
Of all the writers connected with the Pacific islands, probably the most prolific has been Beatrice Ethel Grimshaw, who lived from 1870 to 1953. Initially a journalist, she began her Pacific career as a propagandist for commercial and settler interests, but later, after becoming a settler herself, she concentrated on fiction writing. She was the author of nearly four-dozen books. Most of them were escapist outdoor romances with an exotic, titillatingly dangerous, Pacific setting. As a supplier of the popular market for easily digested entertainment, as an author whose characters tend to be stereotyped ‘goodies’ and ‘baddies’ and whose mechanically contrived plots invariably move to a ‘happy ending’, she is, admittedly, not a great literary figure. Yet, neither is she to be dismissed with a damning phrase, as James A. Michener presumed to do in describing her as the ‘Queen of gush’.¹ For she does succeed in entertaining. The denouements are never entirely predictable, the variations on the basic elements of her stories are often ingenious and the prose is periodically enlivened by a tongue-in-cheek wryness of observation, often at the expense of her compatriots (for instance, ‘when an Irishman is vulgar, be sure he’s an Ulsterman’).² *The Times* obituarist gave her no more than justice when he remarked that her ‘long sequence of novels and short stories … achieved high competence’.³

The more enduring significance of Grimshaw’s writing, however, is in its being an historical source. For it reflects with unequalled volume and consistency some of the basic values, assumptions, aspirations and fantasies of the European settler community in Papua, to which she belonged from 1907 to 1934. She was their Rudyard Kipling (a writer to whose work she regularly alludes). She was the laureate of what has been described as:

a dusty, lower middle class, Australian version of the British Raj. It lacked the grace and magnificence of the Empire at its zenith. Its security derived less from a sense of pride in its technological superiority and splendour than from a mean and pedantic insistence on the importance of innate racial differences.⁴

Approaching imaginative writing as a historical source can be a precarious activity. But the dangers are minimised in the case of Grimshaw by the clarity with which she shows the characters she approves of, by the supplementing

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³ *The Times*, 1 Aug. 1953.
of her fiction with a considerable body of non-fiction, by the well-established place she enjoyed in settler society, and by the recorded views of many of her followers. These factors all attest to a profound assurance of European racial superiority. This is a characteristic theme throughout her work. (After all, she was writing for a British readership at the heyday of Empire). It has been explored at length by Susan Gardner, and with a subtlety that identifies contradictions and tensions within the characters who populate her pages and, indeed, in her attitude to her own representations. Thus Grimshaw glamourised female individuality while affirming women’s dependence on their menfolk, and their special responsibility for maintaining European standards of propriety in an alien setting. As for Pacific Islanders, she articulated a general disdain for them in the present but pragmatically foresaw a future in which they would be less easily dismissed.

Paradoxically for one who wrote so extensively, Grimshaw was a private person. Her own writings, even those concerning herself, contain little personal information. An autobiography, reported in 1935 as having been written, was never published and few of her personal papers appear to have survived. Yet, there are documentary gleanings enough from which to construct a basic chronology. She was born on 3 February 1870 at Cloona House, near Dunmurry, County Antrim, in the north of Ireland. Her father, Nicholas, was a linen merchant turned wine and spirit trader (in 1868) Her great-great-grand-father had, about 1760, moved from Lancashire to Belfast. There he set up the first cotton mill in Ireland and founded the Ulster Spinning Company. Her mother was the daughter of Ramsay Newson of Cork. Beatrice was the fifth child in a family of eight, four boys and four girls. The family were members of the Church of Ireland.

Her early life Grimshaw reports as happy, being spent with a loving family in a pleasant home in the country where horse riding was the chief amusement. Later, as her father’s business failed—a fact she does reveal—the family relinquished its country seat and moved into Belfast city, to 19 College Gardens. She had left there long before her mother (1905) and father (1907) died, but, given the

7 Pacific Islands Monthly (PIM), July 1935, p. 4.
9 Matthew Hoehn (ed.), Catholic Authors, St Mary’s Abbey, 1948, p. 294.
decline in fortune associated with it, it is likely that she had Cloonagh rather than its successor, opposite Queen's University, affectionately in mind when she wrote to an Australian correspondent in 1912:

I was very glad to hear that you are well and that your home affairs are happy. You don't know how different life looks when the home breaks up and you warm yourself henceforth by other folk's fires. Of course yours never may; there may always be some of your people left in the old place. I hope there will be.10

Houses were a recurrent, and wishful, symbol of comfort and reassurance in Grimshaw's writings. In 1919 she was pleased to have her house at Samarai in Papua featured in an Australian magazine.11

Never 'a girl to sew a fine seam', Grimshaw appears to have been allowed to grow up without too much parental constraint. Her formal education was broad and expensive, though desultory. She was first taught by private tutors and governesses. Later, in 1877, during a lengthy interlude abroad, at Caen in Normandy, she attended a school kept by Mlle Retaillaud (whose name she afterwards used in a novel). A decade on, during 1887, she attended Bedford College, University of London, where her main subjects were Latin, Greek, Mathematics Physics and Chemistry. During the 1890–1891 academic year she attended Queen's College, Belfast. She never took a degree. At some time she appears to have tried nursing.12

Grimshaw's parents' hope, so she says, was that she would become a lecturer in classics at a women's college, though they might even have been content for her simply to take her place in society. For her part, the evidence suggests that she was attracted by the possibility of—and, as the family money ran out, presumably felt the need for—a professional career of some sort. Whatever the particular reasons, Grimshaw emerges as the very model of the liberated 'New Woman' of the 1890s. Indeed, she applied the term to herself. She had enjoyed something of the new opportunities for female higher education; she also rode the newly fashionable bicycle, which became an important sign and symbol of liberation by enabling respectable young ladies to assert their individuality, and escape from the traditional restraints represented by chaperones; she found paid professional employment; and, ultimately, she travelled.13

Dorothy

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10 Beatrice Grimshaw to Margaret Windeyer, 20 July 1912, Sydney, Mitchell Library, Ag 66.
11 Gardner, 'A "vert" to Australianism', p. 31; Thos J. McMahon, 'The House of Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, Papua's novelist', Lone Hand, Jan 1919, 34.
Middleton’s generalisations in *Victorian Lady Travellers* (all of them middle class women, and not eccentric aristocrats such as Lady Hester Stanhope) apply in their essentials to Grimshaw:

