

Dear Sam,

We are very, very sorry indeed to have the sad news of your father's ^{death}. Thank you very much indeed for writing and please accept our very sincere sympathy. I'm afraid you must have suffered a great shock, & for us it was totally unexpected as we were waiting for ^{the} funeral arrangements for his visit in November.

Your father was indeed our best & longest friend over a period of 55 years & we shall miss him sadly. I think we were privileged to see a side of him unknown to many people. His huge enjoyment of reminiscence & his laughter & badinage. When he & Harry got together it was a very happy time.

I had had a letter in ⁹ in it he mentioned that he was on a drug to ^{but we knew he had} suffered from phlebitis for many years. He took good care of himself I'm sure & walked every day if possible.

Paddy spoke of you often, always with fondness & appreciation & his loss will make a great gap in your day to day life. Without you nearby he would indeed have been a very lonely person with his friends scattered across the world.

We had a forewarning of your news from

Noël Ing who was the Government Solicitor during the Bomaban Court case + with whom we all kept in touch. Unfortunately I did not know your surname or address + did not like to write to your mother as I have not heard from her for about 2 years. She, too, has always been a firm friend of ours.

I well remember meeting you + Nick, ~~as well as Neil~~ when you father gave us a dinner at the C S C + I am so glad to meet you both.

With ~~my love~~ many thanks for writing + our deep sympathy

July 7th

High Pines
Hoe Lane
Peaslake
Guildford.
GU5 9SW

Dear Harry and Honor -

I hate to be the one to write to you with bad news but I'm afraid my father (Paddy McDonald) died on June 15th. He had a massive heart attack, but thank goodness suffered no pain. It has been a great shock to everyone especially me. I saw him about four times a week and had alot to do with him since he lived in England. I am afraid he never got over Neil's death. I had him buried beside Neil which is very near us. Everyone in the family managed to get to England for the funeral which was very nice. He always counted on you both as two of his greatest friends, and for that I thank you. My husband Nick was very good with him and they used to discuss all sorts of topics

By air mail
Par avion



Mr + Mrs. H. Maude
Unit 42.
MIRINIANI
11, Namatjira Drive
Weston Act 2611.
Australia .

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

MRS. R.W. Bray
High Pines
Hoe Lane
Peaslake
Postcode GUS 9 5W .
ENGLAND

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

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To open slit here

Our sons always discussed sport with him.
They are great rugby players too.
I'm sorry this letter is short, but
as you can imagine I have rather a lot
to write!! Thank you again for your friend-
ship with Duddy
Love Sally
(BRAY)

'Miriyani',
30.6.87

Dear Noël,

How very, very kind of you to let us know about Paddy's death, we have not as yet heard from any of his family. It is hard for us to realise that we shall see Paddy no more as we were expecting him here for a possible 'last visit' in November.

We were friends from the day Paddy arrived on Tarawa in August, 1933. He was such good company, always ready for a joke & a very good-natured tease. I can hear his laughter now as he & Harry reminisced together. And in their correspondence they carried on the banter. We shall miss both him & his letters very sadly.

Paddy always wrote after seeing you, to give us news of the meeting. He appreciated very much his contacts with you. That you would be the person to tell us of his passing is indeed providential - but for the Banaban Court case we would never have met you.

I feel sure that Paddy's sudden death would have been due to a thrombosis. He had been plagued with phlebitis ever since playing Rugby. He was terribly ill on landing to with thrombophlebitis & he mentioned in a recent letter that he had to take an anti-coagulant drug. Also that he tried to walk two or three miles every day. He would have been 78 in a few days time, the youngest of the three of us; Harry & I are now in our 80s.

I should be able to remember the surname of Paddy's daughter, Sally, but cannot. The only address I have is that

of Paddy's ex-wife, Delia, who was my first visitor when we arrived in London, was it 1976? If we don't hear from her or Sally I will write anyhow.

We take comfort in the thought that Paddy probably died without pain + did not have to suffer a long illness.

Again, Noël, many thanks for writing I will let you know if we have any further news.

With our warm regards

Honor +

DO NOT WRITE BEYOND THIS LINE

AG22

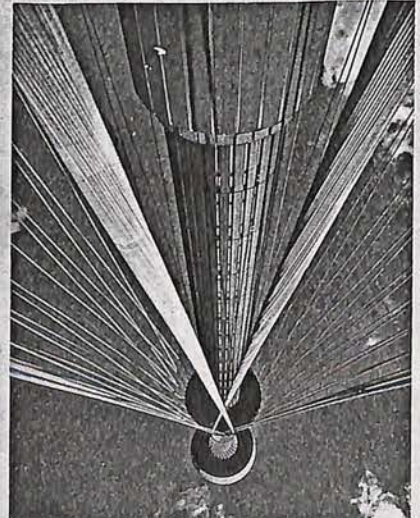
Fold flaps before moistening gum. For maximum adhesion, press down for a few seconds. If anything is enclosed or any tape or sticker attached, this form must bear the appropriate postage for an air mail letter.

Mrs J. E. Hinde
Unit 42 Myrington Village
11 Namatjira Drive
Weston
POSTCODE 2611

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

To Mr. D. Ang Esq.
102 Princes House,
Newington Park Road,
London W11 3BW
U.K.
COUNTRY OF DESTINATION

Sydney (Centrepoint) Tower New South Wales



BY AIR MAIL PAR AVION



FOLD SIDE FLAPS FIRST

FOLD SIDE FLAPS FIRST

TO OPEN SLIT HERE FIRST

Dear Harry and Honor,

It may be that what I have to say you will already have heard from a more suitable and better informed source but I am very sorry to say that Paddy Macdonald died last week (15th June).

Unfortunately, I have almost no details; I have learned ^{in the last 24 hours} it only from the "Times" (and cannot think of anyone who can provide more, as I do not know the married names or addresses of his daughters). It was said that he died at Guildford (so perhaps at home) and "suddenly" - so we may hope that it was quick and merciful. ^{The funeral (cremation, rather) was today, at Guildford, but I learned too late to do anything} If I do learn more, I will let you know.

As you probably know, Paddy used to contact me on his visits to London so that, if possible, we could lunch or dine together, usually at RCS. The last time was a few weeks before Easter and we had a very happy and lively evening. I do not recall feeling any anxiety, indeed I had thought him better than for some time. I was not too well myself for some time around ^{after} Easter; while conscious ^{recently} that it was longer than usual since I had heard from him, I did not attach any importance to this, as he did not write unless he was coming to London and there was no pattern to his visits. Anyway, that is neither here nor there. I shall miss him and his company - but this is

nothing to your loss, for I know he was an old friend, colleague and ally. I am very grieved for you.

All best wishes at this sad time.

Yours,
Noël

lv
#21

To open slit here

To open slit here

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

Name and address of sender

N. D. ING

102 PRINCES HOUSE

KENSINGTON PARK ROAD

LONDON

UK

Postcode W11 3BW

PROF: AND MRS. H.E. MAUDE

UNIT 42, MIRINDANI,

11, NAMATJIRA DRIVE,

WESTON

ACT 2611

AUSTRALIA

Aerogramme



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

Dear Amor

5th April, 1987.

Thank you so much for your letter of the 22nd March. It was kind of you to write. It must be marvellous for te Unimane to have a ready-to-hand amanuensis to deal with his private correspondence. There are times when I wish that I had one. I am delighted nevertheless to hear that Harry is on the last lap of "Arthur Grimble". It would indeed have been a tragedy if he had not been able to finish that task, since obviously nobody else would have been so well qualified to do it so well. I hope he finishes it before my visit.

The trouble with the legal proceedings I mentioned in my last letter ^{is} to Harry that there is not one solicitor involved, but three! In my lifetime I have always endeavoured to avoid two groups of people - doctors and members of the legal profession. Alas, I have not been very successful in avoiding the former, but I have been pretty successful in avoiding the latter. Fortunately, I am only on the fringes in these particular proceedings. But I don't think that anything will ever be quite as embarrassing as having to enter the witness box and withstand being questioned by solicitors in the Banaban High Court cases, who were out to trip one up. Thank heaven there is no likelihood of any similar case arising.

Yes, we certainly have experienced a shocking winter. In January and February we experienced two consecutive weeks of really bitterly cold weather with snow, grey skies but, above all, very strong icy winds blowing literally straight from Siberia via Moscow and Scandinavia. The temperatures in Moscow were some 40° C below. It was never as bad as that here, but in a village near Guildford the temperature fell one night to minus 16° C! March has been little better. The 21st March is officially the first day of Spring; it snowed as far south as Berkshire! I have survived alright nevertheless but when venturing out-of-doors I have had so many layers of clothing on that I have resembled the Michelin man tyre advertisement. Even now - April 5th - Spring has not yet arrived; maybe it will give us a miss this year. Almost the worst feature of the weather was however the fact that in the fortnights above-mentioned the day and night temperatures were almost always below 0° C.

I wonder whether Father Leo Cook or Lester Gaynor are going to win the Rougier publication race. After all the work each will do, I assume each will wish to publish which will result in a tricky situation. Of course the former can always get the Church to publish; but, unless Lester's work is vastly better than his previous omnibus, he may find it very difficult to find the services of a publisher.

My grandsons are doing well at Uppingham (the two boys of Sally's family), but neither seem to take life as seriously as I did when I was their age. Life is going to be "real and earnest" as the poet sang when the _{time}

By air mail
Par avion



PERSONAL
POSTAGE



Mrs. Maude,

Unit 42 Mirinjani Village,

11 Namatjira Drive,

WESTON, ACT,

Australia 2611,

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

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

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comes for them to seek work.

I am still troubled by the sciatica in my right leg and in the touch of arthritis in my right knee. Unfortunately they cannot give me the normal treatment for the former as the cure would conflict with the anti-coagulant drug which I have had to take for many years to combat my former attacks of thrombophlebitis. However I try and walk for 2 or 3 miles each day, but I walk neither fast nor far and studiously avoid walking uphill. But I have managed to keep my weight down to that which I enjoyed when I played rugger for Cambridge University nearly 60 years ago!

Much love and give my regards to te Unimane,

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

29th July, 1986.

I have always considered myself a good correspondent, at least insofar as prompt answering of letters is concerned (save of course for those from Lester Gaynor and John Orr), but on this occasion I am faced with your letters of the 24th and 30th June, the former a very lengthy, informative and erudite one of 5 pages. But I have a good alibi. I have been patiently awaiting the receipt of a copy of the enclosed paperback, entitled "Tales from Paradise" by June Knox-Mawer whose husband you may recall was a Senior Magistrate and later a Puisne Judge in Fiji. I shall have something to say later in this letter about the paperback, but let me first answer your letters.

I was so glad to hear for your sake that you have discovered that you are not as "entally flaccid and content" as you feared you might be. I fear that I may be experiencing the same fear - reluctance to get on with things - and quite unlike my normal self. But, alas, I have not an "Honor" to force me to settle down to various tasks which confront me. I am, of course, handicapped, as perhaps you were not, by this wretched sciatica, made slightly worse by the arthritis in my right knee. Maybe, however, I should use the excuse of the discomforts and slight nagging pains derived from these two ills to combat my inertia.

I was very saddened to hear of the unexpected death of Annabelle, especially when it appeared that the liver transplant operation was a success. I do not think that I ever had the pleasure of meeting her, but from your account she must have been a rather wonderful person of tremendous courage in facing up to her problem over a period of years. When I lost my son Neil I was absolutely devastated, and though the circumstances are totally dissimilar, I can well understand how you all felt at the loss of such an admired, courageous and beloved person. Neil was only 39 when he died and I always felt how much better it would have been if I, aged 70 years, had passed on and left him to fulfil his very promising future. But Fate never plays the cards the way one wants them. I took the liberty of telling little Ing about, as he is always interested in our doings and he said that he would write to Honor and y ourself, though I do not know if he did so.

I look forward to hearing from you of the safe arrival of the Gaynor omnibus, as you more correctly call it. But I am returning the cheque for £9.10.0. which you kindly sent me to reimburse the cost of sending the omnibus. I am happy to pay that to be safely rid of the omnibus. A further reason for returning the cheque is given below. If Lester should visit this country and ask to see it I shall tell him that Sally and her husband are engrossed in it, having previously warned Sally though as Lester will not have her married name or address that should be quite safe. I shall, however, be interested to learn in due course what you think of it all, especially the parts on sovereignty and his suggestion that you felt that a US/UK condominium was the answer to sovereignty.

Though I have not written to him for some time, I have just received another long letter from John Orr. But, with it, is a poem about his lost Seventh Day adventist lady love (or was she a Jehovah's Witness - I cannot remember and frankly find it hard to care). I am sending it to you in case you think I have exaggerated about the tenor of his correspondence to me. Here I might remark in passing that he tells me that Unwins have declined to print some of his stories and that -

"Of course I am looking forward to Harry's opinion and his recommending a publisher very much indeed".

I wonder how you are going to get out of that dilemma. Incidentally, there is no need to return the poem to me. In replying to John Orr I shall acknowledge it with suitable murmurings of sadness for him. Finally, he claims what I call the poem is "a ballad in the old Scots-Irish style"; what does he mean?

Many thanks for your medical advice about curing my sciatica with the New Zealand mussel. I have made enquiries of a number of chemists here but they have never heard of it alas. I wish I could get some. I will now try and see if I have any better luck with Yerbama or Yerba Mate, but that will probably mean a visit to London to see Harrods or some more progressive place like that. What is the name of the New Zealand mussel under which it is sold?

I am sorry to hear that you have decided not to write your autobiography. You really owe it to the Western Pacific, at least, to do so. Perhaps Honor would consider writing a biography about you.?

I am glad that you enjoyed reading my stories of long ago (its 50 years - quite incredible to think it is as long ago as that now). But I think that you had better return them to me now. I did have a set of duplicates, but they are now somewhat scattered - Hilary has some in the US, my brother has some, Sally has a couple, and I have only two at present. That is the second reason why I am returning your cheque; use it for the return postage and, if its not enough, I will settle with you when I next see you.

Apropos of your remarks about Lord Maude, I enclose an excerpt from the Daily Telegraph recently, being a letter addressed by him to the Editor, which may amuse you. You are right in saying that you should address him as Lord Maude, however pompous that may sound.

I wonder if you have yet read Megarry's judgment in the Banaban High Court cases. I found it quite fascinating, though I must confess that there were one or two comments which were too much for me. It is a pity that he did not be more explicit concerning the Banabans being unable to obtain all the legal advice they sought. I have no doubt that I made the points I communicated to you in an earlier letter; for I made a note of them before I gave evidence and checked them afterwards. However Megarry made have thought such points merely served to soften the blow so to speak, and not refute the Banaban claims, and so thought my comments hardly worthy of inclusion in his judgment. He was not infallible - vide your comment on the killing of the Banabans.

As to your second letter, I agree most wholeheartedly with your comments in the third paragraph that it is tragic that the nature and quality of our administration should be judged by history on the basis of the Grimble letter to Rotan. But I think that I am right in saying that the Information Department of the UN governing political affairs, trusteeship and decolonization is headed by a Russian. The UN is untrustworthy enough in such matters, but doubly so if the Department is headed by a Russian. I showed the UN comment to Ing, who was disgusted.

You will, of course, form your own judgment about the enclosed paperback. Personally I was disappointed; I thought it rather poor and piffling. But, in fairness I should add that I am sure that it all sounded better over the BBC radio. Apart from that, there are a number of inaccuracies and June would have done better to check on her sources. There is a story told by Eric Bevington about me at the foot of page 15; it is wholly inaccurate and contains a number of errors in detail: there was no reason why Eric "had to attend"; it was a feast solely given for me; my name is spelt wrong; it was NOT a bonito but te ingemea, whose eye the size of a ping-pong ball was larger than that of a bonito; if one is sitting opposite a bonito, or indeed any other fish other than a hammerhead shark or a flat fish like our plaice, one cannot see both eyes, indeed one really cannot see either; there are no such folk as "headmen" on Banaba; the story about the "headman's" participation is all rubbish, as told, since it never in fact took place, and even if it did, how Eric could have seen his dirty fingernails gouging the eye out under the very poor light from a kerosene lamp hanging several feet overhead passes the imagination (though not Eric's!); finally, I did not eat or swallow the eye. The true version is stated at the end of the story you have, entitled "OF MATTERS PISCATORIAL". I ought to take it up with Eric but it would only lead to an explosive correspondence and is simply not worth while. But read the correct version in my story.

But there are other errors; thus, on page 54 James Coode seems to have become hopelessly muddled over night-fishing for flying-fish and dawn fishing for tuna or bonito; it's totally inaccurate.

You will enjoy the photographs though. There is a delightful one of Grimble; as for the one of Ronald Garvey collecting tax on Malaita, I would have gone into the witness box to swear that it was NOT Ronald, it looks so completely different. But I am that the one which will especially take your eye is that of one described in the text as "a senior administrative officer" properly enthroned and with Kaobunang (?) standing beside him.

Finally, the cost £3.50 is outrageous for a paperback of that size. Most paperbacks are usually over double that size and only 2/3rds of the cost, but then it's a BBC publication!

There is not much in the way of local news to send you. I dined with little Ing last week in Lincoln's Inn, where they invariably produce an excellent dinner with unlimited wines. He is Legal Adviser at the Monopolies & Mergers Commission and so has a very important job, especially as many of the current spate of mergers have involved millions of pounds.

My other twin daughter Hilary and her family (girl aged 12 and boy aged 10) plus her husband are coming over from the US next month. So too are Neil's widow and their daughter aged 7. There is to be a party for some 120 folk at the end of August to celebrate the twins's 40th birthday. It falls in fact at the end of September but Hilary and family have to be back in the US early in September to put the children to school. It's amazing to think they are Fiji citizens!

This has been a traumatic fortnight of late. First, the royal wedding which was carried out with a superb pageantry which I don't think any other country can surpass. Then there are the Commonwealth Games to which over 50% of the Commonwealth countries have refused to attend as this country has refused to introduce sanctions against South Africa. Then there is the alleged row between the Queen

and Mrs. Thatcher. The Economist reckons that this was a Press ramp, and that the Palace Press Officer, Michael Shea, seems to have fallen victim to a classic bit of Journalistic skullduggery by a Sunday Times reporter, - a series of leading questions and platitudinous answers which could be and were turned into specific assertions, the Queen's "concern" over successive areas of Government policy being then run together into what seemed a catalogue of displeasure. Unfortunately the Palace and the Sunday Times are sticking to their guns and the row is likely to rumble on, alas.

Meanwhile, most of the Commonwealth countries are up in arms about this country's decision not to impose sanctions, though I think some mild ones will eventually be imposed. Not that it will make any difference to South Africa. From my knowledge of South Africans, it will merely drive them further into the laager. It was all been made worse by that dreadful little man Sonny Ramphal whispering into the Queen's ears that the Commonwealth is about to collapse and she will lose her title as Head of the Commonwealth. (He will lose his job too as Secretary General of the Commonwealth if it collapses - talk about grinding axes!) In many instances recently the UK has had to give way to Commonwealth countries (especially in the worlds of sport) that I think the time is overdue for the Commonwealth to find that in future the UK is going to speak its mind and if the Commonwealth collapses it will be the fault of others. It is becoming redundant, if not slightly absurd, and its usefulness to Britain as an aid to decolonization is now past. It contains some awful military or strictly personal dictatorships operating one-party states. This all sounds heretical for a former Colonial Service officer and a member of the Royal Commonwealth Society, but many of the latter feel this way but do not like to admit it publicly. E a tau.

I do hope that Hbor is well and that her arm is now finally healed. Let me know in due course about the LG omnibus, and what you think of the enclosed paperback. It is of course quite UNIQUE; it is the only book which I know which deals with the South Pacific and which does not somewhere mention or refer to one Maude, though dealing with BSIP, NH, GEIC, Tonga, Line Islands et al. How's that for uniqueness ?!

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

5th October, 1986.

Dear Helen,

I need hardly say that I was especially delighted to receive your letter of the 15th September, and to know that you are both still alive! Not that I really doubted it for a moment. I did wonder at times just what might be the cause of the delay in replying to my letter of the 29th July; thus, I knew from one of your earlier letters that Honor had in fact rendered you incommunicado almost all and every day; I also knew that you were heavily engaged in your current magnum opus about the pre-European history of the Gilbert (& Ellice?) Islands; there was also the possibility that you had fallen ill; and so on. But I reasoned, if that is the right word, that both of you could hardly be ill simultaneously, or have had a serious accident together. So I felt that, if you yourself were indeed seriously ill or had had an accident, Honor would have briefed me. Oddly, the one solution which never occurred to me was that you - yes, you of all people - would have lost a valuable document. Noted for your ruthless acquisitiveness of all kinds of documents, by fair means or foul, it never occurred to me that the reverse might be true and that you had lost such a valuable document as one of my letters. Really, Maude, you had better pull yourself together for who would wish to write letters to one who takes a holiday down on the coast and at the same time is so careless with such valuable documents.

Lest, however, you may feel that you have missed something, I spent some time yesterday afternoon typing out a copy of my letter of the 29th July. It was typed at high speed and I did not check it over afterwards to correct mistakes, gaps, etc. The result is enclosed.

I shall eagerly look forward to what you have advised John Orr to do now. I had the temerity a day or two ago, in response to more letters from him (how I wish he would cease writing to me - but I answer his letters since that at least seems a kindness, even if not very helpful) - to suggest that no printer/publisher could possibly resist the exciting subject matter of "The Orphans", etc., and that possibly it was his idiosyncratic style that did not attract them. Of course, I wrapped the suggestion up in the best bureaucratic style, saying that every author had his own idiosyncratic style, and that there was no harm in that. But each author's style varied and some had a more acceptable style than others. He will probably feel "There speaks a Pommey ignoramus", but that can't be helped. I thought perhaps, just perhaps, that it might induce him to try and vary his style, which has always appalled me.

I was absolutely delighted to hear that Lester Gaynor's magnum opus had arrived safely. Having sent it in July, I was becoming rather worried, even though I realized that sending parcels by boat to Australia takes quite a while. But I am sorry your postman should have incurred back trouble as a result. Here, one is allowed to send parcels up to 22 lbs in weight; such a parcel might well have crippled him, but if I should send any more in future, I will take care that they are of modest weight. Certainly, the careful packing increased the weight of the parcels, but I was determined that at least you and the University should receive them in the best condition. When - I repeat, when - you do get around to studying the work, I shall be interested and amused to know your reactions, especially to the sovereignty issue, and his suggestion that you felt a UK/US condominium was the appropriate answer for Christmas Island.

I have still had no luck in locating any supply of the NZ mollusc which is reputedly the miracle cure for arthritis. I must try and locate someone whom I know in New Zealand who might be able to procure a supply for me.

I was amused in your reactions to "Tales from Paradise", concerning which we seem to agree. But I was surprised that in your comments you did not mention the superb photograph of Andrew! plus I think Kaobunang. I must say I think my stories, though of a somewhat different nature, are far better. I propose to show my copy of "Tales from Paradise" to little Ing and note his reaction; I shall bid him be quite frank. But as he was once acquainted with a G & E officer, whose usual breakfast was black coffee and Valium, I think he could believe anything about WPHC officers.

I was very sorry to hear that Dick Overy's post has been localized (as we used to say in Fiji). And I am trebly sorry to hear that he and his wife will now have to live in Northern Ireland. Apart from the "civil war" aspect

the weather there is far more unkind than in most of England and his wife will suffer accordingly. Further, I think I am right in saying that unemployment is higher in Northern Ireland than anywhere else in the UK and that his chances of finding employment there are very poor indeed. Does he receive a golden bowler, however? If he does, I imagine one from the GEIC would be a small one. He has always been bothering me about my sending him my stories, but now I am glad I did not do so, and would certainly not send most of them to the new local Archivist, whoever he may be.

I was interested that Australia thinks it important enough to have a High Commissioner for Kiribati. Perhaps they hoped to persuade the Government not to grant fishing licences to the Russians? But I should have thought the poor chap would be frustrated at having nothing to do.

With regard to your remarks about the Commonwealth, you will now know of course that the threats of withdrawal from Kaunda, Mugabe et al, came to naught after the last Commonwealth Conference. But, though certainly most members of the public now feel that membership of the Commonwealth serves little purpose, there is no feeling that the UK should withdraw - rather it is felt that it would be more appropriate to allow the Kaundas, Mugabes, etc. to withdraw and accept responsibility for the break-up of the organization. Though this country has not much of a role to play as head of the Commonwealth these days, it would surely be hard on the smaller territories if there was a break-up and they lost their source of grants and loans.

I was interested in your remarks about Grimble's godson. I knew nothing of him previously. What a tragic memento for the Gilbert Islands to have to endure him, in memory of Grimble and what he did for those islands. How on earth did he get there, and with what object? to sponge on the Gilbertese as a descendant of Grimble?

I was amused at your remarks about the Tokelau Book Committee, and the work of compiling the history of those islands. But, for once, Maude you have betrayed yourself. How did they come into your possession? Well, because you obviously pinched them from me - the first time you have really admitted your kleptomaniacal tendencies! It is an impertinence for you to say too that you "bear me no ill-will". Surely, the boot is on the other foot!

So, you are waiting for me to "derestrict" my treatise on the Ellice and Tokelau Islands. On a number of occasions, I have considered writing to the FCO to ask them if my and your reports (Gilberts and Line Islands) have been declassified. But, after my visit to the FCO to protest about the WPHC records being sent to Honiara, and the stonewalling and grossly unhelpful reception with which I was greeted by those two po-faced women, I have decided against it. Can you imagine the reception of my enquiry? Why was I asking? to what purpose did I propose to put the report? who else was to see it? did I intend to publish any of it? if I did, then they would wish to vet any article, etc I might write. (Incidentally, when I saw them and happened to mention in passing that I had written some stories about the Gilberts and the WPHC, they had the bloody effrontery to say that they would wish to see the stories before they were published - its scarcely believable). And so on and so forth. No, I would certainly not seek their view as to whether the reports were declassified. Lets talk about making it available to the Book Committee when I next see you. There is really very little that should not be made public, only a few paragraphs about the US claim. And it would be churlish to deny to the historians for example the fact that Regulation No. 20 of 1901 read "It is forbidden to play cricket at public work. Fine 1s".

I was sorry to hear of the death of your eldest sister, even though two survive. As for the one who lives almost entirely on Guinness, which sounds a rather back-handed criticism, or just pure jealousy, how should one who used to make breakfast a meal of black coffee and Valium VALIDLY be in a position to criticize or be jealous.

There is not much news to send you from here. September was the coldest month of that name since 1953! Lately we have had several superb days of a much delayed Indian Summer, but we are now back to the grey overcast days, grey skies, bitter winds, and rain again. Do you wonder my typing is so awful, although this letter is being typed against the clock as this is going to be a very busy week for me.

Sally and Hilary celebrated their 40th birthday a short while ago, having just over 100 of their friends to an evening barbecue and drinks. Alas, as might have been expected, it rained. But all were very thirsty as I discovered when Sally presented me with the bills for liquor.

A week ago, my young brother and his wife celebrated their golden wedding

anniversary, with a superb special lunch at a local pub, and champagne flowing like water. Altogether it lasted from 12.14 to 4.30! The only snag was I had to make a speech as the senior representative of the Macdonald clan. When I left Fiji, I vowed that I would never make another speech but my brother overpersuaded me, though I hated every moment of it, especially as most of the 24 present at the lunch were strangers to me, though friends of my brother and his wife. Still, with enough champagne on board

I wonder if you have heard from Lester lately. I have two letters from him which I have not answered, on the basis of your advice that the only way to cope with him was not to write to him. Now I shall soon expect a letter (after some long Middle West tour he is making) reproving me for failing to answer. I don't feel any pity for him as I do for John Orr. Apart from that, his letters bore me; they are nearly all about Lester, what he is doing, and where he is going, etc.

Which reminds me - I am sending you by surface mail a photocopy of a letter from Bill Craig (a New Zealander who was with C & W on Fanning Island when I was there) to Lester giving the genealogy of the Greig clan of Fanning Island. I don't know if you are interested; if not, just destroy it. Also a photocopy of a report by the Captain of HMS Garnet on a visit to Fanning, Christmas and Penrhyn Islands in late 1891, early 1892. I very much doubt if you showed this visit in your report on the Line Islands? I got it from the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty here. I suppose I should send it to Lester but I don't want to start up a correspondence with him. If you do not want it, just destroy it.

I had little Ing to supper at the Royal Commonwealth Society last week. He was in his usual perky form and asked to be remembered to you and Honor. But I don't think you will ever see him in Australia again. He agrees with me that it is most unfair that I have to travel round the world to see you and Honor, whilst you both remain rooted in Australia, welcoming your friends.

I am trying to make up my mind whether to pay you another visit. I had tentatively thought of visiting Fiji and Australia in, say, November of this year, but then discovered that some folk whom I wished to see in Fiji would not be there then. So now it might have to be January/February, 1987. My arthritis cum sciatica in my right knee and leg are still with me, alas. True, my condition has much improved but the trouble just refuses to end completely and as I grow older I feel it may be better for me to come out now before old age forbids it. I shall have to take a decision in, say, late November. I assume that it will by then still be possible to get accommodation at the same hotel as I stayed at last time; and will it be possible to disturb your researches and writing for a few days? and for you to provide a taxi service as you so kindly did last time?

This is the season of the party political conferences and the Labour Party has just ended their's. The Yanks are to be thrown out of this country, lock stock and barrel with their nuclear missiles, and nuclear power stations are to be closed down among other incredible decisions. It would be difficult to imagine a quicker way to ensure that the US withdraws its 322,000 personnel, planes, and missiles from this country and Europe. And the rights of Gays and homosexuals are to be defined in legislation!!! What a party.

No other news; don't lose this letter before you have read it! Incidentally, I hope to retrieve the cheque from my last letter before you lost it, even if a cheque of that amount is less than the sort of tip that you plutocrats would give to a humble restaurant waiter.

My love to Honor
Y. Padacz

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
27 November, 1986.

Dear PDM,

Thank you very much indeed for those two magnificent gifts: the Greig genealogy and the Report of HMS Garnet's 1891 voyage. It was a most kindly and opportune thought and much appreciated, for I was working on the history of Fanning Island when they came so unexpectedly and I was able to put them to good and immediate use. The first has a footnote acknowledging my debt to both Bill Craig and yourself, and the second to you. Thousands will read them and think how kind you must be to let the old dog have a bone.

I enclose a copy of my literary report to Orr on his MS. It truly was a rather terrible piece of work and he posted it to me without ever asking me if I would mind reading it for him; and it took a week's work to do the job thoroughly.

Honor read through my draft report and, after amending a few passages, passed it as suitably, yet moderately, phrased and likely to please him as I had at least praised him for his research work. Others to whom I showed Orr gave up after a page or two, complaining that it was too awful to be taken seriously.

But alas it must have hurt him for I never got so much as an acknowledgement of receipt. I do wish people would not waste my time unless they really want an honest and constructive appraisal, and not just an eulogy. But at least Orr now follows Lester in being off the list of time-wasters. But I was unhappy for a time for I liked Orr, and admired him for his pertinacity.

And now I have a MS from Jean-Paul Latouche on Gilbertese ethnohistory wanting my early appraisal and help in publishing. He writes it in Franglais so it is difficult to fathom what he is talking about.

And a letter has just arrived from Solange Petit-Skinner, an old friend from Fiji, who says she is flying over first week in December with a MS on Nauruan fishing. Apparently she returns to Fiji the same day and proposes to stand over me while I read the work and tell her where it is to be published.

Fortunately I have read the French edition, Pêcheurs de Nauru, and it is good, but her English, though better than Latouche, is not all that hot and I have a sinking feeling that if I say that it requires revising she will leave the MS with me to rewrite in good literary English - several months work.

I shall leave it to Honor to deal with her, for she can handle her own sex better than I can. Curiously one of her chapters is so erotic that it would never pass the censor in English - you wouldn't think that a book on fishing could be so sexy, but I guess it is la petite Solange who is: another reason why Honor had best tackle her.

You mention the possibility of your coming out to the antipodes in February; it might be warmer then for up to date we are still in winter though its only a month to the end of spring (no, only a week). It is really bitter and Honor seldom ventures out of doors. But you had better get yourself insured for a good packet for I gather from the newspapers that it is only the odd plane that gets through without a highjacking or a few bombs in the luggage compartment.

As regards accommodation one only needs a day or two notice and should the Embassy be full (which is most unlikely) there are 75 other motels and hotels. What about a suite at the new Dickson at \$375 a night, for they have a heated indoor swimming pool and several saunas: grand for your sciatica.

The news here is that after a series of discussions Honor and other advisers have knocked me off all other work and told me to get Grimble finished first and send it off. It was on my conscience too and now I have been a month on it and find it absolutely fascinating but hard work: 9.30 to 6.15 daily, including Saturdays and Sundays. I get an hour for a brisk walk but Honor does most of my chores (only until I finish Grimble), as she is very anxious to see it published.

I am not to be allowed to type the final copy myself, as people are adamant that it is a waste of my time when there is so little of life left and so much still to be done. So today we have fixed up with a Mrs Bacon, who lives not far away, to do it for \$19 an hour, or \$2.95 a page, which I reckon should work out at a little over \$1,000 for the job. Then there will be a subsidy to the publishers and another to enable it to be sold to the Gilbertese at a fraction of cost so I guess that I shall see no change out of \$10,000.

But Honor just says, 'So be it'; and I only hope that Grimble, looking down from the special quarters in heaven reserved for colonial governors, will consider that I have repaid my debt to him, which is admittedly very considerable for without his initial help I should never have got started on Gilbertese studies. D.V. and w.p. I should be free again to get going on my own work ~~again~~ in three or four months time, with a clear conscience.

You express surprise that Australia has an H.C. for Kiribati at Bairiki, but they had one from the first day. He reads a lot, I gather, and travels around distributing lollies. At least he must have more to do than the U.K. H.C., who surely

must feel overworked if he has more than a letter a month to write.

Honor has popped in to send her love and to say that I must stop now and get on with Grimble. I re^ollay was most upset to read that the FO wanted your MSS to be vetted by them before publication. It made me feel quite ill that people like them could be so brash and crass; I hope you told them where they got off. They are a frightful crowd of no-hopers these days, or at least some of them. One I met here drank like a fish and talked the most arrant nonsense I have heard in years; yet he was apparently considered OK as a diplomatic representative for the U.K. But then we put up with drunks like Dippy Clark and Kennedy for years.

