

WITHDRAWN

The  
Turnbull Library  
RECORD



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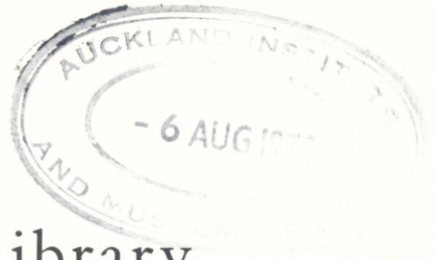
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Wellington New Zealand  
The Friends of the Turnbull Library

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## Contents

4 Sir Alister McIntosh, KCMG, 1906–1978 *A. G. Bagnall*

11 Katherine Mansfield: the unpublished  
manuscripts: Part VII, *Maata Edited by Margaret Scott*

29 Charles Brasch in perspective *James Bertram*

37 The Henry Wright Collection of photographic  
negatives *John Sullivan*

45 The Ellis bird drawings: addendum  
*David G. Medway*

### 46 Notes and Comments

PERMISSION TO PUBLISH MANUSCRIPTS IN THE LIBRARY'S COLLECTIONS

THE TURNBULL RESEARCH FUND ☆ FURTHER RECOGNITION OF

GRAHAM BAGNALL'S ACHIEVEMENTS ☆ FELLOWSHIP FOR

TONY MURRAY-OLIVER ☆ FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR

AT TURNBULL ☆ CONFERENCE ON NEW ZEALAND SOCIAL HISTORY

RECENT BEQUESTS FROM FRIENDS

ARCHDEACON LLOYD'S CORRESPONDENCE ACQUIRED

THE 1979 TURNBULL LIBRARY PRINTS ☆ AVIATION IN NEW ZEALAND

EXHIBITION ☆ COOK BICENTENNIAL MEMORIAL PUBLICATION

### 52 Research Notes

54 Notes on manuscript accessions, January to June 1978

61 Notes on contributors

62 Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board:  
Annual accounts 1977/78



*Photograph courtesy of National Publicity Studios.*

Sir Alister McIntosh, KCMG  
1906-1978

The death of Alister Donald McIntosh takes from our midst one of the strongest friends of influence which the New Zealand library movement and, more particularly, the National Library with Turnbull, has had. Although the summit plateau of his distinguished career was bounded by his 23 years as Permanent Head of the Prime Minister's Department and Secretary of External Affairs, his professional life concluded, as it had begun, in the service of libraries. With characteristic generosity and modesty he referred to his 'retirement' duties as Chairman of the National Library Trustees and of the Turnbull Committee as an opportunity to repay some of the undischarged debt which he felt that he still owed to the profession because of his move along the passage after a mere eight years in the General Assembly Library.

He was born in Picton on 29 November 1906, the eldest of a family of three boys and a girl to parents who were both members of pioneer Marlborough families. His father, a Post and Telegraph Department telegraphist, then postmaster at Seddon, had been frustrated in his own hopes for any advanced education but young Alister, with quiet Scottish determination, passed his matriculation examination and a section of his B.A. degree before being appointed to a cadetship in the Labour Department, early in 1925. Carl Berendsen was then Chief Clerk and about to move to the Imperial Affairs Office of the Prime Minister's Office. Young McIntosh, after a year, was fortunate in obtaining a position in the General Assembly Library where he was able to confirm his qualities of application, industry, insight and circumspection. If he was perhaps the first to find that for the ambitious and capable the Library was a corridor to the sanctums of power he approached the threshold quite unwittingly to reach the point of decision with mixed feelings.

Meanwhile he attended Victoria University College, part-time as was then customary, to complete his degree and graduate with honours in history in 1930, mid-term in his library career. He married in 1934. His wife, née Doris Pow, was also a history graduate, although of a different university generation, and she sustained and assisted him through his challenging task of writing the main text (13 chapters) and of editing the complete text of *Marlborough* (1940), one of the most distinguished Centennial histories; and this at a time when the preoccupations of the Labour Government in its second term and a deteriorating international situation were closing in on any leisure he might have.

McIntosh's library years coincided with a professional revival. Tremendous stimulus was given to the thin ranks of full-time staff by the decision of the Carnegie Corporation of New York to extend to New Zealand its policy of granting travel-study fellowships to a

select group of mainly young librarians. In common with others he spent much of his 1932/33 fellowship time at the Library School in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and in visits to the Library of Congress and key state and university libraries. The excellent report which he wrote on his return can be read 46 years later with profit and enjoyment; if we dwell on its content it is simply that here was set out the spirit of future advance with specific proposals which are reflected in so much of our development in the decades since.

The document was in three main sections, firstly the needs of Parliamentary reference work, then the necessity for a National Library, its organisation with special reference to research facilities, and, thirdly, a possible National Library system of service which, with Carnegie Corporation help, could ensure the development of adequate public library services. The National Library's three main functions, as he then saw them, were the provision of adequate parliamentary reference services, the establishment of nation-wide historical research facilities and, in co-operation with scientific libraries, the establishment of a Dominion science library. He stressed the need for the central cataloguing of materials for all units and summed up the problems of library co-operation in a presciently early but characteristic sentence: 'One is reluctant to keep using the term co-operation; its lack is the most striking feature of New Zealand libraries . . . but actually that process is the best approach . . . to show what is intended and convince the disbelievers and the unwilling . . .':

The Library itself he saw developing around the core of the General Assembly Library with the addition of Turnbull, the Dominion Archives of which the Parliamentary Librarian was then Controller, and, following an earlier report, the library of the Royal Society. Forty years later, the quite new situation which had arisen from the presence of the still youthful but burgeoning giant, the National Library Service, the basis on which Turnbull had become part of the National Library and the separation of National Archives—which he did not accept as necessarily final—led him to think of other ways in which the National Library's central collection should develop to include Turnbull and the skim-milk of the General Assembly Library's once cherished holdings which he saw banished, however reluctantly, to a railway siding in the Rimutaka foothills. An effective symbiosis could emerge only by the transmutation of the mocking red graffiti around the mirage in Molesworth Street to a functional edifice commensurate with the country's technical and cultural needs and political pretensions. That the fence of intransigence did not disappear before he died was a bitter disappointment after the days, weeks of planning,



persuasion and lobbying which he gave to this primal cause. No one could have done more.

Without an inappropriately lengthy summary it is difficult to explain precisely his role in the crucial developments of his early years. The initial impetus came from members of the fellowship brought together by Dr. Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation as the Carnegie Group. McIntosh had already transferred to the Imperial Affairs Section when the Group began work in 1935 under the chairmanship of John Barr. Taking its cue from the opinions of McIntosh and others, it decided that the highest priority was the establishment of a rural library demonstration with Carnegie financial support and local body involvement. It was even hoped that McIntosh could be seconded to run the project in Taranaki, the selected area. It was probably all for the best that he could not be spared and that the demonstration did not proceed beyond a most thorough report by G.T. Alley whose 'CAR' scheme in Canterbury had already shown the novel but practicable basis on which urgently needed advances could be made. McIntosh's role, henceforward, was as an increasingly useful adviser and intermediary with Government. His apparently ready access to Ministers and Members sometimes led hard-pressed library friends to expect more than he could deliver or that it was proper for him to seek. If the politicians did not wish to take certain steps, then, having regard to his scrupulous respect for the constitutionally accepted roles of elected representatives and salaried advisers, for the time being, that was it. In suitable contexts he could and did point out desirable courses of action, with overseas precedents which it would be in New Zealand's interests to follow. One may treasure the four word dismissal by a Prime Minister of the Menzies-White plans for a National Library in Canberra—'They must be mad'. His earthy, cynical pessimism, in which he sometimes indulged to intimates, he perhaps cultivated as a relief from the tensions, crises and absurdities of his increasingly heavy burdens. Occasionally—very rarely—we were able to prove his fears unjustified. In the library sphere, as in others, he was consistently holistic in viewing any problem beyond the interests of an individual or an institution. In one or two striking instances he would tender advice, when asked, which was not that which one might expect a Chairman of Trustees of the National Library to proffer although later reflection would show it to be entirely consistent with his view of what was in the best interests of development in a related area.

His rare presence at one of a seemingly interminable series of officials' meetings which preceded the passing of the National Library Act gave some character to a waste land. When the Act

became law he was inevitably one of its first group of Trustees although his appointment as New Zealand Ambassador in Rome in 1966 deferred his closer involvement until his return in 1970. On the retirement of Sir John Ilott in May both the National Librarian and the Turnbull Committee invited him to allow himself to be nominated for office. Cabinet duly appointed him Chairman of Trustees; in September the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust appointed him Chairman and at the December meeting of the Committee he was appointed Chairman.

The four years in Rome had permitted him to enlarge on his interest in maps and prints both for himself—and even then generously anticipating their ultimate resting place in the Library—and for Turnbull on whose behalf he repeatedly acted on specific commissions often suggested by himself. This period is permanently marked in the collections by items like the Zatta Atlas and many interesting engravings, particularly the fascinating European distortions of the navigators' classic renderings. While in London he was able to complete the final negotiations for the transfer of the Webster collection to Turnbull. Although not a book collector in the accepted sense he had acquired a range of New Zealand books and pamphlets beyond what might be considered as a working collection. Many of these he had disposed of in 1966 but in retirement before the final series of appointments snatched away leisure and health he regularly attended Wellington book auctions.

One's own treasured associations with Alister Mac are from the last decade. He had left Library work two years before the writer's first transfer to Turnbull although he was even then a professional legend. The first personal contact was in quite another area and marginally worth recalling because of its small light on his working responses. A night about 1 September 1945 when Sir Leonard Isitt, Chief of Air Staff, was in Tokio Bay as New Zealand plenipotentiary for the Japanese surrender on USS *Missouri* the following day: Appropriately he used naval communication channels to check with Wellington on a minor point in the negotiations. The Duty Cipher Officer (AGB) received and translated this *Most Immediate* which regretfully required the reply of the P.M.'s right hand. McIntosh, dragged from sleep, was what one later came to know as his invariably courteous self and dictated a reply which was duly wrapped up and despatched. Isitt, bless him, all alert in the excitement of that unique eve, asked for clarification on some trifle. In the uncertainties of pre-dawn judgement the Cipher Officer decided that McIntosh should sleep out the rest of the night, at least so far as he was concerned, and left the tidying up for the 8 a.m. watch—to earn a later indirect, kindly but unmitigable reproof.

This very minor incident emphasises indirectly the pressures

under which he worked which, inevitably, exacted a price in health and expectation of life. The writer was fortunate as Chief Librarian in having McIntosh's undivided interest during his last two and a half years of office. The National Librarian and my successor had to share his subsequent time with obligations as Chairman of the Broadcasting Council and Chairman of the New Zealand Historic Places Trust, the latter position being rated, even in the Trust's formative years, as more than a part-time job. It is almost unnecessary to say that these additional tasks were assumed largely from an over-developed sense of duty, of public conscience enhanced by his acceptance of a most popular knighthood in 1973. The New Zealand Library Association had made him a life member in 1963 and its Patron in 1972. He would have liked to have done more for it but there was general recognition that the administrative struggles in Wellington were still his most promising arena.

If the slow progress on the National Library building was a major frustration there were compensations. From his first meeting as Chairman of Trustees he sought to give reality to his 37 year old recommendation about scientific and technical library service. It was one way in which, by meeting a known want, sceptics might see some practical point in library expenditure. He was able, too, to secure from various sources much needed additional funds for the National Library Trustees as well as for Turnbull and in the latter case was able to see and enjoy the concrete fruits of his efforts. He was an accessible counsellor, whose well-considered advice was a privilege to many. He was most conscious of the subtle change in his role as an adviser to paid officers. Whatever his private thoughts and despite his obligation to act as a leader in promoting policy he was very much aware that the best course, frequently, was to encourage and console his lieutenants in their professional decisions provided they met the situation by his standards. His contribution, finally, was the greatest not merely because of effective chairmanship, not only because of his knowledge of people and situations but from a blend of character, principle and experience. This rare essence was supreme, for he also knew, without instruction, the problems, the language, and was ready at the starting point of consultation from which one could immediately proceed to the most subtle assessment of personality, situation and, if necessary, political strategy. Each successor can make his own contribution but we can only hope that not too many decades pass before another of his calibre is at the service of libraries and our cultural tradition. To Doris McIntosh who contributed so greatly to his success and who always took a lively and generous interest in the Library we extend our deepest sympathy.

A. G. BAGNALL

THE SCHEDULE (Continued)

Name of Subscriber	Occupation	Address	Amount of Subscription	Signature of Subscriber	Witness
Walter Isaac Nathan	Merchant	Wellington	£25.0.0	Walter Isaac Nathan	A. H. Turnbull
Harold Beauchamp	do	do	25.0.0	Harold Beauchamp	A. H. Turnbull
William Robert Edward Martin	Millman	do	25.0.0	W. R. E. Martin	A. H. Turnbull
Thomas Young	Subscriber	do	£25.0.0	Thomas Young	A. H. Turnbull
John William Young	Registrar	Wellington	£25.0.0	J. W. Young	A. H. Turnbull
W. G. Young	Printer	"	25.0.0	W. G. Young	A. H. Turnbull
R. C. Madam	Professor	"	25.0.0	R. C. Madam	A. H. Turnbull
Ann Corbett	Banker	Wellington	25.0.0	Ann Corbett	A. H. Turnbull
Arthur E. Pearce	Merchant	"	20.0.0	A. E. Pearce	A. H. Turnbull
Lady Storch	"	"	20.0.0	Lady Storch	A. H. Turnbull
John Kirkcaldie	Merchant	"	20.0.0	John Kirkcaldie	A. H. Turnbull
D. A. Goshie	M. D.	Christchurch	12-10-0	D. A. Goshie	A. H. Turnbull
J. F. M. Sutton	Merchant	Wellington	1-1-0	J. F. M. Sutton	A. H. Turnbull
E. W. Seaton	Surveyor	"	1-1-0	E. W. Seaton	A. H. Turnbull
F. E. Anson	M. D.	"	1-1-0	F. E. Anson	A. H. Turnbull
Norman Dalton	"	"	1-1-0	N. Dalton	A. H. Turnbull
James Stephens	Printer	"	1-1-0	J. Stephens	A. H. Turnbull
Robert Holliday	Bookeller	"	1-1-0	R. Holliday	A. H. Turnbull
T. Q. East	Marine Supr.	Christchurch	2-0-0	T. Q. East	A. H. Turnbull
Joseph Joseph	"	Wellington	2-2-0	J. Joseph	A. H. Turnbull
C. A. Ewin	Ironmonger	"	2-2-0	C. A. Ewin	A. H. Turnbull
George Wilson	Merchant	"	2-2-0	G. Wilson	A. H. Turnbull
H. T. Glasgow	Customs Sect.	"	1-1-0	H. T. Glasgow	A. H. Turnbull
E. Prichard	Banker	"	1-1-0	E. Prichard	A. H. Turnbull
Joseph Mandel	Hotelkeeper	"	2-2-0	J. Mandel	A. H. Turnbull
J. A. Pinnick	Merchant	"	1-1-0	J. A. Pinnick	A. H. Turnbull
R. S. Romthorpe	C. E.	"	1-1-0	R. S. Romthorpe	A. H. Turnbull
N. M. Muck	Clerk	"	1-1-0	N. M. Muck	A. H. Turnbull
T. Romayne	C. E.	"	1-1-0	T. Romayne	A. H. Turnbull
Mrs Stelyer	"	"	1-1-0	Mrs Stelyer	A. H. Turnbull
J. Holmes	Merchant	Christchurch	2-2-0	J. Holmes	A. H. Turnbull
Leonard Stone	Clerk (Railways)	Wellington	2-2-0	L. Stone	A. H. Turnbull
F. W. Gardner	Musician	"	10/-	F. W. Gardner	A. H. Turnbull
A. S. Buss	Accountant	"	2-2-0	A. S. Buss	A. H. Turnbull
Mrs M. Richmond	"	"	1-1-0	Mrs M. Richmond	A. H. Turnbull
Wm Gill	Merchant	"	1-1-0	W. Gill	A. H. Turnbull
Mrs L. M. Nelson	Photographer	"	1-1-0	L. M. Nelson	A. H. Turnbull

Part of the list of subscribers in the Trowell Fund Agreement (Misc MS1262). The fund was established to send the Trowell brothers of Wellington to Europe to continue their musical studies. The 83 subscribers included A. H. Turnbull (£10.10.0) and (see above) Katherine Mansfield's father Sir Harold Beauchamp (£25).