Travel was an individual gesture of the housebound, man-dominated Victorian woman. Trained from birth to an almost impossible idea of womanly submission and self-discipline, of obligation to class and devotion to religion, she had need of an emotional as well as of an intellectual outlet. This she found often late in life, in travel, and though her dignity never wavered and she seems to have imposed her severe moral standards on the very rough company in which she often found herself, she was able to enjoy a freedom of action unthinkable at home.¹⁴

This individual liberation, relished by Grimshaw, was not allied to a concern for the condition of women in general. The ‘New Woman’ was not necessarily a suffragette, nor, in any explicit way, a precursor of the modern feminist. Grimshaw not only held rigidly to conventional moral standards but also readily conceded that ‘women are not as clever as man—let the equality brigade shriek if they like—but neither are we as stupid’.¹⁵

In *Isles of Adventure*, a semi-autobiographical travelogue on New Guinea published in 1930, Grimshaw writes that she left ‘a perfectly good home, where the manners and the food are better than she found anywhere else, but where life was infested by the giving and taking of loathsome parties. And nobody was really serious’.¹⁶ The evidence of later straightened circumstances (her father left an estate of only £30), suggests that this picture of delightful domestic decadence was unduly roseate (and based on Cloonagh?). In any case, when she was 21, and with the reluctant blessing of her parents, she went to Dublin to take up journalism. There, with a vagueness of detail characteristic of her style, she relates that she edited a ‘Social Journal’ and subedited a sporting journal. In fact, she worked on *The Irish Cyclist* (1891–1895) and *The Social Review* (1895–1899), two of a stable of magazines controlled by a notable sportsman and publisher, Richard James (‘Arjay’) Mecredy. Her decade in Dublin was also marked by several other notable assertions of self. In 1894 she became a Catholic. About the same time she set, so she claims, a new women’s 24-hour road cycling record, but this was at best a gross transmogrification of a more modest feat.¹⁷ Under the pseudonym ‘Graphus’, in her ‘Lady Cyclist’ column in *The Irish Cyclist*, 29 June 1898, Grimshaw reported that

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I hear that a lady cyclist—name unknown—shortly contemplates going for a 12 hours road record ... once in my 'salad days', when machines were rather different, and riders very much less knowing, I thought of trying for a 100 miles ride in private, and without any pace-makers, though checks, of course, were to be obtained ... the result, on a three-figure ride, did not come within 4 miles an hour of the 100 record as it stood then! After which, as Kipling would say, I quit! Unless a woman cyclist is prepared to ride under the best possible conditions, in exactly the same way as a man, her ride cannot amount to anything worth noticing.\textsuperscript{18}

Another achievement was the publication in 1897 of her first novel, a romance about an assertive young woman like herself, and titled \textit{Broken Away}. Then, in 1901, she turned from 'pure' to 'applied' journalism, to writing advertising material for tourist and travel firms and promoting emigration. In 1902, following a move to London, she became responsible for the organisation and control of the Cunard shipping company's literary department, but resigned the following year to travel further a field herself, on assignment for the \textit{Daily Graphic}.\textsuperscript{19}

Equipped with travel passes, writing commissions and personal introductions, she crossed America, touched at Tahiti, and went on to New Zealand. There the Union Steam Ship Company commissioned her to write attractive descriptions for tourists of the places visited by its vessels in the eastern Pacific. Before the end of 1904 she had visited and enthused over the Cook Islands, Tonga, Samoa and Niue. Two articles on this voyage, which allowed her several lengthy sojourns ashore, were serialised in 1906 and 1907 in the \textit{Red Funnel}, a literary magazine published by the Union company.

Also in 1904 she was commissioned to tour and report on New Zealand, particularly on the geothermal 'wonderland' of the central North Island, for the Government Tourist Department. Next, in 1905, she was commissioned by the Fiji Government to undertake a horseback journey through the two main islands of Fiji 'to see just what the native and his life were like, and what value the country might be for possible settlers'. The governor, Sir Everard im Thurn, later declared himself pleased with the resulting publicity.\textsuperscript{20} Sir Basil Thomson, a former colonial official familiar with Fiji and Tonga, though, was more sceptical:

\textsuperscript{18} Quoted in Gardner to Laracy, 7 June 1979, personal communication.
\textsuperscript{19} Grimshaw to Deakin, 1 Oct. 1908, Canberra, Australian Archives, CRS A1 1919/3935; \textit{PIM} Feb. 1947, p. 36; J.E. Nixon Westwood 'Notes', Canberra, National Library of Australia (NLA), Nixon Westwood papers.
\textsuperscript{20} Grimshaw to Deakin, 1 Oct. 1908, Canberra, Australian Archives, CRS A1 1919/3935; Beatrice Grimshaw, 'A Lady in Far Fiji', \textit{The Wide World Magazine}, vol. XVIII (1906–1907), p. 218. Beatrice had a cousin, Edward Grimshaw, who lived in Fiji from 1883 to 1941, but there is no evidence that she was ever aware of him. Fiji \textit{Times and Herald}, 20 Jan. 1941.
Nor must her invitation to Englishmen with small capital to emigrate to the South Pacific be taken seriously. First impressions of these beautiful islands are apt to breed enthusiasm, but the stern reality is that, while many traders, by dint of hard living and careful management, contrive to save money, the planter landing in the islands without experience generally stays only long enough to part with his capital.\(^{21}\)

Maybe, but Grimshaw was scarcely intemperate or even uncautious in her advocacy:

the young Englishman wishing to seek his fortune as a planter should have at least £500 to start on, exclusive of passage-money. He can do excellently with a few hundreds more, but it is as well to put things as low as possible. Copra—the dried kernal of the cocoanut—is the usual, and the safest, investment. It is always saleable, and the demand increases year by year—so much so, that the large soap-making firms, who are the chief users of the product, are of late planting out islands for themselves. The cost of clearing and planting the land is about £5 an acre. … In about seven years, the returns begin to come in, and in ten years time the land should be bringing in £5 net profit for every acre of trees. This is, of course, a long time to wait, but bananas can grow on the same land meantime, and will generally yield a quick return. … [On the other hand] banana growing may be managed with less capital, but the profits are not so sure, since fruit is perishable, and cannot wait for the steamer as copra can.\(^{22}\)

From Fiji, Grimshaw travelled to Sydney and thence to the then New Hebrides. Early in 1906 she returned to Europe.\(^{23}\) Her main achievement over the next 18 months was the completion of three books, all published in 1907. Two, *In the Strange South Seas* (reviewed by Thomson), and *From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands*, were expansions of her *Red Funnel* articles, and one, *Vaiti of the Islands*, was a novel.

