

Floods and Otherwise

Most people at present are in mortal fear of being shaken out of bed, or of receiving a chimney on their heads. At Kakapohahi they have another fear—that they will be washed out of bed by the river. They almost were several weeks ago, so now one sees wooden boats at some of their front doors, to give them some exit in time of need. We offer them our sympathy—the uncertainty of things is unsettling and nerve racking.

THE FAR SOUTH

(Continued)

We turned north again about 11 o'clock on the Friday, all feeling much fresher for our short spell at Okuru. Mr. Clay and Tom went on to have a talk to Tom Toohy who produces green cheese from the milky way and whey from the milk. We had a short wait for a man, after which we crossed the river which by this time was quite low. Tom had almost had to swim the river on his stumpy animal on the way over, but on the return journey the water was hardly above the horses' knees. As I had not seen Ad Cron on the way up, Mr. Parr and I trotted on ahead of Charlie making good pace to Haast. We tried to borrow a gun from Ad, but it was not firing too well, so we were afraid we might be only wasting cartridges. Our only joy after that was the joy of speculation—whether or not we might have been able to shoot the animals we saw if we had have carried the gun. However we laid plans with Ad for a future trip up the Haast.

After another splendid dinner at Mrs. J. Cron's hospitable board—I don't remember what it was we had but it was nice—we sailed gaily across the Haast. I believe we could have crossed it safely on foot, it was so low. After we had regained the track, Tom and I went on ahead to prepare the tomato soup at Copper Creek. Tom took the precaution first of changing horses, taking Mr. Clay's fiery little steed, Spear-mint—as we had named her. We anticipated seeing many rabbits at the patch, but strangely enough we did not see a dozen all told. I think the hawks must have scared them, as we saw quite a few dead and mauled bodies. Then on up the river where we had a game of cricket with a shag, which seemed to show no fear of man or our ability to throw straight. Then we had one or two more stops to try to provide a more proper diet for Friday's tea, but were not quick enough, coming out with two very wet calves.

We reached Copper Creek at dusk, after which, having lit the fire, we began to pluck down for our feather mattress that night. The other three were not far behind us. After a small tea—Mrs. Cron spoils our appetites for us at dinner time—we set to play cards. Of course

Eric Osman.

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the Church played the Schools. The Church had no luck at all until Tom went on what he thought was a "no trump" hand. We scored heavily ever after that, and although Mr. Parr did not get the Monte Carlo hand which he was expecting, we cleaned up the last five games, winning by five to four. Then we repaired to bed to make a violent attempt to sleep.

We rose, willingly or unwillingly, at quite an early hour the next morning, so that we were on the way by eight o'clock. We forced the pace a bit up to the Iron Hut where we arrived in under the two hours. Jack Sweeney as host regaled us with many stories, more especially regarding his war against black rats, mice and weasels. They evidently worry his head a bit, though when he gets the couple of dozen traps he was ordering, he should be able to put up good defensive works. After leaving his hut, we went fast along the top and down the long five miles to the Blue River. Then we started to travel at a good trot to Mahitahi. The pack horses wondered what had happened, for they certainly hadn't been pushed so fast for many a day. Jack and Bill Condon caught us up about four miles from Paranga, and speeded us up still more until we arrived at their place, not long after four o'clock. After tea, I left the party to push on to Bruce Bay, where I had an early service the next morning. The Pole was very tired when we arrived there about nine o'clock.

The next morning after service I went on to Thompsons for another celebration, calling in on the way at Mr. Wilsons at Hunt's Beach. There I was able to have the pleasure of letting Tommy Rochford know that Arahura team had been beaten by Ross on the day before by twelve to three. After service and lunch at Mrs. Thompsons, Percy and I pushed our way back on Mr. Addison's velocipede to the Bay where we saw the coaching party

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set off again northward. Then we had our Sunday School class, where again I found the children far beyond my expectations in their knowledge; then having borrowed Mr. Addison's pea rifle, I went tracking some sort of rabbits up Jacobs River. I had three good shots, at the cost of watery clothes, but no reward for my marksmanship, except some "fur" which floated down the river. As Mr. Ritchie had not returned Mr. Parr and I ransacked the larder for our evening meal getting Bobbie Thompson to help us. Mrs. George Bannister and some of the family came in to see that we did not eat too much. Mr. Ritchie arrived back just in time for service, so when the boys had lit the fire we had our Evensong, with an address from Mr. Parr. The next morning we thought we would catch our horses. The horses didn't. I tried to coax a bay horse with a white spot on its forehead that looked like the Pole, but couldn't get within chains of it. Mr. Parr finally enlightened me with the fact that it was not the Pole at all. Then we searched the paddock fruitlessly when Mr. Parr discovered "them" over by the river. We walked there and saw the river. At last we had to give it up, so Mr. Ritchie solved our problem by giving us two of his horses. Mr. Parr changed his at Thompsons for a quiet one for Mrs. Ritchie to ride across the riverbeds—she had gone on in the caravan. We had picked up Jack Bannister who by this time was an accomplished rider; and he led us at a canter all the way to Karangarua. There we found the coach with its party. Mr. Parr and I rode while the remainder had the cushioned seats of His Majesty's mail. When Mrs. Ritchie rode across Havelock Creek, Mr. Parr did not change the stirrups, but elected to bump along with his knees well up in the air. At Saltwater River Mr. McKenzie changed places with Mr. Parr, to try his hand again at the saddle.

