
Hector is an honoured name. It was borne by the valiant defender of Troy who was slain by the Greek invader Achilles about 1,200 BC, and who is commemorated in the rousing marching song *British Grenadiers*:

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these.

Subsequently, it has become not uncommon among Scots surnamed MacQuarrie (with its orthographical variants). Such is scarcely surprising since a national hero named Hector MacQuarrie, from Ulva, near Iona, fought alongside Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314 in expelling the English forces from Scotland.¹ While the currency of the name in the latter usage quite properly honours a celebrated clan chieftain, that does not help with distinguishing between particular Hectors MacQuarrie of more recent times. In the present instance, the problem was to identify, and trace the career of a Hector MacQuarrie from New Zealand who had served in World War I (for there were several such), had impaired health and who subsequently wrote a clutch of books, three of them relating to the Pacific.²

Resembling somewhat in style the works of P.G Wodehouse, these were characteristically racy, anecdotal, first-person-singular narratives in which the author offered accounts of his adventures and experiences, mostly in out-of-the-way places. They include an irritatingly enigmatic volume titled *Vouza and the Solomon Islands*.³ His best known work, this book has little to say about Jacob Vouza (c. 1900–1984) and is scarcely informative about the Solomons, but, for its time, it was seductively titled and was widely read. It is an ephemeral piece, more a literary indulgence than a report that holds value as a source of solid historical information. But, given its own history and that of its author, it is significant as a stimulus to continuing enquiry into the Pacific past and into the literature pertaining to it (as if such were required!). In that regard MacQuarrie himself provides little of factual substance. He operates within the familiar literary genre of light nonfiction, in which he drops a few tantalising clues about himself personally, but not much precise information, and offers but

² He is not to be confused, for instance, with, Hector Jarvie McQuarrie, born in Glasgow in 1893, and who enlisted in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in 1914; or with Captain Hector McQuarrie who arrived in New Zealand on the *Favourite* in 1876! Note: Margaret Edgcumbe helped greatly in the research of Mc/MacQuarrie family history.  
meagre detail about time, place and other people. In 1934 his compatriot Robin Hyde referred to him as the ‘well known New Zealand writer and traveller’, but, unlike her, he has not found a firm place in the literary or historical consciousness of later generations.\(^4\) He is not often cited in footnotes, and exists primarily as a bibliographical fact. But a reader may still be drawn by a title, and remain puzzled, and cheated, by the content.

*Vouza and the Solomon Islands* was first published in London in 1945, then in Sydney in 1946 and in New York in 1948. That is, it was published at a time when the Solomon Islands were still in the news as the site of one of the bitterest and most strategically significant campaigns of World War II. Also famous was the name of Jacob Vouza, a native Solomon Islander, from Koli village of the island of Guadalcanal, who endured bayoneting and being left for dead by the Japanese for refusing to answer questions about the strength and location of American forces, who had countered Japan’s southward advance through the Pacific by landing at Guadalcanal on 8 August 1942.\(^5\) Despite the title, though, the book has little to say about the Solomons. Rather it is an episodic memoir about MacQuarrie’s brief sojourn in a remote part of the group as a colonial administration officer. The theme of the work is that MacQuarrie had been unfairly dismissed from his position for placing his sympathies for the Islanders ahead of the rulings of his superiors. In fact, a close reading supplemented by archival research shows that the book is also an act of revenge, sharpened by indignation at his colleagues’ alleged disregard for his sense of personal and professional dignity. MacQuarrie says in a dedicatory epistle to Vouza, who had been lance-corpsal in charge of the small police detachment serving him in the outlying eastern district of Santa Cruz:

> Now that the war is over, perhaps my people in Britain will say, ‘We must now do much for the Solomons people. First we must send out a good lawyer, not a servant of the Resident Commissioner, to be the friend of the people when they are accused in court’.\(^6\)

The two incidents that provoked MacQuarrie had occurred 20 years before, during his eight-month sojourn, from December 1924 to July 1925, as acting district officer at Santa Cruz. He had arrived in the Solomons in May 1924. After an uneventful spell on the island of Santa Ysabel and a visit to the atoll of Sikaiana (his scholarly report on which was published two decades later) he