In 1907 she again set forth: this time for Australia and from there, in November, to Papua. She intended to stay two or three months. Instead, it became her home for the next 27 years. One reason for this was the encouragement she received from Hubert Murray (at that time the acting administrator and soon to be lieutenant-governor), who accommodated her for the first few weeks at Government House. Irish, Catholic, well educated, travelled, a ‘loner’, a noted sportswoman, and an advocate of commercial development for tropical colonies, Grimshaw was in many ways a female analogue of Murray, who found her an

\(^{21}\) *Times Literary Supplement*, 14 Nov. 1907, p. 346.
\(^{22}\) Grimshaw, *Strange South Seas*, pp. 57–58.
\(^{23}\) Grimshaw, *Fiji to the Cannibal Islands*, pp. 124, 169, 224; Grimshaw, *Isles*, p. 298.
agreeable guest. He described her to his brother, Gilbert, the famous Greek scholar, as ‘an extremely nice woman, and not a bit superior; also she is an Irish Catholic and Fenian and if she was also Australian there would be nothing more to be desired’. While the designation ‘Fenian’ is tongue-in-cheek (there is no evidence that her unabashed Irishness extended to political partisanship), Grimshaw was, likewise, attracted to Murray. Unfortunately for the prurient romantics, though, there is no evidence that their relationship was ever closer than that of friendship; the details of their mutual history must remain professional rather than personal. Impressed with Murray’s work she was to find in Papua ample scope for her ability as a publicist. She was concerned to help him attract settlers, and to defend him against criticisms of rivals who, at the time of her arrival, were hoping to prevent his appointment as lieutenant-governor.

On 31 January 1908 *The Times* published her report ‘that new liberal land laws have been promulgated and the natives are contented. For this state of things credit must be given to Mr Murray’s administration’. During 1908 she also took it upon herself to write a series of letters to Alfred Deakin, then Prime Minister of Australia, praising Murray and urging upon Deakin his responsibility towards British settlers in Australia’s neighbourhood. In January she wrote to advocate a stronger British presence in the New Hebrides; to assure Deakin of the Papuans’ great personal respect for Murray; and, to inform him that she had a ‘very satisfactory system for spreading information through the press of the world, not necessarily under my own signature’. In March she wrote in praise of Murray: ‘he is of the type that I know well at home—the kind that can handle an Indian Presidency, or an African colony with ease’.

On 2 June she urged that Australia take over the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides from Britain, and also made some revealing comments about missions and her view of their place in the colonial polity. While describing herself as a rough believer in and supporter of missions, she deplored their tendency to usurp the functions of government. She also charged that they did not want countries developed by white settlers. Rather they wished ‘to keep out capital, to retain supreme power themselves, to prevent the natives engaging in plantation work, and above all (as a rule) from learning English’. Three weeks later she wrote again, defending Murray.

When she visited Melbourne later in the year she twice called on Deakin.

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One result of thus making herself known was that, for £85 and free transport to and within Papua, she was commissioned by Deakin to publicise Papua’s need for settlers and capital.26 On 14 November 1908 Murray wrote to his brother: ‘Miss Grimshaw returned today after a short visit to Australia. She is to write pamphlets advertising Papua. I owe much to her’.27 She lost no time on this task. On 5 December she reported to Atlee Hunt, secretary of the Home and Territories Department, that she had completed three leaflets for distribution among the county families of England and that she would do ‘about half a dozen more before concluding the work’. She was as good as her word. She then ensured that copies were sent to the main London clubs, shipping companies and magazines as well as to 800 people listed in Whittaker’s Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Championage (Burke’s Landed Gentry was unobtainable in both Melbourne and Sydney at the time). She hoped to assure ‘families … who have “younger sons” with capital that there is not a place in the British Empire where a fortune, can be made more surely and safely with a small capital’ (recommended minimum £2,000).28 Meanwhile she continued to ‘puff’ Papua in newspaper articles, and later in books. In 1910 there appeared The New New Guinea, an account of her travels in Papua similar in style to her travel books of 1907. Murray paid her £100 from government funds for The New New Guinea and probably corrected the proofs himself while on leave in England. Considering, so she wrote in 1909 (and as the academic community was to decide in the 1960s), that ‘the market is ripe for New Guinea literature’, she also applied herself to fiction.29

Following her initial stay at Government House, Grimshaw had several addresses in Port Moresby. First, the ‘Top Pub’, one of Port Moresby’s two. Then a double canoe anchored offshore, against the hull of which, it has been said, crocodiles used to scratch their backs at night; and, later, a house, which she bought on Paga Hill.30 She was generally acknowledged as a celebrity and took prominent part in the social life of the town. She attended functions at Government House, helped organise ‘at homes’ in the schoolhouse, attended the Catholic church regularly and was one of a group of ladies who made vigorous use of the public swimming pool. To gather material for her writing she persistently sought the conversation of schooner men, planters and goldminers, in addition to visiting the Lake Kamu goldfield herself and taking advantage of almost any opportunity to travel. For a while, it seems, she may even have been engaged to a well-known

26 Hunt to Grimshaw, 8 Oct 1908, Canberra, Australian Archives, CRS A1, 1910/3935.
27 West, p. 52
miner, William Little, who died in 1920. At least she wore his ring.\textsuperscript{11} In 1913 she was invited to visit Dutch Timor to advise on development and, in 1915, she left Port Moresby to live on the island of Sariba, near Samarai. From 1917 to 1922—turning to pioneering on her own account—she tried her hand at developing a plantation on the mainland opposite Sariba. Then, in 1922, she sold out and visited Britain, staying several weeks in the Moluccas on the way. On her return, Port Moresby again became her home, though she spent considerable time at a cottage, which she built, overlooking the Rouna Falls, 32 kilometres inland.\textsuperscript{32}

During the 1920s Grimshaw made several notable excursions. In 1923, visiting the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, she accompanied a Divine Word Mission party over 300 kilometres up the Sepik River. And, in 1926, Murray took her on an expedition nearly 500 kilometres up the Fly River to Lake Murray where, she records, the people stole from him a history of Ireland written in Gaelic. On both trips Grimshaw rejoiced to have been the first European woman to have ventured so far inland.\textsuperscript{33} Late in 1930 she departed, travelling via the Cook Islands and Tahiti, for the United States and Europe, returning in 1932. Then, in 1933, she took over five acres of land that had been previously leased by the film actor Errol Flynn, on the Laloki River, 24 kilometres from Port Moresby. Here, with her brother Ramsay, an ex-marine engineer, she hoped to establish a tobacco farm. But in 1934 the farm was sold and, with Ramsay and another brother, Osbourne, who was retiring after 20 years in the Papua Government Service, she left Papua. As for her previous departures from Port Moresby, Murray stated his deep regret at losing a good friend and commented further that ‘we had come to look on her as part of the territory’.\textsuperscript{34} She again visited Fiji, Samoa and Tonga before finally retiring in 1936 to a cottage at Kelso, near Bathurst in New South Wales, where Ramsay was farming.\textsuperscript{35} Her last novel, \textit{The Missing Blondes}, was published in 1945. Grimshaw died at Bathurst on 30 June 1953.\textsuperscript{36}