Katherine Mansfield  
The unpublished manuscripts: Part VII  
Maata

EDITED BY MARGARET SCOTT

*Introduction*

The May 1974 issue of the *Turnbull Library Record* (vol 7, no. 1) carried the Turnbull's 'Maata' manuscripts (Part VI of this series) and explained in an introductory note that we had been unable to locate or identify the owner of the main Maata manuscript of which ours is but a fragment.

Since then, by an extraordinary chance—a long shot indeed—we have traced the manuscript (which is at present on deposit at the Newberry Library, Chicago) and been given permission to publish it in the *Record*.

It consists of Katherine Mansfield's synopsis of 35 projected chapters of a novel, and a draft of Chapters I and II. The Turnbull's 'Maata' pieces, while seeming in some ways related to the plan of Chapter XII, are also sufficiently different from this material in style to suggest that they are later attempts at the story.

For once K. M. has dated the work herself. According to her notes (herewith reproduced) she finished writing the 'plan' on the 2nd of August 1913, finished Chapter I on August 13 and Chapter II on November 16.

The girl Maata is based not on the real life Maata, K. M.'s New Zealand friend, but on herself; and the story, largely autobiographical, is concerned with the episode in her life when, having left New Zealand for the last time at the age of 19, she returned to London, and renewed relationships with Ida Baker and with the Trowell family. Mr Trowell had been K. M.'s music teacher in Wellington, and his twin sons had such promising musical talent that a public subscription in Wellington realised enough money to send them to London for further study. (The subscription list compiled at the time is now in the Turnbull's manuscript collection, and among the many names on it are Harold Beauchamp and Alexander Turnbull.) Mr and Mrs Trowell and their daughter Dolly went with the boys and set up house in Hampstead where K.M. became almost one of the family on her return to London. Having been for a long time romantically interested in one of the twins—Tommy—she now fell in love with the other—Garnet. For a time, while he was touring the provinces in a theatre orchestra they pretended they were married, but then inevitably, she became pregnant and the relationship,

sagging under its own weight, came to grief. There was no heroic suicide, as in the fictionalised version, but there was, in all probability, betrayal, rejection, anguish and disillusion.

The names she has chosen for the characters in this story are worth a note. Rhoda Bendall is clearly based on Ida Baker and indeed this manuscript represents the only attempt K.M. made to describe Ida Baker's feelings for her. It is important for that alone. 'Bendall', the name of a Wellington friend ('E.K.B.') was also a name she chose for the main character in an unfinished story about a woman and a little boy travelling in Germany (part IV of this series). And 'Rhoda' is presumably a reference to 'the Rhodesian Mountain', one of the names by which K.M. referred to Ida Baker in conversation with her friends. 'Philip', who owes a lot to K.M.'s brother Leslie, has a name which was used before in 'Toots' (part III of this series.) 'Hal' is the name by which K.M.'s father was known to his wife. 'Ellie' in the list of characters seems to have become 'Mally' in the text. Rachael West's first appearance in the 'plan' is as Marion West.

'Evershed' is also the name of a similar anti-hero in 'Brave Love', with which this story has a number of other affinities. K.M. finished writing 'Brave Love' (first published in *Landfall* 101, March 1972) in January 1915. One must assume she began work on it soon after she abandoned 'Maata'. In 'Brave Love' there are two South American young men who have no function at all in the story, and in the list of characters for 'Maata' there are 'The Greek boys' who make no appearance. In both stories the heroine is beautiful, cynical, self-absorbed, drawn to the innocent young lover, but destructive of him too. In both cases the young man is not only betrayed but also punished. The uncommon name Evershed was the middle name of James Evershed Agate, 1877-1947, essayist and dramatic critic.

Although one must be careful not to read too much autobiography into any Mansfield story, nevertheless it does seem likely that Evershed in both stories was suggested by George Bowden, and that Mildred in one and Rachael West in the other were suggested by Beatrice Hastings.

These two stories, 'Brave Love' and 'Maata' fill an important gap in our knowledge of K.M.'s development of her art, and will repay critical study.

I have enclosed in square brackets words or passages which have been crossed out in the text but which seem of sufficient interest to reproduce. Asterisks denote words of which my reading is uncertain.

I am grateful to Vincent O'Sullivan and Professor Ian Gordon for discussions and help in deciphering intractable words.

## Maata : Plan

Maisie 14, Philip 19, Maata 19, Hal 17, Rhoda 19, Max 18.

CHAPTER I Rhoda Bendall wakes up in the rain and remembers that it is the day of Maata's arrival. A sort of a song of songs from Rhoda to Maata. A day of waiting. The past reviewed and Maata brought up to date. Ending with Rhoda at the station. ✓ Aug 13th.

CHAPTER II Philip and Maisie are waiting for Maata. She arrives. She sees them first. She is radiant, eager—her lovely voice like water. She goes off with Rhoda in a hansom through the wet sunshiny street to a room in the house by the canal. She half undresses and curls up on the bed. Sends Rhoda out for food. She is alone in a dusky room. The lights from the street come in. She rolls and stretches and flings out her arms—laughing and chuckling. ✓ November 16th

CHAPTER III Evening at the Closes. The old ghost wandering up and down. Ma, so excited. Father very flushed, and wheezing. Hal malicious, and Maisie romping. They watched her run up the steps. The door flew open. She was in Janey's arms. She is introduced to May and Debussy. A tour of the house. Supper and stout and ale in the dining room. Before they go Hal plays his latest. She sits against the window curled in the blue chair, her arms along the sides, a bunch of violets falling from her fingers. Philip leans against the mantelpiece watching her, breathing to the rise and fall of her breath.

CHAPTER IV The arrival of the piano. The room transformed. The blue bed-cover stitched with gold towers and minarets and a border of leopards. Chrysanthemums. A tiny fire. Maata in a grey and pink gown, in a *cur-ious* mood. She had spent yesterday shopping. She felt like she used to when she was a little girl and spoke her name and address outside the sweet shop. She pokes up the fire and sits down at the piano. 'Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix.' 'I had no idea. I did not dream—and that you should need anything—you with your voice.' 'Listen, listen a moment, darling'. 'To the Forest'. She ran forward and took Rhoda's hand. 'But that is *nothing* to what my voice is going to be like—nothing. Just wait. I promise—promise—'. She reverts always to money. 'But you have some haven't you?—I can't explain but my spirit seems to need luxury. I can only expand

© Estate of Katherine Mansfield.

among beautiful things'. 'I understand—of course, it must be so.' 'And the absurd thing is that it's only a question of time . . . and when I do have it I'll have no more need of it'. Rhoda left her. On the canal bridge for the first time she refused a beggar.

CHAPTER V Sunday at the Close family. Hot and fine. The boys are late to breakfast—they do not wear collars and ties. Maisie in mignonette green. Be it known . . . that they have hereby decided to envelop the capillary substance of our illustrious craniums in the folds of the pellucid aqua purissima. The great event dinner. A joint and greens and plum pie. Debussy wears a bow tie. May's strange dream. The knock at the area door.

Maata is very fine in a wine dark cloth dress with an astrakhan coat . . . . Afterwards she goes up and puts on a big apron and washes Hal's hair. A walk to the Heath. Hal, Maisie, Maata and Philip. And after tea, while Mum and Dad are playing Halma and Maisie reads Dickens she and Philip play cribbage. In the evening Music. The old man\* holds her 'trembling with life'.

CHAPTER VI The singing lesson and the concert. In the middle she leaves and wanders about, exhausted, unhappy. It is cold and windy. Why hadn't she said she could not afford to pay so much. She arrives home draggled. Rhoda is there. She tells Rhoda. Rhoda persuades her to allow her to pay.

CHAPTER VII Maata at the Closes. Only the mother is in. They have a long talk in the ugly dining-room with the darning basket. The family come in for tea. It brightens. She and Philip have another game and Maata is persuaded to stay for dinner. Hal sees her home. 'What do you think of my brother?' The letter from Rhoda.

CHAPTER VIII Philip surveys his life and his prospects. His loneliness—his lack of faith in himself. He hears Maisie singing in her room. He goes in to her. 'No, I can't go on with you listening.' 'Don't be such a baby, kid.' In his desire to stamp out the image of Maata he sits on Maisie's bed with her curled up in his arms and plans her gorgeous life. She is happy beyond words. 'And we'll have a little house, girlie, on the shores of the Mediterranean and travel all over the world.' 'Just you and I, Pip.' 'Yes, yes, just you and I.' He denies Maata. He hugs and kisses her. 'Not enough, not enough'.

CHAPTER IX Maata meets at the flat the dark strange boy Max Castello. Mally does not arrive. They sit and talk among the garden baskets of artificial flowers. Passion is the only thing in life. It is to dare everything. They are bitter and cold. His eyes shine as though by candlelight. They arrange to meet.

CHAPTER X What rubbish is this what rubbish, she stammered,



clenching her little hands in her astrakhan muff. It grows foggy. Outside the house Rhoda stands like a forlorn tree with a big box in her hands. She lights the fire for Maata and the box is opened. 'How could you know—you fairy godmother!' A black astrakhan coat lined with silver brocade sprigged with mignonette. It had little side pockets and a high collar. 'I wanted to give you one that would cover your whole precious body but the pennies would not be found. You can wear this in the house too'. Maata puts it on. 'Yes', very satisfied, 'that is *you*'. She protests. 'No, it is my Xmas present'. She is sweet, sweet to Rhoda. Maisie and Hal arrive, Hal very jolly. She is to go home to dinner. The fog deepens. They go out, arm in arm, coughing, and Rhoda disappears. 'Extraordinary girl.'

CHAPTER XI For three days the fog hung thick. Maata stayed in her room. She would see nobody. A hatred of the place and the people was on her. She told Mally she had a cold. She denied Rhoda. Walked up and down, up and down, staring in front of her. On the afternoon of the third day Mally came. She had a lesson in her room, and all her burdens somehow changed. She sang. Mally. 'No, you need not look at me. Start where you like'. She sings. 'Ah, you're in love. Go on.' She sang, lifting, lifting in song. Her colour came back. She went over to Mally, put her arm round her neck and hugged her, and when she had gone she ran up to the Closes. Janey was in the kitchen making an apple pie. Maata bubbled with joy. She inspected the whole house. Philip's gratitude and admiration wrapped her. They played cribbage again, laughing. They walked home together, arm in arm. 'Hook on, dear girl' said Philip. They lost their way, and she held close to him under cover of laughter and cold. It took them a long time to get home. He left her on the doorstep. She promised faithfully to go again tomorrow at *three*.

CHAPTER XII When Maisie came in next morning to wake Philip she found he was already up and dressed. He was sorting his music. Maisie had a duster in her hand and a blue handkerchief like a turban on her head. She was dusting the drawing room. She was amazed to see Pip dressed, and sat down on the floor to help him. He was rather quiet—very pale—with shaking hands. 'Well, you are queer. What's the matter?' There was nothing. He says 'When Maata comes this afternoon tell her to come straight up to my room. I'm going to work all day—and Pussy—see that nobody else butts in. I want to see her alone.' Maisie makes big eyes of surprise. Then she blushes and says 'Oh all right, I think it's rather mean of you though'. She won't help him any more. All day she watched her brother. He does not eat, he laughs stupidly, his hands shake. He roams up and down his room, up and down. Seven times during the

morning he tiptoes downstairs to look at the clock. Maata is very late coming. It is five o'clock. She goes straight to Philip. His room is in dark. He is practising. The violin case on the bed is like a tiny coffin. They comfort the loneliness in each other, she sitting at the table by the window, Philip on the bed. They grow very peaceful and quiet. He lights the gas for her to look at the shell he found when he was tidying up. They stand close together. Her hands shake. She holds it and turns it over. They look up at each other. He puts his arm round her shoulder. They smile timidly and kiss. He puts his arms round her and she lays her hand upon his cheek and gazes at him. He says 'I *worship* you, girl' and she nods and says breathlessly 'I too. I too.' 'Maata—do you love me?' Still with that mysterious smile she says 'Of course I do.' Hal interrupts. They tell the delighted family. Only Maisie bursts into tears and rushes to her room. 'I can't understand Maisie' said Philip, puzzled. 'Oh well, it will be a great change for her' said the mother. 'But why, Mum? How?' 'Oh well, least said spoils the broth, my son. You'll understand some day.' They have a merry dinner with Kola and stout. Mrs Close gets very confidential. Hal too. 'Wait till you see the old ghost's big toe, Maata'. The family leave them the dining room. They turn the gas low and lie down on the little green sofa, their bodies touching.

CHAPTER XIII Rhoda spends the night with her mother. 'I never seem to see you at all. You are always out or creeping about the staircase like a thief. What about that friend of yours? Why hasn't she been to see me? Why can't you be like other girls?' She spends a dreadful night. When the mother sleeps she creeps into the drawing room and pulls up the blind and sees the night clear with stars. Life seems empty and horrible. She cries out for Maata. The moon comes through the window. She lies flat on her back with her arms wide and stares up at the big round moon. I wish I was a spirit. Why have I got this body? I would like to be a spirit and watch near my darling. Maata you are not happy—some danger is near you. Maata what are you doing now? I shall draw some more money tomorrow and buy her that black scarf with moonstones. This moon is like me—so white and cold. Maata will wrap us round her little breast, in the black night of her scarf.

CHAPTER XIV She was at the Bank before it opened, and with Maata before ten, Maata was dressing, leaning forward to tie her shoes. 'I've something to tell you. You'll be surprised. I'm going to marry Philip'. Rhoda is opposite a mirror. She watches herself. 'Oh when was it arranged?' 'Late last evening'. Rhoda: 'I knew'. Maata is intensely annoyed. 'How could you *know*?' They walk together to the Closets. But something has happened. 'No, I won't come in.

When shall I see you again?' 'Oh I don't know. Sometime next week . . . or come to tea on Sunday. Do.'

CHAPTER XV The two children in love. Playing ball in the garden, in Pip's room, going for walks. Raspberry Nose and old Winter. It seems that everybody loves us. They cannot bear to be separated. He tries for and obtains a position in a theatre orchestra. Steak sandwiches. They all prepare for Christmas. Maata is to spend it with them. Maisie is not well. She gets very thin.

CHAPTER XVI Mally goes to Rome until February to give singing lessons. At Maata's last lesson Max is there. They have lentil soup with pieces of sausage in it. She wears her engagement ring. She is very happy but Mally shakes her head. 'You couldn't be poor'. 'But why not? I'll make money with my singing, Mally'. 'You are not made for such a marriage, my dear. You want a man who would throw you across the room and beat you. Nobody else will ever keep a woman like you.' Max listens. 'Where would you be without your fine clothes now?' 'I—I haven't got any.' 'Pooh! I've been watching. Look at your coat—£10.10.0. Your hat—£5.5.0. Your shoes and gloves and today a gold purse. Monsieur ton mari won't be able to provide such luxuries. Better stay as you are.' 'But surely you aren't suggesting . . .'. 'Nothing at all, my dear, except that your own money does not buy them.' Maata bristled. She was defiant. 'I need these things. They help me, I can't sing if I'm draggled and poor.' 'Tell it to somebody else. Pooh—what do you know of such things? What has money to do with it? Fine feathers don't make fine artists, my dear.' Mally gets up a terrible rage. Max leans back and laughs. Maata goes, half crying. Max and Mally are left alone. He soothes her, and strokes and strokes her, maliciously smiling.

CHAPTER XVII Christmas Eve leading to Christmas day. By the gas fire in Maata's room, wrapped in a rug. Low wind outside. Christmas Day. Happy fooling and a sad, lovely evening. Rhoda comes in the afternoon. Maisie fondles Rhoda. The two seem like friends. It is arranged that Maata shall go and stay at the Closes.

CHAPTER XVIII Next day Rhoda packs for her. They spend the day together in the old happy way. They go out to tea and it is not until evening that they say goodbye. 'Now I shall see even less of you. May I write?' 'Of course . . .'. Her room is very clean with mats everywhere. 'Now I won't even be surprised if you and Philip sleep in that very bed after you're married.' 'Oh Mother, dear'. 'Well, there's no need to blush about it.' She and Maisie make it up.

CHAPTER XIX The visit to Covent Garden. The return, heaped with flowers. Philip is asleep. They cover his bed. She gets frightened

and wakes him and kisses and kisses him. Invitation to the wedding. Mrs Close doesn't want to accept. Hal to go too, and Father.

CHAPTER XX The departure of the three. The three are left in the house. Her happiness. It is early spring, and the sun shines on the drawing room carpet. Philip goes out, comes in late. They are lovers.

CHAPTER XXI Maisie discovers them, but says nothing. She thinks they have been secretly married. She is full of the secret, and she can afford now to be nice to Maata and kiss her and hug her and help her to make Pip's bed.

