



'Farewelling J.C.B.' J. C. Beaglehole (hat in hand, right) at the Wellington wharves on his departure in August 1926. Private Coll. (reproduced by permission).

heading for the London School of Economics; and Raymond McGrath, a post-graduate scholar in architecture and a young man with considerable artistic talent. At that time McGrath was doing a lot of woodcuts and he had just printed and illustrated a collection of his own poems. Poems, theses, were exchanged and read; McGrath, it was agreed, would illustrate Beaglehole's book of poems when it came out; McGrath it was concluded 'has very sound ideas'. But life was far from solemn. Quoit tennis found much favour, talking even more. 'We do a good deal of arguing; so much so that the place has rather the atmosphere of a miniature VUC. The Sydney lads are right willing controversialists.' The first-class food was something new (my grandmother was a great believer in a healthy diet and vegetarianism) and on special occasions they really broke out and tried liqueurs at sixpence a head. 'Creme de Menthe & Benedictine we have tried so far, the first sickly pepper minty stuff, but the Benedictine was good. Don't tell Bobby Stout.' Duncan proved to know 'a whole lot about social problems, also has a sense of humour. . . . He is mad on Bertrand Russell at present. Henning says one day "Who is this Bertrand Russell, anyhow?" Duncan looks at him wonderingly for a moment & then bursts out "Good God! have you ever heard of Jesus Christ?" He is going to London too which is cheerful.' Was it discussion with Duncan that led to fresh thoughts about the thesis subject? 'I am thinking I may change my work when I get to England . . . to something in political theory; however we'll