In her nonfiction writing Grimshaw had two, clear-cut objectives. The first was to entertain and divert armchair travellers. The second was to promote European enterprise: tourism in Polynesia and settlement in Melanesia, immediately, at least, in Fiji and in Papua. For the New Hebrides, she saw the absence of a clear


\textsuperscript{32} West, pp. 73, 88–89; \textit{The Times}, 1 July 1953; \textit{PIM}, Feb. 1947, p. 36; Grimshaw, \textit{Isles}, pp. 208–218.


\textsuperscript{36} \textit{Western Times}, 1, 2 July 1953; \textit{The Times}, 1 Aug. 1953.
colonial authority as inhibiting commercial development, and urged Australian intervention. Following these notions is another significant theme, a racialist one, of the distance which, according to an evolutionary theory of human development, allegedly exists and must be maintained between Europeans and Pacific Islanders. Her attitude toward the islanders, ranging from patronising to disgusted, was one that the present age would damn, but which a school of thought fashionable earlier in the century rationalises in terms of what has since become known as ‘social Darwinism’.38

Following the convention established by the eighteenth century explorer Bougainville, whose romantic description of the Tahitians led to their being widely regarded as ‘noble savages’, she is indulgent towards the Polynesians.39 They are amiable children of nature—‘jolly, laughing, brown-skinned, handsome men and women’, ‘straight haired, light brown in colour, gentle and generous in disposition, ready to welcome strangers and feast them hospitably … aristocratic to the backbone’.40 The Tongans she describes as ‘a Christianised and partially civilised if a coloured race … they are handsome, with intelligent faces, and a dignity of pose and movement that is sometimes unkindly called the Tongan “swagger”’. And the Samoans are delineated as ‘a singularly beautiful race and most amiable in character’.41 Fijians, on the boundary line between Polynesia and Melanesia, are, however, placed on the border between good and evil. Seeing a Fijian making fire by rubbing two sticks together led Grimshaw to comment:

It was my first example of the truth that the Fijian civilization is only varnish deep.

Cannibalism has been abandoned, cruelty and torture given up, an ample amount of clothing universally adopted, yet the Fijian of 1905, freed from the white control and example that have moulded all his life would spring back like an unstrung bow to the thoughts and ways of his fathers. This is a truth doubted by no one who knew the inner life of Fiji.42

Westward of Fiji, the undiluted Melanesians are worst of all. Darker skinned than the Polynesians, living on much larger islands but in smaller non-chiefly

38 For a discussion of ideas regarding race, see Michael Banton, Race Relations (London, 1967), pp. 36–54.
40 Grimshaw, Strange South Seas, pp. 91, 190.
41 Ibid., pp. 257, 282.
42 Grimshaw, Fiji to the Cannibal Islands, p. 39.
communities, divided from their neighbours by fear of sorcery and by language
differences and being, admittedly, less acculturated, Grimshaw had little good
to say of them although she was to live among them for 27 years. She speaks of

The dark, wicked cannibal groups of the Solomons, Banks [New Guinea]
and New Hebrides, where life is more like a nightmare than a dream,
murder stalks openly in broad daylight, the people are nearer to
monkeys than to human beings in aspect, and music and dancing are
little practised, and in the rudest state possible.  

She developed her views of the New Hebrideans at some length. They were ‘ugly
creatures with flat, savage features; creatures of appalling ugliness and evil, as
for the Malekulans, worst fiends in hell or out of it … the wildest imagination
of mad-houses could [not] picture’. But they were not entirely unimproveable:

In some cases the New Hebridean is found capable of receiving education,
filling the post of plantation overseer or learning to be a good house
servant: though such instances are rare. The people of Aneityum and
Erromanga, being Christianised and civilised as far as possible to the
race, have reached a general level about equal to that of an intelligent
English child of seven or eight.

Such improvement was, however, to their disadvantage rather than advantage:
‘to the traveller original savages are a good deal more interesting folk such as the
clean, tidy, school attending, prosaically peaceful people of Aneityum’. The
mental process of all new Hebrideans were, she thought, different in kind from
those of Europeans:

The New Hebridean mind is what Lewis Carroll would call ‘scroobious
and wily’ and no white man can follow its turnings. It is quite capable
of planning to kill you, for no conceivable reason, and abandoning the
plan, also without the reason, and in a minute. All one can be certain of
about a New Hebridean is that there is no certainty in him.

Yet, despite the New Hebrideans’ lowly status in the scheme of human
development, European planters were not entitled to ill-treat their labourers.

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43 Ibid., p. 14
44 Ibid., pp. 138, 162, 165.
45 Ibid., p. 139.
46 Ibid., p. 237.
47 Ibid., p. 213.
Let it be allowed that the New Hebridean is a devil at heart—it does not improve even a devil to underfeed him, abuse him and flog him for the smallest cause, and count his life worth nothing more than the few pounds you have paid the schooner captain for recruiting him.\textsuperscript{48}

Nevertheless, such was the disorder that prevailed among the islanders that Grimshaw wished

most earnestly, that I could see the strong hand of Great Britain or her colonies grasp the bridle of this wretched country, as unfit to be left on its own guidance as any runaway horse, and pull it firmly and determinedly into the road of civilization and law-abiding peace.\textsuperscript{49}

The cries of certain men from Tana, who had worked on plantations in Queensland—‘Tana for the Tanese’, ‘if the white man won’t have us in his country we won’t have him in ours’—she dismissed as ‘unpleasantly significant’.\textsuperscript{50} What was needed to bring real fulfilment and nobility to the Pacific islands, as Beatrice saw things, was settlers: ‘The South Seas hold out hands of peace and plenty, begging for a respectable white population’. For,

The brown races are dying out with fearful rapidity; at their best they never touched the limitless capacities of the golden pacific soil. Its richness has always seemed to the original inhabitants an excellent reason for abstaining from cultivation. When the earth produced of itself everything that was necessary for comfort why trouble to work for it … . In the promise of the future, grey or golden, they have no shame. Today is theirs but they have no tomorrow.