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\(^6\) MacQuarrie, *Vouza*, p. iv.
was transferred to the outlying Eastern District. The first of these incidents concerned a Japanese trocus shell trader named Ito, whom MacQuarrie, holding a then not uncommon view of such nationals, believed to be a military spy. It happened that one evening, while MacQuarrie was chatting in his house with his neighbour, Captain Johnson of the Vanikoro Kauri Timber Company, Ito arrived, uninvited and with brandy-fuelled joviality, to discuss a small matter of business. His intrusion was unwelcome. MacQuarrie was especially dismayed by the fact that Johnson, ‘who never failed to embarrass by a display of vast respect for my office’ became ‘less and less amused’, thereby convincing his host that ‘unless I now acted with befitting dignity I must prove myself to be quite unworthy to occupy the humblest governmental poop’. Accordingly, Ito was summarily expelled by MacQuarrie, with Johnson commenting that ‘the British throne had been seriously undermined by the “the bloody cheek of a bloody Jap”’. From there the matter escalated. Ito wandered down to the native police lines and complained about MacQuarrie. He is reported to have said, in the Gare language of Guadalcanal, ‘\textit{Tavia taja dou!}’, literally ‘The master is no good’. The next morning corporal Vouza and two companions laid a complaint about him. They were, wrote MacQuarrie in his book,

\begin{quote}
In effect, issuing a challenge which, if ignored, might have endless repercussions not only on the station, but also throughout the vast district where my life amongst the untamed people on parts of Santa Cruz depended on the respect I could command.\end{quote}

Earlier, in a letter to the High Commissioner in Fiji, he had spelled out more fully this dire interpretation of Ito’s indiscretion:

\begin{quote}
A Japanese trader, living for some time as the only trader throughout a vast and scattered district, and one not completely civilized, entered my police barracks and outraged the sensibilities of my fine loyal police by attacking the authority they respected. After very careful thought, based on my experience in this District [five months!] I stood by my police and sentenced him to six months imprisonment.
\end{quote}

Then,

\begin{quote}
Without apparent reference to the High Commissioner, without reference to the District court in Santa Cruz, the Resident Commissioner wired to me that I should release the Japanese, and later he informed me that he was permitted to trade as usual.
\end{quote}

\begin{footnotes}
8 MacQuarrie, \textit{Vouza}, pp. 81, 82, Chapter VI, ‘Ito’.
\end{footnotes}
In reply, in his Observations on those directions, MacQuarrie suggested that he:

should be permitted to charge the Resident Commissioner with contempt of the High Commissioner’s District Court.

Because, as he told the High Commissioner,

As a Junior officer, with I think the odds against me, I cannot afford to give any quarter. I must therefore set about proving that the Resident Commissioner has little respect for the office of His Majesty’s Deputy Commissioner. Incidentally, I am aware that any decision of any judge can be a mistaken one. I complain merely about the procedure in this incident.⁹

The second matter that provoked MacQuarrie concerned three men from the island of Utupua who were charged with murdering a newborn baby. One of them, Sam, had already been found liable in a deposition hearing by MacQuarrie’s predecessor, C.E.J. Wilson, and the charge was upheld by the judicial commissioner at Tulagi. Then, in April 1925, the other two, Mobe and Niola, were apprehended and brought before MacQuarrie for depositions. After hearing evidence, and consulting the timber company’s medical officer, MacQuarrie concluded,

that no murder had been committed but that a ‘non-viable’ foetus had miscarried, perhaps of six months, and that the relations of the mother, Sam, Mobe and Niola, had buried it.¹⁰

There was still a possibility that they had smothered it (if only to confirm death?) before burying it, but that was of no account. MacQuarrie dismissed the charges, thereby implying that Sam’s conviction had been unjustified, and despatched the papers to Tulagi. But to his disquiet he was subsequently informed that the latter decision was upheld, and that the other accused were to be similarly tried. His dissent in this matter was magnified by the fact that he had had come to know and like Mobe and Niola; and also that Vouza believed them to be innocent; and, above all, by his distrust of a markedly disreputable character named Johnny Mamuli from the Reef Islands who had acted as interpreter in Sam’s trial.¹¹

