

CUS417/3.17

NOTES FROM BOOKS Oct. 11, 1911.

Inserted in Pietas Oxoniensis
in Memory of Sir Thomas Bodley, Knt.

From W. Jackson.

8 Bradmore Road,
Oxford.

My dear Professor,

I have lately had a deplorable account given me, I am sorry to say, of the condition in which the Librarian had been going about the streets of Oxford. The time spoken of is, roughly, about the month of August; i.e. the period just before he left Oxford for his holiday, for which I am told he started about the first day of September. The impression made on my informant, who saw him habitually day by day, was that he was entirely unfit to be allowed to go about the streets unattended. He spoke of narrow escapes, time after time, from being run over. The strange things he habitually did, too, were attracting everybody's attention. One was, that something about the door knobs of a shop seemed to fascinate him: he would turn away and come back to it again and again a dozen or twenty times, possibly. Another thing mentioned was a custom of walking or running round and round one of the red pillar posts, many times, I do not know how often.

This account of things, with more besides, was given me, quite unexpectedly to myself, and without any approach to the subject on my part, by Mr. Chaundy, the bookseller opposite to the new front of Brasenose; his shop is close to that in which the Librarian ordinarily lunches. I am a customer of his, and know him for a clear headed man, of good sense, who does not exaggerate. The dangerous side of the matter struck him very forcibly; and he doubted as he told me, whether Nicholson's condition could possibly be known to those most concerned. All that I have mentioned here is from his own personal observation. Other things are omitted, of which I am not sure that he definitely said that.

It seems clear that I ought not to keep this knowledge to myself, not knowing whether it may have reached the Curators. Would it be right to name it to Steedman?

I asked Mr. Chaundy whether, if you wished it, he was willing to tell you as he had told me; and I found he had no objection.

I am,
Yours very sincerely,

T. W. Jackson.

12/17

LETTER FROM BOBBI, Dec. 11, 1911.

Journal in Files

From J. Jackson

in memory of Sir Thomas Lodge, Bart.

B. Jackson's Room,
Oxford.

My dear Professor,

I have already had a terrific amount given me, I am sorry to say, of this collection in which the Librarian had been taking about the streets of Oxford. The time spoken of is, roughly, about the middle of August; i.e. the period just before he left Oxford for his holiday, for which I am told he started about the first day of September. The impression made on my informant, who saw him habitually every day, was that he was extremely unfit to be allowed to go about the streets unattended. His eyes of narrow escape, like other things, from being too over. The strange things he habitually did, too, were attracting everybody's attention. One was, that something about the door knobs of a shop seemed to fascinate him: he would turn away and come back to it again and again, a dozen or twenty times, possibly. Another thing mentioned was a custom of walking or running round and round one of the red pillar posts, many times, I do not know how often.

This account of things, with some pictures, was given me, quite unexpectedly to myself, and without my approval to the subject on my part, by Mr. Ghannay, the bookseller opposite to the new front of the shop; his shop is close to that in which the Librarian ordinarily worked. I am a customer of his, and know him for a clear-headed man of good sense, who does not exaggerate. The Librarian's side of the matter struck him very forcibly; and he thought as he told me, that a Librarian's condition could hardly be known to those who had not seen it. All that I have mentioned here is from his own personal observation. Other things are omitted, of which I am not sure that he definitely said that.

It seems clear that I ought not to keep this knowledge to myself, but knowing whether it may have reached the Librarian, would it be right to name it to Steadman?

I asked Mr. Ghannay whether, if you wished it, he was willing to tell you as he had told me, and I found he had no objection.

Box 156, Folder 3

J. Jackson