But for the ‘more progressive’ white man in the Pacific islands ‘honesty, sobriety and industry repay their possessor as almost nowhere else in the world’.\textsuperscript{51} An example of a desirable settler was

Mr X … a young Oxonian, not twenty four years of age, who had been through most of the Boer War, and found himself unable to settle down to an office job at home afterwards. Accordingly he bought a plantation on Efate … this adventurous young Englishman remains alone among his men, managing the plantation without help … these are things that mere school boys of the British race can do when you take them from their Grandmothers and Aunts at home, and turn them loose in the wilderness to shift for themselves.\textsuperscript{52}

\textsuperscript{48} Ibid., p. 139.
\textsuperscript{49} Ibid., p. 220.
\textsuperscript{50} Ibid., p. 229.
\textsuperscript{51} Grimshaw, \textit{Strange South Seas}, pp. 56–57.
\textsuperscript{52} Grimshaw, \textit{Fiji to the Cannibal Islands}, p. 149.
Another admirable example was that of a family on a well-established plantation who lead a life in full accord with metropolitan standards of gentility.\textsuperscript{53} Indeed, to Grimshaw, they owed it to their race to do so. She makes her own conviction of racial superiority clear in describing her reaction to the volcanic activity of Mt Yasur on Tana. She had been looking into the crater:

\begin{quote}
(and then) I found myself running down the side of the cone, hand-in-hand with two extremely frightened niggers … . It was not courage, for I had none left, that stopped me half a dozen yards below the crater lip. White people must not be frightened before the blacks. So I went back and sat on the edge again … and looked down once more.\textsuperscript{54}
\end{quote}

Given the corollary of such notions of racial superiority, the importance of maintaining white racial purity, it is logical that Beatrice should have deplored interracial marriage (even between European and Polynesians), unlike one Englishwoman she writes of who ‘sinned against her race’—and was punished with misery and an early death for her folly. In the idyllic island of Rarotonga, so she wrote, ‘there are no social distinctions, save that between white and brown’.\textsuperscript{55} Such was the proper state of things, in contrast to the situation of the Dutch East Indies, where, she was later to observe, miscegenation was bringing ‘nearer to Holland the fate that befell Portugal and Spain when they forgot the Pride of race’.\textsuperscript{56}

The same attitudes, together with more urgent promotional purpose, are also found in Grimshaw’s work on New Guinea. In \textit{The New New Guinea}, she wrote of ‘the Port Moresby native’ and the locality he inhabited as being of scant interest and that ‘[it is] the new plantation life that is the real attraction in Papua today’. Indeed, between ‘1907 and 1909 it changed from being a useless tract of land, where the natives were more than half out of hand … to a peaceful, habitable and flourishing colony’. The reality of this transformation she presumed to demonstrate by citing statistics: in 1906, 28,999 acres of land were in European hands; by March 1909 this had risen to 319,853.\textsuperscript{57} Such was progress, and if the Papuans were to have any share in the glorious future to which it pointed, it would be through working as plantation labourers or ‘house-boys’: ‘All Pacific history seems to show that the conquered, tamed, civilised, and idle Oceanian inevitably dies out. All Malaysia seems to prove that the working savage lives’.\textsuperscript{58} But work was not totally reforming. By the 1920s increased contracts between Papuans and Europeans had given rise to what Grimshaw calls the ‘Black

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\textsuperscript{53} Ibid., p. 145.
\textsuperscript{54} Ibid., p. 233.
\textsuperscript{55} Grimshaw, \textit{Strange South Seas}, pp. 91, 244.
\textsuperscript{58} Beatrice Grimshaw, ‘The Progress of Papua’, \textit{Australia Today}, 1 Nov. 1911, p. 141.
\end{small}
Peril’—the alleged sexual desire of dark men for white woman. She admits that sexual assault was rare; after all very few white women would ‘insult’ their race in ‘the deepest possible manner’ by directly encouraging the advances of their servants. But since ‘brown men [were] violent and unrestrained of feeling, like all savages’ their lusts could easily be aroused through carelessness in dress and demeanour. The answer was simply for European women to be more careful, and to keep a revolver in the bedroom.\textsuperscript{59}

Opinions such as these were firmly entrenched among the settler caste in Papua. This is shown by the pressure that in 1926, following several assaults (not all of them unambiguously sexual) on European females, led Murray to issue the White Women’s Protection Ordinance. This blatantly discriminatory regulation allowed the death penalty to be imposed on anyone convicted of rape or attempted rape of ‘any European woman or girl’.\textsuperscript{60}

Sustaining Grimshaw’s distrust of the New Guineans’ sexuality was a firm belief in their diabolically supported capacity for evil. In her view the devil, working through sorcerers, had assisted the people of the then German New Guinea in 1904 to organise a plot, covering the whole of the territory, for getting rid of the Europeans. This opinion is a construction based on two separate and unrelated incidents—one an unsuccessful plot by dispossessed villagers to attack the European settlers at Madang, and the other the massacre of Catholic missionaries in the Baining district of New Britain. For Grimshaw, as for the Australian settlers of Rabaul after their employees struck for higher wages in 1929, the instinctive response to any form of Melanesian aggression or self-assertion was one of hysterical opposition.\textsuperscript{61}

The themes and values that characterise Grimshaw’s nonfiction writing also occur in her fiction, which is particularly concerned with glamorising the settler class to which she belonged. Consistently, she builds her stories around the same basic plot structure—hero meets heroine, they survive dangers from cannibals or some other species of miscreant, they discover some impediment to marriage, as well as great riches, but in the final chapter the impediment is disposed of and they settle down to a blissful and prosperous future. Virtue always triumphs, and marriage provides the happy ending. Autobiographical echoes, and wishfulness, abound.

