when its citizens can take and enjoy a good-natured skit on their national foibles and eccentricities.

It usually takes generations before this stage is reached but the process of maturation must have speeded up, like everything else, for a genuine comic author has appeared on the island bookstalls even before the last of the Pacific territories has achieved independence.

As one would expect the stories are about Tonga, though the locale is never mentioned, for almost alone in the Pacific the Tongans, never having known dependency, can swallow a dose of ribbing with aplomb and even delight, knowing intuitively that they are in fact the salt of the earth, or at least of the South Seas.

To me Epeli Hau'ofa's Tales of the Tikongs were a sheer delight from cover to cover, though admittedly some of the more Rabelaisian would have made my Victorian grandmother's hair stand on end.

But island humour is not for vestal virgins and Hau'ofa is never malicious but writes, like James Thurber, as one to whom his fellow men, being human, are all more than somewhat barmy on the crumpet but that our oddities deserve recording with sympathy.

Hau'ofa's banter is not forced but seems to flow, or rather bubble over with a natural effervescence, from story to story, as a kaleidoscope of islanders live, love and laugh happily unencumbered by superfluous material possessions and unimpressed by the motley horde of expatriate experts anxious to develop them, though willing enough to appropriate any of the goodies they seem so anxious to part with.

Sione and his wife Satusi, Hiti George VI, Noeli M'a, Tevita Poto, Pulu, Ole Pasifikiwei and His Holiness Bopeep Dr Toki Tumu are only a few of the colourful characters who attempt to walk the narrow path that leads to salvation on Tiko, with more than occasional lapses due to Temptation, particularly when it appears in the guise of a member of the opposite sex.

The visiting experts are equally well drawn: Mr Merv Dolittle with his project to make the Tikongs work on week-days; Mr Charles Higginbotham, the Director from England; Alvin (Sharky) Lowe, the Fisheries Grassroots Development Adviser; and Mr Eric Hobsworth-Smith and his Bureau for the Preservation of Traditional Culture and Essential Indigenous Personality are some of the international worthies who descend on the Tikongs to do them good, eventually to depart in despair or else themselves become converts to the South Sea Way.

Surveying all but still aloof is the puckish figure of Manu: the great unbeliever, particularly in anything savouring of Development, observing the frailties of his fellow islanders with a sardonic grin and infinite understanding.

Looking back on my own life in the islands I felt that many of the incidents could have happened easily enough in real life. There came to mind the Great Peanut Development Scheme which would no doubt have brought prosperity to the entire Kingdom of Tonga had not the Very Important Persons selected to distribute the over-sized and succulent seed peanuts imported from some far-off land scoffed the lot with nary a one surviving to be planted.

Then there was the Vava'u gold-rush, so secret that even now I dare not tell the story; and in another land the Rat Eradication Campaign, which was a tremendous success in my report, but a resounding failure in practice once the islanders learnt to cut the tails off the rats for the penny I offered, and then breed them in cages till I ran out of money and there were many times the original rat population running around, though mostly without tails.

The Korokainga Community Development Project was another great success on paper, happily employing many fertile brains at Colony headquarters in devising schemes for village betterment; and in the end reducing the villagers to near-destitution through having to entertain the constant round of visiting VIPs. Results did not always match expectations in the days of the Running Dogs of Imperialism, and I surmise from the Tales of the Tikongs that they are as unpredictable in the era of the highly-paid International Expert.

But the Tikong saga is emphatically not a book to read about, but one to buy and read for yourself; if you are disappointed there is something wrong with your risible faculties and you had better see a doctor.

Harry Maude.



HISTORY OF KIRIBATI, TUVALU

**Cinderellas of empire —
from rags to . . . ?**



New flag, new nation: July 7, 1979, and Princess Anne of the British Royal Family, addresses the Kiribati independence ceremony at Bairiki, ending 87 years of British administration.

Cinderellas of the Empire: Towards a History of Kiribati and Tuvalu. By Barrie Macdonald. Published by the Australian National University Press. xx,335p. ISBN 0 7081 1616 7. Price \$A19.50.

Independence, by fostering a natural feeling of pride in nationhood, leads inevitably to a demand for literature on the community's cultural and historical heritage. R.R. Rex, the Premier of Niue, has urged that this can best be provided by island writers, and to judge by the success of *Kiribati: Aspects of History*, written by the I-Kiribati themselves, he may well prove to be right in the case of popular social histories involving much oral and other ethno-historical content.

Nevertheless for secondary and tertiary institutions, as well as for the general reader requiring a more scholarly, detailed and authoritative history of any area, the special training, discipline and objectivity of a professional historian seems essential, and the nationality of the writer counts for relatively little.

For what was formerly known as the Gilbert and Ellice Islands such an historian has now appeared in Barrie Macdonald of New Zealand's Massey University, an accomplished teacher and writer who has already published many research articles on these two groups. His new book on them, *Cinderellas of the Empire*, can be recommended as a thoroughly readable and scholarly history which, despite the author's modest sub-title, will remain for the foreseeable future the definitive work on the subject.

The author's introductory chapters give us a good description of the islands and their people, early contacts and the beginnings of trade, missionary ac-

tivities, the labor trade and imperial intervention. These are derived in the main from published sources but contain a valuable analysis of whaling contacts in the mid-19th century, based on the logbooks and journals of American ships visiting the area, and the first credible account of the labor trade and its effect on island peoples.

Macdonald's main interest, however, is in political development and he has done a superb work of reconstructing the administrative evolution of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Protectorate, and later Colony, under the various resident commissioners and governors from the declaration of the British Protectorate in 1892 to the separation of Tuvalu from the Gilberts in 1976 and the final independence of the Republic of Kiribati in 1979.

His detailed knowledge of the period is unique and has been gained by extensive fieldwork and the interrogation of those still living who played a principal part in local affairs, together with an exhaustive examination of the colony and high commission files covering the period. The way in which he has brought out the more important factors after digesting this complex mass of oral and documentary source material is excellent, as is the way in which he shows the influence of the personal characteristics of the various administrators from the authoritarian Telfer Campbell and the paternalistic Arthur Grimble to the devolutionary and innovative Governor John Smith. At the same time his practice of introducing each chapter with a general statement on the theme and of recapitulating the gist of its contents in a final paragraph or two makes for easy reading.

The two central Pacific groups were British dependent territories for 88 years and for 50 of them I

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was connected directly or indirectly with their affairs. A great many of the events narrated and discussed by Macdonald are therefore familiar to me. Yet I have been unable to fault him in any significant factual statement; on one or two evaluations or matters of opinion perhaps, but even there I am conscious that my memory is fallible and my judgment not always unclouded by personal bias.

Inevitably the Ellice Islands takes a back seat in much of Macdonald's narrative, since during all but four of the dependent years the group was merely one of the six administrative districts of a colony centred on Ocean Island or Tarawa. It is arguable, however, that more attention could have been paid to the influence of the Western Pacific High Commission on the formation of policies applied in the colony.

High Commissioners admittedly came and went and few of them, Sir Arthur Richards and Sir Harry Luke being notable exceptions, regarded commission affairs as more than an annoying interruption to their concentration on Fiji. But at least from 1929 to 1946 the capable and industrious back-room operator supreme, that grey eminence Henry Harrison Vaskess, exerted through them, as the permanent secretary to the commission, a quiet and unobtrusive oversight, and, when considered necessary, direction, over territorial policies and their implementation which has never been fully recognised. Unlike governors, the resident commissioners held only semi-independent commands.

On the other hand Macdonald has recorded at least part of the hitherto unwritten story of how a small group of colonial service administrative cadets, labelled by their detractors the "Young Turks", fought for the rights of the indigenous population against the missions (on religious intolerance, particularly towards non-Christians, and secular recreations), the trading companies (on price discrimination and the co-operative movement), the administration (on political and legal discrimination) and other Europeans (on racial intoler-

ance). By the time they had left much had been won, self-government was on the way and the islanders themselves were ready and willing to carry on the battle for freedom and equality to eventual victory.

To me the high-water mark of the old paternal administration was represented by Grimble's 1930 Island Regulations, described by the Chief Judicial Commissioner as "Spartan in character and Draconian in severity", by which all islanders were confined to their villages from sunset to sunrise and to their small huts from 9 p.m. to 5.30 a.m., and so on for 120 injunctions until, as a Nikunau elder told Sir Arthur Richards, "we Gilbertese are serving life sentences in a large jail from which there is no escape".

I am glad that an account of the somewhat unorthodox methods by which this iniquitous enactment was repealed is given in the book, for Jack Barley, the new Resident, asked me to find out "who was responsible for spilling the beans in London". As the culprit in question, this rather took me aback. But I managed to reply "no doubt time will tell": and now, after 50 years, it has.

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Cinderellas of the Empire is a must for everyone interested in reading the fascinating story of how these two lovely groups of atolls, the true South Sea islands of romance, have developed, like Cinderella herself, from rags to at least the hope of riches to come. — Harry E. Maude.

PACIFIC ISLANDS MONTHLY



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CABLES: PACPUB, Sydney.

December 30, 1982

Professor Harry Maude,
77 Arthur Circle,
FORREST, ACT
2603

Dear Professor Maude,

Thank you for lending us the two photographs which we are returning with this letter. We were able to get a face picture from one of them to go with the material which you sent earlier through John Carter.

