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Old men forget, and I am forced to check documents and records in order to revive uncertain memories of the past. But Graham Bagnall, only five years younger, seemed never to forget. The last time I saw him, a month or two before the end, that encyclopaedic mind was as vigorous as ever, and as always mine was left floundering behind as he spoke of persons, places and events, both recent and historical, linking past and present. Inevitably, he was not one to suffer fools gladly, and it was with trepidation that when I was asked, in 1959, to take over the chairmanship of the Historic Places Trust, I sought his advice and John Beaglehole's. Subsequently I came to depend on those two for guidance. In personality they could hardly have been more different: Graham, always so quick—even impatient—in pouncing on errors and misjudgements; J.C.B., so reflective. All the wise decisions of the Trust stemmed from one or both of them, and between them they forestalled the Trust's endorsement of inappropriate or uncertain projects. More to the point, they guided it in the search for authenticity.

When in 1969 Graham invited me to accept appointment to the Special Committee for the Alexander Turnbull Library, of which Alister McIntosh was shortly afterwards to become chairman, and until Graham's retirement in 1973, I saw him at work in a different but related field and once again there was the contrast between his quick and incisive judgements and Alister's reflective thinking aloud. As in the counselling of the Historic Places Trust, their minds and styles were exactly and most usefully complementary.

In the *Turnbull Library Record* of October 1972 there is an essay headed 'Part of an Address . . .' given by Graham to a summer school on local history. No one tackling such a project should fail to read it, but *mutatis mutandis* it is both a guide and a warning to those embarking on any historical study: a warning as to the diversity of sources which any history, small or large, must take into account, and the disappointments as well as the excitements that lie ahead when seeking to track them down. And if, in such efforts, the disappointments often seem more frequent than the illuminating discoveries, fickle chance occasionally bestows her blessings. In this essay Graham records how after long searching and delays he finally acquired from Sweden the diary of a visit to New Zealand by a botanist, Sven Berggren. Thanks to this, and Graham's memory that Berggren had made reference to the Maori prophet Papahurihia, I was led to surprising information about this obscure figure.

Collecting information is only the groundwork for historical writing. The skill which Graham displayed so abundantly lies in