

Might I suggest that the same is true of a nation, and that the role of a research library like Turnbull, with its all embracing collections relating to every aspect of life in New Zealand, which has provided generations of scholars from Turnbull's day to the present with the raw materials of our history, is to assist us, scholar or citizen, to conduct our endless search for meaning, purpose and identity in our history.

*Reply by Dr. E. H. McCormick.*

Wellington abounds in associations with my past. I have only to look round this gathering to recognize a number of faces familiar—in rather different manifestations—since schooldays. Professor McKenzie brings back recollections of his more substantial near namesake, my first academic patron. And the Minister's presence reminds me that a few doors from here, in buildings now demolished, once flourished a unique educational establishment. One half, known as Banks College, provided tuition for embryo accountants and typists as well as cramming facilities for adolescents who had left school without securing the indispensable Matric or Public Service Entrance. The other half, Wellesley College, was a preparatory and secondary school for the sons of gentlemen and the professional classes, to make a fine and perhaps invalid distinction.

The twin institutions, so different in character, were presided over and owned by Mr Harry Amos, a notable man in his day—athlete, Rotarian, clubman, tycoon—and not least notable because he had succeeded in extracting substantial profits from the unpromising business of education. I met him—or, more accurately, I called on him by appointment—in the late twenties when, after a spell of sole-charge teaching in Nelson, I wanted to return to the city to continue university work and, I suppose, further my career. Mr Amos was willing to help and employed me to teach at his two colleges, paying me £500 a year. After about eighteen months, my savings from this princely emolument plus the proceeds of a scholarship enabled me to leave for Europe.

Looking back, I recognize in Mr Amos (the other Mr Amos) one of the earliest of my good angels—those benign figures who have appeared at critical junctures to give direction to my purposeless activities or to smooth my path once I had committed myself to some project I was ill equipped to undertake. I have known many such ministering spirits in the course of a chequered existence. I recall with special gratitude Dr G. H. Scholefield who, I suspect at the instigation of the youthful A. D. McIntosh, rescued me from post-depression penury in Dunedin and brought me back to Wellington. Here I was introduced to a conspicuous member of the shining host, J. W. Heenan, and met other representatives—J. C. Beaglehole, Oliver Duff, John Pascoe—all associates and mentors in Centennial enterprises.