We very much appreciate your help.

With all best wishes
Sincerely,

Angus Smales
EDITOR

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
21st May, 1983.

Mr John Carter,
Editorial Adviser,
Pacific Islands Monthly,
G.P.O. Box 3408,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.2001.

Dear John,

Herewith my review of Barrie Macdonald's fine book Cinderellas of the Empire which I warned you would inevitably be delayed, for a variety of reasons.

But as you said then it is as topical now as it ever was, for the book has not to my knowledge been reviewed anywhere else as yet except in The Age by Nancy Phelan, though several are pending. Academic reviewers are as you know notoriously slow on the mark and at least four reviews of my own much earlier book have not yet appeared.

As always please feel free to add, amend or curtail the copy as necessary. I have no time for my colleagues who regard their effusions as sacrosanct, for only an editor can judge what is wanted, or fits into the space available.

With kind regards,

Yours,

Harry Zande

1,153
words

Book Review

Cinderellas of the Empire: Towards a History of Kiribati and Tuvalu. By Barrie Macdonald. Published by the Australian National University Press. xx,335p. ISBN 0 7081 1616 7. Price

.....

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His detailed knowledge of the period is unique and has been gained by extensive field-work and the interrogation of those still living who played a principal part in local affairs, together with an exhaustive examination of the Colony and High Commission files covering the period. The way in which he has brought out the more important factors after digesting this complex mass of oral and documentary source material is excellent, as is the way in which he shows the influence of the personal characteristics of the various administrators from the authoritarian Telfer Campbell and the paternalistic Arthur Grimble to the devolutionary and innovative Governor John Smith. At the same time his practice of introducing his chapters with a general statement on the theme and of recapitulating the gist of its contents in a final paragraph or two makes for easy reading.

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Library
January 7, 1983

Professor Harry Maude
77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia

Dear Harry,

Thank you for your early December letter and Happy New Year! Trust you have completely won your argument with that tree and are fully recovered. I had three Christmas cards this year relating incidents involving falls off roofs or out of trees. Has everyone turned foolish? Please be careful!

We are very pleased that Margaret Titcomb's obituary will appear in Pacific Islands Monthly, thank you.

Do wish you two would make another trek our way.

Sincerely,

Cy Timberlake
(Mrs.) Cynthia Timberlake
Librarian

CT:aw

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
9th December, 1982.

Dear John,

It was good to hear your voice on the phone - somehow you always seem to cheer me up just when I'm feeling despondent.

These photos are perhaps not so good as Honor thought they were. One is taken with Honor at Margaret's home on top of Tantalus; it might be possible to disentangle Honor or else they could leave her in as the two were great friends ever since 1935 and are both dressed in mu'mus à la Hawaiian.

The other was taken in 1964 in front of our house here in Canberra but it doesn't show Margaret's face up too well - maybe if enlarged it would be better.

Yours,

John

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
26th November, 1982.

Dear John,

Just a note to say that I have broken my collar-bone and received several other jars and contusions which have put me out of circulation for some weeks.

So if you want that review of Barrie Macdonald's Cinderellas of the Empire in a hurry you had best get someone else, more particularly since I have a prior undertaking to write a rejoinder to a review of Slavers in Paradise by no less than four authorities: an anthropologist, an historian, a Latin American diplomatic specialist and an islander.

Fortunately all are favourable, but still it will take me some time - when I can get up again.

I enclose an obituary on a well-known Pacific identity, Margaret Titcomb, written as an initial convalescent essay, sitting up in bed. You are welcome to use it for PIM if it is of any use.

Honor sends her thanks for the photo of her presenting the Bounty ring, which was duly sent back by your office.

Yours,

John

Margaret Titcomb

At Honolulu, Hawaii, in August, aged 91.

For over half a century the Bernice P. Bishop Museum has been the Mecca of scholars engaged in the study of the Polynesian peoples, many of whom come to browse through its collections or to consult with the outstanding Pacific specialists on its staff, but most to work in its superb library.

This unique repository of seemingly everything on Polynesian studies, and to a lesser extent on the rest of Oceania, is a monument to the lifelong labours of Margaret Titcomb, chief librarian from 1931 to 1969 and later Librarian Emeritus until her death. She never had enough money, never enough staff, yet by working long hours at times single-handed, she built up, largely by exchange and correspondence with an ever-widening circle of colleagues and friends, a collection which is still in many sections unrivalled.

Her extensive reading and warm personal interest in what everyone was doing in island studies enabled her to compile over the years a Museum library catalogue which was a model of analytic bibliography: and as such was published by G.K. Hall in 9 volumes and 2 supplements between 1964 and 1969. Many of us can testify with gratitude that our prized personal stock of regional expertise was obtained in large measure from Margaret's treasure-house of geographical and subject listings.

In addition Margaret Titcomb was a writer and scholar in her own right. Her early trial in childrens' fiction The Voyage of Ka Manu Lele (1954) was followed by the more ambitious Voyage of the Flying Bird (1963), a delightful story which won an American literary award and was reprinted.

But she will be best remembered for her works on Hawaiian culture, written in collaboration with her friend the Hawaiian authority Mary Kawena Pukui: the Native Use of Fish in Hawaii (1952, republished 1972), Dog and Man in the Ancient Pacific (1969), and the Native Use of Marine Invertebrates in Old Hawaii (1978); while her translation (with Harold St John) of Gaudichard-Beaupre's observations on the vegetation of Hawaii in 1819 is to be published this year.

Margaret Titcomb will be sadly missed by hundreds of aspiring Pacific students whom she helped so freely from her unique fund of knowledge on the islands and islanders, past and present, and even more by those who braved that hair-raising drive to her eyrie on the top of Mount Tantalus, with one of the finest views in all Hawaii, where she kept open house for her many friends from the South Seas. - Harry Maude.

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CABLES: PACPUB, Sydney.

27 October 1982

Mrs H Maude
77 Arthur Circle
FORREST ACT 2603

Dear Mrs Maude

John Carter passed on your letter of 29 September to me, so that I could return your photographs to you. Unfortunately I was on leave at the time, and the girl who replaced me realised that the photos were to be returned and put them aside. It was only after a major search, getting increasingly panic-stricken, that we unearthed them from the safe place that they'd been put! So, please find them enclosed, and I am sorry for the delay in returning them.

It was a most interesting article, and I am glad that you were pleased with the presentation.

John, and all of us here, send our regards.

Yours sincerely

Amanda Bicknell

Amanda Bicknell
Editorial Assistant

Enc

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
12th September, 1982.

Mr W. Jones,
Editorial Assistant,
'Pacific Islands Monthly',
G.P.O. Box 3408, SYDNEY,
New South Wales 2001.

Dear Mr Jones,

In reply to your letter of 16 August, I have noted down 'Cinderellas of the Empire' on my priority list for an early review.

As regards Feinberg's 'Anuta: Social Structure of a Polynesian Island' and Denoon and Lacey's 'Oral Tradition in Melanesia', sent to me some weeks ago to place with suitable reviewers, a review of the former has now been forwarded to you by Robert Langdon and a review of the latter is being prepared by Dr Clive Moore, of the Department of Extension Studies, University of Papua New Guinea.

Yours sincerely,



H.E. Maude.

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August 16, 1982

Professor H E Maude
77 Arthur Circle
FORREST ACT 2603

Dear Professor Maude

Please find enclosed, as requested in your telephone conversation with Mr John Carter, a copy of "Cinderellas of the Empire" - Barrie Macdonald.

We look forward to receiving your review in due course.

Yours faithfully

W Jones
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Enc

Renowned Pacific scholar Professor HARRY MAUDE here tells a story in which his historical knowledge and personal experience are inseparably intertwined. It is the story of the remarkable relationship between his wife HONOR, himself, and the old wedding ring which was used at all marriage ceremonies held on Pitcairn Island for the first four decades of its history . . .

The true story of the most romantic wedding ring in the world

Wedding rings, through the sentimental associations which grow around them — love, loyalty, trust, happiness — are usually the most precious personal possessions we own. I know mine has never been off my finger since the day when it was first put there 53 years ago, nor has my wife Honor's; and they symbolise for us the eventful but happy passage of our years together.

But our wedding rings are of interest only to ourselves, and it was not until we went to live on Pitcairn Island in 1940 that we read in Rosalind Young's history how the islanders had once possessed a ring unique of its kind: one with which everyone in the community had been married for the first four decades of Pitcairn history.

Belonging to Midshipman Edward Young, it was the only ring the nine mutineers possessed and, according to tradition, after their landing in 1790 Fletcher Christian had used a Church of England Prayer Book and this ring to marry each of them to their Tahitian consorts: himself to Mauatua; Young to Teraura; John Adams to Obuarei; Brown to Teatuahitea; McCoy to Teio; Martin to Tehuteatuaonoa; Mills to Vahineatua; Quintal to Tevarua, and Williams to Fahotu. Actually there were 15 marriages during the mutineer era, for Quintal and Williams lost their wives and married again, while Young and Adams married three times.

Even these were not the only weddings performed with this communal ring, for when Captain Beechey visited Pitcairn in 1825 in H.M.S. *Blossom* he found that all the Europeans had died by 1800 with the exception of John Adams, who had been converted — it was said through a dream — and was now bringing up the first

generation of island-born Pitcairners on the Bible and Prayer book, with such effect that their simplicity and piety, their unaffected friendliness and their anxiety to please captured the hearts of all who visited the island after Captain Folger's discovery of the little community in 1808. And we are told that when marrying them Adams was using 'a ring for such occasions, which has united every couple on the island since its first settlement'.

