

'The Autochthonous New Zealand Soil'. Her elaboration of the setting had other overtones. Beaglehole in mid-1954 had sent her a copy of his address *The New Zealand Scholar*, which provoked a splendidly rhetorical outburst of indignation and protest largely against the over-intellectualised posturing in the current literary deep analysis of what was a New Zealander. The writer still recalls his impressions on first reading this eruption of autobiography, family folklore and declamation signing off on the twelfth page 'Yours in affection, respect, gratitude and dissent'. The Margaret Condliffe lecture with its muted treasons has been thrice printed. The arpeggios of truth in the counter-blast call for posterity to be given at least one opportunity to follow them.

Back in Auckland there were still historical problems; she had reluctantly consented in 1959 to serve on the Northland Regional Committee of the Historic Places Trust—'Be it on your own heads—whatever happens you will have brought it on yourselves'—and from 1962 to 1970 was a co-opted member of the Trust Council. Nevertheless this kind of committee work without the stimulus of an immediate practical task was not her forte and she was at her best as a member of the Buildings Classification Committee whose task was as far as possible to assess and grade the known candidates for recording or preservation throughout the country. From 1972 until 1980, when the first phase of the task was completed, she made an invaluable contribution.

She had qualified for this assignment as a knowledgeably aggressive participant in the debate on the restoration of Waimate North Mission House. This led on to her personal triumph in the refurnishing of Pompallier House when the building was taken over by the Trust from the Department of Internal Affairs in 1965. Physical restoration had been completed in the 1940s when incorrect assumptions were made about its purpose in the first years of the Catholic Mission. Now, after a thorough re-examination of the evidence and the banishing of some legend, the building was refitted to represent, as far as possible, its original purpose as the printing house for the Mission. Only those who shared or suffered with her the months of intensive research, explication, exhortation or criticism when the plea of other commitments seemed to mark sheer dilatoriness, can appreciate the concentrated dedication which she brought to a problem close to her. The guide-book to the house which she prepared shows a little of the wide range of sources used to check every point or to locate possible items for display.

It was this task which led to a renewed acquaintance with the Church itself and a checking of the Marist archives as far as they were then available. She had been in touch with Father Peter McKeefry from her first Auckland visit; later, when Coadjutor