

My dear Paddy,

Without a doubt you are of the Bulldog breed, tenacious and indomitable. I had given your friend away long ago and I must admit that I should never have tackled him again; but you are of the type that built the British Empire, as Jane Knox-Mower pointed out in one of her inimitable sketches.

Also that I could not have answered your letter before, to thank you for all your efforts. First there was the famous Canberra rail routes strike which lingered on for weeks and caused many millions of letters for us to be held up all over the country, and then the house agents descended on us in totally disinterested offers to sell our house - I have never seen such dedicated and kind-hearted people before. And then I had to be an assessor at an oral examination on Heli Feliterika Rokio for a doctorate, his thesis being on 'The Role of the Lutheran Missionary Society Samoan missionaries in the evangelisation of the South West Pacific, 1839-1930' and the preparation took me from solid days of sweat.

Strictly entre nous he had pilched buckets of stuff from other authors without acknowledgment. But I suspect being the Reverend and an ordained minister and a Samoan he was merely asked to revise his thesis.

You and I would probably have got about shaft.

But to the Garstang Papers frankly I cannot make much of them as yet but will get advice as to whether they would show up better under ^{an} infra red camera. Its those dark bands across the paper that seem with my feeble eyesight to be indecipherable and they break the continuity of the text.

What I have made out to date seems pretty prosaic stuff, illiterate and platitudinous, but one cannot tell from broken sentences and ~~with~~ further work may well produce gold. It will take time and but I will let you and the De Quirk know results as soon as I can. Right now I have

to prepare for three hours of briefing on Kiribati to be given to three Australians about to take up jobs there: one as Attorney-General, one as an electrical engineer and the third I think as an agricultural adviser.

It's curious how Australia now provides the expatriate staff for the Gilberts and there must be few if any left from the UK. I suppose it is inevitable but I wish people would leave me in peace to get on with my own work during the limited time left on earth.

The McQuirk interests me immensely and I admit has me quite baffled. Why if he intended us to have a copy of his great grandfather's brother's letter did he make such a mess of the sending in the first place; and then make it all worse by misinterpretation and frustration? My own feeling is that he was annoyed by my initial delay in replying to his letter and determined to send nothing and to brush you off by evasion.

Not knowing you he probably looked on your first contact being your last. And when your unexpected persistence finally wore him down he finally decided to send you copies of some (maybe all) the letters to get you off his back. I fancy his Grandfather letter-head is really one of those boxed 'scenes from Europe' sets that some people send as Christmas presents, but why does he write in capitals - to disguise his handwriting or because it's too bad to read? When you are next in Blackpool you really ought to pay him a social call: it could be an interesting experience.

Anyway this letter is to thank you most sincerely for obtaining and sending the letters, and I shall write in fall when I have had any success in making out what they are about.

Your date for the Exchange of Notes re Carter and Enderbury is correct (see 'Of Islands and Men', p. 87, footnote 14). The claim made later in the year was for the remainder of the islands in the Phoenix Group. My impression was that America did

not know whether a set to claim the other islands until they had examined them and that it was a report on Hill which held it to be a much better place for an airport that decided them - that and the fact that we were colonizing the southern atolls.

I have asked \$300,000 for this abode of bliss but the experts have valued it at only a quarter of a million. We shall see. As I have pointed out it is the best piece of residential real estate about to go on the market in Canberra today. But we are in no hurry for we do not expect to move until towards the end of 1984 by which time inflation, and the natural proclivity to spend of a Labour Government, should make my figure more realistic than theirs.

We have a return - no sale - of taking a three month round the world ticket on a comfortable ship before moving in to our new quarters, or soon after. So if calls at a UK port, admittedly rather out of the way, we shall be able to pay our respects to you in person.

Again many thanks for the Quarterly letter which I shall now arrange and tackle with a microscope; the trouble is that even when you can see the words he cannot spell or write intelligible English.

Yours very,

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.

28th September, 1983.

Mon vieux, P., my first name, stands for Patrick but, if it did not do so, it would surely stand for "Persistence"; or, if B. for "Bloody-mindedness" ! Which indirectly goes to explain why there has been a delay of some six weeks in replying to your letter of the 15th August for which, as always, many thanks.

As you will quickly appreciate on opening this envelope, if not in receiving it, here are the James Garstang letters - at long last. In the past few weeks, it has taken three letters and three lengthy telephone calls, almost the length of Britain, to squeeze these documents out of Mr. Tony McGuirk. It has been a tiresome and repetitive exercise. My first letter comprised two pages of foolscap, single space typing, and I almost blush to think of the arguments I used to try and extract the documents from him. I doubt if you would recognize the good Professor described in the letter, and I blush when I think I emphasized that, if our Tony, not Tom, was not an historian, he obviously had a dedicated historical sense! The next two letters were not quite as long, but progressively terser, though not rude. What baffled me, and still does so, is that I cannot understand why all this letter-writing and telephoning should have been necessary. So often on the telephone he simply seemed to be prevaricating. He still insists that he sent you two sets of the photocopies but when I tried to pin him down as to how they were sent - air mail or sea mail - he was non-committal, and all I could finally extract from him was that he thought he had addressed the envelope to you "c/o...." which sounds highly unlikely and quite ridiculous. All I can surmise is that he lost your letter to him long ago giving your address. Nevertheless I gave him your address earlier on in my efforts to extract the documents from him.

Well, that's enough of that; persistence and bloody-mindedness to be defeated by a nit-wit like him won the day. But has it been worth it I wonder ? I am sending you the photocopies at once since you seem to have given up any hope of ever receiving them. (This immediacy to despatch them is causing this letter to be shockingly typed, for which I apologize). I have given the documents only the most cursory glance. But they seem to be overly full of the sort of letter one was compelled to write every Sunday from one's preparatory school; thus "Dear Mother, I hope you are well; I am very well" and so on. There are of course one or two references to trade, etc., and mention of such notoriety as old Captain Kustel. But I wonder how much you can get out of them.

I also enclose his note to me enclosing the photocopies, not only because it gives his address and telephone number, but because his notepaper you will see has a picture of Gdansk (Poland) at the head. Is he a pal of Leck Walesa's do you suppose ? does the letterhead indicate his political views ?

On my final telephone conversation with him yesterday evening, I extracted one or two oddments of information. His link with Garstang is that he says his great grandfather was James Garstang's brother. There were a number of James's brothers - he said seven, and he thought one was a Trinity House pilot. You will note from his letter that he has promised a clearer set of the photocopies "to replace the set which have been lost". I have my doubts, but I have told him to send them to me; if they look better than the enclosed I will send them on out to you. But he seems to forget that, according to our previous conversations, two sets have been sent to you allegedly!

Last night he kept me on the telephone (I rang him to acknowledge the

receipt of the photocopies) for 20 minutes waffling away, much of which I could not hear owing to my poor hearing, and the poor telephones. But it was almost all about the mystery of the missing copies, etc., so I do not think I missed much.

It will now be up to you to correspond with him direct! He is naturally anxious to know what you can extract from the photocopies, whether they give you any leads, e.g. through Captain Kustel, to search elsewhere, what, if anything, you propose to publish in due course (sending a copy of any such published material to him, though he does not really deserve it after all the trouble he has caused over the supply of the photocopies).

And that, I think, is that! Enough, and now to your letter.

I note from your letter that Garstang was a chronic alcoholic! But you had better swathe that in more tactful language when writing to McGuirk! Our Tony's speech has never sounded alcoholically slurred, I must admit, when I have telephoned him in the evenings.

I see that you are planning to move to Mirinjani Retirement Village when a suitable vacancy occurs. Please let me have your new address without fail when you do move so that my letters do not go astray as McGuirk's allegedly have! Old man Ing will also wish to have your new address when you move and I would pass it on to him. (I agree with what you say about going to live with "the family"; I could not do so either).

I was pleased to hear that the Grimble papers are well on the way to completion, but even more to hear that you are working on the history of the Gilbertese people up to the time of European contact. Book me a copy please, without fail.

So its "Dear Harry"; I burst out laughing aloud at your remark that you doubted "if Swinbourne would have approved if Kaobunang addressed him as" Charles or Augustus!!! (Is Kaobunang still alive I wonder?).

Many thanks for your advice about my stories; it would be a formidable task for me to rewrite some 360 pages of foolscap! I prefer the fee solution. I do not wish to make any money out of the stories, but it would be fun to have them published. But whether a ghost could be found in this country I doubt; it would surely have to be someone who has at least some interest in the Pacific.

Now for some information for myself please. In your famous report on US claims to the Phoenix & Line Islands you wrote "In March, 1938, the UK party on Canton was joined by a US party for Canton & Enderbury. During 1939 the British and US Governments signed a 50-year agreement for the joint occupation of Canton & Enderbury Islands...". According to an old CO/DO List the exchange of notes on this was signed on 6/4/39. But that List also adds that the US made their claim to the island on 16/8/39. But those dates do not "jell" - what's the order of dates in this connexion? I am sure you have it all at your fingertips.

Must close now and buy a large envelope and get all this away - registered since these must not go astray whatever happens. Please keep me informed as to what you can extract from the photocopies and any associated information eg with regard to James's drinking habits!

My love to Anne - You Rac

I have not tried to sort out or correlate the various documents; they are in the order in which he sent them to me.

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
23rd July, 1984.

Mr dear Paddy,

Believe it or not but I was engaged in writing to you when your bomb-shell arrived. What dedication; what intestinal fortitude! I am certain that I should never have read the weighty manuscript in several months hard labour, for I am a slow reader and often have to read the more involved passages more than once to get the sense.

However I send you our hearty congratulations (for Honor too has dubbed it a most remarkable effort). You seem to have read it to some purpose for your summing up of its readability and chances of achieving publication are I'm sure the dinkum oil.

I'm afraid that Lester is trying to prove himself an 'authority' without having the background or training which are essential pre-requisites. For years he has been able to attract attention as a man engaged on completing a definitive literary work which would establish him as a person of erudition: someone entitled to deference for his knowledge of arcane things.

Unfortunately his pudding proved to be inedible and he cannot face up to the fact since it would be too damaging to his self-esteem. As a consequence every rejection, or even criticism, of his manuscript is rationalized away as being due to ignorance or malice. The Meredith Report was admittedly a difficulty but it was explained away by holding that, in effect, it merely suggested cutting down the text for reasons of publishing economics.

I do believe that one should never cause another person to lose face under any circumstances, even to himself, and I therefore regret having made any critical remarks in my letter to him. On the other hand I expect that he will have explained everything I said as being due to the jealousy of a hoity-toity Englishman who considers that nobody without a university degree, and certainly no American, can produce a work of scholarship without having been to Oxford or Cambridge.

I'm sorry now, but comforted by the thought that his feelings will not have been hurt and that the end result should be that I have been finally written off his visiting list as a twerp and a snob. Still I hate the thought of his wasting the next few years cutting a text that needs to be unscrambled into three or four thematically homogeneous books, and then re-written in a more literary style.

This craving to be a colonial power which so many Americans possess is, I agree, irritating in the extreme. It is so anachronistic and I doubt whether Lester really believes that Christmas now belongs to Kiribati and not to the U.S. or Britain. I suggested some time ago that he should go there and write a final chapter on the extraordinary transformation of the island by Gilbertese settlers and the Kiribati Government.

Island Rainbow Tours run a fortnightly tour from Honolulu for only \$799, including accommodation and all meals at the Captain Cook Hotel, which is air-conditioned and good, with a bar open every evening. But he is not interested in the permanent colonization of Christmas, though I believe he has pinched a para in my letter to end off his last chapter. The sage Meredith thought it weak; and so it is in isolation from its context.

Lester has never let me see his masterpiece, and never will, for I do not believe that he is looking for constructive criticism but for praise to bolster his ego. But enough, I must not talk like this for I really do feel a bit unhappy about him and would far rather he had written a masterpiece after all these years of effort and slogging. And I should still be willing to help him by rewriting demonstration passages, pointing to infelicities, and the like.

I've kept pretty well up-to-date on the archives business and have always thought that it was an odd decision of the FCO to cart the records back to England where no one (bar you) has the slightest interest in them and, as the island historians point out, those who are vitally interested cannot afford the \$2,000 or more necessary to get to England and back and pay for their board and lodging. Its no use asking for microfilms if you do not know what is there.

It has always seemed probable that pressure on the British Government will sooner or later force them to return the hoot, as I said at that Unesco Conference on the repatriation of artefacts in Suva which was attended by a representative of the British Museum. But now I am too old to lead the fight and have perforce handed over to the younger set, but I understand that a petition is to be signed at the meeting of the Pacific History Association in Suva next year, where I hope to read a paper. Ron and Margie Crocombe were over here from Fiji last week and we fixed up preliminary details.

I agree entirely with Dick Overy that the records should be sent to Australia where there is plenty of money to ensure their protection, integrity, storage, professional care and accessibility; and this has been my view from the start. Honiara is the worst possible place, quite apart from the climate, for though the government there will agree readily enough to any conditions they will not be able, in my view, to observe them.

From recent articles in Islands Business one can gain a good idea of what the Solomon Islands Government is like. What hope would Kiribati, Tuvalu or anyone else have of locating or obtaining copies of anything dumped in Honiara? What a fate for the WPHC records to be dragged around the world to England; left there forlorn and forgotten; and then dragged back around the world to the Solomons, of all places, where competent care and preservation will be, in my opinion, impossible; if only for lack of funds.

So on this note I end my epistle, since we are flat out sorting and packing. The books still here have now all gone in 21 cases, bar those on the Gilberts, and now the correspondence and manuscript papers have to be gone through to separate the archival material from the dross. I feel that all should have a 50 year estoppel on consultation to allow time for the dust of current controversy to settle.

Poor old Lester. He seems to have been a scissors and paste artist, collecting material from hundreds of correspondents and sticking them together, as you say in toto. It is a common enough way to make an unpublishable book, but when I think of all the time of all the people all over the world he has wasted to no purpose I get quite rotable.

Honor sends her tender regards and I my customary respects,

Yours ever,

Harry Bunde

23rd May, 1984.

Non vizix

I feel very complimented by your letter of the 7th May, not merely because of the celerity with which you replied to my cri de coeur as to what to do with Lester's problems, but also because of the length of your letter; and, all this, because I know that you are constantly busy and besieged by other correspondents, but additionally so at the moment with the cataloguing, packing and disposal of hundreds of books.

There is no need to feel that I am being considerate in delaying my next visit to Australia until January/February, 1985. I should most certainly not pay a visit to Australia unless I could forgather with Honor and yourself in Australia. Such a journey would be otherwise pointless. And, as time marches on, one can never be sure how many more times such round-the-world tours will be possible, remembering that I am now 75. For someone who has just sold his property for \$250,000, I thought your offer to split the London fares of \$5000, and meet in Beirut or Teheran a miserly offer. Ko rangi ni tatti! You lunch in such places but you won't get me there. I want to live a few years longer and am no admirer of Khomeini or Assad!

I am sorry that I should have burdened you with all that stuff from Lester. I did not think that he would have had the impertinence or pomposity to send it all to you. I have just received a presumably carbon copy of his "book". The parcel, which cost over £10 (in dollars) to send to me, measures 14" x 10" x 8", weighs a ton, and caused the postman who carried it up to my first floor flat to complain! One of my problems is that I have really no desire to wade through it, merely noting the interesting parts, not those concerning which I sent him material from the Western Pacific Archives. So there the package rests on my office floor - unopened. How to deal with it, I simply don't know; as a matter of principle too I am opposed to paying even more postage to return it to him. I never asked to see it, or even hinted that I would like to do so. I shall have to think up some way of fudging the issue, though at the moment I have not the remotest idea how to do so.

I have no copy of my last letter to him - I gave up keeping copies of his letters and my replies long ago. Your reply to him is absolutely masterly; I wish I could have written it, but I would never have dared to do so. You are the professional, I the veriest amateur. I wonder what his reaction will be; I have as yet had no reply from him to my last letter, in which I also suggested, very tentatively and politely that, as Caesar said of Gaul, it should be divided into three parts. But thanks for your advice as to what to do with the copy of the MS sent to me. I'll wait awhile and see if he makes any such suggestions himself in the light of your letter to him.

So much for that; frankly, I'm fed up with the whole subject.

After getting that off my chest, let me at once say how sorry I am to hear that Honor is finding life difficult to cope with at present and that her doctor has had to put her on sedatives. Last time I arrived in Canberra only she was there at the airport to meet me (her husband having tried to axe off one of his arms or some such accident as that); I don't want to arrive next time and be met by her husband alone with Honor unwell. I imagine that the sooner you can clear out all your books and papers, and move into the new apartment (or whatever it is), the sooner she will be back to her old form again. However, the sooner the better I hope.

Yes, arthritis is a tiresome malady, and there really seems no cure for it, though Japanese doctors think they have found one - inserting stronger muscles in the knees. But the locals don't seem to have much of a clue as to what to do about it. Oddly, I never suffered from it in Fiji - perhaps it was swinning a $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile daily which prevented it.

Its great news about the translations of the Slavers and 'The Evolution of the Gilbertese Boti' into French and Gilbertese respectively. I wonder what sort of a fist the translators will make of the latter - for who will translate and can be trusted to do so competently. "Goals to Newcastle" indeed in the latter case.

You have never told me of the final results (if any) of your communications with that little shocker - Mr. Anthony John McGuirk of Blackpool. Did you ever gain any useful information from him, either out of what he sent you, or of any subsequent material he may have sent you. An infuriating little man, whose actions I have never been able to comprehend; or should I have said 'inactions'.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



A NATIONWIDE CELEBRATION



26P



Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.,

77 Arthur Circle,

Forrest,

CANBERRA, A.C.T.,

Australia 2603.

Royal Mail

Sender's name and address

P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

London Road,

Guildford,

Postcode Surrey GU1 1TJ.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here

To open slit here

Apropos of Lester, and his "book", I get rather more fun out of that odd but inveterate letter writer Mr. John Orr of Auburn, New South Wales; in his latest letter he tells me of his latest productions, viz. "Orphans of the Great Sea; the Line Islands, 1777-1836" which he says is "pretty good stuff". A second is "The Stranger Shores of Promise" - Yippee! And a third is "Old Glory over Coral Specks". He alleged interest in my stories, which I inadvertently mentioned in a letter, and so I have sent him a set to keep him quiet.

I have just returned from a visit to the USA staying with my married daughter, Hilary, at Greenwich, Conn., and Neil's widow, Nora, and her charming little daughter at Bedminster, New Jersey. Whilst at the latter, I saw the bloke carrying the Olympic flame through the village - a historic sight.

Please do NOT forget to notify me of your change of address for letters when the time is right.

Give my love to Honor and tell her to get better quick, and I hope I shall see her welcoming smile, and your's of course, when I come in January/February.

W. Ayr Mac

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.

11th July, 1984.

Kenn Harvey
You may be interested, or possibly amused, when I tell you that, having received a copy of that great book "An Island called Christmas" some weeks ago, I have now completed my reading of it. It took several weeks.

The book is made up of quarto sheets, with double space typing. It amounts to 891 pages of text; 14 pages of acknowledgments, introduction, etc.; 34 pages of Appendixes; and 57 pages of maps and charts, and miscellaneous notes. Phew!!!

It is extremely tough reading, having nothing in the way of style. And it is made harder because it is often muddled in its presentation. That is of course because the author is trying to tell several really different stories, but he has failed to meld them together in a cohesive whole.

Having read through the story I should confess that I did not however read the 213 pages devoted to the US Army and Air Force on Christmas Island. First, much of it is devoted to reminiscences of his buddies; he is a great 'name-caller', whilst much is devoted to such thrilling items as to how he dug the first latrine on Christmas Island! If the 213 pages were a separate account of the US Forces on Christmas Island during the war, I am sure that the US Army archives would be delighted to accept it. But I cannot imagine anyone else paying it any attention.

Then there is other extraneous material. There is a chapter entitled "Dusty Miller and Joyita". This is simply based on the fact that Miller spent a little time fishing there, but is simply not worth a whole chapter, since it is really of little relevance.

Much of the story I fear also bored me because so much of it was based purely and simply on material that I had sent to Lester whilst I was working in the Western Pacific Archives in Suva. It is true that he pays me a very generous tribute on the title page, viz. (in longhand) "To Paddy Macdonald without whose detailed research and scholarly assistance this (story) could not have been written", but whilst that may to some extent have been true and correct, it never crossed my mind that all the detail I supplied him with would be used almost in toto (e.g. the scale of the labourers' rations on Christmas Island) instead of as background material.

There is no question whatever, having now seen the story, that every word of Merediths, and your, critiques are fully justified. No publisher would touch the story of that I am certain. I love the islands and their history, but this story bores me.

But - and this may well surprise you - my principal feeling after wading (le mot juste) though this story is one of considerable anger. You will soon guess the reason why. The whole story from start to finish is slanted by an American author to prove to the reader why the US has a better claim to Christmas Island than the HMG does. It is not so much that he plays up the reasons for the US claim - such as they are - as that he, by omissions and snide remarks and allusions - denigrates HMG's claim. Thus, often he says that the US claim is based on the visits of such vessels as the Stetson and the Narragansett, but totally omits to mention in that connexion that discovery without permanent occupation does not confer sovereignty. He keeps up this attitude right through the story and it infuriated me. I am sure it would have upset you too. I have a copy of the views of various Legal Advisers to HMG as well as those of the then AG and his colleagues (though I have naturally never told Lester this), and there is absolutely no question in their minds that the UK claim is unassailable vis a vis the US claim. In one place Lester even claims that the US military occupation alone justifies their sovereignty! But none of this do I dare tell him. Fortunately the story will never be published, so that it will not fall to me to publicize these views.

Now I have been asked to send the story on to Wimbush who was a member of the "Yanawai" expedition under Gibson. He lives near here. I wonder what he will make of it. It cost Lester some £15 in US currency to send the story to me by parcel post, but I shall take it to Wimbush by hand. Did Lester send you a copy of the story? Lester has promised me a copy of your critique, but two months have passed and I still await it; I wonder why.

In a letter in early May Lester wrote -

"It was a lot of hard work, a lot of fun, we met a lot of very fine people, I gained a reputation in the Pacific as an authority on Rongier, I keep up a large and interesting correspondence, travelling overseas means invitations

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



Re proper



26P

Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.,
77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest,
CANBERRA A.C.T.,
Australia 2603.

Royal Mail

Sender's name and address

P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.
Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
GUILDFORD,
Postcode Surrey GUL 1TJ.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here

to peoples' homes, and that in itself is very worthwhile".

So K. I. V. that part I have underlined!!! They will make it to Canberra yet!
I wrote to Richard Overy the other day about the WP archives being sent to Honiara (at the same time as I wrote to you). He says that, for various reasons, he was not in favour of sending them to Honiara but recommended Australia, whose Government had offered to accommodate them free of charge. But he said that, if his Government felt that they should be sent to Honiara, very strict conditions about accessibility, microfilm copies, etc. should be laid down. The Kiribati Government reluctantly agreed to the records going to Honiara on such conditions, but says that he has not been further consulted on HMG's decision and whether the guarantees will be forthcoming. In any case, they may not be worth the paper they are written on; I have been writing to the Honiara archivist (one P.J. Wale) for some time but have received neither acknowledgment nor answer. Overy would like a copy of Lester's story, especially as he supplied him with certain material, but I imagine he is unlikely to get a copy. If he does, I shall have to warn him. (One infuriating item about the story is that it contains many ex cathedra statements but no authorities are cited on the pages thereof, which makes many suspect. Many sources are given in the Appendixes but no page references are given. That I find infuriating too!)

App to Huan - In Mac

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
15th February, 1982.

My dear P.D.M.,

I see a temporary rift in the clouds this morning, being Sexagesima Sunday, and have taken advantage of the lull to read one or two of your inimitable stories. Essays they are: in the tradition of Charles Lamb, or more plausibly Addison when recounting the exploits of the good Sir Roger de Coverley. You may take this as a great compliment for I love essays above all other literary forms and these two worthies are my favourite essayists.

I have on my table a curious epistle entitled 'The Line Islands', which turns out to be mostly about stamps. It is an interesting little sketch though it should perhaps be called 'Stamps on the Line' for the information which it doesn't give about the islands or the people on them would fill several books. I suppose that after you started writing the saga of your exploits as D.O., Line Islands, you had a look at the Royal Sydney Philatelic Society's work on Christmas Island and its postal history, which got the old cerebrum thinking that it would be easier to copy out the rest of the essay from that work.