The ring, therefore, must have not only witnessed the wild scenes, the anarchy, conflicts and murders of the first decade, but also shared in the hopes and fears of these innocent children of Pitcairn's Golden Age, when placed on the fingers of Elizabeth Mills, Katherine and Sarah McCoy, Sarah Quintal, Dinah and Hannah Adams, as over the years they came of age

and fell in love with the island boys they had grown up with. The widowed Teraura, now called Susan, married Thursday October Christian, the first child to be born on the island; while Dorothy Young married John Buffett and Rachel Adams married John Evans, both men who had landed in 1823 to join the settlement.

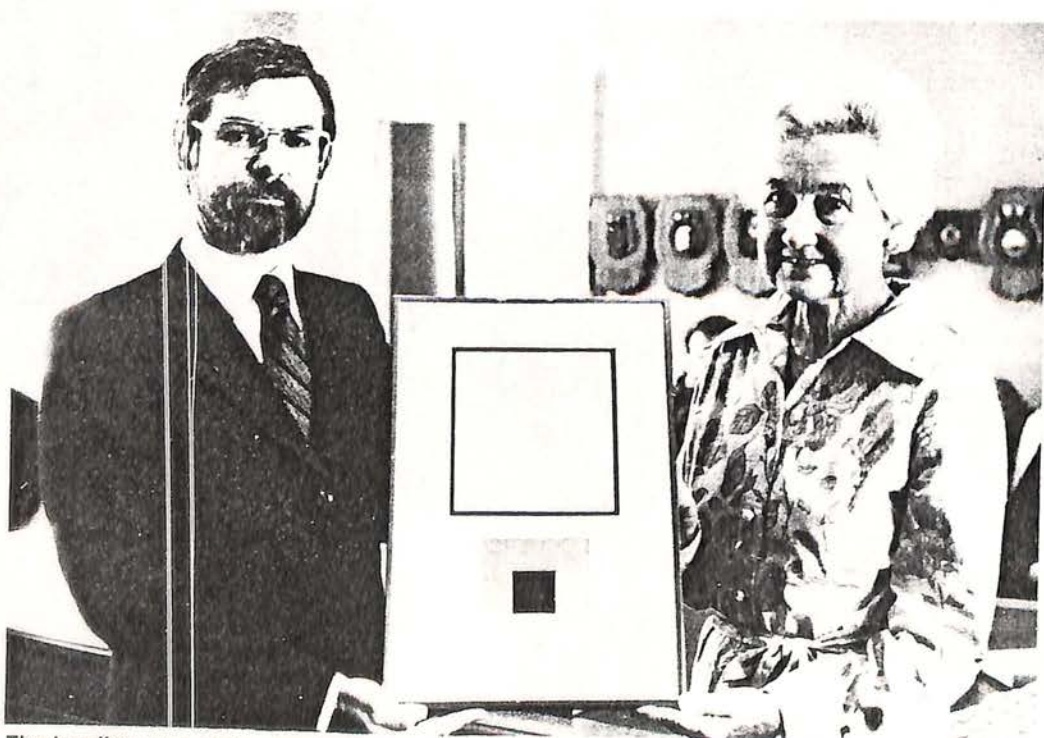
Rachel alone wore 'a ring formed of the outer circle of a limpet shell', possibly because her father never really approved of her match. We are left, therefore, with 23 possible marriages performed with Edward Young's ring by the time of Beechey's visit, when the naval captain married him legally, at his earnest request, to his third wife Teio, or Mary, who had been blind and bed-ridden for several years.

At this point the historic ring disappeared. It is conjectured



that Mary kept it, for she was the first to be legally married, and, blind as she was, that she eventually lost it through fissures in the rough-hewn flooring of their house.

Soon after our arrival Robert Young lent us a small plot of land on the site of the Adams home and alongside their graves, so that Honor could grow vegetables for our small son. She had no sieve to make fine soil to cover her carrot seed but picked up handfuls of earth and rubbed them between the palms of her hands; and one evening just before sunset the



The handing over of the ring by Honor to David Buffett, president of the Norfolk Island legislative assembly.

miracle happened: there, in her hand, covered with earth, lay a ring.

She took it home and washed it carefully, with some excitement, for she realised full well what it might be — though, to avoid what I thought would be inevitable disappointment, I had pronounced it to be a curtain ring.

Gradually the gold showed: then a crown and the letters G.R., which seemed to indicate that it had been made in the reign of one of the early Georges; and finally the word 'pure': so there was no doubt about what she had found, either in the islanders' minds or our own.

Honor said at once that the ring belonged to Pitcairn, but the community felt that as she had found it she should keep it. So she agreed to take it, not for herself or for sale but to ensure its preservation for all time. The island Magistrate, Andrew Young, and the owner of the land on which it was found, both signed certificates of authenticity concerning the discovery.

It was worn on Honor's finger for some years, leading R. W. Robson of *Pacific Islands Monthly* to write that I was 'the only man in civilisation who can claim that he has a wife who is married to a Pacific island. She bears upon her hand the wedding-ring in proof'. Later, from fear of loss, it was deposited on loan in the Auckland Museum.

For 40 years we wondered where the ring could best find a permanent home where it would be treasured for its associations. Pitcairn's prior claim gradually faded as the reduction of the population seemed to presage an eventual abandonment of the island — for the third time in its two-century history. In any case there was nowhere safe to put it there, and no one to see it now that shipping calls had fallen to a trickle.

Dismissing the large metropolitan museums we were finally left with Norfolk, where the entire Pitcairn population of 194 had settled in 1856, though 43 had eventually returned. But would the old families still



At top is John Adams's house and, above, Pitcairn's Adamstown, as pictured by Jimmy Cornell.

recognise its historical significance after 125 years of separation from their homeland?

We need not have worried for the Norfolk islanders were planning a museum and we received a warm invitation from the Hon David Buffett, president of the legislative assembly and the Museum Trust, to visit the island and see for ourselves. On our arrival the ring was given an enthusiastic welcome and the *Bounty* families proved not only as friendly and kind as their Pitcairn cousins but very interested and well versed in their history.

On May 3, 1982, at a ceremony at the legislative assembly committee rooms in the old Barracks on Quality Row at Kingston, chaired by David Buffett and attended by the administrator, the museum

trustee, the president of the historical society and representatives of all the old Pitcairn lineages, Christian, Adams, McCoy, Quintal, Buffett, Evans and Nobbs (only the Youngs were missing, for their male line on Norfolk had died out), the historic and now literally priceless *Bounty* wedding ring was handed over, mounted on velvet and in a frame setting out the story of its significance and finding, with the separately framed certificates.

It was one of the most memorable meetings I have ever attended. As the *Norfolk Islander* remarked in its verbatim record 'the emotion of the moment could be sensed by all': a quiet pride, even nostalgia, as we spoke of their old home and the dramatic story of their past, and a feeling of togetherness that day as a

unique community. Perhaps they were pleased too that others should value this symbol of their common heritage and keep it in trust until it could be restored to them as a pledge that their unity, which was so marked a feature of Pitcairn history, would continue in their new heartland on Norfolk. Probably old 'Ma' Adams summed it up best when she remarked that 'there was plenty of feeling about'.

After the function was over I stole back to the empty room to say goodbye to what is surely the most romantic Wedding Ring in the world, which on my wife's finger had formed part of our own lives for so long, and I felt that it too was happy to be back among the descendants of the people to whom it had for so long been a token of love and fidelity.

Renowned Pacific scholar Professor HARRY MAUDE here tells a story in which his historical knowledge and personal experience are inseparably intertwined. It is the story of the remarkable relationship between his wife HONOR, himself, and the old wedding ring which was used at all marriage ceremonies held on Pitcairn Island for the first four decades of its history . . .

The true story of the most romantic wedding ring in the world

Wedding rings, through the sentimental associations which grow around them — love, loyalty, trust, happiness — are usually the most precious personal possessions we own. I know mine has never been off my finger since the day when it was first put there 53 years ago, nor has my wife Honor's; and they symbolise for us the eventful but happy passage of our years together.

But our wedding rings are of interest only to ourselves, and it was not until we went to live on Pitcairn Island in 1940 that we read in Rosalind Young's history how the islanders had once possessed a ring unique of its kind: one with which everyone in the community had been married for the first four decades of Pitcairn history.

Belonging to Midshipman Edward Young, it was the only ring the nine mutineers possessed and, according to tradition, after their landing in 1790 Fletcher Christian had used a Church of England Prayer Book and this ring to marry each of them to their Tahitian consorts: himself to Mauatua; Young to Teraura; John Adams to Obuarei; Brown to Teatuahitea; McCoy to Teio; Martin to Tehuteatuaonoa; Mills to Vahineatua; Quintal to Tevarua, and Williams to Fahotu. Actually there were 15 marriages during the mutineer era, for Quintal and Williams lost their wives and married again, while Young and Adams married three times.

