

would sidle in with catlike tread, carrying a tray and some things from the tins in the pantry. When I took the tray to the kitchen I would find the family playing cards across the big table. At length I would leave, usually carrying some treasure which I was permitted to take away for a day or two at a time. His farewell, from the darkness of the verandah, was always 'Right oh, boy'. That is how I like to remember him now.

A KATHERINE MANSFIELD ENTHUSIAST

The Work of Guy N. Morris

By P. A. LAWLOR

IN 1936 THE UNICORN PRESS AUCKLAND PUBLISHED Professor Arthur Sewell's critical essay on Katherine Mansfield. It was one of the finest estimates written of New Zealand's famous writer, and of such typographical excellence as to appeal to any booklover. Guy Norman Morris, Magistrate of Whangarei read the booklet and it moved him to such an extent that he decided to spend most of his spare time investigating and assembling everything he could lay his hand on regarding the life and work of Katherine Mansfield.

If genius is a capacity for taking pains our friend Morris was a genius. From that day until the time of his death on May 21st 1949, Morris put the world of literature through the fine comb of his enthusiasm in his engrossing search. His correspondence with many people in other parts of the world was immense. Because his capacity to interest and please others was a reflection of a kind, generous and enthusiastic heart, he rarely, if ever, failed in achieving his purpose. Shortly, indications of his labours were apparent from articles, letters and references in papers overseas, from *The Times Literary Supplement* in London to *The Times* in New York. At this stage he had retired from his position as Magistrate, and to his home in Mount St. John Avenue, Auckland, the postman conveyed letters, cuttings and books from many parts of the world. There were letters from Middleton Murry, from William Orton in U.S.A, whom Guy Morris alone discovered knew so much