CHAPTER XXII The old people return, very crotchety. Everything goes wrong and Philip goes away. She begins taking lessons again. Max Castello sees her home. She feels shaken. Hal disapproves utterly of Max Castello. 'I don't think you're fair on the old ghost, Maata.' 'Oh how absurd you are. What a baby you are!' They start quarrelling. An uneasy gloom settles on the house. May is dismissed. They are sick of Maata's fine ways. And she is sick of their commonness. She goes away for the weekend and comes back to find Ma wants the money for the washing. No, she won't give it. How silent they are all growing. Only Maisie looks better and turns from Maata to her mother.

CHAPTER XXIII Maisie tells of their love episode. The silence explodes. They are violent, hysterical, half mad. She is denied the house immediately and she goes away to Rhoda who finds her a horrible little poor room.

CHAPTER XXIV She cannot stand it and goes to Philip, to the theatre. He comes in and stands resining his bow, looking over the house. He sees her. They go back to the dirty ugly house and are wonderfully happy.

CHAPTER XXV The morning. He goes and he finds his mother's letter. There is a scene. He leaves her early in the morning and on the train journey back to London she meets Marion West. They become very intimate. High falutin, false, and talk as the train shatters through the dark.

CHAPTER XXVI Rhoda prepares for her home-coming\*. Something\* of sentimentality. *Her* children. The fire. The white lilac in a jar. Maata is cold and abstracted. Very beautiful. Before she goes to bed she writes Pip a letter. She wants him, wants him. Pip, I'm frightened.

CHAPTER XXVII Next morning after the post has come and brought her no letter she leaves for Rachael West. What a fine house! And the jolly people. In the evening she sings—'I met my love'. She wears a

yellow chrysanthemum in her hair. Rachael fusses and pets her to the hilt. She meets Mr Evershed.

CHAPTER XXVIII I cannot come to London. Come here if you can. We have very good digs and Ma cooks poached egg. O.R. She shows that letter to Rachael who poisons her mind. But go. I would if I were you—you need to go this time and see just how you stand. Rachael is smoking, her head thrown back, the lovely lines of her milky throat in the light. Mr Evershed sees her to the station. Books, flowers—everything she wants.

CHAPTER XXIX But it is raining, pouring with rain as Philip sets out to meet Maata. He is suspicious and cold: his heart eaten with fatigue. She is changed. Only when they are going to bed that night and her young husband takes her into his arms . . . I think my heart will break for joy. They spend the week in gloom—what is the *matter* with you. On the morning of going away she wakes early and sees the sheep. She is cruel. 'You're your mother's boy. And Maisie's. What's the good of pretending. I am not made to be poor'. She scolds, scolds all the way home from *Charlie's Aunt* in the soaking rain.

CHAPTER XXX Rhoda loses her. Writes to Pip. She has gone back to Mrs West's. Please to go and see her. He writes, pleads. But she will not answer his letters. Then he is ill and there is silence. She goes for a walk and meets Maisie in the park. The sheep again. 'I'll not tell you—not I.' Maisie is with Rhoda. She goes straight home. She and Rachael drink port. They sit on the sofa in Evershed's room. He proposes, she accepts. They are married next afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXI Rhoda gains admittance. She sees the wedding ring. She is terribly hurt. She explains. Maata buries her head in the cushions. Did you ever hear of a broken heart? She promises to arrange a meeting. Does he know? Of course—he saw it in the paper. He had some sort of a breakdown. But better now. Says it is for the last time.

CHAPTER XXXII The meeting in the spring. The walk on the heath. I want to tell you something. I have never lived with Evershed as his wife—never. Then rapture at last. They arrange to go to America. She will get the money. She can. He leaves her and Max Castello speaks to him and tells him the truth and gives him the letters.

CHAPTER XXXIII She goes to Rhoda. It is all made plain. She is dying to spend the night with Rhoda. And tomorrow the money can be had. She went over all her plans and hopes. She falls asleep at last like a lovely little child. Rhoda lies on the floor by the dying fire—the supreme sacrifice made.

CHAPTER XXXIV He did not know how he reached home. Yes, he had had supper. He goes upstairs to his room and burns his papers and [*indecipherable*] upon them downstairs—first to the kitchen—sees them all and the brightness. Hal is in the drawing room playing. Hallo old ghost. Going into the garden. There is a high white moon and the plane trees stand up in the blue air. He thinks they are very beautiful. His heart bursts with grief. He listens to Hal and by and by he takes out the revolver and puts the spout in his mouth and shoots himself.

CHAPTER XXXV Rhoda sees Max and Maata and a lot of others after a concert. Maata speaks to her. There is only one thing. Are you happy. Life is not gay. Life is never gay.

End of plan: August 2nd 1913



CHARACTERS

Maata Nelson

Rhoda Bendall

Mrs Bendall (her mother)

William Close

Mrs Close

Hal Close

Maisie Close

Philip, Pip Close

Elena (Ellie) Thal

Max Castello

Rachael West

Evershed

The Greek boys

Old Mrs Freeman (R.W.'s mother)

Mrs Banks (M's landlady)

Bessie Banks (daughter)

Raspberry Nose

Old Wintergreen

May (Mrs Close's servant)

# Maata

## CHAPTER I

The sound of rain woke Rhoda Bendall. It fell, quick and sharp, through the open window on to the polished floor. 'Dear me', she thought, 'it's raining', and she lay still, mild and sleepy, listening to the quick patter. Every morning the effort to get up seemed greater and more dreadful. She dropped asleep like a tired beast dropping into a dark, soft pit and her heart turned faint before the struggle to raise up this long heavy body once again. 'I must wake up. I must. It's raining. The curtains will be quite wet, and so will the floor.' She opened her eyes and stared into the dusky room. Her clothes lay in the middle of the floor, fan-shaped, white and grey. 'They are like the plumage of some great bird,' she thought, staring at the untidy bundle. 'I am going to get up now and shut the window.' But she did not move. Nothing helped her. There was no sound from the house. Her room, at the very top and overlooking garden strips and the backs of other houses, was remote as an empty nest in a bare tree. 'I wonder what the time is. I ought to have a clock in this room: that would be a great help. It's dark but I'm sure it's late.' A little puff of damp air blew in with the rain, making her shiver. She turned, sighed and sat up, shaking back [the loose mane of fair hair.] At the moment of raising herself Rhoda Bendall remembered. She flung out of bed, her eyes dilated, her nostrils quivered. Stretching out her arms, smiling in ecstasy, she staggered forward. 'Maata, my beloved, Maata, my adored one. It is your day—today we meet again.' She leaned out of the window, feeling the rain whip up her sleepy blood. [Clumsily she pulled at the buttons of her night gown and bared her dead white throat and breast.] 'A-ah,' she breathed, in a surge of ecstasy. 'I am baptized. I am baptized into a new day.' Down in the garden the ivy wall gleamed like bronze; some birds fluffed their feathers in the broken fountain bowl. She could see each shining spear of grass. She saw herself walking down there in her white gown, with flowing hair—a saint in a holy picture of a garden, glorying and triumphant. 'Maata! Maata! Can you hear me? My treasure, my beloved one—the day is beautiful with you. Your breath is in this [sweet] wind and the same rain falls on us both. *On us both*. Oh God, bring her quickly. Bring her quickly, God. Yes; I think you must,' crooned Rhoda Bendall, walking up and down. 'For she is of you. She is your spirit, your essence. She is God in woman.' In rapture she stopped before the mirror and stared into it, dreamily smiling. 'I wish you could see me now, Maata

mine. I am almost beautiful I look—I look—’ and she parted her hair, holding it tight to her face with her large hands—‘like a Botticelli. Very nearly worthy of you. I have changed very much. I think, my soul, I am more what you would have me—a strong, silent force of Love.’

A picture of Maata stood on the writing desk and before it a shell with some incense dust. Rhoda kneeled down, her arms along the desk, her chin in her hands. ‘Good morning, beloved,’ she whispered, rocking to and fro on heavy unbreaking waves of love. ‘Why-so-sad? There is a shadow on your brow and eyes, and your mouth’ she said, drawing her lips along the backs of her hands, ‘has kissed sorrow.’ She crouched back. ‘Maata has never kissed me on the mouth, but I know what her lips feel like—they feel like carnations. I can see them’ she fluttered her eyelids—‘exquisite—exquisite—every little curve. Do not be sad, my darling. Let me keep away from you everything that is not beautiful and fitting. You are perfection. How can you help being hurt by this world Maata. It is my destiny to serve you. I was dead when you found me and without you I am nothing. Let me serve.’ While she pleaded a strange sensation of blind, tireless strength filled every particle of her. ‘Yes, Yes,’ she stammered, ‘I know you are near me, beloved. And I am here, waiting. Let me serve. Oh, Maata, I can tell you now. There is only one thing left that has any terror for me . . . it is that you have grown too strong to need me. You are so terribly strong.’

She cringed before the picture and opened her hands [like a beggar]. ‘I cannot follow you on to the heights. Stoop sometimes to me. I know you cannot belong wholly to me—the great world needs you—but I am all yours.’ She sat quiet while the ecstasy ebbed away, leaving her cold and hungry, with all the long hours to wear through somehow until the late afternoon when Maata would arrive. ‘I *must* go and find the time’ she decided. But she did not move. [I see you Rhoda. Now you look like your normal self and you will sit there a long time making up your mind to dress and go slowly down all those gloomy stairs into the breakfast room.]

‘I don’t feel strong enough to bear the ordinary world today—I shrink from it. Not until I have seen you again, Maata. You see, Maata, it’s two years. What a long breath of you I had to take to last me for two whole years!’ Her slow mind began rebuilding the parting with Maata. They had taken a four-wheeler to the station because of the luggage. Maata’s voice: ‘The old ramshackle, Rhody. It’s like sitting on the lap of an old clothes woman.’ It had been a long day. Virginia Creeper moved over the houses. ‘Look at my flags, Rhody, all bloody.’ And a great many people at the station—crowds and crowds—such noise and confusion. And



through it all Maata had laughed. 'I shall always be the same, Rhody—I can't help it. Don't be angry with me. It's just at the last moment anything makes one happy—just at the moment of jumping you aren't frightened any more—only terribly happy. Happy. And I'm coming back. Listen,' she put her little warm hands on Rhoda's shoulders. 'I'm coming back. Yes, believe me. I'll be back in two years—you *do* believe me.' And she had answered 'I have faith, beloved, but I can't believe. I'm too broken just now.' Remembering that, Rhoda struck her right palm with her clenched fist. 'Fool! What weakness.'

She got up from the floor and dressed in the grey and white clothes and braided her hair round her head, burning with scorn for herself. 'And I've forgotten to shut the window—the floor is soaking. Oh, well—it doesn't matter.' She hesitated, stepped to the window, stopped and turned to the door. 'No—it's no matter. Little, little trivial things. And besides, why shouldn't rain come in through the windows. It has as much right as wind or scent, surely, surely.'

All the way down the gloomy stairs, past her mother's bedroom door, past the deserted silent rooms, she carried the silly thought as a weapon against her dread. In the breakfast room the clock pointed to half past eleven. So late! She hovered over the untidy breakfast table and wished as she always wished that she had the courage to ask for some fresh tea. But it was unreasonable to be two hours late. 'I will drink all the milk instead,' she decided, 'and *eat*. Yes—*eat*.' She cut some rounds of bread, buttered them thickly and spread them with jam, and ate, stuffing her mouth full, washing it down with milk. 'Dare I go on, dare I?' The same battle was fought each morning between her violent bodily hunger and a wavering sense of shame. 'I wonder why I have to eat so much. I suppose it is because I am so big and heavy. I never have enough to eat—never.' She dropped some lumps of sugar in the milk jug and ate them with a spoon. 'Now I shall just have one more round of bread and butter to take away the taste of the sugar.' As she finished the last crust the housemaid came in. 'Telegram for you, Miss Rhoda.' 'Thank you Nellie.' She tore it out of the envelope. 'Pouring with rain. Arrive Charing X 4.30. Love. Maata.' A-ah! It had come [it made the waiting bearable]. How like her to have put pouring with rain first. Just like her. She read and re-read it, walking up the stairs, thrust it into her blouse, took her hat and gloves and purse and walked out of the house to spend the day buying flowers for Maata's new room and walking about idly and slowly, slowly dragging through the hours until it was time to go to the station.

They walked up and down the platform—a curious couple. Philip very tall and thin in a buttoned frock coat and top hat; Maisie very short and fat in a blue sailor suit and a wide straw hat with a wreath round it. She held her brother's arm and half danced and gazed up at him with big eyes of admiration. 'Oh Pip! you do look fine. You look simply ripping. Much the handsomest man here. Ah! I wish you always wore a frock coat. And that blue tie. It makes your eyes all black.' He gave her arm a squeeze and laughed at her. 'Don't, kid—you're making me blush. People'll think we're a newly married couple.' 'Pip!' Maisie shrieked with joy. 'Don't be so absurd. I haven't even got my hair *tied back*. And look at my skirt! Very short. I wish you could make Mum lengthen my skirts. She won't realise I'm fourteen. It's awful to wear these short things.' 'Well you are a Miss Blinge. If you could see your knees you wouldn't want to wear any skirt at all.' 'What do you mean? My knees are different to other people's are they?' 'Aren't they. You look at most girls—they're pigeon-kneed. Knees turn in like this.' He stopped and showed her. 'A fright. You've got knees like a little boy statue.' 'Have I?' said Maisie, very pleased. 'Well, fancy! I never knew.'

The station platform was crowded with people waiting for the boat train to come in. They stood together in little groups, the women talking with a great deal of animation, the men silent and bored-looking. In and out among them trundled the porters. 'By your leave. By your leave. *If you please*.' The clarion of voices that seemed to resolve curiously, if you listened, into one insistent strident voice was broken by the sound of bells and whistles and the shuffling blaring noise of the trains. White smoke floated up from somewhere and hung below the station roof like misty fires dissolving, came again in swaying wreaths. 'Wonderfully beautiful' thought Philip, 'and so full of life.' He pointed it out to Maisie. 'Look girly, look at that smoke. [That is how the high notes on a fiddle played pianissimo ought to sound]' But Maisie was tortured with impatience. 'What's the time, Philip, what's the time? Why doesn't that stupid old train come in? I'll never come and wait for anybody again—as long as I live, never.' 'It won't be long now.' And he said, to distract her, 'Bet you won't know Maata again!' 'Do you mean I'll have forgotten what she looks like? You can't mean that!' 'Yes I do. It's five years since you saw her. If you jump back five times it makes you only nine.' They stood still together, and he put his hand on her soft little shoulder and rubbed his fingers against her neck and tiny ear. 'You can't think what a sweet\* you were then, kid.' 'Tell me,' she said, basking like a kitten in his warm love. 'Well, you were only about up to your own shoulder, and your hair

was fairer than it is now—not half so apricotty—more like butter beans. Mum used to tie it back with two yellow bows. And you had a white cashmere dress with a yellow sash and tan stockings and tan shoes and a paper umbrella with canaries flying round it. And you used to walk up and down Kitchener Road and then Hal and I used to come strolling up pretending to be two photographers.’ ‘Yes, go on,’ said Maisie. ‘Oh, I remember.’

The platform was getting very crowded. The train was expected. The pitch of the excited voices rose higher and stronger. Some broad beams of late sun struck through the glass roof of the station. Philip’s heart began to beat quickly. ‘Go on,’ said Maisie. ‘We would come up to you and then suddenly start back—like this—’. He started and put his hand to his heart, staring at Maisie. ‘And then we would take off our hats and say “Pardon Mamzelle. May we ’ave ze honour of photographing you? We are ze court photographers of ze Kaiser of Germany on tour”. And then we’d set up the camera. Three clothes props and a soap box and the bit of black velvet off the top of the piano. And you would pose against old Mr Williams’s gate that had two stone jars on top of it. I took the photographs and Hal used to arrange you. “Ver’ good, ver’ good” ’ said Philip, acting the part. ‘ “A leetle to the left foreground. Ze parasol oblique to foreshorten ze elbow.” ’

A bell clanged. There was a cry of ‘Here comes the train’. ‘Philip, Philip—the train—look, look.’ She jumped up and down, tugging his arm. A huge express swung into the station, slowed down, stopped. There were heads at every window. Endless it seemed to Maisie. ‘We’ll never find her,’ she wailed, ‘we’ll never find her, Phil.’ ‘Yes we will. Here, take my hand. We’ll run up and down. I’ve got an idea. Take off your hat. She’ll see your hair.’ Up and down they ran, dodging the greeting, kissing groups. No sign—no sign. Suddenly Maisie felt hands round her neck. She turned, was caught up tight, trembling, into Maata’s arms. ‘Maata, Maata, is it *really* you?’ And a laughing voice between kisses stammered, ‘You darling, you darling, I knew you by your hair.’