Even these were not the only weddings performed with this communal ring, for when Captain Beechey visited Pitcairn in 1825 in H.M.S. *Blossom* he found that all the Europeans had died by 1800 with the exception of John Adams, who had been converted — it was said through a dream — and was now bringing up the first

generation of island-born Pitcairners on the Bible and Prayer book, with such effect that their simplicity and piety, their unaffected friendliness and their anxiety to please captured the hearts of all who visited the island after Captain Folger's discovery of the little community in 1808. And we are told that when marrying them Adams was using 'a ring for such occasions, which has united every couple on the island since its first settlement'.

The ring, therefore, must have not only witnessed the wild scenes, the anarchy, conflicts and murders of the first decade, but also shared in the hopes and fears of these innocent children of Pitcairn's Golden Age, when placed on the fingers of Elizabeth Mills, Katherine and Sarah McCoy, Sarah Quintal, Dinah and Hannah Adams, as over the years they came of age

and fell in love with the island boys they had grown up with. The widowed Teraura, now called Susan, married Thursday October Christian, the first child to be born on the island; while Dorothy Young married John Buffett and Rachel Adams married John Evans, both men who had landed in 1823 to join the settlement.

Rachel alone wore 'a ring formed of the outer circle of a limpet shell', possibly because her father never really approved of her match. We are left, therefore, with 23 possible marriages performed with Edward Young's ring by the time of Beechey's visit, when the naval captain married him legally, at his earnest request, to his third wife Teio, or Mary, who had been blind and bed-ridden for several years.

At this point the historic ring disappeared. It is conjectured



that Mary kept it, for she was the first to be legally married, and, blind as she was, that she eventually lost it through fissures in the rough-hewn flooring of their house.

Soon after our arrival Robert Young lent us a small plot of land on the site of the Adams home and alongside their graves, so that Honor could grow vegetables for our small son. She had no sieve to make fine soil to cover her carrot seed but picked up handfuls of earth and rubbed them between the palms of her hands; and one evening just before sunset the



The handing over of the ring by Honor to David Buffett, president of the Norfolk Island legislative assembly.

miracle happened: there, in her hand, covered with earth, lay a ring.

She took it home and washed it carefully, with some excitement, for she realised full well what it might be — though, to avoid what I thought would be inevitable disappointment, I had pronounced it to be a curtain ring.

Gradually the gold showed; then a crown and the letters G.R., which seemed to indicate that it had been made in the reign of one of the early Georges; and finally the word 'pure'; so there was no doubt about what she had found, either in the islanders' minds or our own.

Honor said at once that the ring belonged to Pitcairn, but the community felt that as she had found it she should keep it. So she agreed to take it, not for herself or for sale but to ensure its preservation for all time. The island Magistrate, Andrew Young, and the owner of the land on which it was found, both signed certificates of authenticity concerning the discovery.

It was worn on Honor's finger for some years, leading R. W. Robson of *Pacific Islands Monthly* to write that I was 'the only man in civilisation who can claim that he has a wife who is married to a Pacific island. She bears upon her hand the wedding-ring in proof'. Later, from fear of loss, it was deposited on loan in the Auckland Museum.

For 40 years we wondered where the ring could best find a permanent home where it would be treasured for its associations. Pitcairn's prior claim gradually faded as the reduction of the population seemed to presage an eventual abandonment of the island — for the third time in its two-century history. In any case there was nowhere safe to put it there, and no one to see it now that shipping calls had fallen to a trickle.

Dismissing the large metropolitan museums we were finally left with Norfolk, where the entire Pitcairn population of 194 had settled in 1856, though 43 had eventually returned. But would the old families still



At top is John Adams's house and, above, Pitcairn's Adamstown, as pictured by Jimmy Cornell.

recognise its historical significance after 125 years of separation from their homeland?

We need not have worried for the Norfolk islanders were planning a museum and we received a warm invitation from the Hon David Buffett, president of the legislative assembly and the Museum Trust, to visit the island and see for ourselves. On our arrival the ring was given an enthusiastic welcome and the *Bounty* families proved not only as friendly and kind as their Pitcairn cousins but very interested and well versed in their history.

On May 3, 1982, at a ceremony at the legislative assembly committee rooms in the old Barracks on Quality Row at Kingston, chaired by David Buffett and attended by the administrator, the museum

trustee, the president of the historical society and representatives of all the old Pitcairn lineages, Christian, Adams, McCoy, Quintal, Buffett, Evans and Nobbs (only the Youngs were missing, for their male line on Norfolk had died out), the historic and now literally priceless *Bounty* wedding ring was handed over, mounted on velvet and in a frame setting out the story of its significance and finding, with the separately framed certificates.

It was one of the most memorable meetings I have ever attended. As the *Norfolk Islander* remarked in its verbatim record 'the emotion of the moment could be sensed by all': a quiet pride, even nostalgia, as we spoke of their old home and the dramatic story of their past, and a feeling of togetherness that day as a

unique community. Perhaps they were pleased too that others should value this symbol of their common heritage and keep it in trust until it could be restored to them as a pledge that their unity, which was so marked a feature of Pitcairn history, would continue in their new heartland on Norfolk. Probably old 'Ma' Adams summed it up best when she remarked that 'there was plenty of feeling about'.

After the function was over I stole back to the empty room to say goodbye to what is surely the most romantic Wedding Ring in the world, which on my wife's finger had formed part of our own lives for so long, and I felt that it too was happy to be back among the descendants of the people to whom it had for so long been a token of love and fidelity.

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27 - 10 - 82

Mr H.E. Mause,
77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, ACT 2603

n.f.a.

File

Dear Mr Mause,

I am sorry not to have acknowledged the arrival of the PIM review copy of Oral Tradition - Melanesia. I will be pleased to review it for them. I have a fair background: Melanesian oral History; with the descendants of the labour trade Islanders = Queensland; and with their families in the Solomons. Teaching and living in PNG also helps!

I was fascinated by your Slaves - Paradise, the product of many years of scholarship. As a labour trade historian, I know that the Peru section of the trade has long been a need of thorough research. It is the first chapter of decades of Pacific labour migration, forced & free.

I know most of the authors involved in Oral Tradition - Melanesia, so I shall enjoy writing the review.

Sincerely,
Chris Mause

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
4th September, 1982.

Dr Clive Moore,
Department of Extension Studies,
University of Papua New Guinea,
P.O. Box 4799, Waigani,
Papua New Guinea.

Dear Dr Moore-

Jim Griffen, who was in Canberra recently, said that you would be willing to review Oral Tradition in Melanesia for the Pacific Islands Monthly, so I am sending you their review copy which, unlike the Sydney Morning Herald, they don't want back.

I expect that you know the PIM and its reviews: there is no fixed length for them but I should say that for a book like this 400 to 600 words would be about par f for the course and 1,000 probably the upper limit.

Your readers will, with a few exceptions, not be academics but hopefully a good number will be islanders anxious to know whether the book might conceivably be of practical use to them.

With many thanks,

Yours sincerely,



H.E. Maude.

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
27th July, 1982.

Dr Jim T. Griffen, *Studies,*
Department of Extension *Services,*
University of Papua New Guinea,
P.O. Box 4799,
WAIGANI, Papua New Guinea.

Dear Dr Griffen,

I have been asked by John Carter, the Editorial Adviser, to the Pacific Islands Monthly, to find a suitable reviewer for:-

Denoon, Donald, and Roderic Lacey, Oral Tradition in Melanesia.
Port Moresby, UPNG, 1981.

After examining this work the PIM people felt that it was one of unusual importance, and consequently deserved a reviewer who knew the area and something of the subject; but they had no clue where to find him.

Neither had I, for I am out-of-date in my retirement, and most of those ~~whom I had~~ had contributed to the book themselves. In the event I contacted Tom Dutton who would have agreed to review it himself had he not been on the eve of going overseas. However he said that you would be able and quite possibly willing to undertake the job as you were interested in the subject.

I expect that you know the work and may even have a copy. Would that I had possessed one fifty years ago when I was collecting Gilbertese myths and legends but had not appreciated the value of oral sources in historical reconstruction.

I am hoping that you will be willing to review the book for PIM, in which case I shall deliver it to you pronto, though you can take your time in sending it in as I don't suppose they are in any violent hurry.

As you probably know PIM pays for reviews at commercial rates, which is a refreshing change from most of the journals one contributes to. And you can choose your own length to suit yourself; anything from three to four paras to say a thousand words.

Yours sincerely,



H.E. Maude.

Department of Anthropology,
27th July, 1982.

Dr T.E. Dutton,
Department of Linguistics,
Research School of Pacific Studies,
Australian National University.

Dear Dr Dutton,

Many thanks for letting me have that useful list
of possible reviewers for Oral Tradition in Melanesia.

I have written to Jim Griffen first as he mentions
PNG history as his special interest in the listing of
Pacific History Association members.

If he declines I'll go through the others one by
one till I find someone. Why they want the work
reviewed for PIM beats me as I doubt anyone interested
in oral history reading the magazine.

Yours,

John



The Australian National University

The Research School of Pacific Studies
Linguistics
reference

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6.7.82

Mr H. Maude,
77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest...ACT 2603

Dear Mr Maude,

Your letter came in at last yesterday and I have tried to ring you twice without success so I am writing a reply for you as I expect ~~to~~ be out of my room for much of this week and I do want to get a reply to you quickly. Unfortunately I have to decline your kind invitation to do this review for PIM as I am going overseas in a few weeks and have a number of pressing things which have to be completed before I go so I'm afraid I just cannot take on any more. I know that this will be a disappointment for you as it is difficult to find a reviewer for this volume since pretty well all those suitable are in it but here are a few names I can think of of people who are in the Oral History field and/or in Pacific History who might be available. I'm sorry I don't have full addresses but I'm sure these could easily be obtained from the Pacific History Department here in the school.