The upshot of these disputes was that in July 1925 MacQuarrie was posted to Makira District by the Resident Commissioner, R.R. Kane, and, when he refused

⁹ MacQuarrie to Hutson, 26 May 1925, MP 1689/25, WPHC 4/iv.
¹⁰ Ibid.; Santa Cruz District: Return of Criminal Cases for the year ended 30 September 1925, MP 769/1926, WPHC 4/iv.
to accept the transfer, his appointment was terminated and he was directed to leave the Protectorate. His immediate reason for refusing was that he felt a responsibility to protect those he saw as innocent. ‘I am not the first “crusader” in the Colonial Service to be shot out’. But that was part of a larger sense of alienation from the Solomons administration itself. As he confessed:

I might have blustered with a show of force; I could have been brutal; but there is no true power in either. My dismal failure as a D.O. is instantly demonstrated when I admit that I have not the glowing manliness which accepts respect as its due. I wanted to be loved, and that need crowded out even a suspicion of fear and never forbade laughter.¹³

The auguries of the estrangement, though, had appeared on his voyage to Santa Cruz in November 1924.

MacQuarrie had come to the Solomons from Fiji, where he had been private secretary to the governor, Sir Cecil Rodwell, and aide-de-camp, a post he shared with Ratu Sukuna.¹⁴ This was a happy arrangement, but it had to come to an end when Rodwell left Fiji for British Guiana in January 1925, for MacQuarrie was on his personal staff, and did not hold an established position in the colonial administration. Hence, the posting to the Solomons was by way of a favour. But that soon turned sour on the government vessel Ranadi, en route from Tulagi to Santa Cruz. MacQuarrie was affronted not to have a cabin and to have to sleep on deck under an awning, together with two respectable fellow passengers, a director of a timber company and his brother, while the Resident Commissioner claimed the comfortable accommodation. There were two cabins, each with two berths, while two more berths could be made up in the dining room. The Resident Commissioner, however, claimed one of the cabins for himself and allocated the other to the wife and young son of the district officer, whom MacQuarrie was to replace, and use of the dining room was restricted to meals for himself and invited guests.¹⁵

On 26 May 1925 MacQuarrie wrote at length to the High Commissioner.

I went on board an hour before the time of sailing and I was informed that there was no accommodation for me beyond that offered by the very defective awning on the after deck. Deciding that the laws of hospitality were being attended to and that the Director and his brother were being given the spare state room, I was not disturbed. To my astonishment I found the Director, his brother and the wireless man on the after deck

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¹² MacQuarrie, Vouza, p. 217.
¹³ Ibid., pp. 150–151.
and they too, had been informed that there was no accommodation for
them beyond stretchers on the after deck beneath the awning. There
were no side screens. I thought it rather peculiar that the Director of
a Company spending large sums to exploit the Protectorate’s resources
should be treated in this manner. Later, we were told that we would
not dine in then ordinary dining room, but that we would use the mess
room of the ship’s company.

Just before the ship sailed the Resident Commissioner came on board
accompanied by a lady, Mrs Wilson the wife of the officer I was about to
relieve on Santa Cruz.

I want at once to dissociate myself from all the foul gossip permeating
the slanderous air of the Solomons regarding this fine woman and the
Resident Commissioner, but I cannot help thinking that the Resident
Commissioner, in permitting a young married woman to travel with him
alone with her small son in the Officer’s Quarters of the ship might easily
add fuel to the fire of gossip already existing. By defying the ordinary
conventions, not only in doing this, but in allowing this lady to live with
him at the residency unchaperoned, I consider that he showed grave
contempt for this lady’s fair name and that he brought Government
authority into contempt.16

Two days later MacQuarrie wrote to Kane himself regarding his actions.

The Jap! You may be able to find fault with my treatment of the case,
even the charge, but generally you could not survive your irregular
release of him. Have me dismissed from the service and you will have
won the first round; you won’t win the second. Why are millions being
spent on the Singapore base?

I am a Cambridge graduate, you know. We are represented in the
Imperial Parliament. Not that I doubt His Excellency’s ability to defend
his officers—not for a second.

