

tude is contagious and anyone who has had the pleasure to meet some of the scholars Roger influenced early in his career can clearly see how that enthusiasm was embraced and has passed down through the academic generations.

While I will miss Roger and his phone calls immensely, I also know that in a way he is still present. There are many lessons he taught me that I haven't fully realized yet and that I will only acknowledge when I paraphrase Roger when making comments to students. Advice such as, 'Your thesis is not your life's work' or, 'You are *learning*; no one expects you to be perfect or all-knowing, but to make the effort to learn more about the topic every day' or my favourite, 'It is a *draft* of a paper; there are still infinite opportunities to improve it.' Roger showed me that the student – teacher relationship is fluid, with both parties having expertise and opinions to contribute but also something to learn. Roger will be there every time I get excited about a new piece of the puzzle – whether it is directly related to my own research or that of a colleague or student. His legacy will live on because he was a mentor, and for those of us to whom he freely gave his time and his tuition it is now ours to pass it on. That is what he cleverly taught us to do when we thought we were learning something else.

Roger Curtis Green: A Tribute and  
Celebration. A Special Memorial at the  
*Fale Pasifika* of the University of Auckland  
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*Steve Fischer*

It was a cool, breezy, sunny Friday afternoon as Valerie Green, in pensive gratitude, watched as over one hundred friends, colleagues, disciples from throughout New Zealand and the world gathered inside the University of Auckland's vast *Fale Pasifika*—the high circular Samoan-style meeting house just below the office from which, over the course of more than fifty years, her late husband Roger Green transformed Pacific archaeology and linguistics. Upon entering the cavernous structure, all of us, mental pallbearers each, succumbed doubly to the occasion's solemnity as the School of Music's Post-Graduate String Quartet pined into an emotional rendition of Samuel Barber's *Adagio for Strings*. Soon, a formal Maori *karanga* (welcome) rang out, whereupon Simon Holdaway of the Department of Anthropology greeted all those assembled. Peter Sheppard then delivered the first tribute of the day and began introducing each of the many speakers whose eulogies sanctified the next three hours. Linguist Andrew Pawley, a colleague since 1958, delivered the rich paean of the senior scholar, followed by Dame Anne Salmond and the Samoan artist Fatu Feu'u, who then introduced a West Samoan choir whose village of Poutasi, district of Falealili, Western Samoa, had recently been devastated by a tsunami; the poignancy of their song and own suffering touched all. Further tributes followed, all

of them moving, at times even tearful, yet punctuated, too, with anecdotal humor: from Geoff Irwin, Géraldine Sand, Janet Davidson, Lisa Matisso-Smith, Marshall Weisler, Melinda Allen, Robin Torrence, and Roger Green's young nephew Ryan Lang. Tributes from abroad were read out: from Jack Golson (who had welcomed Roger Green at the University of Auckland in 1958), Jane Kelley, Peter Bellwood, Lawrence Foana'ota, Pat Kirch, Matthew Spriggs, and Richard Walter. Audience tributes then followed, with closing music. Afterwards, many lingered over light refreshments, chatting in muffled tones, recollecting our own special moments with the Pacific's leading archaeologist, consoling with Valerie Green while expressing lifetimes of gratitude. Seldom come such days as this. Roger Green was himself an island of a man, one who dedicated his entire professional life to the Pacific he loved so well. And as we wandered silently away from the *Fale Pasifika*, back to Waiheke, to Christchurch and Dunedin, to Canberra, to Hawai'i and France, we knew Roger Green will never truly be gone. For each of us was carrying inside us that living legacy only the great can bestow.

**Knut M. Haugland**

*Thor Heyerdahl Jr.*  
*Chairman of the Board, The Kon-Tiki Museum*

*Reidar Solsvik*  
*Curator, The Kon-Tiki Museum*

***Fair winds and following seas, Knut!***

Knut M. Haugland has lowered his final sail. As the last of the Kon-Tiki crew he reached his final shore on Christmas Day, 92 years old, and with him the Kon-Tiki Expedition becomes part of history. Knut, who in the service of king, country and friends had challenged fate more often than most, was finally permitted by those same whims of fate to sign off after a full life. It is therefore with wistfulness and not grief that these lines are written. Knut knew how to take full advantage of his generously allotted time; not a moment went to waste. It is with gratitude and respect that we here at the Kon-Tiki Museum remember him.

It is with sober recognition that we note that two chapters of Norwegian history have now finally come to a close. His exploits during the Second World War belong to the first. These are described in vivid detail in the biography of his life, *Operatøren* ("The Operator"), which was published last year. These exploits earned him the position as one of the most decorated soldiers of all times in Norway. Knut was an essential part of the heavy water raid in Vemork, which stopped Hitler from getting the atom bomb. This is not just part of Norwegian history, it is part of world history, and is depicted in a series of books and films. But it was his Morse code contact with London from his hiding place above the Women's Clinic in Oslo, which ended with Knut shooting his