1. Dr Peter Corris, Sydney
2. Dr Kerry Howe, Auckland (?)
3. Dr David Hillyard, Flinders Uni, Adelaide
4. Dr Clive Moore, History Dept, UPNG
- ✓ 5. Jim Griffin, History Dept, UPNG
6. Ms Nancy Lutton, Perth
7. Dr Trish Mercer, Canberra

Hoping this is satisfactory to you,
Yours,

Tom Dutton
(Dr. T. E. Dutton)

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
14th June, 1982.

Dr T.E. Dutton,
Department of Linguistics,
Research School of Pacific Studies,
Australian National University.

Dear Dr Dutton,

I have been asked by John Carter, the Editorial Adviser to the Pacific Islands Monthly, to find a suitable reviewer for:

Dancon, Donald, and Roderic Lacey, Oral Tradition in Melanesia. Port Moresby, UPNG, 1981.

After examining this work the PIM people felt that it was one of unusual importance, and consequently deserved a reviewer who knew the area and something of the subject; but they had no clue where to find him.

Nor had I, for I am sadly out-of-date in my retirement, but I asked two island historians for their advice and both immediately replied 'Tom Dutton'.

I expect you know the work and may even have a copy. Would that I had possessed one fifty years ago when I was collecting Gilbertese myths and legends but had not appreciated the value of oral sources in historical reconstruction.

I am hoping that you will be willing to review the book for PIM, in which case I shall deliver it to you pronto, though you can take your time in sending it in as I don't suppose they are in any violent hurry.

As you probably know PIM pays for reviews at commercial rates, which is a refreshing change from most of the journals one contributes to. And you can choose your own length to suit yourself: anything from three to four paras to say a thousand words, or more if necessary.

They tell me that you are away, so I am sending this to await your return. No need to write back as you can always phone your decision - my number is 95.2524.

Yours sincerely,


H.E. Maude.

22 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
21st July, 1982.

Dr Albert J. Schutz,
Fijian Dictionary Project,
Office of the Prime Minister,
P.O. Government Buildings,
SUVA, Fiji.

Dear Albert,

It was good to learn from you that I had at last achieved fame: one of my more ribald effusions has received the ultimate accolade of a week's blushing exposure in the window of Desai.

PIM is not a scholarly journal and my review of Solange's Nauru effort was deliberately written in a light-hearted vein not for the academic or anyone else of scholarly pretensions but for the average reader who merely wants something interesting and amusing on the islands to read. I fancy that your review of Philip Snow's book in the Fiji Times, though I have not read it, was also tailored for the general reader, for the book was a good readable introduction which, however, reduced the academic specialist to tears.

Solange's book was presumably commissioned by the Nauruan Government for the young people on Nauru growing up with little knowledge of their own culture, and as such it is purely descriptive and uncritical. It is, in fact, what I call a 'company' book, with the imprimatur of the administration implied if not explicit, like the CSR work on the Fiji sugar industry and the new volume on Burns, Philp. One does not look to such whitewashing works for anything unfavourable to the sponsoring and financing organization.

I take it that Solange's more scholarly works, if any, are published in French, for The Nauruans is not in any sense a definitive ethnography but rather a series of essays on personal manners and body care, medical techniques, fishing, and recreations, with a rather exiguous collection of legendary material for children written in Nauruan and English.

As such I thought the book was good, and very much more readable for the uninitiated than the standard ethnography; though of course less informative. Furthermore I personally found it hilariously funny in parts, with its aromatic damsels and prescient medics, and not less so from being written in a sort of Franglais which I found rather delightful, though I imagine that it could jar after a time.

I admit that I was concerned, but not surprised, to hear that the Fiji Government is contemplating the appointment of Solange to head a seven-year project on cultural studies. I am not surprised because from reading and travelling in the islands I have come to believe that far too little care is taken by the island Governments to ensure that only the best expatriate personnel are engaged for administrative and technical positions. One hears the most horrifying stories of Governments being 'taken for a ride' by itinerant self-seekers.

In the case of an appointment in the social sciences such as is apparently contemplated one would imagine that the minimum precautions required would be advertisement in the regional professional journals, including in this instance the Association for Social Anthropology in Oceania Newsletter and the Australian Anthropological Society Newsletter and the vetting of the top applicants by a panel of assessors comprising authorities of the calibre of Cyril Belshaw and Marshall Sahlins (and in the case of a French applicant Jean Guiart). I have always thought the old Colonial Service rule that anyone should be disbarred if found indulging in personal self-promotion, except in his or her written application, an excellent one.

My perusal of The Nauruans gives me the distinct impression that Mme Petit-Skinner has not yet acquired the professional expertise which the Fiji Government could legitimately expect as a pre-requisite for appointment to the important position envisaged, though she might well be considered for employment under supervision as a specialist on table manners and body care in any team approach to a comprehensive study of Fijian culture. But any work she produced would require translation into idiomatic and hopefully literary English.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

J.R.M.

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
7th July, 1982.

Dr Solange Petit-Skinner,
2465 Washington Street,
SAN FRANCISCO,
California 94115, U.S.A.

Dear Dr Petit-Skinner,

I am glad that you liked my review of your excellent book on Nauru. I deliberately wrote it in a rather light-hearted vein for the readers of PIM are not, for the most part, academics and will not buy a book if they gather from the review that it is likely to prove laborious reading.

I wish that I could tell you how you could sell your book in Australasia but repeated enquiries have drawn a blank. Others too have asked me how to sell their books here but the truth is that the retail booksellers, like many of the publishers, are on their last legs and there is no one left who specializes in Pacific Islands books. As there are only a few potential buyers in any one locality one needs to be a specialist and build up a clientele of nation-wide postal buyers.

As a result books on the islands almost invariably get remaindered, i.e. sold to a remainder firm at or below cost. In fact buyers often delay purchasing in the expectation that a book will be remaindered, which is unfortunate for the author, who loses his royalty.

The chaotic state of the book trade today is shown by the fact that there are several second-hand booksellers who still specialize in Pacific Islands books and as soon as a book is out-of-print these firms sell any they have or can get at a marked-up price which often means that one has to pay more than the original retail price when new.

Honor (my wife) whose speciality is Oceanic string figures has had to establish her own Homa Press to publish them offset from typescript in print runs of 600; and reckons on losing \$1,000 on each monograph. Your MacDuff Press may be a similar venture for I cannot recollect another island book with that imprint; I put the name and address deliberately in my review in the hope that someone might be stimulated to buy thebook direct.

I wonder if you have read Reni Favret's 'Nauru le mini-état le plus riche du monde' in Les Nouvelles littéraires for 15-22 Oct., 1981? He paints a dismal picture of the Nauruans today, which I must admit is confirmed to an extent by what I saw myself there not long ago and heard from recent visitors. But as journalists are forbidden how did he get his information? William Howell's 'The good fortune of Nauru' in the Harvard Magazine for Nov.-Dec., 1981, is less critical. I can always send you photocopies if you are still interested on Nauru.

Thanks for sending me the brochure on your French book, which I am acquiring for my Library. I try to buy all but as the books alone now average three a day it is getting an impossible task.

Hoping to see you again some day before Honor and I depart this scene - we are now both 76 and intend to retire at 80,

Yours sincerely,



H.E. Maude.

Solange Petit-Skinner, Ph. D.

Anthropologist and Psychologist

2465 Washington Street

San Francisco, California 94115

Suva, May 10th, 1982

Dear Professor Maude,

I was very pleased by your review of my book and I thank you very much to have expressed your comments in this way. It is interesting to me that you liked particularly the chapter on Body cares, since it is the one I wrote with the greatest pleasure, and that you have "tasted" my english !

We have met a long time ago, when I was young, in Australia, and I do not know if you remember. I was working for the South Pacific Commission, at that time, and I came to the Australian Universities for a short visit. We had a very interesting talk which I never forgot.

If you know a bookstore, in Australia, which specializes in this type of book, I will appreciate knowing its name and address. I am working in Fiji now, and I hope that you will be able to come there.

Yours sincerely,

Solange Skinner

Solange Skinner

I forgot if you read french, but I send to you, in any case, the flyer of my french book about Nauru, which is mostly for Academic people.

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June 2, 1982.

Professor H. Maude
77 Arthur Circle
Forrest
A.C.T. 2603

Dear Professor Harry,

Very many thanks for your letters, the article and your comments. Editor Angus Smales (25 years in Papua New Guinea) says it's a 'lovely little story'. You mentioned in the letter accompanying the article that there were two pictures enclosed. There was only the one, Honor handing over the ring in frame.

I had a discreet word with the 'very nice girl', but, on reflection, as she was vague about it, I think her predecessor was the one concerned. However, she will be contacting you about future reviews.

With regard to the points you raise over Jim Boutilier's review of Porteous' book, I don't think there is anything I can do at present. Would you like to write a Letter to the Editor for publication, because your points are valid?


The situation distresses me. Stuart Inder and I, and Robbie and Judy before us, were most careful of our choice of reviewers, and several times we were congratulated on our reviews. I believe fewer books are coming in for review. Your strictures may explain the reason.

