

October 14th, 1955.—Yesterday the Friends gathered for the opening of the temporary Turnbull Library, on the 6th floor of the ghastly Ford Building in Courtenay Place. Like attending the exhumation of a skeleton. Alexander Turnbull must have shivered in his shroud. Without the atmosphere of the grand old building in Bowen St., the Library is cold and cheerless. I must admit, though, that Clyde Taylor and his staff have made the best of what was offering. The methodical grouping of the shelves in well-ordered ranks will appeal to students. The fluorescent lighting is effective, yet leather bindings lose most of their charm in its harsh glare. When I heard Dr. Stout say in his opening speech that the old Turnbull building should be pulled down and a new one erected, I shivered. Meanwhile a host of workmen are tinkering with the building in Bowen St., a third of the library is in the dungeons of Parliament Building, and another portion at Lower Hutt. Returned to my office in mournful mood but cheered up when I opened two parcels from London, one, Arthur Machen's "Notes and Queries" with an interesting inscription, and the other, Edwin Mitchell's "Morroco Bound: Adrift Among Books", a nice copy with scribbled notes by Machen and Henry Savage.

October 30th, 1958.—Because I was in Auckland I missed one of the most important general meetings of the Friends, a special display of books, pamphlets and letters, including some rare and beautiful items from the library of Lord Cobham. I hear that the Governor General's talk on the archives of his family was a most interesting one. We all admire this man, particularly for his capacity of imparting a philosophy of life, so perfectly wrapped up, as to be acceptable to all. His very words show that he is a deep reader, and, from what I hear, a lover of fine books. His presence at the Library should do much to spread the influence of our work as Friends.