It’s beastly having to mention Mrs Wilson. But who is to blame for that?
But thank God, never in my life have I allowed myself to think evil of
her.

And Wilson, of course you made him a D.O. You know as well as I do
that while he is a good fellow, his education and training fit him for
the Treasury. Can he survive the charge, that in a serious trial in which
the life of a simple native was concerned, he used a convict of alleged

16 MacQuarrie to Hutson, 26 May 1925, WPHC 4/iv, MP 1689/25.
weak mind and one who was charged later with assault and battery and convicted, as an interpreter of a language which he only partially understood.

I wouldn’t have attacked him in my letter to His Excellency except that I have an idea, perhaps a wrong one, that he advised you in this business.

Then the Ranadi business. You will wonder why I did not make a complaint at the time. How could I? Just imagine it. Although I found grave difficulty in not laughing at you when you were very cross about something—the whole ship knew that Mrs Wilson was in tears—and you strafed me saying ‘I don’t think you understand your position here’. It was so obvious that you did not.

I thought you understood that I am a D.O. merely because I am interested in being one. I thought you understood that I can assume at any time a position in the literary world, through years of hard work, infinitely superior to yours as a Resident Commissioner in the Solomons.

But in my case, how on earth did you think you could get away with the idea of putting a D.O. on the stern of a boat, while there was pleny of accommodation in the proper quarters. And even then a few nice words to Finlayson and myself would have made it all right. His majesty the king would have offered one of the beds in his own state room under such circumstances.

I am hoping to hear that you have resigned and that Wilson has immediately put in an application to be returned to the Treasury. In the event of my hearing that, I will wire officially to you cancelling my letter to His Excellency.

It is not only fair to warn you that there is not a chance in the world of my not winning this fight. Because I am right. My power, therefore, is infinite and invincible.17

Later, the Resident Commissioner sent his own commentary on MacQuarrie’s complaints to the High Commissioner:

With reference to his treatment whilst travelling on HMCS Ranadi I can only remark that his statement that he was not offered the only available accommodation is untrue. There are but two cabins on HMCS Ranadi and a dining saloon in which there is a settee which can be used as a berth. I occupied my own cabin and the other was used by Mrs Wilson … . I personally suggested to Capt. MacQuarrie that he should make

17 MacQuarrie to Kane, 28 May 1925, MP 1689/25, WPHC 4/iv.
use of the settee in the saloon but he said he would prefer a stretcher on deck. This did not strike me as unusual as quite a number of people do prefer sleeping on deck owing to the heat of the Ranadi’s cabins.

As regards meals, it has always been customary for the Resident Commissioner to have a separate table: a higher messing rate is allowed for the R.C. mess charges are payable to the Master of HMCS Ranadi who makes all arrangements for meals.

On two occasions, Kane noted, he had asked MacQuarrie and the Finlayson’s to dine with him, but en route he was also unwell and the weather was bad; so that was not often expedient.

Kane continues:

As regards the accommodation provided for the two Finlayson’s and their wireless operator this was in accordance with the terms under which they were granted passages on the Ranadi; I having pointed out that other arrangements could be made … .

With regard to the innuendoes made by Capt MacQuarrie as to my relations with Mrs Wilson, I am unaware of any scandal which has been whispered or spread of any scandal. It is true that I am on terms of friendship with Mr and Mrs Wilson, stronger than with other families. I am also on terms of friendship with Mrs Wilson’s mother, father and sisters, from whom I have received much hospitality whilst on furlough in Australia.18

Alienated from his own wantoks and with damaged sensibilities, MacQuarrie (who 20 years later would get a chance to air his grievances) was not surprisingly disposed to identify with the island people; and especially with the solid, reliable Vouza, whom he described in approvingly homoerotic terms.

You could see that Vouza was a magnificent specimen of humanity … . His build had the grand simplicity of perfection … its warmth and beauty. He wore very little … merely a lava-lava. A black sash below his leather belt, with its shining crested buckle, marked his rank.

There was nothing pretty-pretty about Vouza’s face … . His mouth was large and generous. Perhaps it was his eyes, a little hard and uncompromising when he was not smiling, which offered a hint that

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18 Kane to Hutson, 30 September 1925, MP 1689/25, WPHC 4/iv.
hardly more than a generation earlier his forebears were savages who might only live if they were strong and alert. Such was Lance–Corporal Vouza when I first met him on the beach at Pea[u].

