

they were supposed to sign the visitor's book which stood on a table in the passage-way, opposite the door into the office. Sometimes in the case of overseas visitors, once they had signed the book they seemed to be in some sort of trouble. A strained look would come over their faces and their hands would slide towards their pockets. 'To tip, or not to tip?' That was the question. I would leave them in their misery for a moment or two, and then say 'There's no charge', which seemed the best way of dealing with the matter and with a relieved look and polite thanks they would take their departure.

Once I had been showing a honeymoon couple round and the young husband insisted on leaving five shillings for the staff, in spite of my protests, so I accepted it and said I would put it in the tea-money. On another occasion, when I was showing an old gentleman out at the front door, he shook hands warmly and left something in my palm which at first glance looked like a penny and I thought perhaps he was a little eccentric and liked to go round distributing pennies to people he met. A closer look showed that it was a discoloured half-crown, but by that time the old gentleman was away down the street and I could do nothing about it, so that went in the tea-money too.

This was, I think, the same old gentleman who took a particular interest in the Library because he had worked for the firm of W. and G. Turnbull for many years. He took a long look at Walter Turnbull's portrait, over the fireplace. 'Yes,' he said, 'it's very like him. He was a hard man, but he was a just man.'

Then he went on to tell me that one of his first jobs was to go up with the first load of newsprint for the Blundells when they were starting the *Evening Post*. He helped with the loading of the dray and then Mr Turnbull drew him aside and said, 'Now, boy, you're to go along with the driver and see that these rolls of paper are delivered properly. And boy, mind you come back with the cash!'

The portrait of Walter Turnbull had a special interest for me after I learnt from an uncle of mine that there was a curious sort of link between the Turnbulls and my mother's family. Both families came from the small town of Peebles in Scotland. Walter Turnbull had a drapery shop in the town and my grandfather, John Bathgate, was agent for the Union Bank of Scotland, and with his family lived in the Bank House which had a frontage on the main street and a fairly large garden at the back. The house was later on occupied by John Buchan, afterwards Lord Tweedsmuir, author of his own particular brand of 'thrillers', and many other publications. His mother and his sister, who wrote as 'O. Douglas', lived on there for several years.

The Turnbull house was somewhere further back and my grandfather gave Mr Turnbull permission to take a short cut through the bank garden, so that he could get home more quickly.