

thusiastic Miss Mantz, Guy Morris must have a photostat of the review. He had hundreds of photostats of reviews and critical articles. He had written to most of the people who had known Katherine Mansfield and who he thought would answer him. I remember that he ruefully showed me a letter from Frieda Lawrence in which a few ragged ideas flapped about in a gusty wind of enthusiasm; the interesting thing was of course that that enthusiasm had not died. And there always *was* some interesting thing about any of his 'items'. He even had a set of photostats of Katherine Mansfield's letters to her literary agent. How he obtained these is a secret which I imagine he has taken with him to the grave. He had photographs of Kathleen Beauchamp sitting sulkily among some Urawera Maoris, taken during the months of her imprisonment in New Zealand after her liberating years at school in London. He had paid a photographer to take good photographs of the various Beauchamp homes in Wellington. He had got a relative to take snaps of the houses in Chelsea and Fulham and St John's Wood where Katherine Mansfield had laid her restless head at one time or another. He had got someone to go the British Museum and copy out from the original edition of *Je ne Parle Pas Francais* the passages which Messrs Constable insisted on removing before publication in *Bliss*. (That rare copy of the story, privately printed by the brothers Murry with their own hands, is one of the grubbiest books I have handled in the British Museum.)

One of his correspondents, William Orton, had given him the manuscript of an early poem and a postcard which Katherine Mansfield wrote from Geneva in 1911. Morris much valued these slender relics, and kept them in a protective covering of cellophane. These things, and other letters which he had, showed me how his sincerity had won him the confidence of people who in the nature of things would not have trusted him carelessly.

After one of our 'good old yarns', Morris would draw himself out of his chair and make an effort to leave me alone with the typewriter. 'Fire ahead, boy' he would say (with a hand on the doorknob) when I asked if I might take notes of some document which I could never have found elsewhere and which I naturally felt should be regarded as his for his own use, if he was planning further writings. Then I would be left alone for the evening, except for the moment when his discreet wife