Subsequently, in 1937, Vouza retired from the police with the rank of sergeant-major (the highest rank for a Solomon Islander at that time) and, thus, he was to bring a notable level of authority and training to his work as a military scout. For that he was appropriately decorated by Britain and the United States. In 1951 the colonial regime appointed him its advisory council, in 1953 he visited London for the Coronation and, in 1979, he was awarded a knighthood.

Meanwhile, questions remain to be answered about who was this person who left behind a rich and beguiling paper trail in which so much else figures besides Vouza? For MacQuarrie had already experienced a life of marked variety before the Fiji/Solomons stage of his career—and continued to do so. He was born in Auckland in 1889, the seventh of the eight children of John MacQuarrie (ship’s carpenter) and his wife Sarah (née McGeachey), who had arrived in New Zealand with their two eldest children on the Famenoth in September 1879. Hector was educated first at the local Parnell primary school. Then (1904–1908) he was ‘home-schooled’ by a private tutor named Philip Ardern who, in 1910, after graduating from Oxford University was appointed to the fledgling Auckland University College, where he distinguished himself as a scholar of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. Meanwhile, responding to a religious call, and drifting from his familial Presbyterianism into the Anglican orbit, in 1909 Hector enrolled at the theological college of St John the Evangelist. It was a time, however, when the college was fraught with doctrinal disputes and he left the following year, although a severe dose of septic poisoning may also have induced him to do so. Then, in 1911, assisted with funding from various sympathetic fellow parishioners, (notably a widow named Eva Laing), he enrolled at Cambridge University. From there in June 1914 he graduated with a BA (2nd class) in History and Theology.

Whatever his plans might have been at that point is unknown, but his immediate future was shaped by the outbreak of World War I. Hence, in August he enlisted in the 19th Hussars and, in October was commissioned in the Royal Field Artillery with the rank of 2nd lieutenant. Serving in France and Belgium, he suffered

20 Although ‘modernised’, the original family home still stands at 30 Bradford St.
23 Personal communication from Cathy Wagener (HM’s ‘grand-niece’), 19 November 2006.
24 Personal communications from Jacqueline Cox (University of Cambridge Archives), 20 June 2006; and from Harmony Lam (Gonville and Caius College Archives), 2 August 2006.
severely from exposure after spending considerable time in an observation post in Ypres, and in mid-1916 was invalided back to Britain. Then, in September of that year, he was despatched to the US to oversee the production of munitions for British forces at factories in Pennsylvania. Next, from November 1917 he was employed by the US Government as a lecturer, travelling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, explaining and justifying America’s formal participation in the conflict since 28 February 1917. The ardours of this task again brought on ill-health; so, in May 1918, he embarked for home, reaching Auckland in June.

Two books endure as relics of his American spell. The first, *How to Live at the Front: tips for American soldiers* was published in September 1917, and reprinted three times before the end of the year. It was designed to comfort soldiers and their parents by telling how the day-to-day realities of being under arms did not always mean being in immediate danger. Thus:

The actual firing of a gun, the actual killing of the enemy is but one part of warfare. Everything else leads up to it and that everything, summed up in the words ‘effective management’, is most important.

As for saluting: It is merely an exchange of courtesy … there is much in common between ranks. They are all soldiers … brothers in arms, so a greeting is necessary.

In so far as a grim warning was delivered, in the chapter titled ‘A Curse of War’ readers are advised of the danger of contracting venereal disease when on leave in London or Paris. They are also reminded of their historical kinship with their ‘English cousins’ and, in conclusion, urged to read the Bible. The second volume, *Over Here: impressions of America by a British officer*, appeared in April 1918. It is a commentary in chronological sequence of MacQuarrie’s activities and travels since he arrived in New York in September 1916. Of the American declaration of war he remarks:

Uncle Sam knows, of course, that like the United States, we are a democracy, a form of government which was never designed for making war outside its own council chamber.