Yours ever,

Harry Maude

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

Dear Harry

I last wrote to you some 6 weeks ago (that is not meant to be a rude criticism), and the only reason I am writing now is because of a letter which I have just received from John Orr. He received your comments on his works, and mine (see the third paragraph of my letter of the 5th October, unless you have lost that one too!) simultaneously on the 8th October.

He said that he had no intention in disputing your views with him, and so obviously you will not know just precisely what he feels about them. So I have typed out the relevant part of his letter and now enclose it. I was in some doubt as to whether this was unfair, but I don't think so. Its just as well that you should know, I think. I have placed some letters in the margin of the enclosure, to which I now refer.

A. I don't understand what he is driving at. B. This I find hard to believe. C. 'Stylistically unpublishable'. This sounds very much like the very point I made to him in my letter. Amusingly, his letter, though dealing with your views and recommendations, at no point deals with my suggestion that he should change his somewhat idiosyncratic style of writing! Perhaps it was too near the bone, or he thought "Who the hell does this ignorant Pom think he has the right to criticize-ME". And yet, when I wrote, unbeknownst of your views in the two words quoted above, I seem to have been thinking precisely along the lines you were following. C. His "best performance yet" ? I wonder - hardly likely, if his style of writing was unaltered from before. D. How could you "impugn" his "honesty" ? or "insult" him ? I fear his disappointment has led him to make these wild assertions. E. The idea is laughable. F. "An epic approach" - help. I wonder if he knows what the word means ? G. I simply don't understand what he means. H. "Vain fellow" ? Surely his trouble is that he is appallingly vain about his abilities as an author, and can see no wrong in his works. I. Poor chap - I would hardly have thought he was an entrepreneurial printer and publisher. E a tau.

Alas and alack, I can as yet give you no news as to when I might visit Australia. There would be not much point in doing so unless I could combine it with a visit to Fiji as well, for such a tour is an expensive proposition and it makes sense to kill both birds with one stone, so to speak. But I simply cannot get answers from some folk in Fiji and others in Sydney as to whether certain dates are suitable so that I may see them. I had originally hoped to come out in late November/early December, but eventually learnt that that would be acceptable. But by the time I had heard, it was only a few days ago - too late to make the necessary arrangements, especially as I had by then certain arrangements which simply have to be completed before Xmas. But I could get no reply about an alternative visit in late January/early February, which I had asked about. But soon it will also be too late to make arrangements and alert all those I want to meet. It really is very tiresome. Now it looks as though the visit may have to be late February/early March. What will the weather be like in Australia in early March ? In any case, I will keep you posted.

There is virtually no news to send you from here. The weather is in general bitterly cold, showery, grey skies, etc. etc. etc. Just occasionally we have a marvellously sunny day - a sort of very late Indian Summer; but it does not last for more than a single day, and is usually bitterly cold, even if sunny.

I shall be spending Christmas with my daughter Sally, which will be fun, and Boxing Day with my brother who lives only some ten miles from here. Sally is going to be overwhelmed on Boxing Day; she has her husband's parents staying with her; also Delia; and she is having to give lunch to her husband's four brothers, wives and children, a total of 24 for lunch. Luckily she does not mind cooking!

As I do not think I shall be writing again before Xmas, I enclose my Xmas card.

My love to Anne

Jim Rae

I received your letter on the same day - 8th October - as I did Harry Maude's report on the Orphans. I haven't written to Harry yet, chiefly because I can't figure how to...

A I've known - (well, since I've known him) - that Harry's approach to material is quite different to mine. However, I'd not realized that it could ever be a division of approach - as it would seem to be.

B Harry's report is curiously 'Peter & Paul': generally approving for the first 2 of the 4 pages, then rubbishing bejasus out of the article. His notations in pencil in his tiny writing throughout the MSS are - some of them, valuable, and make for genuine improvement; others I found just 'narky', and a couple obtuse.

C The 'stylistically unpublishable' remarks I could not appreciate, for in that regard, the Orphans - as it should be, being my latest - is my best performance yet. Harry's closing suggestion, that I enrol in night classes for writing insulted me greatly and hurt me as much. Not only was my care and labor impugned, but my honesty, and judgment.

D In short, Paddy, I was tremendously disappointed. I felt "Whet's the bloody use?"

E Its probable that the pressure of what he has been working on over the last months affected Harry, and that he saw in Orphans a book he might have written himself, and was going at it as such. He ignore - or failed to see - that the book is an introductory of a series; all of the digressions I'm accus-ed of thus have their place.

I was unhappy too, that Harry didn't comment on how the longest and key chapter 'came across'. Which is - as you would guess - the landing on the island by Lieut. Charles Malden & his party, what they saw, and their exploring. I wanted that to be as actual as it could be; to have the reader flinch a bit in the awful stillness; & mabe smell coralline dust & feel rocks underfoot.

And here is where the main theme of the book is most strongly implied. Previously we've had a lot of 'running about' and notes on social and political changes - to do with Hawaii, most of it; and this scene is - The desolation, & mystery.

Similarly the sea itself; its power & 'moods' - and the fact that human strivings mean nothing to it. I've attempted to relate the size, one with the other, of ships and the elements.

F There you have it. I believe I've explained my approach fairly well, Paddy - better than I would have - well, before I had to think about it so much. I suppose it may be called an 'epic' approach for want of a term more definite. And like a voyager, my success is fore-made to be less than my intentions.

G I'll write to Harry and say 'thank you' & 'I'm sorry that', & that's all. I'll make no dispute of the matter. I owe Harry far too much and have too great a respect of him. I'm not a particularly vain fellow.

H I..... I want to see, Paddy, if I can capitalize my little publishing outfit and re-activate it, with the benefit of more knowledge that I had before. Regular publishers and factory-employers are alike; they treat you only for what they can get out of you. They may protest otherwise, but it's crap.

? My attitude as a writer, is that I want to entertain and instruct. I credit myself that I can.

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

11th December, 1986.

My dear HEM,

Many thanks for your letter of the 27th November, and the copy of your letter to John Orr. It was good of you to take the trouble to send me the latter. I was fascinated by its unanswerable logic, and not less by the superbly academic style in which it was penned. The trouble is, I fear, that John will have felt so disappointed, bitter, and angry that he may well not have the sense to take account of its very justified criticisms and act accordingly - that is, if he is capable of absorbing its lessons. The "supreme insult" of suggesting that he should attend night classes in literary writing certainly shook him to the core; and yet, why should it have done when you said that you had attended such classes and gained immeasurably from them. My own feeling is that he is incapable of adapting his very odd style of writing, possibly even with the necessary coaching. Heaven knows, I found it hard enough, writing my stories, to do away with my civil service style of writing, and only partially succeeded. Having already written to me, as you know, after he received your letter, I doubt if I will hear any more about it from him, though I have a feeling, unfortunately, that he will still continue to address me.

I am glad that the Craig genealogy and the report of HMS Garnet's visit to Fanning Island proved so immediately useful. Your famous report on the Line Islands omitted to make mention of many warships which visited there, but you will find them all in an Appendix to Lester Gaynor's opus - almost all that particular information having been supplied by me. If only I had known you were to work on the history of Fanning Island much earlier; I could then have sent you much similar original information instead of sending it to Lester. I wonder who the wag was in the Admiralty who sent HMS Reindeer to Christmas?

It certainly seems from your letter that the more work you plough through, the more it piles up - e.g. that from Jean-Paul Latouche and Solange Petit-Skinner. I am sure that Honor is right to insist that you finish off the Grimble papers for, if you should pass away before that is done, who on earth could do so, at least so competently, and feelingly.

Your hope that I told the FO folk where they got off when they suggested (or should I say, almost threatened) that I should send them my stories was misplaced. First, I was so angry that I should almost certainly have said something I would later regret; secondly, they were such poor, ignorant specimens (both women) that it really did seem impolite to point out their insolence; and, thirdly, at some later stage I might have asked for their assistance in other matters.

I could scarcely believe your description of that UK representative. What a change from the old days, even if Grimble's Mr. Jones was a bit "over-Victorian". Even DGK showed he had some talents when he took the Japs on and won the DSO.

Kiribati arrests US fishing boat

From a correspondent in Bairiki, Kiribati

AUSTRALIAN 6.5.87

ARMED Kiribati police yesterday seized a United States tuna boat and arrested its captain on a charge of illegal fishing in the island nation's 200-nautical-mile exclusive economic zone.

The Tradition, owned by the Tradition Company of Las Vegas, Nevada, was last night heading for the Kiribati port of Betio, near the capital of Bairiki, escorted by the government fishing boat Arintetongo.

Its captain and 16 crew are to be charged in court today with fishing in Kiribati waters without a licence, the Minister for Natural Resource Development, Mr Babera Kirata, said last night.

Kiribati's Commissioner of Police, Mr Patrick Somerville, who spoke to Captain Paul McClelland of the Tradition yesterday morning, said there



were five Americans and 12 Filipinos aboard the boat.

Mr Somerville claimed the crew of the Tradition were caught fishing with deep sea nets about 120 nautical miles due south of Tarawa at 6.30am yesterday. The government spokesman said 40 ton-

nes of tuna were aboard the vessel.

The boat, one of nine purse-seiners reported fishing in the region over the past week, was expected to arrive in port at 6am today.

Fisheries officers aboard a chartered aircraft of Air Tuarua, Kiribati's national airline, spotted the vessel early yesterday and directed the Arintetongo to the area where six armed police officers made the arrest without drawing their guns.

"They were difficult," Mr Kirata said of the captain and crew.

"The captain said he had a licence but he could not produce it. Then he said he had not realised he was in our exclusive economic zone. Finally he said he did not want to be taken into port."

Mr Kirata said: "We are just fed up with the American

Tuna Boat Association stealing our fish."

The Kiribati Government last week protested to Washington through the US Embassy in Fiji against the alleged illegal fishing.

President Tabai said his trust in the word of the US Government had been "shaken and reduced" by the tuna boats' actions.

Kiribati has been joined in its protest by the Government of Tuvalu, its sister nation 1000km to the south.

Meanwhile, the deputy chief of mission at the US Embassy in Fiji, Mr Rick Sherman, was on his way from Suva to Bairiki via Honolulu to assist in the matter.

The purse-seiners were originally seen and photographed by an Orion surveillance aircraft of the Royal

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, A.C.T.2611,
Australia,
11 May, 1987.

Dear Sir,

I had got so near to the end of Grimble that permission had been obtained to knock off in order to write to you; and a few others.

But alas the blasted apothecary misread (or so he says) my Tofranil prescription and gave me something else altogether.

So I got steadily more and more crook for a week before I twigged what was wrong - you may remember that it happened to me in London at the RCS, when I stopped taking Tofranil after my session in the witness box was over: not realising that once started I had to go on until it finally killed me off.

I am able to perambulate again but a week has been taken out of my life and I must consequently get going on Grimble again. I only hope that he is grateful, sitting up in heaven and playing a harp.

However I shall write soon and in the meantime I enclose a solatium which indicates what stirring times they have in the Gilberts these days - the Major would have handled the situation with aplomb, even though, as Babera found, the Yanks can be a bit 'difficult' when told that they are under arrest on the High Seas.

If you already have full details from the 'Sun', which I think you said was your morning newspaper, then just tear it up.

Yours ever,

J.L.M.

My dear Helen

I have always considered myself a good correspondent, at least insofar as prompt answering of letters is concerned (save, of course, for those from Lester Gaynor and John Orr), but on this occasion I am faced with your letters of the 24th and 30th June, the former a very lengthy, informative and erudite one of five pages. But I have a good alibi. I have been patiently awaiting the receipt of a copy of the enclosed paperback, entitled "Tales from Paradise" by June Knox-Mawer, whose husband you may recall was a Senior Magistrate and later a Puisne Judge in Fiji. I shall have something to say later in this letter about the paperback, but let me first answer your letters.

I was so glad to hear for your sake that you have discovered that you are not as "mentally flaccid and content" as you feared you might be. I fear that I may be experiencing the same fear - reluctance to get on with things - and quite unlike my normal self. But, alas, I have not an "Honor" to force me to settle down to various tasks which confront me. I am, of course, handicapped, as perhaps you were not, by this wretched sciatica, made slightly worse by the arthritis in my right knee. Maybe, however, I should use the excuse of the discomforts and slight nagging pains derived from those two ills to combat my inertia.

I was very saddened to hear of the unexpected death of Annabelle, especially when it appeared that the liver transplant operation was a success. I do not think that I ever had the pleasure of meeting her, but from your account she must have been a rather wonderful person of tremendous courage in facing up to her problem over a period of years. When I lost my son Neil, I was absolutely devastated, and, though the circumstances are totally dissimilar, I can well understand how you all felt at the loss of such an admired, courageous and beloved person. Neil was only 39 when he died and I always felt how much better it would have been if I, aged 70 years, had passed on and left him to fulfil his very promising future. But Fate never plays the cards the way one wants them. I took the liberty of telling little Ing about it, as he is always interested in our doings, and he said that he would write to Honor and yourself, though I do not know if he did so.

I look forward to hearing from you of the safe arrival of the Gaynor omnibus, as you more correctly call it. I am hopeful that it should arrive in August. But I am returning the cheque for £9.10 which you kindly sent me to reimburse the cost of sending the omnibus. I am happy to pay that to be safely rid of the omnibus. A further reason for returning the cheque is given below. If Lester should visit this country and should ask to see it, I shall tell him that Sally and her husband are engrossed in it, having previously warned Sally, though as Lester will not have her married name or address that should be quite safe. I shall, however, be interested to learn in due course what you think of it all, especially the parts on sovereignty and his suggestion that you felt that a US/UK condominium was the answer to sovereignty.

Although I have ^{not} written to him for some time, I have just received another long letter from John Orr. But, with it, is a poem about his lost Seventh Day Adventist lady love (or was she a Jehovah's Witness - I cannot remember and frankly find it hard to care). I am sending it to you in case you think I have exaggerated about the tenor of his correspondence with me. Here I might remark in passing that he tells me that Unwins have declined to print some of his stories and that -

"Of course I am looking forward to Harry's opinion and his recommending a publisher very much indeed".

I wonder how you are going to get out of that dilemma. Incidentally, there is no need to return the poem to me. In replying to John Orr I shall acknowledge it with suitable murmurings of sadness for him. Finally, he claims what I call a poem is "a ballad in the old Scots-Irish style"; what does he mean?

Many thanks for your medical advice about curing my sciatica with the New Zealand mussel. I have made enquiries of a number of chemists here but they have never heard of it alas. I will now try and see if I have any better luck with Yerbama or Yerba Mate, but that will probably mean a visit to London to see Harrods or some more progressive place like that. What is the name of the New Zealand mussel under which it is sold?

I am sorry to hear that you have decided not to write your autobiography. You really owe it to the Western Pacific, at least to do so. Perhaps Honor would consider writing a biography?

I am glad that you enjoyed reading my stories of long ago (it's 50 years - quite incredible to think it's that long ago now). But I think that you had better return them to me now. I did have a set of duplicates, but they are now somewhat scattered - Hilary has some in the US, my brother has some, Sally has a couple, and I have only two at present. When you return them, I will then see what I can do to render them better. That is the second reason why I am returning your cheque; use it for the return postage and, if it's not enough, I will settle with you when I next see you.

Apropos of your remarks about Lord Maude, I enclose an excerpt from the Daily Telegraph recently, being a letter addressed by him to the Editor, which may amuse you. You are right in saying that you should address him as Lord Maude, however pompous that may sound.

I wonder if you have yet read Megarry's judgment in the Banaban High Court cases. I found it quite fascinating, though I must confess that there were one or two comments which were too much for me. It is a pity that he did not be more explicit concerning the Banabans being unable to obtain all the legal advice they sought. I have no doubt that I made the points I communicated to you in an earlier letter, for I made a note of them before I gave evidence, and checked them afterwards. However, Megarry may have thought that such points merely served to soften the blow so to speak, and not refute the Banabans's claims, and so thought my comments hardly worthy of inclusion in his judgment. He was not infallible - vide your comment on the killing of the Banabans.

As to your second letter, I agree most wholeheartedly with your comments in the third paragraph that it is tragic that the nature and quality of our administration should be judged by history on the basis of the Grimble letter to Rotan. But I think I am right in saying that the Information Department of the UN governing political affairs, trusteeship and decolonization is headed by a Russian. The UN is untrustworthy enough in such matters, but doubly so if the department is headed by a Russian. I showed the UN document to Ing, who was disgusted.

You will, of course, form your own judgment about the enclosed paperback. Personally, I was disappointed; I thought it rather poor and piffling. But, in fairness, I should add that I am sure that it all sounded better over the BBC. Apart from that, there are a number of inaccuracies and June would have done better to check on her sources. There is a story told by Eric Bevington about me at the foot of page 15; it is wholly inaccurate and contains a number of errors in detail; there was no reason why Eric "had to attend" - it was a feast solely given for me; my name is spelt wrong; it was not a bonito, but te ingemea, whose eye the size of a ping-pong ball was larger than that of a bonito; if one is sitting opposite a bonito (or indeed any other fish than a tiger shark or a flat fish like our plaice) one cannot see both eyes, indeed one cannot really see either; there are no such folk as "headman" on Banaba; the story about the "headman's" participation is all rubbish thus, as told, it never took place, and how Eric could have seen his dirty fingernails gouging the eye out under the very poor light from a kerosene lamp hanging several feet overhead passes the imagination; finally, I did NOT eat or swallow the eye. The true story is stated at the end of the story you have entitled "OF MATTERS PISCATORIAL". I ought to take it up with Eric but it would only lead to an explosive correspondence and is simply not worth while. But read the correct version in my story.

But there are other errors; thus, on page 54 James Coode seems to have become hopelessly muddled over night fishing for flying fish and dawn fishing for tuna or bonito; it's totally inaccurate.

You will enjoy the photographs though. There is a delightful one of Grimble; as for the one of Ronald Garvey collecting tax on Malaita, I would have gone into the witness box I think to swear that it was NOT Ronald, it looks so completely different. But I am sure that the one which will especially take your eye is that of one described in the text as "a senior administrative officer", properly enthroned and with Kaobunang (?) standing beside him.

Finally, the cost - £3.50 - is outrageous for a paperback of that size. Most paperbacks are often over double the size and only two-thirds of the cost, but then it's a B.B.C. publication!

There is not much in the way of local news to send you. I dined with little Ing last week in Lincoln's Inn, where they invariably produce an excellent dinner with unlimited wines. He is Legal Adviser at the Monopolies & Mergers Commission and so has a very important job, especially as many of the current spate of mergers have involved millions of pounds.

My other twin daughter Hilary and her family (girl aged 12 and boy aged 10) plus her husband are coming over from the US next month. So too are Neil's widow and their daughter, aged 7. There is to be a party for some 120 folk at the end of August to celebrate the twins's 40th birthday. It falls in fact at the end of September but Hilary and family have to be back in the US early in September to put her children to school. It's amusing to think that they are Fiji citizens!

This has been a traumatic fortnight of late. First, the Royal Wedding which was carried out with a superb pageantry which I don't think any other country can surpass. Then there are the Commonwealth Games to which over 50% of the Commonwealth countries have refused to attend as this country has refused to introduce sanctions against South Africa. Then there is the alleged row between the Queen and Mrs. Thatcher. The Economist reckons that this was a Press ramp, and that the Palace Press Officer, Michael Shea, seems to have fallen victim to a classic bit of journalistic skulduggery by a Sunday Times reporter - a series of leading questions, platitudinous answers which could be and were turned into specific assertions, the Queen's "concern" over successive areas of Government policy being then run together into what seemed a catalogue of displeasure. Unfortunately, the Palace and the Sunday Times are sticking to their guns and the row is likely to rumble on, alas.

Meanwhile, most of the Commonwealth countries are up in arms about this country's decision not to impose sanctions, though I think some mild ones will eventually be imposed. Not that it will make any difference to South Africa. From my knowledge of South Africans it will merely drive them further into the laager. It has all been made worse by that dreadful little man Sonny Ramphal⁺ whispering in the Queen's ears that the Commonwealth is about to collapse and she will lose her title as Head of the Commonwealth. In so many instances recently, the UK has had to give way to Commonwealth countries (especially in the world of sports), that I think the time is overdue for the Commonwealth to find that in future the UK is going to speak its mind and if the Commonwealth collapses it will be the fault of the others. It is becoming redundant, if not slightly absurd, and its usefulness to Britain as an aid to decolonization, is now past. It contains some awful military or strictly personal dictatorships operating one-party states. This all sounds heretical for a former colonial service officer and a member of the Royal Commonwealth Society, but many of the latter not feel this way but do not like to admit it publicly. E a tau.

I do hope that Honor is well and that her arm is now finally healed. Let me know in due course about the LG omnibus, and what you think of the enclosed paperback. It is of course quite unique; it is the only book I know which deals with the South Pacific which does not somewhere mention of refer to one Maude, though dealing with BSIP, NH, GELC, Tonga, Line Islands et. al.

Love to Honor

Ym P Lac

*She will love this book
Secretary - President of
the Commonwealth Club*

3rd March, 1987.

Mon vieux,

I feel truly ashamed of myself; indeed it is to Honor that I should be addressing this letter, and not to you, for I have before me her letter of the 3rd December, which I have never answered. I was most grateful for it and at the same time I was full of admiration for her wonderful handwriting (at her age); it makes me ashamed of mine - like a drunken spider which has lost its way! But, in fairness, I think that is at least partially because I never write, but only type, unless there are very strong reasons to write in longhand.

In fairness, I think I should say that I put Honor's letter aside intending to answer it when I had reached a decision as to when I next proposed to visit you. As the weeks passed after Christmas, the chances of my visiting you this Spring (or Summer) became slowly more and more remote, but I was always hopeful that I should be able to make a decision about the visit. Letters to you and others were gradually delayed more and more, and the position now is that it is with a very heavy heart that I have been compelled to decide that a visit in the early part of this year is not possible.

The delay in reaching a decision was initially because I could not get replies from folk in Fiji, New Zealand and Sydney as to when my visit might be suitable to them, for I refuse to make a round-the-world tour and only see some, but not all, of the folk whom I desire to see. But, by the time the last person had replied, it was becoming rather late, especially as I was not anxious to visit Australia when the weather was becoming colder.

But what finally settled the question was that I have become embroiled - very unwillingly, since it is really very little concern of mine - in family troubles. Not my own family I hasten to add, but that of my elder brother, John, who died in 1979. His first wife died in the 40s, after presenting him with a son. John then married again, the widow of a Colonel in the Indian Army (who had one daughter) and was I think the most insufferable snob ^(wife) it has ever been my misfortune to meet. The daughter was married to a solicitor. She died in 1985 and it has since appeared that she was siphoning off a good deal of the capital from John's estate, whereas she was only to enjoy the increment on the capital, to her daughter. The son by the first marriage had meanwhile married, a very charming and competent lass, and they had two children, now grown up. But she recently divorced him (I don't blame her, he has been something of a rather useless rolling stone), and he has married again. Meanwhile he is trying to recover something from his father's estate which he should have had, with the daughter of the second wife and her solicitor husband resisting, whilst the son's divorced wife is suing him for a much larger alimony. As several lots of lawyers are involved, the case may, indeed almost certainly will, end up in Court, but these things take a long time and it is unlikely to be heard until mid-year. Hence the second reason for my having to postpone my visit. There was once a song called "Money is the root of all evil" - how true!

Enough; so now I am determined to pay you a visit in either October or November which I think I have done before and, as far as I recall, the weather was pleasant. Of that more anon, nearer the time, but at the age of nearly 78 I don't like postponing my travels. Anyway it will give you more time to complete the Grimble papers in peace from me!

I had a very long peroration from our old friend Lester Gaynor recently. I have been told to keep it a mighty secret and not tell a soul, but I'm damned if I see why he should forbid me to tell you. He is going to write a book "Marist Missionary, the story of Father Rougier". The reason is this; for a number of years he has been corresponding about Rougier with an RC priest Father Theo Cook, who has supplied him with much material about Rougier. Now Cook has decided to write a book about Rougier! So now it's a race between the two of them as to who can get his story published first! Would you like to see Lester's letter. He followed this up with a brief and peremptory note asking me to visit London and get him a number of maps of Fiji!!! I refuse to 'fag' for him to that extent and wrote back rather sharply telling him to write to the Secretary of the Lands & Surveys Division of the relevant Ministry in Suva who could easily fulfil his request.

By air mail
Par avion



Professor H.E. Maude,

Unit 42 'Miringani',

11 Namatjira Drive,

WESTON A.C.T. 2611,

Australia.

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

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

There is little else in the way of news to send you from here. We have had a really stinking winter; in January temperatures stayed day and night below 0°C - indeed in a village near here it reached minus 16°C one night; the seas round the south-east coast were frozen; there was snow which laid for 12 days after the last fall, which kept things cold; Roads and railways all suffered; and the winds came straight from Siberia as a result of which when I went out I looked like the man in the Michelin advertisement as I had so many layers of clothing. Then in February we had a similar fortnight of icy weather.

There was an article in the Economist recently about the spread of English throughout the world and a map showing inter alia that Kiribati (identified by name) was part of the world where pidgin English was spoken. I leapt for my typewriter and refuted it in no uncertain terms and said that they had their own language. The paper finally printed my letter, but not alas before shortening it markedly. I wonder how many folk spotted the error and my letter.

Must close. Very downhearted about my delayed visit. How is your work on the Grimble papers getting on?

Much love to Honor,

Ti ngaia Anne

P.D. Mac

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
Australia,
15 June, 1987.

My dear Paddy,

The Grimble Book is finished, except for the proof correcting, and we now await the pleasure of Margaret Bacon who is, or should be, typing it. She takes on more work than she can handle but it is always difficult for free-lance typists to equalize their load - too often its a feast for several weeks followed by a famine during which nothing much comes in.

You ask who will read the work: and the answer is goodness knows. I think that the ANU Press leapt at it since they thought that Grimble's name on the cover plus the scholarly-looking contents would make it a winner. The East-West Center to whom it now goes publish in concert with the University of Hawaii Press and they have oodles of money given to them by a Texas oil billionaire. I think they feel that it would be a prestigious item even if a slow seller.

My concern is merely to get it published for the Gilbertese of today and tomorrow, who want the information on their cultural heritage as they are in danger of becoming culturally illiterate and without any pride in being a unique people who have no need to feel inferior to anyone.

As regards the rest of the world I see a modest sale to those interested in Pacific studies, as it is the first work on what is termed 'historical ethnography' to be published on any of the Pacific peoples and it should enable the reconstruction of their pre-European contact society so necessary for any credible exposition on culture change (which is the modern vogue study on which most anthropologists are engaged). It amuses me to read their articles on 'change' when they have no conception of what the status quo ante was. These sales would be entirely in the U.S. and the Pacific: I doubt if one copy would reach the UK though a few would be sent for sale in Europe.

As long as I get the book published and can buy 100 copies wholesale for the Gilbertese libraries and schools and a few sales I am not overly concerned with who buys the rest, if anyone. It might sell on Grimble's name, for you will remember how Malinowski's The Sexual Life of Savages sold out on its title without anyone realizing that it was a technical study of the oedipus complex in a matrilineal society. Even Andrew Armstrong bought a copy and told me that he had never got beyond the first page: he thereupon pronounced it a swindle.

You mention that the English papers have little on the Fiji crisis. Over here its the opposite and my Australian at one time had the front page and three others with nothing else but. Much of it was fair tripe because Australians believe that what they consider right the islanders should think right too.

It seems that the Westminster system is unsuited to people who do not grow into it after centuries of trial and error, and that where it is combined with a plural society and a relatively large and superbly trained army consisting of only one of the two racial components trouble is inevitable sooner or later.

The Fijians, or at least the literate types, know all right that their lands are preserved for the foreseeable future but they are not apparently prepared to live under an Indian government, even one with a few Fijian members in it. They argue that they own Fiji and did not cede it to the Indians, whom they never invited to live in their country, let alone to dominate it politically.

It seems that very few of the Indians will return to India, but the educated ones are leaving for Canada in some numbers. As you know many of them have relatives there. A friend of ours who does the 'quantifying' for the big hotels under construction - a tedious but highly paid business - has just come back on a week's business visit (like you he has a dual nationality) and says the economy there is in a bad way, with many of the shops boarded up, only one of the many hotels with more than a 10% occupancy rate and much talk of closing the rest down. There is very little money about and the business situation is bleak.

I feel that the Great Council of Chiefs acted very irresponsibly in congratulating Rabuka and putting him back when the G.G. had just succeeded in gaining the upper hand. It seems that they have some romantic idea of getting the old chiefly regime back again. Most people agree that Sir Penaia has done his best in a difficult situation and that Sir Timoce Tuivaga, the Chief Justice, has proved a tower of strength when he nearly gave in.

Mara was pretty weak and has lost a good deal of face, but at least he has now resigned from Rabuka's Council of Advisers, saying that it seems that he will be blamed if he does and blamed if he doesn't, when all he wanted to do was to help. One must admit that he was the only one who pleaded for Bavadra in the Council of Chiefs.

After all I suppose that Fiji has only, and with some decorum, done what every UK country in Africa did years ago without any particular criticism. But everyone agrees that Fiji will never be the same again. I'd dearly love to slip across and see things as they are now, but Honor won't come.

Our PM, Bob Hawk, has made himself thoroughly unpopular with the island heads of governments by arriving at the Forum in Apia with several planes, a warship and 20 cars (so the chaste bottoms of his entourage would not be defiled by sitting in the Toyotas provided by his hosts). And then of course throwing his weight around as if he owned the South Pacific. He's a first-class leader here where his domineering manner goes down well (cf. Thatcher) but it is not the Pacific way, at least at international conferences. No wonder Sir Penaia told him to get lost. But I shall be voting for Him and Keating and Hayden: a superb trio of technocrats.

Reverting to Fiji I was amused to read that when Rabuka appointed young ^{Per} Stinson (an undischarged bankrupt) to be the Minister for Finance the Governor of the Reserve Bank, Savenaia Siwatibau, promptly resigned. Sir Penaia is about to be installed as Tui Cakau, which should give him additional clout in the trying times ahead.

Well, I thought I had nothing to write about but I see that little of what I have written is about our affairs, which go along quietly as befits people of our advanced age. Honor is now flat out in producing a monograph on the String Figures of Pukapuka; I think her seventh book. I do wish that I could work as she does, from morning to night in solid concentration and completely divorced from the world. She thinks and talks about nothing but some unusual twist in the left little finger string which suggests Tongan influence, as does the absence of the Caroline Extension and the odd way of doing the Murray Opening. There must be less than a dozen people in the world who can understand her but that worries her not a scrap.

I suppose that you wouldn't be prepared to chaperon Honor's sister Sybil, who wants to come out in or about November but is scared out of her wits at the thought? She's never been outside the EEC countries in her life and has an idea that this part of the world is still uncivilised.

Her husband, Harry Patton, died last year and she's trying to thaw out a bit and see something of life before it's too late; but my is she scared of her own temerity. She would probably get off at Singapore as Honor has relations there, and Suzanne knows her well. Here she has relations in Bendigo and Cairns as well as Adelaide and Canberra; and then she could go on to New Zealand where we have plenty of relatives.

Your friend Orr sent us a fine Christmas Card with the ominous message that he was writing me a long letter. I'm glad that he didn't for he hasn't got to convince me of anything: the only proof I need that he is a good writer is to get his MS published, when I shall be the first to congratulate him and buy a copy. There is only one thing that will convince me that the Ms is not light years from publishability: and that is its publication.

We went to a meeting to form the Weston Creek Walking for Pleasure Group and I have been for quite a few walks with them. I get a lot of amusement noticing the young folk trying to help me over the rougher bits, evidently expecting me to drop dead any minute, when in fact I can outwalk most of them with ease. The plain fact is that people do not go for long walks (at least the young ones) as we used to when I was a teenager. So now I have been put on the committee and asked to be the leader for some of my favourite walks. Actually I find it a bit of a penance for I would rather walk by myself, but I feel that it is a good thing to mix with people of a completely different age group and background.

Must stop now and go to a committee meeting! Quite like old times, except for the composition.

Yours ever,
John

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

Max Vieux

18th May, 1987.

I was delighted to hear from you once again, and my thanks are due to your "gaoler" who let you off the chain long enough to send me your missive. However, I assume that once you have been out on parole, so to speak, for a week, your "gaoler" will soon ensure that you place your nose once again to the grindstone to finish your magnum opus on the Grimble papers. But a thought does occur to me - who will be interested in your production? I assume that a number of academics, anthropologists and others; but will any interest be shown, do you suppose, in Kiribati, in the University of the South Pacific, and others?

I have never before heard of Tofranil, but knowing your habit of breakfasting on black coffee and Vallium, I am not surprised at your taking any such drugs. But it is appalling to think that your chemist (you call him an apothecary) should have misread the prescription. Tofranil certainly sounds a real life-saver for you, but I wonder what drug he did give you?

I was most interested to read the enclosures to your letter, and I am sorely tempted to send the cuttings about the impounding of the US tuna vessel to Lester; however, rather than his bursting a blood-vessel at such atrocious behaviour on the part of the tuna vessel's captain and crew, I feel confident that he would place all the blame on the Kiribati authorities! I think the policemen who boarded the vessel and effected the arrests showed considerable moral courage since it is 100-1 that the US will support the invaders, and especially since Babera Kirata said that the captain and crew were "difficult". I hope the police took over the 40 tons of tuna and that the Tarawans had a really good party to celebrate the event.

I found the article on the Kiribati elections rather difficult to follow, in that the Prime Minister seems to have no party but merely a collection of followers. I also wonder who Dr. Tong is, leader of the Christian Democratic party - a Chinese and, if so, what is he doing up there? I also wonder if his adviser, the NZ lawyer, Michael Lodge, working in Kiribati as "the People's Lawyer", is distantly related to one Lodge who caused Telfer Campbell trouble?

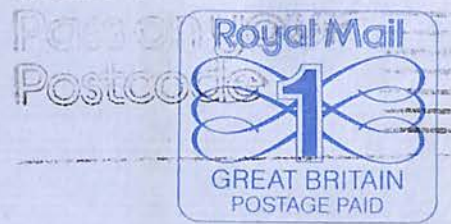
However, in the past few days I have been more concerned with the news of a coup in Fiji by the soldiery. I have met the coup leader once or twice, on one occasion after he had put one of my typists on the Public Service Commission "in the family way"! I really wonder what would have happened if the gallant Major Charles Augustus Swinburne had been Acting RC at the time of the coup, and then dissolve in loud laughter at the very thought! But it is difficult to see what the outcome of the coup will be. I see that there has been a demonstration in Suva at the coup (mostly by Indians) and that all the Fijian and Indian Judges have called Rabuka's cancellation of the constitution totally illegal. I find it hard to follow how Mara, who praised the changeover after the recent elections, can now join the Rabuka cabinet, together with others (European and Fijian). It will completely destroy Mara's image among Commonwealth leaders, and others, as a sensible and moderate statesman. But then I have never trusted him, as I do Ratu Penaia.