Boutilier is on the list of subscribers of PIM. Maybe, a letter from you for publication could be useful. It wouldn't be the first time. That writer of whedunits or whatever they are, Peter Corris, once had occasion to criticise one of Boutilier's articles on the Solomons.

I think that's all for now. Thank you once again for your letters and the article. Let's hope there is an improvement.

My very best wishes to you and Honor.

Sincerely,


John Carter



77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T.2603,
31st May, 1982.

Dear John,

One or two of us in the Pacific Studies racket have been worried about some of the reviewers being chosen for PIM these days; not Caroline Ralston, who is conscientious and good even if she doesn't like my titles and jackets.

Some months ago I invited the very nice girl who was your review editor for a time to ring me if she was ever in doubt as to the best reviewer for any academic type work, for having been 53 years in the game I know them all, their specialities, phobias and weaknesses. Being out of the rat race myself I have no axes to grind and view my colleagues with a benevolent eye. But she never did.

A case in point arises in the last issue where Jim Boutillier has reviewed a book by Porteous which I had read myself a month or two before. Most of this too long effort is merely a condensation of the contents and unexceptionable; nor can one object to a reviewer's opinions, however idiosyncratic.

But in two instances Boutillier, whom I have known since he was a student in London, makes statements which are untrue. On p.38, bottom of col.2, he says: 'As is well known ... Peruvian ~~sbases~~ transported about 1000 islanders away to work the Peruvian off-shore guano deposits'. Now in PIM for January, p.44, col.3, it says: 'there is no evidence to suggest that islanders were "recruited" fir the guano mines in the Chincha Islands off mainland Peru'.

Boutillier may well say that he doesn't read PIM but I could quote three other recent academic works which he should have read and which agree with those in the January PIM. If Boutillier disagrees he should have stated his reasons and not just said 'as is well known'. For the answer to that is 'Well known by whom: presumably Boutillier'.

Then on p.39, col.4, Boutillier states that 'Porteous demonstrates a less than adequate knowledge of the labour recruitment experience in Oceania', quoting Corris and Scarr. Now Corris and Scarr, unlike Porteous, were not talking about recruiting for Peru at all but for Melanesia. Porteous is, in fact, correct in what he says (on pp.12-13 of his book) and it would seem to be Boutillier who 'demonstrates a less than adequate knowledge of the labour recruitment in Oceania'.

It seems unfair to pillory an author for being correct on a subject one apparently knows little about. In fact I feel that if a scholarly book on any particular island or group is to be reviewed it should be done by the best specialist on that island or area, or at least by a reputable subject specialist. Boutilier's area is the Solomons.

As you probably know I have read PIM since Vol.I, no11, and have one of only five complete sets in the world. I reckon that it is the best periodical on the Pacific in the world, but as Robson remarked in the 30s (one has to check every statement made by a contributor' - I believe he did.

Yours,

John

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
19th May, 1982.

Mr John Carter,
Editorial Adviser,
Pacific Islands Monthly,
G.P.O. Box 3408,
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

Dear John,

As you are the only one I know now at PIM h'q I am enclosing photocopies from the Norfolk Islander describing the recent ceremony in which Honor presented the historic Bounty ~~Wedding~~ Ring which she discovered on Pitcairn in 1940 (PIM May 1943:10) to David Buffett, President of the Norfolk Island Museum Trustees, for permanent safe-keeping 'in memory of the pioneer settlers on Pitcairn Island and their children who used it as their wedding ring'.

It was a most moving, and at times emotional, ceremony attended by the leading Pitcairn lineages: Christian, Adams, McCoy, Quintal, Buffett, Evans and Nobbs (only the Youngs were absent, for the male line on Norfolk has died out). As old 'Ma' Adams said, there was plenty of 'feeling' about, and I think the old Bounty families were very happy to have this binding link ^{with} their past.

We too were delighted at our reception and the interest aroused and we feel that what is probably the most romantic wedding ring in the world has now found a fitting resting place on the wall of the Norfolk Island Legislative Assembly chamber (pending the completion of the Museum).

Perhaps someone on the PIM staff could work out a story from the attached account - but tell him to forget the statement in Mr Robson's 'The Communal Wedding-ring of Pitcairn Island' that Honor was 'turning over some old-fashioned things' when she found the ring (Robson and Tudor, Where the Trade Winds Blow, Pacific Publications, 1946, pp16).

Alternatively we could possibly write the story ourselves if you prefer it and give us the number of words. In either case if you would like to select an illustration or two from the photos of the presentation I'll send the lot down when they arrive from N.I. any day now.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

John

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
28th May, 1982.

Dear John,

I was sorry to hear that your colleagues have all gone on their sickies and left you alone in your glory. Mr Robson used to tell me horrible tales of the occupational hazards almost inseparable from journalism; fortunately both of you seem to have escaped them. So has Judy, but I always think of her as being as tough as Margaret Thatcher.

Anyway here is the piece you suggested to Honor. I make it 1389 words but having cut from 2500 to 1956 in successive drafts I can cut no more, but you can no doubt cut it to the size you require.

Also you are at liberty to add, subtract, amend and delete as you like - I am not one of those precious types who believe that anything they write is sacrosanct. Maybe you will find it a bit sentimental; but that's how I feel about the ring.

The title and subtitle are only suggestions. The Owl and the Pussycat had a good verse ending 'But what shall we do for a ring?', but you may think it a bit too frivolous.

We suggest three illustrations: 'John Adams House', where the ring was lost; Honor presenting the framed ring to David Buffett; and the inscription on the frame. I enclose the last two and will send the first in a day or two.

Don't bother to reply but if you don't want the article just send it back for I can place it in a less prestigious journal. In any case please send the photo of Honor back as she likes it.

There was an item on the ring in the 'Gang Gang' column of yesterday's Canberra Times; not bad for a daily newspaper.

Yours sincerely,

John

Rings on their Fingers

The true Story of the most Romantic Wedding Ring
in the World

Harry Maude

Wedding Rings, through the sentimental associations which grow around them - love, loyalty, trust, happiness - are usually the most precious personal possessions we own. I know mine has never been off my finger since the day when it was first put there 53 years ago, nor has Honor's; and they symbolize for us the eventful but happy passage of our years together.

But our wedding rings are of interest only to ourselves and it was not until we went to live on Pitcairn Island in 1940 that we read in Rosalind Young's history how the islanders had once possessed a ring unique of its kind: one with which everyone in the community had been married for the first four decades of Pitcairn history.

Belonging to Midshipman Edward Young it was the only ring the nine mutineers possessed and, according to tradition, after their landing in 1790 Fletcher Christian had used a Church of England Prayer Book and this ring to marry each of them to their Tahitian consorts: himself to Mauatua; Young to Teraura; John Adams to Obuarei; Brown to Teatuahitea; McCoy to Teio; Martin to Tehuteatuaonoa; Mills to Vahineatua; Quintal to Tevarua and Williams to Fahotu. Actually there

were 15 marriages during the mutineer era, for Quintal and Williams lost their wives and married again, while Young and Adams married three times.

Even these were not the only weddings performed with this communal ring, for when Captain Beechey visited Pitcairn in 1825 on H.M.S. Blossom he found that all the Europeans had died by 1800 with the exception of John Adams, who had been converted, it was said through a dream, and was now bringing up the first generation of island-born Pitcairners on the Bible and Prayer Book, with such effect that their simplicity and piety, their unaffected friendliness and their anxiety to please captured the hearts of all who visited the island after Captain Folger's discovery of the little community in 1808. And we are told that when marrying them Adams was using 'a ring for such occasions, which has united every couple on the island since its first settlement'.

The ring, therefore, must have not only witnessed the wild scenes, the anarchy, conflicts and murders of the first decade, but also shared in the hopes and fears of these innocent children of Pitcairn's Golden Age, when placed on the fingers of Elizabeth Mills, Katharine and Sarah McCoy, Sarah Quintal, Dinah and Hannah Adams, as over the years they came of age and fell in love with the island boys they had grown up with. The widowed Teraura, now called Susan, married Thursday October Christian, the first child to be born on the island; while Dorothy Young married John Buffett and Rachel Adams married

John Evans, both men who had landed in 1823 to join the settlement.

Rachel alone wore 'a ring formed of the outer circle of a limpet shell', possibly because her father never really approved of her match. We are left, therefore, with 23 possible marriages performed with Edward Young's ring by the time of Beechey's visit, when the Naval Captain married him legally, at his earnest request, to his third wife Teio, or Mary, who had been blind and bed-ridden for several years.

At this point the historic ring disappeared. It is conjectured that Mary kept it, for she was the first to be legally married, and blind as she was that she eventually lost it through fissures in the rough-hewn flooring of their house.

Soon after our arrival Robert Young lent us a small plot of land on the site of the Adams home and alongside their graves, so that Honor could grow vegetables for our small son. She had no sieve to make fine soil to cover her carrot seed but picked up handfuls of earth and rubbed them between the palms of her hands; and one evening just before sunset the miracle happened: there, in her hand, covered with earth, lay a ring.

She took it home and washed it carefully, with some excitement for she realized full well what it might be, though to avoid what I thought would be inevitable disappointment I had pronounced it to be a curtain ring.