\textsuperscript{59} Grimshaw, Isles, pp. 28–29.
\textsuperscript{60} Amirah Inglis, ‘Not a White Woman Safe’: sexual anxiety and politics in Port Moresby, 1920–1934, Canberra, 1974.
Beatrice’s second novel, *Vaiti of the Islands*, covers the same geographical range as her first two travel books, also published in 1907. In it, Polynesia provides a more gentle setting than Melanesia, where most of her novels are set. The conflict of colour is pronounced and, indeed, the heroine, Vaiti, is a mixed-blood. Like any Grimshaw heroine she is beautiful, wellborn, resourceful and brave, in addition to being an accomplished sailor and a good shot with a gun. Her mother was a Cook Islands princess, her father a disgraced English nobleman. As a result she was ‘doubly dowered … with the instinct of rule’, as well as with the half-caste’s taste for extravagant clothes (she buys one very expensive and quite unsuitable gown from ‘Madam Retaillaud’s Emporium in San Francisco’). After several adventures escaping from a villainous and ultimately degraded Irishman named Donahue (‘a white man cannot live native without going downhill fast’), an affair with an English naval officer named Tempest, and after terrorising a party of foolish, over-genteel, thrill-seeking tourists in the New Hebrides, she ends up in the ‘Liali Group’ (Tonga). There she marries the king, Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III.\(^\text{62}\)

In 1920 Grimshaw published a sequel, *Queen Vaiti*. It begins with Vaiti, her husband having died, fleeing from the Lialians who think she has killed him. She again meets Tempest, who had resigned from the navy after an incident in which he had neglected his duty for the sake of some amorous escapade, and marries him. For Tempest the marriage is both a conquest and a defeat. He unashamedly tells his new wife ‘I’ve ruined my life, as far as anything decent goes’, while the author explains that ‘his marriage with a half-caste … was the final cutting of the last link that bound him to all he had known, desired or cared’.\(^\text{63}\) Still, they both remained worthy characters in their own way—he brave and she an aristocratic Polynesian—so Grimshaw contrived a honourable demise for them. In the finale, the sudden eruption of an underwater volcano destroys their schooner. But the lovers go down with it, embracing on the poop deck as it sinks.

No such countenancing of a breach of the code of white supremacy occurs in Grimshaw’s Melanesian novels in which the heroes are less ambiguous and the author’s identification with her heroines is complete. These are all white, nearly all of mature years, and tend to be New Women. They represent her ideals. Eve Landon in *The Coral Queen* is, we are told, the prettiest girl in Papua, but is also a competent businesswoman. She ‘represented the twentieth century and the future’. Aged 26, ‘she was the incarnation of the youth in the twentieth century’. She demonstrates this, among other ways, by disrupting a strange cult, the Altiora Settlement, in an imaginary island group called the New Cumberlands. The Altiora Settlement is a community of Europeans who believe that human


\(^{\text{63}}\) Beatrice Grimshaw, *Queen Vaiti*, Sydney, 1920, pp. 73, 121.
development had reached its highest point in polite society in England in the 1870s, and who dedicate themselves to maintaining the manners and fashions of that decade. In the last chapter Eve marries Ronald who, in Chapter One, had been forced by economic necessity and family duty to marry someone else. After the death of his first wife he is able to return—with a title and a fortune—to his first love.\textsuperscript{64}

Another typical heroine is the beautiful Isola in \textit{Red Bob of the Bismarks}. An able sailor and a skilled pump operator for pearl divers, she is a worthy companion for ‘Red Bob’ Gore, MA, LLD, FRGS, FRS, an internationally famed traveller and adventurer. A more roundly drawn heroine is Stephanie, the daughter of the governor of Papua in \textit{When the Red Gods Call}. She is like ‘a blade of steel in a silken scabbard’. Dismayed shortly after her marriage to the planter Hugh Lynch to learn of her husband’s earlier marriage to a Papuan girl (who had since died) she returns indignantly to England. After some years, recognising the marriage bond as indissoluble, she goes back to Papua to rejoin the man whom she ‘had loved and married—whom God had given to me’, and who has long since repented of his folly.\textsuperscript{65} Like, Isola, and like Deirdre Rose in \textit{Conn of the Coral Seas}, she rejoices that in Melanesia there is no Mrs Grundy to object to white women travelling about unchaperoned. ‘Besides’, comments the author, ‘there are many things that a women of thirty can do without a remark that would be impossible for a young girl’.\textsuperscript{66} Thus, were it not that she had been shipwrecked, it is unlikely that the Honourable Alexandria Meredith, aged 19, maid of honour to the Queen of England, would have entered the pages of \textit{The Terrible Island}. The sophisticated Martha Lyle, however, aged about 30, of \textit{My Lady Far-Away}—she ‘the last flower of civilisation’, ‘fragile but with nerves of whip cord and steel’, ‘a thousand ages had gone into the making of her’ (a phrase which echoes a line of Kipling)—was in Papua with as much right as Grimshaw herself.\textsuperscript{67} Similarly Deirdre Rose, born in the north of Ireland, educated at a university in Dublin, and arriving in the Pacific at the age of 28. In order to obtain her inheritance she had, while in Dublin, entered into a marriage of convenience with a man who shortly afterwards was committed as a mental asylum. Since neither divorce nor adultery were solutions for a Grimshaw heroine, Deirdre is condemned to living alone. Thus she wanders the world, until, learning that her husband had been released, had ‘gone native’ among the cannibals of the ‘New Cumberlands’ and had died there, she was free to marry Stephen Conn. Death is also required in \textit{The Wreck of the Redwing}, to free the beautiful Susan Pascoe from her brutal husband, Herod, and there enable her to marry the brave, considerate Albert

\begin{footnotesize}
\begin{enumerate}
\item Grimshaw, \textit{Red Gods Call}, pp. 182, 331.
\item Beatrice Grimshaw, \textit{My Lady Far-Away}, London, 1929, pp. 55, 184, 270. In ‘Et Dona Ferentes’, 1896, Rudyard Kipling described the polite and well-bred British as ‘the heir of all the ages’.
\end{enumerate}
\end{footnotesize}
Polson, MA It is almost the same for Stacy Holliday in *The Sands of Oro*. While she possesses ‘delicate shell-white skin’ and ‘the prettiest foot in Oceania’ she, ‘like the average decent woman [she] knew only of one way out of her marriage’ to the despicable Charlie: he must die. It is eventually revealed, however, that Charlie Holliday had previously gone through a form of marriage with a native woman. This conveniently invalidates the marriage to Stacy, thereby leaving her free to marry Mark Plummer, who has recently struck gold.68

Like her heroines, Grimshaw’s heroes also are conspicuously high-minded. To steal a kiss would be to besmirch a lady’s honour, and that they would not do. Physically and in their ability to master the difficulties of the frontier they are, likewise, paragons of manhood: strong, taciturn, of better than average social and educational background and usually well into their 30s. One such is Mark Plummer in *The Sands of Oro*, ‘like most Australians an entirely masculine man’. He is known as the surest gold prospector and bravest man in Papua. When Stacy asks him what he did when cannibals ate some of his mates on the Yodda goldfield he did not answer but his eyes ‘suddenly narrowed and turned hard as flint. Out of them looked, in that instant the tameless spirit of the wilderness; the lightning flash of stark masculinity that dazzles a woman’s soul and makes it cower away’.69