For ever afterwards Philip had only to shut his eyes and he saw the two again—in a world of people—Maata stooping and Maisie given\* to her. He felt again that furious unbearable expectation until Maata straightened up and turned to him her warm beautiful face. She was dressed in grey. She wore a little hat with a wing in it and a dark silky veil pushed up just above her eyebrows. A bright colour shone beneath her brown skin—her lips were trembling—but her eyes laughed. Simply from access of amazement he could say nothing but ‘Yes, you’ve come, you’ve come’ and press her hands and laugh back at her. He had never in life imagined anyone could look so radiant and so triumphant. ‘Are you really Phil?’ she

said, in a shy voice, speaking very slowly. 'I—I wouldn't have known you. Oh—yes I would. When you smile—oh yes—but you've changed—changed—. He's very nearly frightening, isn't he Maisie?' But Maisie had turned aside and seen Rhoda Bendall, standing apart, very pale, with a thin smile on her lips, waiting. She determined to capture Maata before Rhoda could speak to her. 'Maata, you're coming home with us now, aren't you? They're all expecting you. We promised to bring you.' 'Look here, dear girl, what about your luggage?' asked Philip, grave and practical all of a sudden. At that Maata's laughter bubbled up again, so sweet and delicious to hear that it started Pip and Maisie off, and the three, looking at each other, laughed like little children. 'Of course—my luggage. I'd forgotten all about it, I'm a nice person to travel about all over the wicked world. It's in the van Phil. Which is the van—back or front? I can't remember.' 'Why,' said Philip, waving his hand, 'here's Miss Bendall.'

What an extraordinary thing! How could it have happened? From the moment she had found Maisie and Phil Maata had quite forgotten Rhoda—forgotten all about her. 'Rhody dear.' She kissed Rhoda's cold cheek. 'Where *have* you been? Have you been looking for me all this time? I'd—I'd forgotten all about you.' At the gay cruel words Rhoda grew paler and when she spoke it was in a musing\* affected voice to hide her horrible agitation. 'I didn't see you at first and then—you had found Maisie and Mr Close. So I ran after your luggage. Two big yellow boxes and a hat box and a roll of rugs. I had them put in a hansom. It's waiting. Was there anything else?' 'No, that was all. Oh Rhody dear how wonderful of you to have found them. Let me see. Now what had I better do?' 'Come to us, come to us' said Maisie 'and let Miss Bendall take your luggage.' 'What do you want to do?' said Philip. She looked at him while she spoke. 'I really ought to go off with Rhoda now and see my new rooms and unpack a little and come to you for supper if I may? Otherwise I shall have to go back late at night into a strange room not even knowing where the matches are kept, Maisie. Yes, that's my best plan.' 'But the cake' said Maisie. 'There's a cake with your name on it for tea.' 'We'll hide it till supper,' Philip consoled her. 'Yes, that's best. You'll come as soon as you can, Maata?' 'As soon as I can,' she answered. 'Where's the hansom, Rhoda?' 'Here quite close.'

Rhoda and Maata were alone, side by side in the jolting swaying hansom. 'We have a long way to go,' said Rhoda. 'Have you enough room? Are you quite comfortable?' Fearing to touch Maata she squeezed up to a corner and tried to stop the exhausted trembling of her body. Those moments at the station hurt her still. Her throat ached, tears pressed on her eyeballs. Courage, courage,

she said to herself. You have her. She is here. 'Ah' breathed Maata, lying back and folding her hands. 'It's good to be here at last—Rhody. I love the sun shining. Has it been raining all day?' 'I'm not quite sure. I think it has.' Rhoda frowned at herself but Maata did not seem to notice the stupid reply. She went on questioning Rhoda. Had Rhoda found her a nice room, was there a piano, how much did it cost, was the landlady pleasant, what did it look out on? And her manner and voice were so composed—almost languid—that Rhoda became calm. Her heart lifted and began to feed on joy. She wanted to be out of the hansom with Maata in her room, to help Maata off with her coat and hat, to do all the little things for her, to see her, to watch her move. All the while she drank that lovely voice. 'We are nearly there now. Look, here is the river', as though she had put the river there so that Maata might care for it. 'Your sitting-room faces the river. In the winter the birds come right up to the window—sometimes they fly through, so Mrs Banks your landlady told me.' Maata said, 'I like rivers'. The hansom slowed down before a big grey stone house. 'This is your key,' said Rhoda. 'Your rooms are on the first floor. Will you go straight up and let me settle with the man and see about the luggage?' Maata gave Rhoda her purse. On the first floor, when she had finished with the boxes she knocked at the sitting-room door. 'Come in.' Maata stood at the window. She had not even raised her veil or taken off her gloves. 'You—you do not like it,' stammered Rhoda. 'You're disappointed.' For answer Maata stepped forward and laid her hands on Rhoda's shoulders. 'Thank you, my friend,' she said. The sitting-room was a studio, scantily furnished, with brown paper walls and black paint. It was very pleasant in a detached uncluttered way. A little fire burned in the grate and some pots of flowering heath, pink and white, gave it a still, chaste charm. A bedroom, a kitchen [a lavatory] completed the tiny flat. Each bore evidence of Rhoda's devotion. There was even hot water in the wash basin covered in a pink and white towel, and a tea tray was ready in the kitchen and the kettle sang on a pinch of gas. 'Yes, oh yes,' said Maata, waltzing about, 'I shall be happy here. This is quite right Rhody. It's all lovely. And when I have my piano in the studio and cover the couch and have my books and pictures about, it will be a good room to work in. There—take my bags—undo the lock and give me what I want. I'm going to wash and change into that green dress near the top.' Rhoda knelt on the floor and handled her darling possessions as though these were all—every one—more precious than gold. Then she crouched back watching Maata step out of her grey skirt, slip off her blouse, and, standing before the mirror, let down her torrent of black silky hair. There was not very much light in the bedroom and Maata's skin flamed like yellow

roses. The scent of her, like musk and spice, was on the air. When she brushed her hair she talked to Rhoda, to that silent adoring image crouched on the floor with wide eyes and pale lips. At last Maata, shaking her powder puff, noticed. 'What is the matter, dear?' she said, and smiled at Rhoda who clasped her hands and smiled back. 'I never dreamed—no I never ever dreamed that you were so beautiful Maata. I never ever dreamed that your voice was so wonderful nor your movements—every supple movement—nor your skin so gleaming nor your hair. Your—your drowning\* hair. I'd forgotten or just dimly remembered the way your little hands move, so sure and dainty—my little angel—everything about you . . .'. But Maata sat forward and took Rhoda's heavy head in her hands and laughed. 'You mustn't flatter me so darling, really not.' And she said, still laughing 'Oh, it's so good to be spoiled, Rhody! But help me to dress now and bring me some of those violets out of the sitting-room. I'll wear them.' 'Yes, dear.' 'Thank you. How nice to feel your capable hands again. Were you surprised when Maisie and Philip were down at the station?' 'Yes, perhaps a little,' said Rhoda. 'I telegraphed them from Plymouth. I don't know *why* exactly, but you know they are such darlings—all of them—and they and you are my only people in London.' 'Of course, dear, I quite understand.' 'And then, at Plymouth today England suddenly stopped being Queen Victoria and turned into a most unworthy creature and I got homesick for some of my own people.' Rhoda brought her the violets. 'I suppose you're dreadfully disappointed that I'm going out tonight,' said Maata. 'But I can come with you to the gate can't I?' said Rhoda. 'Of course you can. But tell me, *are* you disappointed?' Rhoda looked down into Maata's half shut eyes. 'I do not allow myself to be disappointed. You are not to bother your wise head over me and my concerns. I am here to make you happy and to be with you when you want me, but I am not here to be like any other, remembering the world—just *considered*—because—'. Her eyes dropped and an expression of tragic caresses came into her face. 'Don't you understand little sweetheart—I love you. That merely to see you, to be able to—to put my hand on your coat like that and know it is warm with you . . .'.

## Charles Brasch in perspective

JAMES BERTRAM

Five years after a man's death isn't a bad time to attempt to adjust the record. It's too soon for final judgements, of course: this is especially true of a writer, when substantial parts of his work remain unpublished or uncollected. But within five years, while the special tones of obituary have faded, a few tentative critical estimates may have surfaced, before the subject is handed over to the research student and the literary historian.

With Charles Brasch, that five-year sequence has run its modest course. His death was not headline news, and significantly *The Times* in London carried a more adequate notice than any New Zealand newspaper. At his funeral in Dunedin a group of friends gathered in the anonymous limbo of a funeral parlour to hear a fine academic tribute from Alan Horsman, readings from the Old Testament and from Plato, a few of the late poems Brasch had written in Wakari hospital, and the music of Douglas Lilburn. The one slightly picturesque incident (in which the poet's ashes, following a direction in his will, were scattered 'from a high and windy place' over the South Island hills) took place very privately indeed, and was reported only obliquely in a moving poem by Ruth Dallas, 'Last Letter to Charles'. This poem, along with other personal tributes and recollections, appeared in the fifth issue of *Islands*, the literary journal Brasch had helped Robin Dudding to establish after his dismissal by the Caxton Press. It is significant that no line of appreciation appeared in *Landfall*, the journal Brasch had founded in 1947 and so lovingly shaped over twenty years.

Two publications in 1974 added to the record. The sixth volume of poems Brasch had been preparing before his death was scrupulously edited and filled out by his literary executor, Alan Roddick, and given the title *Home Ground*. Then, as a useful reminder of another side of his activity, A. M. Broadbent published in *New Zealand Libraries* (April 1974) an excellent brief account of the books, pictures and literary papers Brasch bequeathed to the University of Otago and the Hocken Library. The fullest and most perceptive review of Brasch's late verse came fittingly from a poet of a younger generation—Ian Wedde's 'Captivating Invitation:

A talk given on 27 July 1978 (Charles Brasch's birthday) to the Friends of the Turnbull Library.

Getting on to Charles Brasch's *Home Ground*, which appeared in *Islands* 13 (Spring 1975).

In July 1976, as a spontaneous (and surely unprecedented?) tribute to a single artist and patron, Ted Middleton and John Caselberg, with the help of the University of Otago, organized in Dunedin a Charles Brasch Arts Festival. This took the form of a three-day sequence of music, painting, drama, and verse and prose readings with commentary, which traversed a good many of Brasch's special interests; the sessions devoted to his own work clearly illustrated how much wider it was in range (especially in the fields of descriptive prose, and verse translation from German, Russian, Punjabi and Bengali) than most people had supposed. About the same time, my own critical essay on Charles Brasch appeared in the O.U.P. series, *New Zealand Writers and Their Work*.

In that essay, so far as I was able to sketch a biography, I tried to counter the commonly held view that just because he was financially independent, and because he never married, Brasch was somehow in a specially privileged position, both as writer and art patron, to indulge his artistic tastes. Of course it's true that financial independence makes it easier for a man to follow up his own special interests: if he has enough determination and confidence in his judgement, he may become a serious collector or something of a scholar. One thinks here of such names as those of Sir George Grey and Dr Thomas Hocken, or of a less gifted but more single-minded figure like Alexander Turnbull. The first two of these were men with active professional careers; only the last was able to turn a private hobby into his chief interest in life. None of them, I think—not even the moody, devious, intensely ambitious Grey—would have claimed to be a creative artist, with all the agonizing private doubts and fears that so often go with this most demanding of vocations.

Within the commercially prosperous cluster of German-Jewish families already acclimatized in Australia and New Zealand to which Brasch belonged, there were two clear examples of the intelligent use of private wealth for cultural purposes. The first was his grandfather Willi Fels, for many years head of the firm of Hallenstein Bros., who was a serious collector in several fields, did much to foster anthropology and Maori studies in Dunedin, and was a generous patron of the Otago Museum. The second—their names are too little known in their native New Zealand—was that slightly older generation of cousins who left Dunedin to make their home in London while Charles was still at school—Mary, Dora and Esmond de Beer. In terms of the convenient E. M. Forster distinction between the practical managing Wilcoxes who make the





*Charles Brasch in the Botanic Gardens, Oxford, a Jewish burial ground until the expulsion of the Jews from England in 1290. Photograph taken in May 1930, from the Brasch family album.*

money, and the idealistic art-loving Schlegels who spend it in the cause of cultivated enlightenment, the de Beers were almost pure Schlegel—a compact family trio, a little island of Thomas Mann culture planted in the West End of London, with sturdy bodies trained on Queenstown hills and minds civilised by European travel and the London Library, quietly busy through world war and social revolution in preserving some older cultural values and making their own addition to them. Esmond de Beer, as the superlative editor of Evelyn and Locke, as an Honorary Fellow of New College and as one of that very limited list of benefactors whose names are inscribed in marble above the staircase in the Bodleian Library that leads to Duke Humphrey, is (like John Beaglehole) one of the really outstanding scholars New Zealand has helped to produce; and the

kind of scholar, like his own Evelyn, who is as much the gifted amateur as the professional researcher.

Both these examples, within the family circle, show an admirable use of private resources for public benefit by men whose lives had early taken on a clear direction. Charles Brasch was different, because he was by instinct and temperament neither a businessman nor a scholar. From his schooldays he wanted to be an artist, but he deeply distrusted his own talent: for him, as for Hamlet in another intolerable dilemma, it was only by indirections that he could find directions out. There is perhaps a superficial parallel, in social and family terms, with the Beauchamp family in Wellington a generation before. Katherine Mansfield was that unlikely product, the born artist thrown up by a hard-headed, material-minded commercial family: she too was translated from a colonial setting to enjoy a rather superior education in England; it is a further coincidence that the only Beauchamp boy, the one marked out to continue the business connexion, was like Brasch sent to be a boarder at Waitaki under Frank Milner. But there is one very significant difference: even as a schoolgirl Kassie Beauchamp showed astonishing talent, throwing off a trail of sparks that impressed even her phlegmatic father, so that with whatever misgivings he stood behind her, was flattered by her early artistic success, and never lost a warm parental relationship. We don't know what Sir Harold Beauchamp's attitude might have been, if it had been his only son who wanted to become a writer, live dangerously among artists in foreign parts, and reject all the opportunities for a prosperous career that lay open to him.

*Indirections*, the long prose memoir of his early life up to the founding of *Landfall* in 1947, makes very clear just how strongly family pressures worked on the young Charles Brasch—they almost tore him apart. To Willi Fels, the genial tolerant grandfather who best understood him, he was the first grandson, the first-born of a favourite daughter. Helene Fels, a sensitive romantic young woman, had married Henry (Hyam) Brasch, a handsome self-confident lawyer from Melbourne determined to get on in the legal-business world of Dunedin. It was a true love match, and the two children, Charles and his sister Lesley, might have looked forward to as happy a childhood as the Beauchamp tribe at Karori or 'At the Bay'. But before Charles was five his mother fatally miscarried with a third child; from the conflicting details of just what had occurred the boy was left with an obscure feeling that his father was somehow to blame. Mr Brasch never remarried; he remained devoted to the memory of his dead wife, and fiercely ambitious for both his children; but something had gone wrong that was never to be fully healed between father and son. Henry

Brasch was no domestic tyrant, but through his severe demands (and perhaps some lack of imagination and trust) he increasingly lost the confidence and affection, if never the respect, of both his children. Looking back years later with a kind of sad fatalism, Charles wrote: 'I had had no father, and he no son.'

So, though Brasch was happy as a boarder at Waitaki and made friendships that were to last for life, the atmosphere at home remained stiff and strained. Before he was seventeen his father wrote to tell him, without any further discussion or explanation, that he was to go to Oxford. In the event this proved a pleasant enough interlude, which brought new friendships and a much closer association with Esmond de Beer, then in Oxford as a research assistant to Sir Charles Firth. The de Beers lovingly and expertly introduced him to Italy; other vacations were spent in France and Germany. This was true education for which Brasch was later to be immensely grateful, but formally he left Oxford with a very indifferent degree in history, and no book to his credit: he had written a good deal of verse, but that very experienced bookman Basil Blackwell wisely persuaded him against any premature publication. He left England at the end of 1930 with a deep sense of failure, both public and private: 'I had failed in love too, in a hopeless long-drawn-out devotion which came to nothing and left me defeated. I had longed for a complete impossible union of souls and bodies, physical and spiritual in one, a living together of perfect openness, absolute trust, total sharing and reciprocity. When it was over, I knew I should never love in that way again, and never find what I sought; that I was alone and would always be alone.'