For Rabuka to claim that the coup is mainly because Fijians are worried lest the Indians grab their lands is absolute poppycock. The constitution in which I had a hand provides that a vote of over 75% in the Senate is needed to make any changes in legislation regarding Fijian lands and, as Mara has appointed 6 members of the Senate and 6 were appointed by the Council of Chiefs, a total of 12 out of 18 members of the Senate, Rabuka is talking balderdash. But I admit it is a good rallying cry to ignorant Fijians.

Enough; but I do hope it does not affect my hopes to visit Fiji and Sydney Canberra and Melbourne in November next. I shall keep you informed.

There is not much in the way of news to send you from here. The weather - an eternal conversation item - has been as wretched as usual. At the beginning of May we had a few days of Springlike weather, but since then there has been a recurrence of bitter northerly winds and a succession of "Lows" from USA.

By air mail
Par avion



Professor H.E. Maude,

Unit 42 Mirinjani,

11 Namatjira Drive,

WESTON 2611 A.C.T.,

Australia.

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

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

some places as far south as the Midlands have even suffered more snow.

My sciatica continues to be tiresome - sometimes painful, sometimes not so. Thus, last week it was very tiresome, but yesterday I went for a 2-mile walk and did not feel a thing. I have at last managed to get hold of some Seatone tablets, but they are very pricey - 48 tablets for £4.50! I start taking some this evening and, though they are primarily I believe anti-rheumatic in their purpose, I am hopeful that they may help to cure or at least alleviate the sciatica.

No one here displays the slightest interest in Kiribati, or indeed in Pacific affairs generally, which makes me feel extraordinarily isolated at times. Nor is there anything much in the papers though news of the coup in Fiji did raise a little space in the papers. It will be good to see folk like yourself and others again.

No other news. Make sure you get the correct drug next time round. The Professor, who breakfasted on black coffee and Vallium is still talked about round the bar of an evening in the RCS; I don't want to start another story about him involving Tofranil and its substitute.

My love to Anna

P. Mac

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
Australia,
15 September, 1986.

My dear Paddy,

You may indeed be wondering if we are still alive, not having received a reply to your last letter, but the trouble is that it has disappeared and I have spent days looking for it to no avail.

Normally I never let papers leave my room for experience has shown that anything that gets out is lost for ever. In this case, however, I remember that I took the letter down to the coast a week or two ago in the ridiculous expectation that I would have ample time to answer it there.

As any realist would know there was in fact no time to do anything except to struggle with Orr's MS in bed at night; so I used it as a bookmark. But I feel sure that it came back all right before deciding to disappear.

Your queries must therefore remain unanswered, as the only one which I remember was about the N.Z. mollusk that has proved to be a panacea for arthritic complaints. Alas I threw away a learned article on it only a couple of months ago, having no storage space for anything not related to the work programme. If I can locate anything I'll copy and send it. The product would not be on sale in England, and in Australia I think only in Sydney, as there is only a limited supply and the New Zealanders swipe it all for themselves.

Thank you for the Lester Gaynor MS on Christmas. It arrived in excellent condition, though the postman complained about the weight giving him back trouble: the postal union does not allow any members to handle more than quite a modest weight.

Heaven alone knows when I can find time to read it as I am flat out these days. My aim was not so much to indulge in a literary treat as to ensure the preservation of the jolly thing in the Pacific Islands Library at Adelaide for the benefit of future researchers, lest Lester should get bloody minded because nobody would publish it and burn the copies in his possession. While clearly unpublishable the factual matter in it is of value to posterity.

And thank you also for June Knox-Mawer's Tales from Paradise. Like you I did not think too much of it on the whole as it is full of trivia and rather humourless; its not nearly as good as Grimble's broadcasts. Thank goodness it is not on sale in the islands, as it would confirm the worst suspicions of the new islands elite that the average European government official was a feather-brained nincompoop who knew nothing and cared less about the people he was governing. I must say that the way they all took the first plane to England and dismissed the islanders

from their minds ever afterwards rather confirmed their views.

Poor old Dick Overy has received his notice that his position is being indigenised, if that is the word. I had hoped that the fact that he had a Gilbertese family and was paid as a local would enable him to stay on but I suppose they wanted the salary to go to a full Gilbertese. I am very sorry for he was efficient and helpful; and I'm even more sorry for his wife and children having to live in Northern Ireland.

We had hoped to get him a job in Australia but the country is in the middle of a depression and the public service is being cut down by 2,000 at the moment. New Zealand might be better but I lack contacts there.

We had the honour of having drinks with the Australian High Commissioner for Kiribati and his wife. A nice couple who appear to be interested in everything going on and they have clearly read everything published about the Gilbertese. They travel about and stop at the island rest houses but I imagine that they have precious little to do except oversee Australian aid. Still, the UK High Commissioner must have even less for there seems to be little contact with England these days.

The Commonwealth meetings seem to be concerned with Africa and public opinion in England, if the newspapers can be trusted, is in favour of its abolition or at least of Britain withdrawing. The Brits do not attend any of the international conferences now being held in the Pacific except the S.P.C., which is likely to be absorbed by the Pacific Forum, of which Australia and New Zealand are the only metropolitan members.

I gather that Grimble's grandson, young Seligman, has proved a no-hoper. Having no money he lives like a beachcomber with a Gilbertese family up at Bikenibeu, but is seldom seen about except at the post-office waiting for a remittance. I needn't have worried about his letter telling me that he was about to kill Barrie Macdonald 'with my own bare hands', for I'm told that he is fat and flabby and couldn't kill a mosquito.. Barrie, as you may know, keeps in first-class trim and looks like a prize-fighter.

I have been helping Dr Iona Tinielu of Fakaofu, who is the Chairman of the Tokelau Book Committee, and is engaged with Judy Huntsman and Tony Hooper in writing the great work on the history, culture and what have you of the Tokelau Islands, by sending him any source material that I can find.

Among other correspondence I have just turned up a small bundle of 1889 correspondence on the islands and am sending him copies. Unfortunately they appear to be originals, so how they came to be in my possession I have no idea, especially as I have no particular interest in the Tokelaus. But I conjecture that you must have acquired them when writing your report on American

claims and later, taking fright, off-loaded them on to poor me.

However, let it pass for I bear you no ill-will, but the point is that I do not want to send the correspondence to Honiara where it will inevitably disappear for ever (unless it pops up in the hands of some American collector). Possibly the best thing to do is to send it to Judy for safe-keeping and ultimate deposit in the Tokelau archives, where it will be treasured, for they have a fine sense of history. What say you?

I havn't sent them your superb treatise as I am waiting for you to derestrict it, but I guess that the tables of ship visits and the like would do no harm to U.K.-Tokelau relations? They are no longer matters of any secrecy, if they ever were.

And here I must cease, for to tell the truth without the stimulation of your last letter I can think of nothing more to say. We work from 9.30 to 6.15, or aim to, and the Village fortunately seems to have accepted what has been termed our 'motivation'. Honor has just finished 'The String Figures of Tonga' but as she collected only 22 we sent it off to the Bulletin of the String Figure Makers Association for publication as an article. I have completed the archival material and am now cleaning up the paperasserie that collects all the time and in such a small space has to be constantly pruned or filed and indexed before one can get on with the next piece of writing.

My eldest sister Muriel has died from Cancer. Her daughter Eryl flew from New Zealand to look after her towards the end and is now back. That leaves me with one sister in Hindhead and the youngest in Jersey. Eryl says that the latter lives almost entirely on Guinness, consuming crates of it - I wish I could.

Yours ever,

Harry B. Aude

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
Australia,
30 June, 1986.

My dear Paddy,

When indexing my Central Pacific material today I noticed in the Kiribati issue of Decolonization (No.15: July 1979), which is the official Journal of the United Nations Department of Political Affairs, Trusteeship and Decolonization, they have indeed profited by Megarry's omission to quote your qualifying remarks on Banaban legal representation: see P.15 of the section on Banaba, which I enclose. The Banabans, as they not unreasonably point out, were thus deprived 'of needed knowledge and advice if they were to bargain effectively'.

In their search for anything with which to blacken a colonial power they also make the most of Grimble's unfortunate letter, which they describe as 'a classic specimen of colonial arrogance and condescension'. It is, in fact, the only item relating to the Colony which they considered worthy of reproducing in full.

It is ironic to think that because this UN Journal has such a wide circulation throughout the world, including of course Russia and its satellites, this quite atypical specimen of colonial correspondence has been read by more people than anything else which anyone connected with the G&EIC has ever written. How the Gods must laugh at our puny efforts to give the Gilbertese a fair go when the nature and quality of our administration is to be judged by history on this one extremely uncharacteristic letter.

Yours,

Harry Maud

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
Australia,
24 June, 1986.

My dear Paddy,

Please forgive this inordinately lengthy delay in writing. As I said in a previous missive I was about to start work on an ethnohistorical account of the Gilbertese prior to European contact and as a result the days fly past at a quite astonishing speed, as indeed they did when I was working on the Slavers.

One thing pleases me, however; I had feared that I was getting mentally flaccid and content to while away my time doing a bit of this and a bit of that, until Honor had to force me to settle down to a regular routine; so I am incommunicado to visitors from 9 till 6 seven days a week.

This is very necessary in a place like this where life is pleasant and there is a sort of old world timeless dreaminess in the atmosphere: relaxing but to be fought against lest one falls into premature senility like so many here.

Once I had broken the spell I found to my delight that I could concentrate quite well again and although my memory, particularly for names, has undoubtedly deteriorated I still know where I can find the information I need and I have retained the ability to use it in composing my narrative, albeit at a slower pace and with more drafts before it satisfies literary standards.

But enough of me. We have been saddened by the not unexpected death of our daughter-in-law Annabelle. She knew that she had not long to live ages ago and she certainly lived what she had left to the full as long as she could, touring through England, France, Germany, Greece (but for a good doctor she would have died in Crete), and also to China, Thailand, Malaysia, and of course to Indonesia where she could speak the language and loved the people.

Finally she was only given till the end of this year to live unless she had a liver transplant; and after some months of indecision she elected to give it a go. Unfortunately she had to wait for ages in hospital in Sydney before a liver of the right type became available, which meant that she had to have several blood transfusions. The operation, which took 14 hours, was successful and she seemed well on the way to getting better when she unexpectedly died from a cerebral haemorrhage in her sleep. We are told that it was nothing to do with the operation, but I suspect that it was at least partly due to the long waiting period.

We were in Sydney for a week or so awaiting the funeral. Fortunately Annabelle had prepared her family for her possible departure and insisted that life must go on without repining.

Alaric took her admonitions very seriously and has been simply marvellous, scripting the whole of her burial service and holding a memorial party for her friends in Adelaide. Now as the acting Head of his Department he is flat out on the work programme; the best antidote there is.

One does not always cotton on to daughters-in-law but we loved her dearly, and she certainly had a lovely and remarkable character: winning the all-Australia prize for the school library which she ran for years, and founding and managing a flourishing gift shop in Blackwood for helping Asian children, besides organizing endless functions for Indonesians. And she made Alaric; as Honor has made me. For we Maudes are rather weak individuals really, and whether we swim or sink largely depends on our wives.

And now to your esteemed favour of the 2nd May, and to thank you as in duty bound for sending the Gaynor omnibus - I cannot term it a magnum opus except as a description of its weight. I enclose a cheque for £9.10 for I can see no reason why you should have to pay postage when I am to be the lucky recipient. Your strictures sum up why it cannot be published very well but that is just why I want it, i.e. it may well prove a good hunting ground for researchers seeking sources in years to come.

It is curious how the supposedly anti-colonial Americans have a yen to possess every piece of real estate which they can kid themselves they have a claim to, however spurious that claim may be. My good friends Eddie Bryan^{and} Edouard Stackpole were even worse, claiming half the islands in the Pacific regardless of any rights of the indigenous inhabitants who lived on them. Very predatory people the Americans for all their 'holier than thou' talk.

I certainly don't think, and never have, that UK/US condominium is an acceptable alternative to Kiribati sovereignty for, despite old-fashioned imperialists like Lester, the days of European ownership of Pacific Islands are over. In any case Christmas is a Kiribati possession by virtue of legal assignment by both the UK and the US, followed by permanent occupation by the grantee. There could not be a more unassailable case, with hundreds of permanent Gilbertese residents on the atoll, many of whom have been there all their lives, and a projected population of well over a thousand in the near future. Its amusing how Lester can waste his time snarling over a bone which is no longer there since someone else has run away with it and thereby acquired an indefeasible title.

The only way in which you can stop your friend Orr from writing to you is to stop writing to him in reply (as I have done in the case of Lester Gaynor). But at least you only have to read his titillating amatory escapades and not the whole of his manuscript 'Orphans of the Great Sea', about which I am expected to make laudatory remarks but which is in point of fact absolutely unpublishable. The trouble is that he has tried to write it in a literary style instead of a colloquial, and he has

not got the educational or social background which would enable him to understand the correct use of English literary idioms. What he has written is often hilarious, but at the same time rather pathetic: at least to me because I like him.

We are sorry to hear of your sciatica. It is an unnecessary disease and were you here we could fix it OK with a very special NZ mussel which is fast becoming the antipodean specific for the affliction; but changing from coffee to Yerbama at breakfast works wonders, and Yerbama is easily obtainable in England. We drink a lot of Yerba Mate every day, but I fancy that Yerbama is better for sciatica. Nora's cancer must be a worry too but its odds on that it will be arrested: think of Jane Roth who had a breast removed when you were still in short pants, and nowadays surgery is considered unnecessary.

Yours of the 27th has now appeared, from underneath the table, so I hasten to answer any queries in it before it disappears again. The trouble is that you use such flimsy paper; and foolscap too (filched no doubt from the Fiji Government) which blows about like a kite.

You needn't worry about your letters being seen by some dedicated researcher in the year 2031, when my archival deposits are opened to public admiration, for I have deleted all that even my maiden aunts would have taken exception to. As to the alleged telegram about the whale I have to admit with shame that I made it up for I could not find it. Nevertheless I am certain that I did not deviate from the original except perhaps in a word or two: you know how careful I am never to exaggerate.

But you are wrong, if I may be so bold as to say so, in holding that carefully phrased and polished documentation is what is required as source material for a good biography; one might as well use official reports. What one needs is the spontaneous straight off the cuff dope that too often is consigned to the w.p.b. What I have really tried to collect for posterity is the straight from the shoulder stuff saying what a bastard I am, and better still why, so if you have any of that genre from your numerous correspondents send them along. By the year 2031 we should be safely past the morgue, and with luck even out of purgatory.

You kindly enquire when I am writing my autobiography and the answer is never. I tried once but found that I had a strange aversion (heaven knows why) to using the first person singular in any published work. And an autobiography has to be an egotistical effort full of 'Is'.

Re your stories of adventure in days long ago I like them and enjoy reading them, which is more than I can say about Lester or Orr, but if when I try my hand at polishing them with an eye on the cash register, as all publishers must have, and find that I cannot effect an improvement I'll send them back as you

suggest so that you can have a shot at the job. Meanwhile if you havn't kept copies, which seems odd, I can photocopy them and send the originals back so that you can go ahead without waiting.

Some of your stories are suitable, with revision, for publication in periodicals, and here the vital thing is to study your market carefully, decide on who you are writing to please, read what others have published in the magazine you reckon to be your best bet, and copy the format if not the style. Blackwoods would have been ideal and the Cornhill a likely bet but alas they are no longer and here you must perforce research for yourself because I do not know the English periodicals of today.

Failing a suitable periodical one must work for publication in book form and here it is essential to visualize your readership when writing. Most books today are commissioned in advance and many publishers do not have any unsolicited MSS read (for after all it costs them a £50 reading fee) and those that do reject at present all but an estimated one in say two hundred MSS submitted. Being businessmen they have to be convinced that they can sell say 2,000 copies at a price which will permit a net profit of about 10%. This is what enthusiasts like Gaynor and Orr cannot comprehend for they write to please themselves with no thought of ordinary business common sense. Publishers are not philanthropists but hard-headed capitalists working in a highly competitive trade.

Its odd about the word 'estray' for I could swear that I had seen it often enough when working in the Mitchell archives. But if you as a former professional archivist do not know the word and cannot find it I give you best and concede defeat.

Thank you for the gen about cousin Angus. I should write to congratulate him though it sounds a bit late. Unfortunately I have no idea how to address the envelope now he is a Baron. Gwen next door lent me a book which tells everything about the other four orders of nobility, but merely says never to call a Baron a Baron except in legal documents. However it doesn't say what you do call him, presumably Lord Maude but that sounds so silly.

But most especially ~~and~~ of your numerous gifts and favours I thank you for the copy of Megarry's Judgment in the Banaban case for it makes interesting reading, in so far as one can understand it, and it should undoubtedly be a treasured addition to the great library in Adelaide when I have gone to my rest. I wondered why we had not been given copies at the time, until I saw that it was not published until 1977 (appropriately on April Fool's Day) by which time we would have been forgotten and the rest of the team working on the cases dispersed.

Goodness knows why Megarry did not take up the point about the Banabans being able to get all the advice they wanted. Presumably he worked up the judgment from his own notes and he may have missed his very apposite remarks; one would need to read the court stenographer's version to see if they were duly recorded in the official transcript. As a rule Megarry seemed to me to be remarkably on the ball.

On the other point I do not think that any Banabans were killed on Banaba or anywhere else, nor would it appear to me that they had devastated the island, as Megarry states. The Americans did that, with their bombing.

The 'Buakonikai letter' was produced by Rotan, who had kept the original in his private archives. It would certainly not have been forwarded to the WPHC, nor do I believe that Grimble had a copy put in the G&E files on Ocean Island or I would have seen it, as I worked in the RC's office for months, and read everything I could lay my hands on.

In my view it was a private letter written in a fit of pique and not meant to be seen by anyone but the Banabans. But it bears all the marks of authenticity. One has to remember that Grimble was a very sick man at the time and so irritable that he quarrelled with all his best friends, notably the Hollands and Methvens. Towards the end the only person he confided in was Eve Cookson, who acted as his unofficial private secretary; she would have probably known about it, if it was written in her time.

And here I must conclude but not before expressing my appreciation of your inscription on the first page of the Law Report - it will double its value on the Library shelves, and even though you startled me by spelling 'judgment' without an 'e' I must admit that ~~Foster~~ agrees that this is correct OUP usage in the case of judicial pronouncements.

Love from Honor and adieux from us both,

Yours ever,

slm

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

1st June, 1986.

My dear Harry
Well, here is something which is far better reading than Lester Gaynor's magnum opus. I was lucky to find a copy of it and only after considerable searching. I cannot pretend that I understood all the complex legal arguments, or many of the references, but I managed to cope with most of them.

2. There is, of course, the usual eulogy of one Maude on page 570D. And a gracious reference to one Macdonald on page 622E. But what I find quite maddening is that what he cites as my evidence is only part of what I said, and that the least important part. I have a record that I made a number of points, which struck me as absolutely crucial to his criticism of Government for not having given the Banabans advice. These were:- (1) that the Banabans distrusted Government playing any part in the negotiations inasmuch as they felt that Grimble had betrayed them in 1931; (2) they were absolutely adamant that they wished to conduct their own negotiations this time (1947); (3) they had been in close touch with two firms of solicitors in Suva - AD. Patel, probably the best lawyer in Suva, but also Scott & Co., whose partner, Mike Saunders, had been up to Rabi, as had also Patel. If the Banabans had desired even higher professional advice, it could have been obtained through either; indeed, I would not have felt that the instructions issued would have precluded me from making suggestions to Rotan on that point, whilst giving no advice about the negotiations. (You will see that Patel's name is frequently mentioned in the report on the case and that he advised them to refuse an offer for £80,000); (4) finally, I pointed out that it was our task in the Colonial Service to bring colonial people to independence and obviously this could best be done by allowing them to make decisions for themselves, even if one did not agree with them. None of this is mentioned. Megarry could still have made his criticism but toned it down a bit.

3. Surely he is not correct at page 499C where he states that the Japanese "killed or deported to other islands most of the Banabans". Deported, yes, but killed, which is the first word ...?

4. Somewhere, I think he also talks of "the Banaban language" but I have lost the reference; but surely that is incorrect?

5. You are given no credit for the Rabi purchase which, as it figures so largely in Banaban history, is a little mean.

6. I often wonder where the "Buakonikai letter" was found. I was asked to search all the WPHC archives which I did but there was no trace of it there. I had never seen it until it is cited in this Law Report.

7. Anyway, I am sure you will find this report quite fascinating reading as indeed I did. And you may feel that it should end its days in the University to which you have sent so many of your other records.

8. Must close now, and type out a letter to poor old John Off, who continues to plague me with his missives. He is apparently finding it difficult to get over his romantic feelings towards that young lady of Jehovah's Witnesses. He says he is sending "Orphans of the Storm" to Unwins the publishers, but I should think the latter will have a fit over it.

*My love to Ann - I hope the arm is satisfactorily mounted -
My apologies for the typing.
W. R. Rac.*

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

27th April, 1986.

Dear Alan
Very many thanks indeed for your very long letter of the 31st March. I can assure you that I was in no tizzy about the slight delay in your replying to my letter of the 6th March, and the receipt of Ronald Garvey's book. I merely assumed that my letter had taken its place at the bottom of a huge pile of letters which required answers, and simply had to take its turn. Now let me answer your letter, before sending you other items of news.

You keep on saying that you do not intend to undertake any further work after a certain date, but I find that hard to believe. It is well illustrated in Honor's case. Because she has a reputation as the world expert on string figures, when the Canadian doctor approached her for assistance, she could not, because of her status, refuse to help - and that I can well understand. Similarly, in your case, as the doyen of Pacific historians and far and away the most knowledgeable, if folk approach you for assistance, you, like Honor, I feel sure will be unable to withhold assistance; and so your assertion that you will undertake no more work after a certain date seems to me to ring a bit hollow. I doubt if you or Honor will be able to resist calls for help. I must say that your essay, of which you give the title, frightens me!

Now to turn to "Series H - Correspondence with particular persons - All VIPs like yourself". If I thought that you had had the impertinence and bad taste to incorporate in that Series any of my personal letters, I don't think I would wish to talk to you again! In my view, a personal letter is personal and private and should not be bandied around without at least mentioning it previously to the writer. However, the words "like yourself" gives me hope that my letters are excluded though others like mine may be included. But your citation of my alleged telegram (I still cannot believe that I ever sent such a telegram to such a high powered officer as the Agent and Consul, Tonga), shakes my hopes for exclusion of my letters. The reason is that, in any such personal letters, I have never bothered to write them in a considered manner. I have merely sat down at my typewriter and bashed them out as thoughts have come into my head. For that reason, I feel sure that they do not fairly represent my views or the nuances of the subjects about which I have been writing.

You proceed "I trust that, being a tidy bureaucrat, you have kept all the highlights of your distinguished career". The answer is "NO". I am sure that folk who write autobiographies (when are you writing your's?), like Harold Wilson, Barbara Castle and others, when acceding to positions of power, instructed their Personal Assistants to make extra copies of any letter or minute they wrote, or incoming letters, and were thereby able to write their full biographies. I did not do so - alas - so folk will have to rely on Eric Bevington's effusions if they wish to know about life and duties in the Colonies.

My copy of Ronald's book does not bear mention of all those honours on "the spine", on the cover, or indeed the immediate inside pages; that must have been the idea of the second publishers, perhaps in making the book sell better. So don't blame Ronald. I agree with your criticism of the title; indeed, I think its rather stupid, since I know that Ronald did pretty well financially after he attained the higher reaches of the Service and service in the Isle of Man. I am greatly looking forward to your views on the book; as you rightly say "its the guts inside which counts".

Many thanks for the cheque for £10; I am in two minds as to whether to cash it or not. Surely that famous signature on the cheque is worth far more than £10. It amuses me that you, who have over a number of years, teased (or perhaps it should be 'needled') me about my alleged vast private income, should now send me £10. Its the sort of sum I would be ashamed to slip under my plate for the waiter when I next dine at the Savoy!

I was shocked at your remarks about Lester Gaynor's attitude towards Ieremia Tabai. But how typically American; that country, or rather its leader in particular, are becoming a somewhat dangerous mob (vide the Libya bombing). Still, I suppose the latter event is good for an untold number of votes for Reagan in the next congressional election. But I can scarcely believe that steps are being taken to destabilize Tabai's Government. I see that Tuvalu has refused to licence Russian fishermen in their waters; perhaps they are scared of being destabilized to!

Now to my stories, which you accord "literary merits" to my astonishment. Its kind of you, but ... I do indeed realize that they are a complete antithesis of your own style, but I thought you talented literary lions took such things in your stride. I do realize that they need to be worked on; the phraseology clearly illustrates that the writer simply sat down at his typewriter and bashed them out, without any thought of perfection; and being

written at different times, I know that there is repetition. I think perhaps it may be best if you can kindly return the stories to me and I will do what I can to polish them up and eliminate the repetition. If, however, you have any comment on the stories themselves, I would welcome them. Please do not feel embarrassed at having to return them thus; I now realize that I was asking too much.

Now for two or three other items also mentioned in your letter. First, the word "estrays". I have consulted three possible sources with the following results; in Chambers 20th Century dictionary, the word is described as "A beast found within a manor or lordship wandering from its owner"; a similar definition is given in the Compact 2-volume edition of the OED of 1971; the Shorter OED 3rd Edition, revised with Addenda, defines the word as "Any beast, not wild, found within any Lordship, and not owned by any man". I have found no trace anywhere that it could bear the meaning you suggest, even working backwards from such words as "archives".

You remark that you are looking forward to Lester Gaynor's weighty tome to do duty as a door-stopper. After sending Wimbush three reminders, he finally rang me up and asked me to lunch. That was a Tuesday and he asked me for Friday. I naturally assumed he meant the following Friday and so drove over. Their house was shut and empty. On ringing him again at the week-end he apologized and said that he had meant to say "Friday week" ! Anyway, I drove over on the 25th and returned here triumphantly with the famous tome. There is now the real headache of packing it up safely and posting it. I don't know if they will accept it for book post as it is not a completed book. (I have just opened up the box which Wimbush gave me last Friday, before packing it properly, and I have discovered to my horror that only pages 467-950 of the famous tome are in it. I have rung Wimbush and he has told me he will ring back. I now await his ring and will resume comment on the tome later herein).

Now, for the third point in your letter, about Seed's failure to inform us of the complimentary remarks which he alleged Megarry made about us. I supped with little man Ing the other evening at the RCS and asked him if he was aware of such compliments. He replied that he could not recall them but offered to lend me his copy of "The Weekly Law Reports" containing Megarry's judgment on the various points, and his general comments on the case on which he based those judgments. They ran from page 496 to 712!! They are fascinating although I admit I could not follow all his legal argumentation. His general comments commence with the words "This is litigation on a grand scale". I did not bother to read about "Ocean Island No. 1" about desecration of a cemetery and removal of sand from the beaches. "Ocean Island No. 2" in which you and I gave evidence was fascinating. Basically, it boiled down to the question "When is a trust not a trust?". The word "trust" was freely used in the GEIC, in legislation, in describing Banaban funds, and so on. But the answer to the question is "It is only a trust when that trust is enforceable in a court of law, otherwise as in the Banaban circumstances the use of the word "trust" merely implied some kind of government obligation.

As for the compliments mentioned by Seed, Megarry praised your Lands Commission work on Ocean Island in highly eulogistic terms to which you are so accustomed, and also your report on the future of the Banabans after the war. He does not strangely mention that you were in effect the purchaser of Rabi. He refers to me as having had a "long and distinguished career in the colonial civil service", but says that I agreed that the instructions given about not giving advice to the Banabans were quite explicit. BUT I made three points in my evidence on that point (1) the Banabans were adamant they they wished to conduct the negotiations themselves without Government interference (2) they were in touch with two legal firms in Fiji - Scott & Co. and A.D. Patel and through them could have got even higher-powered advice if they so wished; and (3) after the Grimble episode in 1931 they were determined not to allow Government any hand in the 1973 (?) negotiations. No such item was mentioned though it seems to me each was crucial, instead of imputing all the blame on Government that it failed to give any advice. I am going to try and get a copy of the relevant copy of the Weekly Law Report, but it is now 9 years ago and there may be no spare copies available. Do you want one if I can get it, or would you be interested in a photocopy of the report (the pages are only 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$). ?

So much for your letter.

The other evening, if you had been passing my flat on the way upstairs, you would have heard peal after peal of laughter, and doubtless wondered what it was all about - a drinking spree, a party in the flat. No, none of those things. I think you would agree that "The Phosphatereers" was a pretty humourless publication. But I had just reached page 297, where it describes Barley's troubles as "nerves and whiskey" and then continues "Amongst our staff he is known as Jack the jitterbug". Laugh; I could hardly stop. Anybody less ...

'jitterbug' it would be hard to find; and I doubt if the old boy could have danced the 'jitterbug' even when filled with alcohol.

Incidentally, talking of the GEIC, what has happened to Richard Every? I sent him a Christmas card as usual, but he never replied, as he had always done previously.

Now for the last request which you made of me in Canberra - the curriculum vitae of Angus Maude. I managed to visit London earlier this month and procured their "WHO'S WHO". The following is a complete c.v. of Angus Maude:-

"MAUDE OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Baron created 1983 (Life Peer) Angus Edmund Upton Maude TD PC 1979. Author and Journalist. Born 8.9.12. o.c. of late Alan Hamer Maude CMG, DSO, TD and late Dorothy Maude (née Upton) Married 1946 Barbara Elizabeth Earnshaw. 2 sons 2 daughters. Rugby School (Scholar). Oriel College, Oxford (MA). Financial Journalist 1933-39. The Times 1933-34. Daily Mail 1935-39. Commissioned in RASC (TA) 1947-51. Served in RASC 1939-45 at home and in North Africa. (Prisoner of war 1942-45). Major 56th (London) Armoured Divisional Column RASC (TA) 1947-51. Deputy Director PEP (Political and Economic Planning) 1948-50. Director Conservative Political Centre 1951-55. Editor Sydney Morning Herald 1958-61. MP Conservative Ealing South 1950-57. MP Conservative Ealing South 1957-58. MP Stratford-upon-Avon 1963-83. Deputy Chairman Conservative Party 1975-79. Paymaster General 1979-81. Contested South Dorset by-election Nov. 1962. Publications (with Roy Lewis) The English Middle Classes (1949). Professional People (with Enoch Powell 1952. Biography of a Nation 1955. Good Learning 1964. South Asia 1966. The Common Problem 1969. Address Old Farm, South Newington, near Banbury, Oxon. Club - Carlton
Eldest son - F.A.A. Maude, MP since 1983. PPS to Minister of State for Employment, 1984-85

He seems to have dropped out of everything, even writing. He wrote a very tough but sensible letter about Sunday Trading to the papers recently, which has been a very common topic and on which Mrs. Thatcher's Government suffered its only defeat on a Government Bill for a good many years. Otherwise I have heard nothing of him.

Please thank Honor very much indeed for her letter. I really did appreciate it but after the length of this one I must ask her to excuse me writing to her. Very careless of her to break that arm and I hope it is now mended quite satisfactorily

I have been having a tough time with sciatica - where a nerve gets nipped between two vertebrae, and sets up high-powered aching in one's leg from the buttock to the ankle. Unfortunately I cannot receive injections or tablets for it, as I have to take anti-coagulant drugs, and they would disagree. But its most unpleasant.

I will now take this letter out of the machine and type some others whilst waiting for that bloody fool Wimbush to ring me and tell me about pages 1 - 466 of Lester's tome. I hope he hasn't lost it!

Wimbush turned up today with Part I of Lester's tome. I hope you will not find it necessary to expunge his gracious remarks to me in the preamble. I'm afraid I made some rather acid comments on pages 426, 430, 431 etc. but they will have to stay I imagine. Wimbush says he has made some pencilled comments but you will have to decide what to do about them. Now to get Sally and set about the herculean task of packing up the parts together or separately. Lester has sent me a copy of his notes on addressing the Harvard Class Lunch. Does he really think I am interested! They're not even about the Pacific. He also writes "One of my correspondents who keeps an ear to the ground re Kiribati says the next election will give the heave-ho to the present President and his successor will then evict the Russians. How Kiribati and Tovalau (sic) can exist on fish and coconuts is beyond me". Quite, hence the licences.

Poor old John Orr, on the dole, who writes "It pleased the Lord to play a very dirty trick on me. I fell in love with a young lady and for a while there was glowing. But she is a Jehovah's Witness & their style of doctrinaire and narrowness I couldn't abide. But it was a mistake. The young lady chose to cut me off with a ruthlessness, which compared to her sweetness, was genuinely shocking...I'm still bleeding as it were". Poor chap; am I embarrassed though

Most get this to the post. Will let you know i.d.c. when the tome is despatched. Expect it around the end of July!

Love to Honor,

In haste
Your Mac

2nd May, 1986.

New Harry

Well, they're off! I posted two heavy parcels comprising over 950 pages of Lester Gaynor's tome to you this morning. Heaven alone knows when they will reach you; I would guess mid-July. They took over an hour to pack with Sally's quite invaluable assistance, cutting cardboard boxes in rough shape, etc. I was quite determined that this valuable magnum opus should reach you safely. I could not forbear a smile that one parcel of some 450 pages is packed in a cardboard box previously containing SANILAV, the super toilet cleanser! Lester would thereby have thought that lese majeste, I guess. The other pages were packed in one of Mr. Sainsbury's cardboard boxes, previously occupied by mere vegetable oil. The total cost was surprisingly low - £9.10 I think. I had based my estimate of cost on the parcels of my records which I sent to Tarawa, but I guess that the leg from Australia to Tarawa must have been pricey, and, apart from that, they were not books, whereas I was able to send Lester's magnum opus by book post, also making it cheaper. When you unpack the parcels you will realize how much time was spent in packing them.

2. In my previous letter I drew attention to the fact that I had made some comments on certain pages of the tome, dealing with sovereignty. In fact, on having a quick look at it, I see that most of the chapter on that subject is sprinkled with rather acid comments. Sorry about that.

