

Wellington'; a grandfather played the double bass.<sup>4</sup> The books were a formidable collection constantly growing. Books were exchanged on birthdays and at Christmas. There were the English classics in fine editions, masses of poetry, biography, books about literature and a lot of improving Victorian volumes for which my grandfather, a fellow member with Sir Robert Stout in the Forward Movement and attracted to Unitarianism, clearly had a taste. I have the impression that my grandfather read for his own satisfaction and edification, giving little outward evidence of what he had read save a carefully maintained list of titles. My grandmother, in contrast, sought to share her reading with her sons; she would leave books in conspicuous spots about the house with passages marked which she thought they should read. It was his mother, I suspect, who did most to form John's literary taste; Jane Austen was a common addiction. It is perhaps worth noting that this literary culture was overwhelmingly that of England, the *Times Literary Supplement* rather than the *Bulletin*.

I will resist being tempted into further biographical digression. The point is made that books and music became part of Beaglehole's life almost from birth. His schooling appears to have been much less significant in forming the young man who was to gaze enraptured at the London bookshops and to be swept off his feet by the concerts. Mount Cook School was followed by Wellington College and then, after a year selling books in Whitcombe and Tombs, came Victoria University College. F. P. Wilson, Professor of History, had little to give him until, newly graduated, he was offered the position of assistant lecturer which he was to occupy for nearly three years, 1924-26, until he left for London. But if there was not much excitement in class there was plenty outside, tramping, at the Free Discussions Club, editing *Spike* and doing a good deal to fill each issue, writing verse, even turning out with his brother Keith to run with the Olympic harriers.

On 26 August 1926 Beaglehole sailed from Wellington for Sydney. He walked the deck until he could no longer see 'the Tararua's & the road to Gollans Valley & Fitzroy Bay & the Karori Beach'. He had a few days in Sydney, was alarmed at traffic going at 30 miles an hour, visited the Mitchell Library and noted they had material relating to Cook's voyages. '. . . it is strongest on history & topography. It has nothing like the collection of rare & beautiful things the Turnbull has'. More importantly, on boarding the *Osterley* for the trip to England (first-class as he had been awarded a free passage) he made the acquaintance of three lively young Australians in the same fortunate position: Ian Henning, a modern linguist going to Paris; W. G. K. Duncan, a political scientist