That is the voice of a very romantic young man of twenty-one. But if you picture that same young man back in Dunedin, entering the warehouse of his grandfather's firm with the idea of working his way up from the bottom, urged on by his father to further studies in law and accountancy, you can guess how he felt. 'I was only partly back in New Zealand', he wrote in *Indirections*. 'The centre of my world now was England, Europe; there my heart remained; there my thoughts turned.' By Easter 1931, sitting among the trees his great-grandfather Bendix Hallenstein had planted in Queenstown Park, he had already made the firm decision to renounce business and any kind of money-making; to escape back to London and somehow prove that he could be a creative writer. It meant a bitter showdown with his father, but his grandfather was prepared to make him a private allowance. After helping with the first number of a new literary journal in Auckland, *The Phoenix*, he sailed again for England early in 1932.

He was not to return for another six years. These years were filled

with further travels in Europe and the Mediterranean, with three seasons of field work as an archaeologist in Egypt, with an attempt to edit the works of Fulke Greville (this suggestion came from Esmond de Beer, and was warmly seconded by his friend Jack Bennett), and perhaps most rewardingly with helping to teach disturbed children at an experimental school run by Mrs Lister-Kaye near Missenden Abbey. When he came back to New Zealand on a visit in 1938, he was acutely conscious that no clear pattern had yet emerged in his life: Willi Fels had respected Egyptology but didn't care much for the disturbed children; his father remained bleakly hostile. Brasch has recorded wryly the suspicion with which he was regarded, especially by women, on his first morning walk around Dunedin: 'I soon realized that I was the only male creature in Dunedin who was not working, who hadn't a job—for the unemployed were clearly marked as such. And no honest respectable man goes about without a job; if for some obscure reason he hasn't one, he does not show himself.' At least, on this visit, he was able to leave with Denis Glover at the Caxton Press the slim volume of poems that became his first published work, *The Land and the People*.

The rest of *Indirections* covers a return to England across America, the death of his sister Lesley, and a painful meeting with his father in Hawaii in the month that war was declared. Brasch, who had intended to return to New Zealand with his father, decided he had to see the war out in Europe: 'I had enjoyed and loved the best of England, I must not now refuse the worst.' He became first a fire-watcher in the East End of London, then found a niche in intelligence work for the Foreign Office under his Oxford friend, Colin Roberts. The war years brought experience and responsibility; and with Denis Glover, on leave from naval service, Brasch was able to discuss the possibility of a post-war literary periodical in New Zealand, to be printed by the Caxton Press. When he did at last return in 1945 it was for good, with fresh confidence and a clear purpose. Nearly twenty years of *Wanderjahre* now pointed to a useful and attainable goal in his own country; and he had enough poems from the war years to make up a second volume of verse which he knew would contain some work that was really good.

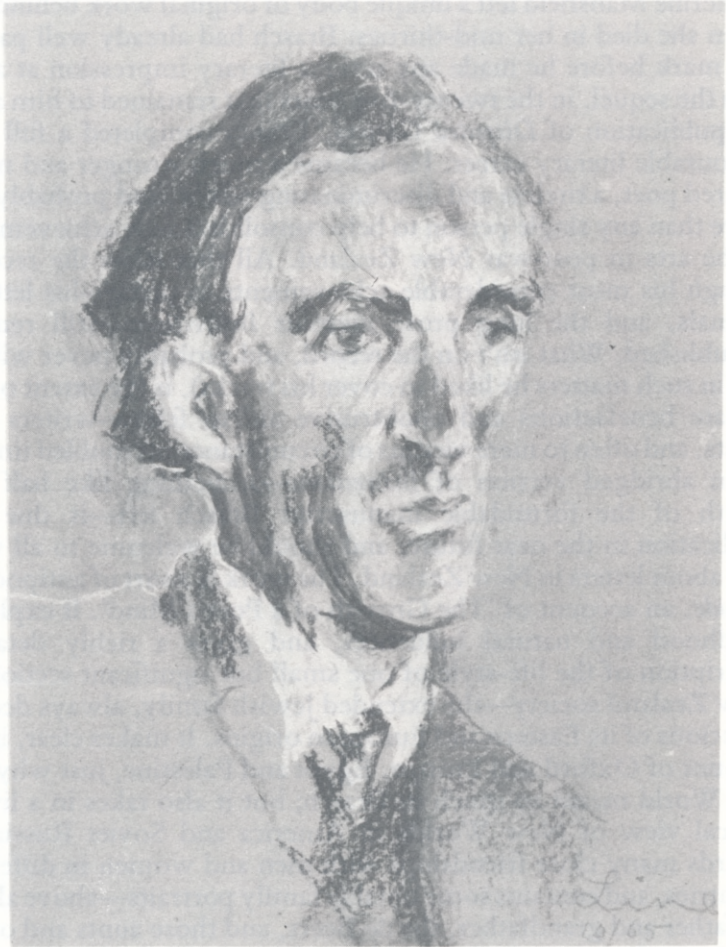
In retrospect, it's easy enough to say that the 1930s and the war years were a disturbed and restless period in which few people were able to put down secure roots or deliberately shape their own lives: individuals were uprooted, blown about, many of them destroyed. But what I've tried to indicate in this brief focus on Charles Brasch, and what comes out much more clearly in the detailed narrative of his memoir, is the stubborn determination with which he held to his private resolution, from Easter 1931, to make his own life, choose

his own friends, and resist all family pressures to conform to a role which he knew would be fatal to him as a free, creative artist. It may not seem a very spectacular or heroic struggle—but the struggle was real enough. Remember that this was a Jewish family: though it had given up most of the practices of Judaism, the traditions were as strong as ever. Brasch had to defy his father, give pain to his beloved grandfather, and hold to his own line through all the long years when he had little enough to show for his chosen vocation as poet. Willi Fels died before the first number of *Landfall* came out; it was to be another year still before *Disputed Ground* was in print, and Brasch came to be recognized as a true poet of the 1930s, one of the small brave company of Mason, Fairburn, Curnow and Glover. Katherine Mansfield left a unique body of original work behind her when she died in her mid-thirties; Brasch had already well passed this mark before he made any serious literary impression at all.

In the sequel, in the twenty-five years that remained to him after the publication of *Disputed Ground*, Brasch completed a full and honourable literary career. He became a much stronger and more assured poet, a tireless and discriminating editor, and probably did more than any single person to help consolidate new achievements in the arts in post-war New Zealand. All that is on the record, though his most considerable achievements in prose—his letters, journals, and the long prose memoir *Indirections*—still remain unpublished. What isn't on the record, and probably never will be (for in such matters he liked to cover his tracks), is the extent of his private benefactions and unobtrusive aid to fellow-writers and artists, and often to mere victims of circumstance in troubled times.

An abridged version of *Indirections*—something like half the length of the formidable manuscript Brasch left—is due for publication in the near future, and should be welcome to all who care about letters in New Zealand. The work is a sort of antipodean *Prelude*, an account of 'The Growth of a Poet's Mind'. It explores childhood and natural influences, and gives a richly detailed description of the life-style of one small but significant section of New Zealand society—the extended Jewish family, always deeply conscious of its Eastern and European origins. It makes clear, in its account of Oxford and Europe, Egypt and Palestine, just why the Old World meant so much to Brasch; but it also takes in a lively critical view of New Worlds in America and Soviet Russia. It records many close friendships with men and women in different countries, and contains some notable family portraits—above all, of his father and grandfather, the de Beers, and those aunts and other relatives who came to take the place of the mother he lost so early. In my view, after Katherine Mansfield's *Journal*, and along with Sargeson and perhaps Guthrie-Smith, it is one of the very few New

Zealand autobiographies that is also a work of art. It establishes Charles Brasch firmly in his family setting, his national and international heritage, and his cherished hopes for a New Zealand that might at last learn to recognize itself in the original work of its painters, composers and writers. It is, as we might expect, a modest, careful, and truthful book, but illumined throughout by a unique sequence of landscapes and 'epiphanies' in which a painter's eye, and a poet's feeling for language, are often happily combined. In this work, the younger Brasch is as clearly and candidly exposed as he will ever be, and a whole chapter of New Zealand cultural history is definitively written.



*Lina Bryans* [Portrait of Charles Brasch] 1965. pastel 57.5 x 42 cm Art Coll. Rack 197. *Lina Bryans*, a cousin of Charles Brasch, did this painting on his visit to her in Melbourne, October 1965.

## The Henry Wright Collection of photographic negatives

JOHN SULLIVAN

In July 1976 the Alexander Turnbull Library's photograph section received a most interesting and valuable addition to its holdings in the form of a large collection of glass plate negatives rescued from a Newtown basement. The negatives were brought to the library's attention as the result of a telephone call from Mrs Bethne Mudge, of 117 Mein Street, Newtown. Mrs Mudge and her husband were preparing the house for sale and were faced with the problem of disposing of two mouldering orange crates packed with dusty photographic plates which had been standing on the earth floor of the basement for a considerable time. Their public spirited response to the problem is a happy contrast to the actions of those who have been responsible for the destruction of many such collections in the past.

The collection consisted of 380 whole-plate and half-plate negatives. All of them were dry plates; the factory coated and sensitized plates which began to supersede the hand sensitized wet plates in the early 1880s, only to be superseded in turn by George Eastman's roll film at the turn of the century. Most bore the marks of many years of storage in damp and dirty conditions but careful cleaning revealed 380 printable negatives. These have now been printed and most have been identified.

The house had originally been built by Henry Wright a well-known Wellington businessman who had lived there from 1896 until his death in 1936. Wright, an accountant and commercial agent, was one of Wellington's more colourful citizens. Until the time of his death he was to be seen around town wearing the top hat, frock coat and check trousers, with brightly-coloured tie and opal pin, which had caused him to be described in his obituary as 'the most benevolent-looking professional debt collector in the world'.<sup>1</sup> His large and comprehensively annotated library, subsequently bequeathed to the Alexander Turnbull Library, revealed him as holding not less colourful views on a wide variety of topics, not the least of which was the place of women in society. His views on women's suffrage led him to produce a poster entitled 'Notice to epicene women' which was duplicated and published by the library in 1975.



*Women outside house at Waitahurama, Little Barrier Island. Probably taken February 1892. Photo Neg 20598 $\frac{1}{4}$ .*

It became evident from an examination of the negatives that Wright was responsible for the plates and that he was, furthermore, a photographer of considerable talent. Henry Wright was born in the south of England in 1844 and came out to Australia as a child. The date of his arrival in New Zealand is not known but he spent the years before 1877 in the Auckland province. At various times he kept a store at Whangaroa and managed mining companies in Coromandel. Between 1873 and 1876 he was in business in



Auckland as an accountant and as manager of a firm of merchants and during this period he also held the position of advisory accountant to the Auckland City Council. In 1877 he came to Wellington, taking a position as manager of a firm of timber merchants, and in 1879 he laid the foundation for his future career when he was appointed by the Supreme Court as certificated accountant in bankruptcy under the Debtors and Creditors Act for the Wellington district. In 1880 he was appointed secretary of the Gear Meat Co. and in 1882 he became the first secretary of the Wellington Meat Export Co. In this latter position he was responsible for overseeing the freezing and stowage of the first cargo of frozen meat to leave Wellington; 6,000 mutton carcasses which left aboard the *Lady Jocelyn* on 21 December 1882. In 1890 he was a party to the formation of the Wellington Employers' Association and in 1893 he established the Commercial Agency Ltd., with which company he was associated until his death in February 1936.<sup>2</sup>

The bulk of the collection, some of which is comprehensively annotated with technical data and dates down to the time of day and prevailing weather conditions, dates from the period 1889-1894. Regrettably, no plates survive documenting his residence in the Auckland Province before 1877 and none documents his role in the



Waitahurama, Little Barrier Island. Taken at 11 a.m., Friday 10 February, 1893. The weather at the time was 'bright overcast'. Photo Neg 20570<sup>4</sup>.

pioneering of the freezing industry in Wellington. That which does survive, however, provides a unique picture of domestic life in the late Victorian period and a record of the diverse interests of a most singular businessman.

On his arrival in Wellington Wright seems to have settled first in the then sparsely populated suburb of Berhampore. In the late 1880s and early 1890s he was living in Britomart Street<sup>3</sup> and photographs from this period indicate that the interest in horticulture commented on in his obituary was already well developed. In Wright's photographs of his home and surroundings at this time one is always aware of the importance of a well-kept, productive vegetable garden and glasshouse to city dwellers of the time, especially those in the more distant suburbs.

During this period Wright's interests were not confined to Wellington. A series of photographs taken in the Mahakipawa district, Marlborough County, during the period 1890-91 indicate an interest in the Lucky Hit alluvial gold claim<sup>4</sup> and also, possibly, in the New Zealand Antimony Co. at Endeavour Inlet. An interesting sidelight on the latter is a copy plate of an elaborate testimonial drawn up by the employees of the New Zealand Antimony Co. in 1889 to Houston Francis Logan, who had been dismissed from his position as manager of works by the directors for alleged incompetence.<sup>5</sup>

From 19 December 1892 until 18 February 1893 Wright found himself in a quite different locality and occupation. On 28 July 1881, Little Barrier Island (Hauturu) had been proclaimed as under negotiation for purchase by the Crown in a *New Zealand Gazette* notice. At the time, however, ownership of the island was being disputed in the Maori Land Court by Ngati Whatua and Ngati Wai, judgement being given in favour of Ngati Wai in October 1886. It was not until October 1891 that Ngati Wai entered into an agreement with the Crown to sell the island as a forest reserve and bird sanctuary. At the same time tempting offers were made to Ngati Wai for the kauri stands on the islands and in March 1892, negotiations with the Crown not having been completed, and Auckland merchant, Simon Welton Brown, entered into an agreement with Tenetahi of Ngati Wai to purchase all the kauri timber on the island for £1,000 and to remove it within five years. Felling proceeded apace to the displeasure of the Lands and Survey Department and public opinion. Among the concerned laymen who had visited the island was Henry Wright who, in the *Weekly Graphic* of 30 September 1892 and in a report to the Lands and Survey dated 17 October, made clear the damage that had already been caused to the timber stands on the island. In December an injunction against further felling was issued and Wright was



*Samuel Duncan Parnell, June 1890. Photo Neg 20462½.*

appointed temporary ranger on a salary of 20s. per day to see that the injunction was obeyed.<sup>6</sup> He took up residence on the island with his family, being relieved in February 1893. Shortly before his departure Wright made a fine series of plates showing with remarkable clarity the vegetation, coastline and native inhabitants of the island. Of particular interest are his views of the Maori settlement at Waitahurama, a locality for which no record survives but which was probably situated at Te Maraeroa. In all of these photographs Wright's delicate sense of composition and fine eye for

detail are admirably displayed. These qualities may also be detected in the plates that he made at Kohukohu on the Hokianga Harbour on this and subsequent voyages to the north. These are valuable not only for their considerable artistic merit but also for their documentation of the booming timber trade and of the often highly improvised architecture of the period.



*Henry Wright and son Reginald in the garden of his home in Britomart Street, Berhampore, Wellington. Photograph probably taken around 1892. Photo Neg 66324½.*

Wright's attraction to harbours and coastlines was always strong and he has left a delightful and informal record of family outings to Wellington beaches; Island Bay, Karaka Bay and Worser Bay in particular as well as some excellent views of the port of Wellington.

Wright's ability was obviously known and recognised in his time and, although an amateur, he was appointed landscape photographer to Lord Onslow during the latter's term as Governor-General of New Zealand.<sup>7</sup> His prints turn up often in albums and the Wellington Harbour Board holds prints from his sequence of plates depicting the Worser Bay Pilot Station and the Maori settlement at Karaka Bay. These are unfortunately not accurately dated, but on the evidence of costume they were probably taken during the 1880s. Negatives of most of these prints were recovered from the Mein Street basement. Although predominantly a landscape photographer Wright has also left a selection of portrait studies, mostly family groups. Outstanding among these is a study of Samuel



Group outside Pilot House, Worser Bay. Wright's wife is on the extreme right with the pilot, William Shilling, alongside her. Date unknown. Photo Neg 20564<sup>h</sup>.



Wellington Harbour ca.1890-91, looking towards Waterloo Quay. Note the Timeball building left of centre. Photo Neg 20464<sup>h</sup>.

Duncan Parnell, the pioneer of the 40 hour week in New Zealand, taken in June 1890,<sup>8</sup> six months before his death. Even the two flies on the sitter's jacket in one version (not the version reproduced here) contribute to the Dickensian feeling of this portrait.

The value of a collection such as this to the library and to the community is immense. As well as providing aesthetic pleasure, Wright's camera penetrated into regions where few other photographers and no other recorders travelled, not only because of their inaccessibility but also because of their essential ordinariness. Few other photographers of the nineteenth century recorded their suburban home life in such detail as Henry Wright, and fewer still took such pains to record dates and other relevant data. It is this sense of history that makes Henry Wright one of the more important photographers of the Victorian era in New Zealand.