3. When I loaned the tome to Bob Wimbush, and discussed it with him, I also handed him a note, as follows:-

"1. I would ask that our discussions be off the record, because:-

(a) Lester pays me a very warm tribute for my part in the "book";

(b) contrariwise, I disagree strongly with him over certain aspects of the book; and,

(c) I would not wish to upset him and spoil "a beautiful friendship".

2. In my view, no printer/publisher would dream of 'taking on' the book, because:-

(a) it is far too long;

(b) it is far too diffuse, trying to tell several quite different stories, which often results in muddled presentation or repetition;

(c) it contains far too much detail, e.g. what rations the labourers ate 50 or more years ago;

(d) it is very doubtful indeed if the public would be in the slightest interested in such detailed issues of some 50 years ago;

(e) much can only be of specialized interest, e.g. US Army activities in such a minor outpost 50 years ago;

(f) Universities, especially those ringing the Pacific, who were offered the book were not interested or did not even bother to answer enquiries

(g) it is a compilation of facts, with no literary pretensions, and indeed a very poor style;

(h) the contents should be rewritten in a reasonably acceptable literary style, which would probably, indeed, almost certainly, involve employing a ghost writer; and,

(i) it contains inaccuracies but, far worse, dozens of statements are made for which no authorities are given. (There is a list of sources at the end of the book, but this is valueless in identifying authority for so many statements).

"3. Apart from the criticisms made above, I disagree most strongly with certain aspects of the book. Apart from the historical record, the aspect with which I have been mostly concerned is the sovereignty over Christmas Island. Throughout the book, Lester spends much time sniping at the factors supporting the British claim to the island and, wherever possible, suggesting that the U.S. has as good, if not better, claim to the island. I have found this infuriating. The plain fact is that mere discovery does not confer sovereignty; it must be immediately followed by permanent occupation. Take two of Lester's points; his claims as to US possession under the Guano Act, which required the discoverer to report the presence of guano, and later its shipment. But there never was any guano on Christmas Island. Secondly, his claim that discovery by the "Stetson" and "Narragansett" of the island constituted possession and sovereignty; but, of course, it did not. He even has the cheek to hint that the stationing of US troops there for a few years during the war constituted the necessary "occupation"; but it was definitely occupied UK territory by 1941 when those troops arrived and their occupation was purely conditional. A District Officer was there in 1937!

"4. I think in your famous report on the Line and Phoenix Islands, you argued whilst both countries had a claim, that of the UK was better than that of the US. What Lester does not know is that I hold the written opinion of the UK Law Officers of the Crown in 1953, from which it is quite clear that the UK claim to sovereignty over the island is immeasurably superior to any US claim, and almost certainly unchallengeable.

5. The magnum opus should really comprise three separate stories; a military history of the US forces on the island; a history of Père Rougier; and a specialized work on the history and geography of the island".

End of Quote!

4. I was a little surprised at re-reading the chapter on sovereignty, that Lester says that he agrees with you that a UK/US condominium would be the best solution. Did you really say so? I have made a note on the relevant page that I disagree. Look what the natives of American Samoa are like, or others which the Americans have dealt with e.g. Puerto Ricans, Micronesians from the Central Pacific. What about it? Anyway, you can see from what I wrote in my note to Wimbush just what I thought of Lester's views, at least on sovereignty.

5. Please let me know as soon as you receive the two parcels. I should hate anything to happen to them. And what happens after you receive them? I wonder how long it will take for you to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" them, in the words of one of our morning prayers. And what happens to them after that. Incidentally, I had to split the original tome into two to make it more easy to handle.

6. And now what other news. Another letter from poor old John Orr. Here are some excerpts:

"I've given up on the rude and recalcitrant Robert Brown. I feel the truth is that he's lost the MSS. So I'm typing out a revised version of "The Orphans". Dare I say that its very good. I'm going to try the local office of Allen Unwin. I shall be writing to Harry Maude this week...Harry's approach and mine (to the career of John T. Arundel) are very different. But Harry respects my approach. Mind you, he didn't say so, but intimated it....I made an attempt to patch up with the Jehovah Witnesses' girl but they're like the Mafia...The pity is the flaming girl is still much in my system honest lust! Something will have to be done, and will be, too. What - we'll see".

I feel very sorry for the poor chap, but I also feel desperately embarrassed. How on earth does one set about ensuring that he ceases to correspond with me? I suppose he must get something out of writing to me (does he write to you?) so I hate to disappoint him; it would seem so cruel. But really I simply cannot keep on with the correspondence. Advice please.

7. My sciatica is still causing me considerable discomfort and at times pain. Its a pity that, because I am on anti-coagulant drugs, as I have been for years past, I cannot have injections or tablets for the sciatica apparently. I guess I'll just have to live with it as patiently as possible. Admittedly, however, it is a bit better than it was originally.

8. Just to make sure that I have a full cup of joy, I have just heard that Nora, Neil's widow, has been stricken with breast cancer. I suppose that the cancer is the best one to have, rather than one in one's intestines, but its grim all the same. However, she has been having regular X-rays and the doctors reckon that they have operated in time to stop any spread to any other part of her body.

9. Must close; let me know what you think of Lester's magnum opus, and especially the chapter on sovereignty.

I apologize for the typing; I am tired and I never want to see another typewriter for a while.

My love to Honor and I hope the arm is well healed.

Yr Oba

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

My dear Alaric

13th December, 1985.

Many thanks for your letter of the 4th December. I am sorry if I seem to be a bloody nuisance, insisting on my visit, somewhere to stay, and transport provided. I had not realized that Honor was in such frail health and I would never do anything which might worsen her condition. The same applies to you, though Honor sounds rather frailer than you do. I just think of both of you are being rather ageless; true, Honor's hair is now greyer than when I first met her 50 years ago, whilst your's, if not greyer, is perhaps sparser. But neither of you seemed to have changed over the 50 odd years that I have known you both. This is not to suggest that I have not aged; I have - hair greyer, limping with arthritis in my right knee, and so on. Otherwise I feel in pretty fair health for a heavyweight of nearly 77 years. I fight to keep my weight down; I do 15 minutes physical jerks every morning in the nude though in this wintry weather it is scarcely a joyous exercise. But I am now a couple of pounds less than when I played rigger for Cambridge University 54 years ago!

Apropos of the faint possibility (which God forbid) that either Honor or yourself feel that you simply cannot cope with a visit from me - or feel that a shorter one is desirable or necessary - I suggest that you can - even at short notice, ring me at the Woodmans in Sydney, where I shall be staying before heading for Canberra. I think I have given you their address and telephone number but to make assurance doubly sure their address is 7 Cladden Close, Pennant Hills, New South Wales 2120, and their home telephone number is 84 - 6461. Don is now General Manager, Corporate Services, CSR, 1 O'Connell Street, Sydney 2000, and his office telephone number is (02)235 8511 or 235 8333, if you cannot locate him and his wife at home. I know that they would both be delighted to extend my stay with them if you felt that you had to cancel or shorten my stay in Weston. But I am sure that such notification, even at short notice, would not worry them.

If Alaric and Annabelle can survive Forest Lodge, then unquestionably I could do so too. Indeed, as it is nearer to you, and even if it is not exactly the Ritz with cordons bleu cuisine, I would be quite happy to stay there in any case. So please do not hesitate to book me in there unless it is quite appalling, which I doubt. Remember that I have stayed at some pretty odd places in my wanderings so nothing would surprise me.

I have just received my copy of The Phosphateers (what an appallingly ugly word!) but I doubt if I shall be able to read it before heading for Australia, with the festive season almost upon us. I hope I may have a copy of your review to study after I have read the book.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



REMEMBER
to use the
POST CODE

26P

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

Unit 42 'Miringani'

11 Namatjira Drive,

WESTON, A.C.T. 2611,

Australia.

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 open slit here

I was appalled to see in the book a picture containing one "verrier" and for a moment I thought I had taken leave of my senses. Dr. Verrier ??? surely not. and then I remembered the Verrier in question - dark, and probably also a Welshman.

I was also sorry to see a picture containing one G.J. Bridges (known to me more colloquially as Joe Briggs - and by the Chinese whose nickname for him was 'Stinking lavatory' !). But I was saddened that there was no photograph of Bertie Maynard, and even more that there was no picture of old Rotan. The former, as a mere island manager, may not have rated a photograph, but surely in view of the famous Court cases, old Rotan did.

Must close. My love, please, to Honor, whom I expect to be fighting fit at the time of my visit, and ditto yourself. I just can't wait to see you both once more.

Tom/Kac

Unit 42, 'Miringani',
11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
Australia,
29 September, 1985.

Dear Paddy,

I feel that I must write to tell you the startling news that I seem to have answered every single letter from my multifarious correspondents. I believe that such an astonishing thing has not happened before for ten years, or at least since I started to work on the Slavers.

We celebrate by going to Clarendon in South Australia, where we have a hideaway in a vineyard only 30 miles south of the Coromandel Valley, where Alaric and his family live.

Then back again to write the great work on the ethnohistory of the Gilbertese people before European contact, which starts with their forming part of the proto-Austronesian host in S.E. Asia immediately after the last Ice Age and has an early chapter on the formation of the atolls which they came to inhabit after their interlude in Samoa and a final chapter giving a synchronic picture of their immediately pre-contact culture.

My idea at present is then to simplify and condense it, omitting all references and difficult words, as the work is intended for school use as well as the man in the village who has little English. If possible I should like to omit the first scholarly text altogether but so far I have found it necessary to spell it out in full first. It is much more difficult to write simple English than literary English.

I sent Ronald Garvey a copy of the Slavers, as you told me that he would like one, and after all he was my referee for a university appointment even if he did forget to sign his letter of recommendation. Pat wrote to Honor to say that he intended to read it - he has my sympathy.

A letter of yours dated 4 July has now turned up at the bottom of the tar barrel and I see from it that Spivey has died. I remember him telling me one day that he considered himself as having risen in the world, financially and socially, since his father was a postman in, I think, Yorkshire, who had walked several thousand miles delivering letters. And another time he criticised me for a circular telling the island governments that the refusal to profess Christianity was not a jailable offence; he wanted to know how he was supposed to carry on his work if his church members understood that it was not compulsory to be a Christian. He was an honest man; but possibly rather simple.

Sadd elected to stay on at Rongorongo: I was told because he felt guilty over the poisoning of the Levett family after a dinner in his house but I think that he really felt that it was his duty since he had no wife and the Catholics were all staying.

The LMS is now the Kiribati Islands Protestant Church (KIPC) and its ministers are now trained on Tarawa at the Tangintebu Theological College, of which the Rev. Baiteke Nabertari is Principal. Kambati K. Uriam is Lecturer in History there and is now engaged in translating my monograph on the Gilbertese Maneaba into Gilbertese as the old men have asked to have a vernacular edition. There are in fact no expatriates left in the Gilberts (nor in Tuvalu) and Rongorongo is now only a High School.

No news so I send you some cuttings instead,

Yours ever,

Harry

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

Kau Hau

4th July, 1985.

This letter does not require an answer, but I thought I would write in view of an obituary notice recently in the Daily Telegraph, though perhaps you already have news of it -

SPIVEY - On May 24th, at Faversham Cottage Hospital, JOHN HENRY, one time L.M.S. Missionary, Gilbert Islands, and Minister, Maidstone and Bridlington Churches. Funeral United Reform Church.....

So the number of our contemporaries grows less year by year; indeed, with the deaths of old man Eastman, Miss Pateman and now Spivey, it would seem that most of the L.M.S. Missionaries we knew are now gone, save perhaps for Sadd (what I wonder has happened to him? *or was he murdered by the Japs?*)

I probably saw a bit more of Spivey than you did - a small, rather slight man, with a Hitler toothbrush moustache, and lacking in personality. He was, if I remember aright, based in Abaiang and was doubtless overshadowed by Lebeau & Co., who were also based there. I wonder if the L.M.S. still functions in Kiribati (and Tuvalu?), though presumably all personnel have now been localized.

There is really no news to send you from here. The papers recently reported that the Government of Tuvalu had recently assured the New Zealand Government that it had no intention of allowing Russian ships to come and fish in their waters, whilst the Government of the Solomon Islands, it was reported, had stated that they did not propose to allow any other countries to fish in their waters. As both Pacific Governments are, I imagine, hard up, I am a little surprised at their attitudes, unless of course they have been bribed by the Governments of Australia and New Zealand.

Three days ago, I unexpectedly received a letter from our mutual acquaintance John Orr, from whom I had not heard for quite a few weeks. His first book "Orphans of the Great Sea" is with a publisher by the name of Robert Brown who has still to decide about printing and publishing. But the most interesting piece of news is that, having failed to secure money owed him by his brother-in-law and sister, he has had to give up writing at least for a while, and has sat the entry examination for the Australian Postal Service! He awaits the results. But he adds "I think I am more use as a writer than a postman". I think that statement is debateable. Admitting that the Australian postal service is grossly inefficient - so all my correspondents in Australia tell me - I doubt whether I should rate his productions as a w-riter very highly.

I am still very excited at the thought of your most generous offer to lick my stories into shape. I would like to leave a mark, however insignificant and modest, linking me to my early and very happy years in the GEIC, in which I feel I did a little good. I have not yet decided when I shall next visit Fiji and Australia. I am waiting to hear about air schedules towards the end of this

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



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To open slit here

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year, since those to Fiji are far less frequent in the "winter", and I want to visit Fiji first this time as I missed out on it last time. But I hope to be able to decide towards the end of August. When I come, I shall bring out the stories with me. (I hope your kind offer does not entail the excision of all references to my superior officer, one H.E. Maude!)

I suppose it is inevitable that all who live in this country should refer to the weather. The month of June was the coldest for 26 years and the wettest for 16 years! Midsummer Day - it rained all day! However, the first few days of July show more promise. But I am reminded of that song "Spring will be a little late this year" - that is, if indeed there is a Spring and we do not go into Summer directly. My love to Honor and I hope your new home is all that you both have hoped for -

John Mac

Unit 42, 'Miranjani',
11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
17 November, 1985.

Dear Paddy,

I was entranced to get your cutting of A.C.F. Armstrong's effort at literary composition. It was so utterly typical of him that I feel that should we only meet him over a glass of grog the intervening years would roll by and we should be put right on a number of weighty matters.

Talking of putting matters straight I sent a copy of the Slavers slather to Ronald as you directed and took the opportunity to correct one of your disreputable canards to the effect that I had accused him of swiping the proceeds from that ambergris, whereas in fact the whole Pacific heard of it from Tom Manning's lady, who dined out on the story for years.

Another letter has come from your friend Orr, and alas he seems for the first time to have lost his inimitable optimism since his sister and her husband could not or would not repay his loan and he is having to work in a factory again as a result; but his real grievance is against the publishing world who will not recognize the worth of his many manuscripts - they seem to vary in number each letter.

I think that he is delaying writing to you owing to his hope that Robert Brown, the Bathurst publisher, will accept your 'Gems from the Central Pacific' after all. Brown has kept one of his MSS for over a year now.

Re your visit, there is no place to stay near Weston, which as you no doubt know, is one of the eight suburbs of Weston Creek: a great city which, however, contains not even a doss house or a bordello suitable for your accommodation - it has a tavern or two but they have no rooms attached for the ubiquitous call girl to rent by the hour. We have found a so-called motel in a wood some miles away but after going there we have come to the conclusion that you might find it a bit rough: it seems to be part of a riding school complex and the horses, being friendly, are apt to put their heads through the window and stare, not aggressively, but I guess in the hope of a lump of sugar. Still it might give you a shock in the morning.

So it seems that the Embassy in Deakin is the best bet. It is almost as far as your old haunt but better, being one of the 'Homestead' chain: say 12 miles away there and back from here. The cost is at present \$50 single, but of course that may well go up as we are in the grip of a new inflationary spiral. You can use your American Express or Diners Club cards.

But frankly what worries us is what on earth you are going to do for four days now that we are no longer in our own house but inmates of an old folks home where there are emphatically no facilities for guests and no one of your juvenile age group around.

The longest anyone has been here is three hours and then Honor collapsed and had to go to bed. So probably the best thing to do is for one of us to take you out for meals and maybe we could drive to Cooma or the Coast for a night. And of course there are plenty of books of an improving nature to read, and Gilbertese to translate for my next book. And if you play Bridge the old ladies would welcome you to make up one of the fours in the entertainment room. And there are some theses from the Tangintebu Theological College at Bikenibeu to examine and pass or fail.

But for heavens sake don't press one of the red bells in our unit or the nurses will whisk you off and put you in bed in the twinkling of an eye. They won't listen to what you have to say as they prefer to find out what is wrong with you by taking immediate tests; and you will be lucky if you get out again with all your limbs and organs intact.

Spring is upon us and that means planting up Honor's allotment while she directs with the experienced air of one born with green fingers. Fortunately I love gardening but need to be told what to do. Alas that by January the 'browning' will have set in and the glory gone till next year.

Honor and I wish you all you could wish yourself for Christmas and the New Year now impending, as we learn from the piles of junk mail that arrives unsolicited. We shall be at the airport to meet TN flight 449 at 12.15 p.m. on 23.1.86, in the unlikely event that the pilots or cabin crew are not on strike at that particular time.

Yours ever,

Harry Myranda

US, France make waves in Pacific

From ANDREW KRUGER in New York

Australian 19.11.85.

AN independent report commissioned by the United States State Department says rigid American policies and French colonial intransigence are the main source of instability in the South Pacific and criticises the US for using Australia as its "policeman" in the area.

The report, by the Massachusetts-based Nautilus Research Centre, an independent non-profit organisation, which was completed last December, challenges repeated Reagan administration warnings, issued by officials such as the Secretary of State, Mr Shultz, about a Soviet threat in the region.

It minimises the potential for Soviet political and military penetration of the South Pacific.

Instability

Nautilus researcher Mr Peter Hayes said: "The notion that the US or Australia and New Zealand can dictate who the islanders will even talk to or trade with is clearly a hangover from the colonial era, now overlaid with the rhetoric of the new Cold War."

"This kind of thinking masks the intent of the US to lean more heavily on Australia to police the region and to unilaterally build up its own presence in the region."

"The report shows that while the US says that the Soviets are the bull in the South Pacific china shop, in fact it is the US itself and its close ally, France, who are the bulls."

"Although the report recognises that the West is responsible for most of the instability in

the South Pacific, and admits that there is no evidence that the Soviets have exploited this instability, it still argues that the US should aim for total denial of Soviet access to the region."

The report says: "In no other major area of the world is the USSR so completely without friends, access or influence."

New Zealand's Prime Minister, Mr Lange, commenting on the report, said: "It is the New Zealand Government's consistent position that the most imminent threat to our security is big power confrontation in our region."

"It has been the consistent view of New Zealand governments that there is no evidence of the Soviet Union establishing a stronghold in the region."

The report, leaked to AAP news service in New York, comes at a sensitive time for the US as New Zealand prepares to legislate against nuclear warships.

The ban will almost certainly scuttle the ANZUS alliance, which has underpinned regional security for more than three decades.

French interests in the region have been considerably damaged by its continuing nuclear testing program at Mururoa Atoll and the sinking of the Greenpeace flagship, Rainbow Warrior, in July to prevent it leading a protest flotilla to Mururoa.

The report rejects Western suggestions that island States such as Kiribati, Vanuatu or the Solomon Islands would necessarily be vulnerable to exploitation should they accept a larger Soviet commercial presence in their region.

Of concern to the US is the fishing agreement signed



Mr Shultz ... warns of a Soviet threat in the Pacific



Mr Lange ... 'biggest threat superpower confrontation'



Mr Tabai ... 'economic reasons'



Father Lini ... considering Soviet fishing deal

between Kiribati and the Soviet Union in August.

For an annual fee of \$NZ2.4 million (\$2.1 million) up to 16 Soviet tuna boats will be permitted to fish in Kiribati's five million sq km exclusive economic zone (EEZ).

Australia and New Zealand also expressed concern over the agreement, fearing it might give

the Soviet Union a foothold in the South Pacific, although New Zealand protests were muted by the fact that it has its own fishing agreement with Moscow.

No shore facilities were included in the deal, and the President of Kiribati, Mr Ieremia Tabai, has been at pains to emphasise that it was made for purely economic reasons.

The Prime Minister of Vanuatu, Father Walter Lini, has said his country was giving "serious consideration" to a similar deal. Other South Pacific countries, including Tuvalu, the Solomon Islands and Western Samoa, have rejected recent Soviet overtures.

Regional analysts say Kiribati was encouraged to deal with Moscow because US tuna fishermen refuse to recognise exclusive economic zones in regard to highly migratory species such as tuna.

In the past two years the Solomon Islands and Papua New Guinea have each confiscated an American tuna boat caught fishing without authorisation in their waters.

The report was commissioned by the State Department to evaluate "the Soviet potential to exploit island vulnerabilities primarily in pursuit of global balance of power factors".

While the report's authors, two highly respected Pacific affairs experts, Mr Robert Kiste and Mr R.A. Herr, assume that under the right conditions the Soviets would seek to involve themselves in regional affairs, Moscow's present access is limited to a minor aid network which has been largely rebuffed.

They conclude that the USSR has been shut out diplomatically in the South Pacific and faced ports closed to Soviet vessels since December 1979 as a result of the Afghanistan invasion.

The report also notes that because the US, Australia and New Zealand wanted to keep the Russians out altogether, rather than, as in other regions, seeking to limit their penetration, the ANZUS parties tended to exag-

gerate sensitivities about any Soviet contact with any island State.

Looking at the major sources of regional instability, the report says: "By any rational and objective assessment, it is clear that France has created the greatest opportunities for Eastern bloc penetration ... French attitudes on decolonisation have banked up frustrations which have found outlets in Libya and Cuba."

It cites rigid US aid practices, import quotas, hard-line attitudes towards regional or islander marine resource regulation, enthusiasm for free enterprise and nuclear warships as factors generating antagonism towards the US.

Seized

In examining the hysteria generated by the State Department over Soviet negotiations for fishing rights in the South Pacific the report points out that the Soviets are doing exactly what the US has previously refused to do.

They are offering to pay for fishing rights within 200 nautical mile economic zones.

As an example of rigid US policies presenting opportunities to the Soviets, the report cites the case of the Solomon Islands, which in June 1984 seized an American tuna boat fishing illegally within its economic zone.

Washington immediately blocked all exports from the Solomon Islands to the US under legislation which automatically punishes a Pacific island State regardless of the legality of its actions against American tuna poachers.



Whoa back, Shultz

The vexing row which persists over New Zealand's desire to become the non-nuclear Switzerland of the Pacific has reached the point where all participants should stop and take stock of themselves, and of what they are about to wreak upon the region.

Mr Lange, particularly, might ask himself if, perchance, he has been temporarily blinded, by the glow of his Greenpeace halo, to the long-term consequences of New Zealand's approaching ejection from ANZUS, and too haughty in rebuffing the obviously genuine concerns of many of his countrymen, some of them defence experts. How much of his undoubtedly widespread support in New Zealand comes from considered thought in the electorate, and how much from the euphoria of discomfiting giants?

But is the United States not also guilty of ignoring the lantern while it slaps at the moth? Speaking to journalists late last month, U.S. Defence Secretary, Caspar Weinberger, was adamant that there was no way the U.S. could accept the N.Z. position, or alter its rules on disclosure of the weaponry aboard its ships. His position can be understood. But it is the more aggressive tone of the Secretary of State, George Shultz, who is seen as seeking to punish Mr Lange for his "defection" from ANZUS, which is worrying the nations of the South Pacific.

While there is no current, or foreseeable actual threat of aggression in the Pacific, an ANZUS weakened, or, rather, a New Zealand rejected, damages Pacific confidence. Many Pacific Island countries might be worried by Mr Lange's nuclear policies, but they are similarly wary of insensitive behavior by the U.S. administration.

Australia, particularly, is embarrassed by being made to appear to have to choose between the U.S. and a life-time friend and cousin next door.

Canberra decided to air its anxieties publicly. Their ambassador to the U.S., Mr F. Rawdon Dalrymple, in a speech on September 24 to the Asia Society of America, set out, with great clarity, Australian policy on the Pacific, and warned Washington of the consequences of some of its attitudes. It was a speech cleared at the highest levels in Canberra.

The ambassador sought to tell Washington, and the White House, that things are changing in the Pacific. He spoke of the closeness between Australia and New Zealand, and the growing ties with both the Islands and the swiftly-prospering countries of South East Asia; of the immense commercial and political importance of Japan, and the huge potential of China. In all of this he constantly referred to the many powerful and vital links with the United States.

But America was ignoring, perilously, the growing importance of the South Pacific, he said. It had not thought through the consequences of some policies — among them, although he did not specify it, undoubtedly the matter of chopping New Zealand off at its defence socks.

Political independence in the region had attracted new political

presences, he said. Some were within the western alliance, and some were not. So far, intrusions by the Soviet bloc had been limited, primarily because of the pro-western orientation of the island countries, but, he said, that comfortable situation was now threatened.

The two major causes of friction, he said, were nuclear testing and tuna fishing, and this magazine can do nothing but welcome such recognition of warnings we have sounded for years.

France is the main culprit on the first issue, and America on the second. Neither country has given the slightest indication that South Pacific anxieties bother them in any important way.

"The United States is seen as being less than helpful by giving credence to French arguments that the testing does no particular harm," Mr Dalrymple said. "It is precisely that French testing which has been a major influence in the formation of the climate of opinion in New Zealand which is now causing such anxiety to both the United States and Australia over the future of ANZUS.

"It will be an act of folly if we in our alliance context continue to countenance and permit nuclear testing in the South Pacific and it would be even worse if we were, in addition, to countenance and permit the dumping of nuclear waste in the Pacific..."

Mr Dalrymple's warning was both calm and very clear. The United States must stop stomping around the South Pacific like a heedless hippopotamus, following damaging policies dictated by North Atlantic interests.

That his words fell on deliberately deaf ears was bluntly marked by the gravel-voiced former U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, Jeane Kirkpatrick, who retorted that the French had a right to test, and if the site happened to be on a piece of France 20,000 kilometres from the rest of it, that was no reason for the neighbors to complain. It was a singularly unnecessary and ignorant statement.

The U.S. is clearly unwilling to upset the French because of Atlantic considerations. Yet it is precisely because of this that America's position in the Pacific has been damaged.

But, for most island countries, the nuclear matter is not nearly so immediately irritating as the buccaneering behavior of the American Tunaboat Association. It would be easy enough, one suggests, to have that angry boil eased if there was even moderate will in the U.S. administration to do so. Clearly there is not.

Mr Dalrymple proposed that some kind of South Pacific office be set up by the State Department to make higher officialdom more aware of regional opinion. Another bit of bureaucracy is quite unnecessary. All Washington needs to do is open its ears to its very own people in the region.

Washington may think it can damage Mr Lange by heaving him out of ANZUS, and by making a bilateral defence agreement with Australia, and so they might. They may think they can ignore the region's concerns over French nuclear testing. They may think the domestic political pressure exerted by the A.T.A. more important than the anger of the little island nations over what they regard as the plundering of their fisheries. Yet in the end it may be the U.S. itself which will lose — and that would be very bad for all of us.

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

3rd October, 1985.

Unicome
You can't keep a good man down! Some 5 weeks ago, the Daily Telegraph had a leading article criticising Nigeria for its succession of some 6 of 8 Generals and saying that they and their peoples had made a hopeless mess of what should be Africa's 'show' territory. This gravely offended a resident of Henley on Thames, with the result that the enclosed letter signed by one of our contemporaries took the paper to task. But the letter makes no attempt to deal with the mess that is present-day Nigeria. Alas, the influence of Andrew and others has faded.

Before I answer your recent letters, I have just received a letter from Ronald Garvey with whom I correspond from time to time. And I quote him:-

"I have surprisingly just received a very interesting package of books and pamphlets from Harry Maude - with generous praise for my own little effort! His book "Slaves in Paradise" is intensely interesting and is a page of Pacific History which I knew quite nothing about.

He also denies that he accused me of sequestering the proceeds of the bogus ambergris and says that it was Mrs. Tom Marning who made the accusation in a colourful radio broadcast. As she has now crossed the Styx I have no redress".

I delayed answering your long letter of the 17th August since I then hoped to be shortly in a position to tell you when you may expect me to descend upon you in Canberra. Then your second letter, dated the 29th September arrived this morning just as I was about to tell you the dates of my visit. However, let me answer your first long letter first.

It is really rather extraordinary that no one has hitherto thought of writing the history of the islands before the European contact, so I don't wonder that your audience was a bit shattered. But it must surely have been a tremendous task to gather all the evidence, and I should imagine that you will find it quite a task to write it in such English as will make easy and easily imbibable reading in the schools - very unlike your academic style.

As for the gala dinner given to you by the Banabans, it left me speechless. I wonder if that famous telegram was mentioned about you and I binding the necks of the Banabans? Is old Rotan still alive I wonder.

As for the enclosures of the two ladies you sent me, I fear I never had any use for Margaret Falvey whose every endeavour was directed to seeing that her husband was knighted! As for Dorothy Kearsley, my memory of her is rather different. Having chosen the job of Court Reporter, she turned up in my office one day almost in tears and seeking a transfer from that post on the grounds that she had had to listen and take notes of a particularly horrible rape case! But then she asked for the post!

Your attack of 'flu sounded very unpleasant and I'm glad you survived, otherwise I should have no excuse to visit Canberra!

"Committment" with one 't' is used in the Times, the Daily Telegraph, the Economist and is allowed in earlier editions of the OED. Unlike you snobs who reek of wealth I cannot afford a new edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary and feel my authorities justify my using one 't'. As for 'minuscule' that appears in the 1980 edition of Roget's Thesaurus - so what ?????

No, you did not see the words 'company director' on my passport - at least I don't think so. I usually have "Ex Colonial Secretary of Fiji" since that gives me a Government status and I find it helpful at times. But fancy calling oneself a "sew-age specialist"!

I was sorry to hear about poor Oskar Spate's physical condition. Is he still writing books about the Pacific? I wish I had half his brains.

I have not heard from friend Orr for months now. In a way it's a relief as he was a most persistent correspondent and I always felt obliged to reply to the poor fellow's letters. Unless I hear from him again in the next few months I do not think that this time I will let him know that I propose to visit his homeland.

Boutilier - you have got it all wrong. Or, rather, what he told you is all balls. He turned up at the Archives unannounced and found Tofinga and me packing crates of WPHC records for despatch to London. He addressed me as though I was a clerical officer, or maybe Office Superintendent, which angered me, and I would not have showed him Kennedy's file or any other file even if he had paid me.

Thank you for the fascinating information about the giving of Gilbertese fishing rights to the Russians. The papers here must regard such matters as very small beer as they seldom report such matters, alas. Longe may have taken a knock over that and been classed as a hypocrite, but, Lord, what a to-do about the Greenpeace Warrior. That has been very ^{much} reported in the papers as you can well imagine. France has acted utterly disgracefully over it, especially taking the line that those who did it were acting in the line of duty and so cannot be punished. But I wonder what will happen when the Greenpeace Warrior et al. reach Mururoa shortly.

"The Phosphateers" ; oddly, several days before I received your letter, I received a letter from some bloke here saying that I was on a list to be sent the book, if I so wished. I certainly did so wish and replied that I would be delighted to receive a copy. It has not yet arrived. If it is coming by sea mail, I'll be lucky to get it by Xmas. But I shall be fascinated to read it. I hope Macdonald does not criticize Grimble too much in it. his strictures on Grimble infuriated me in the High Court cases - and I hardly knew Grimble so it cannot be said I am prejudiced.

Whilst I think of it - it is now a bit unsafe to drink German, Austrian, and Italian wines here as they contain anti-freeze mixture as you probably have read. Even the Japs have been found out too. The stuff is officially called di-ethylene glaicol, but perhaps the Australian wineries don't use it.

Now for the second letter. I can scarcely believe that you are "correspondence free" so to speak. It really is a miracle. I have answered the point out your gift to Ronald Garvey earlier in this letter. Yes, I think ^{surely} was a Yorkshireman, and I agree with your summation of him. But I loved the story about his criticizing you for that circular about Christianity!

Now for the news about my visit. I reach Sydney after spending a week in Fiji by Qantas Flight 094 on Monday the 20th January at 2005. Then I shall fly from Sydney to Canberra, leaving Sydney by TN Flight 449 at 1135 and arriving at Canberra at 1215, on Thursday, the 23rd January. Then I shall leave Canberra by ANA Flight 358 at 1235 on Monday the 27th January.

You suggested that I might hire a car whilst in Canberra but as I think I mentioned in an earlier letter I would hate driving in a foreign land of which I knew none of the topography. I doubt if I should ever ^{get} beyond Canberra's concentric circles! So, shamefacedly, I would ask that you might be gracious enough to collect me at the airport please. And can you book me in at some motor inn or what have you in Weston; I think you said there was such a place. And it would be helpful to know the daily tariff for a room there so that I can bring some cash up there with me.

I am very excited at the thought of making a round-the-world tour again and especially to seeing you and Honor. I keep reasonably fit, though the arthritis in my left knee (a relic from my rugger days) restricts my walking a great deal. Apart from that I had a most unpleasant virus infection of some description a couple of weeks ago but have surmounted that now.

Must now close and alert others whom I hope to see on my round-the-world tour. Incidentally, I shall probably be staying in Sydney on arriving there on the 20th January with the Woodmans whose address is 7 Cladden Close, Pennant Hills NSW 2120, and telephone number 84 - 6461, in case you want to contact me.

My love to Honor

Your warm Race

I am sorry about the appalling
Standard of typing. The machine badly
needs overhaul, but the typist is also to blame!

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

21st November, 1985.

Mon vieux, Thank you so much for your telegram which I received yesterday and was greatly reassured. I fear I rather panicked when I did not receive a reply to my letter of the 3rd October, even though I realized that it might still be at the bottom of your usual mountain of correspondence. But what inspired me to send the telegram was that on that day I received an account for over £2000 for air passages and hotel reservations in Suva and Sydney, which woke me up to the fact that my journey was only two months' away. But I must confess that I was greatly puzzled by the remark in your telegram "confirming bookings Embassy Deakin". Of course Deakin meant nothing to me and, as for "Embassy" I could only assume that the Abos had established some private Embassy in the vicinity of Canberra.

But this morning I received your letter (for which many thanks) and I now assume that the "Embassy" is merely a motor inn or similar establishment. So I am disappointed like you were when not staying at the Regent in Fiji.