To advance his return to good health and indulge his restlessness, within less than a month of his return to New Zealand MacQuarrie departed on a trip to Tahiti. Unfortunately, his time there, spent mostly cruising about the outer Tuamotu group, was cut short when on 16 November 1918 the *Navua*, a New Zealand-operated vessel coming from San Francisco introduced into Tahiti a share of the postwar influenza epidemic; a phenomenon which caused havoc in

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much of Polynesia, most notably in Samoa. Nevertheless, the visit, which lasted six months, was sufficient to generate another book, *Tahiti Days*. Published in New York in 1920, it is largely a description of his travels.

Soon after arriving back in New Zealand on 25 December 1918, MacQuarrie became secretary to the war-blinded politician Clutha McKenzie. But, when the latter lost his seat in the December 1922 election, he was again unemployed. Estimable social connections (via church, university and the military), though, again came to his rescue. So it was that in April 1923 he was appointed to Rodwell’s staff in Fiji. In addition he was appointed a lieutenant in the Fiji Defence Force and, in his role as aide-de-camp, was given the honorary rank of captain. Meanwhile in November 1922 he had had the opportunity to become acquainted with the young Queen Salote of Tonga who was visiting New Zealand. Bolstered by this contact and by subsequent briefings, following her celebrated visit to England in 1953 he was able to write with engaging familiarity about Salote and Tonga in *Friendly Queen* (1955).

Meanwhile, the collapse of the brief but portentous Fiji/Solomons venture had brought him back to New Zealand in September 1925. But only to usher in another adventuresome phase of MacQuarrie’s life. The first episode was an attempt to build a tourist retreat named ‘Pandora’ at Spirits Bay on the northern tip of the North Island. There, in 1926, in partnership with Richard (‘Dick’) Matthews, a great-grandson of the early Anglican missionary Rev. Joseph Matthews (whose brother, Richard Matthews, a lay catechist, arrived on the *Beagle* with Charles Darwin in December 1835), he built *raupo* (reed) huts, a cookhouse, sun-shelters with canvas roofs, rustic bridges and a dance hall with *raupo* walls and roofed with a shipwreck sail. Despite its beautiful site and abundant publicity, difficulties of access and an infestation of bugs, restrained patronage of the resort.

So, in 1927, MacQuarrie and the mechanically skilled Matthews sought another project. Their wanderlust was mounting and, through the agency of a friend in Auckland they were pleased to accept a commission from an automobile firm in Sydney (Larke, Hoskins and Co.) to publicise the newly introduced Austin Seven (‘Baby Austin’) and undertook to drive it up the east coast of Australia. Setting off in August from Sydney, they travelled easily

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27 *Fiji Times*, 14 April 1923.
to Brisbane, then on less well-developed roads to Cairns (where the narrative of *We and the Baby* begins) and up to Cooktown, where the road finished. From there they drove through the bush, following the telegraph line for the next 960 kilometres to Cape York. They reached there on 31 October, the first motorists to have reached that point. They then crossed over to Thursday Island, where they sold the car; and then went on to Papua, intending to explore the Fly River. But bouts of sunstroke-induced sickness soon sent them southwards. The book of the trip, *We and the Baby*, was first published in Sydney in 1929, then (retitled *Little Wheels*), in London in 1935.

So successful had been the publicity generated by the expedition, that the sponsors suggested another, and even more ambitious one. To wit, to drive a car of the same model around the world. Thus, after leaving Sydney in May 1930 and spending two months motoring around New Zealand, on 12 August they left Wellington in the *Tahiti*, bound for San Francisco via Rarotonga and Pape‘ete. Five days later, however, the vessel sprang a fatal leak and sank, but without loss of life. The rescued passengers and crew reached Auckland on the *Tofua* from Samoa on 3 September. 31 MacQuarrie and Matthews, however, had taken abundant photographs of the disaster and within a week these had been crafted into a film for cinema viewing by the pioneering producer Rudall Hayward. 32 The local Austin agent (Seabrook, Fowlds) acted with comparable despatch and, on 9 September, the pair left Wellington for San Francisco in the *Makura* with a replacement vehicle. 33 The journey took them across the United States to New York, then to England, France, Italy, the Middle East, India and to to Singapore, from where they reached Darwin by mid-July; and then, in the *Maunganui*, from Sydney to Auckland, where they arrived on 8 September 1931. 34 As before, newspapers in Australia and New Zealand generously published MacQuarrie’s reports of the trip, 35 and these became the basis of the book *Round the World in a Baby Austin* which was published in London in 1933.