Apart from this commendable spot of plagiarism all the article lacks is, to use the current vogue word, credibility, for no one would believe that you were such a mugwump as to destroy all those stamps on Fanning without a few sheets escaping the flames as an insurance against a rainy day. 'It never then occurred to me': no, sir, you do not do justice to yourself, for to my knowledge you were never slow on the uptake.

I was a bit surprised to find you napping (old age?) when you state that 'the three islands first-named' (surely the three first-named islands, you must be thinking in Gilbertese) were part of the G&EIC (Now the Republic of Kiribati) for by an Order in Council under Section 1 of the Colonial Boundaries Act of 1895 Caroline, Flint, Malden, Starbuck and Vostock (not Vostok) were declared part of the Colony from 1.1.1972 - SI 1971, III, p.6330, (4N 22/71) - and by the Kiribati Independence Order 1979 they were included in the sovereign Republic of Kiribati.

Also my dear sir, if you find poor old Rougier haunting you in your dreams it is because you accuse him of being 'a priest in the Sacred Heart Mission in Fiji'; there never was a Sacred Heart Mission in Fiji and Rougier was a Marist.

I wonder who were the 'highest British and French authorities' who told you that the Christmas Island stamps were 'of no monetary value'. Just try to buy one in the London, New York or Sydney auction sales; or better still sell any you have to me, as you know I would give you a more than fair price. Or did you also set fire to the lot as

being 'totally unauthorised'. I searched high and low in the plantation buildings on Christmas for a few stamps to line my pockets with but found nothing but the enormous rubber franking stamp, which I swiped lest it got into the wrong hands but cannot now find.

I hope like you that Lester Gaynor will be able to get his book published. He is so totally immersed in the subject and enthusiasm like his should have a reward. But I fear that he has no idea of modern changes in the commercial publishing trade, which is no longer a profession for gentlemen with literary tastes but has been taken over by 'Big Business' and is concerned with the mass production of paperback best-sellers for sale through news agents and drug stores. The University Presses are still producing a few low volume and high priced scholarly books but Lester's work does not qualify, if only because he has no endnotes and references.

You seem to have a fixation on stamps for I find yet another effort titled 'Tales from the Posts' (a good title). This is really bonzer stuff and I read it through quite enthralled: the sketches of Dippy Clarke and Frank Highland are excellent, with the suspense and eventual denouement well worked out. With revision, tightening, polishing and the like it would be publishable.

Like Grimble's best effusions, I take it that the episode is an imaginative excursion into fiction, based on the better-known Kelsey Burge shemozzle. For how did I not hear of it when I got back, if not from you than from Frank or the others on Betio? And Honor, who was presumably on Betio at the time - no doubt cooking, washing and generally working to keep you in good nick - was usually pretty up-to-date on Betio goings-on. And Frank, who as you know used to open all registered letters to see if there was anything worth snaffling inside, was not so dumb that he would have missed the opportunity of postmarking a few of the 'Tarawa provisionals' for later sale. And most importantly of all what happened to the envelopes that got their way to the outer islands: not one was brought to me, nor did any Magistrate or Scribe mention the suspicious-looking covers emanating from district h'q.? And where are the hundred or so extra envelopes that you would have ~~sent~~ way to provide extra comforts for your old age, like Dr McNaughton did on Funafuti; and how about sending half to me? Surely you did not have another lapse of memory and have to admit that: 'it never then occurred to me'?

I was delighted to have your testimony that I was able and unruffled - how times change - and certainly I was dreamy: all in all I was not the type from which Governors are made, or even R.Cs. But what is this nonsense about Frank knocking

on your office door at 9 a.m. The office hadn't got a door, if I remember rightly, and in any case you know very well that office hours were 9-12 and 2-4 except on Wednesdays and Saturdays when there were no p.m. sessions. Kaobunang turned up at 9.10 a.m., alleging that he left his house at 9 sharp and was on duty as soon as he left it.; my recollection is that you sauntered in about 10 if you had slept well.

Honor says I'm to thank you for an elegant letter which she received from you and to say that she is all to blazes with her correspondence but will get down to writing some sweet day. Actually she has been literally 'under the weather' for over a month with two debilitating attacks of asthma followed by general lassitude. January and February have been her bad months ever since she came to Canberra; we used to put it down to some floriferous exudation in the atmosphere (I've just coined this phrase - looks good) but I now feel that it is due to the extreme heat - 100° or so each afternoon - with fairly high humidity. Its a good deal hotter than the Gilberts, so she stays indoors and keeps the air conditioning on. Personally I feel better in the heat.

Of course we should really be in a cosy compact flat like you, but the big garden is her life so all we can do is to make it as automatic as possible. Sprinklers on each bed and the pop-ups sweep the lawns, all controlled on a board where she sets a different programme each night before going to bed. Its odd having the different stations working in the wee hours of the morning but it is the best time for both the plants and the pressure.

She has three gardeners now; they come on different days and all are good in different ways - one likes beds, one prefers the grass and the third is a specialist of trees and large shrubs. And her great friend Sini does the house till it shines; she is now back after a two months illness when I had to do it, but not so well; as you will probably agree there is a heck of a lot to learn about house cleaning and polishing routines.

In a recent letter you mentioned my being waited on hand and foot. It was true enough once but Honor is older than I am and not so fit, so I have gradually taken over things bit by bit. She now does the ironing, as we don't like to send it out, and prepares one meal a day; the rest is more or less on my plate.

I would not have it otherwise for I have had a good spin all my life and its only fair to ease down on my writing hobbies and help her to end her days happily with the flowers and plants that she loves so much; and to be truthful I quite like housework. In any case I am fast reaching the stage when I should stop creative writing before it is obvious to everyone else that the mighty mind has begun to deteriorate.

So Honor and I aim to edit the Grimble Papers together and then shut up shop, though I may do one or two papers on Gilbertese history for the Kiribatese (this is the official form; no longer Kiribatian) as after 50 years of working on their 'cultural dynamics' I ought to know the subject by heart.

I shall now sign off as household duties call, and Honor is at the hospital pushing the ambulatory patients to church. As I said at the beginning it is Sexagesima Sunday and I picture you engaged in the traditional role of retired nabobs: taking your roster as sidesman at the local church and taking the offertory plate round at Matins and Evensong - and no doubt nobbling a reasonable percentage on the side.

Yours ever,

Jermy

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.

24th April, 1982.

My dear Harry,

Some time ago - it may have indeed been several years - when I suggested that I might write up the story of the translation of Gilbertese labourers to Guatemala in 1892, and the return of a handful of them sixteen years later, you were kind enough to applaud the idea. So I have included it as one of my stories of historical incidents about the Gilbert Islands in the nineteenth century. And I send you the result - all 36 pages of it - foolscap and single space typing - the longest story in fact that I have yet written. But, in sending it to you, I must make some comments, as follows:-

1. When I decided to write the story, I was rather dubious as to how much material I had collected for the story. I therefore preceded the actual story itself with a preface of four pages showing, or endeavouring to show, how the Gilbertese were, in the 19th century, the greatest travellers in the Pacific Ocean and the countries bordering upon it. You may think it is inappropriate. My principal problem was to keep it short, but it could easily be made longer. What do you think? and do you agree that the Gilbertese were the greatest travellers in the Pacific Ocean in the 19th century? I have even cited Professor Maude in this connexion!
2. Apart from that major comment, I would make several subsidiary ones. First, the statistics from the various sources are often so different, that it is impossible to correlate them; some indeed are obviously only estimates, e.g. the number recruited on the "Helen W. Almy" in 1890, and those recruited on the "Tahiti" in 1891.
3. The Gilbertese names are appallingly misspelt; I have not tried to correct them; it would not be a worthwhile task.
4. I have incidentally omitted from the story the lists of names mentioned on page 16. I have them, but to have included them would have made the story unduly long. But they could be inserted as an Appendix if desired.
5. Even the names of the Guatemalans are inaccurate in the records. Thus, sometimes the final "a" of "de Sabla" has an acute accent sometime a grave one. I have inserted none.
6. One historical error has been clarified as a result of doing this story, and that is the "Moorea" and the "Moaroa" were the same ship; I think even that doyen of the Pacific historians, Professor Harry Maude did not spot this error?
7. The description of the Gilbertese (on page 21) chasing dogs and cats, doubtless to ensure their supply of proteins, is amusing but not credible nor convincing. First, as labourers, they received rations, though no proteins in such shape, but in any case they were not so uncivilized as to chase dogs and cats for food as is alleged.

8. The Gilbertese description of the Santa Maria earthquake on page 32 of the story is rather apt I think.
9. It is a pity that the statistical summary on page 36 of the story cannot be made more accurate but such are the differences or estimates in that connexion that this is not possible.

As mentioned in the story, I find it interesting, in view of the civil war now raging in Guatemala, especially around Quezaltenango where so many of the Gilbertese were employed, to speculate on the strain of Gilbertese blood in the Guatemalan nation!

So much for that. I am now beginning to think vaguely of my plan to visit the Pacific later this year. I have been waiting to hear just when the Queen was going to visit the Gilbert and Ellice Islands and Fiji, because I do not want my visit to clash

with her's. (Blast: this is a wretched and wretchedly maintained typewriter belonging to my son-in-law, Sally's husband, and all the stops etc. - when they work - are in different places from my machine, which is presently being cleaned. But the spacer between lines does not work, save with fingers). But the reason I do not wish my visit to clash with the Queen's is because at such a time and just before such visits, everyone will be flat out at, or preparing for, the Royal visit, and it will be hard to get to see local folk. As far as I can make out however, she will be in the GEIC and Fiji in the second half of October; if so I shall go and stay with Sally in the USA for the latter part of September, thence to Hawaii for a few days, GEIC (I hope) for a few days early in October, and Fiji for a few days in mid-October descending on Australia either late in October or early in November. Would that suit you and Honor? how muvh in advance would you wish me to notify you of the dates of the visit? especially so that you can book me a room at that motor inn?

Let me know what you think of pages 1 - 4 of the story especially; must close now,

Love to Honor

[Handwritten signature]
Sorry about the poor typing.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ, England.

4th October, 1981.

Alan Hurray

Although I wrote you a short airmail letter a week ago, since it would have been both ungracious and ungrateful not to have acknowledged a long letter from you, written amid your numerous more important chores, I feel compelled to write another letter now - for two reasons; first, because yesterday I received my copy of "Slavers in Paradise", for which I am both complimented and very grateful. Naturally, I have not yet had a chance to read it, but in a very brief look at it, I note, what I had forgotten since I last perused the book, that the South American slavers visited the Gilbert Islands in addition to the Ellice Islands. (I refuse to call them Tuvalu). The book is certainly going to make exciting reading for, though I once read it, that was done in a hurry and merely to pick up spelling mistakes, etc. In fact, I would think it is a book that one can read several times over and still get great enjoyment from it. In this connexion, I was shocked to note from your last letter that there is no interest in Pacific historical research in Britain these days; maybe its because with the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides having gained their independence, folk this side of the world cannot be bothered with a distant part of the world in which this country no longer has any interest. Its sad.

The second reason that I am writing is because the GPO here tells me that one must post by surface mail on Monday (tomorrow) if one wishes any mail to arrive in Australia by Christmas. It apparently requires no less than 81 days to allow for the passage of mail by sea to Australia in time for Christmas. I realize that the greater proportion of mail nowadays probably is sent by airmail, and that there are definitely fewer ships traversing the seas between the UK and Australia these days, but, even so, 81 days does seem excessive. Be that as it may, and remembering how overwhelmed you are at present, I am therefore sending my next lot of stories by sea so that they may arrive at a time when you are less busy - even though I doubt whether that halcyon moment will arrive until you attain the ripe old age of 80 years.

There are three stories - one of personal experiences, and two about historical incidents. The story of personal experiences tells of four separate incidents - all of which are absolutely true, believe it or not. You will be able to identify the persona quite easily, even though alas you do not personally figure in them.

The two historical incidents are told in stories entitled "The Fatale Housekeeper", and "The "Isabelle" Tragedy". Both, as far as you are concerned, unfortunately concern the New Hebrides, and not the good old Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony. But I think that both stories are well worth recording, as each has a special twist to it. The first certainly does nothing to enhance the reputation of Captain Edward Henry Maggs Davis, R.N., who hoisted the flag over the Gilbert Islands in 1892; the second will make such chaps as Stan Brown in Fiji, and naval officers, hide their shame.

In the stories of the two historical incidents I have quoted very extensively from historical records; the reason is twofold; first, I think all characters should be allowed to express themselves in their own words; and, secondly, the facts, etc., cannot be challenged by those critics who are always so ready to 'nitpick' such productions. Anyway, I hope you enjoy them and I shall be interested to hear, first, whether you knew of the incidents, and secondly, what you think of the stories themselves.

Once more I regret that the enclosures are unnumbered and not even listed in an attached Schedule. I can only plead that I have no time to do so whereas you academic and government-type purists always seem to have spare time for such elaborations.

Reverting to your letter of the 16th September, I note that you attempt to shame me by casually mentioning that you had to transfer to Honor last year shares and debentures valued at \$200,000. Chicken feed, my dear Sir: my chap at the Bank who attends to my income tax returns would laugh quite immoderately if I started fussing about a pittance like that sum. I have not enjoyed the reputation of having a vast private income for years to be jealous of your trivialities. Now - get "The Slavers in Paradise" filmed and nobble the royalties and all film rights from that and I should certainly have to concede - as the Yanks would say.

If you finally secure any separate copies of 'The Tabiteuean Religious wars of 1879-80' after it has been printed in the Journal of the Polynesian Society, I should welcome a copy. I have a lot of material from the Western Pacific Archives on that. What a pity thought that there has never been a really good library in Fiji, with which to supplement all official records. I even felt that lack when I wrote that long report on the Ellice and Union Islands, and the US claim to them. Even the library at the Royal Commonwealth Society is a dead loss as far as books on the Pacific goes; they have of course "Islands and Men" by one H.E. Maude, but not that famous document about Banaba by H.C. & H.E. Maude. True, the Pacific is a very small show compared to Africa, etc., but, even so, the number of volumes they have on the Pacific is trifling.

I must say I cannot cope with your "rococo rodomontade", your "prolix persiflage", your "perspicacious pleasantries", your "pleonasm" (as to which I had to search my dictionary), and your "cultural determinism"; are they the product of an academic determined to show up a mere civil servant, or a follower of the Wheels' (Cartwright) technique? I have a good mind to send them to Sir Ernest Gower (if he is still alive) and ask how he interprets the writer. I don't remember Honor, in her famous representations about, I think, co-operative societies, trying to impress her readers with such rubbish.

Thank you, finally, for warning me off Solange Petit-Skinner's book "The Nauruans" with their axillary hairs and paring of the toe-nails. She had better stick to their "Bird-Shit" Tower as it is called in Melbourne.

I was appalled to hear (and do not believe) that your "records system has broken down". You are really breaking up; and what was Honor doing; why didn't you engage her as slave labour?

Must close if I am to catch the mail tomorrow; I hope you enjoy the stories and I shall be interested to hear what you think of them. I really must fit you into the next personal one.

See you in the Summer of 1982 - I hope - dont kill yourself meanwhile.

Love to Honor

Tom
Mae

Flat No. 30, St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ, England.

My dear Helle

30th November, 1981.

The GPO having warned us to post mails for, inter alia, Australia, New Zealand and Fiji by the 1st December if one wished them to be delivered at their destinations by Christmas, I gave Sally almost all my Christmas cards for posting on Saturday, two days ago. Then, this morning your letter of the 19th November arrived and it certainly merits an answer before Christmas. So, here goes; it was most welcome.

I found it hard to believe that you had last overcome your backlog of correspondence, and even harder to believe that you had answered a letter from Lester. I thought he was almost persona non grata as far as you were concerned correspondence-wise, and it was a charitable act to give him such assistance. I am surprised, however, to learn that he has reached the stage of final preparation for publication, for he still bombards me with queries and asks me to undertake research on his behalf at the Public Record Office and elsewhere. However, I hope what you say is true because then with any luck such queries and research will cease. I too hope that the book will finally be published. I agree that many of his ex-buddies on Christmas Island will be expected to buy the tome, but I have gained the impression that he also hopes to sell a good many copies to Universities and similar institutions, certainly on the west coast of the USA, as well as in the Pacific and in the Antipodes. Maybe too he hopes that he can sell a number of copies in France in view of the Rougier connexion, unless the members of the family can get an injunction to stop sales there! But surely whatever copies he does sell it can never justify the years and the money he has spent in obtaining the material for the book. I shall be amused and interested to see if, in the preface, there is a glowing tribute to the expertise and assistance of Professor Maude, and maybe a rather lesser tribute to myself.

I was amused at your remarks about your income tax returns. Mine for 1980-81 have naturally been somewhat complicated by reason of the fact that I returned to settle here in the middle of the income tax year. However, I gave the bank, which handles my tax returns, all the necessary information in May of this year. They worked it all out and sent it to the Inland Revenue boys in early July. Thereafter silence prevailed. So I recently asked the bank what was happening. They replied three weeks later that they had sent a reminder to the Inland Revenue (why they did not charge them up earlier, I don't know). Anyway, after a pause, the Inland Revenue boys said that they had lost the Bank's letter and associated papers. They have, however, at last conceded that they have found them. Meanwhile I have no idea what my tax position for 1980-81 is. It is infuriating. Even Fiji does better than this. Of course, they were all on strike for 4 months earlier this year!

I've never heard of Caroline Ralston (should I have?) but she seems to be able, as you express it, to "sling the bat" like any other good academic. Such folks as she sound like old Cartwright (Wheels) in a way; you may recall that, often before drafting a despatch to the High Commissioner, he used to search the dictionary for the most abstruse word he could find and then work it into a despatch to annoy Vaskess. The jargon of the social science professionals really scares the pants off me. It makes me feel uneducated!

I'm glad you like "Power comes out of the Barrel of a Gun". I thought it was a good story, and I enjoyed the cunning with which Lieutenant Page made the Abaiang chief pull the trigger so to speak, instead of doing so himself. Little things like that did not worry Captain Davis in the New Hebrides as you will note when (or if) you read "The Femme Fatale Housekeeper" due to land up with you around Christmastime. I may well send it to the Archives at Tarawa (is Overy still there, do you know?).

But what is all this bloody nonsense about not quoting references. This confirms me in my long-held belief that no academic believes what another writes, and enjoys searching for mistakes or omissions to criticize. Only by the academics citing chapter and verse for everything can they avoid such criticisms. But I did not write my story for academics. In any case, the facts and the truth of the story are totally above criticism and any academic who is searching the story to criticize it will find out. I have all the details anyway. But if I write a story about an historical incident such as that - and others I have written and will write - it has to be absolutely accurate; not so, however, the ones about myself (or you!) writer's licence is allowable in such cases. As for historical accuracy, that is one reason why I have in the vast majority of cases in the stories of historical incidents allowed the characters to speak for themselves and tell their own stories. But surely

this emphasis on references is a lot of nonsense. Distinguished historians like Trevelyan, Coulter - and Maude too perhaps - do not pepper their histories with references. It would seem that it is the academics who do it - but why? If I read a book of your's - say, "Slavers in Paradise" - I don't need to look at the references (not the explanatory notes) because I accept that a man of your scholarship and character is not going to try and fob me off with false facts.

Apart from the foregoing, I am not writing of the historical incidents in order to satisfy academics. You will say, yes, but what about interested historians. Well, if they think a person of my experience and not such an undistinguished career is prepared to write of historical incidents and introduce a lot of false or romantic rubbish, that's just too bad. And, if they like to check up on the stories, they will soon look foolish, being unable to satisfy their untrustworthiness of the author. Enough.

I see that Honor has decreed (though has been disobeyed) that Caroline Ralston "is not to have anything" in view of her criticisms of the cover and title of your recent book "Slavers in Paradise". My one criticism of the cover and it is a very minor one is that the natives do not look to me like Gilbertese! Of course, you know that my real interest in anthropology was, and still is, in physical anthropology, and they just don't quite look like Gilbertese to me. But then of course, the number of Gilbertese taken by the slavers was minimal, whereas those from Polynesia were far greater in numbers. But I thought with your Gilbertese background, you would make them Gilbertese! The title - surely the only other title of any relevance would have been "Slavers in Polynesia", but the rhythm of the title would have been quite ordinary and unbalanced in tone. I wonder if the said Caroline had the nerve to suggest another title?

Your suggestions as to how to polish an article up into a literary format appal me. As I think I said in an earlier letter, I am primarily writing these stories (a) for the historical interest they have stirred in me and (b) for my own enjoyment. The writing of the historical incidents and of matters relating to myself are basically a signal of how much I enjoyed my life in the islands. It makes me think how utterly appalling it would have been to be posted to Zanzibar (as were others, whence I spoke to Furze and rescued them) or anywhere else in the Colonial Empire of those days.

There is one other factor which I might mention also about the stories. I have deliberately kept them reasonably short. As you rightly point out - and I appreciate it very much - there are a number of other references which could be used to fill out the stories, e.g. in the case of "Power comes out of the Barrel of a Gun". But I don't think one's children, or even one's relatives, would read them if they were much longer. The longest are about 25 pages of foolscap single space typing. Most children today are interested in "Star Wars" and such like stories, or science fiction of some sort. It is a pity that at school they are not persuaded or compelled to read decent literature, especially about their heritage. As a subsidiary (?) subject in the High School Certificate which I took at Marlborough College, I studied Colonial history, and fascinating I found it. My two grandsons would turn their noses up at it I fear!

As for my skirting round the fact that Keyes and Mrs. Glover were living in sin, I thought it must have been pretty clear from my story that that was so. But one aspect of it did strike me as a very strange one - all the descriptions I found of Keyes made him out to be a feeble, weak-kneed, spineless specimen. How then did he manage to attract Mrs. Glover - and persuade her to go and live in the back of beyond in the Gilberts, unless he was a bigamist or something, or wanted to hide away from relatives.

I never realized that the protective armour and helmets applied almost exclusively to Tabiteuea, especially as a few were on offer for sale at other islands - though doubtless poor reproductions of the real things. So my education is widened.

As for your remarks about my moralizing (and please spell descendants right next time, mon vieux) at the end of "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun", every Britisher today barely considers hanging as an alternative to shooting, but reduced sentences of imprisonment, probation, and all sorts of gimmickry along those lines. Certainly, the UN would be horrified at the idea of a hanging, and I think I mentioned that useless body.

out the opening line

"Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!" was not the title of a story! That and the bit about Christmas Island stamps were intended to be sections of the "Tales from the Posts". It was certainly an incident I shall never forget. When I told Stephen Grainger Clarke about it, he roared with laughter and said he wished I had lost the money and the stamps as he could then have surcharged me, and he would liked to have seen the expression on my face at having to repay about two or three years of my salary! But you have obviously not read the story carefully - the "strong whiskies" were consumed in the privacy of the District Officer's quarters, and not when haranguing the Native Government. It was essential to bolster one's ego before addressing that august body. Alas, however, there is no photograph. In those days, cameras, if I remember, were comparative rarities; not so today.

I must say that Oömpah Tarieata Tahiti a Vou sounds quite a character. She's probably a lesbian with ideas of raping the whole community of virgins - a sort of double enjoyment task.

I hope that the three stories posted sea mail to you on the 4th October will reach you before Christmas. I may emphasize that all the incidents in "The Amateur Doctors" are absolutely true.

But I shall be interested to hear what you think of "The Femme Fatale Housekeeper" and "The Isabelle Tragedy". Inevitably, when writing about the Pacific in the 19th century, the Navy must figure largely in one's writings, and usually also blackbirding and its effects. But, in the two such stories about the Gilberts, the two above-mentioned about the New Hebrides, and the one about the Solomons, I have chosen them since each has a different theme. I hope that will also be so with the others I hope to write. I'll wait to hear what you think of the last two before sending you any more however.

I do hope you will be able to elucidate some of the queries I raised in "The Reluctant Empire-builders" about Davis raising the flag at Butaritari. Thus, did the US know of his mission before he left Sydney? It would seem that they did. Had Davis been privately apprised that Adolph Rick's appointment had been terminated, when he left Sydney? HMG apparently did not know about Rick's dismissal until some time after Davis's visit - is that so? Henry White, Chargé d'Affaires in London for the US writes to HMG on the 21st November, 1892, six months after Rick had been told to close the "consulate" at Butaritari, in such a way that it appears he did not know of Rick's dismissal in April - is such possible? and so on.

Well, I guess I had better end this screed. I'm sorry about the typing and the way it "skips". The machine is an Olivetti Lettera 25. It was given me by my son and his wife as a present. I have absolutely no use for Olivetti machines. My son and wife never consulted me and it would have been churlish to refuse it or ask for another make. But it has caused me troubles of one sort or another ever since it was given to me.