But I was gravely embarrassed by your letter. I thought Weston was just down the road, so to speak, from where you now reside, and I was certain, rightly or wrongly, that there was a motor inn, or such establishment, there. Maybe I must have understood you when we discussed it on my last visit.

I say that I am seriously embarrassed since the last thing I would wish to do would be to cause inconvenience to Honor and yourself (particularly the former, who had to take to her bed after a previous visitor). To cancel the visit would, from my point of view, be quite unthinkable - but that I realize is a selfish viewpoint. But, now reaching the ripe old age of 77 soon, I realize that I cannot go tearing round the world each year and so there is always the possibility that this might be my last visit - though I sincerely hope not. But, if it were to be my last visit, it would in my eyes at least be absolutely tragic if I were not to see you and Honor.

Frankly, I don't know what to suggest in order to alleviate the position as far as Honor and yourself are concerned. Please do write and make any suggestion to that end which you consider appropriate. I do not want to be a burden on anyone, particularly my two oldest and best friends. More I cannot say, except again to apologize for causing such inconvenience to you both. But it will be absolutely marvellous to see you both again and reminisce.

So now to the rest of your letter. I thought you would enjoy Andrew's letter! I only wish the three of us had met when you were home for the Banaban court cases. I categorically deny that I had anything to do with the canard accusing you of swiping the proceeds from that ambergris. On the other hand, knowing your unfortunate propensity to be light-fingered and get your hands on any documentation not belonging to you, well.....

I was sorry to hear about friend Orr and his troubles. He certainly has a very exaggerated opinion of himself as an author. I feel sorry for him, but I have not yet made up my mind whether to let him know I am visiting Australia soon. It would be a rather gloomy and upsetting meeting. He should have adopted my policy of never making loans to friends or relatives - too often there are recriminations however slight. Better to make gifts and leave it at that.

As for what I shall do to pass the time during my visit, I certainly do not want or expect Honor to provide me with meals. Missing a lunch has never bothered me. I merely hope to spend time with you both and reminisce. As for the rest, I will stock up with paperbacks and crossword books; I fear that theses from the Tangintebu Theological College would be too much for me! I do NOT play bridge. I gave it up after all the quarrels over it on Ocean Island when Mrs. English insisted on teaching us contract bridge!

So, Spring is with you. Lucky folk. Here we had our first fall of snow yesterday in Sussex, Surrey and Kent. And the 40 mph East wind almost literally cut one to the bone. Lately, we have had bright sunny days, oddly, but with no warmth in the sun, and bitter winds from the arc between North-east and north-west. Yesterday was the coldest day in London for 16 years! Recently we have "enjoyed" frosts at night of 2° (twice) and 10° (several times). You are well out of this country with weather like that.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



REMEMBER
to use the
POST CODE

26p



Royal Mail

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

Unit 42 "Miranjani",

11 Namatjira Drive,

WESTON ACT 2611,

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

To open slit here

To open slit here

As I have written above - I received your letter this morning - 8.25 am. I am hoping to catch the 10.30 post with this one (am of course). How's that for Macdonald efficiency!

Greatly looking forward to seeing you both again. This is such a bloody friendless country - everyone engaged in trying to make money and caring for little else. If I should mention the Pacific to anyone they would stare at me as though I had taken leave of my senses.

And, finally, please remember that any way in which I can lessen the inconvenience to Honor and yourself I am anxious to do. Please let me know.

Meanwhile love to Honor and my best regards to yourself,

E + D! My fingers are like scales!

He Maude

PS I will bring out my literary efforts with me.

42/11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
31 March, 1986.

My dear Paddy,

You must have been in quite a tizzy over my delay in replying to your esteemed despatch of 6 March; but you can blame Honor entirely.

She had a letter, or rather a series of letters, from a Dr Abraham - a Canadian living in Eastbourne - who has been commissioned to write a book on String Figures for the intelligent adult.

So he sent his draft to Raymond Firth who recommended that he should forward it to Honor who I thought would wreck herself trying to put it into some semblance of a publishable book.

In the end I got enlisted and we have been working day and night on the task. Stupid, I grant you, and infuriating; but there it is. Honor, I guess, has to uphold her reputation as the world expert and I can't bear to see her withering under the strain.

Anyway it is all over now, though it has not as yet gone to the doctor, and what a shock it will give him: especially my learned essay 'On the Classification by technique analysis of the true Cat's Cradle' - very learned stuff.

My lifetime correspondence and other MSS, up to 1970, has gone off to the archives in 7 cases:-

Series G. Correspondence and Papers on Specific Subjects

- (1) Colonial Service and South Pacific Commission (9 files).
- (2) Pacific Islands Studies, ANU (13 files).
- (3) Correspondence on Pacific Islands MS material (16 files).

Series H. Correspondence with particular Persons

All VIPs like yourself (11 files).

Series I. Correspondence on Publications

- (1) Personal publications (31 files).
- (2) Forwards and other contributions to publications by others (10 files).
- (3) Unpublished papers (7 files).

Series J. General Correspondence by Years

Arranged in chronological order of receipt or despatch.
By years, starting with pre-1929 (50 files).

Series A-F had already gone from our Forrest house, and I hope that the archivist will not want anything after 1970, the year of my retirement from active life. Now its your turn, for I trust that, being a tidy bureaucrat, you have kept all the high-lights of your distinguished career: 'the things you did for England; if only England knew', as 'Erb would have put it, and England won't know unless you leave England the gems that dripped from your pen (unless, that is, they are in my files 10 or 11 of Series H). Pearls like: 'Maude, Consulate, Nukualofa. For God's sake where is Sir Harry's sanguinary whale. Regards Paddy'. As I filed it I wondered what posterity will make of such a touching, yet perhaps rather cryptic, appeal.

Many thanks indeed for that valuable epistle of Sir Ronald's on his life and times. I have not had time to read it so cannot say if it is worth its cost of £7.25 but I shall take pleasure in airing my views in due course - in a muted tone, for he did say that he liked the slaver waffle and I have always been a great believer in the old adage: 'I'll scratch your back if you'll scratch mine'; and after all he has had the good taste to ^{select} your benevolent (if on this occasion somewhat sardonic) visage to grace the cover. But surely the 'Sir Ronald Garvey, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.B.E., on the spine is not quite 'comme il faut'? And the title is a bit of a misnomer as according to his own admission he is wealthy as Croesus. But its the guts inside that counts, and as I said I wot not of it as yet.

I enclose a cheque for £10.50 in payment and am much obliged, for I hope for much benefit to my mind and morals from reading it: and in any case it must be in my Pacific Islands Library at Adelaide, in the Biography Section side by side with Luke and Grantham.

I heard that there was to be a second edition (what that means depends on the size of the first, and offset books can be run off relatively cheaply) and I take it that from the imprint we have a copy of both between us. It would seem that the New Horizon outfit took out bankruptcy papers and, having thus escaped their creditors, started up again as Anchor Publications. But what are 'Transeuros' - hybrid kangeroos?

We look forward to Lester Gaynor's weighty tome to keep the study door from slamming, but for heaven's sake do not send it by first-class airmail like you did Garvey or I shall be ruined. Slow boat via China will do. I imagine that your friend Wimbush never looked at it after seeing the size and now feels that he'd better read it before returning it to you.

I have severed connexion with Lester Gaynor after his diatribes on Ieremia Tabai for his insolence to his pal Reagan over the tuna fishing business; especially as he added that his spy reports that suitable measures are being taken to destabilize the Kiribati

Government to teach them a lesson which they will not readily forget. Naturally Lester knows nothing about the case but as before takes the attitude of 'my country right or wrong'. I find it irritating as he takes it for granted that I must think exactly as he does, and indeed as every reasonable man must unless in Russian pay.

Thanks also for the notes about the Banaban shebang which will be duly added to Archival Series F, File 7, when I send the next batch of archival estrays. (Curiously the word is not in the Concise OED, but I have it right I think?). I agree that the instruction on p.499 could have been better phrased. If possible the reason for the instruction should have been given, but probably it never emerged in evidence? But why didn't Seed send us the commendatory remarks by Megarry as he says that he would be doing soon - it would have raised our morale no end?

You ask when I should be able to tackle the first of your 'South Sea Silhouettes'. I think that I said 2-3 years after I start on the pre-contact history of the Gilbertese people. As to when I anticipate being free to begin my own work I reckon on June being a propitious month, subject to the augurys being propitious when the time draws nigh.

Apart from a dozen or two letters and the editing and seeing into print of Reid Cowell's translation of Miss Simmond's Gilbertese stories and helping Honor with her monograph on the String Figures of Pukapuka and a couple of book reviews I reckon being clear at the moment and (as I always say) I am not taking on any new chores.

I feel that I must help Honor in fairness to her for she has helped me all my life and now I've retired it is my turn to pay back a bit of what I owe her, especially as she is not all that well. And I admit that I suggested to Reid that he should work on the Gilbertese stories because he seemed to be in a bad way with no stomach and the worry that he might still have cancer.

And by Jove it worked like a charm for he brightened up and set to work and looks a new man, at least for most of the time. Its amazing the psychological effect of a new motivation when one is down in the dumps. Even Honor has not blamed me for taking on new work this time.

I have looked at your epistles and I must admit that I am very doubtful whether I can do anything to ghost them for they represent a genre of literary composition quite out of my line. They are, unless I am mistaken, for the most part classifiable as belles-lettres or essays, based on real-life events and conveying an effect of droll humour from facetious situations told dead-pan.

Thurber is an adept at this type of writing and you might have a look at one of his books, such as 'My Life and Hard Times'. But it is the antithesis of my own style which is, or should be, strictly factual and absolutely without humour, stylistically uniform and riddled with supporting references.

I can see clearly the literary merits of what you have written, the technical shortcomings and what needs to be done to prune, polish and perfect, but I have grave doubts whether I can unlearn all I have taught myself and start again at my age.

However, what seems best is to take the most promising and wrestle with it for three weeks or a month to see if I get anywhere. Like most writers everything I have published has been written at least seven times, with four complete typescripts before the final copy, so I know that there is no substitute for sweat, blood and tears. I know from experience that in my own line of country hard work and long hours always seem to produce something of publishable quality; but whether they would result in a publishable piece of literary facetiae I have doubts, possibly because I do not know the market. And after all if I could write in the style of Thurber, or even W.W. Jacobs, I should now be lolling on the back seat of my Rolls Royce directing my chauffeur to drive me to the Savoy for lunch.

We note that you have been having seasonable weather through February. It must have been bracing for the system doing your exercises in the buff at dawn with the temperature below freezing and a 50 m.p.h. gale blowing through the open window. Here it continues balmy enough, though the people of Oz continue their daily complaints that the weather is too hot or too cold, too sunny or too cloudy.

Honor says that she will tell you any news in an enclosure, an easy task for there is none beyond an accident to her. Meanwhile I must stop as this letter has taken three days due to constant interruptions. I dipped into Ronald's effusion last night: he sounds rather egotistical, which I should not have expected. From what I remember of him in the islands he took life as rather a joke. I suppose that with his inordinate exposure to Governorships that must have worn off and he has begun to take himself seriously - a fatal error, at least for would-be autobiographers. I much prefer your style of writing to his, for he verges on the pompous.

Yours ever,

Harry B. Cooke

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

Ken Amor

3rd February, 1986.

This is a brief letter to thank you and Harry most warmly for all your kindnesses to me during my recent visit to Canberra - hospitality, transportation, to say nothing of a church service. (However, I hope you will not mind if I say that I have seldom sat or knelt on more uncomfortable pieces of furniture than I did at St. Luke's!).

In a letter some time before my arrival, and after apprising Harry that I hoped to spend four days in Canberra, he replied that he could in no wise imagine how such a visit of four days could be satisfactorily passed. I can only say that the four days passed all too quickly for me and that I enjoyed every moment of the visit, especially being entertained by selected excerpts from Harry's archives! In saying that, I should add that I am sure that I thoroughly disorganized your probably peaceful existence and I therefore apologize herewith. I can only say that from my personal point of view I enjoyed every moment of the visit and just hope it was not too much a burden on both of you. It was such a relief to talk of the old days, and of the Pacific generally, which no one in this country seems to have the slightest interest in today.

Now, in return, I must collect my wits and try and remember Harry's bubutei. First, that copy of the magnum opus of Lester Gaynor; at present that is with Robert Wimbush, who asked to borrow it, and Lester agreed. Wimbush has had it for almost a year - I was quite glad to palm it off on him. Now comes the herculean task of packing it up - it will probably have to be split into three heavy parcels, but should enable the GPO here to declare a dividend this year on the postage proceeds. Then, there is Ronald Garvey's autobiography; I will try and buy a copy, but if it is out of print will send my own copy. Then there was something about the Banabans, the title of which I cannot recall though I know the document well enough. Then there are such biographical details about Angus Maude as I can find.

And in return for those, I think Harry should cease to pirate my report on the Ellice and Tokelau Islands and make copies of extracts for all and sundry!!!!

I had a stroke of luck when flying home from Sydney to London. It was a long and tiring flight of 24½ hours with stops of only one hour at Perth and Bombay. The last leg from Bombay to Heath Row of 10 hours is especially boring and tiring. But the Personal Assistant to the General Manager of British Airways was Personal Assistant to Neil when he held the latter post and she managed to persuade her General Manager to upgrade my seat from economy to first class (for free), in recognition of Neil's work years ago. This made

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



REMEMBER
to use the
POST CARD

26P

Royal Mail

Mrs. Maude,

Unit 42 Mirinjani,

11 Namatjira Drive,

WESTON, ACT 2611,

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 GUL 1TJ.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

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To open slit here

the journey much more comfortable and pleasant with free drinks, seats that turned into very comfortable couches, etc.

Sally was, alas, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late in meeting me at Heath Row, having been told that we should have to land at Frankfurt to refuel in view of head winds all the way over Europe. In fact, we never did so land and arrived at Heath Row only 15 minutes late.

I am off to see the doctor tomorrow to have the stitches taken out of the gash below my left eye, and some attention to be given to my left foot which I slashed in the sole whilst in Fiji.

I might finally remark that we landed in Heath Row with a temperature of 1° Celsius and with a bitter east wind blowing (the wind chill factor must have been quite marked).

No other news. Once more thank you both for all you did to make my visit so enjoyable.

Love from
Paddy

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

6th March, 1986.

Dear Harry
I assume that you have by now given up all hope that the various jobs which I was to fulfil for you on my return to this country have now been well and truly forgotten. N'ayez pas peur; that is not so, but one of those tasks has delayed me for reasons quite beyond my control, as is explained below.

The four tasks were:-

- (a) to send you details about the career of Angus Maude;
- (b) to send you Lester Gaynor's magnum opus on Christmas Island;
- (c) to send you some notes which I had about the Banaban cases in the High Court here; and,
- (d) to send you a copy of Ronald Garvey's book "Gentleman Pauper".

With regard to (a), I think the only authoritative record will probably be found in "Who's Who", and I have been unable to track down that publication in Guildford. This research will have therefore to await my visit to the Royal Commonwealth (which I know has this publication) probably early in April.

With regard to (b), some weeks ago I wrote to Wimbush, (as I think I told you I had loaned the magnum opus to him) and said that I was anxious to receive it back as I required it in order to verify certain dates, etc. in it! He replied saying that he would get in touch with me in the near future. Not having heard from him, I sent a reminder to him two days ago and now await his reply. I can only assume that he is appalled at the idea of packing it up to send to me and is procrastinating. However, I shall secure the work even if I have to drive over to where he lives and prise it out of him! Oddly, I received a letter from Lester Gaynor yesterday. When I first wrote to Wimbush I also happened to be writing to Gaynor about the same time and told him that I had lent the work to Wimbush who had now had it for some 7 or 8 months, I think. In his letter received yesterday, Lester was obviously so perturbed that I should be without my precious copy of his work that he has volunteered to write to Wimbush and tell him he must return it to me sine mora! However, I will wait to see whether my second letter to Wimbush produces any result. I might remark in passing that I too am appalled at the thought of how I am going to package that magnum opus.

With regard to (c), I enclose the various papers in question. They are in no particular order and I do not even know if they will be of any interest to you; they are papers which I have simply laid aside from time to time with the thought that one day I might possibly write something on the subject. The letter from little Seed (Ing's Assistant in the cases) I see that I have already copied and sent to you, but you may like the original. With regard to the third line on page 2 of the letter, I should have been flattered to learn what old Megarry said about you and I, but I guess I will never know now. Some of the material in the Weekly Law Report of the 1st April irritates me. Thus, for example, anyone reading the two lines I have marked with a pencilled X on page 499 would regard the person who issued that instruction as wilfully unjust. And yet, of course, there was a perfectly good and valid reason for the instruction as you will know only too well. Not that what is in the report is inaccurate; it is factually correct of course and I suppose that that is all that matters to any lawyer studying the report. But it irritates me.

With regard to (d), that is the cause of my delay in writing to you. I have had my local (and very efficient) bookseller searching for "Gentleman Pauper" for some four weeks, but it is only now that he has tracked a copy down. I do not know the reason why though maybe I will learn it if and when I next see Ronald Garvey. But it can hardly be because it is a best seller; it has not. But the reason may be because the publisher has been changed - though again why I do not know. My copy, which I bought quite a few months ago, was published and printed by "NEW HORIZON (Transeuros Limited) BOGNOR REGIS, GREAT BRITAIN". The copy which I have finally purchased for you is Printed and published (note the transposition of these two words) by "ANCHOR PUBLICATIONS (Cablegood Limited) BOGNOR REGIS GREAT BRITAIN". Both emanate from Bognor Regis as you will note, but what if any link there is between the two firms I do not know. As far as I can see the texts of both editions are similar, and that includes the vast number of typographical errors! As far as the GEIC is concerned, the one really serious error is the statement at the top of page 58 that I took over as Administrative Officer, Farming Island, from "Bentley". Of course, that is rubbish; the A.O. there from whom I took over was Leembruggen, who had been banished there by Barley, who did not find him a congenial drinking companion! (There is a jolly little story about you also on page 58! Is it true?) I cannot follow the story about Commander Wright on page 56. He was hardly young if I remember aright. Did he ever assume duty at Ocean Island? I was

sent there to draw up a Defence Scheme for the island and organize a Defence Force, both of which tasks had been given to Leembruggen but both of which he proved unable to fulfil. But, if I was doing so well at Ocean Island, it was certainly rather a waste of a reasonably competent officer to send him to Fanning Island to do two jobs which any reasonably efficient officer could have done.

I have said that the two editions of the book appear to me to be the same; judging by the GEIC section that is so. First, the "Bentley" error is repeated and so is the constant misspelling of my name in that section and elsewhere. You would have thought that Ronald would have got that right. The new edition is also different (for what it is worth) in that it has a blue cover, whereas the earlier one was in green, though the photograph in both cases is the same.

Personally I was very disappointed in the book. I think it falls between two stools; it makes no attempt to discuss the more serious problems of the territories in which he served; there is no continuity in what is presumably intended to be a kind of autobiography. I shall be very interested to hear what you think of it - an unbiassed view! Has it been reviewed in Australia; if so, I should be interested to see how it was reviewed.

Anyway, there we are. The book, which costs £7.25, is not in my view worth that. And sending it by book post airmail means one can add another, say, £3.25 for a total of £10.50 - definitely not worth it I think. However, with you millionaires, what's that. So I shall post it at the same time as this letter.

I realize that it is a bit premature but I hope that in a couple of months's time, you may be able to give me some idea of when you will be able to do something about those stories of mine.

We are all just thawing out after the second coldest month of February this century according to the Weather Office. Snow fell on the 1st February and it has been lying here on the ground until two days ago. There was plenty of snow even down here in Guildford. Temperatures were unbelievable; even down here at Guildford they fell to as low as 12° Fahrenheit at night i.e. 20° below freezing. And the temperatures hovered around freezing all day and every day. The fact that the snow was lying of course helped to keep the temperatures down. But every day we also experienced bitter, very bitter, winds straight from Siberia and, to make matters worse, they almost always rated about 35 - 50 m.p.h. To give you another idea of how cold it was the sea in Southampton Water, and in various other ports, FROZE solid. That wintry weather has been succeeded by two days of almost solid rain - a case of out of the frying pan and into the fire, slightly transposed.

Must close now. Love to Honor; I hope she keeps well

Yours truly

Unit 42, 'Miringjani',
11 Namatjira Drive,
Watson, ACT 2611,
17 August, 1985.

Dear Paddy,

I'm afraid that you must have been wondering what on earth has come of us, for it seems ages since I last wrote to you and I have two letters of yours somewhere on the pile.

Fact is we went to Fiji for the Conference of Pacific Historians at the University from the end of June to the beginning of July. We went a week early so that we could settle in comfortably at the GPH (soon to be turned into Government offices) rented a brand-new Toyota and took life easily.

The History Shemozzle was a good show with Pacific historians from Australia, Canada, Cook Islands, Denmark, Fiji, French Polynesia, West Germany, Japan, Kiribati, New Zealand, Niue, Papua New Guinea, Solomon Islands, Tonga, Tuvalu, the U.S., Vanuatu and Western Samoa.

I gave an address entitled 'On Writing Island History' in which I pointed out that all Pacific history meant to all but a few freaks like myself was the history of European contact in the Pacific Islands. Rather as if all we studied in English history was the contacts made by the Romans, Angles, Saxons, Danes, Normans and French.

My argument was that they should be working on island history: the history of the islanders, and that European contact history instead of being 97% of the content of Pacific history should be about 10%. Then followed an outline of the book I am working on - the history of the Gilbertese from the time they left SE Asia to their discovery by Europeans - it mentioned nearly 100 Gilbertese historical characters and not one European.

I thought they might lynch me but actually everyone was very kind, considering I was challenging pretty well everything they stood for professionally. I find people are kind of late: its all just another pontification from what one called the grandfather of Pacific history.

Anyway we had our surprise when Tebuke Rotan rang up and, after referring to the talk said that the Council and people of Rabi would like to give a dinner party in our honour.

We found that the party, which was in a city restaurant and very splendiferous, was actually to thank us for having bought Rabi for the Banabans. In his speech Tebuke said

that the Banabans had come to love and appreciate Rabi as their home and to realize its value in comparison with Banaba, and that the younger folk in particular would never go back to Banaba under any circumstances and that though we were once blamed for marooning the community on Rabi public opinion had turned round to an appreciation of what a wonderful home they had now got and how it could be developed into a real jewel.

He then outlined the developments under way, of course under the grand direction of Tebuke ma. It was all rather touching, and quite unexpected.

Honor went to a party for her given by Lady Hedstrom at which she met some of the leading lights in the European community and said that it was just like turning the clock back a decade or so, with nothing changed in the interval. I enclose pieces on two of those present from a book on the ladies of Fiji I am reading at the moment; all good solid women's lib stuff.

We then went on to Nadi and stayed at the Tanoa, which was first-class - at least I could not want anything better. We had been advised to stay at the Regent of Fiji, which Ian Thompson's son runs. However Honor reneged because she heard that it is a real snob-box starting at \$135 for a room and meals priced accordingly. Now I shall never be able to say that I once stayed at the finest hotel in the Pacific Islands.

We had no sooner settled down again in this home for decayed senescents than we caught flu; not the ordinary kind against which we were vaccinated but a special import from the south of France. One-fifth of the vegetables in another home for the decrepit near Sydney died in a week but this letter is proof that we survived. But hence my delay in writing.

You really shouldn't spell commitment with one 't', which is an indication that I have found your last letter and read the first para. I've now reached the third para. and I see that the Dictionary says of your 'miniscule' that it is 'erron.', which for your information means erroneous; and so is the whole sentence for we would gladly swap our income for half of yours any day of the week. Did I not see the tell-tale words 'company Director' on your passport. It must have made Lester green with envy - so much better than 'sewage specialist', which is on his.

All this pedantry is due to my having bought a new 7th edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary, having worn out two in the last few years, and I keep looking up words for the joy of using the thumb index. Someone told me that I get more pleasure out of words than others get out of sex

and I guess it must be true for, like Oskar Spate, I love them dearly.

Which reminds me that Oskar said the other day that when you come next he would esteem it an honour if he might pay his respects to you in person. Poor Oskar: he's mentally alert but a physical wreck, shuffling along with a stick; but he was still able to go to Suva and have dinner with us at the GPH.

You have done nothing to upset your friend Orr. I had a letter from him not long ago in which he speaks of you with reverence. If he has not written lately it is probably because his brother declined to return a loan he had made him so he has had to give up his books and go back to work for his living. I feel very sorry for him, for though he cannot write for toffee he is dogged and pertinacious and deserves a break in life.

I too remember Clarke's boy Tumaka: he stole a boat at Betio and drifted off with a girl friend but I cannot recollect his final fate. So you invented OICPISS, but I shall get even with you some day. It plagued me for years and even followed me to Fiji - I well remember Eve Cookson embarrassing me at a Residency dinner by asking in an innocent but loud voice what was that cute name they called me by starting she thought with 'Oic' but she had forgotten how it ended.

Yes, Sir, we certainly agree about Reagan - a very nasty piece of work and potentially extremely dangerous. What the Americans see in him beats me but I imagine that Lester regards him as only slightly lower than God. He got all the credit when the economy improved but now that it is in tatters nobody seems to blame him. The American economy would collapse without ever increasing expenditure on armaments, and the size of the National Debt frightens one. Curiously hypnotic that avuncular demeanour with the modest half-smile.

Talking of deceivers reminds me that in my first conversation with our mutual friend Boutilier I mentioned that he did not seem to have got much information about Kennedy during his interview with you in the WPHC archives, but as I explained you had a notoriously fallible memory. He looked a bit non-plussed and two days later told me that he had looked right through the diary of his visit to Fiji, which confirmed that though he had phoned asking to see you it was not possible because you were too busy packing boxes. Well now, what do you think of that? I said that it was a pity he did not insist because I believed you had all Kennedy's Confidential Personal Files laid out on a table for him to go through.

Most Australians appear to feel that Tabai is justified in making an agreement with the Russians covering fishing rights since they need the resulting 1½m which it will produce and America refuses to give them a penny - in fact American aid to the Pacific Islands, bar their own Micronesia, is pitiful.

The ABC Four Corners featured Tabai and the Russian venture, I thought very fairly for the Republic. Four Corners also pitched into the U.S. for stealing Kiribati fish right along Kiribati shores and gave a good account of the Onotoa incident and how America broke every international law.

The President of the American Tuna Fishing Association also spoke, but so badly that he would have done better if he had remained silent. Tabai talked of the arrogance and downright rudeness of the U.S. Government to what they evidently thought a contemptible little coconut Republic. The NZ Longe came off worst as a hypocrite who, having allowed the Russians to fish in NZ waters and use NZ harbours, then told Tabai that Kiribati could do neither.

I see that the Rabi Island Council, under the leadership of Tebuke once again, has given formal notice that if Kiribati grants fishing rights to Russian ships Ocean Island will secede from the Republic. Very shrewd, but I doubt that even with Mara's enthusiastic help he will get anywhere.

The Phosphateers is out and the BPC, before they wound up asked me for a list of people to whom they might send it, as I had been associated with it, through Maslyn Williams and Barrie Macdonald, from the beginning. So I put your name on the list and you should get your copy soon, if you have not already got it by airmail. Writing it nearly killed Maslyn, and he is now almost totally blind, but it is a much better book than I had expected. If the Commission, or what was left of it, had had the slightest idea of what was in their archives they would never have allowed Maslyn open slather.

But I must stop. We go to Adelaide end September and first half of October; otherwise we shall be here should you decide to come this way. I may have to go to Tarawa as I am anxious to finance a Kiribati literary periodical to help local authors; but most probably next year.

My respects and Honor's love,

Yours ever,

Harry Mande

3rd May, 1985.

Alan Alan

Very many thanks for your long and delightful letter of the 23rd April, which merits this early reply. But I must disclaim, nay rebut, the impertinent suggestion that any letter of mine "castigated" you for delay in replying to one of my letters. Whilst it is always a matter of the greatest pleasure to receive a letter from you, I know only too well your correspondence commitments, and appreciate that I must take my turn in the queue of those fortunate enough to receive a letter from the Master.

But, apart from the fact that you have had to endure some weeks of back-breaking gardening at your old house, it is good to know that you have at last made the move to Unit 42 and that, as if by a magician's wand, it is apparently all that you both could have wished for. It was certainly a stroke of luck finding that "superb carpenter". I shall look forward to seeing the final results one of these days.

So you "have comfortably over \$100,000 a year to live on". You will I am sure recall a fairly well authenticated story of how, at the time preceding and during the Banaban High Court trials in this country, you were offered a bag of precious stones (or was it gold?) by old Rotan. I was perhaps naturally, being a colleague of your's, always uneasy about the story but now, years later, in view of the above quotation from your letter, it would seem that it contained many a grain of truth. I am surprised therefore that you treat the size of your "income" so lightly in your letter. And here is poor me, never having been approached by Rotan, slumming it on a miniscule income in comparison to your's.

You write of friend Orr. As you know, I gave him a gargantuan lunch when last staying in Sydney in January, since when I have not received a word from him. It is certainly odd, as, up till then, he had proved himself to be a profuse letter writer. I certainly cannot think of anything I may have said or done to upset him. I knew of course that he was writing a number of books and, indeed, at our lunch, he gave me a list of the titles as follows:- "Orphans of the Great Sea"; "The Glittering Coasts"; "Old Glory over Coral Specks"; "Fortunes stranger shores"; "The Dubious Prizes"; "Malden Island - A lonely Scrap of Empire". I am not sure if the last one is one story or two. A queer bloke, for whom I am sorry but sympathetic. I had better drop him a line.

Thank you for reminding me of the name of the German trader in Tamana in 1874. In fact I recalled it soon after writing to you. It had two points of interest for me. First, the first entry in the High Commissioner's Inward Correspondence Register in 1874 was a letter from the authorities (by whatever called) in Tamana complaining that a German trader by name Schumaker had raped a young Tamana beauty and that the penalty was - and I quote - "£50 and flog". The whole language of the letter was quite delightful; thus, the Kaubure were called "Cobule", and so on. I feel pretty sure that I copied it and that it will be found in the largest of the three boxes of GEIC records that I recently posted to Overy. But there is a second reason why I recall the incident. On arrival in Ocean in January, 1933, as a newly joined Cadet, I was met by Cookson, Acting Police Officer, and told I would be staying with Dippy Clarke and his wife. I did so stay there, but they had a fairly powerfully built Gilbertese boy servant. He looked about $\frac{1}{2}$ European and two-thirds Gilbertese. His name was Tumaka and he was in fact a native of Tamana, and descended from the old German trader.

Yes, I posted all my GEIC records, 1874 - 1914, to Overy a week or two ago. They comprised three boxes. Two were size $13\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the third was about half as large again. The cost of postage alone was £45.55 and I took a whole day packing them up so as to endeavour to ensure their arrival safe and sound in Tarawa. The first two boxes contain the correspondence records by years and, e.g. HC to RC, HC to SS, RC to HC, SS to HC, Naval correspondence, miscellaneous, and so on. Each lot is strapped by itself as far as I recall. The only other item in one of those boxes is the report made by Thurston when he visited the GEIC in mid-1893 in HMS Rapid which I typed out and had bound in stiff cardboard.

The third and larger box contains a miscellany of material which I cannot now specify. One item is a photocopied report of the visit of Captain E.H.M. Davis to the Colony in H.M.S. Royalist in mid-1892.

Overy will, of course, make up his mind as to just how to deal with the records. Personally, I should like to see them "synthesized," so to speak. Thus, to take an example; one of the stories I always thought I would like to write up would be the trivial quarrel between Telfer Campbell and Lodge, which lasted for several years. The correspondence would involve Lodge to Campbell, RC to HC, HC to RC, I think HC to SS, and SS to HC, and certainly there is Navy correspondence on the subject. I think that all such correspondence should be extracted and put in a single file. That could be done with many subjects and could greatly simplify the work of any researchers, who would take a long time to ferret out the Campbell v Lodge correspondence.

To revert to the last paragraph on the first page of this letter, the third and largest box of the records also contains some incredibly valuable printed reports e.g. Maude on the Colonization of the Phoenix, Maude on the post-war reorganization of the GEIC, etc. etc. In view of the very many hours during which I typed the main records, perhaps you could suggest to Overy that such documents could be sold, with of course a high reserve price on each, and the proceeds remitted to me, to augment my income which was never boosted by a bag of gold or precious stones from Rotan. (I should have said earlier that the figures in the second and third paragraphs of your letter are a good cover story, but....

The release of these records for professional researchers and other members of the public causes me no qualms, unless it is that they will criticize my typing!

The only records which I now retain are those copies of correspondence or documents which relate to my stories. I should prefer them not to be released until my stories come out, so to speak. (These include photocopies of CO/FO correspondence about the one describing the journey of the Gilbertese to Guatemala and back). Once the stories appear, such records could be sent by me to Overy. The only other item which I retain is the secret report which I wrote in 1940 about the US claim to the Ellice and Tokelau Islands. I look at it still with considerable pride from time to time but I suppose I ought to think about its final disposal.

I agree with what you say about driving in foreign parts, but your case and mine differ. You would have Honor to help you with driving directions. It is difficult being on one's own in a foreign country, especially if the traffic is heavy and fast. (Thus, I always hire a car in Fiji, because I know the roads and the traffic is light). The volume of traffic here is appalling. And there are a myriad of new roads. And 40-tonners crack along at anything up to 70 mph. There is absolutely no way to enjoy driving in this country today. Contra-riwise, your roads in Australia are probably very underused save for the urban area traffic, and that is probably true of New Zealand and Fiji. Here, thousands of new cars are coming on the roads in this tiny island every year. There will be traffic thrombosis by 1990. On the last public holiday week-end, there was a traffic queue 40 - repeat 40 - miles long one evening in the Midlands.

I was fascinated by your account of tuna-fishing troubles in the South Pacific. Not a word of it all has reached here, or at any rate has not appeared in such newspapers as the Times or Telegraph or Economist. I do not disagree with your views and admire PNG and SI and Kiribati for the stand they have courageously taken. Reagan is, in my view, a dangerous man and, when thwarted as by Congress over funds for the "Contras", and now his declaration putting Nicaragua in quarantine, is capable of acting stupidly in the extreme. Further, his "Star Wars" project is simply asking for trouble later on I think. I must say I don't regard him as a very happy ally for us.

