

were Eruption in which case "he could not have been long out of nappies". Of his many books only one, "The Wooden Horse", had a N.Z. scene.

May 20th, 1942.—N.Z. booklovers will never forgive Hitler. I hear that during the past few months nearly 30,000 of the more precious books and MSS in the Turnbull Library have been "buried" in a ferro concrete building "Somewhere in New Zealand" so as to save them from possible enemy action. This has involved a huge but necessary expense and I am sure that Clyde Taylor will see that each of the evacuees is as tenderly cared for as though it were his own flesh and blood. The Friends should form a special branch of the Home Guard to stand by in the event of invasion and defend our charges to "the last drop of printers' ink", if not, at least to the last outside back cover.

July 5th, 1945.—Wish I had time to give some of the atmosphere of yesterday's interesting function at the Turnbull Library. It was the Silver Jubilee. Things went well mostly because genial Joe Heenan was acting for the Minister of Internal Affairs. Mr. Parry is up in Auckland for the welcome home to Peter Fraser. Certainly Parry takes an interest in the Library but nobody can equal Joe Heenan in dealing with writers and booklovers. Was there not a veiled hint in some of the speeches, though, that the Turnbull may be merged in a National scheme? Don't like this. We, The Friends, must guard our individuality at all costs.

A pleasant gathering after which we lined up in the main doorway and on the steps for a picture.

June 12, 1946.—On Tuesday night we heard a splendid lecture by Professor Shelley, his subject, Elizabethan drama. I went there as a duty because I am on the Committee. I was rewarded. At times I have groaned in that Library as, sans cigarettes (no smoking allowed) and sans interest I have listened to dry lectures. On Tuesday night I forgot about the cigarettes. Was it Shelley's great knowledge of his subject, his personality or showmanship? He made the whole thing live. He marched around the room, struck attitudes, scowled and generally acted what he was saying. It was immense. Even so I was sitting next to a reporter who slept and was inclined to snore except when I dug him in the ribs. Shelley noted and scowled.

July 12, 1946.—I have been trying to persuade Guy Morris to will his Katherine Mansfield Collection to the Turnbull Library, but he resents the fact that such bequests carry death duty. He now writes as follows:—