Will Mr. Hayden or Mr. Peacock be in power when I come out in October, 1982? Fraser seems to have had a bad time at the Commonwealth Heads of Government meetings, especially with Mr. Muldoon playing up as he did. I wonder if he too will get back into power again. The Economist rather seems to doubt it. Maybe the Social Credit party will hold the balance of power, which would really cause a stir.

Must close. I'm really looking forward to visiting you around October next year and talking about the days and folk we knew. Incidentally, I have read "Slavers in Paradise" now twice. It was so interesting and fascinating that I hardly put it down the first time and read it through at great speed. The second time I took it more slowly but, having read it once already, that did not spoil it for me. But - what research it must have entailed - fantastic!

Ti ngaia anne,

Love To Honor,

Ti a kabo,

*Happy Xmas
of New Year*

[Handwritten signature]

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

Dear Paddy,

It was indeed an honor and a privilege to arrive back from Norfolk Island and find your esteemed letter of the 24th ult. on the doorstep. We had imagined that you would be fully occupied in helping the FO to resolve the Falklands issue, but perhaps events have gone too far for diplomacy. Still you should surely be assisting by taking up a commission in the Home Guard or at least expending your surplus energies in filling sandbags and rolling bandages.

I well remember the masterly way in which you tried to solve the previous Falklands crisis, when they sent for Vaskess to take over the helm as Colonial Secretary. With no thought of King or country he declined his clear duty on the feeble grounds that he would feel too cold. And then came your memorable minute to Grantham: 'I suggest for Y.E.'s consideration that the difficulty could be overcome by providing Mr Vaskess with an additional fuel allowance'. What consummate finesse!

I have read through your effort entitled 'From the Gilbert Islands to Guatemala and Back' with much appreciation for it is not only your longest essay but in my humble opinion your best. I had been interested in this episode for years but had no idea that there was so much information on it in the archives. All I can add is a few newspaper accounts - if I remember rightly about the loss of the Tahiti.

You have all the makings here for a good story, including two goodies in Fleischmann and Murdoch and at least one baddie in Dufourcq. It is unfortunately not publishable in its present form, since it is at present a connected presentation of documents, and is not written in literary format as a running narrative with commentary and analysis and judicious but sparing quotations, footnote references and a bibliography.

Still, if I understand your motivation in preparing this series of papers rightly, they are intended primarily for the edification of Macdonalds in being and to be and secondly (am I right here?) for deposit in say the Tarawa archives and possibly (with the Erb Bevington Papers) in the Colonial Service archives in Oxford. For these purposes your presentation is ideal.

Incidentally I have never said that Peruvian and Chilean slavers were active in the Southern Gilberts in the mid-eighties nor that the Ellen Elizabeth discharged any passengers at Lambayeque. I trust that the rest of your material is more accurate as I have no means of checking it now that the H.C. records are no longer available for researchers.

Re your comments:-

1. On reflection I agree that the Gilbertese were probably the most itinerant islanders during the 19th century. It is well stated for your presumed purpose but would not do for publication, where a brief resume of previous recruitment ventures with citations (particularly a recent article in JPS ~~AAA~~ and the about-to appear book Cinderellas of Empire) is all that is necessary (or would be accepted).
2. A pity, but if you say so it is so.
3. Agreed - they are of little or no importance.
4. It would serve no purpose that I can see, except to the Gilbertese readers, who might not be able to transliterate them anyway.
5. Surely an acute accent, or rather a stress mark.
6. Very true; it was indeed stupid of me.
7. Not cats, but surely dogs, as these were considered to be excellent tucker. Remember how Baverstock's dog was eaten on Nikunau.
8. It is admittedly hard to beat.
9. Such is life.

I anticipate that we shall be here in October and November for it will be Spring then and Honor will be flat put gardening, D.V. Having completed our work on Norfolk Honor speaks of staying on Niue for a time writing up the string figures for the Homa Press series, and we both have work on Honolulu. But these trips, if we do either, would probably be in July or August. We are usually lazy and dislike having to travel when the time for departure comes.

The best way from Honolulu to Tarawa is by Air Tungaru via Christmas, which is a nice place to stop over between flights (with a good hotel). Failing that Air Nauru has a service via Majuro which is quite popular; and you can get the Air Polynesia flight on to Funafuti, where you will no doubt be staying with His Excellency the Governor-General; and so on to Fiji. Its a lousy and overly expensive flight but you have no option if you want to stop off in Tuvalu. Otherwise Air Nauru via Nauru is much better.

Slavers in Paradise has now sold out in the Pacific Islands edition and is being reprinted. The appropriate sections of the text have been translated (or are in process of being translated) into Tokelau, Tongan, Tuvaluan, Niuean and Kiribatese, and we are fixing up one in Cook Islands Maori. Olaf Ruhen has just given it a fine review in the Australian Book Review; and in July comes the ordeal of having to answer the three critics who are to write 2500 words each in Pacific Studies. It amuses me to think that bar family you are the only person in the UK who has ever seen or heard of it; friends who have visited the place recently tell me that there is absolutely no knowledge of, or interest in, the Pacific; I can well believe it for there never was much.

We had a terrific reception on Norfolk Island from the Administrator, the President of the Leg.Co. and the ex-Pitcairn Island lineages. I enclose a photocopy of Honor presenting the ring and three pages of her speech (which she wrote herself and then didn't refer to it). Altogether a good show, though the parties which followed were a bit much at our age.

Yours ever,

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1BJ.

Fido

Dear Harry

31st July, 1982.

At last I am able to give you firm dates for my visit to Canberra. The delay has been due to the fact that it has been difficult to arrange a visit to Funafuti, where Penitala (now G.C.M.G., I.S.O., M.B.E. !), whom I met in Suva a couple of years ago, insisted that I must visit there. The problem is that Air Pacific which ran a scheduled air service there from Suva twice a week has been dithering as to whether to keep it going. In the event, they have given it up (a case of a nationalized industry failing through incompetent management, Fiji having installed a Fijian with no knowledge of flying as General Manager) and the private enterprise company Fiji Air have apparently taken it over. It will seem odd visiting Funafuti which I left 47 years ago!

But to Australia; I propose to spend a few days in Sydney before descending upon Canberra. But here are the dates and times for the visit to Canberra.

Leave Sydney by ANA Flight 359Y at 1135 on Monday 8th November,
Arrive Canberra 1215.

Leave Canberra by Ansett(?) Flight TN 476Y at 1005 Friday 12th November,
Arrive Sydney 1040.

I just hope there are no changes in the schedules before then; if there are, I will notify you. You will notice that I give my custom equally to nationalized industry and private enterprise!

Can you please book me into that dump down the road from you, the name of which I have forgotten, for the nights of 8th - 11th November?

Must close now; Sally and family depart to France for a month's holiday this afternoon and she wants to give me some instructions about the house and garden later this morning.

Tremendously looking forward to seeing you both again,

My love to Honor,

Wesley

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 26 3, Australia,
9th August, 1982.

My dear Paddy,

It gave us a great lift to hear that Andrew is still able to hobble around and is still sufficiently compos mentis to realize that he'd been married for 50 years. Henley-on-Thames is a 'good address' and I can picture him enjoying his constitutional along the river path, with his stick and Fitzbillie 3rd eight rowing cap and blazer.

We had our golden wedding during the last decade and are now keeping in trim for our diamond; but we forgot to put it in the London Times, or even the Canberra Times, so our aristocratic friends and relations (if any) never knew.

I was distressed to hear that I didn't rate a column in 'Who's Who' but its an English publication, if I remember rightly, and I have no contact left with the UK bar two aged sisters and yourself. As the UK no longer has any connexion with, or interest in, Pacific affairs I can see no reason why they would include a septuagenarian Australian specialist on the islands in their lists.

Had you possessed prescience you would have looked me up in the latest 'Who's Who in Oceania', where I see that I'm alleged to be a 'statesman, scholar, writer'. Incidentally the contrast between the first edition published by PIM and the 1980-1981 edition fascinates me: in the former nearly all were Europeans and many were in the Colonial Service; now most are islanders and I am probably the solitary ex-CS relic.

It has always astonished me that out of the hundreds in the CS not one fell in love with the islands and the islanders; they all got on the first ship or plane (to be fair bar Thomson, Falvey, Reid, you and me) and rushed to England, Scotland, France, Italy, anywhere so long as it was on the other side of the globe from the South Seas, to live obscure and pointless lives filling in time till they die, when they can tell their maker that they have lived a full life, having given or gone to 4,376 dinner parties, 7,521 cocktail parties, 3,812 lunch parties and 2,684 bridge parties. Unfortunately it left them no time to read, write or even think anything but the most conventional and genteel trivialities.

You must get some quiet amusement out of your cobbers for I have never pictured you as one of the pukka sahibs who travel by ship so that they can dress for dinner every night. Indeed you would probably still be in the antipodes but for unforeseen eventualities, including Indian doctors practising

on your innards; and your literary output appears inexhaustible. Which reminds me that your ~~fabulous~~ Tem Binoka sounds good-oh and indubitably possesses a rhetorical sound; rolling majestically like the Last Trump. Sad to relate my Latin ended at 'mensa, mensa, mensam' and 'Caesar adsum jam forte, Pompey adarat', so the meaning of your last words eludes me.

But to revert to your last letter, I agree entirely that the FO, including their minions in Canberra, are a supercilious bunch of so-and-sos. I have met some notable exceptions but that is just what they were: conspicuous exceptions to the rule.

I pass over your denial that you wrote that minute about the fuel allowance for Vaskess by saying that you would not have refuted writing it if you did not know that the WPHC records are safely stowed in limbo; for I'd have come home, found the file and made you eat it. On reflection it could have been Garvey - ask him when you next see him.

Re the Bevington Papers I refer you to page 487 of Phyllis Mander-Jones' Manuscripts in the British Isles relating to Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific (Canberra, ANU Press, 1972), which you can borrow from your local library on inter-library loan. There it lists as deposited at Rhodes House, Oxford, which is where the CS Archives are kept:-

Uncat MSS 1970. Bevington, E.R. 'The things we do for England, if only England knew!', service 1930-50 in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Fiji and Brunei, typescript.

He offered it to sundry publishers, but unfortunately the English did not want to know the things that he'd done for them: some people are damned ungrateful.

Incidentally there are dozens of other items which would interest you and me, including the R.C. Cartland Papers and Correspondence on G & E land. For instance:-

S.288. Grantham, Sir Alexander, Recollections 1945-7 as Governor of Fiji and HC for the WP, tape recording and typescript.

S.72. Chamberlain, G.D. Recommendations 1948, as Chief Secretary, re WPHC territories, typescript.

S.73/1. Hill, J.A.C. Reports and memoranda as AO, Fiji, etc., 1957-63.

S.75. Grimble, Sir A. Investigations and notes c.1920 on magic, poetry, and song making, Gilbert Is., typescript.

S.76. Kennedy, D.G..Marching rule in the BSIP.

S.365. Papers of the Fabian Colonial Bureau. Correspondence with H.E. Maude, SPC, chiefly on the co-operative movement.

But I have only dipped for you and there are plenty of others, e.g. Fox-Strangways on the Solomon Islands Defence Force; and who was Harrison, S.G., Diary 1924 of a journey from Fanning Island to recruit labour in the G & E Is, with letter 12.6.66 commenting on the journey.

You really ought to go and tell us about this priceless Bevingtoniana, and other jewels; and think of all the items added since 1970, which was Phyllis' cut-off date. I suppose Garvey's MS will end up there eventually. I went to Rhodes House long before the Colonial Archives racket to consult the Potts Papers re Telfer Campbell - there is good stuff in them. I suppose the Pacific stuff is due to Bryant, ex-RC, GEIC, joining the staff of the Colonial Archives.

Browsing through the book has made me want to rush off to the UK for there are literally hundreds of items on the islands recorded as buried in obscure repositories throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. What an opportunity you have to make a killing.

You mention turning some of your essays from their impeccable British Administrative Service format into publishable literary ditto, and certainly several of them are well worth it. Nothing is simpler if you stick to these four simple rules:-

- (1) Read the best literary authors only, and often - for historians Macauley and Trevelyan are probably best.
- (2) Visualize your intended reader constantly when writing - with me it is nearly always an islander - one cannot relate to an unknown readership.
- (3) Listen to the sound of your prose - repeating it aloud is an excellent device - a good ear is essential.
- (4) Polish and repolish again and again - till you are sure that each paragraph conveys the image and arouses the emotion that you want the reader to have.

I guess Barbara Tuchman's Practicing History (Macmillan) is the best guide to borrow from your library. As she says, there is no greater satisfaction in life than writing a good sentence which sounds and reads just right.

You have divined with your customary sagacity that too much of my vocabulary is archaic. It is indeed so: alas and ah me, I fear that it is an inevitable result of my reading for pleasure, since my beloved authors are Jane Austen, Sterne, Fielding, Defoe, Goldsmith, Smollet, Trollope and above all Elizabeth Gaskell. I have just finished her 'Wives and Daughters' and believe me it is incomparable

Talking of good prose, I've just knocked off to photocopy some urgent matter from NZ, including Grimble on dancing and lands policy. What a master he was; and one feels that his defence of dancing is, with his essay on the maneaba, the best prose he ever wrote -- and that really is saying something. It is to be reproduced in our new ~~book~~ to be called 'The Grimble Book'.

Before closing may I enlist your aid in photocopying some letters by James Garstang, the Tabiteuean trader, to his mother covering the period c.1840-1870. A correspondent in Blackpool (do you still go there for your summer holidays, or has Butlins given up?) has kindly agreed to make these available and I have suggested that instead of sending them out here to have copied, which you will agree could be a risky enterprise, he could send them to you and you would have them copied and returned to him. He rejoices in the name of McGuirk, and Garstang's mother was his great great grandmother.

I know that this is gross impertinence on my part but I would be eternally grateful if you could have this photocopying done as a favour for I do need these letters badly to vindicate Jim Garstang, who has been grossly maligned by Louis Becke and Basil Lubbock. I will send a cheque to cover everything, including airmail postage, by return mail - the cost is of no consequence, but the letters are. Guildford must be full of photocopiers, being such an erudite community. Of course he may decide to have the job done himself, or to trust me with the originals.

We look forward to seeing you in October.

Further your Petitioner sayeth not,

but as in duty bound

will ever pray, etc., etc.,

S.L.M.

23rd June, 1982.

Mm Vieux

I am sure that Honor and yourself will be interested in the following announcement, which appeared in the Daily Telegraph (and almost certainly in the London Times) of the 17th June, 1982:-

GOLDEN WEDDING.

ARMSTRONG - STUART - On June 17th, 1932, at Suva, Fiji,
Andrew to Laurel.

So the old boy is still alive and kicking! Having been to London yesterday, I checked with his age and address in "Who's Who". He was born on the 1st May, 1907, which makes him slightly over 75 years old. Naturally, I searched the same tome to discover the age of Professor Maude, but he was too cunning to rate a mention. But I guess you must be about the same age as Andrew Clarence Francis Armstrong. But it does seem unfair that his and my age are to be found there but not yours. You must be almost the same age as Andrew. His address, in case you wish to congratulate him, is 15 Ravenscroft Road, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.

I have just completed the first draft of my story "The would-be Emperor" regarding Tem Binoka, and I rather like the twist at the end of the story. Of course it is inevitable that one should say - as you do - that he was spared the humiliation of living to see the Protectorate declared in 1892, but my last paragraph runs like this, and I just hope that you learnt a little Latin at Highgate (?).

"But, if his dreams of empire were never fulfilled, at least he was spared the final humiliation of living to see the declaration of a protectorate over his islands in the following year by the same imperial power above-mentioned. And, as the British Protectorate was proclaimed in Abemama only some six months later, on the 27th May, 1892, Captain Davis of H.M.S. Royalist, who was later to be honoured by the award of Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for his services, might well have been forgiven if he had murmured to himself as the Union Jack was raised, the motto of that Order - "Auspicium melioris aevi".

1. The flag was raised in Abemama itself.
2. The power above-mentioned is the UK.
3. i.e. six months after his death.

Must close now, but I thought you would like to know about Andrew's golden wedding. Can you and Honor beat it?

I hope to let you know about a week from now the dates of my visit to Canberra; it looks like being early November. There will be much to talk about.

Little man Ing has invited me to dine with him at a Lincoln's Inn guest night next month, which should be interesting. We both wish that you could be there with us.

Ti ngaia ane; my love to Honor and so looking forward to seeing you both again,

W. Frac.

My dear Henry

11th June, 1982.

I was delighted to receive your letter of the 31st May, for various reasons.

First, I was fascinated by the two stamps on the envelope, which depicted what are described as blue whales. Oddly enough, I completed, some weeks ago, another of my tales entitled "Of Matters Piscatorial" and the initial part of it deals with my fortuitous encounter with sperm whales. This was in the Somosome Strait between Taveuni and Vanua Levu, where I was woken just after daylight one morning, when travelling on the Ra Marama, and told to get on deck quickly if I wished to see some sperm whales. And there they were - four of them - the old bull with his harem of three, with the former in the lead and the other three whose dressing would have shamed any Sandhurst parade. I was so fascinated that all I had for breakfast that morning was coffee, on deck, as I watched their rhythmic movements and got a great thrill when the old bull smacked the sea with his vast tail. That they were sperm whales there was no doubt; one could tell by the size and shape of their jaws, their spouts, etc. They must have been en route to that area north of the Equator where in September/October I believe they produce their young. Where the blue whale fits into the whale hierarchy I do not know but, from the stamp, it looks not too dissimilar from the sperm whale, but without that vast head and huge underslung jaw. I would only add that my two grandsons seized on the stamps with shouts of joy; it was fortunate that there were two stamps.

Secondly, I resent the suggestions, and the libel, about the Falkland Islands. I have never thought anything of the Foreign Office - that's not just prejudice. But, whenever I had to deal in any way with the F.O., I found them to be too pompous, superior and superficial for words. They regarded the Colonial Office, I fear, as poor relations, and not even deserving of recognition. And, in recent years, their antics with regard to what Colonies are left has in my view been wholly deplorable. "Get rid of 'em at any cost" has been the password."

But, talking of the Falklands, reminds me that, when I returned to the UK on long leave in 1945, after nearly nine years abroad, I went to the Colonial Office and saw a chap by the name of George (later Sir George) Seel. I told him that cold weather would be the best thing for my thrombitis from which I had suffered in the G & E and Fiji, and I would like to be considered for the post of C.S., Falkland Islands. He looked at me steadily and stonily for what seemed like several minutes and then told me, in polite terms, that I must be rangirang. I remember he said that there were nothing there except sheep and bloody penguins and that it really lived up to its name of the home of the Roaring Forties. He was kind enough to say that I was doing alright in the Service, and I would be a bloody fool to even think about the Falklands. He told me to forget it!

Thirdly, I resent the libellous story about Vaskess and my alleged solution of the problem whereby he could take on the job of C.S. there. For I never even knew, until I read your letter, that Vaskess had been offered the job. What I believe the truth to be is that it was you who displayed such consummate finesse, not me. I suppose he was offered that job?

I'm delighted that you enjoyed "From the Gilberts to Guatemala and back". It was certainly a back-breaking typewriting exercise. I agree entirely with what you say about Dufoucq. One of these days when we meet again, I must find out from you all about the publishable formats to which you refer. Not I think that I will ever get around to publishing anything. All this work I have been doing has just been the sheer enjoyment of thinking, reading and writing of the Pacific and its islands. More of this later.

Maybe the Tarawa Archives will get the material in the end, though I never realized that the Erb Bevington Papers are going to be deposited in the Colonial Service Archives in Oxford. Are there such Archives? and is Eric really contemplating producing some papers of any description?

Apropos of the above-mentioned tale, I am sorry that I made a mistake about slavers being active in the Southern Gilberts in the mid-eighties. But I NEVER said that PERUVIAN AND CHILEAN SLAVERS were thus active; I just said "slavers", period, as the Yanks would say. So don't you dare misquote me, Sir! When you wrote on page 90 of Benjamin Boyd's ships "recruiting" at Tamana and Arorae in 1847, not knowing who Boyd was, and assuming that as the book dealt with slavers, that he was probably of that ilk, I simply used the

words about "slavers being active". But the mistake is easily corrected by retyping that page. As regards the Ellen Elizabeth discharging Gilbertese at Lambayeque, I frankly admit the error is mine; I should not have used the word "discharged" since on checking it again, I see that the Gilbertese never in fact landed. However, this too is easily correctible. But I don't think you will find many errors in my material. I have been as careful as possible and kept a lot of my notes from which the tales have been written.

With regard to your other comments:-

1. I'm glad you agree that the Gilbertese were the most itinerant folk of all. But all I was concerned with was to provide a kind of preface for the main story.
5. Pull yourself together, Maude! What is "an acute accent" you mention in your letter; never heard of it, but its about on a par with the spelling of the Gilbertese names. And what is a stress mark?
7. I'm afraid that it is indeed "cats" as well as dogs, as its a quote and I know its right; I have checked it. I had never heard about Baverstock's dog on Nikunau, but then the Southern Gilberts was always a pretty backward place.

Two points from the tale; page 35, the third paragraph from the bottom - have you ever stayed at "the Peoples' Palace" ! and does it still exist ? Secondly, I hope you notice that, of the 12 adult Gilbertese who managed to reach home again, 8 were Tabiteueans - a tough lot, like old Noa himself, whilst of the others three came from Beru and 1 from Nikunau.

I was delighted to note that you will be at home in October and November. I hope very shortly to finalize my itinerary and will write and let you know of it as soon as I do. Suffice it to say at this stage that I would hope to be in Canberra about the second or third week of October, I cannot be more precise than that at present. It will be terrific to see you both again. No one here gives a damn about the Pacific, past or present.

I was delighted to hear that "Slavers in Paradise" has been such a success and is being so widely translated. I hope you found some good translators. I hope that you will show me in due course the efforts of the three critics, and, more importantly, the author's replies, taking them apart!

I was astonished to read the enclosure to your letter. I had never heard the story about the ring before. But one thing puzzles me. Reading the text of the enclosure, I am puzzled by your remark about Honor's speech, for up to the bottom of the first column on the penultimate page it would seem that, up to that point, it was Professor Maude talking, and Honor only starting on the last column on that page. She must be a fine orator if she really spoke extempore for so long. She ought to be a politician!

I am now on the last lap with my writing of tales. They will amount to about 360 foolscap pages, single space typing - what a herculean effort, all my own. Eleven are based on historical events or incidents in the 19th century 5 about the Gilberts, and 3 each about the BSIP and NH; of those of the 20th century, all 9 are about the Gilberts "The Unicorn Man", "The Babai Slashers", "Tales from the Posts", "Tales from the Courts", "Ten hours at Tabiteuea", "Escape from Murder", "The Amateur Doctors", "Of Matters Piscatorial", "Defenders of the Atoll" (about Fanning Island); I am at present engaged in finishing one of the historical series entitled "The would-be Empire Builder" about Tem Binoka. In drafting and writing it, I have read your article about Baiteke and Tem Binoka. But, and I doubt if I have ever really disagreed with you about anything Gilbertese, I cannot agree I fear with your conclusion about Tem Binoka. Baiteke was certainly an "arbiter of change", and maybe so were Kaitu and Uakeia, but I don't know enough about them. Binatake also deserves mention as he was Baiteke's right-hand man. But Binoka simply carried on with most of the lines laid down by Baiteke, and does not seem to have been an "innovator" in such matters, and so it seems to me deserves little or no credit. I find Binoka a distasteful character too - a man who could murder three Nonouti women and a child in cold blood, etc. And could he ever have initiated the welfare for the aged as Baiteke did? No, we must talk of him.

Must close, My love to Honor. I can't wait to see you both again.

W. S. G. R. C.

21st March, 1982.

Dear Alan

It is always a great pleasure to receive a letter from you, but it simultaneously shames me; I cannot possibly compete with those literary efforts sprinkled with choice words which sometimes send me rushing for my Oxford Dictionary. I suppose your's are literary compositions, with such a wide-ranging choice of words, because you spent so many years in academia, whereas my letters resemble minutes in a civil service file knocked out at high speed over a period of 40 years. I very much doubt if I could ever write in any other style - if such it can be called.