One final word - the society called PISUKI. What an unattractive name. I can only think of one worse - inelegant and vulgar I fear and coined by Acting Secretary to Government Macdonald many years ago for telegrams to Maude and later Gerald Gallagher as Officer in charge of the Phoenix Islands Settlement Scheme - viz. OICPISS. I should have patented it and written a despatch to the HC telling him about it!

I was so frustrated and angry about being unable to visit Fiji in January that I am thinking of coming out to Fiji and then Australia about November/December this year, but cannot decide until August. Please keep me advised of your travels (Fiji ?) since I should be very distressed to miss you. Perhaps we should meet in Fiji and jointly go and lay some flowers on the grave of HHV ? But keep me advised so that I can address you wherever you may be.

My love to Honor; obviously she must have worked like a tiger to get the flat so nice, I hope with no ill effects. Ditto yourself.

Unit 42, 'Miringani',
11 Namatjira Drive,
Weston, ACT 2611,
Australia, 23.4.85.

My dear Paddy,

A second letter has arrived yesterday castigating me for not having replied to your first. My apologies, but we have been moving house - in fact we have been in our new abode for over three weeks but have had to look after the old at the same time, and that has meant days of back-breaking gardening to keep it in good nick for the potential buyers to admire.

However, it was duly auctioned on the 19th and the auctioneer has gone off to Belgium for a month on his share of the proceeds. Hookers, the Real Estate tycoons, valued it at \$285,000 but we let it go at \$261,000 as Honor wanted to be free of it and we really didn't need the extra hoot which might have taken several more months to get.

As it is we have comfortably over \$100,000 a year to live on, which is more than we need to keep the wolf from the door during the rather short expectation of life at our advanced age of 80. Of course for a young thing like you it is a very different proposition.

We had not realized that we had been in effect slaves to a property: working from dawn to dusk just to keep it in order. Now we feel free for the first time in years and can go where we want and do what we want. And Honor, with the enthusiastic help of her Interior Decorator and a superb carpenter full of fertile ideas for improvements, has got the flat looking really bright and cozy, while my new study with all its cupboards, shelves and fittings is a super place to work in.

Don't thank me for offering to have a look at your effusions. I shall certainly do so when the Grimble Book and the two subsidiary works which follow from it are off my chest; but I have frankly little confidence in anything of use materlizing because the writing of belles lettres is really not in my line (more in that of a novelist); but I'll do my best and if one or two pages are improved instead of being rendered unreadable you can thank me then and present me with a sound bottle of Australian wine.

You speak of friend Orr. He writes in a letter dated May 13th 1985 (which seems odd as it is only April now) that: 'Last week I finished the draft of my series of books on the Pacific guano trade' and that he is 'feeling frankly exhausted' but nevertheless is 'pleased to think that the books are good'. I thought that he was writing

one book only and that about Malden Island or I would have given him piles of notes on the guano trade. A queer bloke and I don't like his feeling that his work is good; everything that I have written that I thought was good has turned out to be absolute tripe.

You say that you wish that you could remember the name of the German trader on Tamana in 1874 - surely it was Schu-
maker. I was glad to hear that you contemplate lodging your valuable TS material on the WPHC records in the Tarawa archives but in fairness I should warn you that they will then become available to the public and once there I shall for one apply to have them photocopied and have earmarked \$1,000 for that purpose. Once in an archives they become fair game for professional researchers like myself; not that I shall use them except for occasional references to events, names and dates, and all will of course be duly acknowledged as to the source.

I think that I have answered all the queries in your first letter other than to say that surface mail from the UK to Kiribati normally goes to Sydney and thence by Columbus or other cargo ship to Tarawa. Airmail goes London, Sydney, Suva, Tarawa. No, please don't return anything that I send you unless I ask as the items are almost invariably copies made on my Canno photocopier.

Sorry to hear that you will not drive in foreign parts because I'm a firm believer that it is the only way to enjoy visits abroad. We go to Fiji in a few months and will rent a car for the whole of our stay, as we do in New Zealand, Hawaii, the UK and our other haunts.

On the matter raised in your second letter, the Pacific Islands states have been getting more and more furious with Regan and his bullying, blustering and chauvenistic attitude towards their rights, and more importantly their feelings, as free and independent nations.

The present trouble stems from the fact that a small group of deep-sea fishing companies were on the edge of bankruptcy and lobbied Washington to back them in a disregard of the 200-mile zones of the island countries. Regan agreed though I heard that he was warned of inevitable trouble ahead by the State Department people in Fiji, since the off-shore fisheries are of vital interest to the islanders but of minimal importance to the US.

The American companies proceeded to send out several million dollar fishing vessels which, one hears, practically cleaned out the Eastern Pacific of tuna; and then started on a clean up of Melanesian waters. Kiribati was already furious (vide the Atoll Pioneer, or rather Te Uekera), but now more serious trouble brewed when the PNG Government nabbed one of

the poachers.

This was eventually settled by negotiation but then the Solomons caught the Jeanette Diana in the act and confiscated her (you must have heard the fracas even in the remote and icy regions where you live). Regan, at the instigation of the tuna fishers, who were said to be facing bankruptcy again owing to their 'kill the goose that lays the golden eggs' policies, put an embargo on all exports from the Solomons, and the fat was in the fire since the Solomons told Regan to go and chase himself somewhere.

Then the Carol Linda goes so close to the Gilberts that she runs ashore (at Onotoa, if I remember rightly) and gets pulled off by her cobbers in flagrant disregard of international law. So, as was predictable, Kiribati is taking a million dollars from Russia in return for permission to do what the Americans were doing for nix, and Tuvalu seems likely to follow any day now. Regan could have avoided all trouble with a little tact and perhaps a small solatium in dollars, but I fear that he prefers the big stick approach with what he must regard as contemptible mini-states not worth bothering about, and that the CIA will be called in to destabilize the islanders.

I realize that you may well disagree with my views, for these things must look very different in the UK. However I enclose a very temperate article on the contretemps by Robert Keith-Reid in Fiji, who is easily the best journalist covering the islands today.

You are of course quite right in saying that the Russians will, if considered necessary, chart the shorelines, reefs and channels in the Gilberts accurately. But I doubt if they will consider it necessary, or that it matters in any case, for they must have got accurate charts from the Americans, British, French and Japanese already and they have little, if anything, of any value to learn. And this applies too for any statistical and other information on the population, resources, etc.

There is little danger of Russian propaganda affecting the Gilbertese or Tuvaluans for the local media is government controlled and the Government is strongly pro-western; for the good reason that they are being subsidized by Australia, N.Z., the U.K., the E.E.C., Japan and China, and were these handouts stopped their economies would collapse.

I have said enough and I see you dozing off in your armchair, with the decanter of Scotch by your side now empty,

Yours ever,

Harry

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

Kau Harry

13th March, 1985.

You have probably wondered at my delay in replying to your letter of the 17th February. There were two reasons; first, I have been away in the rural wilds of East Anglia for the better part of three weeks; but, secondly, when I returned and read your letter, I simply could not believe that incredibly munificent offer to revise my stories and produce them in a form to titillate the dreams of the gullest most unimaginative reader.

What can I say; a mere 'thank you' steeped in sincerity seems totally inadequate; and yet, how else can I express my deep appreciation and grateful thanks. It really puts the coping stone on our friendship, though the benefits are all on my side.

I agree with what you write about revision of almost any document; in my governmental experience (chiefly with speeches), its much harder to revise something than write the original and, as you so rightly point out, almost certainly several revisions are necessary (as with speeches).

But, of course, the miraculous advantage to be derived in your kindness in undertaking the revision - an element denied to others - is that such revision would be undertaken by someone who knew the scene of the stories and had the welfare of its people at heart. An added advantage, of course - and doubtless there are a number of others - is that you are an author of wide experience and great expertise.

Be all that as it may, I was absolutely thrilled to read of your offer - just like any schoolboy getting his Sixth Form prize or his 1st XI cap - and I gratefully accept it. I note that you have no free time available until mid-1986; never mind, I am a patient person.

I only wish I could think of an appropriate way to express my appreciation. At the moment, I can only think of the rather farcical idea of presenting you with my copy of Lester Gaynor's great book! How about it? Maybe, between now and mid-1986, something will occur to me.

Now to the rest of your letter. It is true that I did not feel as fit as usual during the last day that I spent in Canberra. This was obviously due to the fact that I had eaten something with some 'bug' in it whilst in Sydney, and was suffering from tummy trouble. However, Honor certainly saved the day by taking me to her chemist who produced a medicine which rapidly cured my ills and which I would warmly recommend to anyone. I feel pretty sure that I know what caused the trouble, but as I was a guest of others in Sydney, it is difficult to publicize the cause of the trouble. If Honor should ever have a word with that chemist, she can tell him of my gratitude. I hope you find as good a man at Mirinjani.

I have not heard from Orr now since my return to this country and hope that he is alright - trying to write and produce five books at once must be something of a strain.

I was interested in what you had to say about the McGuirk material. From my brief and amateurish inspection of it, I suspected that it was pretty valueless, and you confirm my suspicions. I only regret I wasted so much money on long-distance telephone calls, and letters. I never received the complete set of documents which he promised to send me.

You are, of course, quite right in saying that I should send those typewritten WPHC records to the Kiribati National Archives. After all, they comprise every communication in those Archives which deal with or have the slightest bearing on the old Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony. I well recall the first - a letter of protest from the Tamana authorities in 1874 about a German trader (the father of the SG Clarke's manservant) raping a young Gilbertese lass! (I wish I could recall his name).

I have recognized for some time past that the Kiribati National Archives is where the records should be sent. But I have funked dealing with the problem, hoping against hope - though getting feebler and feebler - that one day I might be able to write histories from the records. (I might interpolate here that there is also some material concerning the other groups).

I say that I have funked reaching a decision on the future of such records and one reason is their volume. If you recall those boxes we used in the WPHC Archives, I would say that there are about 3 boxes full of records.

I shall now have to purchase quite a number of those thickly padded envelopes in which to pack the records and make sure that they reach Tarawa undamaged. But I think I will write to Overy first, and advise him of what I propose to do. I have no idea what course such mails follow in order to reach the Gilbert Islands - via Sydney and Suva, I assume.

Apropos of which I shall also use the same type of envelope(s) to send you my stories - and by sea mail - as their weight by airmail would make the cost prohibitive. But, in any case, there is ample time before you require them.

So, the flat at Miranjani is taking shape and colour. But I agree with you that it would be better if Honor had a large iron ball attached to her leg by a chain to stop her overdoing it. It would be tragic if she fell ill again in the course of the move. Get tough with her, though you will not find it easy.

I do not know what Archival Series G is about, though I have a horrid suspicion that it consists of correspondence between yourself and those unwise enough to address you and fulminate about this or that. Have you got all Lester's letters filed? I sincerely trust that none of mine are so filed and on record. If they are, and if I had known that, I would have written in a much more cagey style and been more reticent about many items.

The letter from Andrew was absolutely superb, and so in character I thought. Why he should think of me as "a stout fellow", I cannot quite imagine. I hardly recall him at Ocean Island or what he was doing there. I recall him as a pleasant, though rather pompous, individual, with a high pitched laugh. Maybe, I showed great deference to him as my senior officer! But his letter to you is a bit patronizing. He has admirably spotted that little Mautake was a Chief Kaubure of considerable intelligence. But I am not sure I agree with his assessment of Tiriata who was my Clerk & Interpreter. I did not know about Mrs. Bentley's purloining of Clarke's papers; I wonder what was in them; criticisms of Hark? Incidentally, do you wish me to return Andrew's letter?

Finally, motels or hotel accommodation, in the vicinity of Miranjani. I still feel so frustrated at not having been able to reach Suva in January that I am contemplating visiting there later this year - say, in October/November, and thence on to Sydney and Canberra. I am encouraged in this by friends - European and Fijian - in Suva suggesting that I do so. That is the usual time when I undertake my round-the-world tours, though I was unable to on the last occasion. If I came, I would visit Fiji first this time. As someone rather cruelly pointed out, I am steadily getting older and soon may not be able or willing to travel around the world! But I will advise you in due course. Although it means seeking further kindnesses from you, I do not think I would care to drive a strange car in a strange country.

Must close now. Once more, my most grateful thanks for your munificent offer to revise my stories; I can still hardly believe it; that is friendship beyond the call of duty as the old Civil Service phrase goes.

Please give my love to Honor and tell her to relax and take it easy.

To yourself, my warm regards and deepest gratitude,

Yr Mac

I apologize for the standard of typing. Damn this cheap slipping Olivetti typewriter - oddly enough given me by my son!

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

My dear Harry

6th April, 1985.

I know that the officially expected date of your move to the new flat was to be the end of January, though you very much doubted if it would be achieved before the end of March. Now that April has arrived, I am wondering if you have now made the move and have been expecting at any moment to receive a missive about it. I hope you will not forget, for you must have to send out a host of letters or cards telling your pals like Lester just when you are moving and your new address.

Lester continues to plague me (the only suitable verb to describe his missives) with letters at regular intervals. I enclose a notice from his latest letter. He seems to pose as THE expert on the Pacific for miles around where he lives. It makes me feel an ignoramus!

One of my reasons for writing to you arises out of the enclosed Press cutting, regarding the fishing rights granted by the Republic of Kiribati to the U.S.S.R. for its fishing vessels. I imagine that there has been a good deal more about this in the Australian and New Zealand papers, although Mr. Lange does not seem too concerned. I am surprised, and I imagine that Australia will show more concern. Granted that Kiribati, which must be a pretty peniless sort of territory nowadays, requires every cent (or rouble) it can lay its hands on through the grant of expensive fishing licences, I would not trust the Russians very far. It will not be long before the staff on those "fishing" vessels have every shoreline, reef and channel mapped. They tried to get into Fiji - and, as you probably know wished to establish an embassy there, but the Fiji Government refused - but in Fiji, at least when I was there, we gave them no encouragement whatever, and checked their movements and activities very carefully indeed. I doubt whether Kiribati could do so, and I wonder if Mn Tabai has overreached himself a bit in coming to such an agreement.

Mr. Lange, the New Zealand Prime Minister, has come and gone. He certainly did not impress any here save for the GND folk. The way he behaved most folk thought he was a clown, a buffoon, and in several interviews he simply did not answer sensible questions but was merely rude. I wonder what would happen if a referendum was held in New Zealand.

I do hope that Honor is going from strength to strength, whilst at the same time not overdoing it and requiring restraint, especially in connexion with the move to the new flat. And don't kill yourself either!

This is a very brief note really intended to ascertain about your move to the new flat. This is Easter week-end; the fare on TV is quite appalling - discos, etc. and the out-of-doors entertainments are about on a par. Sally and family are absent, sailing in the Channel, which promises to be very rough. It reminds me of voyages on the Nimanoa and Kiakia. I declined an invitation!

My love to Honor

*Yours
Mac*

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
17th February, 1985.

My dear Paddy,

Glad to get your letter and to find that you reached the land of hope and glory once again. We felt that you were not too well in Canberra, particularly on your last day, so it was probably just as well that you didn't have to go to Fiji. I hate traveling and visiting when I am crook and these days nothing would induce me to leave home until I feel 100% or a bit more. Probably if you had gone on you would have landed in the Suva Hospital; where some of the doctors are not too well trained these days.

It was good of you to contact Orr who is deserving of much praise for his indomitable efforts to get into print, despite the fact that he cannot write for toffee.

Re your queries. No, there is no motel or other hostelry at Weston - only snakes and abos - probably the nearest is Forest Park at Curtin, which is about 5 miles away. But we can either transport you ourselves or provide you with a car of any make you favour, provide you remember to bring a licence to drive out with you.

The McGuirk material was a complete write off. I could not make head or tail of most of it and what I managed to read was of so little historical value that I felt it not worth trying infra-red or any other technique to aid legibility. I guess the McGuirk knew that it was tripe; hence the difficulty in extracting it from him. If you'd like to try your hand at deciphering it I'll gladly send it to you.

Your typed material on the GEIC from the WPHC records should, I suggest, go to the Kiribati National Archives, where they would constitute an invaluable source for future researchers. The only other place would seem to be the USP library, which has just been given \$6 millions by Australia for extensions, with \$18 millions for the university as a whole. But the Gilbertese would appreciate it most, and it is after all source material on their own show.

I send back your reminiscences of an island beachcomber which you kindly lent me. As you know my view is that they are probably unpublishable at present but nonetheless publishable if rewritten in an acceptable literary form, for at present they are penned in an anecdotal style suitable for circulation to friends and relations but not to the Erbs and Andrews, let alone the great uncaring world beyond.

Thinking the problem over for some days it does seem a bit pointless to spend £4,500 to print 500 copies, for as you say, how is one to get rid of them: I have just sent to the recycling people hundreds of copies of offprints of my own papers. Admittedly you could rewrite them in literary form but I know from experience how long it takes and how many times one has to revise to get the paragraphs smooth, flowing and rhythmic; and unless you have a burning itch for literary perfection (which of course one never achieves) it could become a burden and not a pleasure.

Why not send them all out to me for professional retyping in a form suitable for offset reproduction of say 100 copies in paperback form, bound in a pleasing cover with a title page and all the usual trimmings? We would take 5 copies for our trouble and ship the rest to you for such distribution as may seem desirable. I reckon that we could do it all for not much more than \$1,000, which even in the present plight of the pound is a lot less than ~~\$4,500~~ £4,500. But I could not tackle the job for a year for I have absolutely no free time available until mid-1986.

Thanks for the information about Ronald Garvey's autobiography. I shall send to Maggs Brothers for a copy.

We move forwards towards Mirinjani slowly and yet we are flat out all day and night, particularly Honor. I really worry that she will work herself into further trouble with her frenetic rushing about cleaning and tidying the house and garden, planting and cleaning at Mirinjani, ordering this and that and organizing everything, instead of lying quiet and letting things take their course. It is her nature when well and may make a month's difference in the time taken to remove ourselves and our belongings.

I have finished Archival Series G, which consists of the correspondence from 1929-1969, by years: about 50 files and well over 1,000 items. For your amusement I enclose a delightfully patronising letter from our friend Andrew, as it refers to you in unexpectedly favourable terms: you stout fellow. With such careful instructions from him as to how we should perform our duties at Tarawa we could not very well have gone wrong.

A long letter has arrived from Grimble's grandson asking for advice about going out to the Gilberts and writing a book, hopefully to make money. He seems a bit muddle-headed and juvenile about his plans, which seem calculated to lose rather than make his fortune. Without the Grimble touch there is little likelihood of his opus ever being published.

I shall stop now, stout fellow, because there is much to be done today. With love from one and kind regards from the other occupant of this house,

Yours ever,

Harry

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets, London Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 1TJ.
30th January, 1985.

New Home
I am addressing this letter to you rather than to Honor, since it is mostly concerned with 'shop'. Let me say at once, however, how absolutely delighted I was to see Honor meeting me at the airport; I never contemplated that after her serious illness, and it did my heart good to see her. Of course I was puzzled at the simultaneous absence of her husband (who turned up later), who on the last occasion seemed to have been trying to lop off his arm, and I must confess I wondered if he was having a second shot at it on this occasion. Maybe, however, he had merely temporarily mislaid the car or house keys, a pastime in which he seems to be excelling these days.

I might mention two things in passing before writing 'shop'. First, Mr. John Orr visited me in Sydney despite the strikes, having walked four miles from Auburn to Strathfield (?) and then caught a bus into the city. Exhausted, poor chap, and it took six cans of Guinness and an acre of rump steak to restore him! He sure is a funny guy; I was lucky to get a few words in edgeways at times between his description of the five books he has written or is engaged in writing about Malden Island, and its Pacific setting. Secondly, you will have learned from the papers that Fiji was hit by two hurricanes in 48 hours at the week end when I returned to Sydney from Canberra. I immediately saw Air New Zealand, by which I was to fly to Fiji (and later from thence to the United Kingdom) and asked when their flights would be resumed as the international airports were closed. Alas, they could give me no idea. Rather than lurk around Sydney then, I reluctantly flew back by the way I had come out to Australia, though via Melbourne, Perth, Singapore and Muscat. Apart from the fact that I arrived at Heathrow in falling snow, it was a sad end to my odyssey to Australia and the South Pacific since I had promised to attend the wedding of one of my god-daughters in Fiji (Patricia Brown, daughter of Jean and Stan).

I do not, I think, normally suffer from jet lag, but I was well stricken on these flights. I left Heathrow on the long flight via Bombay and Perth to Sydney which was tiring enough, but it was the change of temperatures in such a short period which made it even more tiring - leaving Heathrow at minus 6 degrees Centigrade and arriving in Sydney with a temperature of 35 degrees. The two factors also combined on the return flight to induce jet lag. Fortunately, Sally was there at Heathrow and whisked me off home to drinks, food and bed.

Whether and, if so, when, I shall pay another visit to Australia and the Pacific I do not at present know. I would very much like to do so, but now, at the age of 75+, this long distance flying is tiring. One thing is certain; if I should do so, I will not again leave here in midwinter to arrive in Australia in midsummer, but revert to my usual months of October/November.

Apropos of the possibility of another visit, and I put it no higher than that what would be the position about accommodation if I visited ~~to~~ Canberra to see you both? Is there some kind of Motor Inn at Weston? I would regard a visit to Australia as unthinkable without seeing Honor and yourself.

So much for the preliminaries. Now for the 'shop'.

We spent so much time reminiscing that some of the items which I wished to discuss simply got lost. First and simplest, did you ever gain any worthwhile information from that wretched little man at Blackpool, Mr. McGuirk? I must say I thought he was a bit of a dead loss, and extracting information from him was like trying to extract some particularly difficult and resistant molars.

The next point is what I am to do with a mass of typed material on the GEIC, (and various old printed reports on various parts of the Pacific). The former comprises typed copies of every communication concerning the GEIC in the Western Pacific Archives between 1874 and 1914. I laboriously typed it all out when I was Chairman of the Public and Police Service Commissions in Fiji and had some sparetime, especially at week-ends in which to do this. There must be several hundreds of typewritten pages.. I had originally undertaken the work with the vague idea of producing a history of the GEIC during those years. But I took no action when I heard that Barrie Macdonald was writing a history of the Colony. I have now seen his history and very good it is; but mine would have been very different, comprising the 'nitty gritty' of district administration - tours of District Officers and what they found, what they did, e-tc.; Native Government personalities; details of the Colony's economy; details of the Campbell versus Lodge guerrilla warfare; and a thousand and one things like that.

Now that there is a definitive history of the Colony published, however, it would seem somewhat otiose to attempt to produce another rather different version. Not only would it take a considerable time for me to undertake it, but the time factor is against me. Not only am I now 75+, but I am now heavily engaged in some research in connexion with the British Army in Antigua. I still

have some work to do in that connexion, probably entailing two or three more visits to the Public Records Office at Kew; thereafter, probably writing two or three drafts of the subject, with a final typed version of, say, 120 to 150 foolscap pages, single space typing. That is for the Government of Antigua, not for myself, even though it involves no remuneration.

Having got so far with that project, I could not reasonably give it up and attempt some kind of history of the GEIC based on all the typewritten material I have mentioned. To tackle the latter after my West Indian project would be a very tough assignment, especially at my age, and I do not think it is really practical politics. So what should I do with all that typewritten material? The FCO would surely be uninterested; they have all such material on microfilm anyway. No library would presumably be interested. Do you think that Overy would like it? (It contains some very valuable stuff i.e. reports by one Maude on the Phoenix, Line Islands, etc.). To send it to him would entail very heavy postal expenditure, but it would seem a pity simply to throw it away. Have you any suggestions? (Overy could of course buy the microfilms if he so wished).

The next point concerns what I might call my stories. These are of two kinds those based on historical incidents of the 19th century, and those of a personal nature. I fancy you have seen all those in the first category, the titles of which are as follows:-

- Power comes out of the barrel of a gun (GEIC)
- Massacre at Mandoleana (BSIP).
- The femme fatale housekeeper (NH).
- The reluctant Empire builders (GEIC).
- The "May Queen" massacre (NH).
- The cause of the "Young Dick" (B.S.I.P.)
- The last pirate? (GEIC).
- The "Isabella" tragedy (NH).
- From the Gilbert Islands to Guatemala and back (GEIC).
- A tale of three traders (BSIP).
- The would-be Empire builder (GEIC).

The stories of a personal nature have the following titles, and, again, I think you have seen them all:-

- The Unicorn man.
- Tales from the Posts.
- Ten hours at Tabiteuea.
- The babai slashers.
- The amateur doctors.
- Tales from the Courts.
- Of matters piscatorial.
- Defenders of the atoll.
- Escape from murder.

All of both sets of stories have been gathering dust in my office, so to speak, for a considerable time, and I think the time has come, or is overdue, when I must decide to do something with them, or not. As I think I have mentioned, they do not aspire to any kind of literary merit. They were simply written straight on to the typewriter, and recorded, for my own enjoyment. I can still for example, read the story about old Noa and laugh out loud at the memory. I also had a faint hope that perhaps my children and grandchildren would enjoy the stories one day. But the personal stories are pretty light-hearted and, though I (and possibly you) may enjoy them, would anyone else I wonder? They are of a comparatively trivial nature, by a comparatively insignificant District Officer, in a little known part of the world, and of some 50 years ago. Is there therefore any point in publicizing them? The same is true too of the stories based on the historical incidents in the 19th century. Are they of the slightest interest today I wonder, even though to me they are redolent of the Pacific which I love.?

Although I did not ask him to do so, Nick (Sally's husband) has a brother in one of the big publishing firms in London. He showed him the stories and asked him as to the possibility of publication. He reckoned the personal stories could be published for about £2,100 (with a production of 500 copies), or for all the stories to be published for some £4,500 for the same number of copies.

The point to be decided is whether it is worth spending either sum in having the stories published; and basically the question therefore is whether anyone would have the slightest interest in such a book(s). It would seem silly to have them published if no one was likely to be interested; and what would I do with 500 copies!!! And, if they are to be published, should they be partially rewritten - a horrible thought! (It's much easier to write from scratch I think then make copious amendments to anything.).

Whatever decision might be reached over the fate of the personal stories, if the others were not to be published, I could, if thought desirable, send the typewritten copies of the latter to the Archivists in the four territories with my compliments, though I wonder if they would be interested (though I think Overly would be). Anyway, I shall be grateful for your advice on the various items of shop mentioned in this letter.

I might end by saying that I neither wish nor expect to make any money out of all my work - especially the copying of the hundreds of pages of records mentioned first in the letter. The point is that I simply feel the time has come to take action one way or another.

Whilst in Canberra, we briefly discussed Ronald Garvey's book, entitled "Gentleman Pauper". I think you said you did not know who the publisher was; The inside page reads "Published and printed by NEW HORIZON (Transeuro Limited) BOGNOR REGIS, GREAT BRITAIN. Copyright 1983 Sir Ronald Garvey. ISBN 0 86116 885 2". I think you will be as disappointed in the book as I was.

It was wonderful to see Honor and yourself again and I just hope that it will not be the last time. Let me know in due course about accommodation possibilities in Weston. I hope you will both be very happy there.

Please forgive the appalling standard of typing in this letter. Despite heating, my fingers somewhat resemble icicles; the typewriter is an Olivetti which I hate; and it keeps slipping and leaving letter-gaps.

Finally, give my love to Honor and tell her she really must not in future give all her friends such as myself and little Ing subh frights about her health!

With very best wishes to you both and, again, my apologies for this badly typed and somewhat incoherently expressed letter (I still have 19 more to type alas).

Yr Mac

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T. 2603, Australia,
16th December, 1984.

Dear PDM,

I am feeling rather virtuous, having just finished three difficult letters, one with seven enclosures. And now to my relief the next on the pile of arrears are three unanswered epistles from your goodself.

The first is a diatribe, no less, against a dear friend of mine, to wit Dr J.A. Boutilier, who has written two eulogies in praise of the Slavers exercise. I have never known anyone write two reviews of the same book in different Journals before, but no doubt he has his reasons: could they be related to the Kennedy material?

I know how you must be dying to read these two long panegyrics in extenso but I have room here for a brief excerpt only, from the International History Review:

'This slim volume is a masterpiece. An elegantly written example of historical reconstruction. ... Professor Maude is the doyen of Pacific historians and his account reflects his enormous expertise, and his sympathetic understanding of the islanders and their cultures due to his lifelong acquaintance with Oceania. ... The result is superb detective work, painstaking, encyclopaedia, and precise ... Maude has performed an invaluable service by documenting the trade in detail and destroying the myths associated with it.'

Yippee.

I have not the competence to comment on your saga of the WPHC records though I can well imagine how painful it must have been bearding the FCO. They may be the cat's pyjamas when dealing with the higher flights of diplomacy but they have a dismal reputation in the smaller Pacific territories. Philip Snow admittedly can advise them when required, and is now, I see, called upon to entertain the visiting South Sea VIPs. He gave me a graphic description of dining out at 10 Downing Street with Mrs Thatcher and the King of Tonga.

As far as Wale is concerned in the Solomons you can count him out, for after 2 years there he resigned and joined the USP; the local talent who have taken over are hopeless though I expect that they will give Boutilier open slather to hunt out whatever he wants. On the other hand the Solomons government are increasingly hostile to European writers and have recently banned Professor Roger Keesing from entering the country; all because of a factual book which I read and approved in MS for the OUP.

Whether or not the Solomons will get a new expatriate archivist will, I expect, depend on Bruce Burn, who is at present engaged on a detailed survey of records, administration and future requirements in the ex-WPHC territories and has just finished the Solomons. He is now at Tarawa working on the G & E archival problems.

The trouble about the HC archives is that no one in the UK (bar you) has the slightest interest in them whereas in Australia, the Pacific States, NZ, Hawaii and the islands several hundred people and over twenty Universities have a very vital concern with their preservation and accessibility.

It was known that the archives could be competently preserved by trained professionals in this part of the world at no expense the HMG, with guarantees that microfilms, photocopies and, when required, the originals would be made available to the governments concerned on request.

Consequently when the FCO made a totally irrational decision that the Pacific records should be kept in England a cry of horror went up right across the Pacific, and unfortunately you got much of the blame. This was partly because you were seen to be packing and despatching them and partly because when some ass came out to report on their disposition the story got around that the move was being made with your active agreement.

I have no idea how this story got around: it certainly did not emanate from me, but it could have been leaked by someone in the UK, I suppose. My advice to all who were calling for diplomatic action through the Pacific Forum, the SPC, Unesco and the Australian and NZ governments was that it really did not matter from a research point of view, for just as all the CO records concerning Australia and NZ, Fiji and Samoa, the Hawaii, Tahiti and other consulates, the FO 58 material, the various other CO series, and everything else that mattered had been microfilmed and were readily available to researchers out here, so all the HC material would inevitably be microfilmed and made available by the PRO, to whom it was merely another routine operation. If not it would without doubt be copied in toto by the Pacific Joint Copying Service, who operate from Australia House.

My concern was that island interests were alleging that the whole business was a European plot to ensure that the WPHC records were only seen by Europeans, who alone could hope to get grants to enable them to cross the world and live for months in England. Else why were they taken as far from the Pacific as possible.

It never occurred to me for an instant that the FCO and the PRO would have so little interest in the records, which presumably they had insisted must be sent to England, that they would not even bother to unpack them, let alone microfilm them; and that in a decision that passes the bounds of rationality they would send them back right across the world to a location where, I predict, they will be lost for ever, inevitably and irretrievably. It all goes to show that the UK is now a third-class power which has lost its bearings. And I suppose it all came about because Boutillier, for reasons of his own, persuaded Wale to persuade the Solomons Government, who would scarcely care enough to act of their own volition.

I had always felt that the WPHC archives would have to come back ever since I was a delegate to the Pacific Conference on the repatriation of artefacts and documentary material in Suva at which the representative of the British Museum spoke with acquiescence, or should I say resignation. But I had not expected it so soon or in such a stupid manner; like throwing them away to be dissipated and, likely enough, destroyed.

Your next two letters are concerned with a story which is clearly based on one which I told Lester years ago. It is one of my favourites and I have often dined out on it. But Lester appears to have got it a bit off beam for the conversation as I remember it was about Howland, Baker, and possibly Jarvis. The date was 1935 when I was at the Education Conference, but so far as I know it had no bearing on Christmas or Oscar Barrack being stationed there; the U.S. made no claim to Christmas until World War II and then only at the behest of the Navy. What was behind the interest of that young officer was not strategic importance but the usefulness of the islands in connection with impending commercial air services.

Anyway I reported it to Juxon Barton, with whom I was staying, and no doubt he made the most of it, for cloak and dagger work was the breath of life to him.

Yes, the final paragraph of Lester's penultimate chapter is pure vintage Maude. I once took him to task for his almost total disregard of the islanders in his history and gave him a piece on what I thought was the real importance of Christmas. He seems to have inserted the paragraph in his book more or less unchanged, where it must strike a jarring note as being out of place as well as being in a different style. To me the colonial era is only a relatively brief episode in island history; but to him it is all that matters.

This accounts for Lester having a fixation on the question of sovereignty; an issue which is dead since the U.S. have abandoned all claims which they may have possessed in their agreement with the Kiribati Government on the Phoenix and Line Islands.

Lester's move to interest the USP Institute of Pacific Studies in publishing his book is rather pathetic, for Ron as Director has two criteria governing his publishing empire: (1) the book should be written by a Pacific islander, including in this term Indians, Chinese and others born in the islands and resident there, and a few Europeans, like myself, who write from an islander point of view; and (2) it must be about the island people, and if historical it must be on islander and not European history. Lester's great book satisfies neither stipulation.

But my letter is now too long and I propose to call it a day, so please consider your correspondence as dealt with to date (or as politicians say 'to this point of time'). Everything gets duly filed in your personal file, which is already so fat that I can hardly squeeze another letter in.

Honor thanks you for your Christmas card and says that we are not sending any this year owing to our advanced age; also that she has booked you into your usual low haunt; and in addition she sends her love.

See you next month, subject to strikes, bombs, hijackings and the other normal hazards of modern air travel.

Yours,

Harry



"Little short of a tragedy . . ."

The Solomon Islands National Archives — SINA — stands in a grove of trees about 150 metres from Mendaña Avenue, in the heart of Honiara.

SINA is a quietly imposing, two-storey, white concrete building with a floor area of almost 600 square metres, a structure intended as a worthy successor to the Western Pacific Archives (WPA) in Suva.