#### REFERENCES

- 1 *Evening Post*, 22 May 1936.
- 2 *ibid.*
- 3 *Wise's New Zealand Post Office Directory*.
- 4 *AJHR* 1890, C.3, Goldfields, roads, water-races . . . , p. 65.
- 5 New Zealand Antimony Co., Ltd. *Report from the Committee of Investigation to the Shareholders*, (Wellington, 1890) p. 5.
- 6 W. M. Hamilton, *Little Barrier Island* (Wellington, 1961) p. 21-26.
- 7 *Evening Post*, 22 May 1936.
- 8 Date inscribed on negative.

# The Ellis bird drawings: addendum

DAVID G. MEDWAY

Further examination of the Ellis bird drawings has resulted in the following findings additional to those published in the *Turnbull Library Record* 10:2 (October 1977) 23–27:

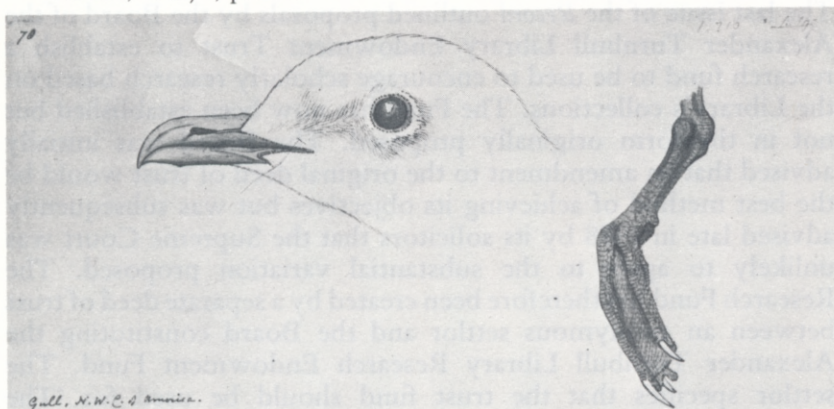
FOLIO 33 (reproduced before as Plate X). The bird identified as the Red-necked or Northern Phalarope *Lobipes lobatus* is in fact the Grey Phalarope *Phalaropus fulicarius*. This species is not represented among the London Ellis bird drawings.

FOLIO 34 (see detail below). The bird identified as the Herring Gull *Larus argentatus* is the Red-legged Kittiwake *Rissa brevirostris*. This species breeds on the Komandorskie and Pribilof Islands and winters in the Bering Sea. There was ample opportunity to collect a specimen while the third voyage ships were in that region in 1778 and 1779. This species is not represented among the London drawings.

FOLIO 40 (reproduced before as Plate IX). The dead bird can now be identified as the Virginia Rail *Rallus limicola* which occurs from southern Canada to the Strait of Magellan. The drawing was in all probability based on the 'bird of the Snipe kind' which Ellis recorded was brought for sale by the natives at Nootka Sound in April 1778.<sup>1</sup> This species is not represented among the London drawings.

## REFERENCE

- 1 William Ellis, *An Authentic Narrative of a Voyage Performed by Captain Cook and Captain Clerke, in His Majesty's Ships Resolution and Discovery* . . . (2 vols., London, 1782) I, p. 221.



William Webb Ellis. 78. Gull, N.W.C. of America. [1779] pencil, ink and wash 9.8 x 20.2 cm on sheet 18 x 20.2 cm Art Coll. A264/35

## Notes and Comments

### *Permission to publish manuscripts in the Library's collections*

The Library's policy on permission to publish materials from its collections has been made explicit in a memorandum dated 1 November 1978 which is being made available to research workers. The long-standing 'Notes for the Users of Manuscripts' which are part of the *Rules for Use of Library and Reading Room* state that written permission must be secured from the Library to publish materials from the Manuscript Section. Until recently all users have correctly interpreted this to mean that permission should be sought from the Library at the earliest possible opportunity and before any approach is made to the copyright owner or agreements made with a publisher. The memorandum states that 'authors and editors are strongly advised not to enter into negotiations with copyright owners and publishers until they have secured permission from the Library as proprietor or custodian. Failure to observe this procedure may lead to a refusal by the Library to allow publication.'

A departure from these established procedures is likely to jeopardise the orderly business of editing and publishing original manuscripts and can lead only to friction between scholars, the waste of scarce human resources, and uncertainty among publishers.

### *The Turnbull Research Fund*

The last issue of the *Record* outlined proposals by the Board of the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust to establish a research fund to be used to encourage scholarly research based on the Library's collections. The Fund has now been established but not in the form originally proposed. The Board was initially advised that an amendment to the original deed of trust would be the best method of achieving its objectives but was subsequently advised late in 1978 by its solicitors that the Supreme Court was unlikely to agree to the substantial variation proposed. The Research Fund has therefore been created by a separate deed of trust between an anonymous settlor and the Board constituting the Alexander Turnbull Library Research Endowment Fund. The settlor specifies that the trust fund should be used for 'The advancement of learning and the Arts and Sciences through the promotion and support . . . of or for scholarly research and



publication based on the collections of the Alexander Turnbull Library . . . the creation and payment . . . of Scholarships Fellowships and grants to enable individuals (whether in New Zealand or elsewhere) to conduct scholarly research on or relating to or based on the Library's collections . . . to undertake sponsor promote and manage . . . lectures seminars conferences or other meetings concerning the Library or the collections of the Library . . . to assist the Library in the accumulation of its collections and in the furtherance of its lawful objects, and towards such other purposes as in the opinion of the Board will be for the benefit of the Library, and for any purpose which is charitable by reason of being ancillary to such general purposes as aforesaid'. The Board of the Endowment Trust is named as the administrator of the Research Fund and given wide-ranging powers to raise and expend the assets of the Fund. The programme of assistance outlined in the *Record* of October 1978 is not affected by this change of the form of the Research Fund nor are the taxation concessions affected.

Further donations to the Fund have been received from the Sir John Ilott Charitable Trust (\$400) and the Sutherland Self-Help Trust (\$1,000).

#### *Further recognition of Graham Bagnall's achievements*

Austin Graham Bagnall, OBE, Chief Librarian of the Alexander Turnbull Library from 1966 to 1973, has been awarded an honorary doctorate of literature by the Victoria University of Wellington for his contribution to scholarship in New Zealand as librarian, bibliographer and historian. Dr Bagnall studied at Victoria University College and graduated M.A. with first class honours in philosophy in 1937.

In addition, his major work in local history, *Wairarapa: an Historical Excursion* (1976) has received the 1978 J. M. Sherrard Award for New Zealand regional history.

#### *Fellowship for Tony Murray-Oliver*

Mr Anthony Murray-Oliver, the Turnbull Library's Education Officer, has been elected a Fellow of the Art Galleries' and Museums' Association of New Zealand (FMANZ). Mr Murray-Oliver has been the Library's delegate to AGMANZ since 1961 and a member of its Council since 1974. In 1969 he was the convener of the Association's sub-committee on the revision of the Historic Articles Act and from 1977 to 1978 convener of the subcommittee responsible for the Code of Ethics recently adopted by the profession.

### *Fulbright scholar at Turnbull*

Associate Professor Alfred W. Crosby of the Department of American Studies at the University of Texas, Austin, is the recipient for 1979 of a Fulbright senior research award at the Alexander Turnbull Library. Dr Crosby, a graduate of Harvard and Boston universities, is the author of *Epidemic and Peace, 1918* (1976); *The Columbian Exchange; Biological and Cultural Consequence of 1492* (1972); *America, Russia, Hemp and Napoleon; American Trade with Russia and the Baltic, 1783-1812* (1965) and numerous periodical articles. He held a National Institutes of Health Fellowship at the University of California at San Francisco in 1971-73, a National Humanities Institute Fellowship at Yale 1975-76, the Cardoza Furst Professorship at Yale, Spring 1977, and won the Medical Writers' Association Award for the best book on a medical subject for laymen in 1976. Dr Crosby's special field of research is ecological history and he proposes to undertake a comparative study of the impact of European expansion on the aboriginal societies of North America and New Zealand.

### *Conference on New Zealand social history*

Over the weekend of 19-20 August some fifty historians, economists, anthropologists, geographers, sociologists, archivists and librarians gathered at the Turnbull Library for a conference on New Zealand social history. The purpose of the conference, given the title 'New Directions' by its organisers at the History Department of Victoria University, was to bring together by invitation a number of people engaged in research in New Zealand social history together with those in libraries and archival institutions managing relevant research collections to discuss some current research in progress and to consider the lines along which future research can and should proceed. Papers were circulated in advance to participants and two commentaries were invited on each. Papers were contributed by Ann R. Parsonson on Maori social history in the nineteenth century, David Hamer on towns in nineteenth century New Zealand, Claire Toynbee on class and social structure, Miles Fairburn on social mobility and opportunity in nineteenth-century New Zealand, Bill Oliver and Margaret Tennant on social welfare in the Liberal period and Ian Breward on religion and New Zealand society.

The papers, commentaries and records of the discussion will appear early in 1979 in a special issue of the *New Zealand Journal of History* edited by Professor David Hamer. The Turnbull Research Fund has made a grant of \$1,000 to the *New Zealand Journal of History*

towards the cost of publishing the conference proceedings in this form and a grant for refreshments for the participants.

#### *Recent bequests from Friends*

The Library's collections will be strengthened by two recent bequests. Miss Alice Woodhouse (*Turnbull Library Record* 11:1 (May 1978)4-5) made provision in her will for a bequest of \$200 for the purchase of appropriate books or manuscripts. The bequest will be administered by the Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board and the items purchased will be marked suitably to acknowledge Miss Woodhouse's gesture to the institution she served so well for so long.

Mr Ian Kerr, a long time user of the Library's collections and author of *Campbell Island, a History* (1976) made provision for a bequest of books worth \$1,000 from his personal library. Mr Kerr's collection did not contain any items not held by Turnbull so opportunity was taken to select a range of standard works in good condition for the Library's special reserve collection. These books are kept separately from the general collection, are not available for use, and are destined for long-term preservation in Turnbull's national collection of New Zealand books.

#### *Archdeacon Lloyd's correspondence acquired*

In August 1849 Rev. John Frederick Lloyd (1810-1875) arrived in Auckland where, as fellow of St. John's College with particular responsibility for the training of native clergy, as vicar of St. Paul's Auckland, and as Archdeacon of Waitemata, he became one of a small group of clergy closely associated with Bishop Selwyn and thus involved with the development of the Church of England in New Zealand. The Library has recently purchased Lloyd's correspondence, 1849-1890, a collection of around ninety letters carefully cherished by his descendants. Archdeacon Lloyd's letters provide detailed accounts of journeys in the Waikato and Taranaki districts with incisive comment on conditions, customs, the war situation in the 1860s and people—Maoris, officials and settlers. The letters fall into three groups; those written to his wife while absent from Auckland and close to land disputes in Taranaki, 1857, and others written from the scene of hostilities in the Waikato, 1863, contain frank comment. Letters to his family in Ireland are written in fine detail with his approach epitomised in an account of a journey with his wife through the Waikato, 1853, and revealing deep empathy with the Maori people: 'I do not know of any part of Europe where a traveller is so secure as in this country among the

natives'. The third group comprises letters from Bishops Selwyn, Abraham and Cowie and J.C. Patteson, Bishop of Melanesia, and C.M. Yonge, the latter's biographer; there are some later family letters. Archdeacon Lloyd's association with Bishop Selwyn brought him close to the Auckland triumvirate of Selwyn, Sir William Martin, Chief Justice, and William Swainson, Attorney General, and his comment will be evaluated in that context.

### *The 1979 Turnbull Library Prints*

The Endowment Trust has chosen Christopher Aubrey as the artist whose work will be reproduced in this year's issue of colour prints. Relatively unknown—and, indeed, with a rather shadowy identity—Aubrey painted a great many most attractive water-colours toward the end of last century. His paintings provide historical records, particularly of provincial towns, that are now of considerable value to the researcher. For some time it has been hoped that Aubrey could be included in the print series but an appropriate set could not be assembled until the fortunate purchase of a panoramic view of Wellington last year. The three prints will be of the Wellington view which looks north toward Thorndon from the vicinity of the University, a pleasantly rural scene in what is now central Masterton and a period piece of Brougham Street on Mount Victoria. The fourth print on the folder containing the full set shows early Eketahuna. On the text sheet there will be black and white reproductions of a view of Oriental Bay and of the battery buildings of the Woodstock goldmine near Waihi. All the paintings were made in the eighteen-nineties. It is anticipated that the Aubrey Prints will be released about August next with the usual public announcements. The edition will be limited to the customary 2,500 sets.

A new edition of the Prints Catalogue is now available. All Turnbull Prints still in stock are illustrated in black and white, including the 1977 Heaphy Prints and 1978 Earle Prints. The catalogue will be supplied free on request to Box 12-349, Wellington.

### *Aviation in New Zealand exhibition*

For the New Year holiday period the Library mounted an exhibition entitled 'Aviation in New Zealand', which was on display until the end of February 1979. This topic has always had considerable public appeal, an important factor in planning exhibitions for the holiday period, and was particularly appropriate as 1978 marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Wright brothers' first flight and the fiftieth anniversary of Kingsford Smith's first crossing of the

Tasman. The exhibition made use of all the Library's collections and was enhanced by the loan of items from the National Museum, the Union Steam Ship Co. and Air New Zealand. In planning the exhibition it was hoped to show the development of civil and military aviation in New Zealand up to the 1940s, and also to capture some of the freshness and excitement which characterised aviation in an earlier era. It was also hoped that the exhibition would attract more material related to aviation into the Library's collections, and already information leading to possible acquisitions has appeared. Not the least valuable aspect of the exercise has been the cooperation with the Aviation Historical Society of New Zealand, whose members have been generous in providing information and checking the accuracy of information contained in the captions.

### *Cook bicentennial memorial publication*

To mark the bicentenary of the death of Captain James Cook RN at Kealakekua in Hawaii on 14 February 1779 the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board has published the text of a lecture 'The Death of Captain Cook' given by Cook's editor and biographer J. C. Beaglehole OM. The lecture, first published in a periodical in 1964, has not previously been issued separately as a monograph. The Endowment Trust Board, conscious of the value that John Beaglehole placed on the physical book, comfortable to the hand and pleasing to the eye, and his belief, shared with Alexander Turnbull, that scholarship deserves the courtesy of good printing, commissioned Alan Loney's Hawk Press to produce a limited edition of 50 copies printed on one of the Library's Albion presses on dampened hand-made paper and quarter bound by hand in oasis goatskin and cloth. From this typesetting a facsimile edition has been produced in 1000 copies by Whitcoulls to enable this example of New Zealand book design and printing to be made available to a wider audience at a modest cost. The hand-printed limited edition will sell for \$130 and the facsimile for \$10. Half of the facsimile edition has been reserved for Friends of the Turnbull Library and these copies are available to members at a substantial discount on the retail price.

## Research Notes

Mrs Margaret Scott who was commissioned several years ago by Oxford University Press to prepare an edition of the collected letters of Katherine Mansfield has been joined by Vincent O'Sullivan as assistant editor for the final stages of the work. The transcription of the letters is now complete but there still remains much research for the annotations. The final text is likely to be completed in 1979. The Turnbull Library holds more than half of the letters so far collected as well as manuscript diaries and journals. Mrs Scott has been awarded the A.H.I. Writer's Bursary for 1978 to enable her to complete the project.

Professor Ian Gordon has completed work on an edition of Katherine Mansfield's unpublished notebook of 1907, the 'Urewera journey', in the Turnbull's collections. Publication by the Oxford University Press will be early in 1979.

A two-volume facsimile/performing edition of the *Harpsichord Master* (1697) prepared by Robert Petre, a member of the staff of the Turnbull's Reference Section, is to be published by Price Milburn Music of Wellington. The original, which is held in the Rare Book Room of the Auckland Public Library, was recently identified by Mr Petre as the unique extant copy of this seventeenth century book of English harpsichord music. It includes 'Introductions for Learners' and twenty-one pieces (several of them previously unknown) by such composers as Henry Purcell and Jeremiah Clarke.

Vincent O'Sullivan has been authorised by the Library to edit for publication John Middleton Murry's letters to Katherine Mansfield purchased by the Endowment Trust in 1972. Mrs Mary Murry's initial restriction on access (closed until after Mrs Murry's death except to Margaret Scott to assist editorial work on Katherine Mansfield's letters) was lifted in June 1976 and since then the attention of several Mansfield scholars has been drawn to the letters. Editorial work is to be completed by the end of 1980.