We arrived at Weheka in good time for lunch, at which we excelled. Then as Tom and Mr. Clay had gone to the top of the ranges we also thought we would get a cheap look at the ice. We were back again in time for afternoon tea, but the other two were having their money's worth, not arriving back until nearly dark. We then prepared to set out in the car again, having waited a few more minutes while Tom expressed some farewell thoughts to the establishment, then post haste to Waibo, swaying merrily round the corners oblivious to groans and sounds from the rear. At Waibo four did not feel like dinner, though they were probably quite vacant inside. After the remainder of us had feasted, we set out for Hari Hari. Once we nearly met our doom, but were lucky to escape with a crumpled mudguard—for the rest of the way we drove carefully and quietly arriving home about 10 o'clock happy and tired.

Rwin was sufficiently lodged to use Cass as a Fox. 157

Eric Osman.

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THE WESTLAND CHURCH MAGAZINE

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"Waibo Church Fund"

| | | | |
|---|------|----|---|
| Already acknowledged ... | £269 | 1 | 2 |
| Waibo Offertory ... | 4 | 9 | 6 |
| Merivale Mothers' Union ... | 7 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Ritchie (Bruce Bay) ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. E. B. Smith (Matainui) ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Ross Offertory ... | 4 | 6 | 9 |
| Ruatapu Offertory ... | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| Matainui Offertory ... | 11 | 9 | 0 |
| James Collins (Matainui) ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. E. A. Gibb (Waibo, 2nd. Contribution) ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Pringle (Christchurch) ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. T. Rodgers ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| | £301 | 11 | 2 |
| Promised, Timaru ... | £15 | 0 | 0 |

School Classes

- Nov. 6th.: Mikonui, 9 a.m.
- " 7th.: Kakapohahi, 3 p.m.
- " 8th.: Evans Creek, 9 a.m.
- " 12th.: Dougherty's Creek, 3 p.m.
- " 12th.: Waibo (Children's Service) 4 p.m.
- " 13th.: Okarito, 1 p.m.
- " 20th.: Mikonui, 9 a.m.
- " 21st.: Kakapohahi, 3 p.m.
- " 22nd.: Evans Creek, 9 a.m.
- Dec. 4th.: Mikonui, 9 a.m.
- " 5th.: Kakapohahi, 3 p.m.
- " 6th.: Evans Creek, 9 a.m.

Services for the Month

- November 4—Sunday
Ross: 11 a.m. Holy Communion;
7 p.m. Evensong
Ruatapu: 3 p.m. Evensong
- November 7—Wednesday
Kakapohahi: 7.30 p.m. Evensong
- November 11—Sunday
Hari Hari: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Wataroa: 2.30 p.m. Evensong
- November 12—Monday
Waibo: 8 p.m. Evensong
- November 13—Tuesday
Okarito (probably)
- November 18—Sunday
Ross: 8 a.m. Holy Communion
Ruatapu: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Waitaha: 2.30 p.m. Evensong;
Ross: 7 p.m. Evensong
- November 25th.—Sunday
Wataroa: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Hari Hari: 8 p.m. Evensong
- December 2—Sunday
Ross: 11 a.m. Holy Communion
Ruatapu: 3 p.m. Evensong
- December 5—Wednesday
Kakapohahi: 7.30 p.m. Evensong
- December 10—Far South trip

Donations to "Magazine"

| | | |
|--------------------------|----|----|
| September— | s. | d. |
| R. Richards ... | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. Wilson (Totara) ... | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. T. Vincent ... | 2 | 6 |
| October— | | |
| Mr. C. Hende ... | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Pethig ... | 6 | 0 |
| Mrs. R. Cherrie ... | 2 | 6 |
| Mrs. Hamilton ... | 3 | 0 |

THE FAR SOUTH

The fact that I am trying to write up this account of my first trip South must not be taken to mean that all future trips will be recorded. Not having the literary ability of my predecessor, I feel that I cannot put in the requisite touches to make them even interesting. However I will try to give my first impressions.

The horse got in first and made the first impression. However, thanks to Mr. Tom Ferguson, I forestalled her a little and had one day's practice which stood me in good stead.

After holding 11 o'clock service at Hari Hari, the motor bike carried me on to Matainui. The weather looked threatening by the time I had reached the river, and had carried out the threat soon after the service began at 2.30 p.m. Leaving Wataroa about four o'clock, I had a moist ride on to Waibo. Having followed Jack Hansbury for several miles, I stopped beyond Slaty Creek to talk to him. There I found an encampment of men preparing to bridge that often turbulent creek. As I was about to leave, I was stopped by a hail, and a man who apologised profusely that he had not put

up my hut, though protesting that I did not desire a hut, he still seemed keen for me to stay, and repentant about the hut. "Aren't you Eric Mitchell," he said—and I could see where he had fallen in. I thought my clerical collar would have been proof against the assumption that I might be a "worker"! However I dodged his desire for me to stay, and proceeded. There was service there at night, which unfortunately very few of the inhabitants were able to attend. However the guests helped us out, and we had quite a good congregation, almost all men. At 10 o'clock still in the rain the journey carried on to Mr. Fred Gibbs', where I found Mrs. Gibb having a late sitting waiting for me.

Next morning looked showery, but disappointed prophecy by turning up trumps in the shape of bright sunshine. Fortunately for me, Mr. Fred Gibb kept me company as far as Waikukupu, and so the first two of the ranges were easily crossed. I recognised Barney Rodden, though he did not know me. Bessie did not appreciate having to leave her travelling companion at the start of the third range, and was loath to start again. I am afraid I broke the records for slowness over those three ranges, but who could blame me? I found it hard to leave the saddle at Mrs. Sullivan's where I had a bright welcome and dinner. After that I went on to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams, at whose place I was to meet my companion for the rest of the journey southward—Charlie Smith, the mailman. There we had a re-union of Ross boys, with Bob Foster, Jack Roberts, Charlie Smith and myself.

There was quite a contrast between the first stage of the journey, and the next to Cook's River ford. The ranges, with all their variety of bush scenery, and greater variety of distance views, more especially as one crosses the last range and sees

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