Thus the preface to your letter of the 15th February, which I have taken much longer to answer than usual, not through any lack of appreciation I can assure you, but simply because I have spent much of the time writing another story called "Defenders of the Atoll", and which refers to Fanning Island. You may possibly recall that I was sent there in January, 1939, to compose a defence scheme and set up a defence force. (In fact, you and Ronald Garvey travelled there with me on the m.v. Moamoa). Apart from the 1914 incident with H.I.G.M.S. Nurnberg, the story has many amusing incidents, one of which was that the Captain in charge of the N.Z. platoon sent up to help defend the atoll in September, 1939, turned out to be a dipsomaniac who spent some of his time robbing all our houses of liquor, and had to be sedated until he could be removed from the island. And the Chief of the Naval Staff who visited the island in company with the NZ Chief of the General Staff and the Chief of the Air Staff in H.M.S. Leander, called for the back of an envelope and a pencil when I asked him what they felt about the defence of the island, and wrote "You will hold it to the death" or "to the last man"! It is, I fear, pretty libellous about the Leembruggens; he was supplanted by me as Secretary to Government in 1938 and sent to Fanning Island to do just what I had to do, and did not take very kindly to being so supplanted *at sea*, or for a second time by me in Fanning Island, though I had nothing to do with either move. According to the cable company folk, they were a complete dead loss in Fanning Island and never made any attempt to get along with them. He never produced a defence scheme nor set up a defence force, hence my posting there. Enough...

after lunch

I was flattered by the opening comments in your letter about my "literary" efforts, though I did not believe a word of what you wrote. But, coming from such a distinguished author, it was a well-meant effort to raise the morale of this lowbrow civil servant.

I fear there is some slight misunderstanding about the article on the Line Islands. The story "Tales from the Posts" was intended to be in three sections - the first about that little matter of quartering the stamps at Tarawa; the second about "going overboard from a canoe" with the stamps at Nanumea; and the third about the Line Islands. The latter article was not intended to stand on its own and the three articles should have been stapled together.

I know of course of the pamphlet on Christmas Island and its postal history; indeed I had a copy of it, which I lent to Lester Gaynor long ago. When he returned it, I sent it to the Archivist at Tarawa to keep among his records. My description of the Christmas Island stamps was taken from the one such stamp that I hold - given to me by old Baverstock!

You can believe it or not as you like - but I can promise you that I was never even tempted to save any of those stamps on Fanning Island from the flames. It simply never occurred to me - how bloody innocent I was. But, on recalling my omission in later years, I then decided that I had been a bloody fool not to have saved a lot of the high-value ones, which would have produced a mint of money, both new and postmarked in Fanning and Washington Islands!

I cannot comment unfortunately on the fourth paragraph of your letter (why the devil don't you number the paragraphs, as I used to do, until I caught your disease?) because the stories are at present with Sally, my married daughter who lives in Cranleigh near here, but who, with her family, is at present spending a holiday in Switzerland.

As for the criticism in the fifth paragraph of your letter, I was so upset that you accused me of Rougier being a priest in the SHM in Fiji" that I rang my daughter after I received your letter and asked her to check this from "The Line Islands". She did so and told me that I did NOT make the statement you attribute to me - unless she is wrong. Of course I knew that Rougier was never a member of the SHM and it seems inconceivable to me - unless I was being extremely careless - that I should have said he was. This is particularly so as I researched his early career, both before Fiji and in Fiji, in great detail for Lester.

With regard to your paragraph 6 regarding Christmas Island stamps - the

remark about the highest British and French authorities was taken from a d/o letter from someone in the Colonial Office to the High Commissioner, of which I have no copy, since I never went in for purloining documents as did Swinbourne and M-----e. As for the stamps, as I have said, I just have a single one. There were alas none in Fanning Island, though I searched the office's meagre records very carefully. Lestor told me some time ago that he had collected a number of them, though he did not mention the source (Tahiti?). So I suggested that after all the work I had done for him, he might care to let me have a couple. My request was met with a stony silence! But, seriously, I wonder if they in fact worth anything?

With regard to your seventh paragraph about Lestor getting his book published, it looks as though he will have more of a struggle to get it published than the struggle he has had to research and compose it. Incidentally, you never commented on my remarks about end notes and references in my last letter.

Your 8th and 9th paragraphs - you are obviously touchy about your ignorance of the quartering of the stamps in Tarawa. I think I made the point in the story that Europeans on Tarawa were specifically talked to and ask to forget all about it. As for Frank - have you never heard of the ugly word "bribe", though in Frank's case "pourboire" would probably be a better choice of words. And throw in a few remarks about stopped increments, and failure to gain any advantage in the next salaries revision, and - "Bob's your uncle". You really underestimate the power of the purse. I have only the vaguest recollection of what you term the Kelsey Burge shemozzle. (Professor, what is that word in your paragraph 8 - "taghtening" - really I'm surprised at you). Very, very few of the letters reached the outer islands of course, either due to lack of shipping, or because we held them back awaiting fresh supplies from Ocean Island. But, in any case, what Native Scribe would have saved up an envelope? Did you ever really go through all the records in a Native Scribe's office? I did twice but was disappointed at all I found - not merely stamps. Again, I have to plead lack of recollection to what Dr. McNaughton did. And again, and finally, there was no "salting away" - foolishness on my part I admit but it just happens to be the truth.

Your paragraph 10 - Maude, my lad, you have overreached yourself here. First, the office did have a door, in fact two, the top half of glass and I have a photograph of the office. You do not believe that Frank knocked on the office door when I was D.O. Tarawa at 8 a.m. to which I would make two comments. First, the moment that the D.O., Central and Southern Gilberts (less Tarawa) departed on tour, a more efficient regime took over in Tarawa and office hours were 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m., but then you could not have known that. To have told you on your return would have looked like impertinent criticism from a junior officer. Secondly, at that time when the stamp quartering was under way, Frank was right on his toes as explained above. What hours you & Kaobunang kept of course is not for me to criticize, though I always felt that both of you were pretty slack - no afternoon sessions on Wednesdays and Saturdays sounds very typical of both of you, but then as the senior officer you always expected poor "baskets" like me, your junior officer, to work harder than you did.

I was indeed sorry to hear that Honor has not been too well and I most sincerely hope that she is now recovered. It will be such fun to see both of you again later this year. You must be mad when you write "I quite like housework". I can only assume that the bulk of it is done by Honor and/or others and that your efforts are very much on the fringe. I make no bones about saying that I dislike it intensely as it prevents or delays me doing much else that I would wish to do. Does your "housework" include all the cooking I wonder? and washing of clothes? and ironing? cleaning silver? etc. etc. etc.?

I must say I envy you your garden. It has always been a desire of mine to have one but retiring at the age of 70 and having to care for all one's household chores, it would have been foolish to take on a garden. So I frequently go and help in Sally's instead.

So you are going to "shut up shop" after editing the Grimble papers? I don't believe it - you'll never stop until infirmity makes you do so!

How did you like my story "Ten hours at Tabiteuea"? I rather liked the part about how the young girl "cheeked" old Noa, and how he nobbled my Homburg, and put the Australians to shame over beer-drinking, quite apart from the true case of the two canoeists who were charged with attempted murder.

There is very little in the way of news to send you from here. Domestic chores take up a great deal of time in my life and, what with them, writing stories, reading the papers, and watching TV (though most of the programmes are poor), I do not have much spare time. I have not yet started to do anything about my Pacific odyssey in September/October/November. It will be a somewhat complicated plan, especially if I visit the GEIC as I may do. Do you need me to brief you in advance as to what dates I wish to visit Canberra or can I assume that you will probably be in residence? It will be a real joy to see you both again and reminisce about old times.

I had little man Noel Ing to lunch at the Royal Commonwealth Society recently. He's a lonly little man, but still talks of you and Honor with much affection and, of course, in your case, with high respect! He is now busily engaged by the Monopolies Commission (though a member of the Treasury Solicitor's office) in dredging up all he can find about the Stock Exchange to decide whether they can be self-regulating, or whether they need an American body like the SEC. He was quite voluble and interesting about it. Old Vinelotte potters along on the bench though in the notorious ACC case (Holmes à Court trying to take ACC over) his judgment was reversed on appeal.

I am sorry I cannot send you "Defenders of the Atoll" but I have sent it to the chap who was C & W's engineer in F.I. when I was there to verify the facts. I have now written 16 stories but think I will draw stumps when I reach 20.

My Lord, how lucky one's children are these days. Sally and family are now in Switzerland for a week; in May/June Sally visits her twin sister Hilary near New Work for two to three weeks; and in August the whole family spend three weeks in a chateau in the Loire Valley which has been lent to them by friends. How different from my day.

Must close now and dust and Hoover the whole flat - the sort of chore I do not imagine you include in your activities.

My love to Honor - I do hope she is well again.

John Sedgwick

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ.

File

1st September, 1982.

Mumma

This is positively my final note before descending on the wilds of Canberra in November next (that sounds awfully far away).

I really enjoyed your letter of the 9th August, though I think you are a bit hard on poor old Andrew - after all he was in Christ's, not Fitzwilliam Hall.

But I am writing this very brief and hasty note for three reasons:-

(1) although I do not take my holidays in Blackpool, I should remark that I have not yet heard from the said McGuirk (I suppose there is someone with a name like that, and that it is not an alias). I checked out in Guildford and found a place where they do photocopying, seemingly quite efficiently, as they have done some for me. So, unless I receive the letters at the very latest by the 10th September (Friday) - since I leave this country at daylight on Tuesday the 14th September - I fear there is no hope of getting the work done before I leave. Unless you are in a hurry - and I know you, always rushing to and fro, and bullying young Cadets to get on with things - the non-receipt of the letters before I leave is not a catastrophe, since I can do the job for you when I return here in mid-November, though if they arrive at the flat whilst I am away, McGuirk may wonder why he does not receive an acknowledgment. But you can put him wise to that.

(2) I hope you received my letter of the 31st July giving you firm dates for my visit to Canberra. Letters have been known to go astray, so, just in case, here are the details:

Leave Sydney by ANA Flight 359Y at 1135 hrs on Monday 8th November.
Arrive Canberra 12.15.

Leave Canberra by Ansett (?) Flight TN 476Y at 1005 on Friday 12th November.
Arrive Sydney 1040.

I hope there will be no changes in the schedules before then.

I hope you have booked me in that dump down the road from you, the name of which I have forgotten, for the nights of 8th - 11th November.

Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall assume the dates are acceptable to Honor and yourself. If not, for some reason, please send me a note c/o my daughter Hilary, thus,

c/o Mrs. Hilary Roberts,
1 Benders Drive,
Greenwich, Connecticut 06830

with whom I shall be staying from 14th to 28th September.

(3) Auspicious melioris ævi. I don't believe for a moment that you do not know the meaning of this phrase, and that your Latin is limited to declining mensa. However - just in case - it means "The token of a better age" and therefore I think very suitable indeed as an ending to my story.

Incidentally, there are some folk elsewhere than in Canberra who want to read those stories of mine that I sent you, or some of them, so I shall be glad if I may collect them when visiting you.

My love to Honor and looking forward to a great reunion with you both,

Pi Gloria Anne

J. P. Adams

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
5th March, 1983.

My dear Paddy,

I am glad to be able to report that I am now recovered from the various sequelae which followed my mishap in the garden. The doctor said that I had been all shaken up but that I had inherited an excellent constitution, not yet ruined like my friends with too much alcohol, and that things might well shake together again if he refrained from aggravating my internal organs by treatment. Two or three weeks later I woke up one morning and everything was in order again and the world shone with a roseate hue as afore.

In the words of that well-known Tuvalu ode it is sad to think of us as 'parted now by an ocean vast', but I take comfort in the thought that there is at least no need now for you to see your Scottish home (if you ever had one) 'through tearful eyes', seeing as how you could be in Scotland any day you want within an hour or so.

The Macdonald country should be quite bracing in winter, and I pictured you at Christmas in your kilt and sporran, striding up the brae to the top of Ben Nevis (not that it is any feat, for unlike Snowdon, it is only a grassy knoll). If you know your Scott you will remember Jeanie telling Queen Caroline that she walked 'five-and-twenty miles and a bittock' daily to reach London so even the lowland Scots must be good walkers, not like us poor English who could scarcely manage the bittock. What is a bittock anyway, for I do not speak your native but quite barbaric tongue? Anyway I drank your health in mead, which is my own native and equally barbaric drink. Alaric gave us two bottles.

But I am rambling, the curse of old age. We have had a fair swag of visitors. Two cousins from Cairns, Glenda and her 5-year old son (her husband was shot in South Africa) who were en route to Paris, Alaric en route to the University of East Anglia at Norwich (with wife and one son); next week we have two cousins from Jersey on a slumming trip to see how the local colonists pig it so far from the amenities of life; and then another cousin (plus son) from Echuca.

Glenda has signed on as an undergraduette at the ANU to finish her degree, from January next, as they have recognized the four passes she achieved at the University of South Africa. Hence the six months in Paris to brush up her French at the Sorbonne. It seems that we live in an age of perpetual motion and that if one only keeps still in one place everyone else will appear sooner or later.

'Slavers in Paradise' has sold well and out of a total print run of 3529 only 327 are left. The normal run for a serious book on the islands is 1500, but of course it was the island sales that made all the difference for very few were sold in Australia, where New Guinea and Melanesia constitute the Pacific Islands, and I think none in England, where the islands are some odd dots discovered by Captain Cook and which have since disappeared. The reviews in the specialist journals are only now beginning to come out and when the last copy has been sold I predict that the second-hand sharks will mark it up to at least \$50 a copy.

The book has had the result of making the Pacific world realize that I am still alive, a living fossil from the remote past, and so the demands for information and advice are keeping me busy. By a coincidence I had two on the Line Islands last week, one from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Rarotonga on pre-European contacts between Manihiki, Rakahanga and Tongareva and the ten Line Islands, and another from McGill University in Canada on Caroline, Vostok and Flint.

To save time we have bought a superb Canon photocopier, so now I need only type an original and then run it through the machine for a copy. It is making our work on the new baseline ethnography of the Gilbertese much quicker and Honor is able to put her string figures into the gadget and get really excellent copies for publication. They have to be reduced by 50% but that is only a mechanical process.

Before you left you very kindly offered to ferret out and shake up old man McGuirk to relieve him of the Garstang Papers, or rather to obtain photocopies of them. It is truly terrible to think that such vitally important and interesting material is likely to be lost for ever when it could do so much to illuminate the history of the Gilberts. Perhaps you could get a private eye to find his present whereabouts (at my expense of course). Anyway whether you use bloodhounds or the police don't spare my dollars in such a good cause.

I hear on the radio news this morning that your friend Sir Richard Posnett, the Governor of Bermuda, has been sacked or resigned for irregularities in the GH accounts. I suppose he was caught pilfering the Head Chauffeur's overtime allowance or the fund for feeding the GH cat. You were lucky that scrutiny was so lax in your days, though one did hear stories; and then I was once shocked, as you know, to see you taking a bribe by the swimming pool from the South Pacific representative of PAA. Lest you should be trembling at the thought that I had witnessed the passing of a cheque for £50,000 it was a particularly foul-looking tie, which you gave to me when he had gone: I still wear it. I took it at the time that you wanted to close my mouth by making me an accessory after the fact, so I have never told anyone.

Talking of the Line Islands the Kiribati Government has bought Fanning and Washington Islands for 1½ million dollars so it seems a pity that Cartland prevented me from getting them for £200,000, though when one allows for the inflation we've had since then I don't suppose the two sums are very different in real terms. I expect that after they have moved a few colonists in they will transfer the district h'q back again from Christmas, but presumably they will build an airfield first like they have done on most of the Gilbert Islands.

Its wonderful the money that is floating around for the newly emergent nations to pick up when one thinks of how little we were expected to manage on. The PM of Tuvalu was here last week to get more funds for the Ellice and I bet he went away with a million or two.

Ieremia Tabai came unstuck in Kiribati over a Bill to increase the salaries of the top civil servants by 5%. He made it a vote of no confidence and lost out, so resigned and they had to have a whole new election for the House of Assembly (te Maneaba ni Maungatabu).

He is back again with exactly 50% of the votes, the outer islands being his strength; Harry Tong came second with 28%, mainly urban votes, plus the Northern Gilberts and Christmas; and two others got 16% and 6%. But the exercise cost \$40,000 so let us hope that it is not repeated every few months.

I'd better stop for to tell the truth there's nothing to write about except the weather which is always hot and never rains. Its amazing how Honor keeps the garden going and our extra water bill for the whole of last year, with all those 48 sprinklers flat out, was only \$139; we were expecting over \$1000. But if it doesn't rain before August we are to have water restrictions, when everything will go to pot.

We voted today: for the Deadly Serious Party of Australia The local candidate was a 19 year old girl, who calls herself a 'pizza disposal expert from Darwin'. They have no platform except to take what they need for themselves from the Treasury and leave the country to run itself, which seems to us to be a more concise and honest statement than anything emanating from the other three parties.

We could not in all conscience vote for Fraser, though being ourselves income-wise in the top 5% of Australians he did us personally no harm. But what made us spit tacks was the way he took everything from the bottom 25% to hand to the top 1%, who paid no income taxes at all. Anyway Labour will get in on a landslide so now all our savings will be taken to hand to the Unions, if by no other means then by the galloping inflation which must result from their spendthrift policies.

On which cheerful note I end,

*How has asked me to send an expression of her affection - love I think was the phrase used - and I remain as ever, Yours respectfully,
Harry Tong*

Dear Paddy,

I have let a month slip by from the time I received your letter because just in case McGuirk's wife had in fact posted the Garotamy correspondence by surface mail; you will remember that he said she had posted the material but he had no idea whether it was by surface or air mail.

It seems evident now that she did not post them at all for they would surely have arrived by now; nor has the second lot which he said he would post ^{to me} personally as a replacement; nor, I take it, has ^{he} sent the photostats to you which he promised.

So I take it that he was either wild with me for not having replied to his letter for aeons or else mad as a March hare: probably both. However, like you, I don't know what we can do about it. If he had slipped up once one could understand it but he has broken three promises which seems to indicate a deliberate policy.

as you suggest in your letter, If you care to ring him again, or write to him, there is an odd chance that it might produce an explanation, and eventually the letters. But I would not dream of asking you to do either for I know damn well that if I were in your position I would drop the whole business. In fact I am certain that I ever put you to so much trouble in the first place, but

one could not have envisaged the turn of events at the time.

Garstang was of course an alcoholic which was the sole reason that Billy Hayes was able to beat him in a reasonably fair fight. So perhaps the old freak has inherited the family disability and is permanently sozzled, obfuscated and blotto.

Winter is over and a balmy spring keeps me from working indoors. Actually, I suppose it only lasted (real winter that is) about 10 days and with the air conditioning, the oil heating system and sundry electric fires we kept it at a suitable distance.

We have put ourselves down for a two bedroom flat in the Merivone Retirement Village and await a vacancy. Not that we want to leave this abode of bliss but it seemed shrewd to live in a place where one can obtain help 24 hours a day by pressing a bell and, when unable to do that, can move into a single room in the home adjacent and be looked after. The family, of course, may come and live with them in a 'granny flat' which we could build easy enough but we are too independant to contemplate being a liability on others.

Certainly your stories are good material for publication but need to be reproduced in a literary format. Its merely technical work but very time-consuming; maybe they could find a literary ghost to do it for you, for a fee - one of the best books on

the islands have been written by ghosts and the modern trend in American fiction writing is to commission a team of specialists to undertake the research, synopsis, preliminary draft, revision, and polishing.

The Galle Potos are well on the way to completion, though I suppose there is another year's slugging ahead. And fair pass! am analyzing on the history of the Gilbertese people up to the era of European contact, and this is sheer joy.

Our friend Rerite Terwale, the former Minister of Finance, has just completed his thesis for a M.Phil. at the USP and now returns to the Gilberts as Director of the University Kiribati Extension Centre and also the Atoll Research Unit now being set up at Tarawa to cover Kiribati, Tawala, Tekeba, the Nattero Leaks and Haofae. I wish our Gilbertese would take to cultural and research pursuits instead of politics, which is a pretty degrading activity and moreover a ^{stupidly} tefray one since the electors very rarely kick them out when they don't produce the gravy.

Yours ever,

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ.

My dear Harry

6th July, 1983.

Many thanks for your letter of the 29th June, which I received this morning. I feel so bloody angry about your non-receipt of the material from McGuirk that I am sitting down to answer your letter at once. Not only, in our telephone conversation of some weeks ago, ^{did he} promise that he would have made and send you by airmail, a new set of the photocopies of the material, but he also promised to send me a set of the letters, and I gave him my address which he repeated to me over the telephone so there can hardly have been a mistake. But I was always rather dubious whether he would remember to send me photocopies of the material, but it never entered my head that he would fail to send the material to you - and by airmail. So I have just sat back and waited to hear from you that you have received the material. Now that you have not done so, I feel, as I have expressed myself above, bloody angry. I simply cannot understand what McGuirk is up to - it can hardly be money since I offered to pay for the photocopies, and mentioned to him in my first letter that you too would be happy to pay for them. Has he really got anything that is worth while I wonder? But, as he does not seem to be attempting to sell anything to you, that hardly seems likely. On the other hand, if what he has is not worth very much, he might be a bit ashamed at this stage to produce the little he has. Or, as I think you pointed out very much earlier, he may be trying to sell the material for some vast sum (as he fondly imagines!) to some society or other; but, if that is the case, he should surely have discovered by now that such letters are unlikely to be much of a marketable commodity save to a specialist and where would he find one of that ilk in this country.

So, where do we go from here? The alternatives seem to be these; either you write to him and say that you are hoping that the photocopies will soon be available, as he promised me to send them to you by airmail; or, I either telephone him or write to him and say that I have not received my photocopies (adding that he has perhaps mislaid my address) and ? further adding that I have heard from you and that you have not received your photocopies either. Of course, I risk a snub in communicating with him and saying all this, so I would prefer on the whole I think to write to him. But he might find it more difficult to explain the position if I telephone him. But I really do not mind getting in touch with him for I feel so BLOODY ANGRY at this sort of nonsense. If, of course, there have been circumstances arising which have made it very difficult or impossible for him to fulfil his promise, then that is understandable and he could explain it - though why hasn't he done so already.

Anyway, please drop me a line and say which approach you think is the most likely to be successful, which is what matters.

I don't envy you your task in preparing the Grimble Papers for publication, as Rosemary Grimble seems to have "fiddled" with the material. But, of course, to those interested in the Grimble material, one production (that of Rosemary's) will be regarded surely as the production of an amateur so to speak, whereas your's will be regarded as that of a professional, and therefore of far more interest to other professionals, though it may not adorn so many coffee-tables.

I had a damned good laugh about your remarks anent a former chairman of the Gilbertese language committee. I doubt if I ever deserved to be a member even, though it did my ego good when I was asked if I had passed my higher standard Gilbertese and was chairman of that committee at the Banaban High Court case in London, and had the pleasure of seeing the Vice-Chancellor raise his eyebrows in surprise.

Friend Orr seems to have been taking you for a bit of a ride. I agree with all you say about him, save that I am rather dubious about his ability to put thoughts into words - since so often he seems to me to choose the wrong words or phrases to express himself. But, Lord, how badly he needs to be taught how to write the Queen's English.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.;

77 Arthur Circle,

FORREST,

CANBERRA, A.C.T.,

Australia 2603.

Royal Mail

Sender's name and address

P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.,

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

London Road,

GUILDFORD,

Postcode Surrey GU1 1TJ, England.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here

To open slit here

I don't know what he has been telling you about my stories. He knows of course that I have written them (20 in all - 10 I think for each century), and he is almost as keen to get them published as he is to get his own published - simply his sheer good nature to lend a hand. He has even found some obscure firm - Robert Brown & Associates (Australia) Pty. Ltd, of Bathurst, NSW, whom he has sounded out about publication of my stories, without my authority or even without my asking him to do so. And the firm has written to him suggesting that I send them my "two best stories" whichever they may be. Certainly it would give me a kind of pleasure to see them in print, but I am inclined to doubt whether they are worth while. Obviously, too, they will require a good deal of editing first, since I simply bashed them out on the typewriter without any or much thought of their ever being published. Now I am in a dilemma; to edit and retype them would be a rather formidable task. What shall I do?

You seem to have had some rather unpleasant weather of late. Here our weather has been very odd. Some days ago the temperature was down in the high 40s; for the past two days it has been 80° and 82°.

Must close and get this away so Sally who is calling in can post it. Let me know about McGuirk as soon as you can.

Love to Annar — Mac

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ.

18th April, 1983.

Ken Hew
Lord, to parody the famous book title of one Eric Bevington, "the things I do for Maude, if only the (academic) world knew".