Gradually the gold showed; then a crown and the letters G.R., which seemed to indicate that it had been made in the reign of one of the early Georges; and finally the word 'pure': so there was no doubt about what she had found, either in the islanders' minds or our own.

Honor said at once that the ring belonged to Pitcairn, but the community felt that as she had found it she should keep it. So she agreed to take it, not for herself or for sale but to ensure its preservation for all time. The island Magistrate, Andrew Young, and the owner of the land on which it was found both signed certificates of authenticity concerning the discovery.

It was worn on Honor's finger for some years, leading R.W. Robson of the Pacific Islands Monthly to write that I was 'the only man in civilization who can claim that he has a wife who is married to a Pacific island. She bears upon her hand the wedding-ring in proof.' Later, from fear of loss, it was deposited on loan in the Auckland Museum.

For 40 years we wondered where the ring could best find a permanent home where it would be treasured for its associations. Pitcairn's prior claim gradually faded as the reduction of the population seemed to presage an eventual abandonment of the island - for the third time in its two century history. In any case there was nowhere safe to put it there and no one to see it now that shipping calls had fallen to a trickle.

Dismissing the large metropolitan museums we were finally left with Norfolk, where the entire Pitcairn population of 194 had settled in 1856, though 43 had eventually returned. But would the old families still recognize its historical significance after 125 years of separation from their homeland?

We need not have worried for the Norfolk islanders were planning a museum and we received a warm invitation from the Hon. David Buffett, President of the Legislative Assembly and the Museum Trust, to visit the island and see for ourselves. On our arrival the ring was given an enthusiastic welcome and the Bounty families proved not only as friendly and kind as their Pitcairn cousins but very interested and well versed in their history.

On the 3rd May, at a ceremony at the Legislative Assembly Committee Rooms in the old Barracks on Quality Row at Kingston, chaired by David Buffett and attended by the Administrator, the Museum Trustees, the President of the Historical Society and representatives of all the old Pitcairn lineages, Christian, Adams, McCoy, Quintal, Buffett, Evans and Nobbs (only the Youngs were missing, for their male line on Norfolk had died out), the historic and now literally priceless Bounty wedding ~~wedding~~ ring was handed over, mounted on velvet and in a frame setting out the story of its significance and finding, with the ~~two~~ separately framed certificates.

It was one of the most memorable meetings I have ever attended. As the Norfolk Islander remarked in its verbatim record 'the emotion of the moment could be sensed by all': a quiet pride, even nostalgia, as we spoke of their old home and the dramatic story of their past, and a feeling of togetherness that day as a unique community. Perhaps they were pleased too that others should value this symbol of their common heritage and keep it in trust until it could be restored to them as a pledge that their unity, which was so marked a feature of Pitcairn history, would continue in their new heart-land on Norfolk. Probably old 'Ma' Adams summed it up best when she remarked that 'there was plenty of feeling about'.

After the function was over I stole back to the empty room to say good-bye to what is surely the most romantic Wedding Ring in the world, which on my wife's finger had formed part of our own lives for so long, and I felt that it too was happy to be back among the descendants of the people to whom it had for so long been a token of love and fidelity.

Life as Nauruans live (and like) it

The Nauruans. By Solange Petit-Skinner. Published by the Macduff Press, San Francisco, 1981. 304 pp. Hardback \$US24.30 post. ISBN 0 9606272 0 0.

For many islanders independence has stimulated a pride in their ethos and culture, long stifled by colonial political and economic domination. As a result we find an increasing number of works being produced dealing with the indigenous way of life and historical heritage of a people, and written by local or expatriate writers for island readers rather than academic colleagues.

The Nauruans is a welcome addition to this new type of literature, for during her fieldwork on Nauru in 1975-76 Solange Petit-Skinner evidently succeeded in penetrating the polite but arm's length reserve with which the Nauruans treat most expatriates. She obviously liked and admired them, and the empathy engendered has enabled her to write an authoritative yet sympathetic account of the island and its people, with special emphasis on the individual life cycle, fishing, games and medicine, and a final chapter transcribing 13 traditional stories in Nauruan and English for the children of today and tomorrow.

It seems that the Nauruans have much to teach us, for example in grooming, body care, cleanliness and the good manners governing interpersonal relations; and there is no better guide than the author for these and many other hitherto unrecorded aspects of their remarkably complex yet still cohesive lifestyle, which she deals with in her fascinating English laced with French idiomatic phrases. Who knew before, for instance, that with their unusually acute sense of smell the Nauruans have developed ways of perpetuating an enticing personal fragrance which would make the fortune of a Parisian perfumer?

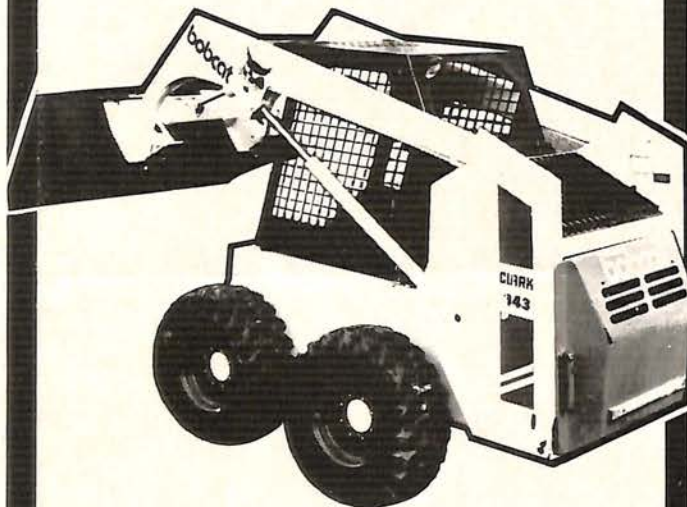
With the Nauruans per-

fumed lotions are considered too evanescent and an island beauty apparently prefers to steam herself in scent to that it 'penetrates her hair, her breath and the perfume circulates through her entire body'; or, better still, she drinks a potion of aromatic plants, leaves or flowers till the fragrance is exhaled 'and a pleasant air floats all around the person, as if the body is wrapped in a scented aura'. We are assured that the exhalations are long-lasting and that 'to attach a lover, to attract a partner or to be the belle of the ball these potions are miraculous'; evidently a date with someone who has been imbibing a spoonful of *Eau de Nauru* three times a day after meals could be quite something to remember.

Again, it is intriguing to learn that the Nauruan *mayayo* (healer) often knows by intuition not only when his next patient will arrive but what he will be suffering from and the appropriate treatment — surely a valuable time-saver for any busy G.P. — and there is at least one *mayayo* who specialises in finding lost things by using similar techniques of prevision without having to stir from his surgery.

But enough has been quoted to show that this is a refreshingly different study from the typical ethnographic treatise. There is, in fact, no other way of learning about this unique community after its enforced exile during World War II, when most of the old men and women, who were repositories of traditional lore and values, succumbed to privations: for Hambruch and Kayser, the two pre-war authorities on Nauru, describe a society which no longer exists. The book is furthermore likely to become a collectors' piece, for the only way known to obtain a copy is direct from the publishers: the MacDuff Press, 110 Sutter St, Suite 1003, San Francisco, California 94104. — H. E. Maude.

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company he became manager of BP's Island Department (in Sydney) . . . The second personality to emerge was Walter Lucas who was engaged by BP in 1893 to work as supercargo on the *Croydon* in New Hebrides waters. Three years later he was transferred to the *Titus* in the Solomons.'

In the years since its formation the company had come up against tough competition from the subsidised German shipping company Norddeutscher Lloyd and the Dutch KPM; from French interests in the New Hebrides and New Caledonia; from Lever Bros in the Solomons, from CSR in Fiji, and merchants and shipowners at home in Australia. Although it had not won every battle it had won often enough, had survived and prospered, and, on the eve of the new century, was ready to take one more step in consolidating its position in the Pacific — the acquisition of plantations.

With this in view, the BP board formed the Solomon Islands Development Co (SIDC) in 1908 and bought, on Lucas' advice, Tetipari Island off New Georgia, another large area at Tetera on Guadalcanal, and two established plantations at Waggina Island in Manning Strait. The idea was to take on Lever Bros at its own game and in this the company was encouraged by Resident Commissioner Woodford who felt that there were advantages in having BP counter Lever's, who not only dominated local copra production but much else besides.

SIDC was established with a nominal capital of £100 000 in shares of £100 each. Of the 608 shares issued initially, the parent company took 100, and the rest were taken up by individuals, including Burns himself, Adam R. Forsyth, and Lucas. SIDC subsequently acquired other plantation land in the group.

In 1910, BP promoted another plantation company, acquiring about 15 000 acres of land in the Shortland Islands, some of it through J. M. C. Forsyth, son of Queen Emma Kolbe. The following year BP formed Choiseul Plantations

Ltd (CPL) with the original purpose of acquiring plantation land on Choiseul, in the British Solomons Islands Protectorate. But in 1912 the British Government changed the Solomons' land tenure system and the method of acquiring it, and CPL switched its attention to German Bougainville where freehold land could still be bought direct from the indigenes.

The shareholding of Shortland Island Plantations and of Choiseul Plantations Ltd followed the same system that had been employed in SIDC — that is, BP took a large parcel of shares, but the majority remaining were divided up between James Burns, and friends and executives of the parent company.