*The Wreck of the Redwing* has two heroes: an elder one, Albert Polson, who eventually wins the villain’s widow, and younger one, Paul Bowen, a master mariner at 25, who wins her stepdaughter, an heiress. In one of the high points of the story Bowen, fearless and unarmed, bluffs his way through a horde of cannibals to rescue Polson. It is a brilliant manoeuvre emulated, Grimshaw tells us, with scant regard to historical fact, years later by ‘Papua’s famous Governor Murray’ near the village of Goaribari when he was investigating the killing of the missionary James Chalmers.70

Also to be admired is Percival Flower of *The Terrible Island*. A big man aged 37, he completed a medical course before becoming a surveyor. Then, on the death of his wife, he comes to Papua where he discovers an island of phosphate rock, and wins the Honourable Alexandrina. Another typical hero is Stephen Conn. Descended from Irish royalty, university educated, and the discoverer of a cache of pearls, he is eventually appointed administrator of the ‘New Cumberlands’—to which he proposes to bring the kind of development that Grimshaw had in 1908 urged Deakin to provide for the New Hebrides.

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69 Ibid., pp. 82, 149, 284.
A less consistent hero, and as such a typical one, is George Scott, the Irish gold miner in *Guinea Gold*. Having deserted his wife Janie, he bigamously marries an Australian divorcee in Papua. Soon afterwards she dies in childbirth; women in Grimshaw’s novels rarely make mistakes but when they do there is no second chance. But George struck gold. He then returns to his true wife with his newborn son, his respectability attested by his repentance and his great wealth, and guaranteed by his wife’s unswerving sense of propriety, as described at the close of the book:

The Scott’s have a beautiful country house, not very far from Balmoral on the Lismore road. There are leather chairs in the dining room, and velvet chairs in the drawing room, and there are conservatories, and a motor garage, and a stable, with one or two good saddle horses. Scott has a small yacht with a motor and uses it in the summer time. Janie has carriages and furs, and more than one solid silver tea set. They agree excellently well. Scott is growing a little stout, and thinks of standing for Parliament one of these days.

Janie is a just and kindly stepmother. The toys of the little girls are never better than Rupert’s, and she always remembers to kiss him every night and to call him dear. Sometimes, when she sees his father holding him nursed in his arms of an evening, looking at the honey brown eyes and scarlet lips of the child as a man may look at the picture of something loved and lost, she goes away to her own room and sorts linen determinedly, with a hard set lip. She does not believe in crying. Sometimes, too, when Scott takes one of his rare fits of restlessness and disappears for a week at a time, flying down the channel in his yacht—southward, always towards the sun—she feels a strange fear creep about her heart. But she does not believe in worrying: there are the children, and there is duty.\(^1\)

The most complex of Grimshaw’s heroes is Hugh Lynch of *When the Red Gods Call*, a title derived from Kipling’s poem ‘The Feet of the Young Men’,\(^2\) Lynch was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst and is said to be the strongest man in the Western Pacific, but he is not beyond indiscretion. Having taken up land in Papua and believing that it would be wrong to ask ‘any white woman to share’ the rugged life of breaking in a plantation, he commits ‘the unforgivable sin of folly’ by marrying a native woman. He is, however, after much suffering and remorse to find redemption, as a result of Stephanie’s recognition of her wifely duty, but he is not undeserving of her. His first marriage was an error.

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\(^2\) ‘For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!’ That is, the deities that inhabit strange and distant places are summoning adventurous young men to come and prove themselves.
of judgement rather than a repudiation of basic values. He entered into it with high, if misguided, motives and, moreover, refused to go native in any way other than that, for he knows that it is not true that a ‘white man cannot lose his race’. The same salutary truth was also known to Paul Corbet, ‘Red Bob’s’ companion. In Malaysia, on their way to New Guinea, the scent of nutmeg had suggested to him ‘the clinging poisonous peace that wraps itself about the white man in the East beyond the East … [that had made] eyes of English grey … empty happy, as no white man’s eyes should ever be’, though, for his own part, he knows that, whatever his faults, he ‘was not one of the kind that “goes black”’.  

Grimshaw’s villains, on the other hand, characteristically, show no such regard for their heritage. Indeed their villainy be it greed, or murder, lying or infidelity—tends to lead them to the degradation of accepting native standards of behaviour, from which there is no escape. Thus it is in Sands of Oro, with Charlie Holliday, a scion of an old but inbred family. So it is with Herod Pascoe who brought a licensed native minister from Thursday Island in the Torres Strait to officiate at his intended marriage to the heiress Laurie. ‘Nobody’, comments Grimshaw, ‘had ever heard of one of them marrying a white couple, no doubt because racial feeling ran strong in the North, and such an outrage had never been contemplated’.  

Behind such sentiments is the belief that Europeans represent several thousand years of progressive evolution from the Stone Age. This is seen as a disgusting stage of existence, one at which the Melanesians still find themselves, and to which Europeans could easily fall if they are not careful. In The Wreck of the Redwing, Polson, the hero–narrator—Grimshaw commonly writes in the first person—discusses the Papuans:

It’s the gap between these Stone Age creatures and us—the certainty that we are dealing with something almost as pre-historic as the mastodon, as little comprehensible as a crocodile—that makes the horror. No Parisian Apache committing deeds of violence, no shipwrecked sailor driven to loathsome crimes against his fellow by the goad of hunger, horrifies us like the cannibal savages of New Guinea. We understand those other; bad as they are, they belong to our own age; they are moulded of the same stuff as you and I.

