

cause (public servants with their training in compromise made up portion of the membership), his willingness to journey to any place in New Zealand where he thought he might be able to help and his refusal to allow lost or threatened travel connections to spoil the day, his patience when invited to prepare yet another paper or join yet another deputation, an anxiety not to overcommit others, and the comfortable silences.

Though like the rest of us he preferred the company of lively minds he cared for many people, including the homely and not so lively. He cared also for the institutions in which he worked, and among those he cherished most was the Alexander Turnbull Library, as witness his Jubilee address. Because he saw clearly that the Library would gain from its legislative union with the National Library he came out strongly and publicly in favour of the union. His opinion commanded so much respect that its opponents either reconsidered or held their peace. It always amazed him when people were prepared to listen to his cautions. But these public handsets and any reactions they prompted were not the real essence of the man. This might be found and savoured in the more discreet acts, in the shyness with which he offered a book from his father's library, the cheerful preambles on the phone before getting round to the business of the day, the invocations and the pastorals on post-cards and presentation copies of his publications and, perhaps above all, in his courtesy to other men and women.

His 'little candle of experience' continues to glow with a radiance all of its own.

R.I.M.B.