

he got to Paris in the summer of 1927 he bought 'a little bust of Voltaire for 5 francs, to which I pray every night'.

Political attitudes aroused a comparable reaction, and reminded him irresistibly of New Zealand. The Society of St George sent a deputation to the Minister of Education demanding 'the teaching of patriotism in schools, saluting the Union Jack, singing God Save the K etc, & *Choirs of Patriotism* in the universities . . . give the kids' hands an automatic impetus to their forelocks whenever they see the Brave Old British Flag, & all may yet be well'. 'As for the present govt, it seems to consist of one brilliant man, Churchill, one very likeable personality (in private life), Baldwin, one very efficient & inhuman administrator, Neville Chamberlain, & about the biggest collection of blatant or obscure fools a country was ever cursed with. . . .' he wrote in February 1929.

There was another England to be discovered, Edward Thomas's England of villages and countryside, of a man-made and age-old landscape. When the first winter drew to an end Beaglehole bought a bicycle (£5 7s. at Selfridges) on which he covered many miles. 'The country outside London is very beautiful . . . when you get to it; I must say I like the English civilised type of beauty very much, as contrast to the ruggedness of NZ, but the trouble is that London keeps spreading like a cancer. . . .' At Easter he headed for the Peak District, with Laurie Richardson, another old Victoria student; 'We did about 375 miles on our bikes & got in four days' good hard tramping. . . . By jingo! it was a good trip, & a great relief to get into the open & look rough again.' They slept out under hedges or stone walls, selecting, on principle, spots where trespassers were firmly forbidden. The country was tremendous but, he sadly concluded, 'Grouse appear to be the most important thing in England, the peak & apex up to which the whole of western civilisation works. . . .' Later, by bicycle, he explored much of the home counties and went up to Cambridge and Ely.

Jobs, the research student's great preoccupation, come into the letters almost from the beginning of Beaglehole's stay in London. He talked with de Kiewiet of job prospects in South Africa. 'Capetown University wouldn't be a bad place for a job'; it was, after all, only seventeen days from England. He talked with Newton:

He reckoned that 2ndary school teaching in England wasn't a bad business, & gave you time for research; but I am not keen on kid-whacking. Also that the Colonial Education service was a good thing; it would probably be in Africa somewhere, looking after the education of little niggers—organising, not teaching, except native teachers. Rise to about £1200, retiring at the end of 20 yrs on £600 yr. And of course a cove would have the opportunity of getting well browned up & wearing dinky white clothes & a sun helmet, or shorts; but somehow I don't think its my line. . . . Of course, once in N.Z. you're dead so far as history is concerned. On most other things except books & tramping, as far as that goes.