Dr Elizabeth Sheppard, formerly a member of the staff of the Department of English at the University of Auckland, has begun work on the Turnbull's Frances Hodgkins collection for an edition

of the letters. As well as the large Hodgkins-Field correspondence, donated by the Hodgkins and Field families several years ago, the Library has acquired other significant collections of Hodgkins letters, scrapbooks and drawings in recent years.

Dr David Branagan of the Dept of Geology and Geophysics, University of Sydney, is editing the 1825-27 journals of Samuel Stutchbury (1798-1859) for publication. Stutchbury was employed by the Pacific Pearl Company as a naturalist on the 1825-27 expedition to the South Pacific during which time he visited New Zealand. The Stutchbury journals and associated papers were acquired by the Library in 1973. A grant for research costs has been made to Dr Branagan by the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust.

Janet Paul, Art Librarian, has been invited by the editors (Ms P. Bunkle and Mrs B. Hughes, Victoria University of Wellington) to contribute a chapter on women artists for a volume *Women in New Zealand* to be published by Allen & Unwin Ltd.

# Notes on Manuscript Accessions

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ACQUISITIONS,  
JANUARY TO JUNE 1978

Acquisitions of manuscripts are listed selectively in the *Turnbull Library Record* to alert scholars to newly acquired materials judged to be of research value. For items marked 'Access subject to sorting' or 'Restricted access' the Library would welcome notification that access will be sought, preferably with an indication of a likely date. This will assist staff in establishing priorities for sorting collections. The following list updates the Notes in the *Record* for October 1978. Material produced by the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau and the Australian Joint Copying Project is not listed.

Further collections transferred from General Assembly Library which have been processed are included in this list. The papers of Sir Julius Vogel, Hon. W. Rolleston, Hon. M. Moohan and Mr J.J. Maher together with Richmond-Atkinson family papers are not yet available to researchers.

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF CARPENTERS AND JOINERS. *Records, 1875-1933*. 1m. DONATION. Wellington branch minute books, 1875-1919, secretary's reports, 1929-1933, Procession Committee, 1897-1901; South Wellington minute books, 1909-1917; Central branch—contributions, Management committee minutes, 1911-1913. New Zealand Labour Party minute book, 1910-1913.  
*Access subject to sorting.*

ANTHONY, FRANK SHELDON, 1891-1927. Papers, 1905-1940. ca. 1m. LONG TERM LOAN: Mr B.W. Ewing, New Plymouth. Literary papers, 1899-1925, manuscripts and typescripts, reviews, 1936-1937, correspondence file, 1936-1940, farm records, 1919-1923.  
*Access subject to sorting and restriction.*

BEALE, BERNARD CHARLES. *Petition, 29 July 1876*. 4 1. PURCHASE. Petition to Minister of Justice alleging prejudiced judgement by W.N. Searancke, Resident Magistrate, Waikato.

BEAUCHAMP FAMILY. *Papers, 1906-1918, 1935*. 48 Items. DONATION: Mrs J. Renshaw, Cirencester, and Professor I.A. Gordon, Wellington. Letters of Leslie H. Beauchamp, 1906-1915, mostly written while serving with British Army, 1914-1915, family letters written after his death, letters and telegrams of condolence; includes letters of and relating to Katherine Mansfield. BBC script *This great family. Christmas day, 1935*.

BETT DUNCAN GALLERY. *Records, 1968-1977*. 2m. DONATION: Mrs E. Bett, Wellington.  
Includes catalogues, account books, mailing lists, correspondence and clippings.

BOMFORD, G. FREDERICK. *Inwards letters, 1860-1864, 1944*. 6 items. DONATION: Miss N. Crease, Solihull, England.  
Three letters of Walter Sisam, schoolmaster, later market gardener in Auckland district, member of Volunteer Reserve, reflect settlers' attitude to Grey and Selwyn, opinion of Maoris and their fighting methods, Baptist Church activities, growth of Auckland, 1863-1864.



- BURDON, CLAUDE OSWALD. *Account book, 1923–1966*. 1v. Lent for copying by Ms S. Carlyle, Wainuiomata.  
Farm accounts for *Willowbank*, Wainuiomata, including production figures, 1938–1965. Photocopy.
- CHARLTON, GEORGE, 1801–1863. *Papers, 1840*. 3 Items. DONATION: Mr S. E. Egan, Rotorua.  
Deeds of purchase of land by Charlton, coastal trader at Kawhia from Te Rua Uke of Ngatihikaira; letter from J. Cowell concerning earlier purchase; plan of land at Kawhia purchased by C. H. Strauss.
- COLENZO, WILLIAM, 1811–1899. *Notebook, 1838*. 1 reel. Lent for copying by Mr Kenneth Hince, Melbourne.  
Rough daily notes made on journey with Rev. W. Williams, R. Matthews, and J. Stack from Paihia to Hicks Bay and overland to Tauranga and return. Description of Maori settlements, customs and response to missionary teaching, comment on nature of terrain, flora and fauna. Also sketches, vocabulary with Maori names for flora and fauna, population figures, miscellaneous notes. Microfilm.
- CROSSWELL FAMILY. *Records, 1863–1968*. 6 items. DONATION: Mr M. G. Choat, Upper Hutt.  
Mrs M. A. Ensor's reminiscences of childhood farming in Gisborne district, 1890s, and carving out bush farm in Waioeka Gorge, Bay of Plenty, 1905–1909; Crosswell genealogical material including Trooper C. Crosswell's part in Opepe Massacre, 6 June 1869. A. L. Stott's manuscript on the establishment of the Waipu settlement.
- DAMPIER, ROBERT, 1800–1874. *Voyage to Sandwich Islands on H.M.S. Blonde, 18 December 1824–14 June 1825*. 152p. Lent for copying by Miss M. W. Bloxam, Palmerston North.  
Dampier served as artist and draftsman on *Blonde* returning remains of King Kamameha to Hawaii. Voyage down coast of S. America to Valparaiso, with journey into interior of Chile, Calleo, Peru, skirmish between Spanish and Bolivar's forces—comment on way of life, flora and fauna; bird and animal life, Galapagos Islands impressions of Hawaiian ruling chiefs and personalities, power struggles, funeral ceremonies, impact of European culture; local account of death of Cook. Photocopy. Original in possession of Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Honolulu.
- DOMINION FEDERATION OF TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILDS OF NEW ZEALAND. *Records, 1938–1967*. 4v. DONATION.  
Includes Committee minute books, 1938–1943, 1946–1967, and Council minute book, 1938–1955.
- EISE, IDA, 1894?–1978. *Papers, 1915–1978*. 5cm. DONATION.  
Personal letters to Ida Eise, *History of the Auckland Society of Arts*, photographs of her paintings, newspaper clippings and miscellaneous papers.
- ELDER, NORMAN LASCELLES, b. 1896. *Field reports, 1954–1966*. 10cm. DONATION: New Zealand Forest Service, Wellington.  
Unpublished field reports on Ruahine Range assembled from N.Z. Forest Service files. Photocopies.
- ENGST, JOHANNES GOTTFRIED, 1819–1910. *A picture of really [sic] life on Chatham Island*. 4 l. PURCHASE.  
Annotated verse of missionary of Gossner Mission of extreme evangelical protestant inclination. Typescript.

ENNOR, HARROLD. 1888–1974. *Diaries, 1906–1920*. 14v. DONATION: Mr D. Ennor, Pakuranga.

Kept as clerk in Stamps Department in Napier, Gisborne and Auckland where he studied for law degree, entries comment on events and issues of the period while reflecting involvement with Congregational Church, YMCA and civilian activity in wartime; includes letters, certificates, cards, clippings etc.

EVANS, ROBERT JOSEPH. *Diaries, 1939–1954*. 16v. DONATION.

Daily records relating to farming in South Canterbury and North Otago.

FLEMING, LINDSAY. *Inwards letters, 1954*. 3 items. PURCHASE.

Replies to enquiries regarding Charles Austen Jacques, author of *Sylvae, a collection of poems on several occasions by a young gentleman of Chichester*. (Guildford, 1776).

FLORANCE, DAVID CHARLES HAMILTON, 1884–1975. *Letters, 1968–1975*. 9 items. DONATION: Mr R. L. N. Greenaway, Dunedin.

Five letters from Professor Florance to Mr Greenaway re family history, schooldays at Burwood, Christchurch, James Speight, headmaster, and other local identities. Mr Greenaway's notes on Augustus Florance, 1812–ca. 1892 and his son. Photocopy.

GARD, JOSEPH ROWE. *Diary, 5 June 1856–25 February 1858*. lv. DONATION: Estate of Mr A. G. Mowat, Palmerston North.

Entries cover period breaking in farm at Mahurangi, near Auckland, with comment on weather, animal and crop husbandry, visits of local settlers, community affairs; undated obituary.

GEAR MEAT COMPANY. *Records, 1880–1940*. 3.3m. DONATION.

Letterbooks, wages and stock books, ledgers, posters, documents, plans, maps and other material.

*Access subject to sorting.*

HAMMICK, WILLIAM, b. 1848. *Reminiscences, ca. 1914*. lv. DONATION: R. Longmore, Petworth, England. Writer came to New Zealand in 1866 and worked on J. D. Tetley's run, Kierangu, Marlborough, prior to removal to Lake Taupo area where he broke in land and served with volunteers in campaign against Te Kooti. Photocopy.

HARRISON, PETER ADRIAN. *Papers, ca. 1974*. 30cm. DONATION: Mr J. A. Harrison, Auckland.

Comprehensive research notes towards MA thesis, *The motion picture industry in New Zealand, 1896–1930* (1974). Includes copies of official papers, committee reports, legal material, interviews, newspaper clippings.

HOLLAND, Henry Edmund, 1868–1933. *Papers, ca. 1916–1933*. 15cm. Transferred from General Assembly Library.

Personal papers, largely correspondence but including material relating to Labour Party, pamphlets, leaflets, newspaper clippings, also research and speech notes and material as editor *Maoriland Worker*.

HOWARD LEAGUE FOR PENAL REFORM. *Papers, 1927–1962*. 50cm. DONATION: Professor J. R. McCreary, Wellington.

Primarily correspondence files of F. A. de la Mare, 1927–1940, but including correspondence and papers including minutes of reformed Wellington branch, 1948–1949, 1954–1962, clippings and printed material.

*Access subject to sorting and restriction.*

- HUNTER, HON. WILLIAM JOHN, 1879–1966. *Papers, ca. 1955*. 16cm. DONATION: Mrs B. H. Hunter, Wellington.  
*Life and letters of a New Zealand judge (H. S. Chapman), James Edward FitzGerald, First Premier of New Zealand, and New Zealand legal portraits*, unpublished manuscripts; research notes, transcripts of Chapman and FitzGerald letters, verses.
- HUTCHIN, JOHN JOSEPH KNIGHT, 1858–1912. *Diaries, 1883–1891*. 2v. Lent for copying by Mrs T. E. Pethick, Brentwood, England.  
 Kept by principal of London Missionary Society Training College for Native Teachers in Rarotonga. Comments on college affairs, Rarotongan society, land problems, commerce, language and lore. Photocopies.
- JACK, HON. SIR ROY EMILE, 1914–1977. *Papers, 1968–1972*. DONATION: Lady Jack, Wanganui.  
 Correspondence and files of MP for Waimarino and Rangitikei, Speaker of the House of Representatives, newspaper clippings.  
*Access subject to sorting and restriction.*
- KEEN, DAVID. *History in secondary schools, 1976, a year's survey*. 2 items. DONATION: N.Z. Council for Educational Research, Wellington.  
 Written as result of term as Visiting Teaching Fellow in History at University of Waikato, 1976.
- KING, MICHAEL. *Interviews, 1978*. 8 items. PURCHASE.  
 Interviews with Sir Alister McIntosh, C. G. Scrimgeour and A. Vogt relating to Rt. Hon. P. Fraser. Typed transcripts.  
*Restricted access.*
- LAWRENCE, HAROLD GEORGE. *Papers, 1941–1969*. 12 items. DONATION.  
 Correspondence and notes by H. G. Lawrence relating to the setting of the store at Eastbourne in Katherine Mansfield's story *At the Bay*, clippings and annotated copy of the *Turnbull Library Record*, November 1968.
- LEE, JOHN R., Compiler. *Register of ships . . . 94 1*. DONATION: Mr I. Thwaites, Auckland Institute and Museum.  
 Register of ships visiting New Zealand prior to the annexation of the country by Hobson. List of sources. Photocopy.
- LLOYD, JOHN FREDERICK, 1810–1875. *Correspondence, 1849–1890*. 93 items. PURCHASE.  
 Letters relating to service at St. John's College and St. Paul's Auckland, 1849–1870; detailed accounts of journeys through New Zealand with incisive comment on conditions, customs, war situation, 1860s and people—Maoris, officials and settlers. Writers include Bishops J. C. Patteson, G. A. Selwyn, C. J. Abraham, W. G. Cowie, also C. M. Yonge.
- MCINDOE, MR., b. 1890. *Te Aroha goldfields*. 7 l. DONATION.  
 Reminiscences of life in Te Aroha and further north, mining and farming with comment on local personalities and recording grandfather's memories of opening up South Auckland-Waikato area about 1870s.
- MANSFIELD, KATHERINE, 1888–1923. *Letters, 1917–1923*. 29 items. PURCHASE.  
 Written to her friend, Anne Estelle Drey (Rice), American painter.
- MARKHAM, WILLIAM, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, 1719–1807. *Correspondence, 1767–1845*. 55 items. DONATION: University of Canterbury Library, Christchurch.  
 Primarily letters (1767–1806) between Markham, Chaplain to King George III, and George, Prince of Wales, and Frederick, Duke of York, to whom he acted as preceptor. Mention of meeting with Omai, some family letters. Photocopy.

- MARTIN, SIR WILLIAM, 1807–1880. *Maori grammar*. 46 l. PURCHASE.  
MS compiled by Chief Justice, 1841–1874; includes brief vocabulary.
- MASON, RONALD ALISON KELLS, 1905–1971. *Papers*. 2 items. DONATION: Mr J. E. Traue, Wellington.  
*Refugee*, a play produced by Margaret Barr for New Theatre Group, Auckland;  
*Poet's Tongue*—R. A. K. Mason, radio programme arranged by Anton Vogt.  
Cyclostyled material.
- NEW ZEALAND DENTAL ASSOCIATION. *Records, 1927–1968*. 4m. DONATION.  
NZDA minute books, Council, Executive and Committee on Illegal Practices  
minutes and files. Correspondence of Committees on Dental Health, Education  
and Research, re biennial conferences and with associated bodies overseas, general;  
membership registers.  
*Access subject to sorting and restriction.*
- NEW ZEALAND FEDERATED ENGINE DRIVERS UNION, *Records, ca. 1902–1936*. 1.5m.  
DONATION.  
Minute books, 1902–1917, correspondence, 1906–1936, rulebooks, circulars,  
reports, financial records.  
*Access subject to sorting.*
- NEW ZEALAND LIQUOR COUNCIL. *The Industry in retrospect*. 3 items. DONATION.  
Audio-visual presentation of slides and tape recording written and narrated by P.  
A. Lawlor.
- THE NEW ZEALAND MERCURY. *Correspondence, 1933–1934*. 6cm. DONATION:  
Estate of Miss V. F. Foote, Wellington.  
Letters between Helen Longford, editor, Violette Foote, secretary, founders of  
literary magazine, and contributors, including C. R. Allen, G. Lincoln Lee, N. M.  
Scanlan, V. M. Cottrell; some letters relate to extending circulation.
- NGATU, ISHMAEL, ca. 1885–1955. *Diaries, 1927–1954*. 40cm. DONATION: Rev. G.  
G. Carter, Paekakariki.  
Translations made under the editorship of Mr Carter of diaries of a leading man in  
Marovo Lagoon, Western Solomon Islands; brief daily entries. Typescript.
- PARKER, H. *Extract from Journal, 1833*. 9 l. DONATION.  
Impressions of visit to Chatham Islands contrasting customs, way of life and  
language of inhabitants with those elsewhere in New Zealand; detailed description  
of construction of mokihi, flax canoes. Photocopy of original in Auckland Public  
Library.
- PARSONS, JOHN, 1813–1903. *Letters, 1862–1903*. 37 items. Lent for copying by Mr  
P. Parsons, Napier.  
Written from his farm near Napier, 1862–1882, Patea, 1882—, with comment on  
stock and crop prices, economic fluctuations affecting farmers, military situation,  
Imperial troops, politics and politicians, family news and details. Typescript.
- RAWLINSON, GLORIA JASMINE, b. 1918. *Papers, 1936–ca. 1950*. 3 items. DONATION:  
Mrs S. Carlyle, Wainuiomata, and PURCHASE.  
Letter to Mrs Wallis, 1936, commenting on poems by children, photograph; *Black  
Hawk, White Dog: The story of Kiwi Tamaki*, a narrative drama set in Auckland  
about 1720.
- REID, DOROTHY B. H., compiler. *Passenger lists of ships bringing Albertlanders to New  
Zealand, 1862–65*. 72 l. DONATION.  
Lists of settlers in Kaipara Harbour area compiled from newspapers. Photocopies  
of clippings and typescript.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, KARORI. *Records, 1867-1970*. 3.5m. DONATION.