For eight years (1970-78) the WPA — an unassuming, wooden structure of wartime provenance in the Government House grounds — housed what one archivist called "... one of the largest organised assemblages of original source materials in existence relating . . ." to British colonial policy in the South Pacific, and to Pacific Islands history in general. The last permanent director of the WPA, Bruce Burne, was a meticulous and dedicated official who worked tirelessly to develop the archive's holdings and to assist researchers working in Pacific studies.

Realising the physical and environmental limitations of the WPA, its acute vulnerability to fire, and the anomaly involved in housing the files of tropical dependencies in an independent dominion, Burne worked hard to promote the establishment of SINA. However, before SINA was completed, Burne's period in office came to an end, and the WPA was disbanded. I can well remember standing in the hallway of the WPA in August, 1978, watching in a state of growing dismay while the files of the Western Pacific High Commission (WPHC), relating primarily to the Solomons, Kiribati, Tuvalu, Vanuatu, Tonga, and the Samoas, for the period 1874-1941 — were packed into crates destined for England.

For more than five years now those files have been lost to the world, lying on shelves in a Public Record Office repository in Hayes, Middlesex. So far as I can determine the Foreign and

Commonwealth Office lacks the staff and the resolve to deal with the WPHC materials, and until this is done the files — and/or microfilms of same — will not be deposited in the National Archives in Honiara.

The transfer of the WPHC files not only flew in the face of accepted archival convention — that, whenever possible, files

without the consent of the participants in the project.

Nevertheless, SINA did receive several cartons of microfilm — principally *Pacific Islands Monthly* and assorted missionary papers (microfilm relating to the Battle for Guadalcanal was presented to SINA at a later date by the United States Marine Corps) — from the WPA, as well

Dr. JIM BOUTILIER tells the story of SINA, the Solomon Islands National Archives, and of how it came about that what should be the core of its holdings is lying virtually forgotten in an official records repository in the United Kingdom.

should be housed in the area to which they relate — but robbed SINA of 80 per cent of its intended collection.

What is more, SINA lacks another key element in its archival collection, microfilm of the WPHC files. Before the closure of the WPA, Burne's staff undertook the massive project — with Australian and Islands aid — of microfilming all the WPHC files down to 1927.

They did so not only as a hedge against the possible loss of the originals, but as a way of providing universities in the region, interested in Pacific studies, with an invaluable news resource.

Unfortunately, SINA does not have a copy of those microfilms, and the master negative microfilm copy of WPHC records, comprising 315 reels, was remitted to the United Kingdom

as all of the archive's microfilming and processing equipment. However, the microfilm autoprocessor has never worked, and Benjamin Piri, the senior technical officer and cameraman, with 17 years of experience behind him in Lands and Surveys, has been able to undertake only the smallest assignments, painstakingly developing them by hand. A new processor is on order, but until it arrives some time this year SINA is not equipped to begin large-scale microfilming projects of its own, or to meet readers' requests for microfilm.

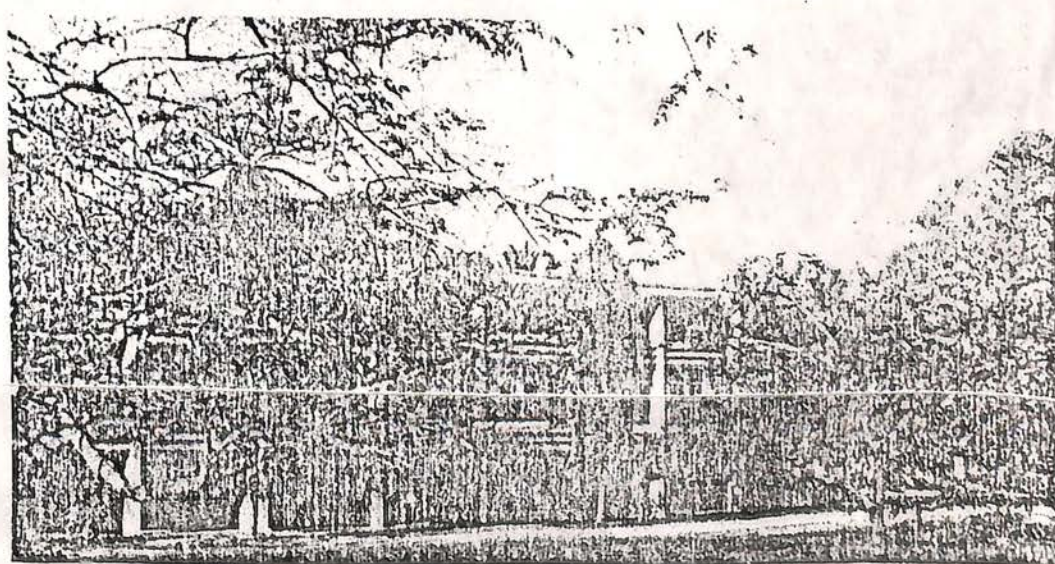
The first SINA archivist was R. G. Chesterman who had served previously (among other appointments) in the India Office Archives in London. He took up his appointment in June, 1979, and the following year engaged as his assistant a serious, articulate, young graduate from the

University of the South Pacific, Joseph Wale. While at USP Wale had volunteered for two weeks "in-service" training at the WPA, and, encouraged by Bruce Burne, went on to do a two-month archival course, funded by British Commonwealth technical aid, at the Malaysian National Archives in Petaling Chaya, Selangor. Two years later he completed a nine-month course in archives administration at University College, London, and in 1983 was confirmed in his post as Solomon Islands Government Archivist.

Wale is at present wrestling with a number of problems, and doing so with good-natured professionalism. Hitherto, there has been no national policy with respect to the deposition of public documents in SINA. Wale and his staff have been obliged to tour the islands recovering files from the Auki, Gizo, and Makira provincial headquarters, and with a National Archives Bill now before the legal draftsman he faces the prospect of a vast number of government files being transferred to his charge.

Interestingly enough, some of the files relating to the Solomons were, in fact, sent to Honiara in 1978. Those British Solomon Is-

Government offices, Honiara, at the time of independence in 1978. Records from here and from the Western Pacific Archives in Fiji were transferred about that time to the U.K. There's a growing movement to have the records available to the Pacific for today's researchers.



lands Protectorate (BSIP) papers consisted of some resident commissioners' files (until the termination of that office in 1952), some district records, which, 15 apart from those for Malaita, were fragmentary, and an assortment of miscellaneous files.

14 As a consequence of wartime destruction, the BSIP materials are incomplete, and Wale has discovered that the files, which fill four bays of metal shelving, have not been weeded properly. 16 When I asked him what his biggest task was he replied with a smile, "Over there," gesturing towards the boxes that needed to be gone through. 17

In addition, there are the interconnected and perennial problems of staffing and finance. 18 Wale's staff consists of a cameraman, messenger, two archival assistants, a search room supervisor, a typist, and a conservator. He is understandably anxious to ensure that each of them has an opportunity to up- 19 grade his or her qualifications. He needs new equipment for

binding documents, and conservation measures are a constant necessity, particularly in a tropical setting, where cockroaches, silverfish, rodents, and damp menace his collection.

But overshadowing all of these concerns is the one basic and increasingly forgotten problem, that SINA is an archives almost bereft of records. Years ago Bruce Burne observed that it would be "... little short of a tragedy" if the WPA holdings were broken up and dispersed. Sadly, that is exactly what happened, and now, more than half a decade later, bureaucratic indifference and dithering have denied SINA and the people of the Pacific islands the records which SINA was originally built to house.

It is a tragic state of affairs that as Solomon Islanders convene workshops at the USP Centre in Honiara to prepare a history of their nation, many of the records they require lie virtually forgotten on the other side of the globe.
— Jim Bouillier.

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
29th October, 1984.

Dear Paddy,

Your letter of the 19th has arrived and we were very touched at your concern. Things were indeed pretty crook when I wrote but without trying to tempt providence unduly I am beginning to think that they are starting to look up.

I must admit that it has been an emotionally trying time, apart from the strain of being on a 24 hour shift; and when I felt early last week that Honor seemed better I rather stupidly collapsed with rigors and a temperature of 102^o. Then when I got up I had a relapse.

The doctor said that he was not a bit surprised and in fact had been expecting something of this nature. And Honor, who has a telephone by her bed, arranged for a night nurse and a day housekeeper; so everything went smoother than before.

The night nurses are no longer required, thanks be, but the housekeepers are angels. They come at 8.30, wash up, clean everything, help Honor to bath and dress, massage her back and legs, make the beds, do the shopping, prepare lunch and dinner and depart about 1 or so with nothing for us to do but heat the dinner.

Possibly as a result Honor looks distinctly more relaxed and is beginning to take an interest in plans for preparing our new flat for occupancy, which will inevitably take several weeks in spite of our having put the actual arrangements in the hands of an interior decorator, or whatever they call themselves. I'm sure you won't mind paying her bill, for by the expansive way the lady talks it will certainly be beyond our limited resources.

Honor's leg pains are less, and the 'Restless Leg Syndrome' has disappeared, helped possibly by a course of acupuncture, but she has been told that she will be convalescent for three months; and that is provided all goes according to schedule. Which brings me to the query in your letter as to how she will be in the third week of January.

Honest, Paddy, how do we know? How does anyone know except the good Lord to whom we are already indebted more than we can ever repay. At present she tires after about 10 minutes conversation and sleeps a good deal of the day and night, but this would not necessarily be the case in three months time.

As to our location in January the best we can say is that we could still be here, or we might have been able to move to Mirinjani, or more probably we might be betwixt and between. But in any case we would hope to have one room somewhere sufficiently furnished to accommodate your honourable backside. But

you had better give us your forwarding addresses in case of something unforeseen intervening.

Where you could stay is a difficulty for as far as we know there is nothing nearer than seven miles from Weston Creek, which is our shopping centre - but we will make enquiries.

We should certainly be delighted to have an opportunity to bid a fond farewell to you if, as you imply, it is your last excursion before you take to your bath chair and slippers. My sister Mary, who lives quite close to you, shoots around in an electric chair all over the district and you may have had to dodge her unbeknown; I imagine she is rather dangerous. My eldest sister Muriel, on the other hand, who also lives near you, is over 90 but walks to the shops every morning, snow or fine, scorning all artificial aids.

Here we live in the midst of disasters, as I suppose one must expect at our age. Reid Cowell, who was collaborating with me on the Grimble Book and had done some splendid translations, went to hospital for a hernia operation and came out without a stomach, as they detected cancer while operating. He is not very co-operative as he will only eat the foods he likes, which are not the foods suitable for his condition.

My closest friend Robert Langdon, who wrote that biography of me in The Changing Pacific, has his lovely wife Iva down with cancer too and she is, I'm afraid, very ill. And Maslyn Williams, another great friend who has written that splendid history of the BPC, is down with heart trouble and failing eyesight. And Sir John Crawford, who has helped Alaric and me ever since we left the GEIC, died yesterday, aged 67. Honor and I seem to be the only couple of our generation left.

Ah well: Honor has just called out to be sure to send you her love. She feels better at the moment, touch wood, but refuses to prognosticate in view of the incalculable ups and downs she has had during the past three months.

Yours ever,

Harry

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

19th October, 1984.

My dear Henry

I received your devastating letter yesterday afternoon, and was, I need hardly say, deeply distressed to hear of the news of Honor's past and present sufferings. It was very horrible and very upsetting. I suppose, even when we are that much older, we expect, without thinking, that all our friends are like Tennyson's "Brook" - that they will go on for ever. I think there is a lot to be said for what happened to my dear son Neil, who simply experienced a quite unexpected coronary in the middle of the night and passed on there and then. At least he did not suffer, as poor Honor is doing. I agree with all you say about her determination to move around and her great strength of character and I am sure that when I pay my visit she will be the same old Honor with the same sense of humour. I am chiefly distressed because there seems to be absolutely nothing which I can do. But give her my love, and tell her how much I am looking forward to seeing her again.

As requested, I am writing to Lester a special letter to apprise him of Honor's sufferings, but I can think of no one else whom I might forewarn. I shall, however, also mention them to littleman Ing, as he always takes the greatest interest in what Honor and yourself are up to, and to whom I always give such news as I may have. I know that he too will be very distressed.

Please do not bother to write and answer any of my somewhat frivolous letters. They can keep till I see you. There is, however, one piece of information which I should be most grateful for as soon as possible, even though I hesitate to burden you with such a request. To arrive out in Fiji about the 10th January (or so), I shall have to book my round-the-world passages by Air New Zealand and British Airways in order to qualify for Apex fares, whatever the cheap ones are now called, by mid-November. Several folks in Fiji are expecting me around then, which would mean that I would move on to Sydney about the 17th, spend 3 or 4 days there, and then fly up to Canberra. But would this be acceptable to you? ^{but} I realize that, having regard to Honor's position and the virtual impossibility of gauging with any degree of accuracy how she may be by the end of the third week in January. Nevertheless, it would be very helpful if you could give me some indication of when my visit would be acceptable. I do NOT want you to write a long letter - even as long as the one just received - but it would be helpful if you could indicate, say, acceptability of about the third week in January, or "prefer end January", or some such indication, so that I can then proceed with booking my passages in mid-November. The one thing I would never dream of would, unless you so advised it, be to cancel any such visit if only for the reason that, now I am 75 years old, this might possibly be my last.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



Be properly
addressed



26P

Royal Mail

Professor H.E. Maude, O.B.E.,
77 Arthur Circle,
Forrest,
CANBERRA, A.C.T., 2603,
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 GUL 1TJ.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here

Now, I must get this away by the earliest possible post this morning. I pray that Honor's relief and well-being may proceed steadily, if not apace, and that she may soon be relieved of all suffering, even if her mobility is hindered. For anything to happen to either of you two, whom I have always regarded as my closest friends, would be a really devastating blow.

Give Honor my love, and to you I send my warmest regards in what must be a really wretched and worrying situation,

Ym Mac

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

My dear Henry

5th November, 1984.

Very many thanks for your very prompt reply to my latest letter, even though the question of the date of my visit to Canberra is as much up in the air as ever. But it was marvellous to hear that Honor really does seem to be on the mend at last, that her leg pains are less and that the "Restless Leg Syndrome" has vanished. Long may the latter be so. But I fear she will not take too kindly to being convalescent for as long as three months. You are both indeed fortunate that it has been possible to find nurses and housekeeper.

It is easy to understand why in the circumstances of Honor's illnesses you should finally have flaked out. And I just hope that your recovery is rather faster and shorter than Honor's. Studying the "Deaths" column in the Times during the past week or two, I note that the vast majority of folk seem to have lived on till the 80s and 90s, so you too have a long way to go yet I hope.

I took the liberty of advising little Ing and our old pal Lester Gaynor of Honor's illnesses, especially ^{as} I had to respond in any case to a letter from the latter. You may well have heard from them; little Ing was very distressed.

Now, as to my visit, which is a problem. I should be flying out from here on Air New Zealand and disembarking in Fiji as I customarily do. But I have now heard from folk whom I wish to see there that, if I wish to see them - as I most certainly do - I should make plans to arrive in Fiji about the 21st January, ^{at they are off to New Zealand} Given about 5 days there, I would then fly on to Sydney, where I would be staying with the Woodmans (ex CSR Fiji, and now CSR Australia) for, say, four days. Then I would normally fly up up to Canberra, say, at the end of January. If Honor's convalescence is scheduled to take three months - but who can be certain? - I would therefore arrive in Canberra about the end of her convalescent period. As on previous occasions, I would hope to stay in Canberra for 3 or 4 days.

I therefore think that the best I can do - unless I hear from you to the contrary - is to book flights accordingly about the end of December and let you know the dates - and hope for the best.

I gather from your letter what I had not previously appreciated that Miranjani is nowhere near your present location. That certainly makes the question of accommodation a problem, but I can only leave that problem to you and hope for some kind of solution. But I can put up with almost anything I can assure so there is no need to worry too much about me, my board and lodging.

I was shaken to hear the news about Reid Cowell, and of Iva Langdon and Maslyn Williams, neither of whom I know. I knew of Crawford's death since his obituary was in the UK papers of course. But don't worry about being the only members of your generation left - there is still Andrew Clarence Francis Armstrong.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme

POSTCODE IT



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, G.M.G., G.V.O.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

London Road,

GUILDFORD,

Postcode Surrey GU1 1TJ.

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To open slit here

I don't know how you have the insolence to envisage me taking to a both chair and slippers after my next visit to the Antipodes in the light of Honor's and your recent and current troubles. Sure, I have a touch of arthritis in my right knee but otherwise I keep pretty fit.

There is, alas, really no news to send you from here. Winter has started with heavy snows in Scotland on the hills. Down south it is grey skies, intermittent rains, and biting cold winds from the North Pole. Sometimes I wonder why I retired here!

I received a ring from June Know-Mawer the other day. She organizes some programmes on TV Channel 4, and she wanted me to appear with her in a chat show about the G.E.I.C. before the war, principally giving my personal reminiscences. I declined for a variety of reasons, one of which was of course that I might have to tell stories about the A.O., Central and Southern Gilberts in 1933-34!

No other news; you and Honor get well quick. I certainly do not wish to arrive in Canberra and be confronted by two of its denizens in bath chairs.

Give my love to Honor and you pull your socks up and do get well without delay.

P. D. Mac

23rd November, 1984.

My dear Nancy
This is a letter of abject apology, which might be entitled "Trials of a Tour Manager"; here follow the "trials".

Aiming to visit the South Pacific, as you know, in the second half of January, I was about to visit my travel agent and arrange the air passages, when I received a letter from Jean Brown in Fiji saying (a) that Patricia, one of my godchildren, was to marry on Saturday 26th January and (b) that another godchild, Katrina Brown, was leaving for schooling in New Zealand about the end of January. As I wished to attend the wedding & see Katrina before she leaves for NZ, yesterday I visited my travel agent in the City. I did not anticipate any problems in arranging the air passages; I had never experience any before. But how wrong I was as you will see.

You may (or may not) be aware that, insofar as round-the-world air tickets are concerned, two airlines link together to provide such facilities, each flying different routes and using different stops; thus, Qantas and TWA join together, British Airways and Air New Zealand, and so on. However, the only pair I could make use of was British Airways & Air New Zealand, since, for example, neither Qantas nor TWA fly between the West Coast of USA and Fiji, essential for my round-the-world ticket.

Now, you may well wonder why I'm so keen to book a round-the-world ticket. By so doing an economy class ticket costs £1265; an ordinary economy class ticket to Sydney, later on to Suva, and later on back to the UK via the USA would cost £2040 - a difference of an incredible £835! Do you wonder I want to travel on a round-the-world ticket, though wealthy chaps such as yourself would ignore such a meagre saving!

I then learnt from the travel agent that if I travelled westabout from the UK as usual Air NZ had recently reduced its flights to Fiji from 3 to 1 each week, arriving on Sundays in Nadi. Nothing could have been worse since I would thereby miss the wedding by some 12 hours since it takes place on Saturday evening 26th January. The only alternative would have been to arrive on Sunday preceding the wedding (20th January). But the Sunday plane for Sydney via Auckland leaves Nadi at 0030 on 27th, which would make it all-round to Nadi from Suva during the night. In fact, to do this really meant 3 weeks in Fiji from 20th January to 3rd February - and that was simply not "on" as far as I was concerned. So, all my dreams of a simple flight to Nadi/Suva and later on to Sydney, after a few days in Fiji, went up in smoke.

However, the agent then suggested that it might be possible - bearing in mind (a) and (b) in the second paragraph above - to visit Australia first flying out eastbound from the UK and eventually flying by Air New Zealand from Sydney to Fiji and later from Fiji by Air NZ to the UK via Honolulu and Los Angeles. And though we struck problems over seating, etc., we finally came up with a possible schedule for my whole journey by which I can, inter alia, not only attend the wedding and see Katrina before she leaves for New Zealand, but only spend a week in Fiji.

But the reason for my abject apology at the start of this letter is since this means asking whether it is possible for me to change the dates from my visit to Canberra from say towards the end of January to mid-January. All this is very vexatious since I have had to ask the folk in Sydney if they can also change their dates to have me to stay in Sydney to the 11th - 16th January. I feel fairly confident that they will manage it somehow. On the basis that they are able to, I would then propose to fly up to Canberra on the morning of the 16th January by Flight TN 449, leaving Sydney at 1135 and arriving at Canberra at 1215. The passage is confirmed. I would also propose to leave Canberra by Flight AN 354 at 0935 on Saturday the 19th January for Sydney. That passage too is confirmed.

Whether or not you can book accommodation for me on those days, and see me, I do not know, but I very, very much hope so because at the age of 75 it is possible that this may be my last visit, though of course this depends on my future health. I have merely booked the flights to Canberra and back since it will be easy enough to cancel them if you advise against my visit. Do NOT feel compelled to agree to it simply on the basis that I have booked the flights and they have been confirmed.

It must all obviously depend on the state of Honor's health as I fully appreciate. How is she? Little Ing and I are anxious to be kept in the picture; in your last letter you wrote that she was improving; may she soon be fully restored to normal health.

Perhaps you could kindly give me an early indication as to the possibility of making the visit to Canberra, though I recognize that this would require confirmation or cancellation in due course. But if you now felt that such a visit was not possible, that would give me the chance to make other arrangements to extend my stay in Sydney, that I wished, as you would naturally wish to do, to leave confirmation or cancellation until the last moment, I might add that I shall be staying in Sydney with Don Woodman (ex CSR) and his wife at 7 Cladden Close, Pennant Hills, 2120 NSW, Telephone No. 84 6461.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



Royal Mail

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

~~77 Arthur Circle,~~

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CANBERRA A.C.T.

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To open slit here

To open slit here

I need hardly say that I should be desperately distressed if it were impossible to see you and Honor, two of my very closest friends, again for perhaps the last time. But I insist that such must depend on Honor's health, and I doubt if even you can promise that a visit from the 16th to the 19th January will be possible at present.

Now does it solely concern Honor, for I realize that you too must have been pretty well knocked out as a result of Honor's serious ill-health. There is also the question of where you are likely to be living around the above dates.

However, all I can do is to present you with my problems and apologize - its the fault of the damned airlines and my godchildren - in fact everyone but me! That's in the best Civil Service traditions of blaming everyone but oneself!

My love to Honor and tell her it would be nice if I could see her smiling face at the airport as on the last occasion. Both of you GET WELL FAST.

Ingrid Rae

Ken Harry

8th June, 1984.

I don't know if you have been following the fate of the Western Pacific archives, or not, but, in the latter case, you may be interested in the following story.

2. Some time ago, in February I think, a friend of mine in Suva - the Reverend John Garrett, a Methodist missionary, who was latterly a neighbour of mine in Suva - sent me a copy of an article, dealing with the WP archives, by one Jim Boutilier. I enclose a photocopy of the PIM article. No need for me to deal with the character of the author! I would only say that I am even more than ever glad that I extracted some damning papers from Kennedy's PF, CPF & SF which he was after. (Naturally, I am also happy that I was also able to perform the same service for my friend Harry Maude!). All were burnt!

3. Garrett asked me what was happening with regard to the WP archives, so I wrote to that section of the FCO which was concerned with them. I received a reply some weeks later, dated the 3rd April, a copy of which I attach for your information.

4. I then wrote a further letter saying that I would be glad to discuss the records with them, and received a letter eventually apologizing for the fact that no reply had been sent sooner, but - and I quote from the letter -

"Unfortunately, your letter was lost in the registry for a week and it has only just surfaced".

Words fail me; at least the remark is honest, but I should have thought they would have wished to hang their heads in silent shame.

5. I then paid them a visit but, before describing it, I may as well comment on certain points in the enclosed PIM article. I have numbered them in the margin of the article to facilitate reference. Herewith my comments:-

1. Bruce Burne got his fingers well burnt, over the construction of that building, from the SI authorities when they discovered that he was proposing to devote the whole building to the archives. They very smartly took over a large section of it. Bruce hopelessly misled them, stating without any authority whatever that the building was needed to house all the WP archives.
2. That is so but unfortunately he was so busy with schemes for a Pacific Islands archives association, and the affiliation of the various PI archives to some world body (the title of which I forget) that he omitted to press on single-mindedly with the microfilming of the archives, for which he could so easily have got more funds for more cameras and staff from Australia. A professional but totally without the necessary personality.
3. He did so work hard, but see 1 and 2 above, alas.
4. I too well recall our Dr. Jim's visit to the WP archives. When he saw what I and Tofinga were doing (we physically packed every damned thing ourselves), he addressed me as though I was a third class clerk, and displayed arrogance and ill-manners. I could have thrown him out! Perhaps he saw all the Kennedy papers vanishing from his grasp for ever!
5. This statement and that at 5A are utterly untrue - see the Press release below the FCO letter of the 3rd April, on which I shall comment later.
6. The records should be housed in the area to which they relate, says Dr. Jim. I agree and comment later on this point when dealing with the Press release.
7. This statement is absolute nonsense in the sense that the figure of 80% must refer to all the WPHC records, which only Bruce intended should be sent to and kept in the Solomons.
8. This statement is misleading. When I assumed the role of Archivist, the records had only been microfilmed, as far as I can recall, up to 1921. I speeded the filming up, and two staff members were constantly filming and were forbidden to do anything else. But, alas, it was too late and we only reached the end of 1927. If Bruce had really tackled this much, much earlier it might have been possible to microfilm everything up to 1941. He failed pathetically in this respect.
9. SINA never asked for any of these microfilms.
10. SINA did receive everything which had been sent to the WP archives in respect of the post-war period which was about 1972 if I recall aright; I also sent many books from the Library, PIMs, and miscellaneous reports.

11. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the "microfilm auto-processor" as Dr. Jim calls it. It was working fine up to the last minute. It was then packed most meticulously and with every degree of safety in double boxes by my microfilming staff under my eagle eye, surrounded by cotton wool, etc., and the boxes in the centre of the crate. I fear the skills of Benjamin Piri have been overstated; I knew the European head of the L & S Department, and certainly he does not subscribe to Dr. Jim's views. I feel personally very incensed at this criticism after all the care and trouble we took to ensure that the machine arrived safely. Further, it is worth remarking that we only had one machine and I allocated that to the Solomons. Favouritism vis a vis the GEIC!
 12. Again, I fear that Dr. Jim's opinion of Wale is over-rated. He certainly completed the courses mentioned, BUT I have written no fewer than five letters to him over the past 18 months and have never had an acknowledgment, much less a reply. Standards have slipped everywhere throughout the Pacific I fear, and "service" is not today's motto. In the end, I managed to get a kindly NZ VSA girl to obtain the information for me, though I still await further information on other points.
 13. I do not see the point of "interestingly enough", unless it is meant to be sarcasm. See 10 above. Those were BSIP records of 1945-1972 and as such that Government was fully entitled to have them.
 14. The BSIP materials are not incomplete. See 10 and 13 above. They received all their Protectorate records to which they were entitled. What I think Dr. Jim is referring to is those BSIP records forming part of the WPHC records. But the latter were UK Government records firmly claimed by HMG.
 15. Where on earth is Wale going to get funds for all this staff and equipment - and air conditioning too? It's ludicrous; I cannot see the politicians of the Solomon Islands asking for such grants; there are no votes in that. I refer to the dangers of cockroaches, silverfish, below.
 16. I also refer to this opinion of Bruce's below.
 17. This is simply incorrect and untrue; as for the so-called SIN building, see 1 above.
 18. See also 1 above. That was merely Bruce's idea, decided upon unilaterally and as far as I am aware without any other authority.
 19. This remark shows up Dr. Jim. He wants the records at the USP, not in the archives in Honiara! But the last 3 lines of this statement are utterly untrue.
6. So much for Dr. Jim's article. It does not surprise me. As I have indicated above, I had a very poor opinion of him and thoroughly disliked him. Did he ever carry out the threat he made in my presence that he would see you and force you to hand over all the information you are secreting about Kennedy !!!?
7. I now turn to the attached FCO letter of the 3rd April and the accompanying Press release. As you will see, the proposal is to send all the WPHC records to Honiara; that the approval of the Lord Chancellor (who is the overlord in such matters) has been obtained; and that (as I was told at my meeting at the FCO later), agreement had been obtained from the other island Governments. The Press Release was only a draft when sent to me, but I was told it has now been issued as the other island Governments approved of the proposals to send all the WPHC records to Honiara. I was absolutely appalled at such news. I found it almost impossible to believe that the other island Governments had agreed; did folk like Overy agree I wonder, or some 5th rate politician who could not care less.
8. I would be the first to agree that if, and it is a very big IF, the records could appropriately be kept as one, that would be best. But, even then, such seems to me to be open to a number of objections. First and most important is the fact that the other island Governments, especially Kiribati and Tuvalu, will not have the pre-war records they should have (their's having been destroyed in 1941/42). This seems to me to be absolutely vital if folk in those territories wish to undertake research into pre-war affairs. This would, of course, mean splitting up the WPHC records (which Bruce opposed so strongly) but surely the other territories's needs and interests should come first. Nor would it be difficult to split up the WPHC records; I reckon that at least 80% of the WPHC files deal with a single territory, and all, if you recall, bear the territorial symbol on their cover. I admit there would be problems over the balance of the files, but I agree that one territory should have them and that they should be microfilmed and the films distributed to the other territories. My second objection to the proposed plan is that the archives are

to be located in the most distant and out-of-the-way centre of the Western Pacific region. Maybe that is not quite so bad for the New Hebrideans, but imagine one from Kiribati, Tuvalu or Tonga trying to reach Honiara, and the cost of such journeying. It was always argued by the Librarian of the USP, as well as by Bruce at times, that the WPHC archives should essentially be located in Suva or some other more accessible centre so that those trying to gain degrees and needing to do research in such archives could easily have access to them. Locating them in the Solomons defeats any such idea. It was argued by the two whingeing women whom I saw at the FCO that such did not matter as any of their requirements could and would be met by Mr. Wale. Little did they know; so I told them of my experiences with the man. I feel quite sure that such will not happen; I say this, based on my knowledge of how standards dropped before I left the Pacific and after we gave these folk their independence. Again, the Press release speaks of further deterioration of the records being averted, after "ravages of climate and insects" had taken place in Suva. Rubbish; they were kept in good condition with constant internal spraying of the building by some insect killing stuff and by air-conditioning. I wonder how much similar care will be taken of them by Mr. Wale - certainly not as much as we took in Suva. These folk at the FCO simply do not seem to understand the standards followed these days. The suggestion of the FCO, made in its letter of the 3rd April, that, although the records will be presented to the Solomons, they remain the property of the British Government, is simply nonsense. They will never see them again or, if they do, they will be in far worse shape. Again, for the FCO to argue that in 1978 there was no other suitable building in the WP region to hold the WP archives was nonsense. True our lease was coming to an end, but my relations with the Fiji Government, and especially its Lands and Surveys Department, were excellent and I could easily have got the lease extended.

9. I fear that my visit to the FCO was a failure. I was confronted by these two whingeing women, who were obviously quite determined not to reconsider any decisions already reached. I outlined my objections; their spurning of the needs and entitlements of the separate territories; their acceptance of alleged archival advice not to break up the records in the interests of the separate territories, instead of looking at the issue from a practical point of view; the fact that the BSIP was in any case the worst possible location for the records; the likelihood, if not the certainty, that the records will not be properly cared for; the problems of other territories in obtaining all the information they required from the BSIP; the ludicrous idea that the records were merely on loan and belonged still to HMG; and so on and so forth. All they could say was that the Lord Chancellor had made a decision and that it was highly unlikely that he would change if even if the Governments of the other territories made representations; and that the best archival advice was that the records could not be split up. (Whose advice, I wonder; Bruce's?) I could not get them to say whose advice this was. They merely repeated these two arguments like parrots, to which I, equally parrot-like I fear, merely reiterated that the other territories were being penalized, and that the theory of centralizing was being upheld rather than the practicality of letting the other territories having their share of the records to which they were as much, if not more, entitled, than the BSIP. I fear I reckon that the real nigger in the woodpile is at base Bruce, with his determination that the WP records should never be split up.

10. I feel very distressed about it all, but feel that probably it is now too late to do anything about it. But I would hope that the other territories would bombard Mr. Wale with requests for microfilms of the 'composite' WPHC files and, if they do not get them, complain bitterly to the FCO in the hope that some action can be taken. I am sending a copy of the enclosures to this letter to Overy (I wonder what his initial(s) is?) and expressing my views on the whole subject, though not at the same length as in this letter.

My love to Honor - I hope she is well.

In pt
Lac

Dear Mr. MacDonald,

WESTERN PACIFIC ARCHIVES.

Thank you for your letter....We are most grateful for your own efforts to correct the far too common misunderstanding about the ownership of these records. 2. The Western Pacific Archives material was despatched to the Public Record Office Repository in Hayes, Middlesex, where we have several hundred feet of space available to us. The crates were opened up in September 1980 and since then we have answered all queries, whether from private individuals or from Governments, by calling up the relevant files. Where practicable, photocopies have been provided. Members of the public are not however allowed access to the Repository, which has been designated a secure storage area.

3. You will perhaps be interested to hear that in 1980 the Solomon Islands Government submitted an official request for the transfer of the Western Pacific High Commission records to the Solomon Islands National Archive, which was opened in 1981 by a British Minister, Mr. Neil Marten. This request has been given sympathetic consideration, particularly as the Public Record Office, who have examined the records, consider that much of the material is duplicated in files already in the PRO. The approval of the Lord Chancellor was therefore obtained under Section 3(6) of the UK Public Records Acts 1958 and 1967 for the presentation of the WPHC records to the Solomon Islands. This presentation, which applies only to WPHC records, will be made on the clear understanding that the records are British Public records and are not the returned property of the Government of the Solomon Islands or the other former territories of the Western Pacific High Commission.

4. We are planning to send the first consignment (mainly unclassified files) as soon as agreement has been received from the other island governments, whom we have consulted.....

To the Editor, Pacific Islands Monthly, Sydney.

I hope you will allow me, through your columns, to shed further light on the situation described in Dr. Jim Boutilier's recent article "Little short of a tragedy" (January 1984 issue).

The files of the Western Pacific High Commission (WPHC), which previously formed part of the Western Pacific Archives, are deemed to be British public records. This point, and its legal implications, is well known to the Archivist of the Solomon Islands National Archive, Mr. Wale.

The background to the return of the WPHC and other records to the UK is that in 1978, with the lease of the WPA building in Fiji running out, a quick decision on how best to safeguard the records had to be taken. Considerable deterioration of the records had already taken place, due to the ravages of climate and insects. No other building in the Western Pacific region was suitable for the storage of the archives, which included not just the records of the Western Pacific High Commission but Island records from miscellaneous other sources which some of the individual Governments were not in a position to take over. These were crated and removed to Britain as an immediate step, to ensure their safekeeping and to guard against further deterioration. At the same time, some material from the WPA was sent to the individual Governments of the Solomon Islands, Kiribati and Tuvalu; this consisted of their own more recent territorial records.

