

wanted saloons and not salons or listen to the suddenly revealed truth that cushions on the floor to support and comfort jaded workers were more important than the Golden Cockerel imprint. Though this cannonade came without notice and was planned by people who were thought of as literate and even civilised John's good sense, supported by Walter Scott's restraint, meant that the brawl remained one-sided. Its main result was to convince the very able manager that he would be wiser to have his own bookshop than share a cave with these strange Adullamites who seemed to hate books. John ignored this unfortunate beginning and for years continued to give time to the affairs of the bookshop.

He was even more prodigal with the time he gave to the Historic Places Trust. He recognised the significance of the Trust's task and his generous spirit accepted the need for something more than an occasional participation in its affairs. As with all his personal covenants his commitment to the Trust had to be a full-blooded one. For instance, any time he visited U.K. or Australia he would make a point of calling on those with equivalent responsibilities or enthusiasms and so begin re-assessing New Zealand's preservation difficulties in the light of someone else's experience. He was the last of the Trust's foundation members and few are likely to rival his 16 years' continuous membership.

His determination to take the Trust seriously was reinforced by his respect for, and understanding of, the long-serving chairman, Ormond Wilson. Their recognition of each other's talents and mettle made for an easy and productive relationship. John's membership of almost every committee of the Trust meant, for the staff at least, a series of exciting debates and a succession of opinions that tended to become its guide lines. Nowhere was this more apparent than in the Old St Paul's Advisory Committee, especially when possible uses of the building were being explored. Of course, John came to these particular meetings with the mana that belongs to those who had often smelt the enemy's powder and who though prepared each time to come home on their shields had returned alive and, in the end, triumphant. It will always be an interesting question whether the greatest individual contribution to the preservation of Old St Paul's came from John's refusal during 12 years of pleading to accept any form of compromise or from the practice of successive Government Architects of including the building in every draft plan of the Government Centre and so slowly creating an air of inevitability. Probably both pressure points had to be used to stop this ecclesiastical haemorrhage.

Other memories of the Trust come flooding in—the sedating effect of his interventions when feelings became prickly, his skill in redrafting resolutions to give coherence to an untidy and occasionally confused debate, the good humour with which he argued an absolutist and thus unpopular