When the natives attack in My Lady Far-Away, the author comments: ‘It was as if past centuries far back in the world’s history, had suddenly arisen and

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74 Grimshaw, Red Bob, p. 45.
75 Grimshaw, Wreck of the Redwing, p. 99.
76 Ibid., pp. 140–141.
spewed forth the slime and scum of their darkest eras—creatures who lived in caves, saw the great mastodon, and fought with sabre tooth tigers, hardly more fierce than they’.77 An ambiguous mingling of fear, hostility and contempt is contained in these comments, and in the attitudes that follow from them. For example, when they are not feared, Melanesians count for nothing, as the following comments suggest: ‘A 60 ton schooner is a small place for two lovers to exchange confidences unless they have it to themselves—save for “coloured boys” who do not count as human beings’;78 and again: ‘To be alone with the woman you love (for surely a couple of Papuan cook boys count as nothing) on an exquisite, remote coral island … should be Paradise’ .79

Nevertheless, it always remains important for whites to maintain their individual and collective self-esteem. Thus, Hugh Royden, in My Lady Far-Away, distressed at learning of Martha’s marriage to his rival, soon composes himself: ‘It was not meant that the inferior races should witness the humiliation of their superior’.80 Deirdre Rose feels the same way when Stephen Conn’s house is broken into: ‘the solidarity of the race felt by all Europeans who live among dark people, forbade her to go away and leave the natives destroying a white man’s property’.81 So, too, does Hugh Lynch when his Melanesian escort wishes to attack the villainous Sanderson: ‘I had no intention in the world of letting loose this pack of black hounds on a man who was at least outwardly white like myself’.82 To break ranks is to betray the race, especially with regard to sex, as is implied in the description of Stacy Holliday’s response to learning of her husband’s affair:

[Shocked she did not answer]. She was not looking at him, as he stood there, but he figures in her memory of the group of native girls who a few minutes before she had seen walking past the house … brown creatures, with great puffball heads, bare bodies hung over with grass skirts, prehensile monkey toes which clasped the ground.83

The reasons for Stacy’s disgust are, appropriately, spelled out most clearly by Simon, ‘the white savage’, the hero who, of all Grimshaw’s characters, lives closest to the Papuans. Raised by Papuans until he was 16, then educated in Sydney and at Oxford before fighting in World War I, he eventually returns to the simple island life of his youth. Even so, he refuses to take a native wife:

79 Grimshaw, Sands of Oro, p. 148.
80 Grimshaw, Lady Far-Away, p. 248.
81 Grimshaw, Conn of the Coral Seas, p. 112.
83 Grimshaw, Sands of Oro, pp. 50–51.
I respect my race ... I will have no son or daughter thousand years behind myself ... White Australian to the roots of my soul, I would not give my name nor the mothering and care of my children to a woman with one dark drop in her veins.  

Besides, children who were born of such a union could be relied on to be cowardly, like the half-castes in My Lady Far-Away, or dissolute. Hence it is that Susan Pascoe should for a while be concerned about the swarthiness of her mysterious stepdaughter. The girl is eventually discovered to be a Brazilian, which explained it satisfactorily, but in any case by the time she was 16.

It did not need the clear almond of white at the base of each finger nail, the high silver coloured voice, the delicate laughter of Laurie to tell us all that she was as white as we were. Her character told us. Laurie was not especially interested in boys. That is where the dark drop talks.

White was not only the best, but was intrinsically virtuous.

The racial views expressed in Grimshaw’s writing have interesting implications. Racial pride was needed to ensure purity of race, which should in turn ensure continued racial progress. Even conceding ability to improve to the Papuans it was, therefore, scarcely possible that they should ever catch up with the Europeans. They could never win. For, presumably, the Europeans themselves would keep on improving. But, even allowing that continued European progress was not in the nature of things, Grimshaw’s assumptions were in tune with the belief that in her time the Europeans had reached the highest stage of their development. Whatever conclusion one cared to draw it was, for the race-proud settlers of Papua, a consoling one. Indeed it may be regarded as one of their main consolations. For none of them made much money. Despite Grimshaw’s propaganda, the natural resources of the country proved to be limited, while the aftermath of World War I led to a diversion of Australian settlers and capital to the richer territory of former German New Guinea, captured by the Australians in 1914. In Papua there was an audience that not only could enjoy her books, but also had a need for them. With the passing of that audience and of the much larger one elsewhere that thrilled to tales of the colonial frontier, she has slipped into obscurity. Papua New Guineans now write novels themselves. Yet Grimshaw’s voice is not entirely still. It may be heard, by all races, in the bell inscribed with her name which she gave to the Catholic church in Port Moresby in 1924, and which now hangs in the cathedral there.

84 Beatrice Grimshaw, White Savage Simon, Sydney, 1919.
85 Grimshaw, Wreck of the Redwing, p. 50.
87 Frank Flynn, St Mary’s War Memorial Cathedral, Port Moresby, Port Moresby, 1969, p. 2.
Appendix

A bibliography of the writings of Beatrice Grimshaw

Much of Beatrice Grimshaw’s writing was first published in serial form in magazines. This bibliography, especially in regard to her fiction, attempts to record its first publication in book form. Much of her work appeared in several editions, but, so far as it has been possible to ascertain them, only the first editions are listed here.

Fiction

1897

*Broken Away*, London and New York.

1904

‘Miss Silver’s Attic’, *Temple Bar*, vol. CIII, pp. 184–193.

1907

*Vaiti of the Island*, London.

1908


1911


1912


1914

*Sorcerer’s Stone* (stories), London.

1915

1917

*Kris Girl*, London.

*Nobody’s Island*, London.

*A Coral Queen*, New York.

1919


*The Coral Queen*, Sydney.

*White Savage Simon*, Sydney.

1920

*The Coral Palace Twixt Capricorn and Cancer* (stories), London.

*Queen Vaiti*, Sydney.

1921

*My South Sea Sweetheart*, London and New York.

*The Little Red Speck and other South Sea Stories*, London.

1923

*Nobody’s Island*, New York.

1924


*Helen of Man-O-War Island: a story of the South Seas*, London.

1925

*The Candles of Katara*, London.

1926


1927

*Eyes in the Corner, and other stories*, London.

1928

Paradise Poachers, London.

1929

My Lady Far-Away, London.

1930

The Star in the Dust, London and New York.

1931

Beach of Terror, and other Stories, London.

1932

The Mystery of the Tumbling Reef, London and New York.

1933

The Long Beaches, and other South Sea Stories, London.

1934

Victorian Family Robinson, London.

1935

Pieces of Gold, and other South Sea Stories, London.

1937


1939

Rita Regina, London.

1940

South Sea Sarah (and) Murder in Paradise: two complex novels, Sydney.

Lost Child, London.

Wild Mint of Moresby [London].

1945

The Missing Blondes, Sydney.
Nonfiction

1905


1906


1907


*In the Strange South Seas*, London.

*From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands*, London (Published in New York as Fiji and its Possibilities).


1908

‘In the Savage South Seas’, *National Geographic Magazine*, vol. XIX, pp. 1–19.


1909


1910


*Three Wonderful Nations*, Dunedin.

1911

1913

*Adventure in Papua with the Catholic Mission*, Melbourne.

1922


1923


1924


1925


1927


1928


1930

*Isles of Adventure*, London.
1934


1946