In his article, Mr. Boutilier quotes Bruce Burns as observing that it would be "little short of tragedy" if the WPA holdings were broken up and dispersed. He goes on to comment "sadly, that is exactly what happened". This is not correct.

The principle of safeguarding the integrity of the Archives was regarded as of paramount importance and the records of the Western Pacific High Commission have not been dispersed. The records are residing in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office from where, since the crates were opened in September, 1980, all queries, whether from governments or from private individuals, have been answered. Where practicable photocopies have been provided. The records may soon be back in the Pacific, following a formal request for them from the Solomon Islands Government. Initial legal obstacles to making a gift of these records to the Solomon Islands have been overcome and the British Government is currently seeking the views of other Governments in the Western Pacific region to this proposal.

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

26th August, 1984.

Mon Vieux

Thank you so much for your letter of the 23rd July; it is always a great pleasure to hear from you, especially as I know only too well just how busy you must be at present, packing up with a view to changing your residence. Incidentally, please do not forget to give me the appropriate advance warning when you do change your residence maybe also your telephone number too.

Your letter is not unexpectedly largely devoted to Lester and his magnum opus. But we are not the only critics (you, of course, the professional, me the amateur), for Lester in one of his letters to me (does he ever cease writing?) mentions that he has also received views on his magnum opus from other American critics who have said much the same thing as you have said. But, the \$64 question is what will he do? I have heard nothing; he must be in a rare quandary with so many of his critics unanimously voicing the same criticisms. If and when I should hear, I shall not fail to let you know.

I did not know, as you write, that -

"This craving to be a colonial power which so many Americans possess is irritating in the extreme".

I knew Lester had it, but not that it was widespread amongst Americans since they never lose an opportunity to sneer at us.

I must confess that, after reading your letter, I am sorely tempted to send Lester's magnum opus to you, but, if you would never read it - all of it - it would seem a bit pointless, especially having regard to the cost, even by sea mail. What about it? You would enjoy my remarks on it too? "Rubbish" appears twice! and the chapter on sovereignty is heavily over-written with my remarks! Which reminds me, here is a choice item; and I quote:- . . .

"and so it happened on one bright day in Honolulu, at the reference desk of the Library of the University of Hawaii, a British Colonial Service Officer by chance standing behind an (US) Army Lieutenant overhead (sic) the latter asking questions about Christmas. Alerted, the Briton in turn alerted his Government and the landing of Oscar Barrack at Christmas resulted".

Of course, there are no footnotes in the magnum opus to tell us who the officer was - merely a mass of unrelated sources at the end of the opus. So who was it, bearing in mind that Barrack landed there on 3/2/37. Maude, Leembrugge, Baverstock ??? I have written and asked Lester who it was. But one thing is for sure - it was not a British Colonial Service Officer, I feel sure. But this is typical of the fact that one cannot check ex cathedra remarks such as this, without references.

In your letter, you say that Lester has pinched a paragraph from one of your letters to end off his last chapter in the magnum opus. So here goes; the last chapter incidentally is entitled "Isles still in the blue".

"There were many people with Christmas connections whom I located at considerable effort who would not take the trouble to answer my letters even to the extent of saying "don't bother me". They shall remain nameless. And last of all there are the Rougier family papers and memories the surface of which has barely been scratched".

Did you say "Don't bother me" or simply ignore the old boy!

But I think maybe you must refer to the penultimate chapter which is entitled "The End of our Story and a final study". There the final paragraph reads as follows:-

"After all the claims and counterclaims of commercial exploiters, entrepreneurs and metropolitan powers using the island for their own ends and purposes at long last it has come to be permanently inhabited and loved for itself by collateral descendants of the same oceanic peoples who discovered the island and in many cases left their bones there. To many of those, born on Christmas, it is their home and their only home, with all that the word connotes".

This paragraph certainly has a different style and ring from much of the rest of the magnum opus and, if, as you say, Lester is one of those who craves to have seen the island as American territory, it must have cost him an awful lot to pen that last paragraph, *unless he copied it from you!*

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme

COLLECT
BRITISH
STAMPS



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.

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To open slit here

Archives - I agree with all you have written, but there was never any chance, with latent nationalisms around the Pacific, that the territories would have agreed to Australia holding their archives, though of course that was the sensible course. Overy did enter the caveat when he was consulted that, if they were not to be sent to Australia but to the BSIP, then the latter would have to agree to cast iron conditions about making photocopies, and microfilms, etc. available, and at reasonable notice. But, of course, the BSIP won't or can't. Overy says he has never heard whether the BSIP agreed to the conditions he suggested. Of course, there is the additional problem that, unless they buy all the records microfilmed in toto, others will never know what is there.

Overy tells me - I asked him - whether he had a copy of your and my reports on the US claims which we wrote in 1940, and whether they had been declassified. He says he has a copy of each but as far as he knows they have never been declassified. If Lester discovered Overy had your report and never told him, the former would never forgive you! Nor does he know that I have a copy of the Law Officers' opinions on the British claims to all Central Pacific Islands; I have never told him. I have always felt that to let that out would be wrong.

Must close. My love to Honor; I hope she (and you) are well. Don't forget about the address when you change residences. Did you ever get anything worthwhile out of McGuirk in Blackpool? I enclose a newspaper cutting of an old pal of *Wesley*
Wesley
yduy

4th September, 1984.

Kai Hawy

I must confess that I am shocked; so you are the "nigger in the woodpile". !!! Let me repeat an item, which I recorded in my letter of the 26th August and which is an excerpt from Lester's "book". It runs thus:-

"And so it happened on one bright day in Honolulu, at the reference desk of the Library of the University of Hawaii, a British Colonial Service Officer by chance standing behind an (US) Army Lieutenant overhead (sic) the latter asking questions about Christmas. Alerted, the Briton in turn alerted his Government and the landing of Oscar Barrack at Christmas resulted."

My guesses as to whom the officer was were Maude, Leembruggen or Beverstock, but I never dreamed that the answer was "Maude"!

2. To digress momentarily, when Lester sent me your critique of his "book", I told him that I agreed that the "book" should, as you suggested, be divided into three separate booklets after being rewritten.

3. But, in a later letter to Lester I asked him whom the "British Colonial Service Officer" was. His reply is as follows:- (and I have included my preceding paragraph since this may explain the first sentence of his reply, the last five words of which are too bloody patronizing for words) So, Lester's reply was:-

"Harry Maude tends to flip flop on opinions given a period of time apart, but nevertheless I value them. Too bad we are physically so far apart from each other. He is the "British Colonial Service Officer" on page 546 and he told me that story. I have an idea that the (USS) "Taney" cruise was meant to seize the island but the ship never got there.....". (The cruise was never completed owing to the illness of a member of the crew; "the circumstantial evidence is there but the factual was probably on verbal orders and can't be found".)

4. So, if what Lester alleges about you is true, what the hell were you doing in Honolulu, and when; and what did you hear, etc. etc. etc. and whom did you "alert"?

5. The last few words of the quote I have included since it seems to me to be utterly ludicrous that "verbal orders" should have been given and considered sufficient for an American sloop "to seize" a British Island. But such suggestions are typically Lester!

6. I included the item in paragraph 2 above since that hardly seems relevant to most of the quote in paragraph 3, but may explain his opening sentence. Nevertheless it infuriated me.

7. Another quote from Lester's letter dated 26th August will interest you; thus:-
"I have this day written to Prof. Ron. Crocombe in Suva to see if he is interested in helping me publish a rewritten three books. Father Cook (RC) suggested this".

But how can Crocombe possibly even give a tentative opinion without seeing the "book", and certainly without seeing the rewritten versions of the three books; I am assuming that Lester will not have sent him the book for, when Overy asked Lester for a copy, Lester said "no" in case folk should pre-empt all his valuable information. And, if has been suggested by yourself and others, that one of the three rewritten sections should be devoted to the US Army (and how the first Katrine was dug on Christmas Island), how can Lester possibly think that such a section would be of the slightest interest to Crocombe and others. I wonder if Crocombe will consult you. It looks as though Lester is going to rewrite the "book" into three "booklets", but as you remarked in an earlier letter "a scissors and paste" job, which it seemed that Lester was contemplating, simply would not do.

8. In telling Lester that I agreed with you that he should make three booklets of the "book" I also told him that I thought he should liven up the booklet on Rougier and make it more exciting in parts (as is entirely possible and right I think) and less stodgy. He replied to this:-

"As an author I was the only one in my class at Tufts to make two straight As in Freshman English and in my second term my professor suggested I chuck engineering and take up creative writing".

Yippee; this should give you some mirth! If there is one thing his "book" is not, it is creative writing.

9. Two days hence I am off to see R.A. Wimbush, an echo -sounding expert of Imperial Airways who was lent to the Gibson expedition to the Line Islands in 1938 (I think). Lester has asked me to lend him my copy of the "Book" so I will have to.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme

26P



Royal Mail

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

77 Arthur Circle,

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CANBERRA, A.C.T.,

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But he sounds very pompous and self-important over the telephone, and I should think more anxious to see whether he can make anything out of it for himself. He also is obviously (I think) a strong supporter of Lester so he and I are going to have a few words over the sovereignty issue, though I must insist that he does not convey my remarks to Lester.

Must close; sorry about the standard of typing but I have been suffering from toothache.

*Done to Honor
- toll m - 1985*

Radde

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
11th October, 1984.

Dear Paddy,

This is just a note to apologize for not having replied to your letters, but I have not put pen to paper for over two months except to pay bills and keep the finances more or less straight.

The trouble is that Honor went down with acute pain in her left buttock and leg - I think in August, though time has ceased to exist and I can find no record. They were - especially the left leg - particularly bad from midnight to dawn so I had to nurse her through the nights and keep the shopping, meals, etc, going during the day.

The doctor proceeded - it seemed to me at a snail's pace - mostly trying out physiotherapy and varied medication, for weeks; and finally admitted defeat. Meanwhile she was in agonies, and frequently delirious. I used to phone up the night locum medical people when the pain was unbearable and they put her to sleep with injections; once for 24 hours.

Then the scanner picked up the trouble as being degeneration of the base of the spine which nipped some of the lumbar nerves, causing acute pain. After a week in hospital she was operated on, with marked, though not yet complete, cessation of pain. Our Dr Nelson, who is fortunately a close friend of Honor's, watched the operation and said that it was a superb, meticulously done job, by the best specialist in Canberra - a Tamil from Jaffna called Chandran.

As one would expect at 80 the progress of recuperation is a slow and long drawn-out business. And unfortunately the family affliction - known in the medical world as the Restless Legs Syndrome - has developed, so one is left with the midnight to dawn worry, not with pain this time but with legs which cannot be kept still for a second. But this we are gradually, I hope, bringing under control, mainly with the help of Rivotril.

Honor has been back home now for two days and finds life pretty crook. The garden is, of course, a shambles and goodness knows when we can move to our flat in Mirinjani. She has to keep moving about as otherwise she could become a permanent invalid; and fortunatley she has great strength of character. And as from today we have a day nurse for the mornings to bath and dress her; hence my ability to write this note.

I'll write a proper letter when things improve and we can catch up with life again. Meanwhile if you are writing to Lester Gaynor please let him know why I cannot answer his letters, or those from other correspondents.

*From under the bed,
yours,
s/ang*

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

12th December, 1984.

My old friend

So, "Honor is now her usual self again" to quote you. That's terrific news. It seems almost unbelievable after all the traumatic events that she went through. Of course, I am particularly delighted since it means that when I visit Canberra both she, and I hope you, will be your old selves again. You do not mention whether you are back to A 1 at Lloyds but your standard of typing leads me to believe that that may be the case. What a relief it must be for you when you have so much on your hands - moving accommodation, tidying up all your records and despatching them, and so on. But make sure that Honor is fit enough to come down to that motel for supper with me, where we can crack a bottle or two of Australia's best to celebrate her recovery..

It is of course also good to know that the dates chosen for my visit are acceptable to you. To have merely indulged in a little long range telephoning would have been a very poor substitute for seeing you ^{fit} in person over some days. I did not keep a copy of my last letter to you so to make assurance doubly sure I might repeat here that I shall be arriving in Canberra by Flight TN 449Y on Wednesday the 16th January at 1215 hours, and leaving on Saturday the 19th by Flight AN 354Y at 0935 hours. No favouritism on airlines you will note!

As for your remarks about spiritual healing and prayers, it is not a subject we normally discuss but you might be interested to know that ^{despite} the pagan influences directed at me by my senior officer on Tarawa (and I don't mean old Swinbourne!) I have been and still am a regular church attendant, and kneel down and say my prayers for 10 minutes every evening. I even prayed for Honor's recovery at home and in church. So take back your snide remarks, mon vieux! Apropos of which I shall certainly be interested to learn when I see you whether you believe old Teikarawa's sorry of the blue light!

I was appalled, but appalled, to read that you have some of my letters, even if they are undated. I can only say that if I consider that their contents are misused I have plenty of your's which, with careful editing, would prove very readable and a joy to any researcher. Of course, they would be very suitably coupled with stories about the writer. Its odd what things come to mind at your mention of the 1930s; thus, one of the odd things I remember is the pleasure it gave you (and me too) to issue the first circulars to Native Governments written in Gilbertese. How shocked old Swinbourne must have been!

So Honor is now a confirmed brandy drinker, whilst you imbibe claret and moselle. I'll join Honor when I see you. At present I need it. In London the other day I was on a downward escalator standing quite still at one side when a bloke came tearing down it in a great hurry, bumped into me and knocked me flying - no mean feat. I landed heavily on my left shoulder which, despite painkillers, is still rather painful (though nothing broken), plus a twisted knee, also still a bit painful. And the bastard did not even stop to apologize.

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



Royal Mail

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

77 Arthur Circle,

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Sender's name and address

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

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

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Postcode Surrey GU1 1TJ.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

There's no other news from here. The weather is abominable - grey and cold and with thick fog for two days. I'm really looking forward to seeing the sun again. Fortunately, there was no fog yesterday so I was able to watch TV and see Cambridge give Oxford a hiding by 32 points to 6 - the fifth year in a row that Cambridge has won - a record. Australia gave Scotland a good thrashing also at rugger and my Sunday newspaper had a huge headline "He's got the whole world in his hands" on the sports page - not referring to Our Lord, but to the aborigine Mark Ella! And I must say it was really a very apposite comment.

Must close. I am so very, very delighted to hear about Honor. My prayers for her must have turned the trick. Give her my love and tell her that must be no relapsing before the 16th - 19th January

P.D. Macdonald

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
1st April, 1984.

My dear Mac,

It was good to hear that you are still alive and indeed contemplating one of your inimitable itinerations. I am not surprised because you once said that if one survived the first winter in England the consequential accretion of physical strength and general feeling of euphoria renders one well-nigh indestructable. Those may not have been your exact words but they convey the gist in simpler English.

I could not very well reply until we had been given some indication of when our new flat was likely to be ready. Honor has now been furnished with two approximate dates: to wit late October by the builder and middle or late November by the Mirindjani people. More precise they cannot be as so much depends on the weather, the normal progression of strikes and such like imponderables.

If you should decide on visiting Canberra during either of those months it is therefore odds on that you would find us without any fixed abode but commuting between two localities arranging this and that and carting things from A to B. There are carpets to be laid, the cork and parquet flooring fixed, curtains made and hung, cupboards and shelves to be made and fitted in situ, furniture to be moved, the air-conditioning system to be installed, and what have you.

Of course you will understand none of these things as we take it that you merely ring Harrods and tell them to furnish and install everything necessary for one gents flat and let you know when everything is done and in place down to the cat in her bassinet, the canary in its cage by the window and the goldfish in their bowl on the occasional table, with the 'Spectator' and 'Times' on the arm of your fireside chair. But alas we have no Harrods; only an army of small-time specialists able to do one thing and no more; and not even that unless watched like a lynx.

So if you can make your visit say January or any time after that we shall be glad to see you and would do our best to make your visit a memorable one, but October and November we shall frankly be flat out or else lying down to recuperate our strength. For alas we are not like you, young and full of energy, joie de vivre and bonhomie, and positively exuding what is termed 'rude health'. We are essentially sere and yellow and can only just make do by dint of sleeping every afternoon and being in bed by 9 at the latest each night.

As you surmise Lester Gaynor intends to be in Canberra at the same time as you but I have told him that it will not be possible to see us as we shall not be here. In any case I gather that he only wants to come to tea, or whatever Americans drink at 4 p.m. - 'bourbon on the rocks' is it not? I must remember to get a bottle just in case he discovers our new address.

I thank you for the excerpt from Ronald's best-seller. He was certainly both kind and accurate in his assessment of my talents, or rather the lack of them. But his book does not seem to have pleased the critics, and to quote from a recent correspondent it is: 'A disappointing effort, giving the impression of being dictated and in a hurry - many errors - not profound on people in his judgements and un-self-analytical (whatever that means) - one would have expected a deeper, less superficial work with some depth and no cliches'.

I have just finished cataloguing over a thousand books for transfer to our library at the University of Adelaide, and there are some 500 left to do. Then our letters and papers have to be sorted and packed for the archives; and Honor is getting the garden straightened out and the plants to go with us duly potted.

Honor seems to have sold the house to, quite literally, the first person to walk in from the road and admire the garden. He said that he had heard a rumour that it might be on sale at the end of the year and he'd like first option. So without thinking she said O.K. if you have a quarter of a million in cash ready. I suppose really that she thought it would put him off but he merely said done, produced \$2,000 as an advance payment and satisfied our solicitor that the rest was ready any time.

It is worth more, I guess, particularly if one advertises in Hong Kong, but we can't spend the money we already have - Honor already has over \$200,000 worth of General Property Trust units to add to her share capital and with the money for the house she will be well over half a millionaire; so with her own flat and her W and O Pension she should be able to make do when I die, apart from the money from my will and a second W and O from the ANU.

What really decided Honor was the wife of the prospective buyer flying down from Tweed Heads to have a look at the garden. She inspected and admired each of probably a hundred different plants and never faulted with the names and habits of a single one - clearly a monomaniac after Honor's heart. Her last words to her husband at the airport were to tell Honor that she need not worry about the garden one scrap as everything in it would be given her tender, loving care.

I shall now return to the first of the three doctoral theses with which I have been saddled this year - one from the University of Queensland and the others from the ANU and the University of the South Pacific. This one is on the relationship between the architecture of the Gilbertese and their social structure and is very interesting; the others on Vanuatu land tenure and L.M.S. Mission history I shall try to postpone until we are installed in the wilds of Weston, surrounded by abos, snakes, dingos and wallabies.

With our profound respects and congratulations on reaching the cover of Ronald's opus. It may have taken long but at last we can say that fame has reached you - all your friends will rejoice at the honour,

Yours ever,

Harry Myranda

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

Dear Harry

26th February, 1984.

Having now had some news from folk in Fiji, friends in Sydney, and the incredible Mr. John Orr of Auburn, New South Wales, I am now beginning to think about a round-the-world tour later this year. You know - its very unfair; here am I having to visit the Pacific every other year to see both you and Honor (if you were not there, I would not bother to come), and you two never move out of Canberra. What about that projected visit to this country on board ship whilst you are changing houses?

As far as I can see at present, I shall probably fly direct to Fiji calling at New York, Los Angeles and Honolulu on Air New Zealand. They have a special linkage with British Airways for round-the-world journeys which cuts down the costs quite a bit. (Incidentally, Air New Zealand is the only airline which has carried over my luggage beyond my destination - and they have done it twice!!). I would probably leave here in the second half of October, spend about 10-12 days in Fiji; thence to Sydney to stay with friends for, say, 3 or 4 days; and thence to Canberra, back to Sydney and then home. So I might be with you early in November. This letter is therefore to check that you and Honor will be in residence in Canberra towards the end of October and the first half of November. Can you please let me know as soon as you conveniently can? I would of course give you plenty of notice when the actual dates are fixed.

Talking of visits, you had better watch out. I gather from Lester Gaynor that he hopes to visit Canberra later this year! Preserve me from having to meet him!!! As I shall next July reach the ripe old age of 75 years, I may not do another round-the-world tour and I want to see you and Honor - not Lester!

I have just had a letter from Mr. Orr - his middle name must be "Persistence"! He tells me that he is, before producing a magnum opus on Malden Island, to produce the story of the guano trade in the Pacific. Its title is to be - wait for it! - "The Stranger Shores of Promise". The guy must be a nut.

Incidentally, I have just concluded reading Ronald Garvey's rather selective autobiography entitled "Gentleman Pauper", entitled thus because an elderly bloke when told he was to enter the Colonial Service, told him that that was what he would be. The photograph on the dust cover is of Ronald presenting Queen Salote with a mace and lo and behold the picture includes one P.D. Macdonald in uniform looking very neat, good-looking and civilized. My daughter and grandchildren think its fine until I explain that that was exactly 25 years ago! The printing is appalling and there are many errors. There are also errors of fact e.g. that we three travelled to Fanning on the "Moana" not "Moamoa"; that I took over from Bentley (who the hell was he?) and not Leembruggen; then Tubai for Tubuai; and Coupang for Koepang; Queen Salotte, etc. He does not mention the famous incident where he seized the present Queen Mum when she visited Suva as Duchess of York and waltzed her round the floor rather to the horror of Suva society. Ronald was quite complimentary about me in the book. His reference to a guy named Maude was as follows:-

By air mail
Par avion

Aerogramme



COLLECT
BRITISH
POSTAGE



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., G.V.O.

Flat No. 34 St. Margarets,

London Road,

GUILDFORD,

Postcode Surrey GUL 1TJ. England.

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here

"Harry was the Native Lands Commissioner - a very important post, particularly with reference to the Gilberts where land possession had been in a hopeless tangle for a number of years, and he, fluent in Gilbertese and very knowledgeable on native customs, was just the man for the job, tedious, meticulous as it was. Harry was really an academic, with a good brain but a rather highly strung personality. Whilst he rose to important positions in the service, he was never to my mind the true material for an administrator for he was too sensitive to the buffets which befell one in that capacity, A number of years later I was happy to give him a strong - and valid - recommendation for the post of Reader in Pacific History at the National University of Australia at Canberra. He was ideally suited for the post, and, I am glad to say, got it and has since done a magnificent job in the promotion of Pacific history".

Tippee!! Now you know what your ol'ers and betters thought of you!
Must close. Please let me know about October/ November and warn me if Lester plans a visit then too!

Do tell me how you have been making out with that dreadful little so-and-so Mr. McGuirk of Blackpool?

Love to Ann
Lester Mac

77 Arthur Circle, Forrest,
A.C.T.2603, Australia,
3rd May, 1984.

My dear Paddy,

It was very considerate of you to postpone your visit until such time as we are sound in mind and body again, and we certainly do appreciate it. Honor finds it difficult to cope as it is and the doctor has had to put her on sedatives; and she will need all the support she can get until she has settled into her final home.

We have catalogued, packed and cased a further 273 books for the Adelaide Library, and they went off last Monday. There are about 250 left, including the Pitcairn Island Section, and then the material for the Archives (our correspondence, accounts and the like from 1929 onwards) has to be sorted out and packed.

Then on her side there is all the gadgetry of modern living to be bought and installed, including over 40 electrical appliances. Odour extractors, heated towel rails, dish washers and heaven knows what else. Oh, for the simplicity of life on Beru.

Thanks for the dope on Gaynor's Christmas Island epic, which I duly return as requested. I have reached the conclusion that his obsession has now passed the bounds of normality and that he can no longer be moved by reasonable argument. Hence I have left his letters unanswered in the hope that they would stop.

He resents all criticism and regards the rejections of his MS as being due to malice. For example he blames his rejection by the University of Hawaii Press as being due to the machinations of the Bishop Museum, to which I replied that the influence of the Bishop Museum on the UHP is about as much as that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

And now in a final act of childishness he sends his MS to what I'm told are the experts on soft porn for the American pulp trade. They must have wondered what had hit them; but they certainly gave him some good advice, interlarded with such gems of Pacific discovery as 'the famous statues, of course, are that by which the Island is known to the majority of the American public': a revealing comment on the intelligence of the American public - and of the firm.

Lester has sent me all the waffle which he sent you and his letter makes it clear that he neither understands nor intends to follow any of the advice for which he paid \$600, but proposes simply to waste his time cutting out passages here and there

until he reaches the number of words which he considers right. Apparently he did not consider the book to be unduly long but in any case presumed that Scott Meredith would cross out what was felt to be unnecessary 'and that is what Meredith is really saying, cross it out'. What the firm really says is quite clear: 'Simply cutting this would not solve the problem ... the difficulties here go far beyond length' (see his p.4).

But like you I feel sorry for the poor man for he has pertinacity if, as I fear, no other attribute necessary for authorship. I have written him one more frank letter of advice, and enclose a copy, and that should result in future silence for me and a volley of abuse about me to you.

About your copy of his MS, the proper place for it is quite clearly the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau (write Robert Langdon, Director, Pacific Manuscripts Bureau, Research School of Pacific Studies, Australian National University, G.P.O. Box 4, Canberra, A.C.T.2601, Australia), which is not run by the A.N.U. but by the Research Archives and Libraries of America, Australasia and the Pacific Islands; the A.N.U. simply give Robert an office to work from. His raw material should also go to the same repository, where it can be of benefit to the maximum number of scholars.

After the P.M.B. the next best would be the University of the South Pacific. Write to Prof. Ron Crocombe, Director, Institute of Pacific Studies, G.P.O. Box 1168, Suva, Fiji; or the Librarian of the U.S.P. at the same Box Number. But if deposited with them the material will of course be eaten by silverfish and other insects and deteriorate with the damp, tropical climate.

You are absolutely right: Gaynor has three books on his hands, all of which could be publishable if he separated his material and then wrote it up in literary form. And I have been telling him for years that no University Press will take an unreferenced history: but alas he knows better and has no references whatever.

We were sorry to hear that you have a touch of arthritis, because it seems to take away from the joy of life; still I suppose that you brought it on yourself by indulging in blood sports like rugger. You really ought to live here where there are four olympic pools, though I think only two are heated for winter use, and dozens of exercise joints where one can lose weight, and cash, with the greatest of ease.

And thanks for the invitation to lunch with the learned Ing, provided we spend \$5,000 in flying to London and back. What about splitting the difference and you two flying half way, say to Beirut or Teheran, where we could get an excellent lunch and we could then fly back again with less fatigue. It would

serve to give Ing a touch of the exotic east.

One letter last week asked permission to publish the Slavers slather in French and another to Publish 'The Evolution of the Gilbertese Boti' in Gilbertese, so we are coming on. The latter request is signed by Billy Schutz, who says: 'my father is Henry; which makes William Paul Schutz, manager of the Tangitang Co-operative, my grandfather'.

He also says that 'Unimane in the various islands have expressed delight at the existence of such information and also expressed a marked desire to be able to read the text': so one's coal does in the end get back to Newcastle - all the information in the book, which I trust is your bedside reading, comes from the grandfathers of the present Unimane.

By the way Lester Gaynor, no doubt hearing about the postponement of your visit here, has also postponed his and now merely says 'Sooner or later we'll make it to Aussie land again'.

I stop,

Your ever obedient servant,

Harry M. Aude

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

10th April, 1984.

My dear Henry

Your letter of the 1st April arrived yesterday and I don't suppose you have ever received such a speedy reply - but I fear that the standard of typing is far below that in your letter. However, a letter is a letter, is a letter, is a letter.... even if it has typographical errors, etc.

The reason I was about to write to you was to inform you - in case you do not know - that the magnum opus on Christmas Island is to all intents and purposes dead. As I think you may like to be aware of its obsequies, I enclose the last two letters which I have received from Lester Gaynor on the subject.

Frankly, I am sorry for the little man, though I think the death of the project is largely his own fault. But, it is sad nevertheless in view of the tremendous energy he has devoted to the project. But, from the time he first addressed me, when I was in Suva - and that is about five years ago, I have always been worried about the tremendous depth of his researches - and into all sorts of highways and byways - piling Pelion upon Ossa with the results of those researches. Perhaps that might not have mattered if the subject matter of his project had been one which, when produced as a book, was likely to have a sufficient spread and be widely popular or the subject of interest by learned institutions. But, alas, Christmas Island is not such a subject, interesting though it may be to a few who know of it and have been there. The longer his researches went on, the less likelihood I thought that the results would ever appear, particularly of the kind of book which he has always had in mind. He would surely have been much wiser to produce, if possible, several shorter productions, e.g. on the history of Christmas Island, the Rougier story, and so on.

The critique of the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, though appallingly verbose, is I think fair, though whether it is worth US \$600.00 I doubt. But perhaps the Agency felt that the critique had to be that length to justify the fee. But it took them an awful long while to say "Sorry - NO".

His ms having been rejected right, left and centre by the academic institutions, followed by the Agency's decision, must have been a severe blow to Lester but, as I have stated above, I feel that they cannot have been very unexpected if he had given thought to the future of the ms. However, he seems to have accepted the decision to rewrite the ms very philosophically, though it will surely be a herculean task, given that he himself is inclined to verbosity. (Nor do I think much of his style of writing, I fear). I think he would do better to produce several shorter stories as I have suggested above, though he failed to get the Aeon story published in a magazine you will note. But, again, I am not surprised, since I doubt if he could make the story sufficiently alive and interesting in view of his poor style.

In the second letter, you will especially note his words "at the rate I am going I have no idea when I will see it (the magnum opus) published". He does not therefore seem to have given up hope of the ms being published later, but surely that is a forlorn hope?

And what the hell do I do with the ms of the magnum opus which he is sending to me? I doubt if I will ever find the time to read it - several hundred pages - or even the interest to do so, though I might dip into it. I would like to palm it off on his friend Bob Wimbush, but I doubt if the latter would "buy" it. Any suggestions? In a way I feel it is a pity that the ms should be buried so to speak and not be available to the very few who might wish to refer to it.

Would any University, e.g. the ANU, Auckland, Sydney, South Pacific (in Suva) etc. be interested in being given the ms? or the Kiribati Archives?

And have you any suggestions to make as to what he might do with what he calls in his first letter his "raw material"? I can only suggest that he might divide it up and present it to the authorities (archives?) in Kiribati, Tahiti, etc.

I doubt if he would agree, at least initially, and it may be that I am sticking my oar in where it is not wanted. But, as I have said, I am sorry for the little man and feel that the least I can do is to show my sympathy by making some suggestions.

Enough. One tedious request of you I fear. Can you please return the enclosed letters, etc., to me; it is possible, if not likely, that he may address me in due course on points arising out of the Agency's critique, or his letters, and I should feel very embarrassed if I could not answer them properly.

Now to your letter. Your para. 1 - I certainly did not express myself in such elegant terms but, Maude, you really must learn how to spell the word "indestructable" properly - its "indestructible" according to the OED.

I was sorry to hear that you will be making your move in October/November but of course that makes sense when one remembers that that is your Summer and that moving in the Winter would be no joke. So the visit will have to be in the New Year and I will write to you much later on as to dates since I wish to be sure that the folks I wish to see in Australia will be there then. But I am sorry about the delay since I had been so greatly looking forward to seeing you and Honor again soon. However....

From your description, in paragraph 3 of your letter, your new residence sounds like that of a really high class prostitute!!! It certainly puts my humble flat to shame. As for my ordering Harrods to do the necessary in every way, you must be joking. I do not go in for slumming like that. I prefer to get all my stuff from Nieman Marcus in Dallas.

With regard to your fifth paragraph, as I approach my 75th birthday in July, I am not far off "the sere and yellow", if not there, as you say you are. Whilst I do not sleep in the afternoons, I usually lie down though never with a book, paper or magazine in my hands. And I too go to bed usually every night at 9 p.m., not because I am tired out, but from sheer bloody boredom, since, with very few exceptions, the BBC and ITV TV programmes are so bloody awful.

I entirely agree with what the correspondent whom you quote had to say about Ronald Garvey's book. I think "un-self-analytical" simply means that he did not analyze his own shortcomings. His book is too full of what he did - too much "I", "I", "I" - and how he ignored the Colonial Office when he felt like it; in fact, I fear, rather a lot of self-praise. But he never attempted for example to analyze the Fijian/Indian problem in Fiji or others of a like nature. I think, like Lester, he was anxious to get his name in print.

I must say it was a piece of luck being able to sell your house first time like that, though I imagine you will both be very sorry to leave it.

I must say you are now in "the stinking rich" class. Why on earth don't you charter a plane and pay us a flying visit here this year? You can obviously clearly afford to do so. And little Ing and I will ensure that you get a room at the RGS and that there are ample supplies of your favourite breakfast - black coffee and valium - available. Little Ing, with whom I lunched recently, recounted with much eclat the occasion when you and he were thrown out of the bar!

Three doctoral theses - wow! I don't know just what such a thesis entails though I am sure it involves a good deal of work - and research? Anyway, I am sure it is right to keep oneself busy. I think I would go round the bend in this miserable country if I had not research and writing to do.

You are not quite right when you refer to me as "indestructable" and "young and full of energy and joie de vivre and bonhomie and positively exuding what is termed 'rude health' ". Like you, I am getting older, and take things more easily. "Young" - no; "full of energy" - no; "joie de vivre and bonhomie" - ti teutana; "rude health" - NO. I find I have to watch my weight, and, by dint of bursts of dieting, I now weigh 2 lbs less than I did when I played rugger for Cambridge University, the Harlequins and the Eastern Counties over 50 years ago - which is not bad. But I try to keep my weight down because I have a touch of arthritis in both knees which is tiresome and inhibits my taking much walking. The trouble with this wretched country is that there is not a nice Olympic swimming pool in the vicinity; that is the best exercise of all I think. It does not help one to lose weight, but it does keep one's muscles in good trim.

Help - the postman has just shoved my mail through the slot in the door and, on picking it up, I see that there is a large envelope from the Inland Revenue. The budget having taken place on the 5th April, those boys do not waste much time. Fortunately, the Budget this year has, as far as I am concerned, been quite beneficial. I see that affairs in Australia seem to be going quite well under Bob Hawke, according to the "Economist", but it looks as though life may be a bit tougher from now on.

Must close and deal with that damned letter from the Inland Revenue,

My love to Honor - M. P. Jones

P.S. Please give me reasonable advance notice WITHOUT FAIL when I should change the address on the letters I write to you.