Yes, I traced the quite improbably named McGuirk, and he telephoned me last night (17th April). He was as delighted as I was that I had managed to locate him and, to cut a long story short, he hopes to be able to send you photocopies of the material you seek by airmail tomorrow (19th April). Whether it was because he was excited or not, I don't know, but he gabbled over the telephone and, as he was ringing from the north of England (though not from Blackpool), I found it rather difficult to understand a lot of what he said. I recall that he did comment on absent-minded Professors who left letters unanswered for over two years - "disgraceful" said he.

Next time, however, please send more than one photocopy of your letters (to McGuirk in this case), so that I do not have to have them made. And I like your cheek in asking me to approach him - as though I had not enough to do without writing other letters to trace him.

As he will doubtless tell you in his letter, he has now moved house in Blackpool, but, just in case he forgets in his excitement, his address is now 71 Ascot Road, Blackpool, Lancashire. (Can't give you the postcode as I never discovered it). Ti ngaia anne, save to think that you might never have caught up with him save for me!

Just had a letter from your old pal Lester Gaynor. He writes inter alia "So far I have had four turndowns on trying to get one or two chapters published but two requests still out. I am most patiently waiting for a letter from Harry Maude and meanwhile sending along odds & ends to him". He again threatens to tour the Pacific (and Canberra) in 1984, so watch out!

Delighted to receive your letter of the 5th March with its command to get cracking and find McGuirk notwithstanding. (Incidentally, he suggested replying to you direct rather than through me, so I gladly accepted).

So the Gilberts Islands Government have at last bought Fanning and Washington Islands; what a damned pity they did not do so years ago when you recommended it. How absolutely typical.

Apart from the fact that I am hard-pressed at the moment trying to help one of the grandchildren sort out a mass of postage stamps, and at the same time try to get on with my research about the British Army in the West Indies, with special reference to Antigua, between 1701 and 1871, there is not much to write about. The weather has been miserable, though not as cold as last winter - but bitter winds, grey skies, rain, and an occasional sun which has no vestige of heat in it. If those who live in northern climes can survive this sort of weather, its no wonder they are better equipped to run the universe than those who live in the easygoing tropics.

*x They just had their summer in
Hull in 1982 & 1983 & 1984
I should have been there!*

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



Royal Mail

Professor H.A.E. Maude, O.B.E.,

77 Arthur Circle,

Forrest,

CANBERRA A.C.T.,

Australia.

Sender's name and address

P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

London Road,

Guildford,

Postcode Surrey GU1 1TJ.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure
Do you want the Guinness water bill?

To close all here

To open slit here

You are lucky in having that water bill for a year at only \$139. That would represent about 3 months of a bill here.

If you should feel like making some recompense for my tracking down old man McGuirk, my grandson suggests you might care to send me a Pitcairn Island stamp, 4d, with the Bounty Bible on it. He has the rest of the set. It is just possible you may have some to spare.

Must close. Am off to London tomorrow and have to get ready a number of papers, etc.

My love to Helen

W. Forsyth

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
14th May, 1963.

My dear P.D.M.,

I really am most grateful to you for all your strenuous efforts to retrieve the Garstang correspondence from the reneging McGuirk (what a name).

You must have been wondering why I did not write before but I had intended to photocopy the letters as soon as they arrived and send them to you as a small solatium and an indication of my deep sense of gratitude.

But by now it seems clear that one out of three possibilities has eventuated:

- (1) McGuirk has spoken to friends or advisers who have told him that the correspondence could be worth money, and has therefore sent the packet to Sothebys or Christies;
- (2) The owl sent them by surface mail, in which case they should be here in time to make a nice Christmas present;
- (3) He got a heart attack due to what you term 'his excitement' and is now dead.

Nevertheless I really am most grateful to you for all that you did to discover the whereabouts of the miscreant from justice. I cannot imagine how you traced him to his present lair but Scotland Yard should certainly engage you as adviser to their 'Missing Persons' Department.

I shall indeed send you a 4d Pitcairn stamp with a Bounty Bible on it as soon as I can locate one, but not being a stamp collector I am rather hazy about how to set on the trail; in fact not a bit like you setting off, alert and on the ball, hot-foot on the scent of the McGuirk. I see you in my mind complete with magnifying glass examining the Blackpool streets for finger-prints.

Meanwhile I send the errant hopeful what is far rarer: a Pitcairn Last Day and First Day cover. There are only 12 in the world (all with me but 2; no 3 now) and I have been advised by the Editor of that prestigious journal Stamp News (who I believe has written an article on them) that they would be worth a fortune if sold one by one at Harmer Rookes auction sales (the New York rather than the London or Sydney sales).

They are quite genuine for I bought the NZ stamp from Andrew Young, who ran the NZ Postal Agency, and posted the letter addressed to myself in his Agency letter box on the morning of the 14th. He then delivered it to me, duly stamped, before closing up shop for ever at 4 p.m., and the next day I bought a Pitcairn stamp and posted the letter again at the

new Pitcairn Post Office, opened that day, and collected it again from Roy Clark, the new Postmaster, later in the day (unlike Andrew Roy did not deliver and one had to fetch the letters from the P.O.). If your tibu likes to auction the envelope it should pay for his schooling, and the 10% commission which you will no doubt charge should keep you in gin and tonics for the rest of the year.

Yes Lester keeps writing but as he has finished his book there seems to be no point. What he cannot seem to understand is that while I try to help everybody who writes with a query on some aspect of Pacific studies I am not looking for pen-pals, still less for people who are apt to turn up on a round of 'personal contacts'.

Two letters came from him last week, one being about some money allegedly left by Rongier's girl friend and financier, which apparently you are to take to Ronald and presumably ask him to cough up as being the head of the Fiji Government at the time. What it has got to do with you or me or Ronald beats me as the obvious answer is for Podesser to go and see a good Fiji solicitor.

We are well away with the Grimble book and I have gone incommunicado until it is finished - hopefully by the end of the year. This does not include you naturally, or my relations or close friends like Renée Heyum and Maslyn Williams, but it does include Lester and my 100 other correspondents.

The book is divided into three parts: the first containing four unpublished articles on the maneaba; the second his ethnographic notes, divided into subjects; and the third his collection of oral tradition, prefaced by two more articles on mythology and genealogy which I have found in an old notebook.

Honor says that she owes you a letter and will write D.V. and w.p. but right now she has been overdoing it and has retired to bed, feeling too dizzy to stay up. She works flat out every day on her many interests including the preparation for publication of Pearl Beaglehole's String Figures from Pukapuka and the affairs of the Order of St Luke the Physician, she being Librarian of the local chapter, and looking after old ladies more infirm than herself and helping in the Church-womens Movement (she used to be President). She never seems to have a minute free so its no wonder that she collapses periodically.


Now we have our lovely Canon photocopier I can send you copies of anything you want, and they are better than the originals. No trouble at all.

If you have any thoughts about what is to be done about the McGuirk do please let me know; from your letter it sounded as if he really meant to send at least copies of the Garstang Papers, which was all that I wanted, so his silence has got me a bit beat.

Love from us both. Alaric and Annabel and James leave for the University of East Anglia this week; you wouldn't believe that there was room for another University so close to Cambridge.

Yours ever,

Harry



77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
29th June, 1983.

Dear Paddy,

It was good of you, and I assure you much appreciated, to ring up that one-eyed, ring-toed old dragon at Blackpool by the name of McGuirk. Needless to say nothing from him has arrived here but when I begin to think uncharitably about the codswallop I have to remind myself that I took several years to answer his letter so that if I receive something from him by the end of 1984 he will still be a better man than I am.

And there is the further thought that he has to live in Blackpool, which must be a sort of self-inflicted purgatory like the Indian gentry I remember when I was a child who used to sleep on a bed of upturned nails.

In any case no matter for I am well ahead again preparing the Grimble Papers for publication. It is rather more difficult than I thought it would be because I find that Rosemary Grimble (pseud. for Rosemary Seligman) has picked bits and pieces out of the MSS to adorn her coffee-table book, Migrations, Myths and Magic from the Gilbert Islands.

Actually hers is a beautiful book and very well produced, while her illustrations are lovely, but like Grimble himself she is a litterature and thinks nothing of omitting what she does not like, changing the text for greater effect and mixing two texts by different informants into a pastiche. So her book is useless for serious workers on historical ethnography. But can the original texts bear reproducing as the Old Men dictated them to Grimble?

After some months of working on the manuscripts I am gradually evolving a simple book for the 'man in the village' epitomizing the history of the Gilbertese people from the earliest days to the beginnings of European contact. I find it

quite fascinating and, glory be, my Gilbertese comes back more or less without effort as I go on reading page after page of vernacular text with only occasional recourse to Sabatier's great dictionary, where odd's on the word is not to be found anyway. A thousand pities that you are not here for I remember you as for years the omniscient Chairman of the Gilbertese Language Committee and I should dearly like to refer many obscure points for elucidation.

Honor and I have reduced life to a steady winter routine, working from 9 to 6 at opposite ends of the dining room table: Honor at her String Figures from New Caledonia monograph, now nearly completed, and I at the Gilbertese MS texts. I do the shopping and outside chores and she cooks the one course in the evening that needs cooking (otherwise we live as ever on raw rabbits' food, which suits us). Once a week the whole house is cleaned up by Sini but otherwise we leave it more or less alone.

Outside it is mid-winter and the temperature seldom rises above 7° or 8°, and yesterday in the wind it was -17°, which I suppose is your norm in winter but seemed chilly to me. So we get little opportunity for gardening, which is just as well. But the days are lengthening and one must get done with writing while the weather is propitious for scribblers.

Your friend Orr has just been on a visit singing your praises as usual. He is such an indomitable tryer that one's heart warms towards him; but oh if he would only take a course in writing what a difference it would make, for he has everything else that makes a saleable author: observation, the ability to put thoughts into words, and above all pertinacity - he merely lacks technical skills, which can be taught.

I gather that your own literary effusions may be published in book form by a brace of Australian and New Zealand publishers and I must congratulate you most sincerely in achieving a not

inconsiderable feat, for as you know less than half of one per cent of uncommissioned manuscripts see the light of day.

I found some of your essays distinctly hilarious, and they were all of them very interesting but I must admit that I had considered them unpublishable in their present form, again on largely technical grounds, but I shall be genuinely delighted to have to eat my words and to proffer my humble apologies. Now you will be kept happily scribbling away for the remainder of your days, to the envy of Erb, who got turned down after producing a literary feast which I should love to see.

What are you going to call the work: 'Paddy's picaresque persiflage'? I take it that it will be classed as belles-lettres, like the Pattern of Islands, being of the nature of an anecdotal miscellany rather than an autobiography.

Honor sends her best and hopes that you are managing to survive the English summer; the weather here is more like our recollections of England that we can remember before in the 20 odd years we have been here - cold and rainy. It makes one quite nostalgic.

Yours ever,

Harry

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.

28th February, 1983.

Mon vieux,

Comment vous portez-vous ? Here am I studying the Court page of the Times and Daily Telegraph (perhaps Mr. Murdoch's "Sun", or the Daily Mirror might have been more profitable) to ascertain your state of health after the accident to your shoulder, but not a word. How is it ? Such enquiry is the primary purpose of this letter.

I enclose a few cuttings from the Press regarding old man Posnett, which do not unfortunately tell much of a story. I do not quite see why the FCO should have had to recall him, unless he was in some way involved i.e. by not supervising the officials properly. But what is interesting and rather significant is that he was recalled just before the Queen and the Duke visited there and was absent from Bermuda during their visit. That does seem very extraordinary - I have never heard of such action being taken like that before.

I don't know if you ever see a paper (or magazine) called the Economist. I have a very high opinion of it and take it each week. The other day in its section on book reviews, it had a long article about a book by one Derek Freeman, Professor Emeritus of the Australian National University, and allegedly an expert on Samoan language and customs. In the book he fairly takes Margaret Mead to pieces for her book on Samoa many years before ("Coming of age in Samoa" I think it was called). I had never studied it or even read it, though from remarks about it which I had read it really seemed that Margaret Mead was looking at everything in pink-coloured glasses. The review in the Economist was, I assume, accurate in its summation of Freeman's views and expertise, but I liked its ending which suggested that 'sleeping dogs should be left to lie'. But then academics enjoy tearing their fellows to bits don't they ?

I was absolutely appalled recently to read of those shocking bush-fires in South Australia and Victoria. Indeed, I was so distressed that I at once reached for my cheque book and sent, I think I can say, a generous donation to the relief fund in London, such is my affection for Australia and its peoples. I sincerely trust that Alaric and his family were in no way discommoded by the fires. The news was made all the worse as far as I was concerned by the fact that I knew a number of places which were hard hit or destroyed; thus, the Dandenongs - I remember Bertie Maynard taking me on a long drive up that way and giving me a superb lunch at some country club up there (the 'Emerald' Country Club, I seem to remember it was called, but I could be wrong).

And what about the timing of the bush fires (I hope you suffered none around Canberra); right on top of a general election. It looks as though Fraser is going to be soundly defeated, and its about time for a change too. I just ~~hope~~ ^{hope} however that he ^(Hume) does not rush things too much. But it looks as though you had better keep your hands tightly on your vast income.

I have just been sorting out a lot of the records which I brought home with me; its been quite a job. I seem to have acquired a mass of printed reports by one H.E. Maude on, for example to name but one, "The Phoenix and Line Islands with special reference to the question of British sovereignty". I suppose they will be worth a King's or Queen's ransom one day.

How does one stop old man Lester Gaynor writing to one about all sorts of extraneous matters concerning Christmas Island ? He will never get it to a printer and publisher at this rate. In his latest letter I note that he says he hopes to persuade Mildred (his wife) to undertake a Pacific tour in 1984 including Victoria and New South Wales. So watch out!!! And, if I make my next round-the-world tour in 1984, I had better watch out too!

The weather here has been lousy. We did not have a great deal of snow down south but what we did have 'lay' for some three weeks and has only just gone; meanwhile, bitterly cold winds and temperatures in the low thirties each day and frosts at night.

I have been suffering from a slight attack of lumbago which is painful when rising from a sedentary position but otherwise does not discommode me; it is nearly gone now.

Must close;

*My love to Ann
To Sylvia Anne
To a Kate
Bac*

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.

Dear Harry

7th March, 1983.

Having written to you a few days ago, I have little to add on this occasion. But there have been two items in the UK Press which may possibly not have been reported in the great Australian newspapers.

The first relates to Henderson Island in the Pitcairn Group, and I enclose a cutting on the subject which appeared in the papers here on the 3rd March. There were one or two short Press cuttings previous to this one, about an American millionaire seeking a place in the world to avoid the nuclear holocaust, in which it stated that he proposed to buy the island and settle there. However, I am sorry I did not cut the items out, but in any case the suggestion of purchase got short shrift. But what is the future of Pitcairn and Henderson when the inhabitants of the former finally abandon it? and when will that be? I assume the USSR will try for a takeover?

The other cutting relates to old man Posnett, whom you will recall was sent out to see the Bannabans when their cases were on. Personally, I am not sorry to see what has happened to him; he was infernally offhand, indeed rude, to me in Suva, for which there was no call. Be that as it may, it must have been a shock to the old boy to have ended his career like this. The two predecessors in the Governorship on Bermuda were all men with ample private means, which I have a suspicion Posnett had not. In that case his predecessors may

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ.

20th May, 1983.

Mr Nixon

I received your letter of the 12th May forty-eight hours ago - quite a quick transit for these days and, in view of the panicky tone of the second paragraph in which you foresaw all the horrible things which might happen to the Garstang correspondence, I went into action for you once more. I managed to obtain McGuirk's telephone number - it is Blackpool 34551, in case you need it - and I telephoned him this evening, and fortunately caught him at home.

I said (quite untruthfully) that I had just received a letter from you asking whether I had yet managed to locate him (McGuirk) and if so with what results. (This of course you knew from my last letter to you, but that little white lie seemed the simplest way to start the conversation). Having identified him I asked whether he had yet been able to send you the relevant documentation and, if so, when. He said that he had sent the photocopies (which he added were very good) about "a week ago". I then asked him if he sent them by airmail or sea mail, explaining that the former would take a week but the latter about 6 to 8 weeks. He said that he did not know as his wife had posted them. So I asked him whether the postage was expensive, i.e. probably air mail, but he did not know! But I must have made an impression because he has promised now to send you by air mail the set of the photocopies which he prepared for himself and to send me a set in due course! If he does send a set to me, even if your's never arrive, you can have mine if you need them.

He was full of chatter but the call being the length and breadth of England - and the fact that he "gabbles" and that my hearing is poor - I did not hear much of what he said. However, I repeated what I thought he said on the vital points as recorded above, and he confirmed them. Unfortunately also we were cut off in the middle of the call and I had to ring back - a double call - I'll be bankrupted!

If the photocopies which he says he posted about a week ago go by surface mail, they will make a nice Xmas present; otherwise you should receive them before you receive this letter. Please let me know the outcome of these events.

And I must rush off and post this letter this evening as Monday is the Spring Bank holiday and no one does any work tomorrow (Saturday), including doubtless the P.O. here.

Thank you for the very munificent present of that almost unique envelope. I really feel a bit embarrassed at such a gift. I am not going to give it to my grandson philatelist until I am satisfied that he will take care of it and not rush off to "cash" it!!! It is certainly an almost unique gift compared to the little I have done to track down old man McGuirk. But my grateful thanks all the same.

Will not write any more now. I will motor down to the post office and catch the early mail tomorrow morning (Saturday); otherwise it may not go till Tuesday!!!

In great haste, Love to Honor,

Mr Nixon

Sorry about the typing - my haste has given me inaccuracies!

have used a lot of their private funds on this and that, but Posnett not being thus heeled, used Government funds, with the current disastrous results. I cannot really believe that he dipped his hand in the till or did something like that. But I see from the cutting that the Minister of Finance is "demanding full restitution".

After his treatment of me (and some others) in Suva, I felt it might have been much better if the FCO had appointed you (with me as your assistant) to deal with the Banabans. I still feel that would have been best.

Love to Honor
Yshuae

P.S. I seem to recall that Honor said that your next oversea journey was to be to Niue. If that is so, my grandsons have told me that they would like some stamps from that distant island, if you would be so kind.

How do you view Honolulu's accession to power?
Can be as bad as, or worse than, Nassau?

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
19th November, 1981.

My dear P.D.M.,

I have, believe it or not, almost got abreast of the correspondence. I told Lester last week that I had written 97 letters since I commenced on the marathon: now the score is 103 and I have declared a moratorium.

You may well ask why I wrote to Lester and the answer is because he asked for an immediate reply and I am still sufficiently civil service minded to give the urgent letters priority treatment. He has reached the stage of final preparation for publication and this involves a number of decisions on format, appendixes and the like. I do trust that he can get his book published after all this terrific effort but knowing the condition of the publishing trade I should be worried. Probably, however, he has got a pretty well guaranteed sale to all his ex-buddies on Christmas.

I have not yet had a moment to do my Income Tax Returns (due 1.7.81) but Honor reckons that you would not mind paying the 10% fine for being late, as it will be caused by writing to you first. It will, I'm afraid, be two fines, for I always do our forms together so as to equalise our incomes as far as possible.

At this point everything stopped for a letter arrived from Caroline Ralston to say that she is writing a comparative survey of nativistic religious movements in the 19th century and would like a preview of our 'The Tioba cult and the Tabiteuean religious wars of 1879-1880'. She did a good review of the Slavers in PIM but criticised the cover and title so Honor says she is not to have anything. However I've sent her the article but called her a 'tetchy so-and-so' and warned her that I am writing to PIM 'in validation of the word "Paradise" as a geo-literary locational term'; as she won't know what that means it will scare the pants off her. I can 'sling the bat' as well as the best of them but, unlike the professionals, I regard the gargon of the social sciences merely as an amusing exercise in concocting nonsense.

I beg leave to state that your 'Power comes out of the Barrel of a Gun' is a real humdinger and one of the best that you have written. I hope that it will not merely be kept among your interesting relics for the edification of your great-grandchildren but that copies will be sent to the National Archives at Tarawa so that it can be used as a secondary source by future Gilbertese historians. For that is what it is: the raw material of history, though since you do not quote your references you will be cursed by all who use it.

It is a good story and you obviously know your sources better than I do and if you bothered to polish it up into a literary format you could make a publishable article out of it; but the rewriting, and revising several times, the cutting out of superfluous fat, the polishing of each sentence, all takes an inordinate amount of time. I have never, I think, taken less than three months over an article, and seldom get away with rewriting a sentence less than Stevenson's statutory seven times, so admitting that you are faster than I am I doubt if you could do it in less at your advanced age (not to say general decrepitude).

It does seem a pity to waste it on your offspring's progeny, for they will inevitably get it all wrong, and one can easily guess how easily it will become yet another of your family myths:

Young Macdonald - 'My grandfather used to blow natives out of guns because they didn't want to become Englishmen. Mother read it to us one night and said that the Queen knighted him for it. I bet your grand dad never blew natives out of guns.'

Young commoner - 'Well, what if he didn't, I wouldn't want him to. But my grandfather could blow smoke out of his ears. I bet your grandparent never blew smoke out of his ears.'

And so on, ad infinitum.

I hesitate to point out minor errors except to say that your mention of protective armour and helmets applies almost exclusively to Tabiteuea. I will send you a copy of the Tioba waffle when it appears as it deals with this point. You skirt delicately around the fact that Keyes and Mrs Glover were actually living in sin, but I realize that your grandchildren would not know what this meant. Your last para also moralizes (again for the benefit of your descendants) by pointing out quite properly that every decent Britisher prescribes the slow torture of hanging in preference to instantaneous death by shooting, just as he rightly idolizes fox-hunters but execrates someone who kicks a dog who is trying to bite him.

Should you ever wish to do further work on Keyes and Pugh you should look up Louis Becke's article 'Jack Keyes wife. A tale of Equatorial Polynesia', The Sydney Bulletin, 27.6.93, where you will find yourself forestalled by an ever bigger prevaricator. Also J.E. Chamberlain's 'Synopsis of viyage of the Morning Star for the year 1875' (ABCFM G575/3), and the report of the murder, by Capt. Eury of the E.K. Bateson, in the Sydney Mail for 18.12.75. Eury took May Glover to Sydney, where she had friends (dep. Abaiang 14.9.75). You evidently

have SOS to Gov., Fiji, no.136 of 23.10.76, but there are interesting sidelights on the preparations on shore to shelter from the threatened firing by Pugh in Taylor to Clark, 26.5.76 (HMCS). Pugh had said that he could not spare the church so it had to be partially dismantled and removed out of range; and the villagers brought their worldly belongings for storing in the mission compound, with their women and children. The Hawaiian who befriended May was called Haina.

'Thud!, Thud!, Thud!, Thud!,

' is a good story, but the title could be bettered. Of course it is only for those who do not know that the incident was merely all in the day's work for your brother officers who went on shore to do their duty regardless of weather conditions instead of sitting on board drinking beer; but I suppose you seldom disembarked except in a flat calm so it must have been memorable.

Honor laughed no end at the thought of your drinking, as you have the honesty to admit, 'strong whiskies', garbed in a grass skirt; and certainly I would donate a hundred dollars for a photo of you standing up and deliveringm your harangue to the Island Government (and, if I know the Nanu-means, the rest of the island looking on) with a glass of 'strong whisky' in one hand and dressed in nothing but your blushes and 'a profusion of grass skirts'; like a debauched batere dancer in a tiered riri. No, I'll make it a thousand dollars - it would be worth it, and I could sell it to PIM for their next month's cover.

And here I must stop for the nonce as today's mail has brought an urgeb request to translate the appropriate chapters of the Slavers into Tokalauan, and another from a Marquesan girl in California asking whether I know of a valley on Uapou where there is a community of virgins who worship the sun - she wants tojoin them. In case you would like to write to her, she signs her name as Oömpah Tariaata Tahiti a Vou. I'll send on any billets-doux you care to pen.

Will write again as soon as I have read some more of your peripatetic adventures. I don't know if you read the Ebglish classics of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, but bound together your episodic sagas would make a picaresque volume along the lines of 'Joseph Andrews', 'Lavengro' or even 'The Vicar of Wakefield'.

Yours ever,

John

My dear Harry

24th September, 1981.