Includes Vestry minutes, 1867-1969, baptismal, marriage and burial registers, 1868-1966, records relating to land and buildings, 1880-1967, Churchwarden and confirmation register, 1897-1963, Preacher's books, 1872-1959, financial records relating to Church canvasses, 1959-1974, subscriptions, 1905-1938, papers of Church organisations, some records of St Philip's, 1942-1961 and St Mathias, Makara, 1940-1954.

SEIDLER, DAVID WILLIAM. *Records, 1965-1971*. 15cm. DONATION.

Reports, preliminary drafts, party and related material, including press releases, *Na Tovata*, gathered by Alliance Party's representative during negotiations leading to Fiji's Constitution, 1965-1971; programme and Ratu Sir Kamisese Mara's speech at installation as Tui Nayau, July 1969; photographs.

SELWYN, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, 1809-1878. *Papers, 1840-1861*. 15 items. DONATION: Estate of Bishop G. M. McKenzie, Wellington.

Primarily papers and letters relating to Church affairs in Wanganui and the Industrial School with emphasis on Rev. C. H. S. Nicholls' service. Writers include Rev. R. Taylor, Archdeacon Hadfield, Col. McCleverty, Mr H. C. Field, Major D. S. Durie; Church Constitution material, 1853, also copy of Register of Baptisms, Port Nicholson, 1840-1843 and B. W. Mountfort's letter re font for Christchurch Cathedral, 1881.

SKINNER, WILLIAM HENRY, 1857-1956. *Papers, 1894-1927*. 10 items. PURCHASE. Correspondence with Elsdon Best and others re waiatas, Maori matters and Polynesian Society, notes on artefacts, research notes; Best's MS *Maori religion; the cult of Io*, notes on artefacts.

SMITH, DR CHARLES EDWARD, 1838-1879. *Papers, 1866-1879*. 3cm. DONATION: Mrs M. Keys, Wellington.

Letters, will, photographs of Dr Smith who practised medicine at Otepapa, Otago, in 1870s, some family letters, photo of S.S. *Diana*, whaler in the Arctic, 1866, obituary which provides details of this disastrous expedition; family trees and genealogical material.

SUWARROW ISLAND. *Papers, 1900-1960*. 1v. PURCHASE.

Scrapbook compiled by G. Neville, Resident Commissioner, Cook Islands, including material relating to Lever's Pacific Plantations Ltd, labour relations, maps, correspondence, clippings, trade in pearl and tortoise shell and information on Tom Neale, 'Hermit of Suwarrow.'

TANNER, JAMES. *Diary, 11-15 June 1886*. 4 l. DONATION.

Entries describe experiences during Tarawera eruption. Typescript.

TEMPLETON, HON. HUGH CAMPBELL, b.1929. *Papers, 1975-77*. ca. 22m. DONATION.

Files of MP for Karori relating to his roles as Minister of Broadcasting, Associate Finance Minister and Postmaster General, electorate and correspondence files. *Access subject to sorting and restriction*.

TRAILL FAMILY, *Papers, 1861-1889, 1959, 1978*. 5cm. Lent for copying by Mrs S. Natusch, Wellington.

Charles Traill's notes on native plants in cultivation on his property at Ulva, Stewart Island, 1870, annotated copy of *Handbook to the Ferns of New Zealand . . . 1861* and letters from T. Kirk, F. W. Hutton and Sir James Hector on botanical matters relating to Stewart Island, obituary. R. H. Traill's comments on plant life on the Island, 1978. Photocopy.

- TREADWELL FAMILY. *Papers, 1839–1872*. 10cm. Transferred from General Assembly Library.  
Collection of deeds and papers appointing agents for absentee New Zealand Company landholders including deeds signed by Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata prior to European settlement, 1839.
- TURNBULL, ALEXANDER HORSBURGH, 1868–1918. *Letters 1907–1911*. 19 items. DONATION: University of Auckland Library.  
Written to George Fowlds, letters discuss books, R. McNab's research, Christchurch Exhibition medals and topical matters. Photocopy. Originals in University of Auckland Library.
- WALL, SUSAN. *Letter, 1842*. 4 l. Transferred from General Assembly Library, Wellington.  
To her sisters describing life on farm near Wellington, including crops, relations with Maoris. Typescript.
- WARING, MARILYN J. *Papers, 1976–*. 2m. DONATION.  
Correspondence and subject files of MP for Raglan and Waipa, including National Party Information sheets.  
*Access subject to sorting and restriction.*
- WARD FAMILY. *Papers, ca. 1892–ca. 1935*. 50cm. DONATION: Mr D. A. S. Ward, Wellington.  
Letters of C. K. K. Ward (1896–1917) describing life in bush camp, Takaputahi, Bay of Plenty, opening up land, war letters, 1914–1917. Also correspondence and papers of Louis E. Ward relating to musical life in Rangitikei and elsewhere, and to *Early Wellington*; sketches, photographs, maps and plans.
- WEBSTER, WILLIAM, 1815–1897. *Note, n.d.* 1 l. DONATION.  
Relates to land claims and litigation arising therefrom of American trader and landholder in New Zealand, 1835–1837.
- WELLINGTON SINGLES ASSOCIATION. *Records, 1975–1978*. 50cm. DONATION.  
Includes minutes, correspondence and financial records of pressure group.  
*Access subject to sorting.*
- WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY. *Fijian Records, 1835–1860*. 4 reels. PURCHASE.  
Fiji letters, 1835–1860, Fiji district Minutes and Reports, 1835–1852. Originals held by Mitchell Library, Sydney. Positive microfilm.
- WESTPORT SCHOOL OF MINES. *Minute book, 1912–1943*. 1v. DONATION: Mr I. D. McLellan, Westport.  
Minutes of Council, Special and Annual meeting of subscribers, related news clippings.
- WHANGAIMOANA STATION. *Papers, 1855–1864, 1934–1935, 1951–1958*. 4cm. DONATION: Mr P. D. McIntosh, Mosgiel.  
Farm records on Whangaimoana owned by Russell family. Letterbook of S. A. Hanlon of Moanatahi Station, Palliser Bay. Personal papers of W. P. Karaitiana, Pirinoa.
- WILSON, JOSEPH VINCENT, 1894–1977. *Papers, 1929–1965*. 58cm. DONATION.  
Correspondence and notes re proposed publication of M.A. thesis *Origins and inceptions of Canterbury*, 1929; papers as Assistant Director of Research, Chatham House, London, 1940–1944, Conference notes, 1947–1961, political diary,

1947–1948, much related to his membership of New Zealand delegation at San Francisco Conference, 1945. Miscellaneous papers, notes and clippings relating to his service as Ambassador to France 1956–1965, international affairs and New Zealand's foreign relations. Contribution to *L'Histoire de XXième siècle: New Zealand*, drafts, correspondence and notes.

WOODS, SYBIL. *Marianne Williams* 58 l. DONATION.

Subtitle *Study of a life in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, 1823–1879*. Typescript.

### *Notes on Contributors*

JAMES BERTRAM, MA, DIPJOUR, Emeritus Professor, taught English at Victoria University of Wellington until 1976 and has written widely on New Zealand literature and China. His monograph *Charles Brasch* in the 'New Zealand writers and their work' series, of which he is the general editor, received the 1977 James Wattie Book of the Year award. He has also edited Brasch's autobiography, which is to be published under the title *Indirections* by the Oxford University Press.

MARGARET SCOTT, BA, ANZLA, was Manuscripts Librarian at the Library until 1974, and has worked from time to time, on a contract basis, on Turnbull literary manuscripts since that date. Holder of the Katherine Mansfield Menton Fellowship in 1971, and of the A.H.I. Writer's Bursary in 1979. Both awards were to assist in the work of collecting and editing the letters of Katherine Mansfield for Oxford University Press.

JOHN SULLIVAN, BA, DIPNZLS, majored in Anthropology at Auckland University. He is currently Photograph Librarian at the Turnbull Library and has contributed articles to *Photoforum* and *Art New Zealand*.









NOTES TO ANNUAL ACCOUNTS

1. *Statement of Accounting Policies; General Principles*

The general accounting principles appropriate for the measurement and reporting of income and expenditure under the historical cost method, as set out in the New Zealand Society of Accountants' statements have been adopted by the Board in so far as they apply to the business of the Board.

2. *Valuation of Investments*

Investments in shares are stated at cost and have not been written down where market value is lower.

3. *Debentures*

\$40,000 invested with UDC Holdings Ltd at 12 percent p.a. redeemable 1981.

4. *Shares*

<i>Company</i>	<i>Number of shares</i>	<i>Value at cost</i>	<i>Market Value 31.3.78</i>
Preference shares:			
NZ Insurance Co	4000	\$4,637	\$5,280
TNL Group Holdings	5000	4,206	3,250
Ordinary Shares:			
Fletcher Holdings	3000	6,650	5,940
Independent Newspapers	2500	4,998	3,700
NZ Forest Products	2225	7,506	4,695
NZ Insurance Co	1166	3,250	2,973
NZ Motor Corporation	4000	4,400	4,200
South British Insurance	1200	3,150	3,468
TNL Group Holdings	1000	540	780
		<u>\$39,337</u>	<u>\$34,286</u>

5. *Profit on sales of reproductions*

	<i>1975/76</i>	<i>1976/77</i>	<i>1977/78</i>
Fox	\$626	\$304	\$351
Barraud	328	124	62
Harris	747	711	1,158
Maplestone	1,190	937	1,087
Bridge	362	230	188
Thermal	2,012	541	177
Mein Smith	1,339	1,635	1,767
Fox Portfolio	815	780	830
Angas	905	(765)	2,658
Gully	4,756	2,212	1,659
Colonial Wellington	4,501	2,565	2,432
Gold	—	3,048	1,642
Heaphy	—	—	3,534
TOTAL	<u>\$17,581</u>	<u>\$12,322</u>	<u>\$17,545</u>

The stock of Angas prints at 31.3.77 was understated resulting in a reported loss for 1976/77 and a correspondingly higher profit in 1977/78. Over the three years Angas prints showed a profit of \$2798, or \$933 per year.

6. Loss on sale of publications	1975/76	1976/77	1977/78
Turnbull Biography	\$50	\$(74)	\$13
Wakefield Journal	(43)	149	30
Duperrey	(9)	78	81
	<u>\$(2)</u>	<u>\$153</u>	<u>\$124</u>

The loss was due to sales of publications by both 'Friends of the Library' and the Endowment Trust.

#### 7. Grants

Grants were received from:

Lottery Board	\$24,000
Sir John Illott Trust	400
Todd Foundation	500
	<u>\$24,900</u>

#### 8. Purchases

Purchases are an expense item. The articles purchased become part of the National Library Collections.

	1975/76	1976/77	1977/78
Paintings, drawings, maps	\$19,606	\$44,379	\$25,123
Books, papers, letters			
Manuscripts	2,209	6,661	6,159
	<u>\$21,815</u>	<u>\$51,040</u>	<u>\$31,282</u>

### REPORT OF THE AUDIT OFFICE

The Audit Office, by arrangement, has audited the accounts of the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust Board.

The audit was conducted in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and practices comprising such auditing procedures considered necessary in terms of section 25, Public Finance Act 1977 and included:

- a review of accounting procedures and controls
- examination and tests of accounting records and other supporting information.

All the information and explanations have been obtained.

In the opinion of the Audit Office, the attached financial statements fairly reflect, in accordance with applicable accounting principles, the financial position as at 31 March 1978 and the results of the financial operations for the year.

W. R. BLAIKIE  
for Controller and Auditor-General

9 October 1978

ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

*Chief Librarian:* Mr J. E. Traue, MA, FNZLA

*Assistant Chief Librarian:* Miss M. Walton

*Chief Cataloguer:* Miss K. S. Williams, MA, ANZLA

*First Assistant Catalogue Section:* Ms C. M. Brooks, MA, DIP NZLS

*Assistant Editors, New Zealand National Bibliography  
and Senior Cataloguers:*

Mrs M. F. Empson, MA DIP NZLS, Ms P. A. Griffith, BA, DIP NZLS, Mrs H. Loftus,  
MA (part-time), Ms P. M. O'Neill, MA, DIP NZLS, Miss M. A. Pay, MA, DIP NZLS,  
Mrs P. A. St John, MA, DIP NZLS (part-time), Miss R. M. C. Salmond, BA, DIP NZLS,  
Mrs P. A. Sargison, BA (HONS) DIP NZLS

*First Assistant Reference Section:* Miss J. V. Hornycy, BA, DIP NZLS

*Reference Assistants:*

Mrs A. L. Buchan, MA, DIP NZLS, Mrs J. S. Moller BA, DIP NZLS  
Miss J. Palmer, MA, DIP NZLS

*Manuscripts Librarian:* Dr M. E. Hoare, FLS; *Subject Specialist  
(Manuscripts):* Mrs J. I. Starke, BA (HONS), ANZLA

*Manuscripts Assistants:* Ms S. E. Dell, BA (HONS), DIP NZLS,  
Mrs P. Olliff, BA, ALA (part-time)

*Acquisitions Librarian:* Miss D. M. Sherratt, BA

*Art Librarians:* Ms M. Long, BA DIP NZLS  
Mrs J. E. Paul, BA (HONS) (part-time)

*Education Officer:* Mr A. A. St. C. M. Murray-Oliver, MA, FMANZ, ANZLA

*Map Librarian:* Mr P. L. Barton, ANZLA

*Periodicals Librarian:* Mr P. G. Parkinson, B SC, DIP NZLS

*Photograph Librarian:* Mr J. P. Sullivan, BA, DIP NZLS

TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY  
OF NEW ZEALAND

*Chairman:* Hon. L. W. Gandar

*Appointed by the Governor-General:*

Dr I. D. Blair, MBE, Professor J. F. Duncan, OBE, Professor D. F. McKenzie,  
Mrs D. H. McNaughton, Mrs N. Templeton

*Elected by the Library Committee of the House of Representatives:*

Hon. J. R. Harrison, MP, Hon. W. W. Freer, MP

*Statutory Trustees:*

The Director-General of Education (Mr W. L. Renwick)  
The Secretary for Internal Affairs (Mr J. N. L. Searle)  
The Clerk of the House of Representatives (Mr C. P. Littlejohn)  
The Director-General of DSIR (Dr E. I. Robertson, OBE)

TRUSTEES SPECIAL COMMITTEE FOR THE  
ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY

*Chairman:* Hon. L. W. Gandar

Mr Ormond Wilson, Professor D. F. McKenzie,  
and the Secretary for Internal Affairs

OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF  
NEW ZEALAND AND PROFESSIONAL STAFF

*National Librarian:* Miss Mary A. Ronnie, MA, FNZLA

*Executive Officer and Treasurer, Alexander Turnbull Library  
Endowment Trust:* Mr D. Smith

*Conservation Officer (attached to Alexander Turnbull Library)*  
Mr W. J. H. Baillie, M SC, DIP CONS

Set in Aldine Bembo and printed offset in Wellington by Whitcoulls

## THE FRIENDS OF THE TURNBULL LIBRARY

The Society known as the Friends of the Turnbull Library was established in 1939 to promote interest in the Library, to assist in the extension of its collections, and to be a means of interchange of information on all matters of concern to those interested in books generally as well as in the manuscripts, sketches, maps and photographs with other materials which throw light on our history.

The Society carries out its objects by means of periodic meetings and the production of publications, the main one of which is the twice-yearly *Turnbull Library Record*.

The annual subscription of \$5.00 entitles members to receive the *Record* free. Members of the Society are also able to purchase Library publications, including those of the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust, at a discount.

Correspondence and enquiries regarding membership should be addressed to the Secretary, the Friends of the Turnbull Library, P.O. Box 12-186, Wellington North.

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### OFFICERS

*President:* Mr I. McL. Wards

*Immediate Past President:* Professor D. F. McKenzie

*Hon. Secretary:* Miss M. Walton

*Hon. Treasurer:* Miss D. Sherratt

### COMMITTEE

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Mr J. C. Davis

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Dr J. R. Tye

Mrs J. V. Hobbs

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