

was . . . ' It seems significant now that I can't remember how it went on; so bemused was I at the juxtaposition of this gruff giant and the pale slender ghost who seemed to me to be laughing at our seriousness. What, I wondered, could those big horny hands have to do with the delicate creature whose secret we presumed to fumble over? But this particular incongruity is of course neither absurd nor unique, There was something in him of Steinbeck's *Lennie* (in *Of Mice and Men*); something we can only love with all our heart once we perceive it.

I remember that he used to take me into his study, ask me what I wanted to work on that evening, and pull out anything he felt I ought to have by me. Then he would begin to talk, and shamefaced like an over-friendly dog would move from the door back to the chair. Once he had me in his den he wanted to talk about 'K.M.' as he invariably called her—to 'have some good old yarns with you on the subject anyway' as I see he put it in the first letter he wrote me. I learned how he had come to be a collector of 'Mansfieldiana'. During his years as a magistrate at Whangarei he had come to know F. W. Reed, the authority on Dumas; I think he had then seen in book-collecting the possibilities of a hobby that was something more than a hobby, for his retirement, which was a few years ahead. Then I believe he heard a W.E.A. lecture by Arthur Sewell on the subject of the New Zealand writer Katherine Mansfield. Professor Sewell had said that Katherine Mansfield was shamefully neglected in her own country; here was precisely the field for Guy Morris—one where he might achieve something of lasting value to New Zealand. Before the war came, making more difficult all the correspondences and remittances on which his work of gathering his 'items' depended, he had amassed a truly remarkable collection.

He had perceived that the life of Katherine Mansfield was one of those lives in which (partly because some of the genius had been spent on the living itself instead of on the writing alone, thus producing a pattern of life and work) every piece of information, however slight, had potential interest. And being utterly without prejudice (and sometimes of course not quite critical enough, for he had some of that unexceptionable credulity that goes with great kindness) he had excluded nothing. If one of Katherine Mansfield's books had been reviewed in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* and catalogued by the en-