I was delighted to receive your letter of the 16th September, as will be evident, if only by reason of this almost immediate reply. Frankly, I thought that you must have been ill. I know that you are perennially busy, but I never dreamed that you were so overwhelmed as you appear to have been - and maybe still to be. As it is, and tell her that I hope she is fully recovered by the time that this letter reaches you. Your getting a bit impertinent in your dotage; you sound like a ruddy civil servant taking me to task for not numbering the enclosures in my letter of the 10th August, nor listing them in a schedule! But then I've dropped some of those habits since I left the Service - and it gives me much relief not to type more than I have to

But, for heavens' sake, you really must ease up. You talk about my simply replying to Lester Gaynor and John Orr with "no answer", but you seem far worse than I am about your 67 letters to which answers are required. The trouble is that I was brought up as a Cadet Officer by chaps like Maude and Vaskess, in whom I stood in the greatest awe, of course, to answer every communication, even if it was only a formal acknowledgment and/or thanks, and I've practically never deviated from those instructions. However... But you really must ease up - NOW - not until you reach 80 years. I certainly do NOT wish to visit Canberra in the fall of 1982 and have to pay a visit to the cemetery if I wish to see the last of you. I'm surprised that Honor does not really bully you over this - though knowing how active she is perhaps she does not feel justified.

You say that I don't know what it is to live in a constant whirl of trying to catch up on work. That is quite true as of now, as the Yanks say. But believe me, when I was CS, Leeward Islands, with a grant-aided Federal Government to cope with, and four grant-aided territories of Antigua, St. Kitts, Montserrat and the Virgin Islands plus Lord Baldwin as Governor, and ...but why go on .. it was the sheerest stroke of luck that I did not have a mental breakdown. I'll tell you more when I see you.

I realize that to one of your millionaire status, fiddling your tax returns must take up a lot of your time, skill and intellect. I'm the lazy guy; I get my bank to do it all - costly, but saves a lot of mental wear and tear.

What's all this about neo-Lamarck theories and cultural determinism? You sound like Reid Cowell at his worst, and there's no need to worsen my inferiority complex. You won't find any of that sort of nonsense anyway in my stories!

I regard it as a compliment that you only marked my file b.u. 21.10.81. If you had written "82" it sounds from your activities that it would have been more appropriate! But n'ayez pas peur, there's no hurry. And there's no need to nit-pick anyway; just give them half marks for trying, and add that they are either worthwhile or worthless.

I have written one or two more stories - "The Amateur Doctors" (all the four tales therein being based on my own experiences on Ocean Island or Funafuti); The Fatale Housekeeper, set in the New Hebrides and how Captain E.H.M. Davis shot three NH natives in cold blood; and The Isabelle Tragedy, also about the New Hebrides, where HMS Cormorant grabbed a couple of NH chiefs, and killed one on board the warship, though both were later found to be totally innocent of the massacre of which they were suspected and considered guilty. They were killed - I almost wrote murdered - by a lot of petty officers and ratings, but there was a conspiracy of silence and the truth was never revealed. Its really quite a story. Maybe I will send these stories to you by surface mail sometime, by which time the pressure on you may be lessened.

Its all very well for you to criticize me for split infinitives, non sequiturs, pleonasms (what the hell are they?), &c. but let me tell you, Maude, you made no fewer than at least one spelling mistake in your letter, which is shocking for one who tutored me for some years. I was really shocked.

I was interested in your solution to the Andrew Armstrong/Cowie impasse on HMS Wellington. I agree that Cowie was essentially a radio operator, but on the other hand he was D.O. Xmas Island too. And it never occurred to me that he might not have enjoyed the courtesy of the officers' mess. I still find it incredible, remembering how tiny the warship was. And when they went ashore together - as they did - surely either or both must have asked of one of the navy boys who the other was. I wish it were possible for us to see Andrew again. We should have hauled him up to London when we were both here for the Banaban High Court cases.

Hooray for "Slavers in Paradise". I can hardly wait to receive it and read it. I am sure it will be just as great and exciting a pleasure as it was when I first read it. I am grateful - but what the hell is "S.A.L." by which it comes to me. The main thing is whether the author has signed my copy for me.

x 13 pp. Joseph Angus June 1981.
x 23 " " " " " "

By air mail Air letter
Par avion Aerogramme



Be properly
addressed
POSTCODE IT ²⁰

Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.,
77 Arthur Circle,
FORREST,
CANBERRA, A.C.T.,
Australia 2603.

Sender's name and address

P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.
Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
GUILDFORD,
Surrey Postcode GU1 1TJ.

An air letter should not contain any enclosure

Weak boob that I am, rallying to Lester Gaynor's plea that I should visit the PRO here and get him a photocopy of Sir William Wiseman's report of his annexation of Fanning, Washington and Xmas in H.M.S. Caroline in 1888. It meant a whole day's expedition to London - and out to Kew where the PRO is now situated. But it took me hours to locate it. You may know that the UK Civil Service struck and went slow etc. etc. for several months this year over a pay claim but our Maggie Thatcher refused to give them more than 7% though they claimed some 12% if I remember aright. The result is that civil servants are still absolutely bloody-minded and vowing revenge. What is worse unfortunately is that there is an appallingly unhelpful attitude in their work - in the PRO at any rate. It was the most bloody-minded unhelpful lot of civil servants I have ever struck and I have struck some pretty bad ones in my time. Add to that, that a number of the staff were on leave, after the strike, and that it was pretty meagre, and I cannot say that it was a day which I shall always remember with joy. However, in my letter to Lester, I told him all this and added "Never again", so I hope he takes the hint!

Now I must cease. My love to Honor and I hope she's fully recovered. I repeat that I don't want to find either or both of you in the cemetery ^{when I come out in 1982,} so both of you just ease up please.

FINALLY, THIS LETTER DOES NOT REQUIRE AND CERTAINLY DOES NOT MERIT A REPLY.

Sony about the typing; I'm typing - treaty.

Yr Rae

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
16th September, 1981.

Dear P.D.M.,

Your letter of the 7th September has just arrived (on the 15th - rather quick for these days) and my conscience is ill at ease for I know too well that I should have replied to your last effusion, dated I see the 10th August, with its Enclosures I-IX, unnumbered and not even listed in a Schedule attached.

Unfortunately they arrived at a most inopportune time for relations had come to stay and when they left Honor collapsed with a virulent germ which they were kind enough to bring with them. She was in bed for 10 days and yesterday was her first excursion abroad (to do some shopping).

On top of that I have a list of 67 (sixty-seven) letters on my table overdue for answering and new requests for information and advice arriving at an average of 3 a day (over the past 3 months).

Then to add to the normal state of arrears the Slavers appeared on the scene which has necessitated a daily schedule of signing, packing, addressing and posting to all corners of the world (the last four sent yesterday were to Norway, Finland, Russia and Uruguay) with a neat note in each thanking the recipient for whatever he or she has done and saying that the present is being sent as a little expression of my gratitude. I have 34 more to do, which will take me another week, all going well.

All who contributed to 'The Changing Pacific' have to get one; all who have sent me copies of their own works, and all who are owed a letter which I have not had a time to write. It will total 100 by the time I finish, or collapse, and I have had to set aside \$1,000 for purchases and postages. But at least my conscience should be more or less clear for the first time in years. You don't know what it is to live in a constant whirl of trying to catch up on the work.

In addition I have to do our income tax returns which normally take a week of blood and tears; they were due on the 1st July. None of that slapdash affair which does for the British authorities but separate returns for Honor and me with as far as possible the same income declared for each so as to minimize the the rate, and with separate returns for Honor's business (The Homa Press) and my professional earnings. I had to transfer \$200,000 in shares and debentures to her last year (she already has the house and the new car) and now the income tax minimizer says not to transfer more (lest she should find it better business to divorce me and start afresh, no doubt) but declare ourselves a family trust and bring in

Alaric, Annabel and the grandchildren. But they could then outvote us 4 to 2 and snaffle everything? In any case when can I get the time off to work on it.

I have also to read a rather difficult work on neo-Lamarck theories and cultural determinism for a New York outfit and produce a series of quotable quotes on the Polynesian Journal of Henry Byam Martin for the Dodd, Mead outfit, both being urgent. But publishers always consider everything urgent till they have to commence editing when the sense of urgency seems to abruptly cease.

And I had to stop here to rush off to the Cartographic Department in Human Geography to get my maps fixed up for a paper I finished last month on 'The Tabiteuean Religious Wars of 1879-80' for the Journal of the Polynesian Society to celebrate exactly 50 years of writing for that periodical. Honor and I are doing it jointly and they say that it is a record: the others all took to drink after 40 years.

All this prolix preamble is merely to explain that while I read through several of the titillating passages and other bits of your more rococo rodomontade with a considerable degree of risibility, I had then to put them firmly away in a manilla file labelled 'Paddy's perspicacious pleasant ~~bits~~! and marked B.U.21.10.81' less I became absorbed in the occupation of nit-picking, which is always time-consuming,

For that they are interesting goes without saying, particularly to one who if the truth was told would rightfully be the hero of more than one episode. And I see now that I misunderstood you - having just read once again through the prolix persiflage in your two letters. For I had got the idea that you wanted a commercial appraisal such as I am accustomed to write (for a fat fee), which involves content, accuracy, comprehensiveness, composition, style and, above all, saleability.

This necessarily takes days, but now I see that your essays are written for the delectation of your descendants, kinsmen and conceivably collaterals, I can read them for sheer pleasure, ignoring the split infinitives, non sequiturs, pleonasm and anachronisms. And a very real pleasure it will be to put you right on a few of your wilder mis-statements. It would indeed be a tragedy if some of your more libellous canards got into circulation, thus distorting all the best efforts of veracious and objective historiographers like myself.

But give me time for right now if I was to read them with anything like the care they deserve I would be a cot case, for the mountain of correspondence has for once got me down. And don't say what a lady did from London not long

ago: 'You could have answered my questions in half the time you took to explain why you could not do so at the moment'.

It is a benign spring day in the garden and I would give anything to be enjoying it, but must work to an inflexible 9-6 schedule 7 days a week. And someone has just telephoned from Sydney asking for a review of Solange Petit-Skinner's new book on 'The Nauruans' - are you keen on 'body care', for she is and gives pages on how the Nauruans deal with axillary hairs and pare their toe-nails. Very illuminating.

I will try to find out something about the Guatemala episode and recollect that a New Zealand correspondent sent me a reference a few months back; but how to find it, for my records system has broken down when I was writing the Peruvian piffle.

How to put off Lester Gaynor and friend Orr is easy - don't answer. After all you have retired - as I intend to do on my 80th birthday, all being well. After retirement 'no answer is the stern reply'.

And re Cowie the point is that Andrew was a member of the wardroom on H.M.S. 'Wellington'; not so Corrie, who was essentially a wireless operator and a member of the petty officer's mess. Andrew and he might have met, though Corrie would not have access to the quarter-deck, but I doubt if either would have remembered the fact after 40 years.

Finally I take pleasure in sending you a copy of Slavers in Paradise: the Pacific Islands paperback edition published by the University of the South Pacific in Suva and the University of Papua New Guinea in Port Moresby. The Australasian hard cover edition being published by the Australian National University Press and the American edition being published by the Stanford University Press in California are attractively cased in a green cloth cover with gold lettering on the spine but only advance copies have turned up. I did not bother about an English edition for there is no interest in Pacific historical research in Britain these days and most of the publishers, including the OUP, are bankrupt anyway; but the great work can be obtained from Eurospan in London, who keep a small stock.

- It goes to you S.A.L., for only the ultra-affluent (those who travel first-class through life, of whom I could name one but won't) can afford to send their billets-doux by airmail for \$11 when S.A.L. is as fast and costs \$3.40.

With great respect,

I remain,

Yours ever,

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ.

7th September, 1981.

My dear Army

I need some advice and assistance, but, first, did you safely receive that large envelope (which cost me over £5 to send airmail and presumably all it has done is to confirm you that one, with such a vast private income that I have, can afford such bagatelles)?

Truth tell tell, I have half been expecting a rather rude retort to some of those stories which referred to my senior officer - ex Jesus College, Cambridge; or a critical retort concerning the poor English in which the stories were written, or maybe inaccuracies in the 'historical' stories.

Maybe all the stories did was put you to sleep; or maybe you threw them into the WPB as things of little worth; or...but why go on?

But I have certainly got a great deal of pleasure writing them - in the case of the 'historical' ones since they interested me and enlarged my knowledge of happenings in the 19th century; in the case of the other stories, because they brought to mind happenings and fellow officers whom I admired, despite their faults (in many cases).

But I now want to tackle one tentatively entitled "From the Gilbert Islands to Guatemala and back". I have quite a lot of material for it. Captain Davis's report of course provides the opening chapters, so to speak, but then there is a hiatus until 1895 when Gleeson and the Gilbertese were all either complaining or demanding to be repatriated. I have plenty in respect of the latter period. But virtually nothing in the years 1893 - mid-1895, and that, despite having made copies of every document I could find in the WPHC Archives. Can you fill the gap or suggest how I can fill it? I don't think its any good re-examining the WPHC Archives (even if they are yet available, which I much doubt).

You can probably help on one point. The HCWP wrote to SS in despatch No. 2 of 6th January 1893, enclosing a list showing where the Gilbertese were engaged by the "Montserrat". He also enclosed extracts from the "Weekly Examiner" of San Francisco giving an account of the voyage and proceedings of the "Montserrat" by a reporter of that journal who accompanied the vessel in the capacity of a seaman. He also enclosed an extract from the New Zealand Herald. ALL THE ENCLOSURES WERE MISSING FROM THE WPHC RECORDS. Now that can only point the finger at either Swinbourne or - yes - Maude! Come on, please make copies for me of the two latter extracts - I have the figures of those recruited from another file). Really, I am shocked if it is you; you should have known better and inserted copies for poor researchers like myself.

To change the subject - how does one put off researchers like Lester Gaynor and John Orr? They are still bothering me somewhat with enquiries.

Incidentally, I have written two more stories - "The Amateur Doctors" giving some of my experiences, and "The Femme Fatale "Housekeeper"", a tale of the New Hebrides. Would you like to see them?

In haste; Sally has just come in with her children and demanded lunch!!!

W. P. Mac.

P.T.O.

By air mail Air letter
Par avion Aerogramme



Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.,

77 Arthur Circle,

Forrest,

CANBERRA, A.C.T.,

Australia 2603.

Sender's name and address

P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

London Road,

Guildford,

Surrey Postcode GUL 1TJ,

England.

An air letter should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here

To open slit here

Later - after feeding that mob on hamburgers, coca cola and ice cream!

Did John Orr mention to you the strange case of Andrew Armstrong and Cowie, who was once the D.O. on Xmas Island. Andrew did the round trip in H.M.S. Wellington (lucky fellow) visiting Xmas Island, Malden and so on. At Xmas the vessel embarked Cowie to return him to Suva and thence to Australia or NZ. So Andrew and Cowie (whom I never met) must have lived in the wardroom the whole of the voyage from Xmas to Suva, via Malden and other islands. But Orr, who has written to Andrew, and Cowie whom he has spoken to in NSW, says that both categorically deny knowing each other. There is no question but that it was the one voyage, and not different voyages, and there are photographs of both going ashore at Malden Island. I too have checked the dates of the vessel's voyage, Andrew's presence on the vessel and Cowie's embarkation at Xmas Island. Now you know that the wardrooms on those sloops were tiny; they could not have missed ^{each} other by any chance. What's the answer? Andrew's faint pompousness and snobbishness? or was Cowie offended by him in some way and refused to have anything to do with him? I must admit I cannot understand it - especially as its now ancient history.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.

10th August, 1981.

- Dear Harry, Herewith, as I think I vaguely promised, my first efforts in relating some stories about the Western Pacific, which you said that you would kindly cast an eye over. I hope they afford you some amusement, and possibly some interest.
2. I should first of all explain that there are three stories based on historical incidents, and three related to my personal experiences. So far as the former are concerned, I have done a certain amount of research, in addition to having some records which I made in Suva, and I think it can be said that they are all historically accurate. Insofar as the last-mentioned three stories are concerned, they are all based on actual experiences, except that I used the writer's equivalent of poetic licence at times, as I shall note below.
 3. I apologize for the typing, but then I am no professional, but still a two-index finger man. However, I think the stories are legible, even if the typing does not make for enjoyable reading.
 4. As for the style, I have made no attempt to put the stories down in your superb academic style; that would have taken too long, and I doubt if the results would have been worth the time taken. The stories have only had one draft, direct by me on to the typewriter and then, after correction and emendation, typed as a fair copy. That is in any case the only way which I really know how to write and have thus written over the years.
 5. Further as to style, first, I have aimed to let those who wrote the reports tell their own stories in their own words; this means that some of the stories are perhaps rather long, but I think they are more effective if told thus e.g. in the case of the very young Lieutenant in the story entitled "Massacre at Mandoliana". Secondly, some of the material quoted e.g. the despatches from the Foreign Office or the Colonial Office is in the most archaic language; writers keep on "moving" others to do something or other; imagine such a phrase today. Thirdly, they do help to illustrate the shocking delays that ensued in despatches between the Foreign and Colonial Offices. I do not think that severe precis of such documents with a footnote would achieve nearly the same effect.
 6. With regard to the titles of the stories, I think those of the historical incidents are satisfactory, but I am not particularly happy with two of those of the stories of personal experiences, viz. "Tales from the Courts", and "Tales from the Posts" but, at short notice, I cannot think of substitutes. Perhaps you can.
 7. As regards personalities, I assume that Swinbourne, S.G. Clarke, Noa, Nape, Highland, Morning Star, Beverstock, Dr. Young, Handley, Rougier, and Hope-Evans have passed on and, whilst Bauro Ratieta probably has not, I have not named him and the circumstance attributed to him as an interpreter is not uncomplimentary. Mercifully - I think - I have spared one of my "senior officers" whom I only refer to as a product of "Jesus College Cambridge", though quite unlike the tough barbarians whom I knew at that College between 1928 and 1932. Of course I cannot promise that more critical references will not be made in the later stories. I hope I have not been too tough on old Swinbourne but, after all, it is difficult not to be critical.
 8. With regard to the stories themselves, I make the following comments:-
"Power comes out of the barrel of a gun". A nice ending to that story would be to add that no European was ever again murdered on Abaiang, but would that be true? As far as I know it would be, but you will know for sure.

"The reluctant Empire-builders". Adverting to one of the points in paragraph 5 above about archaic language, see the delightful phraseology used in the letter of the US Charge d'Affaires - thus, "My Government has however slept upon its rights". But there is a real puzzle in this case which I hope you may be able to elucidate, viz. the termination of Rick's appointment, and the likelihood that the US Government knew of Davis's mission before he even left Sydney; in this connexion, see particularly the last paragraph on page 10, and the remainder of that paragraph, and the succeeding paragraph on page 11. I hope the first example of German brutality cited in the first paragraph on page 16 will not shock you! As for the conclusion, I hope that I have effectively demolished the German case for the UK taking over the Gilberts; their reasons were utterly feeble, as the UK ought to have known. But was Germany hoping that the UK would renounce its rights under the 1886 Agreement and let Germany take over the islands? The German arguments seem to me to be little short of gentle blackmail but perhaps one should not use that word in writing of historical matters.?

"Massacre at Mandoliana". I have not been able to write the final paragraph, which concerns Mandoliana itself, rather than the massacre, and makes I think a fitting ending. But to try and get any information out of the Solomon Islands' Archives is harder than getting blood out of a stone. I hope however to get it one day; meanwhile I have tacked on a note for you.

"The Unicorn Man". You will, of course, know of this incident and in paragraph 2 on the first page will be able to identify Corney and Woods. There is inaccuracy which you may be unaware of; in the second paragraph on page 3, I refer inaccurately to "the elderly native medical practitioner". That I am sure is incorrect; the doctor on board was old Eben Gould of the BPC I think, but I did not wish to malign him and I think the phrase I have used is pretty harmless. Certainly, whoever it was, utterly refused to help. I fear the ending of the story will appal you, but my young brother and one other, after reading it, said, independently, that a better ending was required, so I have done the best I can, though anyone who knows the Gilberts will hoot with laughter as to its total improbability.

"Tales from the Courts". You may be able to identify Corney as the first prosecutor in paragraph 2 on page 5; the other was Goudie, who was always very angry if he lost his cases, and wrung his hands, or uplifted his eyebrows to heaven, or sighed loudly! I hope I have quoted you correctly in the story at the foot of page 10 and the top of page 11? You will probably recall the incident at the bottom of page 11 and page 12. I was absolutely furious in the box at the time and it required a great effort of will not to be rude back!

"Tales from the Posts". Nothing here, except that old SG's soul may stir a bit in hell if he gets to know of it! But its a poor title.

"Ten hours at Tabiteuea". I hope my Gilbertese on pages 5 and 9 is correct, but its a mighty long time since I spoke or wrote it. The fourth paragraph from the end is delayed wishful thinking and I fear untrue. Would that it had been. All the rest is true even down to the beer and Homburg!

9. But why did no one ever tell us about such stories as the first historical one, or, more important, about the second one. It would have made life much more interesting in dealing with some of the characters like Meyer, etc. whom one knew in one's early years in the GEIC.

10. In the story "Tales from the Courts", I thought of mentioning the idea we had for a sweepstake on who could give the most divorces, but, as you will recall, it was decided that Andrew being a holy Roman would not get a chance, that you would almost certainly cheat, and I should be left midway. So I let you off. Other items will doubtless come to mind later on, and can be inserted perhaps.

11. Finally, two postscripts. I had a letter towards the end of June from an old friend of your's, Mr. John C. Orr of Concord, NSW, and intending author of "Malden Island"; he said that he was all set to visit you. Lucky you; I think the man is as nutty as a nuthatch. He sent me a card on the 4th July (why that date I don't know), picturing a corroboree taking place on Emerald Hill (wherever that may be ?) and writing inside "The ship is loading nicely", "Always, John". I may be dense but what the hell is it all about ?!

12. The local postmaster tells me that to send this airmail will cost me a bit over £5, but just so as you think I have not been slacking I have decided to send it airmail. BUT please when you do reply cut the £5 stamp off the envelope and send it back to me, otherwise my senior grandchild - one of Sally's sons, who is an avid philatelist, will never forgive me.

My love to Honor and I am looking forward to seeing you once more about September/October 1982.

W. E. Orr

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ.

18th June, 1981.

Dear Alan

I need hardly say that I was delighted to receive your letter, though somewhat surprised that you can afford - postage-wise - to type it in triple spacing. However, with your vast professorial pension, your civil service pensions, your SPC pensions, and your vast Australian Government welfare payments to those as indigent as you, I suppose that a little matter of a few cents extra postage is less than chicken feed.

Which leads me to include a couple of cuttings before I overlook them. The first concerns a book just published by Philip Snow and his married daughter, entitled "The People from the Horizon" - surely a crib of a title from Stan Brown's book "Men from under the Sky". It costs a modest £40 - yes pounds not dollars, and as the pound sterling has been reasonably strong of late, that's a lot of money for only 296 pages. The cutting says it is essentially an account of Europeans, their contacts with the Pacific and their views of what they found there. One may therefore safely assume that the whole book has been cribbed from your books, and those of Stan Brown and other more distinguished authors. I can only say that Snow was one of the most useless and idlest of District Officers I have ever come across, though maybe he showed some kind of talent after he was got rid of from Fiji.

The second cutting is from I think the Daily Telegraph and concerns the striking of a \$10 silver coin bearing the portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh. Why anyone should wish to have a \$10 silver coin with the portrait of the Duke on it defeats me, but of course the gimmick about it is that a Government of Tuvalu \$10. I wonder how much that Government is getting out of it; I am told they are pretty well bankrupt and I guess that they would not have been talked into this unless there was some money in it. Anyway, knowing your deep affection for the old G & E, I am sure you will wish to buy a few such coins to hand round to worthy citizens of the old G & E such as myself.

But, to your letter. Your uncle Harry surely lived in a different age from this! I would be delighted if I could get the services of a female to come in and undertake the domestic chores, so releasing me to get on with my writings, but, first, they are virtually impossible to find in towns as opposed to the country, and would demand sky-high wages for doing very little.

You are fortunate indeed that your three grandchildren are only costing you a modest \$6300 in that debased Australian currency. My two grandchildren will soon be going to Uppingham, where each will cost £3000 - yes pounds - per annum, or a total of £6000, or, what, \$12,000? Not that I have yet agreed to meet all the fees; I have done so thus far, but the fees seem to escalate almost by the term. Preparatory school fees are not quite so devastating, but they are pretty high too. I say that I have not yet committed myself since for the past income tax years the Governments of both Fiji and the UK are claiming full tax from me, and I am having to wait until they have settled that little argument between them. Meanwhile, alas my eight pensions have all been docked!

