

*J. R. Young's last trip South with A. K. Warren
& Young's farewell letter*

ed her to return with us to the hut. He told us that he'd been spending a happy morning trying to stick her on to her first set of shoes. As she persisted on standing on the one leg he had in hand and waving the other three at him with great enthusiasm and dexterity, the entertainment tended to be unduly protracted and one-sided.

We turned the horses into the paddock by the Copper Creek hut for an hour's spell while we boiled the billy, and had a belated lunch, and a smoke, I also rang up the Haast to warn Mrs Jack Cron of our approach, and to find out if the ford was still in the same place at which I had had a dip in it last. When we took to the road again Tom came along with us for a little way. He had the young piebald out of the paddock, and, when he went to mount, she waited for no more than a touch of his foot in the stirrup before she began a very spirited attempt to buck herself out of her pied hide. However, when she had again succeeded only in getting rid of Tom's old hat, she settled down and travelled along very amiably.

And so off we went down by the Moori River, crossing it four times by the way. Before we came to the final ford, we said good-bye to Tom and the piebald, who turned back to Copper Creek.

When we reached the mouth of the Moori and turned south for the six miles or so by the sea, we found the going very good. The inside track has been very much improved and a new section of it opened up to replace the old disused race which we used to scramble along when the beach was soft.

It was about 4.30 on a lovely afternoon when we turned out on to the great stony expanse of the Haast River bed. The first glimpse of the river as you come to it up the track is quite an impressive one, and my companion wandered not a little how we were going to get on in the fording of it. But, by the time we'd ridden about a mile and a half up the river and come to a really good ford, things looked by no means so difficult. Just as we neared the ford, Pat Williams, rom Weheka, caught us up. He had been travelling behind us all day, having come from Mahitahi, and must be all but caught us up before we left Copper Creek. The ford was the same one in which I had a dip when coming north last time. And, as the

river was very low and clear it was easy to see what I had done. I had been directed to work across the river until I came opposite the top of a gravel spit and then to make straight down on to it. But the flood waters had made the gravel spit appear much shorter than it ordinarily was, with the consequence that I had ridden calmly into quite an impressive looking gut. However I had the consolation of hearing that I was by no means the only one who had done it—at least two others having had a dip at the same spot—and one of them even so experienced a traveller as Charlie Smith, the mailman! So I was submerged in good company.

This time the water hardly touched the horses' girths, and we rode peacefully in to Jack Cron's homestead and the welcome end of the lone stage.

When I had dealt faithfully with a cup or two of tea, I left Warren enjoying a couple of easy chairs, and strolled down the flat a mile or so to call on Ted Cron. As most of you know, he had met with a severe accident some six weeks before. He was riding along a track round one of the bluffs up the Haast when his horse became frightened at a bag on the track in the twilight, and, in attempting to turn, backed over the bank, and went down with Ted attached some 30 or 40 feet to the river bed below. Naturally enough, Ted was pretty badly hurt—too badly for his

VICAR'S LETTER.

My Dear Friends,

This is more of a personal letter than most of those I've written to you through the *Supplement* during these going-on-for five years. And I hope it will be a pretty brief one, as there's a good deal else to go in this issue.

So this is the last letter I'll be writing to you as Vicar of Ross and South Westland! I hate the thought of leaving you all and I loathe the saying of good-byes. You see, if you expressed what you really felt, it would sound so 'squishy,' so we've got just to pass it over as lightly as possible.

I've been looking back through these years of rambling about among you—going over the bush roads and

brother Jack, who was with him to move him. So Jack, after lighting a fire and making him as comfortable as possible, had to ride off back the five hours hard going down the Haast for help. All Okuru of course turned out and they carried Ted down—after he'd been lying there for eleven hours alone. No bones were broken, and by the time I saw him he was about again as usual, though moving a little stiffly.

He told me that he was going up the river after cattle with deer culling as a side-line the following Friday in company with Hector Brown, the schoolmaster from Okuru. So I suggested that Mr Warren should join the party—a suggestion which was eagerly accepted. I found also that Mr and Mrs Ted Hower and Erol Glass had just moved into Ted's house, as Ted Hower had just taken a bush falling contract a little way up the river.

Then I went back to tea at the ever hospitable table of Mr and Mrs Jack Cron, and the sun set into the sea in a blaze of glory, with the promise of another perfect day to follow.

To be continued.

packtracks, the by ways and the beaches. (And I might venture the mild boast that there are not many people who could show me ways and tracks that I don't know, all the way from Mananui to the far side of Okuru.) As I retrace in my mind the familiar ways and meet again the folk I've come to know so well, I've been wondering what it is that has made my years here such happy ones. For (and now I'm going to let you into a secret) the life has often been pretty strenuous and sometimes the going has been rough enough. Furthermore, just quietly, I don't suppose I'm fonder than most men of long lonely rides through the rain, of wet and cold and saddle weariness and of being constantly away from home. And yet I've been very happy here, and I'm asking why.