CPL acquired about 2500 acres at Soraken on the west coast of Bougainville, and in 1913 were given permission by the German authorities to purchase a further 10 000 acres on Buka/Bougainville.

Burns Philp then had to wait until the end of the coming war, when the old German colony became an Australian mandated territory, before it could acquire further plantations in this area.

The outbreak of World War I

in 1914 saw BP looking away from Queensland, which had been the basis of its early fortunes, and firmly towards the Pacific which was to occupy its attention between the wars. At that stage James Burns had reason to be pleased with what he had accomplished. As the authors say:

'The development of the company in three decades from its formation in 1883 was remarkable. From initial bases in Queensland and Sydney, the company had spread to all Australian states except Tasmania, as well as overseas. By 1914, besides Sydney and London offices, there were 23 branches, 13 in Australia, three in the Solomons, two in Papua, two in Java, one each in the New Hebrides, Tonga and Western Samoa, plus a subsidiary company in Fiji and a depot in the Gilberts . . . There was also the Wyben Pearlring Fleet (in Thursday Island).'

It employed about 1000 Europeans and an unknown number of Islanders. It had a board of directors of half a dozen, including Sir James Fairfax of *The Sydney Morning Herald* and Baron Inchcape in London, but there was no doubt that the company was run by the executives at home base in

Sydney, especially by Burns himself, assisted by Adam Forsyth, R. J. Nosworthy, P. G. T. Black and W. H. Lucas. They took the decisions; the board rubber-stamped them.

Unlike the situation during World War II, the First War, apart from early minor skirmishes in German colonies, did not directly affect the South Pacific. Burns Philp continued to prosper through it and used it as a springboard to leap off to bigger and better things in its aftermath. But that is a story that presumably will occupy the Buckley and Klugman team in Volume II.

Volume I is illustrated with old photographs, reproduction of which is generally so bad most appear as black blobs, while the captions of many might just as well have been left out. For example: 'Loading bananas', which shows a row of human silhouettes standing on a spit of land. How, when, where or why, we may ask. Or a group of nine men and one woman with a caption that merely says: 'On board *Titus*, Sunday morning, 1898.' Whoever was responsible for the production of this book — that is, seeing it through the printer — could surely do better than that. — *Judy Tudor.*



The company's men. Back row, from left: E. V. Reid, Frank K. Terry, Captain Phillips, Adam Forsyth. Front row, from left: Sir Malcolm McEacharn, Andrew McIlwraith, James Burns, Walter Reid.

77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest, A.C.T. 2603,
26th January, 1981.

The Review Editor,
Pacific Islands Monthly,
G.P.O. Box 3408,
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

Dear Review Editor,

Sorry, but I did not catch your name when you telephoned asking me to review Politics in Kiribati for PIM, nor was it on the package enclosing the book; hence the anonymity of my address.

I had hoped to have done the job which you wanted long before this but unfortunately I have been laid low with two successive bouts of some obscure disease; and now that I have recovered, to the disappointment of the doctor who had been looking forward to cutting me open, the ANU Press have told me to get going on finishing the index to my forthcoming book - or else.

So rather than let you down I have passed the assignment to Dr Barrie Macdonald. It really should have been his chore in the first place for he is a political scientist as well as an historian and therefore knows the modern Gilbertese elite who wrote the symposium whereas I am more familiar with their grandfathers.

Barrie will, I'm sure, do a thoroughly competent review for you for he is the authority on Kiribati and Tuvalu, and his definitive book on their history to independence, Cinderellas of the Empire, is at the publishers; I was their reader and can vouch for the fact that it is good. He leaves for Tarawa in a week or so to keep abreast of recent developments but will send you his effort before then - unlike me, he's a fast worker.

Barrie is Senior Lecturer in History at Massey University where he runs a course on Pacific Islands history for external students all over New Zealand; my niece Eryl has just taken it for her B.A. He is also Hon. Sec. of the Pacific History Association.

My apologies if I have let you down, but I am 75 and therefore frail. You can always reach Barrie by letter or phone at the Department of Pacific History at the ANU, where he is doing a stint on current affairs in the islands.

Yours,

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September 6th, 1979.

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

Dear Professor Maude,

Many thanks for your letter and the photographs which, I hope, will be returned to you in due course.

It's not your obituary we are dealing with at the moment. I've stopped dealing directly with people who might be the subject of an obituary by us following an experience I had in Fiji in the 60s when I, jokingly, asked an ex-editor of the Fiji Times to write his obituary for me. I has asked him to write one about a well-known Suva man and his reply was that maybe it wouldn't be long before his own would need to be written. I suggested it would be a good idea if he wrote it and we would announce, when we printed it, that he had written it himself. The following day I found that he had called into the office and left me some photographs of himself. The next morning, he was found dead, from a heart attack, in his room. We have a personal par about you in Kiribati. I have taken the liberty of including the fact that you were given the Independence Medal in the paragraph together with the citation 'In recognition of etc! No-one deserved it more. My best wishes to you and Mrs Maude.

Sincerely,

John Carter
John Carter

sent
P.S. Stuart has just looked in. I told him I was writing to you. He asked me to mention the autographed booklets you told him you would give to me in Tarawa for him, and suggested that maybe you handed them to me but as I would be under the influence of drink at the time I would lose them- only he didn't use the phrase 'influence of drink', but something much more 'pithy'!-- JC



3rd June, 1982.

Dear John,

Herewith the picture of the small house which John Adams and his wife Mary lived in for the last few years of their ~~houses~~. It was on the site of this house that the ring was found.

lives

Unlike the houses in the village it had only one story, for their children had married and moved out and in any case Mary could not have climbed a ladder to the bedroom.

The front of the house shows the rough planks used for the walls; the floor would have been similar, with gaps and crevices between.

Please pay no attention to my letter about Jim Boutilier's howlers. I was urged to write it by others and after it had gone I thought what infernal impertinence of me to winge about a matter of no concern to myself.

Yours,

Jim

The Herald

1840

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Dear Mr Maude

We are instructed by the Australian Taxation Office that we must deduct P.A.Y.E. Income Tax from all payments for services due to casual and freelance employees unless such employees submit a current Tax Exemption Authority issued by the Taxation Office.

I regret that certificates of registration of a Business Name or Proprietary Limited Company, accountants' or solicitors' letters, are no longer sufficient authority for non-deduction of income tax from amounts payable for personal services provided by you. You will have to arrange the issue of a Tax Exemption Authority.

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If you are not entitled to an Exemption Authority you may lodge an Income Tax Instalment Declaration with the Pay Office. Since The Herald & Weekly Times or its subsidiaries are not covering you for Superannuation, other pensions or unemployment benefits in its payment to you, it is appropriate for you to claim at least general exemption (reduced tax rate) through submission

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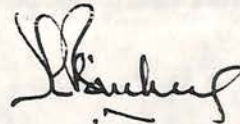
of the declaration. Tax Instalment Declarations are available from post offices or the Pay Office.

Please note it will be your responsibility to ensure that, at all times, Tax Exemption Authorities and Income Tax Instalment Declarations lodged with us are current and valid.

Letters applying for Exemption Authorities should be addressed to:-

The Instalments Section
Australian Taxation Office
350 Collins Street
MELBOURNE, VIC. 3000.

Attention Mr. Peter Flynn.
Telephone: 69.2089.



N.L. BRICKELL.
PAYMASTER.

5th August, 1982.

A brief history...

As a young New Zealand newspaper reporter, Robert William Robson visited Rarotonga, Cook Islands, in May 1914, on assignment to cover an official Islands tour by the then Governor of New Zealand. It was Robson's first visit to the Pacific Islands and he was fascinated. He was also impressed and somewhat dismayed at the realisation of their remoteness from news of events going on in the wider world, particularly by the people's lack of knowledge of events occurring in other Pacific Islands outside their group. Communications at that time were slow and inadequate. In any case there was no publication available to Islanders which reported on developments within the Pacific Islands world, and Robson saw the need for such a publication. But World War I intervened, and meanwhile Robson had moved to Sydney to further his newspaper experience. So it was in Sydney towards the end of the 'twenties that Robson — virtually with no capital — decided to take the plunge into independent publishing and give effect to the idea born in 1914 in the Cook Islands. Issue No. 1 of *Pacific Islands Monthly* appeared in Sydney on Saturday, August 16, 1930. It has appeared without interruption every month in the intervening half century, even despite the Pacific War, when paper supplies were difficult to get and most of the Pacific Islands were under military occupation or on a war footing. R. W. Robson was both editor and publisher of PIM, as it soon came to be known in the Islands, for its first 26 years. He then continued actively to direct its policies as publisher and as managing director of the company he had founded, Pacific Publications, which by that time had greatly extended its activities into other areas. He retired from the board only in 1975, at the age of 89, and today lives in a cottage at Avoca Beach, overlooking the Pacific Ocean north of Sydney, where he still keeps an active interest in Pacific and world affairs. He will be 95 on September 16, 1980, and is Guest of Honor at this 50th Anniversary Dinner for PIM, the Pacific Islands publishing institution he launched 50 years ago today.



PACIFIC ROOM

Menu

Kokoda
Marinated Raw Fish

Vuaka Vavi se
Roast Pork or
Moa Oahu vata kei na kena i coi
pan-fried Chicken Breast
served with vegetables

Tropical Fruit Salad

New Guinea Coffee
Marzipans

Australian Wines