How on earth young folk who marry manage to find a home of their own - even if they can get mortgages - and raise and educate a family, I simply don't know. I personally am not as you describe it "on the pig's back", nor do I "launder" my modest income, nor write "Nil" on my income tax return. I'm too bloody honest. Which reminds me - I have just been talked into buying a few hundred shares in Broken Hill Pty. - are they any good? and is the next Labour Government in Australia likely to nationalize the company?

So, when you see the word "secret or confidential" on a document you hastily avert your eyes, but you omitted to complete the sentence by adding that your fingers twitch and move surreptitiously in the direction of the said document, and, diverting the attention of anyone in the vicinity, pluck it and hastily secrete it in a file about the evolution of the Gilbertese boti or some such abstruse subject in which no one would dream of looking, save of course myself, since I know your habits of old. You use the word "unconscionable", but frankly you should not use long words, of which you do not know the meaning; fortunately I do which is bad luck for you.

Thank you very much for the enclosures to your letter. I enquired about the "secret" memorandum since, oddly, it was missing from the records in the WP archives. I wonder how that happened, don't you; I simply cannot imagine, can you? Nor has the copy of the Davis report in the RCS library got the "secret" memorandum in it. I was interested in it in connexion with the story which I proposed to write about Davis's clash with Rick; for I thought the "secret" memorandum might have warned Davis what to expect from Rick and others when he reached Butaritari. I was also puzzled because the matter was dealt with apparently at an 'open' level as between the F.O. and C.O., then at the next stage it was upgraded to 'confidential' and finally upgraded to 'secret' as between Scott and Davis. In my fairly long experience, the reverse is usually true; an item at the lowest level starts 'open' and is then progressively classified the higher it travels.

I agree that writing is just, in Churchill's famous phrase, "blood, sweat and tears". But you can count yourself fortunate; all you have to do is to retire, à la Choblet, to your "L'hermitage dans le bois" in your garden at Canberra, and in the peace and quiet get on with the writing, at the same time being waited on hand and foot by Honor. I, mon vieux, have all the household chores to attend to, as well as such matters as shopping and other outside commitments. It is really a struggle to write for it has to be undertaken in bits and pieces, and in between times. I can assure you the circumstances are far worse than anything I have attempted previously. It is absolute nonsense to say that I write better than you do; who do you think you are fooling? as I wrote to you a year or two ago - "Flattery will get you nowhere". Furthermore, it is very foolish of you since you figure largely in a number of stories of my experiences and incurring my scorn by such flattery might cause me to touch up quite a bit the character so far discreetly described as "my senior colleague, ex Jesus College, Cambridge" - and then proceed to elaborate on him.

But, seriously, I do find writing pretty difficult, not so much since I have tried to shed any the old Civil Service clichés and the official gobbledegook that went with them, but because such writing has to be done in bits and pieces in between my undertaking domestic and other chores. Further, some days I feel completely antipathetic to doing any writing; sometimes, I can write for six hours on end. But the former periods exceed the latter by a wide margin.

However..... so far I have written one story entitled "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun" about the Gilberts. I have almost completed another entitled "Massacre at Mandoleana" about the Solomons, except for the final paragraph, which has a twist to the story. For this I need some information from the SI Archives, but I wonder if they will ever reply to my two letters though the information I need is absolutely factual and easily identifiable. Then I am in the middle of a story which I had been going to call "A Diplomatic Contretemps" about the arguments between Rick and Davis at Butaritari, but I have come across some very puzzling features about the whole thing, and its going to take me another week or two to finish it. So much for the historical items. As for items based on my personal experiences, I have finished one entitled "The Unicorn Man", which I am sure you will envisage quite easily; it was a very personal experience, and only I can really happened to be involved. Then I have completed another, in three sections, called "Tales from the Posts" - a poor title, referring to matters philatelic. Clarke, Swinbourne and Maude figure in it, though unnamed of course. Then follow "Tales from the Courts" featuring Swinbourne, Baverstock, Maude, which is complete. Finally, one called "Ten hours at Tabiteuea" which I really like. All the last four stories, which have a base on my experiences, have been much easier to write than the stories based on historical incidents, since in the case of the former I have allowed myself a good deal of "poet's licence", whereas in those based on historical incidents I have thought it necessary to stick to the facts and the truth.

When I have completed the one about Davis and Rick I will send you some so you "can see yourself as others see you". And, of course, there will be other stories to follow such as that about the "old constable" and his blue light at the Eita passage, the 10/- / £10 note, and that about the roof of the Tarawa gaol. But enough I must get on and finish more of them. They have even given me some good laughs; whether they will do so for you I don't know. My young brother has also got many a laugh from them including those about my senior colleagues (ahem!) and reckons I am another Somerset Maugham!

I am most grateful to you for offering to send me some material in the form of despatches about the UK's takeover of the Gilbert Islands. Frankly, the records I have here with me are not yet properly sorted out so that I am not quite sure just what I have. I must do that before I write the second half of the story on which I am presently engaged, and you will ultimately be able to judge whether I have sufficient evidence when you cast that professorial eye over the story. But, as of now (as the Yanks say), I think or hope that I can manage.

There is really very little news to send you from here. I miss very much seeing any folk who knows anything of, or can talk about, GEIC - or even Pacific - affairs. Oddly enough, I feel far more nostalgic, however, about Australia than I do about the Pacific. I must have been an Aussie in my previous existence on earth. This nostalgia has been unusually strong in the recent days; not only do we have the Aussie cricket team over here playing cricket, with the Prudential Cup matches in which they walloped the UK, but at present the first Test match. Indeed, all TV channels seem to show nothing else. Then the past few nights we have had Nevil Shute's story "A Town like Alice" on TV as a serial. There was an earlier version of the film made by a non-Australian company and, although Peter Finch was an Aussie, I do not think he filled the main part really well, whilst Virginia McKenna was a dead loss as Jean Paget, the heroine. This time the film has been made by an Australian company (or companies); the hero is one Bryan Brown (never heard of him before) but he's a really dinky-die Aussie, whilst the girl Helen Morse (never heard of her before either) is an Australian though she plays the part of an English girl. However, I think she is very well cast and I really lost my heart to her. The photography and the Australian scenes are far better than in the earlier film. Alas, Alice Springs I never got to, though I tried several times.

Nevertheless, although it is as yet merely a gleam in my eye, I am vaguely contemplating making "a sentimental journey" (I am sure you recall the tune?) possibly in September - December, 1982 to USA, Hawaii, Fiji, Gilbert & Ellice (h'm), New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong and back home. Certainly a call at Canberra on the way. There was once a film entitled "You can't take it with you"; I need not stress the meaning. I feel rather the same, unless its all been ripped off me by my children and grandchildren by then.

As for the weather here, I am flummoxed. One day its hot and summery, blue skies, zephyr-like winds; the next day - or even the same day sometimes - its grey skies, bitter winds, and often a drizzle. I wish it would make up its mind as to whether its Spring or early Summer. After the tropics, its difficult to know how to dress each day - its not the simple, invariable tropical rig of open shirt, shorts and stockings.

The thing which I really miss here is swimming; in Fiji I used to swim about $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile each day and, whilst it did not reduce one's weight, it kept one pretty fit. There is a pool in Guildford, heated in the winter but there are problems about parking one's car which discourage one. As a result of not swimming, I am slowly putting on weight - nothing serious yet, and walking, the only possible exercise, is ineffective in keeping me fit or reducing my weight. I'll have to join the local Weight-Watchers' Club!

Its fun to be near my daughter Sally, with her husband and two boys, but alas the other twin Hilary, with her boy and girl, will not be coming over this Summer. Neil's widow (American) and their little daughter, now aged 3, are over here just now. I find it hard to believe that Neil and my elder brother both died two years ago, within 2 months of each other. 1979 was a bad year for me.

TV from which I hoped a lot here is a disappointment. It does some things e.g. sporting events very well, but a lot of it is just rubbish, save for occasional programmes. We have just had a series called "The Making of Mankind" by young Leakey (son of Louis whom you probably knew at Cambridge) which was interesting, though he has^{not} the personality to be a really good presenter.

Must close now and cook my evening meal - oh for a wife! Will write again when the Rick/Davis story is finished - and I hope the one about Mandoleana.

Ky Lee to Honor

P.S. How does one stop that "nut", Mr. John C. Orr bothering one - also Lester Gaynor?

W. R. Lee

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
18th May, 1981.

My dear P.D.M.,

I was delighted to hear that you had managed to find enough to occupy your good self, though many of your chores seem to be due to your living in the depths of the country and far from the amenities of civilization. My uncle Harry, after whom I was named, lived in Hanover Square just off Oxford Circus, had a girl in from time to time to keep his flat in reasonable shape and ate all his meals at the Oriental Club across the way. I never remember him doing a hand's turn in his life and he had no need for a car.

I agree that educating the grandchildren can be a bit of a drain. Alaric and Annabel, being socialists, were going to send their three to the local government school but we persuaded them that theories of equality only applied to the hoi pilloi and not to people like us. In any case the Maudes, being a bit thick-headed, must in fairness have a head-start on others.

They accepted this very rational argument and all three go to Scotch College, though fortunately not as boarders. This costs \$700 a term, or \$2100 a year, each, or \$6300 in all, of which we pay half, so its not reallt too bad. Susan has moved to the University and lives in a residential college and so it may cost a bit more, especially when the other two follow her, but this being a democracy, unlike England, we only have to pay for fees, board and lodging, and she can make her own pocket money by working in the bookshop, baby sitting and what have you; I gather that the snobbish English would lose face if they had to do any work.

As you say it is a good investment and all three are happy and doing well; and Susan has strict instructions to locate the richest young man at the University and marry him quick time so as to save us further expense. So far she's proved a washout

as she refuses to glamorize herself and takes absolutely no interest in eligible bachelors.

But you must be on the pig's back nowadays for I have been reading about Lord somebody or other in England whose family have paid no income tax for generations, and it dawned on me all of a sudden that this is why you took all your investments out of the country. I suppose that with your numbered accounts in the Bahamas and Andorra paying into trusts in Liberia and Liechtenstein your ill-begotten wealth is so laundered that all you have to do is to write 'nil' against your income in the tax assessment and sign your name. Good on you; I always acknowledge a master player when I see one. No wonder you have a 'Senior Citizen's Railcard' - we cannot get them because they are means tested, like everything else; bar a measly \$4000 for being over 70, and even that has now been stopped for newcomers.

As for your not being able to write this is simply not true - a mere rationalization and a travesty of the facts. After all what is writing but sweat and tears: turning over every sentence and paragraph until it sounds just right, and constantly re-arrang-~~ing~~ing the text until the sequence of events flows? You write better than I do, and a lot easier, and just think of all the dramatic events you have taken a major part in: wandering around the roof of the Tarawa gaol at midnight to catch up on the local gossip; disappearing with Teikarawa in search of the spirit of his grandmother on some lonely beach; or rushing to and from between Butaritari and Makin in search of a ten pound note - as Honor says, anyone more unlikely to produce tenners than the people of

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ, England.

17th March, 1981.

Kan Han

Well, well, well - wonders will never cease - an unsolicited letter from te unimane! That must be a record, but, whether it is or not, it is none the less warmly welcome for all that, and I hasten to reply.

No, Honor has never made any mention of your being ill twice - weeks in bed. I was very distressed to hear it and I hope that you are now fully recovered; I just hope that it was nothing too serious, since you do not mention just what the trouble was. But, if a surgeon had to be called in, it must have been something unpleasant. As I think I may have told you in an earlier letter, I constantly contemplate the day when I shall be able to make "a sentimental journey" back to Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and the USA to see all my good friends once more, and I certainly do not want to have Canberra on my calling list and find a doddering old man, pushed around in a wheel-chair by his devoted wife and, between long gulps of vino, babbling of the days of yore. So, pull yourself together please.

But, to return to your letter; I was delighted to hear that the "Slavers in Paradise" has really and truly been finished at last. I am constantly looking forward to reading it, for when I saw it previously I did not really read it - I was merely looking for spelling mistakes, punctuation errors, etc., and that is no way to read and enjoy such an exciting book. I wonder how long it will be before we see the book; I take it my copy will bear the author's signature, and also that of his wife who did so much work on the book I believe.

You ask for my advice on how to fill in your days now that THE book has been finished. I can tell you very simply in four words "GET RID OF HONOR" !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! As a single man occupying this flat I find that my days are really very full - thus, cooking breakfasts, lunches and suppers; making beds; dusting the house; hoovering all the carpets (the whole flat is carpeted); washing up after meals; sewing on buttons, etc.; but why go on. Its the drudgery of it all that's gets me down and its all such an appalling waste of time which as much as anything else aggravates me. Get rid of Honor, even if only for a week, and you will very speedily see just what I mean! After all, she seems to be attacking your bank balance with terrific vigour, so why not let her have another week at it?

Of course she (and you) is quite right to go for a Mitsubishi Scorpion (I hold shares in that company anyway), air-conditioning plant, automatic sprinklers and all. The value of money deteriorates so fast (I assume that to be as true of Australia as it is of this country) that there is little point in trying to invest it profitably. Do you remember an amusing film of the thirties (I think) called "You can't take it with you" based on that theme, and very funny with Gary Cooper in it.

I shall not have the chance to "take it with me" anyway since Sally and her husband have put the hard word on me about the education of their two boys. I have been paying so far for their education at their preparatory school, but they have now been entered for Uppingham (where Sally's husband was at school). No wonder they seek some help. Fees at Uppingham are now £3000 p.a. per boy and will of course escalate year by year. So they have to find at least £6000 per annum - or rather they don't to the extent that they can get the money out of me. But I suppose there is probably no better investment than that. But I must watch out to see that my circum-world odyssey already mentioned in not placed in jeopardy for lack of money.

I was amused at your reference to strikes in Australia. At the moment our Margaret Thatcher is taking on the whole Civil Service, refusing to give them

more than 7% and refusing comparability with commerce and industry, as well as reference to arbitration. I think she is right, but I also think the Government went about it in the wrong way, like a bull in a china shop, with ^{no} any preliminary discussions. I say I think she is right - just up above the Royal Commonwealth Society in Northumberland Avenue is the "Sherlock Holmes Arms". Opposite the RCS is a huge Ministry of Defence building, formerly a hotel I think. From about 12.15 until 1.45 - on weekdays there is a constant stream from the M of D to the "Arms", rather like a train of ants. It is very difficult to get near either of the three bars in the pub. Whether this is common form with Government offices I do not know. But there is no doubt that the civil servants in this country are on a wonderful wicket and to hear Mr. Kendall, Secretary of the combined unions strike, talking about how hard done by the civil servants are really makes one sick. They want the comparability exercise brought back precisely because they have done so much better out of it than they would otherwise do.

But although folks are gravely inconvenienced at airports, ports, and so on I have not felt any effect from it yet. But its going to make the civil servants more unpopular than ever - and they are pretty heartily disliked even now - and will help Margaret Thatcher's re-election in three years time if they are not careful. Of course, she was sensible enough to back down when the miners started getting tough, and I think she will have to do the same over the railways. What she will do over the health service I don't know, but they are a pretty militant lot.

You have a very misplaced idea of how I exist - being wheeled along the Esplanade with a rug over my knees and wearing a yachting cap, or visiting the Athenaeum or White's for a sherry. Au contraire, apart from the domestic chores I have already mentioned, you would be far more likely to find me on my hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor, cleaning the bath, washbasin, or lavatory, or washing what I believe are known as "smalls" (though I send anything needing ironing to the local laundry at vast expense).

I did not know that the British Phosphate Commission had been wound up. The Banabans will have no one to pillory now, although they live a pretty low key existence these days.

The WPHC records; I was assured by the chap in charge of those sorts of things that, whilst it would not be possible to unpack them as soon as he had received them, he hoped that would be possible within 3 months. But I sent them home in, I think, July/August 1979 - some 3 month period if they are still unpacked. I would simply love to get my hands on them again and unpack and pack them and send them back to the Pacific. But the real answer is I think you would agree to microfilm them and distribute the copies widely, with several copies to the key centres. Remember that all the WPHC records from 1875 to 1926 or 1927 are already on microfilm with copies in Canberra, Sydney, Melbourne, Wellington, Auckland, Honolulu, London, and a large number of US and Canadian universities. So such centres could easily produce positive copies if they ^{or anyone} so wished.

It is not your fault, but this bloody Government has moved all the PRO stuff from Chancery Lane, where it was very accessible, out to Kew which is about a 30-40 minute underground ride out from central London. Thus, if I wish to see something, it means I have to leave London at the crack of dawn (in the dark in fact) and return here very late in the dark (and travelling by rail these days is very expensive, even though I have "a Senior Citizen's railcard" which gets me a reduced fare), or staying in town at the RCS (also very pricey these days). Its a great pity that the WPHC records, as opposed to those of the various territories) could not have been left in Suva. I would love to be put

with index-linked
allowance & pensions

in charge of them again if you and your cohorts can only think up some way of doing this.?

I'm sorry I cannot be of any assistance as one of the troika to produce the Grimble Papers. When you do finally depart this life, you will always be remembered by your learned books, papers, etc., whereas I will not; too bad. Which brings me to what I have been doing with myself part of the time. I have always wanted to write something, even though I have not the 'gift of the gab' to produce anything of real value. But it always seemed to me, when Archivist, to be an appalling waste of time to be sitting on, or handling the material for, countless stories of interest (to you and me at any rate, but maybe not to today's students) about the Pacific.

Anyway, I have decided to try and write some stories - possibly about 20 - 11 dealing with events in the 19th century and 9 dealing with my own experiences. This is the list -

19th century, titles.

1. Power comes out of the barrel of a gun.)
2. The "Moorea" tragedy.)
3. A diplomatic contretemps.)
4. From the Gilbert Islands to Guatemala and back.)
5. The would-be Empire builder.)
6. The femme fatale housekeeper.)
7. No requiem for Peter.)
8. The "May Queen" massacre.)
9. The "Isabella" tragedy.)
10. Murder at Mandoleana.)
11. The case of the "Young Dick".)

These are about the GEIC, the last one relating to the King of Ahemama's attempt to take over Nonouti, etc. The first concerns Abaiang, and the third B'tari.

These four relate to the New Hebrides.

These two relate to the Solomon Islands.

20th century, titles. (All of course concern the GEIC).

12. The Unicorn man.
13. The last pirate.
14. The babai slashers.
15. Philatelic issues.
16. Eight hours at Tabiteuea.
17. Of matters piscatorial.
18. Tales from te Kabowi.
19. The escapees.
20. Outrage at Onotoa.

With regard to No. 4, I recall that you told me long ago that you had material on that matter. I have quite a bit, including of course all Davis's reports, but if you felt like being generous I would appreciate any papers you can let me have. No. 6 relates to the murder of De Latour. No. 7 relates to Peter Gullen. No. 12, the man who had a knife put 4 1/2 inches in his head on the "Nautu Chief" recruit in 1933, which story has never been properly told I think. No. 14 will make you smile. I shall of course have to make reference to P.C. Teikarawa and "the blue light" as well as to my senior officer at that time, but I will make the latter out to be such a paragon of all the virtues that no one can possibly suspect it to be you! No. 16 deals with old Noa and a visit I once made there. No. 18 - should I refer to the sweepstake amongst DOs as to who could grant the most divorces and then say that Maude won it? any stories would be welcome. No. 19 refers to the war. No. 20 I am sure you will recognize but I do not propose to write it up in great detail and with great erudition.

You will ask yourself of course just why I am thinking of doing this. Let me say at once that I doubt if anyone would wish to publish what I may write. I think the truth is that it has given me - or rather is giving me - great pleasure

simply to record these stories on paper, even^{if} only for the interest and enjoyment of my children and grandchildren; and it sustains my deep interest still in the Pacific.

I have already written stories Nos. 1 and 12 and I would esteem it a great favour - and I really mean that - if you would care to have a look at them and comment and criticize if I send them to you. One of my problems of course is that, after almost 40 years, nearly all in Secretariats or Government Houses, of writing despatches, etc., etc., it is very difficult not to write as in them and discard all the usual governmental clichés and gobbledegook. However, I have, and shall, try to tell them as just straightforward tales - not with the Grimble or the Maude touch, but just plain.

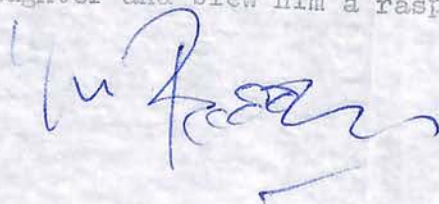
Now what else can I add to this already overlong letter. I continue to receive at intervals letter from one John Orr whom you will recall foisting on to me when I was desperately trying to close the Archives. He really is as nutty as a fruit cake, the way he writes. I gather he is writing about Australian soldiers or a soldier in the Great War, and contemplating a book about the Hawaiian Royal Family, in addition to his present work on Malden Island. I also gather that at some stage he proposes to come to the UK. Help! He's the oddest Aussie I think I have ever come across. I gather that the book on Malden Island is to be dedicated to you and I - yippee! I'm only waiting to be invited to comment, when I shall be able to expatiate on my fellow "dedicatee". As Andrew Armstrong is I believe mentioned in the book, since he went there in HMS Wellington, I must write to him; he still has not been ennobled (if that is the right word) poor chap.

Despite its numerous shortcomings today, and the absence of all the old Colonial Service types, I still miss the Pacific very much. Although you remark that this is the only country in which a gentleman could possibly live, I am not so sure you are right. Everywhere is a rat race; its all "I'm alright Jack" and the devil take the hindmost; service is pretty well non-existent, and everyone is on the make; the unions are greedy and blackmailing, though so far I must admit I have not felt their pressures; Great Britain herself is in a bad way economically, socially and politically and it will be some years before she climbs out of her present trough of troubles. Nevertheless, you and Honor should really make one more big effort and pay a final visit to this country. I would agree that despite everything that is at present wrong with it - and that's an awful lot, nevertheless it has its points - draught Guinness, and so on.

Thank heavens the winter has been mild. I'm told that if one survives the first winter one has a sporting chance of living for several years. But it has been grey skies and bitter winds and showers, even if little snow, at any rate here down south.

Re-reading your letter I see that old man Posnett is off to govern Bermuda. I have been there a number of times, and of course Hilary was there for some time. But I can imagine no one less suitable to be Governor there than old Posnett.

Must close; love to Honor - are all your bank statements now seas of red ink as a result of her depredations? Let me know what you think, and if you can help, over the stories; my young brother had read Story No. 1 and said that it reminded him of Somerset Maugham! He was quite astonished when I hooted with laughter and blew him a raspberry!



Makin would be hard to find.

Your list of 20 short stories from the far outposts sounds first rate to me and I do hope that you get going on them before your mind completely disintegrates - most of them would seem to be good publishable material, and a selection would make an excellent book. I should love to read through any and might be able to suggest relevant background data. .

Talking of source material I was deeply hurt at your suggestion that I might have a secret memo of 22.4.92. I know that archivists are different but whenever I see 'secret' or even 'confidential' on a document I avert my eyes lest I should inadvertently see some of the contents. As for taking a copy of it, as you suggest (no doubt judging me by yourself), such an unconscionable proceeding would be unthinkable.

I asked Honor for her views as to whether I might be able to sue for damages to my reputation, but all she said was 'Come off of it and send it to him', so reluctantly I do so. And as there is really nothing in it I send the related correspondence as well. Lord Scott was a bureaucratic ass and had no reason to mark it secret for it only forwarded a confidential letter; and the reason why it is not on file is because he asked for it back as soon as it had been acted upon - silly muggins.

But the real background dope is, I feel, in:-

FO to CO	- 6.7.91
FO to CO	- 18.7.91
FO to CO	- 23.10.91
Admiralty to CO	- 5.1.92
CO to HC	- 5.4.92

You are welcome to copies of any or all of these.

I have also a number of HC despatches relating to the establishment of the Protectorate - apart from the two main reports by Davis, of which the best copy is probably the one in the RCS Library, but these are on ancillary matters really except for: HC to CO 22.6.92, 31.8.92, 4.10.92, 5.9.93 (regulation of labour traffic), and 11.9.93.

And now Honor calls on me to stop and get on with a paper for the December issue of the Journal of the Polynesian Society on the Tioba Cult and the Tabiteuean Civil War, to celebrate half a century of writing for that periodical. Now that her spending spree appears to be over she is able to devote more time to watching lest I slide into idleness and sloth.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your most humble, obedient servant,



INSTITUTION OF POLYNESIAN SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 100, HONOLULU, HAWAII

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford,
Surrey GU1 1TJ,
Eng-land.

Mom vicux

18th March, 1981.