With that behind him, MacQuarrie then shifted permanently to England, where he died in 1973. 36 There, with a flat in London and a country cottage at Meadle, near Cambridge, he worked first as a publisher’s reader and then, during the 1940s and 1950s, as agent for the Australian publishers Angus and Robertson, but without neglecting his own writing. Socially, he fitted easily into an artistically creative (and extensively homosexual) sub-tribe of expatriate ‘colonials’; for instance, Rex Nan Kivell, D’Arcy Cresswell and Hector Bolitho, who was himself

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34 *NZ Herald*, 9 September 1931.
35 *Sydney Morning Herald*, *Sydney Mail*, *New Zealand Herald*.
36 Died 2 October 1973 in Deal, County Kent; buried at Deal. *The Times*, 4 October 1973, p. 44.
acquainted with the Pacific. The first notable literary product of this last phase of MacQuarrie’s career was *Front to Back* (London 1941), an account of his life in England and of behind-the-lines experience of the approach and impact of World War II. Other works were volumes of children’s stories, under the *nom de plume* ‘Hector Cameron’ and, of course, *Salote* and *Vouza*. Mention of the latter, though, serves as a reminder that MacQuarrie’s memorial is not only to be found in tomes on library shelves, but that something of his influence may also have contributed to the political development of the Solomon Islands. For Vouza emerged as a supporter of the anti-colonial nationalist movement, Maasina Rule, which in 1950 prompted the British Protectorate administration to allow for indigenous representation on its Advisory Council, a stepping stone to independence in 1978. Vouza was one of the first four appointed, and served until 1960.

In an analysis of Vouza’s career, in 1947 an official, who had known him since 1923, attributed his lack of colonial servility to his encounter with MacQuarrie. Arriving at Santo Cruz, ‘impressionistic, idealistic, arty crafty’ and ‘not in the least practical’ the latter was much impressed by Vouza’s complete grasp of any situation that arose’. Thus:

at an important stage in his career Vouza was in close association with a European officer who was dominated by him, and this was at a time when the whole prestige of Government, indeed of the European race, sprang from the dominance of the individual European. [Eventually a situation arose in which] MacQuarrie was honestly convinced that a grave injustice to two Santa Cruz men was contemplated by the Government. There was no truth in this, but MacQuarrie believed otherwise, and his idealism lead him to discuss the matter with Vouza. Probably for the first time in Solomons history a European spoke in derogatory terms of (a) other Europeans and (b) the Government to a native of the Protectorate, and invited comment. MacQuarrie’s idealism caused him to refuse to obey the Resident Commissioner’s orders, and he was dismissed from the service. … There is little doubt that Vouza had a sincere affection for MacQuarrie as he served him well at great personal risk to himself. MacQuarrie left the Solomons leaving in Vouza’s mind the conviction

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that he had been dismissed and persecuted by the Government for his attempt to champion the cause of two native men. … Later MacQuarrie wrote a book dedicated to this incident, and he sent a copy to Vouza.\textsuperscript{39}

In the light of the above comments it may not, therefore, be unduly fanciful to suspect that somewhere about the statue of Vouza that stands outside the Central Police Headquarters in the national capital Honiara the ghost of one Captain \textit{Makuari} could well be hovering. Indeed, Sir Peter Kenilorea, the first Prime Minister of Solomon Islands might even be inclined to agree, as suggested by the laudatory recollections of Vouza that he included in his memoir.\textsuperscript{40}

\section*{Appendix}

\subsection*{Books by Hector MacQuarrie}


\textit{We and the Baby}, Sydney, 1930; (also published as \textit{Little Wheels: the record of a trip across Australia in a Baby Austin}, 1935).


\textit{Front to Back}, London, 1941.


\begin{footnotesize}
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\item Kenilorea, \textit{Tell It As It Is}, pp. 40–41.
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