One factor has been the sense that I had something to offer which God wanted for this work. For the qualifications that a man has needed here, though they're nothing to be in any way proud of, are perhaps a little unusual. A man doesn't need many brains (just as well, too, since you may have noticed that, whenever I fall on anything I generally land on my feet, which doesn't look as if I was over-weighted at the top) nor great gifts of oratory, nor surprising

ROSS AND SOUTH WESTLAND

powers of generalship. The things he needs are ones for which, in most places there'd be 'no market' in these days—just a good tough hide, and the knowledge of which end of a horse kicks, and the sort of low cunning which will enable him to follow an overgrown pack-track or find his way across a river-bed in the dark. I little thought, when I was a boy, scrambling about through the North Island bush, after wekas and pigs, splashing round in the rivers and streams after fish, or careering about on restive young horses, that one day I'd be able to offer the experience thus acquired to God for His service. But since Christianity to me means very simply putting all you have and are at the disposal of Him, "Whose we are and Whom we serve" I have felt it a very great privilege and a constant and keen delight to be able to offer things that God wanted for work like this. And I never cease to wonder at the gracious way God takes and uses the queer little bits of things we have to offer.

Then there's been another and a very big factor which hasn't come from me at all, but from all of you—and that's the friendliness of the place. I do like people to be friendly. It opens me out as seawater does an oyster. And you've all been so constantly and ungrudgingly friendly. I can't tell you how grateful I am for it and how much it has helped me. Nobody realizes more deeply than I how poorly and stupidly I've done the work here, and I feel quite fraudulent when I think how grossly overpaid I've been by the generous kindness and friendship you've given me. It's the gold that's got into the hearts of the Coast people and has never become 'worked out.' I know I shall always keep and treasure the generous share of it you have given to me.

And now, one thing more: the Church of God is so much a bigger and a grander thing than any of its members or ministers. We come and go—do a hand's turn here and there. But the life of God's great Society goes on, grandly and steadily, because it is God's and His power is in and through it. And through all the changes and chances of this mortal life it is to Him Who is steadfast and unchanging that our

love and loyalty goes out. A ministry that aims at showing anything less than that is indeed a failure.

My thanks again to you all for all your kindness.

And so goodbye, in the old sense of the word, which means 'God be with you.'

Yours sincerely,
JAMES R. YOUNG

Farewell at Hari Hari

On the evening of Wednesday, January 11th., 1928, the residents of Hari Hari invited three people who were leaving the district—the Vicar and Mrs. Young and Mr. Tom Trethowan—to a social evening in the Hall.

A large and representative gathering assembled and proceedings began with music and dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Young were then escorted up on to the platform, and, on behalf of the residents, Mr. T. E. White spoke of the esteem and affection in which the guests of the evening were held by the community, and of the loss that their going would be. He then asked them to accept an envelope containing a cheque as a slight mark of appreciation from the residents.

Mr. Young replied, saying that he was sorry to be leaving as the years in Hari Hari had been very happy ones, both for Mrs. Young and himself. Very much kindness had been shown to him and his during his residence in the Vicarage, and he wanted to thank one and all for it. With the gift, which Mr. White had presented they hoped to buy something that would serve to recall very happy memories of Hari Hari. He concluded by extending a hearty invitation for their friends to come to visit them in Hawera.

Mr. George Robertson then spoke of Mr. Tom Trethowan's residence in Hari Hari, and of the way he had always been willing to lend a hand with anything that was going on. He asked Mr. Trethowan to accept a suitcase from the residents in memory of his sojourn among them.

In reply Mr. Trethowan spoke of the happy days he had had in Hari Hari, and thanked the residents for their gifts. Cheers were then given for the guests, and musical honours accorded them.

Then followed a sumptuous supper provided by the ladies, to which all present did appreciative justice.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

At St. Paul's Church, Ross, on Thursday, December 21st., 1928
Harry Newton Osmer and Laurel Doreen Collett
At St. Paul's Church, Ross, on Thursday, December 29th., 1928
Charles Christopher Siversen and Lillian Mary Fellows

BAPTISMS.

In St. Cuthbert's Church, Hari Hari, on January 3rd., 1928
Lorna Jean Lamberton
Albert Geoffrey Searle
At Ruatapu, on Sunday, Jan. 1st., 1928
Raymond Edward Jones
At Kakapohahi, on January 16th., 1928
Elizabeth Alice Cherrie

Waiho Church Building Fund

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged ...	239	7	6
A. Well Wisher ...	2	6	
Mr. P. Nolan (Okuru) ...	1	0	0
Mr. Reynolds (Greymouth) ...	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Burrough (Nelson) ...	5	0	0
Miss May Farquhar (Dunedin) ...	1	14	0
Nurse Scott (Waiho) ...	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Gunn (Tetaho) ...	10	0	
	£249	14	0

My Departure

February 12th, has been fixed as the last Sunday on which I shall officiate as Vicar of this parish.

I will be having my final services at Wataroa and Hari Hari on Sunday, February 5th., at Waiho probably on Monday, February 6th., and at Ross and Ruatapu on Sunday 12th. I leave immediately afterwards, and am to take up my duties at Hawera the following Sunday.

I have as yet heard no word concerning my successor, so I cannot give even a suggestion of what future arrangements will be.

With regard to the *Supplement*, I have a long list of subscriptions to acknowledge, but I find I've packed the list away in my desk! (I find I've always just packed the thing I want next!) So that list will have to wait for next issue. I'm going to ask the Churchwardens to send in any news of interest that may come to hand before the new Vicar arrives. And I am going to offer to write some sort of 'letter' to the *Supplement* until my successor takes charge. So you see you're not getting rid of me altogether even yet!

THE FAR SOUTH

(Continued)

Thursday (December 1st.) dawned (so I heard) as another beautiful day. It was still cloudless when I got up. The Daylight Saving Time has not yet found a ford in the Haast which remains on the northern bank. This really worked out a brilliant success, as we went to bed by Mr. Sides' time and got up by Mr. Sol (an even more distinguished luminary in the daylight