Having written to you at considerable length yesterday, I am a little surprised at myself in finding that I need to send another letter less than 24 hours later. This is because there was one item which I forgot to include in my first letter.

I think I told you in my first letter (of which I carelessly did not keep a copy) that I was trying to write a few stories about the Pacific, one of which bore the preliminary title of "A diplomatic contretemps", and concerned Butaritari. You will doubtless recall that when Captain E.N.M. Davis visited that island to raise the flag and declare a British Protectorate ^{over} the Gilbert Islands he had quite a brush with one Adolph Rick who claimed that he held the position of U.S. Commercial Agent, whom Davis rather brushed off as Rick rather indicated that he expected to be granted consular status by Davis. This the latter declined to do, and I think there is probably a story in that.

You will also recall I am sure that a number of American ^{U.S.} firms were firmly established in trade at Butaritari, and that a number of ^{U.S.} warships had visited the Gilbert Islands in the sixties and seventies.

You will also recall that there was strong pressure from the German Government in the eighties for Great Britain to assume a Protectorate over the Gilbert Islands so as to ensure the peace and the steady supply of labour for the plantations in Samoa. Germany also had some well established trading firms in Butaritari.

Now, part of the fairly lengthy printed papers regarding the establishment of a British Protectorate over the Gilbert Islands is a document headed - "Protectorate over Gilbert Islands. Account of Establishment in May and June, 1892, by H.M.S. "Royalist". With Tabular Statement giving information as to each island. Also information as to Ellice and Marshall Islands. Captain Davis to Commander-in-Chief.

H.M.S. "Royalist" at Fiji, 9 August, 1892.

My Lord,

In compliance with your "secret" memo of 22nd April, 1892, ordering me to proceed to the Gilbert Islands and the place them under British protection....."

(Note - He starts "My Lord" as the C-in-C was then Lord Scott).

But, nowhere among the printed papers, is a copy of the "Secret memo." cited above, although it is mentioned in the schedule of enclosures of the C-in-C's letter No. 425 of the 22nd April, 1892, to the Admiralty, though not as being "secret".

Why the secrecy? Obviously perhaps the British Government was not perhaps keen to let the Americans and Germans know that it was about to establish a Protectorate over the islands; that would have been normal close-fistedness about British activities, probably insisted upon by the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office, and maybe the Navy, which all must have had a finger in the pie so to speak. But I think that the "Secret memo" probably warned Davis to sail to the Gilberts as quickly and discreetly as possible, and warned him that both America and Germany might cause problems unless the British got in first. In this connexion it is noteworthy that the Royalist's sailing orders were quite plain and straightforward and in no way indicate any background problem.

In view of the "secret" memorandum, there must also have been correspondence about establishing the Protectorate between the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Admiralty and the C-in-C in Sydney. Where is it? it is not with the printed papers.

So, the object of this letter is to ask you to disgorge a copy of the "secret" memo, and the correspondence just mentioned, since it is unbelievable that you should not have purloined such documentation at some stage of your nefarious activities. If you have not got it, and that I doubt, probably the ANU or the National Library in Canberra has. Must close now and I look forward to the documents.

*Hi Guste / Love to Honor - has she bankrupted you yet!
E. Taylor*

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
17th March, 1980.

Dear Paddy,

Many thanks for the news and cuttings re the Banabans. I fear me that it has been an age since I last wrote - not that I can be sure because I have now reached an age when the passage of time means nothing. Like my mother before I live only in the present, without past or future. Margaret Titcomb is worse, for she has written twice in two days, in more or less identical terms.

We have been wondering of late if you are still in Fiji for you must have made up your mind by now whether to become one of the dwindling Cheltenham/Bath brigade or to remain in this dynamic part of the world: 'where the real action is', as someone wrote in the local paper. I had predicted that you would have moved to the UK by Christmas, but I was evidently wrong for I have a letter from you date 20 January.

Personally I should be willing to settle for England (though Honor wouldn't) if it were not for a hunch that the Thatcher government is inevitably doomed and that the next will make such a hash of things that the poor old country will be finished beyond redemption (or at least for my lifetime).

Which reminds me that Honor and I are due in Suva sometime in June, having promised the USP that we will help with the 'History of Tuvalu' due to commence in May at Funafuti. We shall be staying at the GPH and working partly at the Uni and partly at the Barker Library (now that you've dissipated the archives). If you are still on deck we should esteem it an honour were you to come to a meal or two - I find the food there edible but fattening - or it could be the beer for most of the time I sit in the lounge drinking and watching the world pass by.

Posnet has been and gone. He is now the British Phosphate Commissioner vice Waddell and so continues to take a great interest in the Banagan fiasco. According to him the Bs have finally come to the conclusion that they will not get the £10 million without strings and are likely to take it soon faute de mieux, especially as it is lying there uninvested and fast losing value at 18% p.a. depreciation due to inflation. Apparently the British public have tired of the Banaban issue and the government are no longer under any pressure to make concessions; also the Ocean Island sovereignty issue is no longer on their plate.

I mentioned Judy Bennett's debts to Norah Forster not long ago and Norah said that it was true that Judy was flat broke before she left here. Norah is a 'cobber of Gavan's and she asked him in confidence whether the Department could and should stump up. But Gavan, while sympathetic, said that there was now no money in the till, but that he would write to Judy, who was now on a good wicket. As you probably know it was Gavan who imported Judy from Honolulu. To my mind Judy now has a first-class meal ticket and one good for the rest of her life and the least she should do is to pay the debts she incurred to reach her opulent condition.

We have finished collecting all but four of the near 50 illustrations for the book and it should be ready for the printers in about a fortnight, all going well. Two of them are portraits of Juan Antonio Ribeyro and Jose Gregorio Soldan, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs responsible for the trade. In presenting these the Peru Government have asked to be notified when the book is published so that they can buy copies of such a valuable and authoritative work. I have a foreboding that it might be best to forget their request. Where ignorance is bliss

Honor sends her love and I my profoundest respects,

Yours ever,

J. M.

GPO Box 1404,
Suva,
Fiji.

20th January, 1980.

Dear Harry,

A very brief note to send you the latest cutting anent the Banaban community. It is really quite extraordinary that the Banabans refuse to accept the verdict of HMG and of the Government of Kiribati, regarding the inclusion of Banaba in the latter country. However, they may feel that, if they persist, like water ^{and} dripping on a stone, they will triumph in the ^k. The idea of a deep sea fishing base on Ocean Island is, of course, quite laughable; (a) who is going to pay for and maintain the world's (?) deepest moorings and (b) where on Ocean Island will they build the fish factory; I have discussed this with various marine experts here and they say the idea is ridiculous. It would be interesting to know just what "resources" the Rev. Tawaka is referring to.

I gather there is to be a Kiribati/Banaban meeting here soon, and that they are hoping that Ratu Mara will chair it. Maybe; but I think the latter feels that he has already wasted enough time on the Banabans, without getting any political mileage out of it.

I was recently sent copies of the Atoll Pioneer of the 19th and 26th July, 1979, and on the facing page of the latter is a picture of Honor holding a handicraft at the USP Centre there (and, as far as I can make out, wearing a large floppy hat). It is entitled "The return after 30 years". But it is a modest photograph in size being only about $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches square.

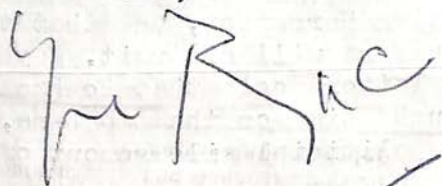
However, turning to the first inside page, there is the Professor leering away in all his glory in a photograph - a very good one - of about $3\frac{3}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (Bering I suppose as he is planning how he can pocket the handicraft he is holding).

Have you seen either of them? or, better still, have you received copies of that Atoll Pioneer of the 26th July - or even photographs from the original negatives. ? I am notifying you in case you have not.

I have just procured, through the kindness of Richard Overy, a set of the Kiribati coins. The coat of arms have come out well on each one but some of the subjects are disappointing. They should have put te eitei on a much bigger coin than the 1 cent. As for the 50 cent coin (I think it was, though I have not got it beside me) Stan Brown said it was an octopus, whilst Jean Brown voted it a breadfruit. I voted for a pandanus, even though the leaves are all wrong; pandanus leaves do not hang like that and are much stiffer.

Must close; in great haste,

Love to Honor,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'G. R. Mac'. The signature is stylized and somewhat cursive, with a long horizontal line extending from the bottom right of the name.

GPO Box 1404,
Suva,
Fiji.

2nd December, 1979.

Ken Henry

Although I am no longer a full-time civil servant, I still seem to find that I am almost as busy as ever. So this letter will be a short one, and principally in order to send you a Christmas card.

As for the Banabans, there has been a considerable stirring on Rabi and the average Banaban is beginning to ask where all his monies have gone, and who is responsible. Indeed, they have sent a qualified Indian Accountant, and two (I think) Banabans down to Sydney to make investigations into these matters. But I cannot think that they are going to turn up much save possibly with the help of the banks. But the plain fact is that no accounts have been produced for several years past, so it will be almost, if not wholly, impossible, I should have thought, to have produced any kind of picture as to where the monies have gone. Meanwhile, all the "enterprises" in which the Banabans were engaged are being steadily run down, until they will soon have none I imagine.

I was much amused the other day. Ratu Mara, who, as you know, is Prime Minister, paid his first visit to Rabi. In a speech to the Banabans, he advised them to cease bothering about Ocean Island, and to concentrate on develop Rabi. To this end, he offered them the services of professional agriculturalists, foresters, surveyors, land developers, animal husbandry experts, and so on and so forth. Which all made me smile cynically for in 1946 - 1949, when I was Assistant Colonial Secretary in Fiji, and again in 1957 and succeeding years when I was Colonial Secretary, I too offered them all that expertise - free of charge as on the first occasion he it noted - but all my efforts at persuading them to accept such help and do something about it fell on stony ground. I wonder whether Ratu Mara's offer will be accepted and whether, if so, it will bear fruit this time. But what 33 wasted years during which they could have been really making Rabi a show place.

Must close now and write to the children,

My love to Anne

Ken R. H.

PS I wrote to Judy Bennett the other day; said I believed she now had her PH. D. and asked whether she might now feel like making some sort of gesture about paying me for the research I did for her. She replied that she had spent her funds (and those which she drew from the Registrar (?)) up to the hilt and could not ask him for more. She asked me to let her know "exactly" how much she owed me, so I told her \$704.00, even at our low rate for researchers! She has got a job as Lecturer at Massey University. I wonder what her reaction will be!

Flat No. 34, St. Margarets,
London Road,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ, England.

24th October, 1980.

Dear Hans,

I was delighted to receive your letter of the 18th October, but distressed to hear that "te Unimane" has been, in your words, "quite ill". From your description of his symptoms, his illness sounds very unpleasant indeed. I wonder where he picked up the virulent germ; Canberra has always struck me as rather a "sanitized" city. However, it is good to hear that he is now picking up slowly and I hope that by the time you receive this letter he will be back to his usual form once more. Give him my sympathies and best wishes for a speedy and full recovery.

Although it is early days yet - since I have not yet even entered into possession of my flat - see below - I am already thinking of making a sentimental journey one of these days to avoid the rigours of an English winter, visiting Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney, the Gold Coast, Fiji, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Boston and New York (near where Hilary lives). And if "te Unimane" is not on the top of his form, I would regard such a journey as wasted. The same of course applies to you.

I was delighted to have news of "The Slavers" and that it seems to be on his final lap at last. The original dust jacket sounds as though the Peruvian Government might have demanded to extradite him to Lima! But what a time it has taken to reach the final lap; I just hope that all the alterations insisted upon have in no way spoiled the book, which you will recall I read whilst in Canberra. I shall look forward eagerly to receiving my copy, signed of course by the author and by the lady who did a lot of corrections to it I believe! I shall also be interested to hear what sort of reception the critics - and I assume there will be some - give it.

As for myself, things have moved rather slowly. I have been staying with Sally, her husband and the two children (boys) since I reached this country. It has been fortunate for me to have such a pied à terre , especially as I wished to settle somewhere near them, and my young brother in Farnham (Surrey). I located a very nice flat the other side of Guildford to Cranleigh where Sally lives, but the occupants were unwilling to move out and sell until very recently. However it was such a nice flat that I decided to wait for it; a large lounge, a small dining room, 1 large and 1 smaller bedroom, bathroom cum toilet, largeish kitchen, small study and small entrance hall. But the cost of houses (and flats) here is fierce. Nevertheless I was able to pay for it from the proceeds of the sale of my house in Suva thus leaving all my capital untouched. With Sally's help I have also now purchased all the furniture, mostly in the "destocking" sales, which Sally thinks has probably saved me several hundred pounds. If and when you and "te Unimane" revisit this country, I could provide you with beds, but you would probably have to do some cooking! But I would need advance notice to lay in ample supplies of Australian wines to which I know the Old Boy is partial!

It has been a wretched Summer, grey and rainy and it is now turning cold. Fortunately the flat has radiators in all rooms and I think should be fairly warm. Next week, I am visiting Scotland (and staying with the Commons) (he was DPW in Fiji) in North Perthshire for a week next Tuesday. He tells me that the "tops" now have their first coating of snow, so it

Australia 2603.
CANBERRA, A.C.T.,
Forrest,
77 Arthur Circle,
Mrs. Maude,

PAR AVION AEROGRAMME
BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER

SECOND FOLD HERE

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD
NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE;
IF IT DOES IT MAY BE SURCHARGED
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

England.

Surrey,
GUILDFORD GU1 1TJ,
London Road,
Flat No. 34, St. Margarets,
P.D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

will be pretty chilly for me. I have not heard of or seen anyone from the CEIC but then its so long since I knew folk up there that that is not surprising. However I should like to meet Overy (their Librarian/Archivist) when he comes home.

Apart from the vast amount of paperasserie connected with the purchase of the flat, which has entailed much correspondence with lawyers, etc., I have also been busy seeing Doctors, dentists, bankers, tax men and so on, so that I have not wasted my time. I have also bought myself a car - a Toyota Starlet - a small car but a good buy I think; of course I cannot afford a large Volvo like my wealthier friends! But it is ridiculous; after driving cars, without any endorsement, for 53 repeat 53 years, I now have to take a driving test in the UK!!

I have put my new address of the flat on the top of this letter and on the outside. I hope to move in in 12 days' time so please send all letters (and books) there in future. No more room now; lovely to hear from you again. My love to both of you,

Maddy

3rd April, 1980.

New Army
 When I received recently an envelope with the printed notation in the corner "If not delivered, return to AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION, SYDNEY". I had great visions of being invited to give some talks on the ABC, reminiscing about my early days in the GEIC and associating with chaps like, let's say, Maude, Armstrong, Barley, etc., at vast remuneration. Alas, how wrong I was, though as the letter proved to emanate from you, it was not quite the major disappointment it might otherwise have been! I seem to recall that you once took me to task for using official WP Archives stationery for d.o. letters. Cast the mote from your own eye, Professor.

There is no need to apologize for your tardy reply to my last letter. You are still one of the world's workers, whereas I am not, and have plenty of time in which to write letters. (And I had better make the most of it; I have just been reading an article in the Economist on the subject of the introduction of electronic mails - I found it truly horrifying, and it would not suit me, or, I think, you). However, apropos of my plenitude of time in which to write letters, its very unsatisfying in one way, for letters are quickly dealt with - and the unfortunate addressees quickly find themselves owing letters once more - and thereafter time hangs very heavily on one's hands. Would that the WP Archives had stayed here, not necessarily to give me a job, but to enable me to do research and writing. This lack of employment is most assuredly not my 'cup of tea', and I find life very frustrating, especially as facilities such as good libraries are conspicuous in their absence here in Fiji. (That is one reason for leaving here).

No, I have not yet left Fiji, since, if I went to the UK, I should be caught for UK income tax if I went there before the 6th April, 1980. As it is, I am having the house completely repainted inside and outside, and minor renovations done, which I hope will improve its sale price in due course. After that, I shall stay here to see the sale through so I do not know when I shall be leaving. I just hope I shall be here in June when you and Honor visit Fiji.

I agree with all you say about the UK's future; the only hope is that the current monetarist policy will in the end prove successful and give Mts. T. a second 5-year term. But I wonder... Anyway, it will not affect my decision to leave here. There are now a number of reasons for leaving, chief among which is the appalling standard of medical services here. If you fall ill, get on a plane at once for Sydney or Auckland. For myself, I would have preferred to retire to Australia, but the snag is that I have no really close friends there (apart from yourselves, and I don't think I could survive the Canberra climate), and to try and settle there amid a comparatively alien race at the age of 70 plus on my own is something I own that I funk. If I were married, I would not mind, but as a single man aged 70 plus, it would be too much of an ordeal.

with no clear friends
 I was interested to hear that the USP is to produce a history of Tuvalu, and that you are to help with its production. I have always, I think, been more interested in the Ellice Islands rather than the Gilbert Islands, possibly as Grimble and yourself have written, or are or will write, all that needs to be said about the latter. But I hoped that possibly one day I might be asked to compile a history, or share in so doing, of the Ellice Islands, in view of my WPHC researches on the Ellice & Tokelau Islands in 1939/40 for the Colonial Office to rebut the US claim. I dropped some hints to various senior Ellice Islanders about my feelings, but I guess they thought that no expatriate could be expected to do a decent job for them. I wonder if they (or you) will make use of my secret report on the Ellice & Tokelau Islands to any extent.

I am still keen to write something, but now that the WP Archives have been distributed, that is a problem. I have however still typewritten copies of every document in the WP Archives between 1874 & 1914 in which the GEIC is mentioned. (I did all this myself). And I am toying with the idea of producing some material, e.g. on those Gilbertese whom Davis saw being removed to Guatemala from Abaiang in 1892, but who later returned to their home islands. What do you think? Perhaps we can discuss it when you come here. (Unfortunately, when I trek to the UK, I shall have to go via New York so as to see Hilary and her family). I might mention in passing that Hilary & Sally are both keen for me to retire to the UK, though it might have been a different story if Neil had lived in Sydney for 3 or 4 years. He really liked Australia.

The Banabans will be thrilled to hear that you and Honor are coming here! They will doubtless lobby you about independence for Banaba, and associated status for Rabi!

Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.,
 77 Arthur Circle,
 Forrest,
 CAMBERRA, A.C.T.,
 Australia 2603.

AEROGRAMME



SVVA
 9-AM
 3 APR 1980
 7:11

Affix stamp here

Approved by the New Zealand Post Office
 for posting in New Zealand to overseas or
 inland addresses. N.Z.P.O. authority No. 101.

Second fold here

Second fold here

SENDER'S NAME
 P. D. Macdonald, C.M.G., C.V.O.
 AND ADDRESS
 GPO Box 1404,
 Suva,
 Fiji.

© A Dickinson Robinson Group Product



To open slit here

To open slit here

I do not know who Norah Forster may be, but it was kind of you to mention Judy Bennett's indebtedness to me to her; and it was equally kind of her to mention the matter to Gavan Daws, even though he was unable to help personally. Please thank Norah Forster. That someone - I assume, Gavan Daws - must have written to Judy, because I received a bank draft from her at the end of January or beginning of February from New Zealand. I have not the detail beside me, but it was a good deal less than half of her indebtedness; however, one should be thankful for small mercies. I shall write to her again after 3 months and see if she can pay off some more. I find it incredible that a person of Judy's intelligence should be so totally unable to conduct her financial affairs as to run out of money and leave this (and other?) indebtedness outstanding. However, these academic types..... If Gavan Daws did write, please thank him too whenever a suitable opportunity offers.

I was thrilled to hear about the book, and that it should be ready for the printers shortly. I was astonished to hear that the Peruvian Government sent you portraits of two of the relevant Ministers. Obviously they have no idea of the contents of the book. I am inclined to agree with you as regards their request for copies. But, if they do acquire some copies, what on earth will their reaction be; to ban the book in Peru, and, if they can, elsewhere?

Love from to Honor. Graham Fader

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
4th March, 1981.

Dear Paddy,

An incredible thing has happened: Slavers in Paradise is finished down to the last endnote and the last entry in the index (Zumbohm, Gaspard). This world-shattering event occurred on the 23rd February at 6.15 p.m. precisely.

I am now free as the air and feeling very queer at not having to work from 9 to 6 seven days a week. People tell me that I shall degenerate mentally, physically and psychologically very rapidly from now on: it should be an interesting experience. You probably did your degenerating when you had packed up the Archives so have a head-start on me, but if you have any advice to impart on the process I should be glad to profit from your greater experience.

Nothing happens in this part of the world - bar strikes, of course, which are so normal now that nobody notices them. I never realized before that civil servants get full pay from the government when on strike; I wrote to the paper that they should also get what is called here a 'holiday loading' to cover the extra expenses of going down to the beaches every day, but they wouldn't print it. Now the government is trying to stop paying them ~~for~~ striking: so they are on strike about that. What a lot of perks we missed out on in the Colonial Service.

Honor has gone on a spending spree. They warned me years ago that this is a possible side-effect of cortizone but I did not think that it might be an after-effect. She had an air-conditioning plant installed under the house, with ducts to each room; so now we freeze through the summer and sizzle in the winter. It also clears the air, which judging by the state of the filters must be filthy.

Then she got an American firm to dig up the garden to put in an automatic sprinkling system with 10 stations and from 3 to 5 sprinkler heads on each. The ones on the beds produce a sort of mist which is very effective, and those on the lawns pop up and shoot out a revolving jet. Its all controlled from a panel in the sun room which one sets by a clock for up to three weeks in advance if necessary.

I got caught three times when having a reverie in the garden in the early days as the stations change without notice in advance. But mostly Honor sets it for the night, starting about 9 p.m. and ending from 1 to 3 in the morning, depending on the number of stations programmed and the length of time each is set for. It gives one a spooky feeling waking up in the wee hours and hearing the water splashing around outside.

And the day I finished the book she celebrated by getting a new car. She wanted automatic transmission, and power steering, and air conditioning, and the works generally, and the only car which had all this gadgetry - on a long console in the centre from the floor to the dashboard, like a Jaguar - was a Mitsubishi Scorpion. It has AM and FM and CB radio and a cassette recorder, but as the only cassette she possesses was given by her psychologist to induce immediate deep sleep it could be dangerous.

I do hope that all goes well with you in God's own country; it is, as I have often remarked, the only place in which a gentleman could possibly live. I picture you being wheeled along the Esplanade on sunny mornings with a rug over your knees and wearing a yachting cap, but perhaps you can still manage the late morning train to London to swap reminiscences at your favourite club (White's or the Athenaeum?).

Sir Richard and Lady Posnett came to see us a few weeks ago, on the way to be Governor of Bermuda. It must be absolutely fascinating scuttling the last few small boats left in the colonial fleet, and he seems to be the only one of the old permanent C.S. officers still at large. I gathered that as the British Phosphate Commissioner he had just wound up the Commission and so done himself out of a rather cushy job.

People out here are getting edgy at learning that the W.P.H.C. records, which you packed with such loving care, have never been unpacked. Some (or at least copies of them) are required by research workers and others by the administrations to which they relate. There is talk of a joint government and university protest with a view to their return to some country which is prepared to value and look after them, and to make copies or microcopies available on demand. Why don't you take over the job of unpacking them and putting them in proper order again; it would seem an interesting and worthwhile job, and who could do it better?

My monograph on The Gilbertese Maneaba has been published by the Institute of Pacific Studies in Suva and the USP Extension Centre for Kiribati. It was offset from my own typescript and has a very attractive cover showing the Bonriki maneaba in technicolor on the front and its inside on the back. I think it sells for about a dollar in the islands, but has to be subsidized.

Honor has no doubt told you that I have been ill twice - weeks in bed, which ^{has} set the schedule. They were going to operate but in the end the surgeon, no doubt after consulting his financial position, decided that it really was not necessary. Ah me, to be over 75 and appear on the government statistics as one of the 'frail aged'.

I was read a letter from you by Honor when I lay groaning on my bed of sickness from which kind epistle I gathered that you may be coming out to visit the lesser breeds without the law who left England for their country's good; in fact, to be truthful, my recovery dates from that very hour. It would indeed be a pleasure to see your rubicund countenance once more, but you had better make it before too long as those of your cobbers who are still alive are rapidly becoming gaga.

I have but to write a paper to celebrate half a century of writing for the Journal of the Polynesian Society and then Honor and I, and maybe Reid Cowell plan to bring out the Grimble Papers as a troika; you were to have been the third, or so we dared to hope, had you not gone to live in ultima Thule.

I shall now stop having, as you will have realized if you have read thus far, nothing to say,

Yours very ever,

Jerom