

This former teacher, was also in the same district. It happened one day the former pupil had occasion to cross the Selwyn river (at which time there was a considerable body of water running) with a horse and dray. With him was the former teacher, and when part of the way had been accomplished, he stopped the horse, & ordered his passenger out. Protest was of no avail, & he had to step out into the water & wade through. The man drove on with the dray & when over he told his former passenger to get in again as they were now quits. Explanations followed and so matters were evened up.

There was a time when catapults (or Shanghaes) as we called them) were all the rage. They were a very dangerous weapon, & were constantly in use, but very often they were used to kill birds, particularly parquets, which at that time were plentiful. Stones used as ammunition was every where in abundance, but there was the danger, using them on the school ground of some one getting hurt, and also the possibility

of the school windows getting broken. One morning on going to school, or (rather after getting there) a boy offered to buy the Shanghai that I had. As he offered me fourpence for the weapon and paid "plump on the nail" I let him have it. Immediately after going in to school, the edict fell like a bomb shell upon all who had weapons. Deliver up all the weapons, which was done without demur. & the teacher threw the whole into the fire and were destroyed. No doubt there were some heart burning, I presume the purchaser of mine felt rather warm, but I felt quite cool with the fourpence in my pocket.

One morning on our way to school, we (my brother Lance & myself) came across a <sup>clutch</sup> ~~crow~~ of young pheasants. They had just hatched and we decided to take them with us. Pheasants had not long been introduced into New Zealand, and were altogether protected, in so far that they