

35 Rustat Road,
Cambridge,
26th Oct. 1917.

Dear Father,

We have just heard from the B.N.Z. that a mail goes out on Monday, so are starting this letter early. We have just heard of the death of Percy Raine, Eva's cousin when I taught at Nelson. The last Nelsonian has just reached me, and it makes sad reading – 73 killed out of 500. I see my name down as having subscribed for 1915-17. This must be Uncle Will's work, as I have sent no money and know I am behindhand.

I am now coming to the end of my first week of lectures. So far they have all been by Dr Haddon and one delivered at the Museum. In each week there are two on Ethnology, two on Sociology, and two on Anthropogeography. Next term Sociology will give place to Religion and Magic. For Ethnology there are five students; three women, one Indian, and I. For Sociology there are one or two more, while for Anthropogeography there may be 15. These numbers would, of course, be greatly increased in peace time. Among the students is one girl who is taking Anthropology for the Tripos (B.A. degree) in the way as say Classics, or Modern Languages. Another student is a nun, who, like most of the rest, is taking these lectures as part of the course in Geography. I hope to start next week on Mr Cook's lectures in Comparative Religion. Later in the year I shall take Dr Duckworth's course of Physical Anthropology (Anatomy). My present intention is to do the anatomical work as fully as possible, and to measure all the Māori crania and skeletons in England. Then when I return to N.Z. I hope to set for my M.A. taking Zoology, and submitting a thesis on Māori craniology. That plan takes my fancy very much. If I can carry out the first part of it I shall have at my fingertips the whole of the Māori material in Great Britain, and that will constitute a qualification of some weight.

I hope to finish off the Moriori catalogue tomorrow. I will send you a copy which I want you to seen on to Dr Thomson. Unfortunately the University Press is not able to publish it as the Baron had hoped. Printing that requires tone blocks for illustration is rapidly coming to an end in England. I am wondering about my dissertation.

To-night I dined in Hall for the second time. Of the three great tables on the floor of the hall the left-hand one is empty. The middle one has a dozen places set for freshmen, while some of the twenty students sit at the remaining one. The table, on the dais across the end of the hall is about half occupied by dons and is lighted by candles lit in silver candle-sticks. The only lights in the rest of the hall are new and carefully shaded electric bulbs. So the open-timbered roof is so dark that one can scarcely distinguish the carved beams and gilt-roses and the whole effect is rather gloomy.

28th Two days ago I wrote to Lieut. Reid asking him to let me have Harold Fels's address and also to tell him that I had written to him three times, but that my letters must have miscarried. This morning Mr Reid had a letter which had crossed mine saying he had seen Harold Fels's grave. Poor people! Only yesterday I bought a Christmas card for them. I must write to-day. I am afraid it will crush Mrs Fels. I do not think it is possible to think of sadder circumstances than those of Harold's death – the wrench of breaking from Germany and siding with the adopted country, the cruel baseless slanders, and then the death of the only son.

I don't think I said anything in my last about our visit to Glasgow. We went there the day before our return to Cambridge. The trip takes an hour by rail. Our first object was the museum at Kelvingrove. The building is a new and fine one, but is too much ornamented to look in place in a Scottish landscape. Behind it is a beautiful park, and on the hill beyond is the University. The museum has some good ethnographical material including Māori things, of which I took a list. The Art Gallery in the same building is large and good. Our next move was to W. Skinner's at Charing Cross where we had an excellent lunch. Then to the Cathedral, the extension of which is disappointing. The interior, in the Early English style, is one of the finest I have ever seen. It has been excellently restored by the Board of Works. Were it not for the atrocious modern windows one might compare the nave with that of Salisbury. For the rest Glasgow appears to be a dreary sordid expanse of slums, intersected with one or two fine streets. Now I must close. Goodbye. Love and best wishes for the New Year from us both.

Harry.